

à bas

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A N N I S H

à bas

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PROLOGUE

It seems to have become fashionable lately in fandom to declare something to be a hoax and then "expose" it. First, Norman Browne wrote an article wherein he declared that Seventh Fandom was all a hoax. Then George Wetzel sent letters to various people claiming that he, Wetzel, had created the character of Raleigh Evans Multog. (The reason anybody would want to claim this dubious distinction escapes me.) Now in GASP #4 Gerald Steward has a very plausible article in which he claims that I am a mythical person, created as a hoax by Howard Lyons, Ron Kidder, and himself. Actually I find it rather flattering to be described as a composite of the talents of these three. "His poetic sense and ability to rhyme is Ron Kidder, his wit is Howard Lyons, his subtle sarcasm is Gerald Steward and so on." Acceptance of this gag of Gerald's will probably be aided by the tendency of many fans to believe that anybody who becomes widely active without previous fanfare is actually a well known figure operating under a pseudonym. Any fans who are inclined to believe that I am a mythical figure will find that as far as they are concerned, future issues of A BAS will also be non-existent.

Whether to plant erysipelas or long-stemmed hysterectomy

The article in this issue by George Frazier, on Lee Wiley Sings Rogers and Hart, Storyville LP312, is printed by permission of Storyville Records Inc. I feel that this article will be of interest to most of the readers of A BAS, even though music as a subject may not normally be included among the interests of some of them.

Judging from comments in recent letters, a number of people seem to be under the impression that any city in Canada is bound to be a place of snow, ice, and blizzards, way way up in the frozen north. While by doing so I risk screams of "Nationalism!" from the juvenile element, I wish to correct this erroneous impression. In Toronto, the winters are fairly mild by northern U.S. standards. This past winter has been fairly typical; a few light smatterings of snow, with the temperature wandering as a rule between 20 and 35 degrees above zero, and often higher. Far from being "way up in the frozen north", Toronto, as far as many U.S. fans are concerned, is "way south." Dean Grennell, Bob Bloch, Dick Geis, Larry Anderson, G.M. Carr, and Eva Firestone are only some of the U.S. fans who live north of Toronto, and Toronto is by no means the southernmost point in Canada. Windsor, Ontario, for example, lies due south of Detroit, Michigan, and is almost on a latitudinal level with Northern California. About three fourths of the people in Canada live south of the northernmost point of the United States (Lake of the Woods, Minnesota) while about one fourth of the people in the U.S. live north of Canada's southernmost point.

It would seem that the publishers of 'IF' sent review copies of the April issue to quite a number of fanzine editors. While it is definitely not my policy to run prozine reviews, seeing that I was sent a free copy I feel I should mention the mag. The material is quite fair, and judging by this issue I would say that if you wish to extend your reading of sf mags beyond the big three, you could do much worse than make 'IF' your next choice. If I may inject a nationalistic note here (Southern California will be boiling) I would like to point out that the publishers of 'IF' follow the obnoxious practice of charging more for a Canadian subscription than a U.S. sub. In this case the extra charge is 50¢ on a year's sub, which is just over 8¢ extra per copy. As the postage on the copy sent to me was 1¢, the extra charge cannot be justified on this score.

Apology: In the last issue I omitted to give credit for the cartoon on page 19. This was the creation of Alex (or Rich) Kirs.

For the encouragement of any confused readers of this zine, I wish to state that there are no local allusions whatsoever in this issue.

Fandom is just a Goddam way of life

There was a small gathering of the Derelicts at 9 Glenvalley recently. In spite of a generally enforced rule that there shall be no discussion of sf at Derelict meetings, two of the members, Norm Beckett and Al Cogan (the latter has just sold a story to Galaxy, and was thus feeling quite pro-ish) started to talk on the subject. After about an hour of it, I began to feel quite ill, and when the conversation got around to John Russell Fearn, I went to the bathroom and vomited. A new case for the annals of psychosomatic medicine?

Random Thought: Curtis Janke is fortunate he doesn't live in Brooklyn.

Cryptic Comment: The personnel on the Terry Gibbs recording of T & S includes Don Eliot.

Show me daffodils happening to a man

Apparently the movie "The Big Combo", which is showing locally, has had several scenes cut from it by the censor. A local film critic, remarking on these cuts, said in part, "Also removed -- and I can't imagine any customer except a sadist who might regret this -- is an even more hideous sequence in the original picture, in which a large bottle of hair tonic is emptied down the squirming detective's throat." Apparently Hollywood found inspiration at San Francisco's Drake Hotel.

Orville Mosher is now in Dallas, Texas, and is president of the local fanclub. Randy Brown in HARK #3 says they are looking for a name for the club. Why not call the group 'The Dallards'? Orville Mosher is the guy described by Sally Dunn as Trying To Do Some Good In Fandom. With this dimwit serconfan in their midst, may we expect the Dallards soon to start on such projects as trying to Unit Fandom As A Force, Achieve Closer Understanding Between Fans, Bring More People Into Fandom, and other asinine idiocies dear to the hearts of fuggheads?

Have you ever stopped to think
there are ten times more toes in the world than people?

Derelict*
Derogation*

4

PLACE: The usual Derelict meeting.

Lyons: If you had an opportunity to pilot the first moon rocket, even if it were a certainty you would die in space, would you - and why?

Steward: You mean, would I die and why - even though it were a certainty?

Lyons: No, no, would you pilot the rocket?

Reta Grossman: What is all this about?

Lyons: Harlan Ellison says this is a question which is fresh and new in concept, of a highly controversial and vitality-brimming nature, and easily answerable directly from your own emotions and your own philosophies.

Raeburn: Yeah, can't you see the question just brimming vitality all over the place?

Kidder: And how controversial can you get? This is the sort of thing that could split fandom right down the middle.

Grossman: So where did all this come from?

Lyons: It's in Harlan's quarterly-annual fanzine, Dimensions. He's starting up a department where he'll print letters from readers in answer to questions like this. He says this is an entirely original idea for an amateur magazine.

Steward: That's what he says?

Lyons: Yup. That's what he says.

Raeburn: All the questions going to be vital and brimming and so on?

Lyons: Yup. Real brimming.

Grossman: What do you mean, Dimensions is quarterly-annual?

Lyons: It's supposed to be quarterly, but so far seems to be appearing annually.

Kidder: Don't rush the boy. He has to wait for a convention or two where he can show around the stencils before he can produce another issue.

Raeburn: And anyway, the race is not always to the swift.

Kidder: Especially if the horse has been got at.

Albert: As they say, "nobblers oblige"

Lyons: Hit him, somebody.

Grant: No! We mustn't behave like Vorzimer and Satz at a convention.

Albert: And I wouldn't like drinking Wildroot hair cream anyway.

Woody: Let's be fair about this.

Steward: Did you see Peter Graham's SFcon report in Psychotic?

Kidder: I liked that bit where he asked Ellison where he gets the money to put out Dimensions and go to conventions and so on.

Raeburn: No mystery how he finances Dimension, he charges \$1.25 a year and produces one issue a year.

Steward: And as for how he gets the money to go to conventions.....

Polonius: Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend.....

Lyons: Yes, I believe Norm Browne hasn't heard from the boy for a long time.

