



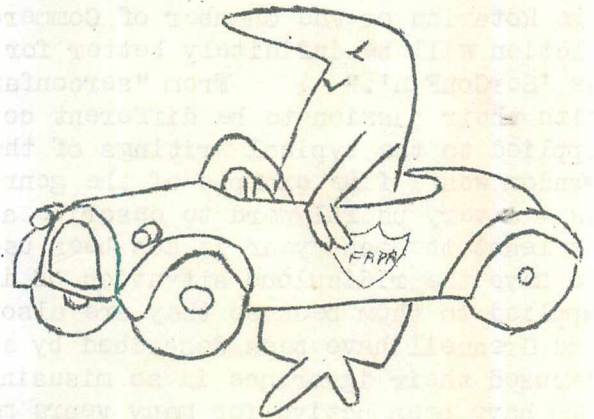
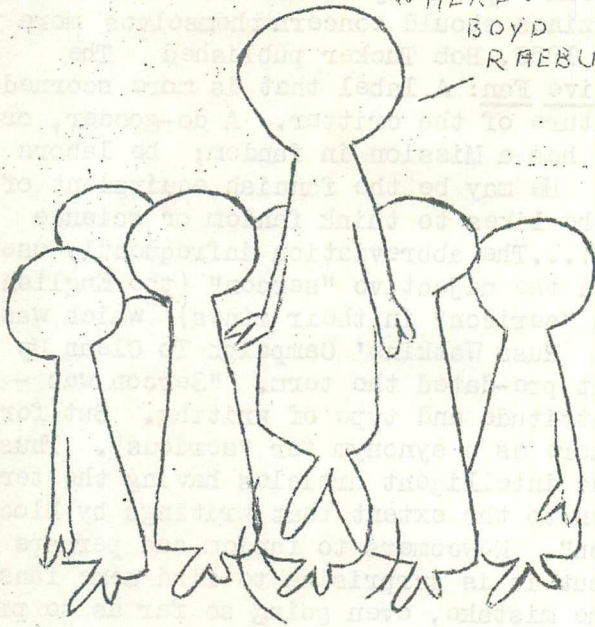
ANDY YOUNG ADDRESSES SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION ON THE EVILS OF  
"FANCY EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS"



WHERE'S  
BOYD RAE BURN?

WHERE'S  
BOYD  
RAE BURN?

I'M BOYD RAE BURN



A. BAS

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Pages and pages

from Boyd Raeburn, **89 MAXWELL AVE.,** **WILLOWDALE, ONT.**, Canada

Cover idea by Dean Grennell

Headings by Gerald Steward

Cartoons by Rotsler

Months in the making

A cast of several

HARL  
LUCHTER  
STAMP DEALER  
IN SPETER

Once again A BAS trundles forth, grown even greater in size. The page count of each issue seems to run in proportion to the length of time between issues, which perhaps might be a minor consolation to those who keep plaintively asking "When is A BAS coming out?" I hope these eager ones will find their patience rewarded. As usual the letter column has grown even larger, but even so some letters have been omitted, and others cut, for there is only so much space available. But do not forget that letters are the lifeblood of this zine, and without them it dies. And maybe it is time to mention again that I am a Nasty, Harsh Faned, which means that I insist on 100% response to the zine. You either pay, trade or comment, or combinations thereof, or you don't see another issue, for I'm always eager for excuses to cut down the inflated mailing list, and members of the League of Silent Fen are dealt with roughly.

The solid black type of this issue will be broken up in a few places by Rotsler cartoons, one set of four being printed at the insistent request of Ed Cox, false though it be, but do not look on the use of a few cartoons as surrender to those who cry for "illos to spice up the pages". I am an adherent of the School of Grennell who once said: "To me an 'illo' is a drawing by somebody such as DEA showing a man with a rooster's comb on his head gazing at a spaceship." and I prefer to fill spare space with print rather than such concessions to the adventure comics fans.

I admit, to forestall fans of long memory, that the idea of an annotated Gettysburg address is not new. It was not new when Bloch used the device so brilliantly in GRUE #23, but it was the memory of his use of it which provided the inspiration for the version by Bob Leman, Master of Styles, which appears in this issue.

But not all fans have long memories. The term "serconfan" is of fairly recent origin. It came into being around 1954 when some fan - possibly Orville Mosher who is an outstanding specimen of the breed - wrote that fanzines should concern themselves more with "serious constructive articles". In February 1955, Bob Tucker published The Neo-Fan's Guide which defined: "Serious Constructive Fan: A label that is more scorned than honored in certain quarters because of the nature of the critter. A do-gooder, or a self-appointed Censor. This fan often believes he has a Mission in fandom; he labors for some lofty Purpose or worthy line of Endeavor. He may be the fannish equivalent of the Rotarian or the Chamber of Commerce booster; he likes to think fandom or science fiction will be infinitely better for His Work.....The abbreviation infrequently used is 'SerConFan'." From "serconfan" was derived the adjective "sercon" (the English with their passion to be different corrupted it to "sericon" in their zines) which was applied to the typical writings of the serconfans. Russ Watkins' Campaign To Clean Up Fandom was a fine example of the genre, although it pre-dated the term. "Sercon was - and is - a very useful word to describe a particular attitude and type of writing. But for at least the past year it has been used more and more as a synonym for "serious". Thus we have the ridiculous situation of interesting and intelligent articles having the term applied to them because they are also serious, even to the extent that writings by Bloch and Grennell have been described by some as "sercon". Newcomers to fandom can perhaps be excused their ignorance in so misusing the word, but it is surprising to find some fans who have been active for many years making the same mistake, even going so far as to print erroneous definitions. Perhaps another edition of the Neo-Fan's Guide would not be amiss.

The mails lately have been bringing me egoboo far greater than any provided by fandom. I thought the peak had been reached when Esquire in a sweet little note told me: "As an Esquire reader you are -- by definition -- miles ahead of the crowd. You are not content to be part of the dull gray mass, nor are you pleased by the conventional, nor are you ever happy to play down your individuality." But then Gentlemen's Quarterly got into the act. "This exclusive invitation is extended to you as a recognized leader of today's trend toward finer living.....To a man such as you -- a leader setting the pace for tomorrow, tracing the patterns others will follow -- GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY can be a way of life." So it would seem that Fandom as a Way of Life has been superceded. After all, can fandom tell one how to pack properly for cruises to Bermuda, or where to find local shops carrying the revolutionary no-button shirt?

Please note that after March 16, my address becomes - 9 Glenvalley Drive. Toronto 15. I haven't moved - the post office is getting restless and moving around.

BERRY TO THE DETENTION - most of you have seen this slogan by now, and probably many of you agree with the sentiment. A fat lot of good that does. The Berry Fund needs MONEY. Send donations to Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio. Those in the sterling area can send their cash to Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Dr. London, S.W.2, England.

A loud Huzzah to Gerald Steward, who cut on stencil all the cartoons in this issue. Blame undetected typos on Ron Kidder, who proof-read the stencils.

TERRY CARR  
FOR T A F F

DON'T BOTHER ME - I'M  
READING ABOUT  
TERRY CARR  
AND SOME  
BROAD





Those who, like the inanally-fixated Jim Weber, think that fanzines should carry only material of Significance, should skip the next bit, for it is full of trivia and name dropping. As a sequel to the last issue, Son of the Moth & the Arctic Steamroller seemed a logical title choice, but trite. However, presuming the necessary albeit improbable union, the result might well be

## I WAS AN ABOMINABLE

## TEENAGE SNOWMAN

Friday afternoon, August 15, and off to the airport where the U.S. Customs inspector was most intrigued by the piano roll for Burbee picked up from Grennell during the annual Wisconsin Pilgrimage and now en route to L.A. A Piano Roll For Burbee would seem to be a fine decoy for a would-be smuggler. First stop was Cleveland where I was to change planes for Milwaukee. Cleveland from the air is a grimy and depressing city (the Falascas claim it isn't much better at ground level) but in contrast the air terminal is clean and spacious, although considerable space was taken by a vulgar display of vulgar Detroit iron. With quite some time to wait for the Milwaukee flight, I tried to call the Falascas, planning to be frightfully fannish by asking "Is that Nicholas Falasca who hates all that is good and pure in organized fandom?" but there was no answer, the Falascas presumably being out rousing some anti-WSFS Inc. rabble. Not feeling like starting on the copy of Peyton Place I'd brought along, thinking that with lots of dull flight time to fill in I might at last get around to reading it, I bought a copy of Max Shulman's Rally Round The Flag, Boys! although not too enthused by the jacket blurb. I was later to come across this surprisingly entertaining book in several fannish homes during my journeying, a discovery which will probably distress Marion Zimmer Bradley, for it doesn't even deal with Science. The newsstand offered no science fiction at all, but did have on sale copies of U.S.S.R., demonstrating that Cleveland is obviously ripe for investigation by G.M. Carr. No wonder an anti-WSFS Inc. movement arose in such a seditious city.

Finally on to a North West Airlines plane and off, I thought, to Milwaukee, but first we stopped at Detroit for a few minutes, and there the trouble began. Either the Detroit Deros sensed my presence, or it was a judgment on me for not clearing my travel arrangements with the Dietzes. After wandering around the airfield in the dark, the plane started zooming down the runway to take off, only to slow down again and sit whimpering for a bit. Appeared the pilot, who announced that one engine had given a fire warning and no take off until the reason found. Sit and sit, and then well well we have a broken exhaust pipe and everybody into the terminal. So there I was all lone and forlorn in the huge terminal surrounded by milling masses of very American looking Americans and many displays of vulgar Detroit iron. An hour or so of reading and wandering around, and then told that a replacement plane was being flown from Chicago, so I was able to phone Arthur Economou and let him know when I would arrive, he having been told by the Milwaukee airport that my plane had turned back to Detroit after catching fire in midflight. At last the replacement plane arrived and I got to Milwaukee about midnight (instead of early evening as I had planned) to be met by Arthur who had spent a good part of the evening shuttling to and from the airport. After hanging around air terminals so long, it was pleasant to relax with Arthur and Phyllis and their Keezhund pup, Schyler Van Brinker. New York fans are well known for their addiction to cats, but this was my first inkling of the amount of dog ownership in fandom. The Busbys have a pair of Dachhunds named Nobby and Lisa, the Burbees have a couple of energetic balls of



fluff whose names and breeds I didn't catch, and the San Francisco Carrs have a large spotted dog called Thrasyachus. Saturday the Grennells came down from Fond du Lac, but we didn't put out a one-shot, being too occupied in talk, which is a pleasant way to spend a weekend. Sunday Arthur spent some time driving me around and showing me some of the city. I had always had a mental picture of Milwaukee as being mostly towering breweries, but the areas I saw were very pretty. In the spring-like weather the lakefront looked like a travel poster, all beach and swimmers and water-skiers. The most imposing new edifice seemed to be the YMCA, and I wondered whether behind all that glass brick they had gone to the trouble to produce the typical YMCA squalor.

Monday, and time to head west again. Morning in Arthur's office, and then out to the airport to take a plane for Seattle, another NWA milkrun. Not this time the usual deal of joining the mob at the barrier and then all charging to the plane to try to get the best seats. Instead a quiet saunter through the gate and across the field enjoying the warm sun and into a plane half full of people who had boarded at other points. Just like taking a Greyhound bus, perhaps an apt analogy. Next stop "the twin cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul" where the airfield very quiet. The plane sat dozing in the hot sun (these original phrases will be thrown in from time to time) while some people wandered off and others on, and then we were in flight again.

Minneapolis (and/or St. Paul) looks a very green city, and Minnesota looked full of puddles; a very watery state. Then all the water was left behind and the land became very flat, the fields very French looking, with no trees except for those clustered around the occasional river. The fields gave way to brown bare hills looking like a relief map with here and there a cultivated patch of ground, and having finished the Shulman I started on Peyton Place and found myself wondering what all the fuss had been about. A quite readable book, rather resembling King's Row which was much "stronger" (and I don't think there was much fuss about that one) and containing no more sex than many modern novels, it hardly seemed to justify the outraged howls of "utter trash" and "an open sewer" and so on that had been thrown at it. Perhaps its opponents got excited because it was written by a housewife, who as a class I guess are not expected to know about Sex.

The plane flew lower and the land looked very Western. One expected to see rustlers in full flight from movie cameras. Then suddenly the hills ceased, and there were the twin cities of Billings-Coolings, all wispy green with dinky oil refinery, and we landed on the airfield which appeared to be the top of a butte on the outskirts of the city. A half hour at Billings and a chance to breath that Good Clean Western Air, then off again. More hills and cultivated plowed fields and rivers and things, but somehow I didn't feel that I was Crossing This Great Country. Where were the smiling fields of golden grain and the choir bellowing "America The Beautiful" which are always a feature of Flying Across The U.S.A. travelogues? For the benefit of European readers I should explain that "America The Beautiful" is a doleful song much beloved of Glee Clubs, which are aggregations of unaccompanied singers, often found around colleges singing dreary ditties about their Beloved Alma Mater. People in Glee Clubs usually have a stern dedicated look implying that Glee Clubs Are A Way Of Life. It is all very square and depressing.

I don't think I saw the Rockies on this flight for we plunged into a lot of cloud, and when we finally got out of it, much later, we were over a terrain which, while very hilly or mountainous, was not all craggy snowcovered peaks but a soft green (trees, not grass) and covered with a network of roads like yellow scars, as though somebody had been doodling with a knife on a relief map. Having run out of reading matter on finishing Peyton Place, I had to resort to the plane's magazines. Apart from women's magazines, the only thing available at the time was a copy of the Reader's Digest. I used to get some amusement from the fillers and departments in this magazine, but this time found that even they were so nauseatingly cloying that it was with relief that I seized on the aseptic sophistication of a copy of The New Yorker.



The plane flew on and on, and I sometimes read, and sometimes looked at forests and mountains and things until it became too dark even for this diversion, and at last, at last we landed at Portland, and then I knew that Seattle was only 30 minutes away. Up again from Portland, with myself attempting some frantic mental orientation, for I knew that we should be flying north and I could have sworn we were flying south, but the pilot's sense of direction was better than mine, and shortly the lights of Seattle were below us. Out of the plane on which I had spent more time than it takes for an Atlantic crossing, and off to the Busby residence under an avalanche of rapturous dachshunds. The Busbys shovelled some food into me (U.S. airlines don't seem to care if their passengers grow weak with hunger during the flight - maybe they figure it means that much less weight to carry) and we settled down to talk about whatever it is fans do talk about at ungodly hours - although actually it was just to me that the hour was ungodly, for I was still operating on Central Daylight Saving Time and the Busbys on Pacific Standard - or something. Anyway, for me it was three hours later than it was for them so when we finally staggered off to bed as far as I was concerned it was 5 am which was particularly loathsome in view of the rigors of the day, but Friendship conquers Fatigue.

Gad, but I liked Seattle. Elinor and Buz live in a cosy little house on the side of a hill, overlooking inlets and islands and things, and the view is most Scenic. All Seattle is Scenic. It abounds in steep hills and windy roads such as delight the sports car driver, and which must be hell when it snows. Tuesday morning, quite late, we piled into Buz car and went downtown, parked, and set off for a magazine store which Buz wanted to check for new zines. I grew up in a hilly city by the sea, like Seattle, and it was good to feel again after so long the tug on the leg muscles as we plunged up the 45 degree slope of the street from the waterfront. Back to the waterfront, and there was the Sea with all the heady odors of a salt water port, but as we walked along the odors became stronger and stronger and turned into an overpowering smell of fish, coming in part from a large fish shop claiming that "If it swims, we have it." I thought it would be easy to play the Wise Guy and ask for some Terakihi or Humuhumunukunuuahauaha, but one can easily get caught when trying that sort of thing. Elinor was dragged out of a curio shop, we retrieved the car, and drove on to a large ferry boat, where we climbed to the upper deck and sailed off to mysterious islands of adventure and intrigue.

We were intrigued by the mystery of where visitors eat, for we had a very difficult time finding a restaurant, and it but a sonigreasy spoon, and the adventure came when the Busbys decided to find a beach for me, for they were well aware that a beach boy without a beach is like a fan without a typewriter and other apt analogies. We knew that the island must have a beach somewhere, but every time we careered down roads leading shorewards, they would peter out into scrub or take a sudden turn and scurry back into the interior. When he had almost given up, Buz on a sudden inspiration turned down a weary looking track near the ferry dock, and there was a Beach. True, it was no Waikiki or Maunganui or Karitane, and the sand was a tattle-tale grey, but it was Sand, and there was Seaweed and Driftwood and Tiny Marine Life and Rotting Boats and, in an inlet, the smell of Stagnant Water and Algae. The dachshund Nobby splashed rapturously along the edge of the water, and the dachshund Lisa picked her way along like G.M. Carr at a Rationalist meeting, and we strolled back and forth watching them and feeling hot in the sun and wishing we could go swimming. The Beach even had a gnarled but leafy tree where one could sit cradled in the convolutions of the trunk and feel Tropical.

In the evening the rest of Fabulous Seattle Fandom (not to be confused with The Nameless Ones) gathered chez Busby, being Wally Weber, Otto Pfeiffer, Burnett Toskey, and a friend of Elinor's named Megan Storick whom Elinor was introducing to fandom. Toskey-in-person turned out to be a pleasant, friendly type, which I had not expected from Toskey-in-print. He was a little diffident at first, for it can be unsettling to be confronted with somebody with whom one has crossed typewriters, but things quickly became sociable and fannish. I can't remember what we talked about, but there must have been some fannishness for I remember Elinor translating in asides to Megan such terms as "egoboo" and "gafia".



At this late date the Seattle visit has become a roseate blur, and I can't relate incidents in chronological order, but that is of small matter. It hardly needed the Busbys' urgings to make me stay longer than I had originally planned, and I wish my stay could have been longer still. As I have mentioned in an earlier chronicle, it never rains on my vacations (except in England where the rain just can't hold off more than two weeks) but Seattle really outdid itself with hot, sunny weather. It was pleasant to sit in the Busby back yard, soaking up the sun and putting eyetracks on one of Toskey's old Astoundings. The Busby yard contains, in addition to masses of strawberries and peaches and stuff, a building known as The Fenden. This was once a garage, but is now used to hold such fannish trivia as a Gestetner, a Multigraoh, magazine collections, and at times, fans. Not only does Buz keep his collection there, but there is also a large portion of the Toskey aggregation. The collecting bug almost got me when I looked at the Unknowns and Astoundings from the Fabulous Forties, but was dampened somewhat by the sight of rows of old Amazings and the thought of the mind-numbing crud therein. I felt it would be unguestlike to eyetrack one of my host's fragile rarities, so that is how I came to be reading a Toskey Astounding. The story was Padgett's Mimsy Were The Borogroves, which I am sure I had read previously, but no longer remembered. It was apparently considered pretty hot stuff when it first appeared, being about a couple of young children who find a package of toys shot back by a time-travel experimenter in Another Dimension or something. The usual deal - There they are Children's Educational Playthings, on Earth they are Wonders. I am a jaded type reader, and no longer get goshwow over things that go off at weird angles that Wrench At The Mind. I can't visualize an angle that Wrenches At The Mind.

Not all the time was spent in Seattle itself. One day we roared the car across floating bridges and through the towering green mountains to the hamlet of North Bend, which sounds like a wide open hellhole of the North West, but is merely the home territory of Jack Speer. Speer is a fascinating talker, and has an amazing knack for keeping a conversation blasting along at top speed, although it is rather disconcerting to have "Why are you in fandom?" suddenly flung at one. Jack seems to be convinced that every fan has some dark Freudian motivation for being in the field. Leaving North Bend we drove on a few miles to the home of Alan Nourse, Pro Writer and doctor, where we had been invited for dinner. Alan and his charming wife Ann, together with small son, live in a reconstructed-modern house surrounded by trees and overlooking a river, which in addition to rocks and trout contained for a few moments the dachshund Nobby who slipped on a stone. We had dinner on the patio, with the river gurgling below us, a mountain looming behind, trees rustling, and the occasional car roaring over a nearby bridge to remind us that though we were immersed in delightful solitude, Civilization Was Not Far Away. This was Gracious Living with a vengeance, and I am only sorry that the Grandeur of The Wilds or the clean woodsy air or something had so unsettled me that I was able to add little to the gathering.

Not a tremendous amount of sight-seeing was done in Seattle, as I am not one for an orgy of rushing around, but I did get to see the zoo. The Busbies were aware that I am not a Zoo Fan, but they thought it would be a pleasant way of passing an afternoon, and so it turned out to be. On the way we stopped at a restaurant for lunch, and I said, "Ah, a Fancy Expensive Restaurant." and Buz said, "Well it isn't really." and I said "Yes, but Andy Young would think so." and Buz said "Oh yes, he's the one who eats in greasy spoons all the time" and so a legend has been started.

The Seattle Zoo is not a collection of smelly cages in one small area, but tends to the modern style and is spread out over a large and beautiful park, all full of trees and flowerbeds. There are a few buildings with animals in cages, but the trend is to keeping the animals in Natural Surroundings (more or less) and separated from the public by moats with fences on the public's side to keep the public from falling in. It was rather interesting to see various types of bears and tigers and things wandering around. I got quite a charge out of strolling into one place and being confronted by a towering giraffe; giraffes are much more interesting in person than on film. Also very attractive to watch were the seals, which shot silently through the water like well-greased cliches. I spent some time looking at these beautiful animals, pausing now and then to sneer at the



sea-lions next door which were bumbling around going "arf arf arf" like refugees from Little Orphan Annie. The things one sees in animal acts on TV clapping flippers and going "arf" and which most people think are seals are actually sea-lions, and I find them almost as big a bore as chimpanzees to which I developed a great antipathy when as a child I attended Tarzan movies. Now that I think of it, there were one or more elephants around, too. Somehow I tend to think of elephants as fairly commonplace, and when I see one I absently think "Ah yes, an elephant" and go on rusing on Higher Things. There were also many birds of varying degrees of exoticness, ranging from flamingos and a rather tattered peacock to cages of budgerigars, all very noisy but non-talking. Quite an interesting place, the Seattle zoo.

Came Friday and time to head for San Francisco, so on to a plane and southward ho, over Portland and towns which may or may not have been Eugene and Pendleton and long beautiful empty beaches with surf (probably icy cold) pounding on the sand and hills and mountains all green and virgin looking, and then we ran into fog and guessed that San Francisco could not be far. Sure enough, out of the fog and down to earth. A short bus ride past hills with cryptic things written on them in large white letters, and the hills of San Francisco came in sight. To the alien eye the topography of San Francisco is rather unusual. Many of the hills are more like large mounds, and the houses seem to run largely to wood covered with a coating of cement, either white or painted in pastel shades (or are they called "decorator colors" now?) and the vista of these pastel boxes scattered across the undulating terrain is unusual to one more used to brick and stone. We swept past the Reno Hotel "rooms 75¢ and up" and into the city.

I had planned to stay at the Drake-Wiltshire (no connection with the infamous Sir Francis Drake) but, not being sure when I would arrive, I had not made a reservation, and the Drake-Wiltshire had no vacancies. However, San Francisco seems to run to hotels as Toronto runs to banks, and eventually I got settled at the Alexander Hamilton, where for \$6.50 I was given what amounted to a suite. In the evening Terry Carr appeared. The only photos I had seen of Terry were about two years old, (although I was not aware of that fact) and I had mentally tied in his voice as heard on tape with these photos. Consequently I was a little nonplussed when confronted by a stranger with a familiar voice. The chrysalis had blossomed into a Publishing Giant. We spent the evening talking, and when Terry left I went down to the lobby with him to see if I could buy a candy bar. I looked into the street and wetness was everywhere. "Ugh" I exclaimed, "It's raining." "Oh no," said Terry nonchalantly, "That's just the evening mist." Maybe I shouldn't judge San Francisco weather as a whole by what I encountered, for I have been told that August in San Francisco is a time of chill, but I was cold all the time I was there. "Ho," thought I when packing, "no need to take warm jackets and all like that, for this time I am going not to chilly ol' England but the West Coast where all is warm and balmy." So Terry would phone me in the morning and say "You're not out of bed yet?" and I would say with chattering teeth, "No, it's too cold to get up." and he would say "Good Lord" and make other noises like London fans, who would probably feel quite at home in San Francisco.

Saturday morning I had to leave the Alexander Hamilton as they had been able to let me have a room for one night only (they had a mundane convention coming in) and so the first thing was to find somewhere else to stay. As I said, San Francisco is overrun with hotels, but this wasn't much help, for, not being familiar with the city, I couldn't tell from the phone book whether a particular hotel was fairly central or on the remote edges. However, I had noticed a hotel called the St. Moritz in a central and civilized part of the city, so I called them. Yes, they had one room so hurry down fast, so I did and walked into the lobby and almost walked out again, for this looked not at all encouraging. Sad old men sitting around, a notice that "Guests must pay in advance" and all like that - the whole effect was very YMCA-ish. "And," said the manager-deskclerk-bellboy-elevator-and-switchboard-operator, "we lock the door at midnight, so here's a key." I felt rather unhappy about the whole bit until I saw the room, which was comfortably furnished and had a private bathroom, and was quite a good deal for the \$3.50 a night they charged, about the same price the YMCA charges for its dim little cells. Both the manager and the elderly maid were friendly and pleasant, whereas YMCA personnel act as though they have



taken courses in Snarling and Unpleasantness. I guess it is rather obvious that I have a poor opinion of YMCA's. I was amused recently by a newspaper account of the capture in Denver of an absconding Canadian bank teller, wherein it was told how the \$250,000.00 he made off with was found in his "bleak little \$3.00 a night YMCA room, amid the odors of disinfectant and old meals."

Shortly after noon Terry arrived to accompany me while I acted like a tourist. One of the touristy things to do in San Francisco is ride a cable car, so we got on the first one we came across. To me this was a nostalgic bit, rather than a New Thrill, but even so it was interesting after so long to experience the leisurely grind of a cable car as it pattered its way up and down hills and squealed around corners. San Francisco retains the cable cars more as a symbol and tourist attraction than as a regular means of transportation. Most of the passengers were tourists, and their constant ringing of the bell reminded me of Terry's anecdote of the tourist on a cable car whose innocent joy in ringing the bell was marred by his wife's constant exhortations to stop making a fool of himself, until she was silenced by the grip-man's telling her that a city ordinance prohibited wives from interfering with husbands ringing bells on cable cars. The car finally arrived at Fisherman's Wharf, which is a famous tourist attraction - I'm not sure why. Certainly there was a mass of fishing boats moored at wharves and jetties - Romance Of The Harvest Of The Sea and like that - but most of the tourists seemed to be wandering around a huckster centre full of people selling balloons and assorted junk and Stamping The Lord's Prayer On A Penny ("Have your pennies ready"). The famous Fisherman's Wharf sea food restaurants offered such Pacific Ocean delicacies as Coney Island or Boston Clam Chowder and Eastern Oysters. Back to a cable car which finally got under way after much groping for the cable, and off at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, whose Top O' The Mark cocktail lounge supplied good drinks, a superb view of the city, and such leisurely service that we ate our way through an entire bowl of free cheese crackers while waiting for our drinks, giving us plenty of time to appreciate the Magnificent Vista. The evening was spent very pleasantly at Terry's listening to some of his record collection which ranges from Bessie Smith to some pretty Far Out material.

Sunday we made an expedition to Berkeley, land of the legendary Publishing Giants. Getting off the bus, we wandered up the Great Dwight Way, stopping first at 2315 for Terry to pick up his mail, then moving on to visit Dave Rike. Dave had just shifted to a new room, and it was awash with drifting mounds of book, records and fanzines, which gave it a very lived-in air. We settled on piles of old FAPA mailings and listened to cool sounds for a while, and then Dave drove us to the Gibsons (Joe and Roberta) where we also found the Grahams (Rog Phillips and Honey Wood). Getting over our disappointment at having missed Roberta and Honey trying on their costumes for the Solacon masquerade ball, we settled down to talk about Fandom, Honey being most interested in hearing eyewitness descriptions of some of those involved in the WSFS Inc. matter. Even after the Grahams had left, so strong was the fannish atmosphere that Terry and I filled in the time to dinner in fannish ways, he by drinking beer and me by finishing in Joe's copy of Padgett's Robots Have No Tails a story which I had started at Bill Donaho's in New York. Although the Gibsons have been in Berkeley only a short time, they have already adjusted to the climate. Joe was wearing only swimming trunks, and couldn't understand my shivering refusal to take off my jacket. Those Bay area people are a hardy breed. Shortly after a fine dinner, enlivened by Roberta serving a mysterious concoction Terry called The Green Stuff, Dave Rike came and whisked us off.

When Jack Speer asked jokingly whether I were going to San Francisco to study the Beat Generation, I replied that I wasn't aware that San Francisco had a greater proportion of Beat types than elsewhere, but I soon discovered my error, for the city is very Beat Generation conscious. I also learnt that only squares use the term "Beatnik", which is a pity, for it is a very handy term. Berkeley seems to have a colony of them, and Dave took us to one of the local hangouts, a sort of hamburger joint, - a counter with stools, and behind the stools one row of tables, with chessboards and people playing chess, and it all looked very stuffy and respectable. I don't know whether any of the people I saw or met there were "Beat", for, as Terry said, they don't wear labels - and, for that matter, the self-proclaimed Beatniks seem to disagree among themselves on what is "beat".



After a while we returned to the car, along with Jim Barclay, a bongo drummer, and another guy whose name I never did catch. With bongos and conga drum pattering full blast we went back to San Francisco, and, after dropping off Terry we headed for North Beach, which isn't a beach, and for all I know isn't North, but is

notorious as the stamping grounds of the Beat Ones. Steep, narrow streets, masses of cops and people, and no parking spaces, but we finally found one after long circling and walked a block to The Co-existence Bagel Shop. Passing Eric Nord, one of the Grand Old Men of the beat crowd who was holding court outside (his Party Pad had suspended operations due to police persecution - the place had attained a certain notoriety after one of the guests fell through a skylight and like died) we wandered in. We quickly wandered out again, for it was

all very dull. It reminded me of the joints in Greenwich Village where clumps of tourists sit pointing at each other and saying "Look at them! They're Bohemians." and such could easily have been the case with The Co-existence Bagel Shop, for it figures largely on a tourist map of Beatland on sale in San Francisco, the Beat Generation being a big tourist thing. Busloads of tourists go into North Beach to look at all these Quaint People. Terry and Dave told me that one time, in retaliation, a crowd from North Beach hired a sightseeing bus and went down town and played Tourist, peering at customers in restaurants and in general the whole rubberneck bit.

Word came that there was a party nearby, so off we went again. Up some flights of dark stairs, and there was the party. The old familiar scene; people drinking in the brightly lit kitchen, and next to it a room lit only by a couple of candles, with the inevitable couple necking on the bed, and the rest of the people sitting mutely on the floor along both walls, the only change from routine being that instead of Lotte Lonye roaring out of a record player, live bongo and conga drummers thundered, their sensitive eyes protected by dark glasses from the glare of the candles. After a few minutes of this Dave perceived my utter boredom with the scene and we wandered out into the night again, and into a quaint Olde Tyne bar, where we sat talking for a while. Some people have

I HAVE A WILL  
OF HOT WAX



expressed awe at the fact that I talked with Dave Rike, Actually and Literally, but I didn't find him at all tightlipped or uncommunicative. Tiring of the bar we went off to the City Lights Bookstore which was full of Little Magazines and interesting stuff, so much so that I felt rather a clod buying a Peanuts book. I had to leave North Beach rather early (for that locale) as I had an early flight the next day. I decided to walk back to the hotel, so Dave pointed me in the right direction and I set off. The route took me all the way through Chinatown, which was one part of the tourist beat I'd missed. Even at that hour it looked not at all sinister - the Chamber of Commerce is slipping.

Nothing to be seen on the flight from San Francisco to Los Angeles but wild and mountainous terrain. The impression a visitor gets of Southern California seems to depend on the route he takes, for Ed Cox



RAEBURN HAS  
AN ENGLISH  
ACCENT



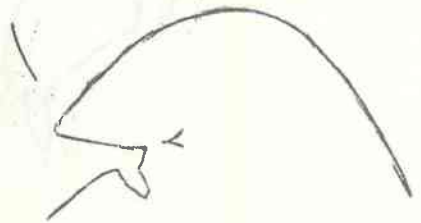
said that when he flew into L.A., to him SoCal looked to be a vast plain. After the chill of San Francisco the heat of L.A., so like Toronto summer weather, was a welcome change. Even more of a change was the general scenery -- so different from San Francisco which I'd left about an hour ago. Everywhere rose tall palm trees, giving the city a semi-tropical air, and a sign observed from the airport bus, "Furnished bachelor to rent", confirmed L.A.'s reputation as a Wicked City. No sign of fans in the hotel, so after unpacking I wandered around to orient myself a little.

The Alexandria proved to be rather symbolically located -- two blocks in one direction was Skid Row, and two blocks the other way lay Pershing Square, all leafy green and exotic, a statue of Beethoven giving a cultural touch. The evening was spent quietly digging cool sounds at the apartment of Ed Cox. The next evening was spent digging rocking sounds at the apartment of Ed Cox, Lee Jacobs having made the scene. These are two strongly contrasting personalities. Cox is slim, quiet, and dryly witty. Jacobs is more heavily built, heavily side-burned, and very exuberant, so much so that his joyous demonstration of the Bunny Hop moved a neighbor to ill-mannered protest.

Wednesday morning, and down to the lobby at 9 am to join the party going to Disneyland. First fan in sight was Belle Dietz who managed to be charming even at that gruesome hour. Then Frank Dietz and Ninsy came along, and the group began to thicken. A slim youth twinkling about the lobby turned out to be George Fields, Bob Shaw surprised by not being seven feet tall with flashing eyes, and a young fan who looked vaguely familiar introduced himself as Rich Brown. Even though he bore a faint resemblance to the photo in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, it was hard to believe that this quiet, polite boy was the same Rich Brown who had been rampaging through its letter columns. After some preliminary milling the well-organized expedition got under way, I joined the Kyles and a couple of others and Ackerman in the latter's car, and we drove the thirty miles to Disneyland.

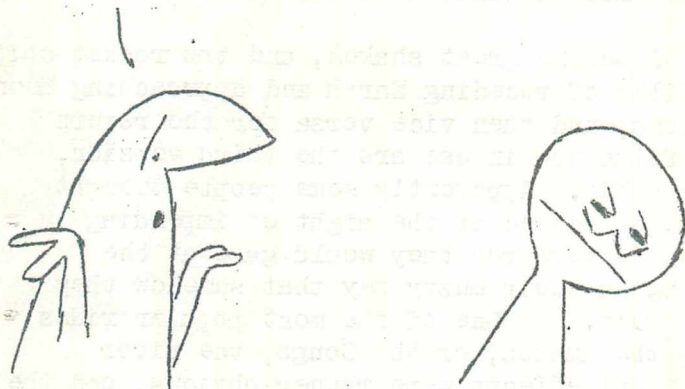
We entered "Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom" (a phrase we heard ad nauseam the rest of the day) by passing under the Main Street railway station. Main Street is a reconstruction of the main street of a small U.S. town around 1900, replete with horse-drawn street-cars, surreys with fringes on top, ancient autos and so on dashing about carrying the mob hither and yon. Like the station itself, (a massive edifice, it's one of the stops for the period train which circles the (ugh) Magic Kingdom) and indeed like all the structures in Disneyland, the buildings are all solid, build with Monecy instead of clapboard and canvas. We straggled along Main Street with our group eddying and reforming rapidly, finally coalescing in the Old Drug Store. Here a friendly type produced some leeches, gave an inspirational talk on their lives and habits, handed out samples of anachronistic vitamin capsules, showed us some old surgical instruments, and while the women were looking elsewhere, drew aside We Men and explained the function of a particularly fearsome set used in the Civil War, running into some trouble communicating with polite terminology.

NO MATTER WHAT  
THEY SAY - HE HAS  
AN ACCENT





BUT BOYD, THERE'S NOTHING  
WRONG WITH HAVING AN  
ENGLISH ACCENT



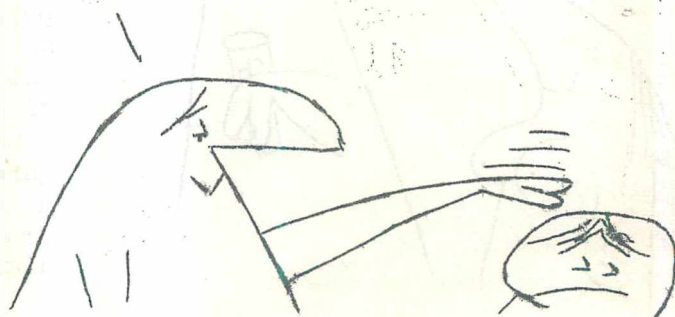
Eating Old Fashioned Liquorice from the Old Fashioned Candy Store, we went on along Main Street, and I wondered why, if people are so goshwow over Old Time Candy, why has it become Old Time? (and what are Hoar Hound Drops?) Left turn at the park at the end of the street, and through the palisade entrance of Frontierland. Past log cabins and stage coaches and things and into New Orleans Square. Past the huge Golden Horseshoe Saloon, and with hungry cries the group joined the queue at Aunt Jemima's Kitchen. I left them there and walked on, goggling at the sight of a full-rigged three mast sailing ship coming into dock on the lake, with a full-sized paddle-wheeler not far behind, and entered a short

tunnel in the cliff just past the decrepit moorings of Mike Fink's Kee Boats.

One of the most impressive aspects of Disneyland is the thoroughness with which everything has been carried out. No pains have been spared to make everything look completely authentic, such as the aforementioned keel boats looking properly old and worn, and working out of a little backwater with tumbly buildings and creaky jetty. One of the convention party told me with awe that even the wooden leg of the captain on the sailing ship is a REAL wooden leg. It was reassuring that authenticity was carried to such an extreme, and that after work the guy didn't sneakily remove his wooden leg and fasten on a flesh and bone limb. I don't know what a "keel boat" is even though I rode on one. The name "Mike Fink" puzzled me until I dredged the mental trivia and recalled that he was the guy who tangled with Davy Crockett in Davy Crockett & The River Pirates, although I have no idea why he undertook this public spirited action.

Coming out of the tunnel I found myself in the Indian Village. Wigwams and things, and I was just in time for the Indian Dances. An old Indian yacked for a bit, and then introduced Chief Somebody, a Hopi Indian, who was master of ceremonies. Of the Lawrence Welk school, his operational word was "friendly". Welcome to the friendly Indian Village full of friendly Indians and now the friendly Indian boys would perform friendly Indian dances etc. The friendly dancers were three teenage Indian boys, of different tribes, in very striking costumes, mostly of feathers. The various dances consisted largely of quick stomping foot movements, with quite a difference in the techniques of the three. Two of the boys ambled through the routines rather desultorily, but the third, from an Oklahoma tribe, was either skilled or conscientious. His body tense, his feet moved in a disciplined rhythm twice the speed of the others. We didn't see any war dances, for Chief Whatzit declared that there are no such things as Indian War Dances, they being really Dances of Friendship. This whole Indian Village bit, like many things in Disneyland, was free. The only charges are for the various rides, and, of course, the restaurants.

DON'T BE DEPRESSED,  
BOYD, WE DON'T  
MIND



Passing up the rides in canoes paddled by friendly Indians, I went back to New Orleans Square where I



found the group had given up on Aunt Jemima, and were munching savory guck at a table outside the Silver Banjo Barbecue. I joined them for a sandwich, and then pushed on into Fantasyland. The reason for this lone wolf act on my part was not dislike of the company of the rest of the group - they were very congenial people - but that I am unable to stand for very long the maddening amble of a group of people around a place like Disneyland. I have to be able to set my own pace, which is probably an indication of anti-social tendencies, but then, at my school we didn't have Life Adjustment classes.

Fantasyland was properly fantastic. Tomorrowland was no great shakes, and the rocket ship ride was pretty nothing; vibrating seats, and films of receding Earth and approaching Moon and all like that on floor and ceiling viewscreens, and then vice versa for the return trip. Dave Kyle told me later that the set of films now in use are the third version, and the vibration and noise have been cut quite a bit. Apparently some people thought they were really on a trip around the moon, and got scared at the sight of impending collisions with meteors etc. on the viewscreens. Afterwards they would gaze at the replica rocketship outside the building, thinking in their muzzy way that somehow they had been in it, and waiting for it to take off again. One of the most popular rides was Adventureland, consisting of a boat trip up the Amazon, or the Congo, the river depending on the mood of the barker. The mechanical effects were rather obvious, and the patter of the guides on the boats was extremely corny, but the lush, tropical vegetation made up for it all.

Thursday afternoon Bob Shaw, Ted White, Jim Caughran and I decided that rather than spend such a beautiful afternoon sitting in the hotel lobby, it would be interesting and instructive to see a little of Hollywood, so we climbed on a bus and rode to the corner of Hollywood & Vine, which is very famous although there's nothing much to see there. We walked around the area for a while saying "Look, Bob, there's NBC." "Look, Bob, there's CBS." "Look, Bob, there's Capitol Records." "Look, Bob, there's the Brown Derby." It was all very cultural and inspiring. As our feet tired and hunger sharpened, we learnt that Bob Shaw, International Gourmet, had never tasted pizza, so we hustled him off to an Italian restaurant atmospherically hung with empty chianti bottles, where he expressed approval of this New Taste Sensation. We lingered so long there that by the time we got back to the hotel, nearly everybody had left for Ackerman's, and all the cars had gone. The Gibsons, who had also missed out on transportation, joined us, and after getting from Forry by phone directions which we promptly misunderstood, we finally managed to reach his

MR. TUCKER, I'M ON THE N.I.F.F.  
WELCOME COMMITTEE AND I'D  
LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO

FANDOM — SCIENCE-FICTION

FANDOM.

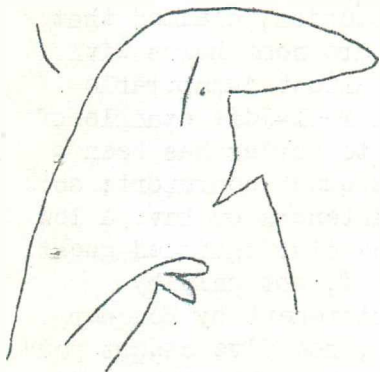


area by bus. We identified his street by the dull roar echoing from the Ackermansion and the sight of a house on skids in the middle of the street. Apparently the neighbors could take only so much.

Through the door and into the first room which seemed to contain mostly strangers with the exception of a beaming G.M. Carr, and on to the next where I was promptly startled by a large hat covered with Nameless Things under which lurked Karen Anderson. I had barely recovered from this when I tripped over a LASTS Greeter. These women (or was there just one?) kept popping out of the woodwork making Greeting-noises throughout the convention. Their intentions were good, but they smacked rather of the N3F Welcommittee. The yard offered a welcome coolth after the indoor heat, two garages piled high with science fiction, and a good cross-section of fanzine fandom, ranging from the impassive Burbee and the immensely dignified Perdue to a turbulent group containing



I DIDN'T KNOW  
CANADIANS.  
TALKED DIRTY



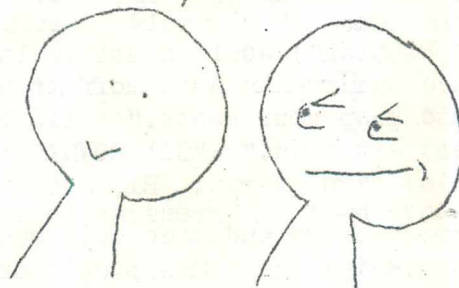
Lars Bourne, the unexpected Sylvia Dees, and the unmistakable George Metzger who was surprised at being recognized from his self-portraits. The whole gathering was most enjoyable, but finally Pavlat, Cox, Jacobs and I tired of standing, so, leaving the milling fans, we hied ourselves in Cox's car to a friendly bar where Lee played Presley records on the jukebox. I use "Friendly" in a literal, rather than Hopi sense, for the pleasant demeanor and interest in the welfare of the customer was most noticeable in the Los Angeles establishments we patronized, with waitresses hovering around enquiring whether everything were satisfactory and had one had enough to eat, etc. When ten of us were in one restaurant, even the manager added his voice to the chorus of solicitude. Andy Young would have been happy at this convention, for the neighborhood of the Alexandria was quite devoid of Fancy, Expensive restaurants, and abounded in cafeterias. The Falascas lured me into one of these dens by bemusing me with merry chatter, but the place must have been having an off day, for portions of the food were almost edible.

When, after a fairly brief absence we returned to Ackerman's, having a little trouble identifying the street, as the house which had been blocking it had disappeared, we found that most of the crowd had also gone, leaving only a hard core of poker players and LASES members. Most of the people must have decided to get one last good night's sleep, for next day the convention officially commenced.