Garrett: Hey, want to look at some photos?

Kidder: What else has hysterical Harlan been doing lately?

Raeburn: He really let loose in a thing he had in Oopsla #15. The moral of it would seem to be: if you're a sensitive faced lad, don't buy your magazines in drug stores.

Steward: Especially if you buy science fiction magazines which are of a deep literary and philosophical content.

Grossman: Goodness, are there science fiction magazines like that? I've never been able to find any.

Albert: Apparently Harlan can.

Jim Harmon: Well, of course, men are superior to women.

Lyons: Don't you think you've thrashed that subject enough in Hodge Podge? We do get a little tired of your babblings.

Harmon: Please show respect for intellect. I have an I.Q. of 173, and while I modestly claim that I do not consider myself a genius, it puts me only a few points below Einstein.

Steward: And I guess Einstein is not very good at breaking down doors.

Harmon: I suppose you all know by now that I am editing a new science fiction magazine called X Science Fiction.....

Kidder: We could hardly help knowing it. You've sneaked plugs into every fanzine that would print them.

Harmon:and the mag will have a semi-slick format and stories with the charm of Unknown and Worlds Beyond, but in moderate use, and new classics never-before-published.....

Lyons: Guess it really takes a 173 I.Q. to recognize new never-before-published classics.

Steward: Gee! I wonder if he'll have charming stories like Hubbard's FEAR.

Raeburn: Will X be of a deep literary and philosophical content?

Kidder: I don't think the sensitive faced lads need worry. It sounds more like a crudzine.

Lyons: Yes, I get the impression good old Forry is dumping some of his sludgepile on the budding editor.

Steward: Oh great. America is going to have its own Vargo Statten.

Harmon: Vargo Statten! An Englishman! Don't speak of such things to me. Don't you know the British look down on Americans, it really being only a defense mechanism to combat unadmitted envy? Well, I'm not exactly a peasant, being descended from British noblemen and a governor and people like that there. The British just sponge off us. Why should we have to pay high taxes so they can buy cheap butter, and yet we have to pay an outrageous price for it?

Raeburn: Britain doesn't buy butter from the United States. The domestic price of butter is high because of the government farm price support program.

Harmon: Well, would you have our farmers starve?

Lyons: It must be wonderful to have an I.Q. of 173 and be able to do such mental gymnastics.

Garrett: Hey, want to look at some photos?

Lyons: Oh clear off.

Chaplain: I was dreaming I stood on Jacob's ladder, waiting for the Gates to open. And the ladder was made entirely of diminished sevenths.

Raeburn: How blue was my ladder.

Kidder: It's a beautiful blue but it hasn't a hood.

Albert: Mine has a hood but it's awfully small.
Most people don't know that it's there at all.

Lyons: Tonstant Weader is about to fwow up.

Kidder: Ger, what's the matter? Your face is ashen.

Steward: Yes, I sneezed into the ashtray.

Lyons: Oh. You looked as though you had seen a ghost.

Steward: Well almost, Norm Browne is looking in the window.

Albert: Hello Norm, why don't you come in?

Browne: You may say that I am just a black and frosted rosebud.....

Albert: Fellows, Norm is just a black and frosted rosebud. He said I may tell you and I thought I'd better tell you now because.....

Browne: Albert!

Albert: Yes Norm?

Browne: I hadn't finished, had I?

Albert: No Norm, but you told Ellison I am "nieve", so I thought I'd be "nieve" just for your benefit.

Browne: I was trying to say that I would not come in, but just nod in at the window like a rose, for the Derelicts gave me the cold shoulder treatment too heavily.....

Grossman: I don't really think we need to let that worry us now. I don't know why you're waiting, or who brought you, or whether I could even begin to like you, but I know it would be agreeable if you left us. There's enough going on already.

Browne: Just see me as I am, me like a perambulating vegetable, patched with inconsequential hair, looking out of two small jellies for the means of life, balanced on folding bones, my sex no beauty but a blemish to be hidden behind judicious rags; driven and scorched by boomerang rages and lunacies which never touch the accomodating artichoke, or the seraphic strawberry beaming in its bed.

Lyons: How very remarkably insufferable young fellows can sometimes be. One would expect them to care to model themselves on riper minds, such as our own. But really, we might as well have not existed, you know.

Raeburn: All my friends tell me I actually exist, and by an act of faith I have come to believe them, even though Steward claims I am a hoax.

Kidder: It sometimes seems that some people think a large part of fandom consists of Bloch, Tucker, and Grennell under various pseudonyms, and, to steal Bloch's crack, Georgina Ellis is really Norm Browne wearing falsies.

Raeburn: Considering Wendigo #1, the latter is quite possible.

Steward: We've never seen a photo of Ellis. Maybe Browne wouldn't need to wear falsies.

Browne: After stripping these statements until they are totally devoid of all quibbling, bias, prejudices, bigotry, and hatred, I find they contain nothing worth commenting on. Therefore I am not.

Lyons: I wonder what trouble Ellis is stirring up now in her cauldron.

Raeburn: Is it very mobile?

Steward: Is what very mobile?

Raeburn: Her Calderon.

Lyons: Ouch! Nobody will get that one.

Boggs: I fail to see how the contents of a cauldron have any connection with its mobility.

Lyons: See what I mean?

Raeburn: Can I help it if fans are obtuse?

Vorzimer: See! I said that Canadian fans look down on us.....

Steward: Little Pete, you are being nationalistic. Why do you keep trying to separate Canadian and American fans, little Pete?

Grossman: Who is this cub of a boy?

Ellik: He's a dear boy but a green boy and I'm sure he'll apologize in a minute or two.

Vorzimer: You slawzy poodle, you tyke, you crapulous puddering pipsqueak.....

All: Quiet, little Pete.

Vorzimer: You bubble-mouthing fog-blathering base young man.....

Kidder: It isn't raining rain, you know, it's raining epithets.

Ellik: What shall I do with this nattering wheygoose? Shall I knock him down?

Vorzimer: I'm big enough to lick you, Ron Ellik.

Lyons: Judging by his photo in Abstract, Vorzimer is too big to lick anybody.

Vorzimer: What do you mean by that?

Lyons: Ah, that statement is full of hidden meaning.

Vorzimer: Hidden?

Ellik: Hidden?

Kidder: Hidden in the dove's wing

Lyons: Hidden in the turtle's breast

Steward: Under the still water

Raeburn: Under the running water at noon

Albert: Oh hidden!

Grant: And on that triumphal note, let us leave.

(And so they did, whistling T & S as they marched.)

-BR

Legal matters are Greek to me, except of course that I understand Greek.



THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

GEORGE FRAZIER WRITES ON

LEE WILEY SINGS RODGERS & HART

STORYVILLE LP 312

In the not overwhelmingly genteel semantics of her own profession, Lee Wiley, a tall, striking-looking woman with olive skin, corn-colored hair, and Cherokee blood, is "one bitch of a singer," which, for all its robustness, happens to be just about the sweetest, most terrific tribute you can pay a person, meaning, as it so richly does, that he or she can reach your heart with her singing. In Miss Wiley's case — as heard by me anyway — it also means that she has a voice and style that have long since made me extremely eager to go to bed with her — but in a nice, noble way, you understand. For what I am getting at is that although she sings with devastating sex appeal, she does so in an exalted way. But maybe I better amplify.

There are, you see, simply slews of girls who sing in a style gingerly calculated to arouse the male listener's interest in getting them into the feathers — girls like Sunny whatever-her-name-is and others along the same sleazy lines. But the difference is that girls like Sunny whatever-her-name-is have a kind of appeal that stimulates only the baser instincts — the you're-gonna-hate-yourself-in-the-morning delayed reaction. About them there is no possibility for the grand passion, no inspiration to desert your wife and put your children up for adoption. You simply want to possess them and then run, not walk, toward the nearest exit. Which is not at all the way it is with Lee Wiley, who is so unmistakably a creature of more than lingering enchantment. Miss Wiley has a little thing going for her called class. And class, I scarcely need remind you, is rare enough these days.

You know what class is? Well, it is, of course, ne plus ultra and noblesse oblige, Fifth Avenue at Christmastime and a Boss over-and-under gun, Tom Jones and Delius and Humphrey Bogart in The Maltese Falcon and so forth. But it is also like, for instance, Garbo. Like when you give the first name a miss — like, for instance, Caruso or Goodman or Bogart or Schweitzer or Ellington or Hemingway or Cartier. When you say "Hemingway," is anybody likely to give you the puzzled-look department and inquire, "Which Hemingway you talking about? Drew Hemingway or Fulton J. Hemingway or Sam Hemingway or Ernest Hemingway?" Nobody is. At least nobody I know, because in my set we mean Hemingway — just Hemingway! In my set nobody ever said, "To which Hemingway do you have reference?" or "Hemingway — who dat?" And if they did, we would have said, "C.O. Jones!" — if you follow me. Whatta hell, whatta hell — you don't know any Emily Garbos or Martin Cartiers, do you? So Wiley is Lee Wiley and not Wiley Post or Senator Wiley or any other Wiley, see?

Anyway, Wiley is one of the best vocalists who ever lived, with a magical empathy for fine old show tunes and good jazz. Indeed, I know of no one who sings certain songs so meaningfully, so wistfully. She is, however, an artistic snob, and, consequently, simply awful when (as is blessedly rare) somebody persuades her to experiment with mediocre material. When she doesn't get a lyric's message, you might just as well call the game because of wet grounds. But given a number worthy of her endowments — well, she is miraculous, as, in fact, she is here.

This is a portfolio of songs by Rodgers and Hart — not Rogers and that other fellow (who would be Oscar Hammerstein, II, who, no disrespect intended, no Larry Hart, he). These are haunting songs — songs that have withstood the ravaging headlong rush of years, the fickleness of public taste, and the debasement of the lyric to the nadir where we are subjected to, forgive the expression, *Be My Life's Companion*. But whatta hell, whatta hell. The gratifying thing is that Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart (who, although dead and buried these many years, is more artistically alive than the no-talent author of *Be My Life's Companion*) turned out some lovely, lovely stuff and that Lee Wiley has a superb affinity for it. To my mind, indeed, she is the definitive interpreter of Rodgers and Hart.

About the vast art of Miss Wiley there is a sophistication that is both eloquent and enduring and utterly uncontrived. And it is about her person too, in — oh, for example, the marvelous skirts from I. Magnin's, the little white straw hat and the navy blue dress with white piping that she wore to the Stork for Brunch last Easter Sunday, the apartment over the East River, and so on. This, as the vulgate has it, is only the best. I am afraid though, that it may not be apparent to everybody, because — leave us face it — there are a lot of stupid bastards in the world. There are, for example, men ignorant enough not to be able to distinguish a Paul Stuart suit from one out of the workrooms at Brooks Brothers! And the Stuart job with but two buttons on the sleeve! Yet there are some bright bastards too — and for them the special things, for them quality, whether it be the Golden Fleece of Brooks, the charm of Mary Martin, the genius of Otto Graham, or what-not. For them the special and dedicated likes of Lee Wiley, Richard Rodgers, and Larry Hart.

It was John O'Hara, in that magnificent introduction of his to *The Portable Scott Fitzgerald*, who pointed out that if Clifton Fadiman (who had offended O'Hara by (A) criticizing his literary absorption with the brand name of clothes; and (B) calling Butterfield 8 "Disappointment in O'Hara") — it was, I was saying, O'Hara who said that if Fadiman tried to wear Brooks clothes, he would be recognized as a spy. The O'Hara introduction may not have very much to do with Fitzgerald, but it is a masterpiece just the same — a fine, snobbish defense of taste; a brimstone condemnation of the second-rate; a lovely, bitchy reproof of Fadiman for his colossal cheek in daring to entertain views about male attire. (Him with that take-me-home-for-twenty-two-fifty appearance of his, that catcher's-mitt-free-with-every-purchase style — him who looks like he forgot to take the hanger out of his jacket!) It is, in short, an introduction that pleads for the recognition of authentic art, whether it be the art of Scott Fitzgerald or of Lee Wiley and Rodgers and Hart — the art for which I am prepared to send a box top any time.

I do not in the least mind admitting that it gets me livid when most girl singers make it big, for it is my dour conviction that, by and large, they have plenty of nothing. Lee Wiley, however, is an artist. Technically, she may leave something to be desired, but artistically, she's simply magnificent, projecting emotion with dignity and warmth, expressing nuances with exquisite delicacy, and always making you share her bliss and heartbreak. She came to New York from Ft. Gibson, Oklahoma, and before very long all the right people were bewitched by her incomparable magic. There is no room here to catalogue all the individuals — that is, the prominent ones — who are Wiley devotees, but right offhand I can think of Bing Crosby, Dorothy Kilgallen, Ted Straeter, Victor Young, Louis Armstrong, and Marlene Dietrich. It is my feeling that they, along with a great many other people, will be grateful for this anthology. To my way of thinking, no better Rodgers and Hart collection is available. Since *de gustibus* and so forth, I should probably mention at this point that I rather wish Miss Wiley had substituted, say, *The Lady is a Tramp* or the rarely-heard *Imagine*, for *Give It Back to the Indians*, but this is carping, and, in any event, you cannot really fault Indians. As for my enthusiasms, the rendition of *Glad To Be Unhappy* is marvelous — a great love song interpreted

in all its darkling splendor. It is all the love affairs ended, all the marriages put asunder, from the beginning of years. It is Fitzgerald's rich boy walking into the Plaza that stifling Saturday afternoon and suddenly coming upon his girl of once upon a vanished time, married now and big with imminent child. It is an ineffably haunting song, robust and yet gentle, and this is its finest reading. It explains, I think, why Miss Wiley is an unqualified enthusiasm with such not-very-easily-impressed critics as, for instance, Rogers Whitaker of the New Yorker, George Avakian of Columbia Records, and Jack O'Brian of the New York Journal-American.

And here, along with Glad To Be Unhappy, are such other small (and maybe not so small at that) miracles as My Heart Stood Still, Funny Valentine, It Never Entered My Mind, and Mountain Greenery, all of them redolent of the suspenseful moments when the house lights lowered and the curtain went up on another show by Rodgers and Hart. These are literate tunes, civilized tunes. Where, if you will, is there a more nearly perfect lyric than in It Never Entered My Mind? To me, it seems the greatest lyric ever written, but until I heard Miss Wiley do it, I never realized that it is the greatest by such a prodigious margin.