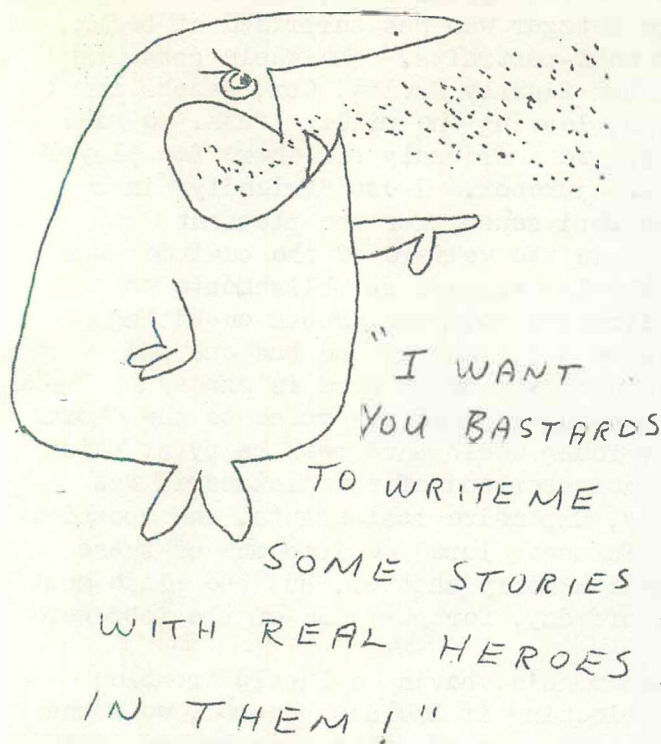
Some things are popularly traditional to sf conventions, and they were all at this one - the plotting in smoke-filled rooms, the loudmouthed neo, and it seemed almost too pat when one time I was in an elevator and the door opened at one floor to reveal some young fans, wearing propellor beanies, carrying an ink-smeared mimeo along the corridor.

At the New York and Cleveland conventions I never had occasion to go in the con hotel bars, but at this con it seemed that I spent more time in the bar than in the main convention hall, for the Alexandria bar was a very popular focal point, and one could be certain of finding a congenial group there almost any time. So congenial was the company that I missed even more of the program than I had intended, but Burbee summed up the general feeling by saying "Did you come here to hear programs or meet people?" (He later changed this line to "Did you come here to meet people or get laid?") and usually there were so many delightful people in the bar gatherings that I felt like he who on honey dew has fed and drunk the milk of paradise, and would not have been greatly surprised had Elmer Perdue cried, "Beware, beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair!" and and woven a circle round me thrice. At night there was no shortage of parties, but through loyalty I always drifted up to the Detroit suite at the beginning of the evening, and usually there was so much going on there that I didn't bother going anywhere else, although this meant that I missed some other interesting bashes. In the small hours of one morning, after the Detroit suite had closed down, a group of us did make it to the Chicago suite which was still operating in a subdued manner. Chicago received us most hospitably, even though we were Detroit supporters, and for about an hour we took turns feeding lines to Rotsler who whipped out cartoons to match them. Elinor Busby proved most adept at this. I had visualized Rotsler as a slim, ascetic type, and so firm was my preconception that when I first met him it was hard to realize that this jolly, burly fellow was Rotsler Himself.

CHARLES BURBEE  
IS THE CLEANEST  
TALKING FAN I  
KNOW.







Looking over the program booklet, I'm surprised to note how much of the formal program I missed, usually intentionally, but the portions I did hear were quite interesting. The first item after the official opening was intended to be a panel of prozine editors, but as Campbell and Boucher were the only editors at the con, it became addresses by these two. Campbell, in addition to the expected harangue on psionics, claimed that what science fiction needs are some heroes with guts - men triumphing over almost insuperable odds, and cited Cortez as a real-life example of the breed. This reference to Cortez has been grossly distorted in a subsequent conreport; some fans are either careless listeners or have a low level of comprehension. One distinguished guest made rather a fool of himself, not only by misunderstanding a simple statement by Boucher but also by the air of "Aha, now I've caught you" with which he rose to, as he thought, confound him. I cannot understand the air of belligerence with which some fans question prozine editors during panel discussions, and am at a loss to account for their apparent hostility. Other interesting items on the program were the talk

by Bradbury, who did a beautiful job of squelching the heckling Ed Wood, and an unscheduled address by Arch Oboler, whom I heard dimly through the non-stop prattle of Cliff Gould. When he had finished talking, Oboler showed a pilot film of a projected sf-fantasy TV series. Through some incompatibility of film with projector, as well as the abominable acoustics of the convention hall, the dialogue was rather difficult to understand, but the film could be followed well enough for it to be obvious that the plot and development were no novelty to the hardened fantasy reader. The ending was completely predictable, but even though it was obvious what was going to happen, it was handled so skilfully that the final few seconds were completely chilling.

The 1956 New York convention put the phrase "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here" into fandom, but it seems that the Solacon is not going to be the source of an equivalent catch-phrase, although there is enough basis. At the end of an item on the program, those who had no desire to stay for the next (which would be something like "Narcissism in Vargo Statten") would start to leave the convention hall. At once Chairwoman Anna Moffatt would leap into action. "Please keep your seats." (wild bangings of gavel) "Please sit down." "Sit DOWN!" (shrill blowings of whistle) "No guards! Block the exits." Naturally, it must have been embarrassing to the next speaker to see his prospective audience melt away, but in these loose and undisciplined times people are not willing to suffer boredom through politeness. Perhaps in private life Anna Moffatt is soft and feminine, but in the role of Chairwoman she was all chilled steel, and seemed to look on the convention-goers as a pack of backward delinquents.

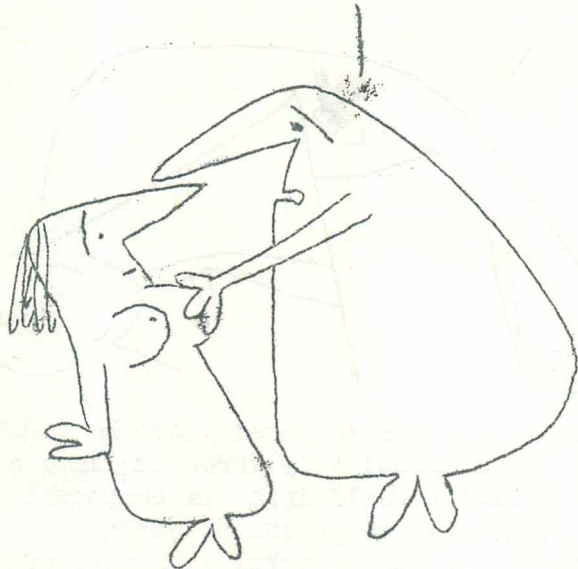
The banquet was enlivened by excellent speeches from Bloch, Boucher, and Ron Bennett, and then snuffled to a dragging conclusion with a seemingly interminable book report, soporifically delivered by the Guest of Honor, Richard Matheson.

"WHY DOES MY  
COPY FEEL SO  
STICKY?"





BUT THE HONOR OF CANADA  
IS AT STAKE!



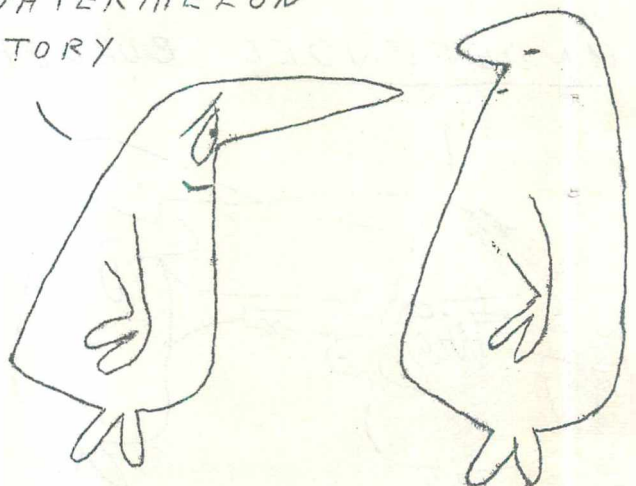
The Masquerade Ball produced the usual assortment of excellent costumes, and the usual sprinkling of exhibitionists. A considerable stir was created by a LASFS member, about seven feet tall, whose costume and extremely skilful and detailed makeup made him look like a decaying relic from some ancient priesthood. The bowl, occasionally belching black smoke, which he carried, gave him the nickname "smudgepot". Later in the evening he swept into the bar. The waitress promptly sprang at him, crying "Are you going to sit down and have a drink Sir?" Ignoring her, he strode majestically back and forth with the waitress puffing in his wake, repeating her question like a hiccup, and back into the lobby and away, leaving the waitress and the desk clerks helpless with laughter. A little later, Pavlat, Jacobs, Cox, White, Champion and I drove out to The Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach. The Lighthouse is one of the most famous of all jazz spots, and I was pleased to see from the arrangement

of the tables that it was understood that the customers came primarily to listen. We heard some good jazz from Howard Rumsey, Vic Feldman, Stan Levy, Bob Cooper and Frank Rossolino, and Rossolino's occasional clowning was in better taste than usual. After the lousiest daiquiri I have ever tasted I was happy to accede to Ed Cox's plea to "Drink something else for a change." (The Daiquiri is a Drink of Distinction. I was gratified to note that Rotsler also drinks daiquiris.)

As we drove past Pershing Square on the way to The Lighthouse, we had noticed a milling mob of Square habitues, with Smudge Pot in the centre. We learnt later that he had been putting on quite an act in the Square, including mock human sacrifice, and when he went back to the hotel, the mob followed, some into the hotel where they crashed the ball and ran around the corridors. While cops were rooting out these interlopers, Smudge Pot appeared on a balcony, causing a huge crowd to gather in the street, and, as though this were not enough, The Boy, believing the Woman to be unfaithful to him was hanging from another balcony by his finger-tips, threatening to End It All, with Ed Wood unfeelingly telling him to go do it from somebody else's room.

Monday evening was dinner at Burbee's, the merry throng consisting of Ed Cox, Bob Pavlat, Terry Carr, Myriam Dyches, the Busbys, Rotsler, and Mina. Isobel Burbee demonstrated that her reputation as a superb cook is fully deserved, by serving a delicious Mexican dinner, featuring frijoles refritos, enchilladas and tacos. It was a delightfully relaxed evening, with much pleasant conversation. Rotsler drew cartoons, people quaffed huge draughts of home brew with such obvious relish that it made me wish I liked beer, and Burbee told tales. He told the Watermelon Story again for Elinor, then improvised variations on it; he told the story of his meeting with EEEvans, and other fascinating anecdotes; he reminisced about Laney.

TELL ME THE  
WATERMELON  
STORY



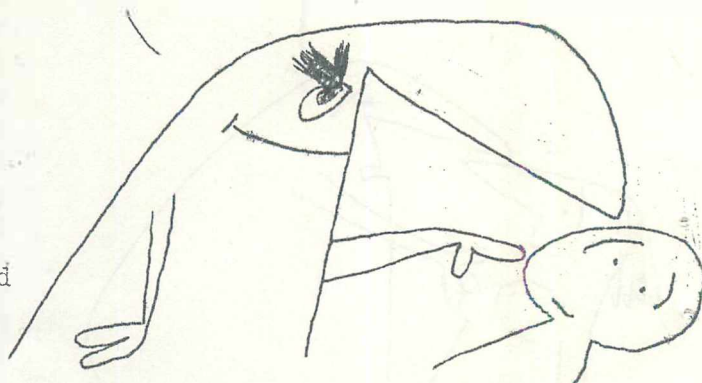


I expressed regret at having missed the convention showing of Alan E. Nourse's film Born of Man and Woman. "Never mind," said Burbee, "I'll tell you about it. The fan saw the girl across the field of golden wheat stubble. Love was born. His heart pounding, he ran to her and exclaimed, 'I have a type-writer and you have stencils. Let us together put out a oneshot fanzine.' 'You may not touch my stencils until you have washed' said the girl, 'for your hands are filthy.' So the fan stood by the side of the road saying to every passer-by, 'Sir, do you have soap? Sir, do you have soap?' but none had soap, but at last a wizened little man came by, who said 'Go ten miles down the road, for there there is soap' so the fan went ten miles down the road, and was promptly hit on the head.....

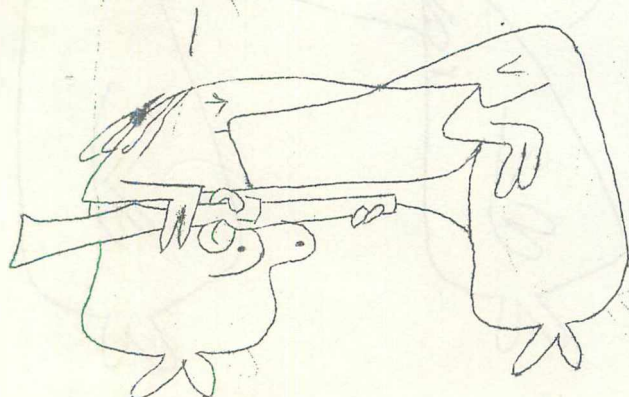
So he built a spaceship out of tarpaper and tumbtacks, and went to Mars, where he found that all the mountains were shaped like breasts, and this immediately threw him into a traumatic shock in which he built a hydrogen bomb and blew himself into his component atoms. For aeons these atoms circled in space and eventually began communicating - mindlessly of course - and one said to the others, 'I seem to remember some sort of pattern. Let us regroup in this pattern' So more time passed and eventually the fan was recreated, but without a head. Naturally he immediately became a power in fandom, and as by this time his name had come to the top of the waiting list, he joined FAPA and became OE, but still he was haunted by the thought of the girl he had loved in the past, so he built a time machine out of two discarded mineos ..... There was more to it than this, as indicated by the gaps, but my memory fails me. That was a fine evening.

I found a party still going in the Detroit suite when I got back to the hotel, and I hated to have to leave it after only a short time there, but I had an early flight the next day. It was sad to think that it would be a long time before I would see all these fine people again. The next morning, as I checked out of the hotel, I asked the desk clerk his reaction to the convention. "Well, a bit boisterous, and something new happening all the time, but no trouble." "I can't understand," I said, "Why some hotels complain about these conventions, when you consider how much noisier some conventions are, such as American Legion conventions and so on." He looked shocked. "Hotels NEVER complain about

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "ANOTHER  
GODDAMN HOBBY - FANDOM IS  
THE GODDAMN HOBBY!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
4000 MILES OF  
UNDEFENDED BORDER?



conventions. Conventions are a hotel's bread and butter. Of course, when damage is done it's a different matter, but people come to conventions to have fun, and although there may be a few complaints from regular guests, every convention-goer would be complaining to all his friends when he got home if the hotel were unreasonable." Reflecting that it is a pity some of the past con hotels hadn't the philosophy of the Alexandria, I took a bus to the airport and a plane to Chicago. Just before we landed at Chicago, the stewardess told me that we would be landing at O'Hare field, while my plane to Toronto would be taking off from Midway-International Airport, on the other side of the city. It being doubtful whether I would be able to cross Chicago in time by bus, I took a helicopter to Midway, a rather symbolic ending to a fine two weeks and a fabulous convention.



# Derelecti Derogation # 9

The Solacon meeting of the Big Mama Thornton Fan Club

Terry Carr: Boyd, are you working on the next Derogation?

Raeburn: No, I'm leaving it till later when I can devote my whole mind to it -- it's such a drain.

White: That's always been obvious, but don't bother about it now. Ket's just sit here and absorb the adulation of the neofen.

Elinor Busby: Oh yes, I love a good soak.

Steward: Really? Buz always struck me as a pretty sober cat.

F.M. Busby: I assure you these whiskers are purely decorative.

Rike: Why do I stay here in this bourgeois decadence? You sit with your mental hands on each others knees discussing fandom as though it were the art of the fugue and like I mean it is all a drag.

Elinor: So where would you rather be? Listening to the program?

Steward: You know, the platitudes from outer space.

Rike: No, digging cool sounds and talking about how to extract the essence of the Inner Meaning of Life and to eat of it in concentrated form, in some dingy pad.

Carr: Maybe trying to Turn On by using any ol' drug available like peyote and cough syrups and experimenting with household spices?

Rike: Yes, from field tests performed mace has proven to be the best bet, taken in can-load lots. Sometimes the stuff puts you Upside Down and sometimes it turns you InSide Out.

Elinor:..... What on earth is all this about?

Carr: Dave is a spokesman for the "Beat Generation".

White: Sort of "I was a teenage Kerouac".

Leman: So what do they do?

Carr: They're fritting away their lives in trivialities, silent, sullen, and waiting for the raising of automobile insurance for those under 25 to prohibitive heights whereupon they'll rush to the barricades hurling Molotov cocktails made from mace cans.

White: You mean they save their mace cans?



Carr: Don't you know? They're building a Tower to th Moon with mace cans.

M.Z. Bradley: What a sad state fandom has come to when people spend their time at conventions talking about jazz, sports cars, and now mace cans. Where has gone the deep dedication to Science Fiction and the serious discussions of the Skylark Saga?

Magnus: This obsession with trivialities is surely due to the influence of the newspapers, which contain nothing but the gossip of government clerks and hassling over who paid whose hotel bill. Does this sort of thing affect our lives or alter the economy?

Busby: You mean a change in government doesn't affect your life or alter the economy?

Magnus: That is no longer my concern for I have forsaken business administration for editing and I have become an editor with the Engineering Department of the Martin Company designers of Vanguard, Matador, and projects too far in advance of these to utter and already I am editing completed research I didn't know had been dreamed of yet and across my desk pass references to anti-gravity devices.

Andy Young: Ack! How could you get all goshwow over a job with the Martin Co. or for that matter any aviation company? They are full to the teeth with engineers and engineers are notoriously goshwow - that's probably what drew you to them and their runaway enthusiasm is what leads them into such fads as anti-gravity and psionics. You have accepted science fiction as true science and you've let JWC Jr. sell you the Brooklyn Bridge and accepted it as the bridge to the stars.

Magnus: WHO, I ASK, IS MORE LOUDMOUTHED THAN THE "OLD TIME" FANS WHO ARE TRYING TO SCANDALIZE FANDOM TODAY? WE NEED ABOUT FIFTY NEW FANS WHO LIKE EACH OTHER ENOUGH NOT TO MAKE BACK-STABBING THEIR FAVORITE ACTIVITY AND THEIR FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR WRITING. THEN THE MINORITY CAN SIT IN THEIR SICKNESS AND GIGGLE AND POINT.

Toskey: Yes, types like Terry Carr and Boyd Raeburn who run down CRY OF THE NAMELESS because we print stuff by younger fen. Our circle of contributors have more life to them than these highbrows who keep trying to run us down.

Elinor: Are you a highbrow, Boyd?

Raeburn: Well, Leslie Gerber called me "The Oscar Levant of fandom" .....but I don't think he meant it as a compliment.

Toskey: We owe the success of CRY to people such as Es Adams and Bruce Pelz and Stony Barnes and we would much rather inspire talents such as these than try to cater to people who have shut themselves off from half the world.

Kidder: Have you shut yourself off from half the world, Boyd?

Raeburn: Oh, don't mind Toskey. He's a bit overwrought and forgetting to be rational.

Toskey: There has been an emphasis on rationality for the past 350 years and I don't see any reason to continue it!



Champion: I thought you said Toskey never raised his voice?

Elinor: Well, it's sort of normally rather raised.

Toskey: Well it's a bit thick, you know.

Champion: Are you eating crow or flying the Jolly Roger?

Elinor: A direct reply would not be in keeping with his distinctive identity.

Busby: Yes, like the CRY letterhacks, he must be permitted the fullest ambiguity.

Steward: An idea has just struck me.

Kidder: In self defense?

Steward: I mean, I've heard that CRY is really not a bad zine. Why don't we hold a sort of post mortem?

Andy Young: An excellent suggestion. Lie down, Toskey.

Magnus: It shouldn't be hard to lay Toskey out better than the CRY

Elinor: The CRY may not be as well laid out as VARIOSO, but neither does it have a lily in its hand.

Toskey: I won't stay here to be abused after I have given my all to the CRY.

Kidder: But it's such a small all.

Toskey: I'm going. I have a beautiful young wife to think about.

Elinor: But you're not married.

Toskey: I can think about it, can't I?

Champion: Gad, I thought Toskey was one of these guys who sublimated in fandom.

TCarr: Toskey? He's the sort of wolf who keeps his etchings on the ceiling.

Raeburn: Science fiction magazines aren't the only ones he collects.

White: That reminds me. Did you know that the editor of PLAYBOY is at the convention?

Trina: Oh, I'd do anything to appear in PLAYBOY.

Steward: It isn't that easy.

Raeburn: Please, this is a family magazine.

Kidder: That's all right. How do you think people get families?

G.M. Carr: Well I never!

Kidder: Oh, you must have.

- DR

# FABLES



# FANDOM

## The Hoax and the Gripes

There was once a young fan who wanted very much to be a famous BNF. But nobody had ever heard of him, so he was very unhappy. One day he got a wonderful idea. He would start a Hoax! Then everyone would know who he was, and they would respect him for his wit and intelligence.

So he announced in his fanzine that Bob Tucker had died. "There!" he said. "That will show them that I am very clever. Who else would be able to think of such a thing?" And he waited for all the wonderful, wonderful letters he would get.

But when the letters came, he found to his astonishment that everybody was mad at him. They said he shouldn't do such things, and that everybody knew it was just a hoax, and that if they hadn't know it, it would have caused Bob Tucker a lot of trouble, and that he was a foolish neofan who would never become a BNF.

And so the neofan thought awhile and then he said, "Oh well, I don't want to be a BNF anyway. If I were a BNF, foolish neofans would start hoaxes saying I was dead."

MORAL: Dishonesty is the best fallacy.

## Rigor Mortis and the Dare

There was once a young faned who was very boastful. He told all his correspondents that if he really wanted to, he could make his fanzine the most popular one of all.

One day, one of his correspondents who was also a faned made a bet that he could make his fanzine more popular than the boastful faned's zine. And of course the boastful fellow took the bet.

He decided that the best way to make his fanzine popular was to publish it often, so he set a monthly schedule. He changed its name to MORTIS because he didn't know what it meant and thought it sounded very intelligent and would impress everybody.

But he had to work so fast to get his fanzine out every month that the fanzine was not very good. He had to write most of the material himself, and he had no time to rewrite it, and that was another reason his fanzine was not good. And his layout was hurried and sloppy, his reproduction poor. His fanzine was not very popular even though it did appear every month.

Meanwhile his rival published his fanzine quarterly, and he took time to get the best of material, and he was careful with his layout and reproduction. His fanzine was much more popular than the boastful faned's.

So the boastful faned decided to publish his fanzine even more often. Now he put it out every two weeks. But it was even more rushed and sloppy, and less popular than even before.

At last the rigors of publishing MORTIS so often got the boastful faned down and he went off to FAPA to die on the waiting list. The other faned had won the bet, for his fanzine was voted into the Top Ten.