Right about this point, I suppose, there should be the department of and-how-about-a-great-big-hand-for-the-boys-in-the-band. As it happens, this is a fine little ensemble, providing an accompaniment that is cohesive, rhythmic, and gratifyingly unobtrusive. Its members are all, as Professor Kitteredge used to say of Sam Johnson, good men and four-square. I would, however, like to put in an extra word or two about the stylish young trumpet player. His name is Rudy Braff and, to my ears, he sounds rather in apostolic succession to the late Bunny Berigan, who, coincidentally enough, accompanied Miss Wiley when she recorded a Gershwin anthology a decade or so ago.

Indeed, if I have any objection to this portfolio, it is that it will doubtless assail me with bittersweet memories — with the stabbing remembrance of the tall, breathtaking-lovely Wellesley girl with whom I was so desperately in love in the long departed November when the band at the Copley Plaza in Boston used to play My Heart Stood Still as couples tea-danced after football games on crisp Saturday afternoons, with reawakened desire for the succession of exquisite girls with whom I spent many a crepuscular hour listening to cocktail pianists give muted voice to Funny Valentine, of the first time I saw Connecticut Yankee, of — Yes, of the first years of my marriage and listening to Lee Wiley records with my wife late at night. My wife, who knew more about show tunes than any woman has a right to know, had a special affection for You Took Advantage of Me and she always sang it when her spirits were high. Afterwards, when she had long ceased to sing it, when a judge had severed what no man is supposed to put asunder, I lived for more than a year with a girl who I hoped might make me forget. She was not witty or talented or, for that matter, particularly pretty, but she was very, very sweet and she tried very, very hard, even pretending to appreciate the Wiley records that I used to play over and over again as I clutched at the past. And for a little while, indeed, it would actually seem to be kind of wonderful, with the mournful wailing of tugs in the river below and in the distance the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge stretched like a giant necklace across the night sky, as we sat there listening to the songs of heartbreak. There were even moments when I rather fancied myself falling in love again. But always such moments fled, because when Miss Wiley sings, there is nothing spurious, nothing fraudulent, nothing affected. So I would sit there and hurt more and more with the remembrance of other, never-to-be-recaptured nights in that same room. Lee Wiley can do that to you — damn her! But damn her gently, because she is, after all, the best we have — the very best.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OR - DAMN IT! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING!

In far-off Nanaimo a Stavdal name of Willie worries himself half-silly over a problem, the likes of which will now and then, of course, occur

But Stavdal's problem's not the Draft, nor over-drawn accounts, nor how to get out of paying his BCHIS premiums--the thing that worries him half-sick and makes his daily chores a bore

Is: what to choose if you gotta use
A word that rhymes with 'Vorzimmer'.

It's not quite clear as I sit here
Why he feels the need to pen a screed

To this hoarse Amer-
ican, Vorzimmer.

Is it the feud with Mittelbuscher that inspires him with a partisan stoicity to
brave the pain of meter;
Does Stavdal feel it's a better deal

To mob Paul and paean Peter?

What engram daunts our skillful verse-apportioner
That, rack his fine, fannish brain with might and main the best he can come
up with is 'abortioner'?

No stallion ever pined for horse-amour
Like Stavdal seeks this rhyme for Vorzimmer.

But there must be a word, be it grim or absurd,
Among the gorse and furze
Or else a name that'll sound the same
As Peter Vorzimmer's.

But, me, I'm vexed and a bit perplexed
I ask each cat and suave doll:
What would you choose if you had to use
A word that rhymed with 'Stavdal'?

- Dean A. Grennell

Wan
Swan
On a lake
Like a cake of soap

Why is the swan
Wan
On the lake?
He has abandoned hope.

- Anon.

RHAPSODY

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

Regarde la lune
La lune ne garde---
Like heck avec
Le sol du noon
Qu'est, m'sieu?

Each yellow street-lamp that I pass is made of india rubber.

Observe the cat
deux entrechat!
And flattens itself upon the mat

2 p.m.

Hic (sic) those damn faded dusty geraniums!
Neoprene or no
Out they go!
Hilda, where are you? Come here and throw them out.

Yawn
"sic"
!

DADDAVHAM

Damn it, Hilda, I said the geraniums, not the vase!

Osculative purse of lips asleep
And epiderm upon the silk-worm gut
Tucked under, so, rectangular blancmange
Birdsound of expulsion of the wind
By rectal pressure

That's a helluva way of putting it, but I gotta
Wrestle (I mean rassel) with all these words.
Alla time I gotta rassel with these words.

Damn
yatta

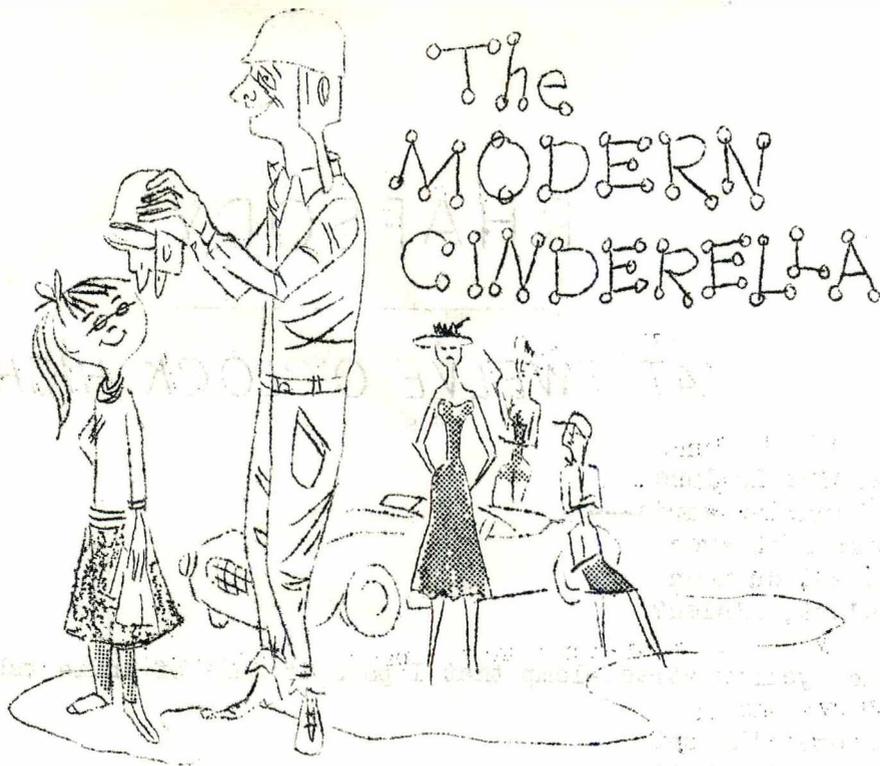
DAMYATTA,

I said.

Shoop shoop shoop shoop shoop

- Rich (or Alex) Kirs

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A Bedtime Story for Wide Awake Kiddies

Once upon a time in the village of Cam-Clatter-on-Thames there lived a leadfooted lass named Cinderella. She lived in an apartment over a garage with a hero-driver stepmother and a pair of real square stepsisters who were very, very mean to her. Everyone knew they were mean to her because the stepmother drove a Mercedes and the stepsisters each had a shiny new Jag while Cindy had to tool around in a beat up old TC with bent wire wheels.

Now it came to pass that Hot Shoe Charlie, who was the local prince, decided to toss a bash to celebrate the delivery of his new 4.5 Ferrari, and Cindy's stepmother and stepsisters were invited to bend an axle with the bluebloods. Cindy wanted to go very badly, but the old signal-jumper told her that she could not. "And furthermore," the stepmother said, "the girls are going in my job, and you better have the hub caps for their Jags polished when we get back."

After the three biddies had dug out for the clambake, Cindy sat by the fireplace sipping a cool brew and applying a chamois to a hub cap with little enthusiasm. Suddenly a figure appeared.

"I am your fairy godmother," the figure said.

"And I'm Alberto Ascari," replied Cindy.

"I'm not just gunning my engine," said the Fairy Godmother, "It's for real."

"You've been hitting this stuff harder than I have," replied Cindy, taking another slug from the bottle.

"I'll prove it to you," snapped the fairy. "Make a wish."

"Whatta you think I've been sitting here doing? I want to take in the goings-on up to the Prince's diggings."

"It's as good said as done!" So saying, the Fairy Godmother waved the gear shift lever she used as a wand and wonderful things began to happen. Cindy's rags turned into a yellow leather jacket with DERELICT INSURGENTS lettered across the back in black. Looking out the window she saw her TC had been turned into a shining new Cad-Allard with chromium tail pipes.

"You're a living doll," gasped Cindy, giving her Fairy Godmother a fast hug.

"But now I've got to dig out."

"Just remember," cautioned her Godmother, "that at midnight you'd better hot shoe it home because everything will go back to stock."

"I dig you, Godmother," Cindy shouted as she slammed it into first gear and burned rubber away from the domicile.

Sliding into the parking lot of the Prince's hacienda, which was a 27 room shack with leather upholstered garages, Cindy ran into the big boy himself -- that is to say, she clobbered his car as he paused to make a left hand turn. And it was love at first sight.

After a few fast laps around the parking lot, they curled up in the corner and murmured sweet things about displacements, racing cams, rear end ratios, and the other tender, foolish things of which young lovers speak.

Suddenly the clock in the steeple began a crazy paradiddle and Cindy leaped to her feet. "I gotta buzz off, Prince," she murmured.

"Oh, don't be a flat tire," the Prince whispered. "Hang around and we'll crack a case of Castrol."

But Cinderella could not wait. So she bounded into her Allard and took off down the road like a bomb. The Prince piled into the Ferrari and took out after her, but missed a downshift into second, came into a corner too fast and spun out. Cinderella got away.

But in getting away, Cinderella dropped a glass crash helmet from the seat of her car. The Prince picked it up and vowed to find the girl whose lovely head would fit it.

One day Cindy was in the garage, trying to explain to her angry stepmother and stepsisters why she hadn't got a set of valves ground yet, when the squeal of brakes announced the coming of the Prince.

And in he strode, splendid in his Pirelli jumper and white, leather covered crash helmet. "Fall in, Dolls," the Prince yodeled. "We're going to try fitting this helmet on your curly locks.

The Prince tried the helmet on the stepmother, but she had a pointed head and the helmet spun around and around like a chopped flywheel. And neither would it fit the stepsisters, for one's head was flat and the other's square, and the helmet would not go on.

At last the Prince approached Cinderella. Lifting the helmet tenderly he slipped it onto her head. It fitted perfectly.

"Dahling," the Prince shouted. "I've found you."

"It's about time," murmured Cindy. "If you'd been a day later, I'd have been stuck with the lousy job of grinding these valves."

"My sweet, you'll never have to grind another valve or resurface another cam lobe as long as you live," the Prince purred.

"Stop stalling. Let's find a preacher."

"Of course, my pet," replied the Prince, "for I see the glint of true love in your eyes."

"Glint-schmint," growled the stepmother, "that's the sunlight shining through the holes in her head."

But the young couple paid no attention as they hopped lightly into the Ferrari and blasted off into the sunset.

And so they were married, bought an Aston-Martin, and spent many happy years raising a brood of supercharged specials.

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I've been working on a plan for spiritually uplifting the younger generation. I prescribe Ozeroff's tragedies for the upper classes, and for the lower classes, cheaper beer.

- Ostrovsky, 'Diary of a Scoundrel'

I was conceived as a hammer, and born in a rising wind.

Emanon by J.A.S.

ON DAVE

Goshwowoboyoboyoboy. Dave Brubeck was in town, well, in Oakville, an almost-suburb of Toronto, to be exact, so the Derelict Insurgents went out to see him. You have heard of Brubeck. He is one of the Best of BNFs. You've probably heard of him through some of his publications, such as the 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 size Dave Brubeck Quartet, Jazz at the College of Pacific, or the half sized Jazz Goes to College, and his latest triumph, the newspaper, Brubeck at Storyville; fine publications all. Well, as I was saying, Dave was around a few weeks ago and we went out to see him. Man, what a guy. He is just as I expected a BNF to be. He has a real sharp sense of humor; he doesn't make a lot of puns, but he has a humorous way of wording his sentences. This, along with his effervescent personality, make him an interesting character to meet. Boy.....

Getting less facetious, we had to be satisfied with seats about 8 rows from the front to dig about two hours of the coolest of the cool. Man, I thought the Brubeck discs were the end, but seeing the group in person seems to add something to the music, (something in addition to audience noise, I mean, although the audience at Oakville was very well behaved) making the group more interesting than ever. But how to eulogize this group? I can't. It is like commenting on one of the top fanzines, you just can't find the appropriate words. The only criticism I can make is of Joe Dodge's drumming, or more specifically, his fascination for the riveted cymbal. About the only way Dave could improve the quartet would be to get a better drummer. May I suggest Shelly Manne? He has played with everyone else.

Roger Feather will probably delve a little further into the concert than I have, and his opinions will probably conflict with mine. I liked it, and so, apparently, did the audience. So successful was the concert (standing ovation and four curtain calls) that Dave is bringing the group back for a return engagement, this time at Massey Hall in Toronto, where a much larger audience is expected.

ON UNDERSTANDING

Fandom has been troubled at various times during the past by fans who take themselves seriously. These are generally the type who have the "Fandom Is A Way Of Life" attitude. Here in Toronto we have a different problem. Fans insist on taking us seriously. I think I am speaking for all the fans in Toronto when I say that to us, "fandom is just a ghoddamn hobby." Our problem is that we write something facetious and a large number of people think we are being serious. This doesn't just apply to published material, but also holds true for our correspondence.

Take, for example, the "SAVE PSY. PSY MUST NOT BECOME SERCON" campaign. This was started as a gag when Geis went offset, but we were taken seriously in some quarters, and told that it was none of our business whether Dick went offset or not. I agree that it was none of our business if the mag went offset, even though we were sorry to see it happen, but it was most surprising that people would take seriously what was so obviously a gag.