MORAL: Haste lacks taste.

- Terry Carr

Dear Boyd,

Last night Ellik came in and wanted to staple my thumb. That's what he said. "Carr, hold out your thumb, I want to staple it." I wasn't thinking, so I did. I hope you'll pardon the typos.

Terry



# TERRANS ARE BETTER THAN

BY DEAN GRENNELL

ANYBODY

Psychologists - at least some of them - call it "deja vu" meaning a momentary flash of uncanny feeling that all this has happened before. Somebody once wrote a song about it, something about it seems we stood and talked like this before, the smile you are wearing you were wearing then and so forth. It is a familiar, if disquieting phenomenon.

And it is one that readers of Astounding Science Fiction may have experienced half a dozen times or so over the last three years. They pick up a copy of ASF, start to read it, and suddenly there is a strange feeling of having read the same story not once but several times in the past. To misquote yet another song, this is not so surprising, you don't need analyzing, you're not sick, John's just in love with a theme.

It may be that Street & Smith hopped on the Motivational Research bandwagon and hired a team of pollsters to go forth and explore the readership. One can imagine their chief reporting back to the head man at S&S.

"Mr. Street," he might have said, "all your readers, most of them anyhow, have one thing in common.

"Wuzzat?" growls the pulp tycoon through a haze of cigar smoke.

"Every single one of them is a Terran, with the unimportant exception of an elderly Martian living in Weyauwega, Wisconsin."

"Hm," hms the man behind the desk. Then, with a shade more thoughtful emphasis, "hmm!"

"Yessir." supplies the pollster helpfully.

The publisher flicks on his intercom. "Miss Bellwether, get me that chap who edits our science fiction magazine, Unfounded Science Fiction, or whatever it's called. Name's Heinz, or something like that."

"Right, Chief. By the way, it's 'Campbell'."

"Knew it was something like that. Always reminds me of soup."

"Maybe it would help if you thought of cigarets. You know, Campbell cigarets."

"Excellent idea, Miss Bellwether. Give it every careful consideration. Ring him for me, will you?"

"I've got him on the line right now, chief."

"Very good, Miss Bellwether. Hello there...Raleigh? Oh yes, Camel. Say, I've got a fellow in my office here, been doing a spot of MR work for us. Yes, that's right, Motivational Research. All the latest thing, you know. Came up with some pretty astounding facts. Says all our readers are Terrans, whatever those are. Wuzzat? A planet, hm? Well, anyhow, I want you to sink your teeth into this and see which filling crumbles. Yeah, put it over the teletypes and see which way the fuses blow. We've got this data and we paid good money for it. Want you to exploit it for all it's worth. Yeah, that's right, play it over the PA system and see who comes to attention. Very good, Chesterfield, we'll be counting on you."

In another office, a harried looking man puts down his phone. In this racket, you never know what's next.

"Miss Tarrant, take a letter to Eric Frank Russell. You have his address there somewhere. Dear Eric: Well, the boss has another bug up his nose. He just found out that all our readers are Terrans and we are supposed to slant pro-Terran for all we're worth. With this in mind, can you get me something suitable for the June '56 lead novel?"

I'll have Freas do the artwork, you know, aliens with big biceps...brains beat brawn... all that jazz...very truly yours and so forth. Oh, and Miss Tarrant...."

"Yes, Mr. Campbell?"

"Watch out for ball-bearing mousetraps."

"Very well, Mr. Campbell."

\*\*\*\*\*

This is, as the white-coat tv commercials say, a dramatization. It may not have happened quite that way. All one can say from a reader's viewpoint is that the June, 1956 issue of ASF carried a yarn by EFR called "Plus X" which hit the theme that one good Terran can overcome any given number of burly, stupid old aliens, no matter how many invincible weapons they have, no matter how many there are, etc. Viewed objectively, by itself - which it was at that time - it was a pretty fair story. Most of the ones in ASF by EFR are.

Apparently the word went out to other quarters. Three months later out came the September issue with another cover showing burly aliens (these had furry tails, the Plus X ones having had five fingers and a thumb) in the process of getting their lumps. This was by Christopher Anvil. I have no information on Anvil. He may have concrete existence (in the true cementio sense) or he may be just a pseudonym. At any rate, the story had some pretty formidable invaders of Terra who found out to their sorrow that Terrans weren't anybody's pushover. No sir. A nice touch here was an illo of a bunch of alien troops being shown a (Terran) army film on the pitfalls of social intercourse.

Then the January, 1957, issue came out with another TABTA story, "Nuisance Value", only this time the scene shifted to another planet and once again the bad guys were big, tough (though incredibly stupid) aliens and once again a bunch of shrewd, crafty Terrans gave them what-for. Once again it had pictures by Freas but this time it didn't rate the cover illo. Russell was once again doing the words.

Then came the July, 1957, issue containing "The Best Policy" by "David Gordon". I learn through a source I am not at liberty to identify that this is the pseudo for a fairly well-known pro who sat himself down at the typer with the announced objective of writing an EFR/ASF-type story, and in cold blood, too. It was a rather clever job, discounting the unoriginality of the theme. The gimmick here was that the lone Terran was captured and hooked up to a machine which gave him a helluva belt of discomfort if he didn't tell the strict literal truth. So he managed to flimflam the aliens with a barrage of misdirection reminiscent of the type of radio script James Blish refers to as "idiot plots", since the plot would not exist if everyone in it weren't idiots.

Came the November, 1957, issue and once again we were back on poor, beleaguered Terra and once again the aliens (blue, this time, with web-fingers and tentacles around the mouth) were getting their comeuppance. This time Terra, itself, got in the act (Terra An Badder Than Anyplace?) as well as its Machiavellian denizens. These aliens labored under the additional handicap of being cold-blooded creatures and never in all their cultural experience had they encountered a variation in temperature, not even on all the planets between here and whence they came. Once again, Anvil hammered out the wordage.

The April, 1958, issue saw EFR back for another try at the game, making him the undisputed, freestyle TABTA champion as of date of writing. This had all the touches, now as formalized and ritualistic as Chinese drama. The cover showed the burly alien - green this time, giving hope that the series may eventually peter out when they run out of cool colors for the aliens - who bore a startling resemblance to Nikita Krushchev, who will do as the current popular (USA) personification of Utter Evil until a worse one comes along. Once again the aliens are invading Terra and yet one more time they wind up bitterly wishing they had never heard of the place and its insidiously invincible natives.

There may have been other, slightly less clear cut variations on the theme - Agberg's "Precedent" in the December, 1957, issue, for example - but these are the ones that set the pattern. Does anyone want to set up a lottery on when the next one appears?



# AS OTHERS SEE US

BY WALT WILLIS

"This Madle fellow seems to have it in for you," said Fingal, handing back Boyd's letter.\* Fingal O'Flahertie is a young neo here who has been burrowing through my fanzine collection, surfacing at intervals to ask questions. "I remember he was insulting you in prozines as long ago as last year."

"I don't think he meant that," I said mildly. "I think he just didn't quite know what 'bombastic' meant: probably thought it had something to do with bombs. At least he seemed quite friendly in London, even though he didn't accept our invitation to stay with us in Belfast. I think this is just an echo of the controversy about whether he deserved to win TAFF. Chuck Harris said straight out in OMPA that he shouldn't have stood because he wasn't well known to British fandom. Naturally Bob is sore about that, and he probably thinks I share Chuck's views."...

"Well, do you?"

"No, not on that point," I said. "I think Bob was quite eligible to be nominated. There are no less than 37 references to him in The Immortal Storm and he's known to the older British fans, like Mike Rosenblum. As for his record since then, well here's what he says himself."

"Hmm," said Fingal. "Mostly local club activity, and he probably got most of his votes canvassing people who didn't know anything about the other candidates."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that from Bob's point of view," I pointed out. "The fact that his friends have never heard of Eney and Raeburn just means to him that Eney and Raeburn are little-known fans."

"But they're big names to me and I'd hardly heard of Madle until he won TAFF," expostulated Fingal.

"So what?" I said. "Bob would say that's because you're just a fanzine fan. The people who voted for him would have said exactly the same sort of thing if he had lost."

"But what chance had I to hear about Madle?" asked Fingal indignantly. "These club fans can subscribe to fanzines if they want to find out about fans in other places. Was I expected to attend the meetings of the Carolina SF Society or whatever it was to find out what a fine fan Madle is? I thought the main idea of TAFF was to further fan activity by rewarding people who did a lot for international fandom?"

"Well, that was my idea," I admitted, but don't forget Don Ford and the Cincinnati group were in it right from the start too, and they've always regarded it as more of a sweepstake. At least their idea is to get in a lot of money by selling as many voting forms as they can. They say that if we restricted the voting to people we regard as qualified to discriminate between the candidates -- that is, fans who read fanzines -- we'd never get enough money in to send someone every year."

"So what," said Fingal. "I'd rather wait to meet Bloch than have someone I never heard of."

"Well, that's your preference," I said, "but we've got to face the fact that the Americans think differently about these things and theirs is the way it's got to be in American elections. We've just got to reconcile ourselves to the sad fact that we're never going to get a British-type candidate like Bloch or Tucker or Grennell or Boggs or Eney or Raeburn -- they're not pushing enough for one of these canvassing competitions."

\*/In a letter to Willis I quoted from the Madle letter in the letter column in this issue the part referring to Willis and the 1952 convention. - BR/

It'll always be more the Harlan Ellison type. And after all that isn't so bad. When you think of some of the people who might have won TAFF you'll realize we were lucky to get such a fine representative as Madle."

"Well, he may have behaved himself all right in London," said Fingal grudgingly, "but I don't think it's nice of him to start insulting the people who paid for his trip the minute he gets back."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked. "That business about blankfaced nobodies or what he said in OMPA?"

"Well," said Fingal, "for one thing the fanzine fans contributed enough to bring over a blankfaced nobody named Lee Hoffman Shaw. She didn't take it and it was carried over till next year and Madle got the money, so that his trip was paid for mostly by the fanzine fans he despises."

"Oh, come, come," I said, "that's a crude way of looking at it. Don't you lose your temper too. Bob doesn't really despise us fanzine fans -- after all he's been one himself from time to time. I'm sure he didn't really mean that about Lee and Shelby Vick and Max Keasler and Rich Elsberry being blankfaced nobodies....he's just annoyed because I said that in 1952 he and Kyle and Moskowitz and Sykora and Korshak and Eshbach and Evans were never heard of for 362 days in the year."

"Well, were they?"

"Not by me," I admitted, "but if Bob says so I must have been wrong. Presumably they wrote letters to each other between conventions, or for all I know they turned up in a body at every meeting of the Carolina SF Society. And you've got to admit he's right in one thing -- Lee and Shelby and Max are fannishly dead at the moment, while Madle's friends are just as active as they were in 1952."

"I don't admit it," said Fingal stoutly. "Lee and Max and Shelby aren't dead to me. It's those fanzines of theirs you lent me that brought me into fandom, so they live on in me and dozens of other neos all over the world. For all that Korshak and the rest of that ginger group of his ever did to interest me in fandom I would still be reading BRES. When did any of that battery of fannish dynamos ever say anything brilliant or funny or memorable, or even mildly interesting?"

"How do you know they didn't?" I countered. "For all you know the wit flows as scintillatingly in Cincinnati or Carolina clubrooms as it does in South Pioneer Boulevard or Inchmerry Road, it's just that nobody tells us about it. Take Moskowitz, for instance. He could hold his own in any gathering of good talkers."

"Well, yes, I give you Moskowitz," said Fingal. "He's a fanzine fan too. But if the rest of that lot are too stupid or illiterate to write for fanzines I'll bet their conversation is limited to swapping dirty jokes."

"Oh, come off it," I said. "There are people in fanzine fandom who aren't all that bright either, and we're in no position to point the finger-bone of scorn. We're far too inclined to write off these non-fanzine fans as rather pathetic fuggheads who haven't got what it takes to write for fanzines and have to scrape around for their egoboo by struggling for power in silly organizations and playing petty politics, while us sophisticated fanzine fans look on at their childish squabbles with amused contempt. But for one thing, don't forget that they believe these antics are important, and sometimes they really are. They're not all what we think of as NSF types. As Bob points out, it's mostly they who put on the Big Conventions."

"Who wants Big Conventions?" sneered Fingal. "They're always flops anyway. The only fan organizations that have ever been run efficiently and without feuding are those which have been run entirely by fanzine fans, like FAPA and OMPA, or TAFF before the conventioning fans got their hands on it."

"That's unfair," I said. "An APA doesn't encourage politics because office involves more responsibility than power, and there was no feuding in TAFF's early days because the confans took no interest in it until they saw a TAFF delegate at a convention and the



fanzine fans had all their own way. As for conventions, I know the argument that all we want is someone to circulate the name of an hotel every year, but it seems to me that if we want the pros to turn up we've got to put up some sort of official front, if only so they can claim the hotel bills against their income tax. The confans organize that, and it's a useful job."

"They make a heck of a lot of fuss about it, it seems to me. Look at New York. They can't be very good at it, for all their talk."

"How do you know?" I asked. "You've never put on a convention so you can't know what's involved. Anyway the less efficient they are the more trouble they have, so the more they resent us fanzine fans rolling up without a care in the world and having everything done for us and then going home leaving them to clear up the mess and writing snide conreports criticising the program and the organization which we never lifted a finger to help."

"It was mostly fanzine fans who put on London and South Gate," said Fingal defensively, "and they seem to have been all right."

"They were exceptions," I said. "Detroit in 59 will be back to normal -- there hasn't been a prominent fanzine out of Michigan since the Great Bomb Plot blew Rapp into FAPA, and he was insurgng against the local organization. South Gate in 58 was a fanzine fandom tradition and for once we came down into the political arena and worked for it, putting on London in 57 in the process. But even there we had to rely on the confans for a lot of the fronting and platform work. Most of us are no good at speechmaking or throwing our weight about in public."

"All right," said Fingal, "I'll admit exhibitionists are useful people to have around at intervals, like garbage collectors; but that doesn't mean that garbage collectors are the elite of society or that they've the right to call us fuggheads because we don't take an intimate interest in their activities."

"There's a lot more to it than that," I said. "Try to put yourself in the position of one of Don Ford's friends who has never read a fanzine and you'll see it's a perfectly understandable point of view that we are fuggheads. To him we fanzine fans are just queer dim strangers who hang around aimlessly at conventions not doing anything to help and sitting in the wrong places and making jokes he can't understand. He feels that at any moment one of us is going to come up and bite him in the leg. Some of us behave like certifiable idiots if we're called on to make the simplest speech and we haven't got what it takes to participate in what he regards as the real soul of the convention - making speeches and raising points of order and organizing things and outmanoeuvring other groups in smokefilled rooms and telling people where to sit and shouting each other down at loud parties. That's his form of fanac and we're no good at it, so we're fuggheads to him just as he's a fugghead to you."

"It's not the same at all," protested Fingal. "We see his fanac but he doesn't see what we do the other 362 days in the year. We can see he's just a loud-mouthed exhibitionist but he doesn't see our fanzine writing, so we can judge him while he can't judge us."

"No you can't," I said, "because we don't make the effort to get to know these confans at conventions any more than they make the effort to get to know us the rest of the year. If you manage to pry one of them loose from his caucus you'll find more often than not that he's a very intelligent and likeable person. Whereas on the other hand some of us fine minds of fanzine fandom don't look so all-fired hot to a group of confans on their way from the bar to a smokefilled room and pausing on the way to exchange a friendly word. Some of us are so shy we won't open our mouths in a crowd. Some of us, like Boggs and Warner, won't even come to a convention at all."

"That's still no reason for them to call us names."

"Yes it is," I said. "Don't you see, they think we're being stupid or unfriendly, or both. For one example, I'll bet Anthony Boucher thinks I'm a fugghead. It was that penthouse party on the last night of the Chicon when he and Bixby and Reynolds and

Anderson and some other pros were whooping it up in the bar and they wanted me to stay and give them some more imported dirty limericks. I rejected their friendly good cheer and spent the rest of the night in a window seat between two of those blank-faced nobodies. Until then I'd been on very friendly terms with Boucher but he's never addressed a word to me in the six years since that moment. I'm sorry about that, but I'd do the same again. I'd have been happy to stay in the bar if I'd thought I could have got talking to Boucher the way I could talk to Lee and Max in the window seat, but I didn't come 4000 miles to spend my time being part of an anthology of dirty limericks with a slightly sodden cover. I got bored with jokes and other forms of secondhand humor back home fifteen years ago."

"But those were pros." pointed out Fingal. "Aren't you getting off the beam?"

"No," I said, "I think I'm just getting on to it. The whole difficulty of social relationships at conventions isn't one of the difference between confans and fanzine fans, it's just one of psychological types. It seems to me that the crux of the question is that most fanzine fans are introverts -- otherwise they wouldn't feel the same need to express themselves on paper -- and that all confans are extroverts -- otherwise they wouldn't like public speaking. Both types have different ways of enjoying themselves and neither understands the other."

"You mean that was an extrovert party in the bar in the penthouse." said Fingal. "You preferred the introvert one in the window seat and the extroverts couldn't understand it."

"Yes," I said, "but I've thought of a better example. It was at a London Circle party in the living room of Dorothy Ratigan's house. Half the people there were shouting at the tops of their voices and the other thirty were trying to dance or play cards or just to breathe. I was half deafened and I hate shouting - I never seem to think of anything I consider worth shouting - so I got Vince Clarke and a few other introverts to sneak off with me into the kitchen. We'd been talking there happily for about half an hour when Dorothy Ratigan came in and glared at us and said: 'There have been complaints that there are people in here not drinking.' She was quite serious. She really believed that if we were not shouting and getting drunk we were having a miserable time and being wet blankets at her party. I'll bet she'd have called us blankfaced nobodies if she'd thought of it."

"Were you drinking?"

"I don't know." I said. "It never seems to matter with me. I usually have a drink in my hand to be sociable but I seldom drink much of it in case somebody fills it up again, because I hate getting drunk. No matter how much I drink there's always a small clear voice in the back of my head saying 'You're just getting stupider and stupider' and it makes me silent and depressed. You can see I'm a real introvert. A few drihks are a fine thing for most people, until they reach the stage when they only seem clever because their listeners are even drunker, but I seem to be able to get drunk on good talk alone. Literally, I mean. I get so intoxicated with ideas and excitement that I seem to be floating and when I get up I can hardly walk a straight line. You know some of these nights in Irish Fandom when everyone suddenly gets caught up in the current that sometimes flows through here and we find ourselves in another dimension of living when we can spin great shining wonderful webs of fantasy, or play with the language like a toy, or throw up bright lattices of wit, and your mind is racing away with you and the whole evening flashes past in a wild torrent of laughter and after we break up you feel dazed and limp and think what a wonderful wonderful evening and then you almost weep to realize that nobody wrote anything down?"

"Yes," said Fingal, "but you wouldn't get that sort of thing at conventions?"

"Why else do you think I go to them?" I said. "It's more difficult, because you have to know and like the people well, and there can't be too many of them, not more than six or seven, and the presence of somebody uncongenial or phony can kill it stone dead, but it can be done. I remember specially once in the upstairs lounge at Kettering in 1955 with the Clarkes and Bulmers and Mdl Ashworth and Arthur Thomson, before we broke it up to join the big extrovert party so that their feelings wouldn't be hurt. And then there were a few glorious moments towards the end of the London Worldcon when we broke through



and made contact with some of the American fans and created the first international gestalt. And then of course there's another kind of gestalt you can get sometimes with only two or three other people, like Lee and Max and I had in that window seat in the penthouse or like one night in Tresco when I talked the night through to breakfast with Ken and Pamela Bulmer, when you seem to be communicating past the ordinary limitations of language. I can't describe it, though probably Sturgeon could, but compared to it ordinary conversation is like ships hooting at each other in a fog."

"Do you think confans get the same pleasure out of their extrovert parties?"

"Yes," I said. "I remember I got it once for some reason at a Liverpool party at the Supermancon in 1954. A different type of pleasure but basically the same. I felt I understood extroverts a lot better afterwards."

"Well," said Fingal, "do you think we have to wait for the same sort of accident to happen to the confans before they realize that fanzine fans are not just blankfaced nobodies who don't know how to enjoy ourselves?"

"I don't know," I said. "We could try transcribing this conversation and see if it helps us to understand one another better?"

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He was very glad of these assurances, because certain troublesome doubts kept edging into his mind. Am I taking the initiative? What is the initiative? People just tell you to take it with women; why don't they tell you what it is? Does it mean you suddenly grab them? What do you do with it when you've taken it? Do I want to take it? Do I plan to have you-know-what with her? How can I, when I hardly know her? What on earth would she think if I asked her? How would I ask her? Say I did, in one way or another, and she called the manager and had me thrown out....I would like that, I think. "Dear Mother, I am very sorry to have to inform you that I have been ejected by the police from the Hotel Poland, for reasons of sexual rapacity.

- Nigel Dennis "A Sea Change"

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Dear Boyd,

When Ron Ellik took off for the Midwescon and Illwiscon I told him to be sure to find out what FIJAGH stood for, as at that time I hadn't figured it out. Ellik returned in great glee. "I've found out what FIJAGH means," he exclaimed. "Good," I said, "what does it mean?" "Uh," said Ellik, "er....I forget,"

Terry

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He saw a sign on a wall that said: AIRMAIL AN ORCHARD LEI TO YOUR SWEETHEART FOR AS LITTLE AS THREE DOLLARS. This would be a way of expressing his tender feelings for Betsey and he asked an MP near the old palace where he could get a lei. He followed the MP's directions and rang the bell of a house where a fat woman in evening clothes let him in. "I want a lei." Coverly said sadly.

"Well, you come to the right place, honey," she said. "You come right in. You come right in and have a drink and I'll fix you up in a few minutes. She took his arm and led him into a little parlor where some other men were drinking beer.

- John Cheever "The Wapshot Chronicle"

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Dear Boyd,

Ellik just got back from a weekend trip visiting faans and all. He had borrowed my electric shaver, so I dug in his overnight bag looking for it. The shaver turned out to be in his suitcase, which he'd also taken with him. Do you want to know what was in Ellik's overnight bag? There was one shoe (caked with mud), one change of underwear, and seventeen rocks.

Yours in the interests of factual reporting,  
Terry

# HOW THE OTHER HALF

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

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It is the last day of my vacation, it is cloudy and has rained, the atmosphere is damp and sticky, and I have failed a road-test. This latter is a tragedy of the first water: I have had a great deal of trouble with the road-test business, having twice gone to the appointment only to be refused, first, for not having side-view mirrors, and, again, (while having side-view mirrors) for not having a "full view mirror". So anyway, after determining to my satisfaction that full view mirrors are unavailable, I got a couple of attachment-wings for the mirror and this morning took the test.