Another example was when Boyd wrote a whimsical letter to a fanzine editor, decrying the fact that Canzines, particularly Torzines, were ignored by a well known figure in fandom. It seemed that almost every zine one picked up had a letter or article from this person, while the best the Torzines could do seemed to be a short p.o.sarc'd. The whole letter should have been taken with a grain of salt.

It was taken seriously. Then there was the Thoreau-fare pun dedicated to Boggs, which apparently went over his head, and he thought Boyd was seriously suggesting the naming of a street after Thoreau, or something like that.

The first part of this column doubtlessly will be taken seriously by some fan. Someone will be surprised to learn at this point that I was being facetious in places. While the comment about Brubeck having a sense of humor is fact, the treatment was whimsical. I'll be almost disappointed if someone doesn't ask "Has Shelly Manne really played with everyone?"

ON FRIENDS

I cannot vouch for its authenticity, but this story about Bob Tucker came to us recently by carrier pigeon. The pigeon left Calgary last spring, but the weather was so nice it decided to walk. In any case, the story relates how Bob was crossing a high mountain pass in the dead of winter, ran into a blizzard, and was snowbound for days. He was about to give up hope when he saw a St. Bernard approaching with a flask of Jim Beam tied under its neck.

"At last," Bob gasped, "here comes man's best friend....and a dog."

ON BRANDO

In the last issue of Birdsmith, Vernon McCain wrote a critique of Marlon Brando in which he said, among other things, that Brando is a personality who plays himself in each film. In other words, the slob-type character Brando portrays on the screen is actually the character of Brando. In short, Brando is a slob. Vern notes in his article that Brando denies this, but I get the feeling that Vern still thinks that in real life, Brando is a slob.

In the Telegram Weekend Magazine, which is the weekend edition of one of the local daily papers, there is a picturized interview with Marlon Brando. I am taking the liberty of quoting in part from this item. Marlon says, "Because I try to live my life and refuse to fall into the mold, I'm a bum. I'm a slob. Well, so be it. But most of the people who interview me, or try to, come around with a very hostile attitude. They are looking for insulting remarks that I might make, repulsive acts, and I sense what they're after and give them very little of my time. Of course, I haven't conformed. Hollywood is a small town. When you don't go out and buy a house with a swimming pool, drive a Caddy convertible, go to Ciro's and the Mocambo, they don't like it. When you don't kowtow to the "powers" of the town, they hate you. I am trying to do just two things; act and live the way I want to live. I've never been to Ciro's. I've never been to the Mocambo. There's nothing wrong with them, it's just that I like a simpler form of existence." Brando further states that "I've never been intentionally rude to anyone in my life. I was brought up with a sense of the fitness of things. Manners were taught to me when I was a child and as far as physically repulsive acts are concerned -- I don't think I'm guilty of these things."

Whether or not Brando is a slob...well, I'll let you be the judge. Personally, I am inclined to think that Brando is the victim of type-casting. He has made several films in which he portrayed a slob, people begin to associate him with this type of character, expect him to play this type of role in all his movies, and for some reason, expect him to be like that in natural life. Richard Widmark has the same trouble. He made a series of pictures in which he portrayed a character mentally gone wrong. People were expecting Widmark to have the same mental peculiarities.

But I had better get off this kick before someone claims A BAS to be a movie magazine. It isn't really, and I don't give a damn what Brando does. I'm just disagreeing with McCain.

- Gerald A. Steward

GHU THE TRAFFIC

When brontosauri stalked the earth,
And trod the forests gloomy,
The cavemen gave him ample berth,
And saw his paths were roomy;
They knew his hoofs could lay them low,
This road hog of the long ago.

When Juggernaut's gigantic car
His devotees did mangle,
The wily Hindu from afar
Disdained the clottish tangle;
He much preferred untrafficed ways
To over-zealous forms of praise.

But how can modern city man
Avoid the road-hogs blatant,
For history offers not a plan
To cope with sadists patent?
Unless you'd be a starrer static
Your dodging must be acrobatic.

* * * *

For years I'd cursed the driving crew
Pedestrians disdaining;
I'd leapt and dodged and hurtled through,
My neck and ankles spraining
Avoiding almost every week
Destruction by a narrow squeak.

But now I own a speedy car
And realize how foolish
The walking public really are,
How stupid and how mulish.
The pedestrian is such a clown
You simply have to run him down.

I bagged a dozen and a half
In three months easy driving.
The careless clots - I have to laugh
To see them nimbly diving.
If only they'd concede, sans fuss,
That all the roads belong to us!

- Caliban

True, you are singly each a crafty soul,
But altogether make one empty fool.

- Solon, Plutarch's Lives.

The N3F, perhaps?

Mother is the invention of necessity

BEHOLD THE GRAVITY OF THE EXCURSION BUS

Polyhedral coffin nails
Deja vu and savoir faire
Methylated ramshorn snails
Avec un citoyen nom Jones
Cherchez, cherchez, couchez-la!
Allons, my friend, und vas ist los-----
The bleeding lips and feathered eyes
The ivory gesture mute replies
In run of silent pink palabras,
Boca blanca avec paralysis
While parakeets on candelabras
Nod to the music which is stasis.

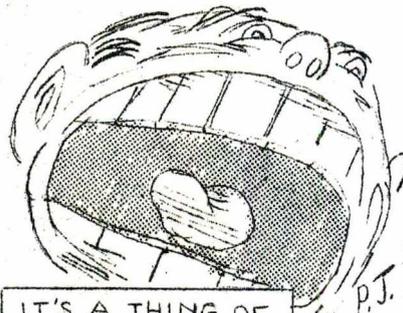
Stegosaurus had no paws
Or grasping thumbs, I bleed, I bleed
For brachycephalic makinaws
And lacrosse sticks that wail, "Godspeed!"
Et tu, my friend. The Condom floats
Amid the mist and foundered boats.

H2SO4, polite
Calligraphic cyphers point
That what is white may not be right
(C'est de trop, quite without hope)
And withered priests may well anoint
The innocent with satyr's sperm
That none may perish in the flood
Of uncontrolled menstrual blood.

Duncan Phyfe and Watkins Glen
Heroic strife for babboons' balls
Sauteed in glucose, and then
Cast to the fawning noms de plume
Who dance within the hollied halls.

- Rich (or Alex) Kirs

7TH FANDOM



IT'S A THING OF
BEAUTY ∇ ∇

THE BIG CON REPORT

By
Howard
Lyons

How to be a BNF in several easy lessons; this is #1:

Requirements: a) subscriptions to several fanzines.
b) the sort of name people might forget if they were introduced to you and therefore will think they forgot even though they were NOT introduced to you.
c) larceny in your soul

Method: a) wait six months after a convention
b) read convention reports in ABSTRACT, LEZOMBIE and GRUE
c) shuffle
d) read below

This is it, the BIG CON REPORT. All the facts have been stolen, only the words have been changed to project the incidents.

DELENDA EST FRISCO

I hit San Fran on Wednesday. The Coles, Bob Bloch and myself dined on Mexican food; then Bloch and I went to the Palace Hotel where Bob was to appear on the Red Blanchard show as a bit of publicity for the con. We picked up a few people en route including ~~Wegars~~ Bretnor. The show went on okay; Evelyn Gold and Martin Greenberg walked in part way through. The show went on okay and I suppose the mass media now know what science fiction is. The bunch of us made it to the hotel grill afterward. I returned to the Stratford where I was staying (it's a block and a half from the Drake and lots less lousy.)