Setting off with considerable élan and graceful extensions of the arm, I was unceremoniously stopped by a traffic light. The light changed and I turned from the sidestreetchish street on to that-which-further-downtown-is-Broadway, turning right, to be stopped by a maniac who hurtled his Impalla out of another highwayish street on my left, leaving me to either a) stop or b) ram elevated pole or c) ram maniac. I stopped, let him through, and surged gracefully on, but the incident unnerved me. One does not like to have such things happen under the gaze of an Inspector who seems amiably certain that one is mad, mad, mad. I drove on at a "reasonable and prudent" speed, and was instructed to make another right turn. Now, when I was a small child I rode bicycles, and one time I was riding in the street, and a moron opened the door of his parked automobile without looking, and I smashed into the door, and accumulated bruises. As a consequence I make my right turns good and wide. Apparently there is something wrong with making one's right turns good and wide. Came the side streets again, and a charming interlude of handsignal ballet. "Stop" says the Inspector rudely. "Make U-turn." I wistfully remembered the nice, empty streets wherein my driving instructors had made me practice U-turns, and contrasted same with the present situation: cars parked on one side of a narrow street, a 15-foot-long place where no car happened to be parked, and lots of trees on the opposite curb. With a faint sneer (and buckets of bloody sweat) I taxied to the curb opposite the empty space, swung the nose around, straightened out the wheels, reversed them, backed, straightened out the wheels again, and taxied blithely away. It had been a smooth, fast, nifty manoeuvre, if I do say so myself. "Stop" said the Inspector. "Park." I set my teeth, dropped my arm out the window, and parked in the required fashion. "Wait here one minute." said the Inspector, and trotted back and across the street, to pick up the cover I in my U-turning had knocked off a trashcan. I all but burst into incredulous tears. As I was about to pull out and take us back to the test-post, the car in front became occupied and pulled out, in impossibly slow motion. After waiting at least 3 minutes, they got started, and we, too. Fifteen feet up the road they stopped, to engage in scholarly converse with a shirtless character polishing an Eldorado. "Drive up and stop." says the inspector, and I do, and he hollers blankity-blanks at the fools. Oh well. Back to the test-post without incident, and the Inspector converses with mad gesturings (like air ace, like Mad Comics takeoff on Smilin' Jack) with my landlord, whose car I'd been driving. Consensus on way home is, I failed.

Which is a tragedy, one of the reasons being that in my back yard right now is a 1958 model 150cc Vespa motorscooter, colored metallic grey-blue. It was brand new on May 29, now has approx. 310 miles on it, and 2 dents and 2 scratches. Dent No. 1 occurred when I made U-turn in impossibly wide street (yes, I said impossibly wide street; wide streets, when I drive a scooter, scare me to death) saw 3 through the turn that I was not leaning enough and wouldn't make it, froze, and caromed my right legshield off the super-high curb. No. 2 happened when a week or so later I was driving along cinder road to archery range, riding in ruts as approved technique. Mind wandered, as did front wheel up onto



the crown, which was loose cinders about 6 inches deep. Front wheel slid eerily down crown, handlebars (standard occurrence in this situation, called a "slide") began uncontrollable wobble, which quite according to the scooter handbook was transferred to the machine itself. I departed from it as per handbook's instructions, "before the wobble is transmitted to your own body", landing in jiu-jitsu-fall position, which apparently isn't effective on cinders, since I neither slid nor rolled, but stopped abruptly, as upon sandpaper. Oh well. I am now possessed of a scooter which from the left side looks brand new, and from the right side looks like any other scooter. Anyway the scooter is very nice, and an astonishingly comfortable thing to ride pillion on, which I did for the first hundred miles or so, my friends having odd theories about "breaking in", to execute which I was judged incompetent. At any rate it seems to be working; the motor purrs and starts like a jewel, and the controls have loosened up into responsiveness. My friends howl at me because I drive it too slowly (the speed limits are too slow, I guess) their own practice being to hotrod it at constant and unyielding 45 mph in 25-30 mph zones, 50 mph and up elsewhere, the idea being that if you keep right up with cars, or keep passing them, they are not going to pass you, and you are thus exposed to less danger. Two of my friends have shared five countable accidents in the last two months, so I wonder. Curiously, they are still alive.

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Labor Day weekend Pete and I and licensed friend of his went up to Saratoga Springs on scooters, (approx. distance 212 miles) getting there at sundown. Called up friend who works for rich madwoman on farm, and he arrived to guide us to farm, in old car full of Puerto Rican children. Followed mad chase through pitch-dark country roads enlivened considerably by friend repeatedly turning off lights, pulling up at side of road, and ambushing us by leaping into our lights whilst firing a shotgun into the air. Friend is a gunnut, but unlike Grennell, is nuts. Later that night we were rushing madly on the two scooters, friend nut driving mine and I sitting in back, and he knew the road and Pete didn't and we were searching for a drink and friend was thirsty and went fast and Pete is idiot and went fast and after interval of waiting friend and I went back along road and found Pete and other friend scattered artistically here and there, with blood. Of course they sprang up laughing when we in horror rushed to apply firstaid, but nevertheless was one badly pranged old scooter and lots blood. Camped overnight in Catskills; had tarp which used for leanto. Stopped off at friends again; people who have built nice little respectable cabin and are now digging bottomless pit through solid rock in search of water. Relying purely on chance, too. Pit is so far about 20 feet deep, and they are still going strong.

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Nice thing about this motorscooter thing is, there's a feeling of great mutual camaraderie. One goes buzzing merrily along, and from the opposite direction comes another guy, or two, or a covey of them, and all wave merrily and smile and shout comradely things. Girls also. This happens so often, it is a considerable shock to be driving in the Westchester Square neighborhood and coming upon some characters on Progresses or Bella 175cc's; two exceedingly fast, powerful, well-thought-out and expensive scooters. These types, whom I've never seen on anything less than a Bella, are taciturn and scowling and in general look the other way when I beep my prissy little horn. I figure they are motorcycle crazy types who have been dropped by their insurance companies and can't afford \$320.00 a year and so get scooters and pay \$35.00 a year. Or something. Incidentally, motorcycle crazy types wave also. With good feeling. Pete explains it by saying that there are lots who are not merely motorcycle crazies, but two-wheel crazies; anything on two treads is o.k. with them. Oh well. I feel rather the same way myself.

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Beat Generation: Have met vaguely beat types, have read this and that and On The Road (which lousy, but lousy, book), and in general feel it all a bit artificial, and moreover seem to sense definite trend of quite sophisticated types sneering at beat ones as being unrealistic addled children. The Beat attitude is so foreign to my frame of reference that I couldn't care less. Those I have met I find uninteresting and not amusing, and

those I have read I have found tasteless, boorish, undisciplined, and dull. Darnit, when I was sixteen I went through a phase where we went roaring around in big cars and stayed up all night every night just shooting the bull, where we didn't give a damn about anything, where nothing bothered us, etc. etc. The "us" would be about 15-20 friends in the 18-24 age bracket. So? So it wasn't a Big Thing and nowadays I remember it with considerable difficulty, mainly because remembering it bores me to tears. So now is all this stuff about beat types "revolting" and all, and "Rebelling" and all. Esquire and Playboy full of it, and I read the articles and conclude nobody is saying anything, which I suppose is just as well.

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A very short letter this time, mainly because it is physically difficult to type with my left arm trussed up into the approximate gesture of a rodent nibbling on a nut, the hand ending high on my chest. On the night of October 4, Pete and I decided to drive down and visit Ellington on my scooter. Crossing the 3rd Avenue bridge, just as we reached the second stretch of metal honeycomb, my rear tire went. I did not know, and when the scooter lurched horridly, my reactions worked on the principle that the lurch was due to tire creep on the honeycomb, and I set us into a swoop to one side - driving at an angle more or less eliminates creep in these situations. In a split second we changed our way of travel from a straightforward to a sideways one; I remember thinking quite clearly, "Damn!". Somehow my jiu-jitsu dive didn't come off, and I regained actual consciousness sitting in a shack at the side of the bridge. Pete says I made noises while out, and walked there under my own power. I don't remember. I sat there and my left shoulder felt funny, so I stuck my hand inside my coat and said calmly, "I've broken my collarbone." The edge of the broken bone was quite easy to feel, jutting up under my skin. It didn't even particularly hurt. At Harlem Hospital, amid swarms of negroes all slashed up and gunshot and lying on tables getting transfusions, they stuck me in a sort of harness-like cast; very odd because everyone I know who breaks collarbones just gets taped up and is good as new in a couple of weeks. Anyhow I took a taxi home (scooter had been taken to station by cops) next morning. Cast proved unbearably uncomfortable, broken bone didn't bother me a whit, so I offed to another hosp. and made them change the cast. This one also was too much to bear, cutting off circulation in both arms and all, so finally had it changed again a day later, found the last ones even worse than the others, got fed up, and went to my expensive family doctor. "Bones need to be wired." he said, being a topnotch surgeon and loving to cut, cut, cut. Night of Wednesday the 8th I entered neighborhood hospital, he operated on me Thursday afternoon. Matter of wiring bones together with stainless steel wire. Left hospital Saturday 11th; had lovely time getting drunk with anaesthetic and having fits of coziness from injections of codeine or something. Night of Sunday 20th went to bed with bone in proper position - could feel it plainly, for just had a bandage on cut on shoulder. Monday morning get up, feel funny. Run fingers over bone. Horror; inside piece (piece closest to neck, bone broken approx. in centre) pointing up almost vertically, much worse than at time of accident. "Idiot," I tell self, "Can't be; must be swelling or something; You Have Been Wired, etc. etc." At work pain started, so quit at 10:00 and went to doctor. X-rays. Suspicion confirmed. "Come to Hospital tomorrow; want to have specialist look at you." Next day to hosp. & specialist casually trusses me up, actually interested enough in situation to run finger over bone once, casually. Impression I get from doctor is that I am to stay trussed up for a while, that bones are to be allowed to grow together in position where they cannot be touching except tangentially. So now I wonder why in hell doctor insisted on operation if matter was solvable by trussing me up like this. Also what becomes of wires and all, which for all I know are wriggling around inside me with jagged edges. It is very odd and worrying. I certainly don't want bones to grow together at odd angle, and certainly do not want to have bits of wire implanted uselessly in my body, and I know damn well this bandage is not going to do any good, because bones change position radically when I stand up and when I lie down. My view is that if operation was necessary in the first place, bone coming apart again should have called for immediate correcting operation. I am getting quite angry about it all. Pete had number of cuts and bruises, slight concussion. Scooter is beat up, but runs, and can be repaired. I did not get ticket for driving sans license. And don't say that you told me so; too many others have. If and when I recover I shall save and buy motorcycle. So there.



# CHRISTMAS WITH THE LUNARIANS

1957

BY EDSSEL McCUNE

At the November Lunarian meeting it was decided to have a real, old fashioned Christmas party. Arrangements were made to get a tree to trim, as it was unfortunately not advisable for the club to go out personally and chop one down. It was felt that the State Troopers would not understand. However, the gracious host and hostess, Frank and Belle Dietz, would provide decorations for the tree and also material to make more. A real tree-trimming party.

A temporary snag came up when it was realized that the Dietzes would get to keep the tree after the party, but finally it was amicably decided that half the cost of the tree and decorations would be borne by the club and half by Frank and Belle.

It was also decided to have the Christmas dinner at the club's December meeting, early in the month, since you couldn't start the Christmas spirit too early. Everyone felt that this was to be such a great occasion that the usual charge of \$1.00 for dinner should be increased to \$2.00.

The party was an immense success, a tribute to the club's wise planning and the hard work put in by the hosts, Belle and Frank. As soon as people walked in they were confronted with a large buffet spread and a delicious hot punch. Everyone dived in and also had a great deal of fun making decorations and sometimes getting to put them on the tree.

The dinner itself was magnificent. Everyone ate until they were bursting at the seams. George Nims Raybin jokingly said, "If Belle can put on a spread like this for \$2.00, let's see what she can do for \$3.00." Belle laughingly threatened to kill George. "This one nearly finished me; a bigger one would."

Course followed course in relentless profusion and everyone ate so well and so much that when dinner was finally over there was quite a spirited discussion as to whether they should have dessert and coffee then or later. It was decided to do both.

The dishes and tables were cleared away and everyone played games. First was the grab bag. Everyone had brought a gift with him (cost not to exceed \$1.00) and thrown it into a huge box. Now the box was dragged out and everyone drew a prize. Propellor beanies, zap guns, black magic kits, sputniks filled the air and everyone had a hilarious time.

The high point of the evening came when everyone had finally stopped laughing and settled down. Belle had worked out a variation and improvement of the old parlor game: Pin the Tail on the Donkey. It was: Pin the Appendage on the Robot. Everyone laughed themselves silly. It was felt that this game would have commercial possibilities if it were only possible to send it through the mails. There was also quite a bit of good-natured banter as to where Belle had got the model for the appendage.

After this things settled down a bit and coffee and cake were served again. Everyone felt too full to be in good voice so Christmas carols were not sung as had originally been planned. As soon as people had absorbed enough of their food to be able to walk, they began to drag themselves away.

All in all everyone felt that the party had been an enormous success and quite in tune with the Holiday Spirit. Dave Kyle's name wasn't even mentioned.

BOB LEMAN, a keen student of fanzines, has discovered an obscure publication, BEMZINE, edited by G.M. Caw of Puget Sound. The following is an extract from its letter column....

## P E S T L E S & E G G S O O R

A. Lincoln, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.

Dear Gen,

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

(GMC: Abe, if you mean "eighty-seven years" why not say so? Neos should understand that fancy language simply gets in the way of the point you are trying to make. And I very much doubt whether your father is any older than mine, so it's extremely doubtful whether either of them could have been around eighty-seven years ago. Now Abe, WHAT do you mean by "equal"?  $2+2=4$ ; THAT'S "equal". But how can two MEN be equal? Men are unequal from birth -- they are born, for example, with different weights and proportions. There was a baby born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, in 1952 or 1953, who weighed sixteen pounds at birth -- how can you say he's the equal of a wizened premature baby weighing only two pounds? But aside from that, why don't you include women? Women are just as equal as men, and in some cases even more so -- look at Joan of Arc, Gertrude Ederle, George Sand, Carrie Nation, Caril Fugate. It strikes me that you show quite a bit of gall in implying that women aren't as equal as man, particularly when everybody knows that you're about as henpecked as a man can be.)

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

(GMC: It seems to me, Abe, that you're deliberately trying to provoke a quarrel, using loaded words like "Civil War". That term means war WITHIN a nation, and the Confederacy is a separate nation. Why don't you say, "War Between The States"? And while I don't want to seem to carp, shouldn't that be "Now we have met", not "are met"? As to the people who died in the battle, there were deaths on BOTH sides. And anyhow, I can't see that anything is gained by glorifying the military. I note that The Manchester Guardian's American correspondent, Wilt Wallace, has called the boys in blue, "sex-starved Americans." I couldn't be more in agreement. These soldiers are a menace to the young girls of the nation, and Wallace has put his finger upon a very sore spot. I have written to the editor of The Saturday Evening Post, asking him to hire Wallace to write for The Post.)

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate--we cannot consecrate--we cannot hallow this ground.

(GMC: You're right there, Abe. You politicians are always biting off more than you can chew!)

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

(GMC: All right, Abe, you've convinced me. You shouldn't be making this speech at all . . .)



The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

(GMC: Especially Meade's clumsy troop disposition.)

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Republicantly,

/s/ Abe

(GMC: Well, that's a fine lot of purple prose, Abe, but it doesn't seem to mean very much. It seems to me a lot of half-assimilated pretentiousness. It has a lot of shapeless words and a lot of rhetoric, but no practical value. In these times we need something more than that.)

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Then they went on to something that Morgan couldn't understand at all: each began to speak about his own country in the most savage manner, insisting that its instincts were the most fiendish, its liberties the least real, its institutions the most socially backward, its prostitution the most venereally advanced. Each managed so well to undercut his neighbor in self-belittlement that soon all were joined in the cozy unity of mutual degradation, like a parliament of midgets. After that a sort of loving-cup was passed around, in the form of an equally degrading comparison of shabby pages from national histories; prominent foul acts such as Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen, the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, the amputation of the South Tyrol, the occupation of the Ruhr, the exploitation of Latin America were denounced bitterly by the envoys of the countries responsible -- and promptly capped by the gratified victims, who insisted that no fate could have been too bad for their filthy motherlands. Only one boy had nothing to contribute to this matching of bad pennies; he was sulking, and felt persecuted by the stronger nations, because he came from Liechtenstein and could think of no comparably hideous crime to pin on his minikin birthplace. He was thinking: Some people have all the luck. Whatever will they think of me? Oh, shame, shame! Oh, why was I not born an Englishman!

- Nigel Dennis "A Sea Change"

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Dear Boyd,

Today I was listening to some records, and Pete Graham was here. We were wondering who the drummer could be on this particular record that had no personnel listing. "It sounds like a very sophisticated drum," said Pete.

I thought about this. "I've never heard a sophisticated drum," I observed.

"Sure you have," said Pete. "Shelly Manne, for instance. I read some jacket notes once which said, 'Notice the sophisticated drum of Shelly Manne.'"

I was silent for a while. Finally I said, "You're confused, Pete. That just meant that Manne's drumming was sophisticated, not that the drum itself was. After all, a drum may be a woman, but a drum is not a Manne."

He went away.

Terry

# SILVERBERG'S PRECEDENT

BY ERIC NEEDHAM

"You wanna lay off that stuff." hiccupped the space-burned old battlesnake. "Have a drink!"

"The chalkie looked up from his plate of chloride of lime. "I don't believe in drink." he mumbled. "Not on this planet, anyway."

The old battlesnake looked puzzled. "You mean you deny the objective existence of drink? Or you deny it subjectively?" He brooded. "Supposing I offered you a drink? Would you still not believe in it?"

"That would be a paradox, I think," said the chalkie, "and since you put it that way, the least you can do is to prove the actuality of the paradox by offering me a drink."

"Easy," said the snake, pouring a couple of coils of hooch. "Now what?" There was a sozzled silence in the bar as the chalkie analyzed the problem, raised the hooch, and drank it.

"I accept your paradox." he said with a pleased smile. "Down the hatch!"

"Down the hatch." reflected the battlesnake. "That's a Tellurian drinking greeting if I ever heard one. And that reminds me of the biggest paradox I ever met, too. You ever get to Tellus, Sol III?"

"Heard of it." muttered the chalkie, returning to his chloride of lime.

"Hell of a place, especially the Western Hemisphere. Most corrupt government in the Universe. One race had a president named George Washington, who never told a lie. From that day on, all successive presidents were expected to be liars - and you should hear the election promises...." he paled under his space-tan.

The chalkie looked up reflectively. "Yeah. I heard something about a paradox. Or a precedent. Or something like that. But I never knew the full story."

"It was published in ASTOUNDING, but the scheming writer who slanted the account altered the ending somewhat. Waiter! Two more paradoxes, please."

It was the old tale of human intrigue. A bunch of crazy Tellurians looked around, found a peaceful planet with a novel form of statecraft. No peace-loving partisans of the progressive Peoples' Republics, these blue-skinned giants. Nor were they hirelings of Western Capitalist Reactionaries, being content to pursue their cosmopolitan deviationism in obscurity. It enraged the Tellurians, who determined to show the blue-skinned giants the error of their ways.

"And you know how?" asked the snake. "They got a guy to eat hamburgers in the temple, to profane it. Then he swore that he wasn't possessed by a demon - swore it by the sacred places - and challenged the legal authorities to permit him trial by combat. Of course, the law boys had to let him. Since he was a champion fighter, he won, and proved his innocence. Imagine that! He profaned the temple, and proved his innocence."

Such was the vile Silverberg strategy: to lumber the blue-skinned giants with a paradox, and a fuller account is written elsewhere. But the true ending? The memory of the gaunt old battlesnake roved parsecs away as he dwelt on the bizarre ending of this hunk of chicanery.

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The Overman looked doubtfully at the victorious Earthman as the mangled warrior was towed away. No fool he....he knew well that if the foundations of their statecraft and religion were undermined by this crazy paradox, he would be out of a job, and with no pension. He turned to the Grand Judge. "Better do some quick thinking, Butch."



"Betcha six bits I can solve it, Art!" grinned the Grand Judge.

"Done!" responded the Overman in his most majestic tone, and settled down to watch the proceedings. The Grand Judge fixed the Eartman Pickering with a keen stare.

"You have sworn," he said slowly, "by all the Holy Places, that you are not possessed by a demon. Can you swear that you are not a demon?"

"Easily!" sneered Pickering.

"Remember," said the Judge, "that we have devised a simple hydrocarbon test to detect demons. We immerse the suspected demon in a vat of volatile hydrocarbon and ignite it. Since demons come from a region of higher temperatures they are inherently non-inflammable. If you torment us thus with such a paradox, we must check your bona-fides. Will you submit to our demon-detector?"

Pickering frowned. "If I am to be burned alive to prove that I am no demon it seems an unfair procedure."

"True," said the judge, "but if you can swear that you are no demon, surely you don't mind us checking up?"

Pickering hesitated. To be burned to death to prove he wasn't a demon wasn't part of the Silverberg plan. And if he survived the ordeal, he would be branded a demon, and possibly subjected to a suitable demon-destroying process. His depraved mind sought a solution.

"I have profaned your temple, and have yet proved my innocence. Does not this bespeak a higher order of mentality than your own?"

"Could be," said the Judge, amiably. "And if you are not possessed by a demon, and are no demon, then you may derive your intelligence from a certain degree of godhood. Are you a god?"

Pickering clutched at a straw. "Yes.....we are a race of beings who are indeed god-like in our omnipotence!"

"Whacko!" grinned the judge. "We have a test for gods, too. Gods, as you know, are immortal." He signalled to the Chief Executioner, who neatly decapitated Pickering with a flick of his huge sword.

.....

"Wouldn't say that solved the paradox, though." stuttered the chalkie, almost completely calcified.

"No," hiccupped the old battlesnake, "but it set a precedent!"

— — — — —

Or again the thought occurs that what the Friedmans' clinical subjects have been doing is very like what some of our most respected critics do with impunity to any work of art they choose: they search for symbols, for myths, for hidden themes, for psychoanalytic revelations, and then say: "Here it is! That's what it really says. After me, thanks to method and my new findings, it is at your peril that you think Robinson Crusoe is about survival on an island: for have I not shown that it is the story of Narcissus, compounded with anal-erotic fantasies of material possession and repressed homosexuality: observe Robinson's man Friday, which is to say, Vendredi, or the name of Venus significantly applied to a youth, while the name Crusoe = Kreutzer, which means the crosser or crucifier or repressor of the venereal (vendredi) impulse, as in that other famous document, Tolstoy's Kreutzer Sonata. The clinching fact is the total absence of any mention of Robinson's sexual needs and this in a book written at a time when sexual activity, though not fully understood in theory, was already well-established in practice."

- Jacques Barzun

((All text in double parentheses is to be blamed on the writer, not the editor))

# IT PAINS ME HERE, BUT...

BY BOB TUCKER

Ray Palmer was right, after all. Oh yes he was.

The newest fandom is crowding our heels, baying at our running figures like hungry wolves after the Russian peasant. The new, daring and startling kind of fandom which he promised so long ago has come to pass; the Brave New Fandom which he declared would take over the world and push our tiny realm into limbo is upon us. Be ready to leap into limbo. Make sure you are wearing your rubber heels, for the landing facilities are unknown. Palmer's new and as yet unnumbered fandom is here.

((Of course, the particular organization he predicted in February 1945 was Lemurian Fandom, but that is a trifling matter and quite beside the point. Labels mean little. Historians may well argue that he was really referring to Saucer Fandom. In Ray's vibrant words, "All the fans can do now is sit helplessly back and watch the fireworks."))

The fireworks arrive here every other month. The October 1958 issue of FLYING SAUCERS (The Magazine of Space Conquest) turned up here the other day, and as usual I turned with trembling hands to the fan departments to watch the creeping encroachment upon the puny fandom, the old fandom we know and love. In the Personals column, for example, a New York City fan boldly publishes his request for correspondents anywhere in the world. The similarity to our dear old fandom is astonishing! Why, perhaps in this very manner, Jerome Siegel got acquainted with Joe Schuster, enabling the two newfound friends to whip out a cartoon strip they called "Superman". And in the same column an eager young fanzine editor offers this humble, touching plea for readers:

"ARE YOU SOBER? Yes? Well, to stop this miserable condition you need the fanzine that gets you drunk in ten easy lessons. Send one dollar for the next ten issues of THE SICK ELEPHANT. Do it now! You'll hate yourself in the morning." ((I hope fandom, our fandom, won't brand me a turncoat because I sent the young man a dollar. I felt that he needed encouraging.)) The column contains the usual, familiar requests for pen-pals; a young gentleman in Oklahoma City wishes to form a club; another fellow of 20, in Illinois, wants correspondents near his age. Alas, so familiar.

And inevitably, there is the romantic young blade: "I am very interested in hearing from young single women between the ages of 22 to 27 years old, who would be interested in corresponding with a young man of 30 years, who is very lonely on a Planet Terra (sic.) He was incarnated here on this planet in 1927 (sic) from another planetary system. He finds it quite hard to meet his mate here. She must meet the following requirements: must be an abstainer from drinking ((I told you this was the New Fandom!)), must enjoy the finer things of life, and must have no earthly ties. Willing to travel at a moment's notice. ((??)) He is desperately searching for his lost soul mate, and knows she is living at the present time here on the Planet Terra..."

No, no, don't laugh. In your hasty ignorance you may be laughing at the very mechanism by which Allen Glasser met Julius Schwartz -- except, of course, one or the other of them was bound to be disappointed when he discovered that the other was not 22, blue eyes, five foot two and female. Such a possible disappointment however did not deter Glasser and Schwartz. They simply got together and cranked out a nine-shot called The Time Traveller.



The publications of this new fandom are many: Cosmic News, Orbit, A.P.R.G. Reporter, Crifo Newsletter, Flying Saucer News, Interplanetary News Scope, Little Listening Post ((hello, Ted White)), Saucerian, Saucerian Bulletin, Saucer News Letter, Silence Group and the Christian, Space, TRB, Thy Kingdom Come, UFO Hotwire, Uranus, Visitor, Flying Saucer Review, Saucer Gazette, Saucer International, Saucer Star, Saucers, Interplanetary Digest, UFO Reporter, Space Craft Digest, Expose, Gleeman, Antarctica Development Interest, Real UFO Magazine, Nexus, Round Robin, Space Review, APRD Bulletin, Australian Flying Saucer Magazine, Australian Saucer Record, The Flying Ball, The Roundhouse, Saucer Sentinel, Voloemaster, and Infinity. (Purists and reformers, doubtlessly, will not find a single article on jazz or sports cars in the above magazines.)

The clubs are active too, and are actively seeking new members. While I find no reference to a new-order N3F, still they have a Cosmic Circle of Fellowship, Inc., which rings some vague bell. There is an Interplanetary Fellowship, in Chicago; a Horizons Unlimited, in Oklahoma City; and a Cosmic Research Club, in Tulsa. Any interested member of the present, fading old fandom who wishes to rescue himself and leap headlong into the new world might consider this advice: join a club (preferably the Cosmic Circle of Fellowship, Inc.) and subscribe to two or three of the most promising fan magazines (Thy Kingdom Come, Antarctica Development Interest, and The Roundhouse). Work hard but quietly, keep knowledge of the Corporation away from Nick and Noreen Falasca, and contribute modest but telling articles to the editors. In a reasonable length of time the transferring fan is certain to become a BNF in saucer fandom.

We'll miss you of course, but you can remember your old friends from time to time with a shipment of fireworks.

#### FLYING SAUCER FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE

Publication of inexpensive paper-bound books has revealed a considerable market for so-called science-fiction. The juxtaposition of these two words, or rather their conjunction, seems at first glance to constitute a paradox. Science is concerned with facts whereas fiction typifies life's romantic element. Fiction, even when it is naturalistic in temper and method, does not obey the strict rules of scientific evidence. Why do Americans have a taste for conjoining the facts of science and the most fantastic imaginings of the romanticists? Here again the answer when sought in cultural contexts is relatively simple. We have never accepted the scientific view of our universe. We seek from science more gadgets, not a Weltanschauung. Rocket ships, atomic bombs, and automobiles are the romantic end-product of the scientific mind. So long as we can foresee more of such "miracles" emanating from scientific research, just so long are we protected from the disturbing necessity of deserting some of our cherished myths. Who is to say when these myths, these unscientific views of life are no longer capable of serving a useful compensatory purpose? In one sense the taste for science-fiction may be regarded as a lack of maturity. On the other hand, it may be explained as a new form of transcendentalism, a way of viewing the universe which utilizes facts in order to transcend the merely factual. In any case, there it is. Americans like science-fiction, and when they are free to choose they will buy such books in large quantities.

- Eduard C. Lindeman "The Common Man as Reader"

Dear Boyd,

Last weekend Dave Rike said he couldn't go down to LA with us because, he said, "I have a date Friday night." "A date," we coggled, "Is she a sincere science-fiction fan?"

"Well, yes," he said reluctantly, "but I didn't know it when I asked her out."

Terry

# THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF THE BEM

BY HARRY WARNER JR.

For reasons too complex to list here, I am on the mailing list of a religious bi-weekly, "Christianity Today". I am no expert on the comparative orthodoxy of the nation's religious press, but from the magazine's own occasional remarks about itself, I assume that it maintains a reasonably moderate editorial course, between the screamings of the fundamentalist writers and the suavity of the most liberal authors on the matters of the soul.

So it was an excellent opportunity to read remarks on religion's opinion of space travel, in a publication which may be fairly close to the mean of the thoughts of practicing Christians in the United States. The October 13 issue gives a great deal of space to this topic. Previous issues neglected the satellites and moon shot, except for a note from one pious gentleman who said that the first attempt to encircle the moon was doomed to failure from the start, because the rocket went up on a Sunday.

Now, there are obvious difficulties involved in converting orthodox Christian doctrines to certain situations that may be encountered in space travel and exploration of other worlds. It appears that most of the men writing on the topic are being careful not to put themselves into awkward positions which won't be tenable longer than a few more months or years. There isn't much effort to convince the public that man will never get off the earth or that life exists only on this planet. On the other hand, I can find little evidence that theological thinking has already solved the dilemmas that will spring up eventually. It might be embarrassing if we should find an intelligent race on another planet that does not normally undergo death as we know it, through some fine accident of biology. There is the problem of the frequent Biblical reference to Christ as God's only begotten son: a race of beings on another planet, equal in intelligence with mankind, might object to the only alternatives that missionaries might offer, that God didn't think their race worth a son or that the man-like Christ on earth was supposed to settle things for the quite different race of other-worlders, too.

One writer in this magazine decides that if you can't fight 'em, you'd better join 'em. A.W. Tozer, described as pastor of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church of Chicago, claims that the New Testament predicts "the panicky flight of helpless populations fleeing in terror before something that is taking place among the heavenly bodies, the ascending of pillars of smoke into what would now be called the stratosphere or the ionosphere..... the appearance from space of beings wholly unlike anything with which earth dwellers are familiar." It sounds to me as if the Rev. Mr. Tozer's copy of the Bible contained Galactic Patrol where Galatians should be. He doesn't cite chapter and verse, which strikes me as cheating.

On the other hand, Karl Barth as a professor of the University of Basel immediately found a spot in the Bible that seemed to him to be ample assurance for pastors that they won't run out of new parishes: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there." from the Psalms. He quotes the entire passage, and adds a cryptic note of his own: "For the rest, take it easy."

Gordon H. Clark, a professor at Butler University, is a little more inclined to rely on bright remarks and logic. He says: "The attempt to shoot the moon has no more religious significance than any other great scientific advance. To suppose so is on a level with interpreting the Apocalypse by the morning newspaper. God's first command to Adam contained the injunction to subdue nature. Shooting the moon, therefore, is a divinely appointed task. Unfortunately, however, the ungodly are generally reputed to have obeyed this commandment more successfully than devout Christians have."



These statements were made in writing by correspondence, which is probably fortunate. Otherwise, Frank E. Gaebelin, headmaster of the Stony Brook School, and John H. Gerstner, professor at Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, might have started to argue. The former says: "Exploration of space should lead man closer to the only true God, who created not only this planet but the whole universe." The latter insists: "It seems to me that its exploration draws us neither closer nor further from God and has no implication for the state of man's depravity, except that it illustrates once again that fallen men can be very able scientists." However, he concludes with the remarkable statement that "I can see nothing more sinister in the discovery of the moon than in the discovery of America." an odd thought in view of the death blow that the discovery of America dealt to the round-is-flat-and-the-sun-revolves-around-us-as-befits-the-centre-of-the-universe belief.

I like the matter of fact opinion by C.S. Lewis, professor at Cambridge University: "I fear the practical, not the theoretical, problems which will arise if ever we meet rational creatures which are not human. Against them we shall, if we can, commit all the crimes we have already committed against creatures certainly human but differing from us in features and pigmentation; and the starry heavens will become an object to which good men can look up only with feelings of intolerable guilt, agonized pity, and burning shame."

William Childs Robinson, professor at Columbia Theological Seminary, doesn't think any more of space flight than the clergymen thought in the old days when somebody sought to prove that a stone weighing two pounds falls at the same rate as a one pound stone despite Aristotle's teachings. "God gave the earth to man, but he did not give man dominion over the moon. Why not use the marvelous skills of science for this world and leave the sun and the moon and the stars to the fingers of the Almighty?"

Most free-thinkers assume today that religion is a bit put-out over the success of science in proving first that the earth isn't the centre of the universe, then that man evolved from lower forms of life, and finally that every man has a subconscious which is as nasty and brutal as any animal. But Paul Tillich, professor at Harvard University, seems to think that these days, the more man grovels, the better it is in the religious sense. He calls the coming of space travel a development comparable to the victory of Copernican astronomy. "The opening of outer space can overcome our terrestrial provincialism and produce a new vision of the greatness of the creation of which earth and mankind, their space and their time, are only a part."

Finally, here's what a professor at Northern Baptist Theological Seminary says (and what will Baptists do if they feel impelled to save the souls of intelligent creatures on a planet where liquids would freeze or burn the creatures to death?): "Man's ingenuity in mastering his environment is evident by his determination to penetrate outer space. While the effort in itself has no new moral or spiritual significance, it demonstrates all too well man's selfish determination to achieve personal supremacy and to proclaim his self-sufficiency. No new theological issue is involved since man has always been a creature in revolt against his creator."

In other words, the preachers don't particularly care for space travel, but they aren't going to take a chance on getting involved in an interplanetary equivalent of the Scopes trial over monkeys.

Shelley Winters promised, tearfully, "I'll wait for you." when husband Anthony Franciosa reported to the penitentiary to serve his 10-day sentence for bopping a cameraman. Shelley dresses and looks much better these days. She's always more chic when in love. Aren't we all?

- Sheilah Graham's Hollywood gossip column

# THE NEW SOUND: JOHN LEWIS

BY TED WHITE

John Lewis is one of a handful of men in whom the future of jazz lies. He is, along with Charles Mingus, Gil Evans, and a few others, one of jazz' foremost composers. Lewis entered jazz in a roundabout way, first completing classical training and then, almost by accident, becoming the pianist in Gillespie's post-war big band. It was to this band that Lewis made one of his first important contributions, "Two Bass Hit," which he later expanded into "La Ronde" and then, for the Modern Jazz Quartet, into the four-part "La Ronde Suite."

After several years with Gillespie, and with his footing firm in jazz, Lewis began gigging around, serving as a pickup-man on recordings with Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, and others. During this time, he got together with three other alumni of the Gillespie band -- Milt Jackson, Ray Brown and Kenny Clarke -- to make a series of recordings for Savoy which were first released as by "The Milt Jackson Quartet" and then issued in LP form as by "The Quartet", and then repackaged as by "The Modern Jazz Quartet." At this time the quartet was largely Jackson's, as the name suggests, and the personnel fluctuated, with Horace Silver sitting in for Lewis, and Al Jones for Brown.

The transition of titles also serves to delineate Lewis' career. In the early days, it was Milt Jackson on vibes who headlined the quartet, and the book was mostly standards and some blues originals by Milt. Ray Brown, on bass, was soon replaced by Percy Heath. Later, Clarke, who had been responsible for Lewis' entrance into jazz and the Gillespie band, dropped out to be replaced by Connie Kay. The group served mostly as a recording group, making sides first for Savoy and later for Prestige. At the same time, the various members also found time for other commitments.

However, Lewis had his own ideas about jazz, and the sort of music best fitted for a quartet consisting of piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. He began writing, depending largely on baroque forms which bore a family resemblance to jazz forms, and which fit in well with them, using fugal and contrapuntal figures over which the quartet still swung mightily. In short order, what had been a nondescript co-op group became a highly distinctive group with John Lewis as its musical director.

By now the Quartet, now known as the MJQ, had established itself, made two excellent LPs for Prestige, and just signed an exclusive contract with the up-and-coming Atlantic Records. At the same time, both Milt Jackson and John Lewis signed separate exclusive contracts with Atlantic. Atlantic has released four MJQ LPs, and two each by Jackson and Lewis, all of which have been of extremely high quality.

Nat Hentoff has called Lewis "an 18th century cat, time-machined to now and wailing on a sunny morning in May." and I can think of no more apt a way to summarize him. Lewis has marked opinions about jazz and music, about the application of composition and European forms to jazz, and yet, when all is said or done, he still swings, he still wails, he is still talking the language of jazz. This is a point I think is overlooked too often.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has become world famous, to the point where it competes only with Brubeck's already fading quartet for lay appreciation and approval. With popularity has come attack and censure. And the figure universally singled out from the quartet to receive this criticism is John Lewis. The levelled finger of scorn has been pointed down at him from on high. "It's not jazz!" "It doesn't Swing!" "If I want Bach, I'll go to him!" "It doesn't Swing!" "It's chamber music -- it hasn't any guts!" "That tinkle-tinkle crap is for the fairies!" "It's Not Jazz!"

And so it goes, with the self-styled critics ("Why man, I been playing drums for twenty years and...") complaining over the frills and apparent lack of masculinity in the Quartet. It's all Lewis' fault, they say, and only Milt Jackson -- a real, down-to-earth and earthy swinger -- saves the day. They point to Milt's recent solo efforts -- with



blues bands arranged by Quincy Jones and with R&B artist Ray Charles -- with pride as to what Milt can really do, never asking themselves why Milt doesn't just give up the MJQ, of which he is apparently so little a musical part. The simple explanation is that Milt Jackson shares with Lewis a deep liking and appreciation for melodic lyricism, and this is quite often embodied in Lewis' writing for the MJQ.

In harping on Lewis' use of counter-point -- hardly new to jazz -- and fugues, his critics are overlooking his real contributions, and the real reason they dislike him. John Lewis has an ear for melodic compositions of church-like beauty, which lends itself perfectly to a light, piano-vibes combination. His is a great lyric quality, combined with a thorough knowledge of and appreciation for music as a whole. His detractors are far too used to the narrow range of their personal favorites to appreciate someone who, instead of operating within set limits, has sought to extend these limits. Of a recent record (the Victor EUROPEAN WINDOWS), Lewis said, "I meant it for people who like to listen to melodic music." and this seems his real reason for composing: to create melodic music for people who want to listen to melodic music. What separates him from his popular contemporary is that Lewis is using the tools of jazz to make his melodic statements. Jazz has had far too few melodists within its ranks, and this is perhaps the best reason for both the suspicion and prominence which has met Lewis.

While progressing constantly with the MJQ, Lewis has also carried other projects. Among these was the Modern Jazz Society, which later became the Jazz & Classical Music Society, and which has produced two outstanding records, "The Modern Jazz Society" on Norgran (now repackaged and reissued on Verve) and "Music for Brass" on Columbia. Lewis also recorded an album of solo piano and rhythm for Atlantic, "The John Lewis Piano", notable primarily for its first track, an extremely impressive solo piece, "Harlequin". His most recent is the earlier mentioned "European Windows" album on Victor. In the following reviews, I shall contrast his two symphonic records with his most recent with the MJQ, the Atlantic "One Never Knows."

THE MODERN JAZZ SOCIETY PRESENTS A CONCERT OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC      Norgran MGN-1040

This is one of the few records, from among the hundreds Norman Granz has released annually, which is of great value to jazz. The five pieces, all written by Lewis, are performed by two generally indistinguishable nine-piece groups consisting of tenor, clarinet, trombone, flute, bassoon, french horn, harp, bass and drums. There is some similarity to the famous Miles Davis 1949 group, but it is far advanced in conception and material over the Davis group, in which, not too oddly, John Lewis had a hand. The soloists are Stan Getz and Lucky Thompson alternating on tenor, Anthony Sciacca (Tony Scott) and Aaron Sachs alternating on clarinet, and J.J. Johnson on trombone. All provide excellent solos within and woven around their musical contexts. The pieces are "Midsommer", a long piece which Lewis describes as "an adagio in a general first rondo form, the chord structure of the second theme being used for the improvisations", and which is probably the most important work on the record; "Little David's Fugue"; "The Queen's Fancy" and "Django", both arranged and orchestrated by Gunther Schuller (who plays French horn on the date) from MJQ performances; and "Sun Dance". This was an important session, for heard here for the first time is a brand of modern jazz which is neither cool nor unemotional. Earlier (and some later) attempts with orchestrated jazz or the use of extended forms in the hands of other jazzmen too often became exercises in scoring, or extensions of small-combo sounds without anything new. Lewis made his pieces songs, invested them with an air of rich impressionism, lush with dabs of varicolored sounds. While they make use of modern harmonies and jazz voicings, theirs is a Romantic picture. It is not quite right to compare Lewis to Bach, as some of his detractors have done -- Bach's pieces were largely intellectual exercises, and while Lewis uses many of his forms here, in equally intellectual exercises, he also surmounts them with melodic imagery which has brought several of my unhip and longhair friends to exclaim in surprise and pleasure upon listening to this record. In fact, reflection will show that Lewis has made use of the entire history of music, finding worth in every era towards using his own. This is an excellent record, a must for every person sincerely interested in jazz.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: ONE NEVER KNOWS -- "NO SUN IN VENICE " FILM SCORE BY JOHN LEWIS  
Atlantic 1284.

Lewis had gained sufficient fame and world repute that in 1956, while the MTQ was playing in Paris, Raoul Levy, the producer of And God Created Woman, asked him to write a film score for him. The multiplicity of titles is due to the fact that the original title was SAIT-ON JAMAIS, or ONE NEVER KNOWS, but was changed for release in the U.S. Atlantic was playing it safe. The LP presents a suite made up of six pieces, apparently arranged arbitrarily in the album without thought of continuity. The music, when presented in concert, has met mixed reactions, and deservedly so, for, while the musical structure is enchanting, the performance is thin. The music, generally thematic and programic, is impressive, but unsuited for the light, airy quartet sound. This is music which demands considerable shading and density, and the instrumentation here does not allow this. The overall sound is a light, brittle, surface sound, as though the performers were skating along the top of the music rather than moving into its emotional depths. Because of this, the LP is generally a disappointment, and the poorest of the Atlantic MTQ records.

EUROPEAN WINDOWS: John Lewis and members of the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra.  
RCA Victor LPM-1742.

Victor blundered badly in not issuing this record on their Red Seal label, where it belongs. This is not being marketed as a jazz record, but it draws in unmistakable terms a forecast for the future in which jazz will supply the life force in the rejuvenation of the already withering European Classical-Serious field of music. Make no mistake: both intrinsically and in its promise of things to come, this is one of the most important records released since World War II. The life and beauty which fills this record come directly from jazz, while the forms are, for the most part, European in nature. Within the framework of a symphony orchestra led by John Lewis are two jazz soloists, Gerry Weinkopf, a German flautist, and Ronnie Ross, an English baritone saxophonist. Weinkopf is lyrical in the Lewis manner, but not outstanding. Ross, however, reveals himself to be a baritonist of major consideration. The music itself is all by John Lewis, and it is, with one exception, arranged and orchestrated by him. The exception, "Midsommer", was done by Gunther Schuller. Once again, we great old friends: "Midsommer" and "The Queen's Fancy" from the Society album; "Cortege" and "Three Windows" from One Never Knows, here in proper garb; "2 degrees East - 3 degrees West", first written for a recording date made up of like numbers of East and West Coasters; and "England's Carol", a set of variations on "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen", which Lewis first attempted in a quartet album. Immediately it is apparent that it is here that Lewis belongs, surrounded by an immense palette of tonal colors with which to work. Here the two pieces from One Never Knows take on a life, depth and beauty that can only be imagined from their Quartet performance. Here "Midsommer" realizes the potentials striven for in its earlier recording, in alternations between provocatively used sweeping strings and a duet between baritone and flute with only rhythm accompaniment. Here in "2 degrees East - 3 degrees West" Lewis plays his only solo -- a piano solo strongly reminiscent of his "Harlequin" in which he seems to be dueting with an unheard musician. Here we can hear what previously could be heard only in Lewis' fertile mind, the orchestral replies to his sparse and moving chords.