Thursday dawned, foggy and humid. I rushed out to Suds Shortigan's tavern, THE LONGHAIR BAR AND GRILL for coffee and stuff. On my return first thing I saw was Wegars, sitting on a Burgie Beer carton. I imagine he was there because they wouldn't let him into the hotel tavern. Judging by the swank he couldn't have afforded it anyway.

Next bright thing was Burt Satz running after someone calling, "Hey Pete, wait for Baby" but Vorzy (as I learned it was) was having none of him, and loped off hurling wet ditto masters back over his shoulder to impede Satz' progress. Vorzimer stayed in 727 and I never did get to see him. All I got were insults through the door.

I dropped into my room for one of the few times during the con. There was a copy of the Astounding Anthology on the bedside table, put there by the Gideon's I assume. The room was as poor as I've seen, complete with hot, cold, and luke-warm water (the last being labelled ice-water for the benefit of idiots).

Registration and I now had an ID badge. At cons I think it would be more to the point to hand out libido things being as they are. I started an innovation here; the idea was to leave the badge alone and NOT put a quote card in the clip. The quote cards went over very well, by the way, and I have no doubt there are still several bewildered natives asking friends and psychiatrists what they mean.

After my horrible meeting with Ellison at Bellefontaine it was something of a pleasure to see HE greet Vorzimer; and you know WHAT! Harlan used all the same insults, "Must have this for my museum," "You're so nothing," etc. etc.

Somewhere in here another fifty cents went for an ingenious little device called an activity card. This let you into the art exhibit, opera, and fifty cents worth of the banquet. Knapheide was selling that same old stuff. I suggested he prepare an index of references in fanzines to prozines and clean up from egoboo hungry pro-eds, but he didn't figure the market was so much. Maybe he's right.

We went for dinner to Omar Khayyan's for shishkabob. The mob then headed for 1707 for the evening. The Andersons, Gary Nelson, Mari Wolfe, Dave Dryfoos, Tom Quinn, Charles Beaumont, Ackerman, Richard and Ruth Matheson were there. Ellison told some terrific dialect stories and some people drank a little.

The Friday evening session of the Westercon was okay. Whispering Sam Moskowitz was there, pounds lighter but not a decibel less. Jim Webbert was on hand to light cigarettes. I wonder how Willis gets on in Ireland without him.

There were a few speeches including Boucher and Anderson. The latter discussed the possible IQ of aliens. I laughed when he made a reference to Canadians as an example. See there, Multog, we are so as intelligent as you Americans. Ackerman and some others talked about sf movies and what stank about them, but I cut out about there.

Later on they showed a rather weak movie (to use a rather weak phrasing). It was called ATOMIC ATTACK and was a tv cast-off if I ever saw one. Later they showed an amateur (not to say -ish) production of BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN and this shone by comparison even if some of the younger fans had been hoping for a Birth of a Baby type of movie

Magnus was wandering about with a tape recorder and managed to get some pretty rare sounds from Lyons' big mouth. To date no requests for money, but it'll come, it'll come.

Seems someone tried to pick Vorzy's pocket, but all they got was practice (and 60 days or so.) A vigilante committee of Dave Kyle, Hans Rusch, Bob Buechley and Mari Wolfe (with several friends) went around sweeping out the children. It was a little embarrassing having to prove my age to them, but I was mighty pleased when Ellison and Graham were tossed out (so was Ellison, inflated his ego I guess).

Comes Saturday. Carol McKinney mentioned she had had breakfast with Vorzimer and that he was human. He proved it by emitting his breakfast and some alcohol. Happens to anyone, and besides, I said I'd lay off insulting Peter.

AE Van Vogt, Rory Faulkner, the Leys, Margaret St. Clair, the Korshaks and a few hundred other people walked by. No doubt they were on their way to the n3f meeting which was typical, but at least they weren't strong-arming like they did at the Midwescon in the room without a door. I went to the auction instead. Walter Daugherty was selling. Some bad one was bidding the items up like mad; I hope he got caught offering \$50.00 for a 1954 Amazing. Bretnor had done some copper coil figures. Bloch had named them Campbell, Boucher and Evelyn Gold. I paid five bucks for the Gold and the hell with the other two.

Several of the poorer fans couldn't bring themselves to pay the dough for the banquet even if they had already coughed up 50¢ of it for their activity cards. However we sneaked in later and caught the entertainment. Bob Bloch as usual turned in a tremendous performance as he introduced:

Boucher who sparkled with his usual wit and read a poem by de Camp
Campbell who said he was pleased when Bloch kidded him; he felt like one of the gang. (Bloch doesn't sell to ASF anyway.)

Dick Matheson who said a few belligerent words about raising the standards of sf stories, more maturity, more respect (more beer!)

Ackerman who was amusing and who quietly needled Bloch

Gold who mentioned Galaxy but was unprepared

Williamson who gave a fine straight talk

Doc Smith who is still undoubted leader of 8th Fandom

Then came the opera which was good if you don't mind the odd atonal. It was based on A SCENT OF SARSAPARILLA. The male singer was a little weak, but the female lead and chorus were exceptional. Anthony Boucher narrated. Pretty modern, the Gershwin group wouldn't go for it, but Norman G. Browne didn't make it anyway.

Walt Liebscher turned up out of the mouldy depths of The Chanticleer wearing a button with the famous but no-doubt forgotten motto "Remember the Rooster That Wore Red Pants?" He played at the piano.

Bloch played at cards and it was certainly strange not to see Tucker and McKeown counting the winnings. The problem of the child fans mewling and puking in the house dick's arms was solved to some extent. Neville cut off all he could identify from the official supply and it became harder for those under five to break into the locked rooms. However, Wayne Strickland, who was about 13, wandered around leading the house dick into parties to break up. I don't think he got thirty pieces of silver for his work, but by Ghod, anyone who wanders through hotel corridors at that hour and that age with a handful of bourbon is sure up to something.

And Ellik dropped a beer can on someone's head it seems and got incarcerated for his trouble. Maybe he can write the second instalment of Ellison's IVORY TOWER for Damn.

There was a panel discussion with Ley, Poul Anderson and JWCjr. The subject was IS SCIENCE FICTION UNDULY RESTRICTED? but unfortunately the topic wasn't the same as the subject, perhaps due to a lenient moderator.

The con bids here. I think the move to outlaw any Oklacon within a month of the world con was stupid. This compares favorably with Stone's demand to Roger Dard in Australia, "GET OUT OF FANDOM." Who has authority over whom?

I also consider that the restrictions to the zones of the U.S. is for the birds ...west, central, east, west, etc. Sure, WORLD CON. A few more rules and regulations and what freethinking fan will want to attend the big con. This is just one more move to popularize the conferences and conclaves as far as I can see. Now if only Harmon and Ellison don't bugged them up....

The bidding for the World Con '55 was interesting especially to see HE selling Cleveland down the alley. Everyone heard his Detroit promises, but I think almost everyone has experienced an Ellison promise from original publicity barrage to quiet die-down. Anyway, after Donnell yawned away Buffalo's chances, Cleveland came on in grand style led by Falasca with an assist from EEEvans and cleaned up by a clear majority.