Lewis shares with two other 20th Century Americans, Ives and Cowell, an understanding of folk-forms -- in Lewis' case, jazz folk-forms -- and the melodic orchestral utilization of them. Jazz, you ask; is it jazz, though? By the strict, partisan definition of whether it "sounds" like jazz, no. But here are all the elements of jazz: rhythm, improvisation, blue harmonies, jazz roots; and most of all, jazz is made up of the individual statements of its musicians -- and here John Lewis has at last communicated fully his own musical self.

Acknowledgment: Fables for Fandom, by Terry Carr (page 20) originally appeared under the byline of "Carl Brandon" in LINGAM, Dave Rike's Cultzine.



# HEARTS & FLOWERS

Tonight, which is September 11, a strange mood coming upon me, I started to glance through the file folder of letters of comment on A BAS #10. Masses of letters there, but no letter from Dean Grennell. Knowing that I had a letter of comment from Grennell somewhere I started a Great Search, finding all manner of forgotten and useless papers in the process. Eventually the letter turned up in the drawer wherein I had expected it to be, and which I had already checked twice. Such is my elation at finding this missing document that I am herewith putting it on stencil as the start of a letter column, even though I know very well that this commits me to hours of toil until a complete issue is finished. After all, I can't waste this stencil now that I've started it. But enough, let us hear from

DEAN A. GRENNEILL, FORD DU LAC, WISC.

We got a kick out of the "Daddeh, I say, Daddeh!" jazz -- and, for that matter, the whole glorious write-up. This is the con-report I was hoping for when we voted for TAFF last year and we are blasted good and glad that you got to go after all. ~~##~~We wish you had been intrepid enough to find out what the "HOURRAH!" referred to.... Speaking of Lawrence Welk...as we sometimes do...there is one outfit that makes him seem like Chico Hamilton (I'm taking your word for I never heard of Chico Hamilton but then he probably hasn't heard of me either). I mean this horrid, oleaginous sludge that Jackie Gleason puts out. The late-evening d-jay show on WTMJ often features Gleason and I firmly believe that it is the ghastliest atrocity ever perpetuated in the name of music; dirge-like in tempo, never varying in volume by an eighth-decibel, bland, tasteless, utterly without purpose. But he plays Melodies in a Straight-Forward Manner which People Can Understand. Did you ever happen to read (H.Allen) "Smith's London Journal" and note the part where he looked across the Playing Fields of Eton and reflected that here was where the Battle of Yorktown was lost?

The creamy pinnacle of the Derogation this time is to be found in the bottom two lines of Page 15, I think. \* Bloch was brilliant. (This is the original phrase which was later corrupted to "Bloch was superb.") Tucker was sense-making as usual. One particularly horrible song was "Strange Lady in Town" as sung by (ugh! blech!) Frankie Laine. This got quite a bit of play on the d-jay program. And then there was "The Man From Laramie." Got a big kick out of Warner's debunking of fictional/cinematic reporters. Thank goodness the media ignore furnace salesmen! I am reminded of an early dream of mine: I always wanted to write about a beautiful (lady-type) scientist with a mad daughter. Brandon's MY FAIR FEMMEFAN was the most, man. The amount of work that must have gone into this staggers one.

[\*To save readers from possible frustration and wild searchings through piles of zines, the last two lines on page 15 were:

Andy: My wife has been taken from me. Quick, bring me my bicycle.

Kidder: Very well, if you insist, but it makes a very poor substitute.]

ARTHUR THOMSON, LONDON, ENGLAND

That is too, a crazy idea the Mrs. Bradley has -- I like this idea of yours of naming names. If such had been the case during the late lamented TAFF turmoil mayhap it would have got things straightened out sooner. Was agreeable surprised at your con and trip report. I had a sort of half formed opinion when starting to read it, that it would be a quick trot at the double through places and a few faces, but it read very well, and was extremely enjoyable. I'd also thought that mayhap it would have been a trifle cynical, but it came through with a surprising amount of warmth and sincerity. Hey, hey though, on this depressing cold you speak of, which made you feel miserable at the hotel after the Con. My goodness, d'you realize that last September was the balmiest of months, and I don't mean because the Con took place during it. There was only a tinge of cold in the air and that only in the very early mornings and late evenings. Just enough to tone one up and bricken the step a bit. No wonder it is said that the English are a hardy race. If that weather was just "brisk" I'm sure I wouldn't survive an English winter.] STOP DUPE. The item on page 31 is by the original "Edsel McCune" who has no connection with the material which was recently published under this name.

BOB STEWART, MOBILE, ALABAMA

The account of your European jaunt is something I've been searching for since I ordered a fanzine this summer for the first time in three years. This is the kind of writing one rarely finds outside of personal letters. Nothing is more boring to me than slick mag travel articles; I read PLAYBOY from cover to cover except for the travel articles, ditto for ESQUIRE. Slick mag travel writers never seem to realize that things like buttons on phones and the amount of butter served with your food in England are actually interesting. I don't know what the fannish reaction to your quoting Salinger is, but my reaction is "Hurrah!" 'cause I'd rather read his stuff than science-fiction. [If you're not careful, Miz Bradely will be holding you up as a Horrible Example.] Science-fiction seems more readily available though. However, these ZOOEY things seem mighty weak in comparison with CATHER and his earlier short stories. He's evidently writing it as a series with book publication in mind, and I'd rather wait for the book than track down ZOOEYs in dimly lit mag stacks of the library...constantly paging through contents-pageless NEW YORKERS. Then, too, Salinger's charm fades a little the more you read of him and discover that he has all his characters talk in the same style of speech. He really does. Bloch's discourse neglects the Thomas Wolfe revival which is groundswelling all over. The baying of the Wolfe-pack has been given fresh impetus, I suppose, by the current play and a volume of letters even thicker than his hefty books. (Naturally, a large number of Wolfe's epistles were addressed "Tome it may concern...") A new book, THOMAS WOLFE'S CHARACTERS, was published recently. Ha. I guess the dramatization of Look Homeward Angel has a lot to do with it. I'm halfway through You Can't Go Home Again, and I now see the truth in Bradbury's statement that Wolfe was his greatest influence. Both relish the little vignettes to connect disrelated chapters into novel form. And while the poetic style is vaguely similar, it is obvious that the idea of using three "ands" instead of commas to connect words in a series belongs to Bradbury and Larry Stark.... What, I wonder, is Bloch's opinion of critical raves given James Gould Cozzens in his lifetime with the critics somewhat in fear that they may be wrong? I was somewhat aware of the "title song" business Tucker exposes, but I didn't know the extent it has been reaching. The ultimate is the publicity out on THE BRAVADOS where they play the title song and then follow it with a paid commercial using new lyrics to the same tune. "thebravadosthebravados...who'sthestar?who'sthestar?who'sthestar?...gregorypeckgregory peckgregorypeck..." This is about the closest thing to radio subliminal projection they'll attain. [Optimist.]

BOB LEMAN, DENVER, COLORADO

Darelicti Derogation is justly famous: a highly palatable mixture of burlesque and punnish jokes. I never read anything by Deek, Trina, or Stark fannishly, but I think I know exactly how they write. You wield a most subtle scalpel. So does Kirs, if he's real. Martin chez la nouvelle maison hits off the style perfectly; I think that with a few revisions this might fit very well in, say, Accent. My Fair Farmefan is a beautiful, beautiful piece of work. This Brandon can write. To be able to do convincing parody or pastiche shows a fine feeling for words and their manipulation, and anyone who can do it well can write almost anything. Is he real, or are the two fine parodies by him I've read (this and the Salinger thing) a penname somebody uses when he does this kind of thing, or perhaps a penname for a collaboration? [No, yes, and yes.]

HARRY WARNER, Jr. MARYLAND

Your convention adventures are extremely interesting, and duplicate previous accounts of Europe in September very little, since you wisely softpedaled the convention itself. You increase my desire to get abroad some time before I die. The best compliment that I can pay your article is that it increases my desire to see many of the same things. #Bloch was interesting as usual. He is largely right, although I don't know of anything in the world of mundane literature that has been quite as dreadful as the Lovecraft bonepicking that has been going on now for the past twenty years. It was fine, after his death, to make available in book form his best works, but they lasted for only the first four or five volumes. Ever since, I've been trying to decide whether Derleth and his crowd are idiots or unable to think of a better way of trying to make money. It certainly doesn't do



anything for the memory of a writer to dredge up all the useless fragments and inferior youthful items and "edit" or "complete" plots that were abandoned before they ever turned into stories. I note that still another volume of this literary rag-picking has recently appeared, and I'm starting to suspect that it'll go on for ever, even if Derleth and friends are forced to invent Lovecraftian fragments to use as a basis for their work. In the world of general literature, there is one factor that Bloch fails to mention: publishing houses can glorify a writer after he's dead more safely because he isn't going to say or do anything embarrassing. There's always the chance that a living author will say things that go against the current political thinking or will behave on tour as Dylan Thomas used to do. Dean Grennell's letter leaves me feeling a bit bewildered and on the wrong time-track. I'm absolutely certain that I read about the death of Phil Stong a year or two ago. It must have been an unsuspected case of delirium that gave me that impression, if the guy is still publishing books at the rate of two or three per year. "The Other Worlds" was not only a real pioneer among sf anthologies, but I believe it is still unique in its general sneering attitude toward most sf., including the specimens that Stong chose for publication. If Andy Young gets that amazed over just one volume of self-financed published poetry, it's a good thing that he isn't on the same mailing list I'm on. As official book reviewer for the local newspapers, I receive all the publications of one of the New York firms that specialize in publishing for a price the works of authors who can't get their stuff accepted by any of the regular publishing firms. I open the package for approximately the same reason that some people look into their handkerchief after blowing their nose. About one out of every three volumes are this Dinwiddie-type poetry, about half the rest are unbelievably bad fiction, and the remainder are an assortment of religious musings, empty autobiography, and little essays that are supposed to make readers feel real peppy. I can remember only one volume that proved useful; it was an extremely fat treatise on contract bridge, which the editor took home to his wife. I think that Carl Brandon is writing parody rather than satire, but it's still very good. The most interesting thing about My Fair Femmefan to me was that it suddenly made me aware of the tremendous variety and scope of fannish lore: when you can find a fannish word that will serve as a starting point for parody on almost every lyric in a hit musical, you must have a lot of possibilities to choose from. I don't think that there was enough fannish tradition and special terms to serve such a purpose as recently as a half-dozen years ago. Another good reason for the existence of a new edition of the Fancyclopedia; if there's this much territory, it must be horribly hard for the newcomer to the field to get himself oriented to the slang. You're quite right. "Parody" is more correct term than "satire" for the Brandon writings. I must have been confused by a faint spirit of Norm Browne still hanging over Toronto. However, the dictionary definition of "parody" doesn't fit "Cacher" or "Femmefan" very well either. As far as the Youngs and myself can determine, the dictionaries don't contain a word - by their definitions - to fit the type of thing Carl writes. Can it be that in defining "parody" the dictionaries have strayed from popular usage as they have with "sophisticated"?/

BOB MADLE, INDIANA

I was quite amused by some of your statements in the editorial. First of all, what fringe-fan bunch walked out? The ones who walked out without paying (or without sleeping either) were some of the 100% non-fans who filled up the plane. Agreed that they were non-fans, in fact, well over 50% of the passenger list on that plane was non-fan, but in view of all the blither along the lines of "The passenger list reads like a Who's Who of fandom" I thought I'd be charitable and use the term "fringe-fan" - to me the terms are practically synonymous anyway. Also, you're statement concerning Marion Z. Bradley's comment concerning TRUFen and their denunciation of s-f. Let's face it -- it is difficult to think offhand where such comments appeared, but you know, as well as I, that comments like that are often made by the so-called actifen. I don't know. Mrs. Bradley said: "Fans - at least the most active and ardent fans - furiously denounce science fiction." Notice she didn't say "a few" or "some" or even "most". She says the most active and ardent fans denounce science fiction. I am still waiting for Mrs. Bradley or any of her supporters, such as yourself to name all the people they consider to be "the most active

and ardent fans" (giving good reasons for their so choosing) and then demonstrating with citing of sources that every one of those named "furiously denounce" science fiction. Let's face it, you're talking nonsense. And don't go citing Bob Stewart back there as an example. He didn't furiously denounce - he merely observed that he thinks science fiction isn't the pinnacle of literature. I agree. Am I too to be cast into outer darkness and shunned by Sam Moskowitz at conventions? I've been told by one FAPA member that whenever he publishes anything sercon it is usually ignored in the reviews, indicating that most members didn't even bother to read it. [Or that they had no comments to make, or that the treatment, rather than the basic subject matter was uninteresting.] Your travelogue I found very interesting until you get to the faaan aspects. "We sat down in the bar, and in walked a crowd of familiar U.S. convention-goer faces." Later: "...chatting while the con-goer types stood around with blank looks." I guess I was one of that group, eh Boyd? [No.] Too bad I'm not a TRUFan like you. Page 10. "I was most interested to learn that, unlike US fandom which gradually changed from a dead serious absorption with science fiction to the lighter approach we find today, etc." On what is that statement based? [Everything I have read on the period. I stand ready to be corrected though. Olde Tyme fans, speak up.] Haven't you read enough reprints from fanzines of the late thirties to know that it was anything but deadly serious? [All the reprints I have read from fanzines of the late thirties - not many, I'll admit - have been deadly serious.] In fact, at one time (1937-39) fanzines were almost 100% non-scientifictional and all faaan. It was a rare article one read of science fiction per se during that period. I was one of the first to make the break away from pure fan fanzines in 1939 when I changed the policy of Fantascience Digest to what a real s-f fan magazine should be. That is, a magazine devoted to the serious aspects of s-f rather than pure faaan yak-yak. You have the same thing occurring in British fanzines today. While they are almost invariably well-written and well-produced, they are too limited in appeal. The interesting thing about it is that they are aware of the situation and are attempting to do something about it. It is interesting to note that the BSFA has now been revived, which is what British fandom needs if it is to survive. [WHY does British fandom need the BSFA to survive?] I realize that the aims and principles must be abhorrent to TRUFen like yourself [Huh? I have no objection to people forming a British Science Fiction Association and having a Club Library and Club Magazine and all that stuff] -- but it is for the ultimate betterment of fandom. [?????] Back to A BAS. Your quotation from Walt's "Harp Stateside" (on page 14 of Derelicti Derogation") shows that Willis didn't understand American fandom in 1952 and, for that matter, still doesn't. He was horrified when he saw that it was the old relics of antediluvian fandom who were running the convention while his 6th fandom idols were nobodies and who, in fact, were the ones with blank looks on their faces as all they knew was that little inner-circle of fandom of which Willis was the giant. By the way, where are all those idols of Willis -- those giants of 6th fandom. Where are you, oh Elsberry? Come out, oh Keasler! Shelby Vick -- surely you must be hiding in the shadows somewhere. [Where are you Sykora, Korshak, Eshbach etc.? It's not difficult to be a Relic when you have to spend only three days in the year doing it.] The remaining articles were all excellent, particularly "My Fair Femmefan" That was a terrific piece of work -- especially noticeable if the reader is familiar with the original lyrics.

All in all, Boyd, even though we don't agree on who is and who isn't a fan, I must say that you publish an excellent fanzine. On re-reading this letter I was wondering if, perhaps, I have given you the impression that I think fanzines should be 100% sercon. Not so at all. I think they should be a combination of s-f and fandom. The new reader who sends for his first fanzine must have something into which to sink his teeth. That would be the s-f articles. The fannish stuff he would pick up gradually.

JERRY DEMUTH, EVANSTON, ILL.

Your appraisal of Carl Brandon is an understatement. "My Fair Femmefan" is one of the best pieces of fan-fiction I've ever seen. All of the lyrics were well done and not a bit contrived. I enjoyed everything tremendously but wish you had gone into more detail in giving the account of your trip to give a little more flavor of the country.



It would have been much longer but you could always have run it in two parts. Bloch makes sense. But I also wonder how many writers who are popular today will be "dug up" after their death when someone finally notices deeper meaning in his writer than was ever before realized. Take Steinbeck for instance. People and critics praise his writing and how he is able to capture some of the phases of life -- yet few look for any deep meaning in his writing which I feel is there. Many of Steinbeck's stories actually are bible stories written with the inclusion of modern insights. This surely bears close examination. I disagree with Warner's statements concerning journalism courses in college. At Northwestern every journalism student is required to take at least one quarter of reporting. The lectures try to point out all the problems involved while in lab we learn to meet and overcome them in actual writing and are given additional brief lectures. Staff lecturers have had much newspaper experience and the lab instructors are only part-time instructors spending the rest of their time on the staff of one of the Chicago newspapers (Mine is one of the editors of the Chicago Sun-Times.) A person may have these wrong ideas Warner mentions before taking a reporting course but the course tries to correct these wrong ideas.

SALLY ANN BLOCH, WEYAUWEGA, WISC.

My Father thinks that you're contributing to the delinquency of minors. He thinks he's funny.

GUY TERWILLIGER, BOISE, IDAHO

"The Moth and the Arctic Steamroller" was all right as con reports go. Classify it as such simply because you did report on the con. Must admit that there was much more than the con in it. It was variety on the usual con article that floods fanzines. To suit my own taste, it was too long, had too much of little interest filling the several pages. This, of course, is not saying it wasn't good. As most fans know by now, I tend to the sercon side of fan publishing and am very content there. It is possible for the two types to co-exist side by side. Derogation was not as interesting as the last edition of it that I saw. My reluctance to fully enjoy the lines is most likely because I know so little of the fen you use in it and therefore much of what is said is meaningless to me. The best thing in the issue was Bloch's "Boy Meets Ghoul." Nothing he expounded on recently has been more true. I wonder, though, how true his statement on fans sticking to the present. If it were the case, then why are so many of them still crying for the old space opera writers either dead or no longer in the field? Aren't they rather ghoulish to keep digging them up and heaping praise on them? Enjoyed Tucker, but found him falling into the same pit so many of us erect for ourselves and then fall into. The one of personal opinion. All of these "musical abortions" aren't quite as bad as he says they are. But I must emphasize the some. The majority are pretty bad. Now I'll never hear a song from a picture without resenting the commercial. Kirs I just don't dig; to use recent idiom. [I think you missed the point of what Bloch said. He was objecting to the ignoring of a writer while he was still alive, and then the "discovery" of him after his death.]

NICK & NOREEN FALASCA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

How do you tell a man that he puts out the greatest fanzine you have ever read? If A BAS were a crudzine it would be a delight to tear it apart, but unfortunately for us, we have completely run out of adjectives that might apply to your terrific zine.

Wonderful, sparkling, witty, provocative, and on like that. [A reaction like this, while gratifying, makes me feel that that I have A Standard To Keep Up, and I quail somewhat.]

The first day it came we read it from cover to cover twice. It was one of those rare occasions, like reading "The Fellowship of the Ring" series, that I wanted to read slow to make it last longer. Of course "My Fair Femmefan" was supreme - what a mind that Brandon must have! Then there was the inspired Derelicti Derogation that we must have read aloud five times. Your report on your trip, the Ellington piece on Xmas in New York, Kirs' rambling thoughts, oh hell, I'm off again. Nick does have one small criticism however to make about "The Moth and the Arctic Steamroller." There was a line in that that rankled him considerably. For some time he has been a great admirer of

the Cyclops (the classic Mark I, not the recent and greatly bastardised Mark II) and he fails to see how you could even remotely draw a comparison between it and the 2CV. The Cyclops excels in grace and beauty and, when fitted with the modified competition engine (7.29cc), which develops a full 4 hp D.I.N. method, exceeds any other marque in its class. He feels that it is a fitting tribute to its manufacturers and would like to see an apology from you in a future issue. /Yes, I erred, for the 2CV does not look exactly like the Cyclops. The 2CV has larger wheels./

ANDY YOUNG, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Do you think MZB is a fugghead? Look what she says: some R is F, some F is I, therefore some R is I (where R = readers of fanzines, F = fans, I = interested in science.) Some logic. I think it is more generally the case that the people who read fanzines in trashbarrels or on other peoples' tables are more interested in science than are science fiction fans. Or perhaps I should say that the average person outside fandom seems to be better informed about science than the average fan. Apparently the fan feels that reading the squibs in Imagination will keep him abreast of the times, or that merely being a Science Fiction Fan is sufficient. People generally seem to get into fandom because of the kind of social institution it is, rather than because they are interested in science. The people who are interested in science join scientific societies instead. But...good lord, actifans don't denounce sf. Look at Grennell, Tucker, Willis....These people are the heart and soul of fandom, and they are strongly for sf. It may be that actifans devote more activity to fanning than to collecting, so that the inactive collectors might be considered more devoted to sf itself than the actifans, but still.... The story of your trip was most welcome, but fout! you ought to make people figure out for themselves what little things like "2 heures...d'agaceries" mean. After all, we do try to keep up the pretense that fandom is a little more intellectual than the Common Crowd, even though fans' intellectuality doesn't include much in the way of science. Bloch, as usual, has a fine array of fine points, stuck where they are most irritatingly effective. I have the impression that the literary critics -- the "ghouls" -- tend to feel themselves apart from the world of writing which they criticize. They view it from the outside, as a stamp collector views the origins of his stamps. As a result, they leap eagerly on "complete collections" and "definitive" works. Naturally, it is possible to present an author's complete works, or the definitive whatever on him, after he is dead. I believe this sort of attitude is only possible when the author is merely so many words on paper to the critic. If the critic had been a friend of the author's, he would have beaten the drum for the man during his lifetime, and he would not feel ghoulish after the author's death. I think this is the thing that has saved science fiction. The people who are interested enough in the field to bother reviewing it are personally concerned with it; they know many of the authors by countenance, correspondence or checkbook. Furthermore, there is no gold to be gained in SF-reviewing. There is no advantage in bowing down to false or popular gods. The people who bother with sf professionally care about it, and the people who bother to read sf and sf critics also care, to a considerable extent. Honesty and integrity are really required to a considerable extent from the critic in the science fiction field. Read a critical article in the American Scholar or a "little magazine" and compare its tone with a damon knight column and you'll see what I mean. Three (3) cheers for Harry Warner. Imagine, A BAS has scooped the fanzine world with the revelation that scoops do not exist! Remember Clod Hall, who got A's in Journalism..... Hoo-boy and great fun over Chester A. Polk. Gee, wouldn't it be fun to see a feud between Polk and Tucker?

WALT A. WILLIS, BELFAST, N. IRELAND

Congratulate Pat for me on the cover. Seldom have I seen a more evocative juxtaposition, though from a representationist point of view I might say that I didn't see anything under the beds of the Kings Court -- except of course, an occasional fan. Editorial: curious, I had a go at Marion about the same thing in a Harp I did only a few days ago. However, you make a good point that I'd overlooked, about there being no reason why science should be a major sideline with sfists. That's true: all sorts of things, like aesthetics, philosophy, religion, history, music, art -- even internal



combustion engines -- are legitimate fields for sfal type speculation. Your report is very fine and I'm glad that you noted all those things that struck you as strange over here, some of which quite surprised me. Pay phones for instance--I'd forgotten about that. As I remember, the advantage of the American system is its simplicity, suitable for unsophisticated colonials [Down, GMC] and the advantage of the British system is that you get your money back if your number is engaged or unobtainable [So do we] or even if you don't like the sound of the person who answers the phone [We don't.] (All we need to perfect this invention is a pay phone which could be installed in DAG's house and would give him Walt Bowart's money.) Interested to read that France looks French, and slightly relieved. I was beginning to be afraid gradually every city in the world was coming to look like Cleveland. You deserve some sort of fannish award for eating those snails. A bronze wreath of crottled greeps or something. Can't get used to the idea of your being cold. Why, it was quite balmy compared to the sort of weather we're having now. Yeah, I know how you feel about those things that just exist in the movies. I felt that way about the crickets over there--expected B-feature credits to flash across the background any moment. Don't blame the taste of the person in the hotel who selected the radio programmes in the hotel. For most of the day there is only one radio programme. You didn't mention how we went to the airport to meet you and you'd been on an earlier plane and when we got back you welcomed us to Oblique House. Tch, that's all. It seems so short it's hard to realise it's about nine pages. And yet you did cram a lot of stuff in. I'm glad you enjoyed it, or at least thought it worth while, as I presume you did. You don't enjoy a thing like that, you experience it. I don't know, maybe I'm just getting the mood of it or maybe it's through meeting you, but this Derogation seems to me better than any. Say, did you have puns like that in it before? [Yes] Bloch fine, Tucker interesting, Ellington unpleasing, Kirs (letters that is) fascinating, as ever, and Warner the usual good solid interesting stuff. I wish I had a job that could sound as interesting as his. Say, maybe I have? That Diaspar quote was well worth another printing. Letters. That one of Jan Saddler Penney's rather dismayed me, with its glimpse of endless vistas of misunderstanding that will now never be cleared up. But as a lone voice crying against the dark, I'll point out that it was Vinc Clarke, not Arthur Clarke, who has a column called Grunch in Hyphen occasionally, the word having come originally from Roger Price via Quandry. Arthur C. Clarke has almost certainly never heard of it before and must still be tossing on his bed night after night wondering what Jan's question was all about. I sympathize with poor old Forry at being asked abruptly in the middle of a convention in the middle of Germany to explain to a teenage fan the story behind the Los Angeles fan war. (I once thought of retiring from fandom for a year to write a thesis about this and decided it was too big a job.) I thought he did pretty well to get as far as he did without making any worse mistake than confusing traditional jazz and bop. Janke was nice on Deeck. He has a talent for this sort of thing. I wonder could we get him into a feud with GMC?

VERNON L. MCCAIN

Was amused at the quote of mine you chose to include in the derogation. This is the second time it has been quoted back to me. Actually, it wasn't intended to be witty, originally, just a bit splenetic. But it is always these things that you throw in offhandedly with no forethought (and which probably would have been removed had there been a second draft) that people remember, and the terribly subtle and clever things with triple meanings which you spend hours working out, people forget instantly or perhaps never understood to start with. I recall, back in 1954 when I was turning out scores of interlineations, that one I was rather ashamed of: "I launched a spaceship in the air/It fell to Earth, and that ain't fair." was picked up and quoted all sorts of places while others I was quite proud of fell with a thud. The Bloch article is excellent. As so often is the case with Bloch, I can agree heartily with what he is saying while disagreeing totally with the examples he advances to prove it. Nathanael West, for instance, I agree the West boom is phony, but I feel that West's writing doesn't deserve it, I read "Day of the Locust" in 1952 and was then (and now) mystified by the frequently applied designation to it of "the best book ever

written about Hollywood". Now, I'll admit to being no authority on Hollywood's social life....I'm familiar with the physical town and, of course, with its product and much of its business maneuvering but I've never lived there. But I'm damned if I believe that any town, or area, even Greenwich Village, can be accurately and artistically depicted in the oddball and morbidly introspective method West uses in writing. Perhaps the book is a worthwhile work as a picture of the workings of West's mind, but I doubt that you can learn anything about the way humans live in Hollywood (or even humanity in general) from it. I read "Miss Lonelyhearts" a couple of years later. It is a considerably better book and has a wonderful, brutally effective opening chapter that is almost completely unmatched for sheer impact in an opening scene in anything I've ever read. From here the book could have gone on to explore the basically insoluble problem of each man's guilt for the afflictions of others which he has in no way caused. It's a powerful and profitable theme and one which will never completely be exhausted. Instead the book immediately veers off into shallowness. The hero has a guilt complex but he is far too busy making the rounds of speakeasies to be bothered even seriously examining it, much less doing anything about it. I cannot go along with the current notion that great literature ever is found in stories whose characters wander along helplessly in a daze composed of equal quantities of alcohol, noble intentions, lack of will power, and unintentional sex activity. West is merely a typical writer of his time....a bit more outre than his fellows but basically undistinguished. For my money West's sister-in-law, Ruth McKenny (writer of "My Sister Eileen"....West was married to Eileen) has 100 times West's talent. Admittedly she is a slick commercial writer, but every word she puts on paper is unmistakably that of a born, gifted writer. And I don't feel it is justifiable to automatically sneer at the commercial writer....Shakespeare was a commercial writer... Dickens was one of the most determinedly commercial of all time. Or isn't it diplomatic yet to compare an admitted communist to Dickens and Shakespeare? I must admit my judgment of West is based solely on these two books.. I've never read his other two novels but since almost everyone agrees they are far inferior to these two I doubt I'm missing much. It may be fashionable, currently, to ignore Somerset Maugham and regard his writing as overly-slick but I doubt that any critic, if pinned down, would deny the merit of "Of Human Bondage", Maugham's one great book (the rest of his writing is wonderfully easy to read but third-rate literature) and, in my opinion, easily one of the twenty greatest novels of all time. I also agree basically with Tucker, and here I have only a couple of minor quibbles with the data he uses to support his thesis. I've played juke-boxes, but none of the items he mentions, so hardly can be accused of subsidizing commercials. There are other things on jukeboxes. Bob may be right about "Three Coins in the Fountain" being the biggest commercial success of recent title songs, but I doubt it. Admittedly it was a big success, but it emphatically was not the first one and I imagine some of its predecessors sold more copies. Nor is the trend as recent as Bob indicates. During the early days of the talkies title songs for pictures were also a big factor....it may have even been a factor in silent movies though I rather doubt it. I'm surprised that as a long-time projectionist Bob doesn't recall this. I recall, as a small boy, looking at the sheet music for "Ramona" on our piano. There was a large picture of Dolores del Rio on the cover and the notation that the song was dedicated to her, as the star of the picture. Was this a silent movie or a talking one? Tucker? Bloch? Otherwise I don't personally recall the previous cycle, but, according to an account of it in either Billboard or Variety a few years ago, it closely paralleled the current cycle, with a few early immense successes reflecting in greater grosses for the movies, after which there was the mad scramble to tie a title song to every picture. The first cycle ended because of too great greediness and lack of judgment. They took to tying songs onto titles which were hopeless material for songs. To illustrate, in a radio interview several years ago, I heard Johnny Green tell how he and another writer were hired to compose a title song for publicity for a new movie dealing with highjacking and other brutal blood-and-thunder around the wharves and docks. They were very discouraged, wondering how they could ever possibly produce a song anyone would be interested in, with the title "I Cover The Waterfront". But everyone didn't have so much imagination. Eventually the cycle degenerated to the point where songs with titles like "Man Unaware, I Love You" and "Woman of Sin, I Love You" were being published, and the public rebelled. This article warned against letting the same



thing happen again. Actually, title songs never completely disappeared. In 1946, a couple of hack songwriters on Paramount's payroll put words to the theme-music of a big dramatic production and came up with a song which was recorded by a few people and promptly died....then several months later suddenly became a surprise whirlwind success. It was "To Each His Own" and was credited with having added several hundred thousand dollars to the income from the picture, after it became the most popular song of the year. And I've always suspected it was responsible for Olivia de Havilland winning an Oscar for the picture. We were sailing around the Carribean at the time the Awards were given out that year and didn't know who was nominated. A friend of mine wanted to know who I thought would win, and I said I thought Olivia de Havilland was a cinch to win for "The Dark Mirror". When I saw the newsheet which said I was right but listed "To Each His Own" as the picture involved I thought someone had gotten mixed up. I hadn't seen the latter picture but the reviews of it were all lukewarm at best while in "The Dark Mirror" she'd given one of the best performances I'd ever seen....but it wasn't the title on everyone's lips. The current trend didn't start with "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in mid 1954) but two years earlier with "High Noon". I suspect that song sold substantially more copies than 'Coins'. Certainly it was much harder to avoid. And, again I suspect it was the hit song which won an Oscar for the star. Shortly after, "The Song from Moulin Rouge" did a similar promotion job for its picture and the dollar-signs in producers' and record executives' eyes lit up. When "Blue Pacific Blues" showed signs of becoming a hit it was hastily retitled with the name of the picture it came from, "Sadie Thomson", as "Sadie Thompson Blues" although her name wasn't mentioned at all in the song. A few months prior to "Three Coins", Dimitri Tiomkin repeated his "High Noon" success by producing an almost equally successful song, "The High and the Mighty" which, uniquely enough, had no lyrics. It was this double-Tiomkin success which really nailed down title-songs as an asset no producer could afford to be without, so "Three Coins" was a relative Johnny-come-lately. Brandon's satire was quite good but far, far inferior to "Cacher of the Rye". Perhaps I enjoyed it less having neither seen nor read "My Fair Lady", but I have read "Pygmalion" and, thanks to radio and tv, am more familiar with the songs involved than I'd like to be. I think the basic vehicle here just isn't suitable to fannish satire, as "Catcher" so gloriously was. I did get a big kick out of the opening scene in which Martha insists on pronouncing 'stf' as 'ess-tee-eff'. I've had a smug, superior feeling for years about this. You see, I also pronounce it this way and I've been far too tactful and kind throughout this period to point out to all the rest of fandom that it is they who are mispronouncing it, and making themselves pitifully ludicrous when they correct the fringe-fans who pronounce it correctly. Obviously 'stf' could not possibly be pronounced as 'stef' or it would have to be spelled 'stef'. Since there is no 'e' in 'stf' the correct pronunciation is 'ess-tee-eff' and anyone who thinks otherwise obviously is an underprivileged individual who learned sight-reading in school rather than the phonics method and it is the duty of we more advanced individuals to help them, not criticize their gaucheries. The only other outstandingly brilliant portion of this script was the portion where she gloats in anticipation of being elected TAFF delegate and using her influence to get Iggen's decapitated, thereupon. Otherwise, it seemed mostly just a routine translation of the play to fannish terms, without any of the brilliantly logical, but unobvious, parallels which abounded in 'Cacher'. It's still superior to what most fans could do if faced with the same sort of challenge, but no proper running-mate to 'Cacher'. Personally, I'm on Shaw's side and have been ever since I read "Pygmalion" complete with the addendum, (which should be a required addition to the theatre program at every performance of the play). Shaw certainly should know what happened to his characters better than anyone else and, in this case, it is so much more satisfying a conclusion and so much more logical than a forced union of hero and heroine at the play's close, a la "My Fair Lady". Warner competent and engrossing as usual, but leaving little to comment on. Kirs was duller (and consequently more believable) than usual this time. I don't believe a word he says but I do enjoy his more exotic flights of fancy.

ALEX KIRS, CITY ISLAND, NEW YORK, N.Y.

I did not like my column; I expect Jean Young will no longer find it morbid. Does Curtis Janke really live in a cloister? I know all sorts of people who have had adventures which make mine seem dull; and I don't mean I know occasional people each of whom has had a single adventure which eclipses mine. I mean I know people who have had whole strings of adventures. Who still do. Anyhow you just go tell Janke he must pick his little friends in the oddest places; I know and have known literally hundreds of teenagers, and only one of them played horn, and I am reliably assured he was HORRID. Or is Janke subtly letting slip the fact that he can't play horn at all? It is all most interesting and morbid. [Some fans must lead such dull lives that they think everybody else does too. Before I became enmeshed in this staid faanish existence my life was full of Other Half-ish type incidents which I looked on merely as Things That Happen.]

RON BENNETT, HARROGATE, ENGLAND

Actually, Maugham bears out Bloch's remarks even more than Bloch realizes. About five or six years ago the British public suddenly went overboard for this writer. Ninety-odd of his short stories (some novelettes by SF standards) were collected together in a three volume edition. Several were broadcast. A dozen or so were filmed as short collections, Trio, Quartet, and Encore. Everyone was suddenly raving about old Bill, though for years he'd been banished into obscurity. And after that sudden burst of publicly expressed energy, that's where he is today. So, Mr. Bloch, the Maugham revival has already taken place, and passed. I've no doubt though that when Maugham dies he'll again be brought out as a party piece for and of the critics.

TERRY CARR, BERKELEY, CAL.

Particularly liked the "uncouth vocal utterances of the people" crack in the Derogation, below-the-belt as it may be. I feel somewhat abashed at being credited with the Dr. Everall anecdote which you reprinted from DIASPAR, since after all it was written almost directly as Everall spoke it. I had been thinking for some time of taking notes on his lectures aside from the actual philosophy, but only did it this once. There was another bit of his I remember when we came to Descartes, and he said: "The next philosopher we will cover will be Descartes. A lot of my students ask me why we should bother with him, since he's been dead for so long. They say, 'If he was so smart, why's he dead?' So I've decided that before we start studying his works, I'll get you interested in him. He was fascinating. Did you know that he had a mistress? Oh yes, I see you perking up already. Some of you are even rolling over in your sleep. Yes, he had a mistress. And he wrote a book called 'The Passions of the Soul', too. It wasn't about what you're thinking, though. But the Queen of Denmark was apparently very interested in it. Oh, she was fascinated by Descartes. Why, she wrote to him and finally persuaded him to go to Denmark to visit her and teach her all about these passions of the soul. But Descartes died on the way. Most people say it was because he was travelling in an open coach during the winter, but I have my suspicions that he was just plain terrified of the Queen. After all, he was getting on in years." This is all definitely quasi-quote, and the facts are probably wrong about Descartes, too. [Yes, it was the Queen of Sweden, not Denmark, and he didn't die on the way. "In 1649 he accepted the invitation of Queen Christina of Sweden to come to Stockholm and personally instruct her in his philosophy. The Queen preferred to have her lectures in philosophy at 5 o'clock in the morning and Descartes had to proceed to the palace at that hour. The severity of the climate and the life at court were injurious to his naturally weak constitution, and a year after his arrival he contracted an illness from which he died." Looks as though Dr. Everall may be correct in his suspicions. I'm sorry if I may have given the impression that you were being credited with thinking up the item yourself. I should have made it clearer that you were just relating the item.]

Ron and I have this roommate now who is a crazy Arab and doesn't speak English too well, not being in this country long. He sleeps with his window wide open, even when it's storming outside. Anyway, it's a good thing I got to bed at a reasonable hour last night (1:00 am) because at 8:30 this morning some of this carzy Arab's friends came in and they all immediately fell to rehearsing singing "Catch A Falling Star" with much trouble in pronunciation and rhythm and all. You haven't lived until you've been awakened by three crazy Arabs trying to sing "Catch a Falling Star."



RON ELLIK, BERKELEY, CAL.

Somebody--I dunno who, I keep forgetting things--every so often reminds me that fans don't talk about Merritt any more. Howard Miller, I think. Weinbaum, too. No, no. Miller said it. He said it about Merritt, and Weinbaum, too. Weinbaum didn't say it. I doubt he even worried about Merritt's press notices. Lovecraft, too, for that matter. Who writes about Lovecraft besides Don Wilson? The brief spat of HPL writing published in 55-6 winter doesn't count because it was fruitless. Then there's Wm. Hope Hodgson. Wilson has written an article about him too. I can't see why fans don't write about old pros anymore. I get letters every so often from this John Thiel fellow, who just keeps writing me these letters, whether I answer them or no, and he wanted to know if I could use any material by him. Yes, I said, I could use fan-writing about some pro you idolize, and so forth. He wrote back, the only pro I know anything about is Weinbaum (or did he say Merritt--one of 'em, anyway) and I hate his work. I've read everything by him (sez Thiel) but I think it's really fantasy, not science-fiction. This (sez Thiel) is Bad.

F.M. BUSBY, SEATTLE, WASH.

I'm of two minds regarding the meaning of the Cover Symbol: "Psionics is a lot of Crap" or "No matter what you say about Campbell, he's not without a Pot"??? Ellington's report on N'Yawk drunk-fandom leads me to regret that I wasn't writing for fmz in 1942 (the drunken interstate urban shooting-spree in which I was inadvertently involved), 1950 (the second mate of the cable barge was wanted for seducing a bartender's wife out of season), 1951 (the cops got into the game of tag we were having on the elevators of the Sea-Tac International Airport Terminal at 5 a.m.), and etc. But somehow, all this reminiscence-type stuff comes under the heading of Sea Stories, and Elinor discourages me from telling them. [Curtis Janke wouldn't believe a word of them, anyway.] Just to help free Andy Young from the toils of Arthur Orison Dillon and being crogged all too much of the time, let's taper him off with the novels of Grace Livingston Hill--all about Poor Young Girls who marry Pure Young Millionaires-- guy we bought the house from left 17 of them behind. Elinor read a couple of them, and I skimmed some for the hot spots where the dissolute ex-friends stop by the family home just as prayers are being said--bighod, if we had one of those books left, I'd send it to Ellington so he'd know how to act if a dissolute and drunk ex-friend stopped by while he was praying his dinner into refrigeration. John Champion should wash his typer out with soap.

MAL ASHWORTH, BRADFORD, ENGLAND

Most emphatically do I agree about England's coldness and depressingness. The mind rot due to day after day of oppressive grey skies, almost totally dark days and mist and drizzle has to be experienced to be agonised over. I have never yet found an antidote to it and it is one of the main reasons I would like to try a different clime to find out if it might be better suited to my nature. I am like you in that the weather affects my emotions - or state of mind - easily, and while a fresh spring morning in England can prove one of the most stimulating environments I can imagine it is hard to think that months of grey barrenness are really the same weight as this in the scale.

JOHN ROLES, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Your NW European Odyssey was the best in the ish of course as far as I was concerned. On the subject of little English boy haircuts and little English boy suits etc....I have giggled my bit at some of the precocious little American brats whom we get in the summer tourist season in Chester. The size of three-pennorth-Of-copper, they stride around in the most exotic dress, chewing like their parents the ubiquitous gum, drawling "c'mahn Maw! Le's go someplace else. I wanna go." Jugged hare? One of my favorite dishes. The cafe I used to go to years ago used to have it on the set business menu every Thursday, tho' admittedly it is just a bit unusual. The Shaw take off was pretty smart. Most will rave over it, I imagine, especially those who like My Fair Maiden, which I don't. Not only are the tunes the most utter crap contrived, but it is sickenly arch. On the other hand, Brandon's lyrics stand on their own merit. Bob Bloch, as usual, can't help but be interesting. I'm in the book trade, as you may remember, but I can't honestly say I have noticed any false boosting of moribund authors over here, with the possible exception of Dylan Thomas. But "Milk Wood" was made famous before his death,

and his boosting and boosters have not let up since. I am pleased to say that he has his detractors also. Trollope is a near case. He was an early to mid-Victorian writer of pot-boilers of high-society novels and political-society novels. Michael Sadleir re-discovered him in the 1920s and he has been re-established more or less permanently since then, as every school boy to his sorrow knows. The collected works of Nathaniel West has recently been issued in this country, but despite the critics' "why have the works of this important American writer been neglected?" I haven't noticed any desperation on the part of the public to get hold of and read his works. On the whole people don't usually take much notice of the book reviews here. On the subject of title songs, I'm immune; the only two tunes I know from Tucker's list are "The Girl Can't Help It" and "Three Coins in the Fountain". The latter I firmly resolved not to see, despite the seductive blurbs and publicity. As for "The Girl Can't Help It", I went to see this film in order to get an idea of what Rock & Roll was like, as up to then I had never heard any (I never listen to the radio) I immediately became a disciple of Little Richard, rather, L I T T L E R I C H A R D , but I hadn't heard of him or the tune before. Or Jayne Mansfield, if it comes to that.

CHICK DERRY, BRANDYWINE, MD.

Ellington's Xmas in N.Y. actually had the tears (of laughter) pouring from mine eyes. I could see this drunk clot of bums staggering around amid the lonely wastes of Manhattan. Tucker and Bloch were their usual superb selves. The trouble with running them in a fanzine is that it's hard to find anything to come up to their standard. Carl Brandon's satire was the perfect foil. I find that I agree with Bloch, and I still think that Sinclair Lewis is a tremendous writer; but lord help us when he's "discovered" again. I'll probably get sick to death of him from the publicity. The only thing I can think of in relation to Kirs is that like so many people of this type they actually do become the conformists that they deplore so much. Even the old master Philip Wylie has become a drum thumper and Mom has achieved a sacred status even to him. Aw weel, youth is a violent time.

GARY DEINDORFER, YARDLEY, PA.

Derogation was great, can't figure how you cram so many truths and general hilariousness into it the way you do. Kirs' letters weren't the nauseating things I've come to expect of him judging from #9. Kirs is funny enough and all but his letters are all cynical and seem to be actually sort of somber between the lines. The overall impression is that Kirs is bored with life and himself.

ETHEL LINDSAY, SURBITON, ENGLAND.

I wonder if Kirs ever bothers to touch alcohol, he can get so drunk on words. The letter which moved me most was written by Jan Saddler. I get a rather delicious feeling to think of Arthur Clarke fleeing from anyone, though I must admit it seems hard to believe. I wonder why I never think of things like that to say. Last time I saw him, all I could do was point out helpfully that his waistcoat had a button undone.

Final editorial comment. I always seem to finish off an issue by miserably trying to cut off the letter column, trying to end it neatly at the bottom of a stencil - and of course it never does, but just wanders on and on, and this time slopped over on to one more stencil than I'd intended - which stencil is rather wrinkled, and I'm not sure how it will reproduce. Anyway, this time I was trying to end it neatly, and I decided that instead I'd just cut it off dead, which is why I'm chattering here.

A few copies of A-BAS #10 are still available at 25¢ each. I have no other back issues.

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