The masquerade with Turk Murphy and his Frisco Jazz Band. Turk used to be trombone man for Lu Watters and his Yerba Buena Jazz Band. One of the best of the present day dixie outfits. I hear Bloch was singing GHOUL OF MY DREAMS and I WANT A GHOUL JUST LIKE THE GHOUL THAT BURIED DEAR OLD DAD. Gold, Campbell Boucher, Bloch and Vampira were the judges of the masquerade. Vampira works on tv, dresses up like Addam's girl friend and humors ghoulishly. At one time she worked with THEODORE who was attempting to establish in L.A. a theatre a la Grand Guignol. In 1947 Ackerman said that they were considering a tie-in with Bradbury's DARK CARNIVAL and Tigrina was being considered for a part. What happened?

The judges had a hard time deciding on the winners, I hear. Mrs. Ley won as Deep Space, Jessica Cramer as Miss Galaxy (silver, silver,) Phyllis Scott didn't look like O'Brien at all as D.O.A. Laura something or other was an amphibian who had been drinking suddso instead of VO. The masquerade is hear-say to me. I went as a BOOJUM that looked into a mirror. My plane left early.

AFTERTHOUGHTS:

John Magnus can't tie his tie without a mirror.

Martin Greenberg once more loaned Bloch the shirt off his back.

Saw Bloch lighting Jim Webbert's cigar, but then they were both pretty loaded, I guess.

I stood in a dither for a few moments, and then my great brain remembered that you can also snap people out of it by slapping them smartly in the face, a la treatment for hysteria, so I went to the guy on the couch and backhanded him across the mush. His eyes snapped open and he looked at me and said "Well?" Thus heartened I went the rounds of the room, swatting right and left, and just as I was bashing the next to last person, the ghee on the couch hauls off with the heavy glass ash tray from the end table, and flings it through the glass front of my liquor cabinet. I screamed, and leaped across the room and chopped him across the neck, jiu jitsu style -- on account I LOVED that liquor cabinet -- and anyhow, how was I to know he wouldn't do something worse if I let him stay awake?

So, I slapped the last person into wakefulness, and sort of crouched in the middle of the room, not knowing what to expect -- like a lion tamer in a cage of new man-eaters -- and you can imagine my relief when everybody began asking me what happened, oh look at the poor cabinet, etc. etc. perfectly normal. There was a puddle of Vat 69 on the floor, so I went into the kitchen to get rags and stuff -- and O brother, what was going on when I returned!

First thing I noticed was that a guy was stretched out on the floor with his legs spread 'way open -- he had a bottle of my gin, and was swigging away like it was pepsi, and when he saw me he said "Hi Alex, come and take me...I always wanted to be a girl. Come on and have me, somebody." Nobody even listened -- there was the dame I was in love with, against the wall (facing it), and she had a pillow from the sofa and was driving her fist into it, saying over and over, "Take that, Alex, you bastard." and right next to her a guy was jerking off, real interested-like watching her breasts move as she slugged the pillow, and a basketball player who writes poems was standing in a corner doing ballet jumps -- entrechats and grande jettes -- my God, he was good!

A couple of dames were just talking to each other, one guy was crying, and another guy was just standing in the middle of the room watching everybody quietly and picking his nose. The guy I'd knocked out on the couch had found one of my sketch books and was sketching the guy/girl on the floor, only the pic was a real girl doing what is called self -----.

And I stood there with the world reeling about mine ears, wondering what I was going to do and what if the neighbors saw and called the cops and how was I going to explain and I was too young to be able to bear having my name in the papers as the head of a new type of vice-house and

Alluva sudden everybody just STOPPED

And looked around them, puzzled-like

And my love-life stopped in the middle of saying bas.... and realized that I'd seen what she'd been saying and burst into tears and rushed from the room, and the masturbator looked at what he was doing as if he couldn't believe it and zipped up his pants real fast and his mouth became a thin white line...and the ghee on the floor got up and said "Alex...I'm sorry...I didn't mean..." and the guy on the couch looked at what he was drawing and said "real good, rather!" and the two dames just went on talking and the nose-picker blushed and then everybody turned and looked at me.

It took three weeks to iron it all out, and some of the people are still not speaking to each other years later. A couple of months after it happened, I met the psych major, in a public place, so I couldn't kill her -- but I got the story of what she'd done. Seems all she'd done was to tell everybody that they had complete release from all inhibitions, and as they were such nice people, and so intelligent nobody was going to mind what they did, short of murder, and why didn't all of them have fun for ten minutes or so after coming out of the trance? Then she asked me, "Was it interesting?"

Now, I don't expect you to believe this tale, but I just hope it never happens again, ever. I guess I want you to know that there are some orgies I didn't have an active hand or other portion of anatomy in, so there.

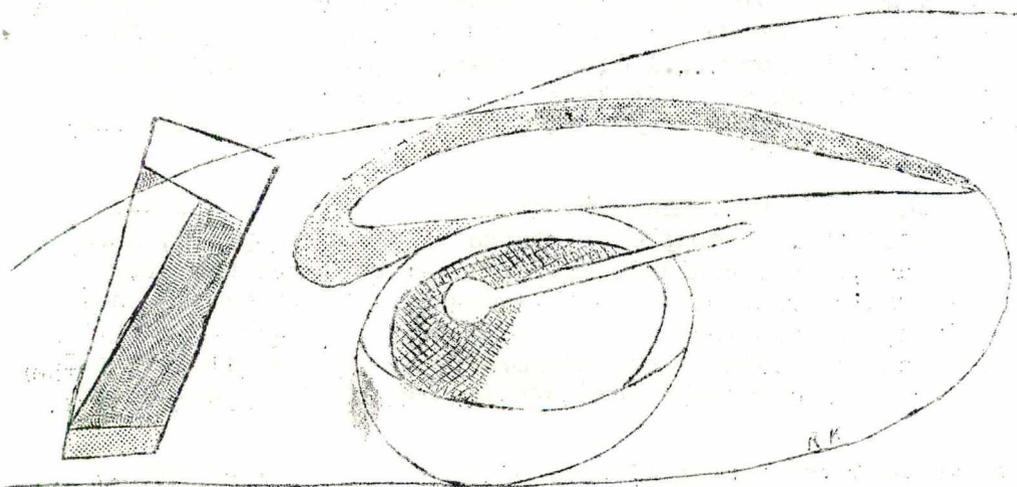
It is a beautiful bright sunny morning, and I sit here among the bones and eggshells, mumbling amid the loathsome worms, laughing with glee, since the bridle path is a soup of mud up to the horse's hocks, and therefore even the most he-man type of beginner (you know, the type who has heard that all horsemen ride in any and all kinds of weather) will hesitate to go riding until there is at least a chance of recovering the body -- as there is not at present, since the damn thing would merely sink out of sight into the slimy ooze. So I have an enforced holiday. While I laugh happily at this, I better not laugh too much, since I do not get paid on days I do not work.

Confound your ethics, damn it! Wouldn't it have been nice if you had printed my stuff without my permission, and I had gone to the trouble of suing you for your last cent? Just think of the lovely editorials you could have written. Just think of the lovely publicity you could have had. Drip.

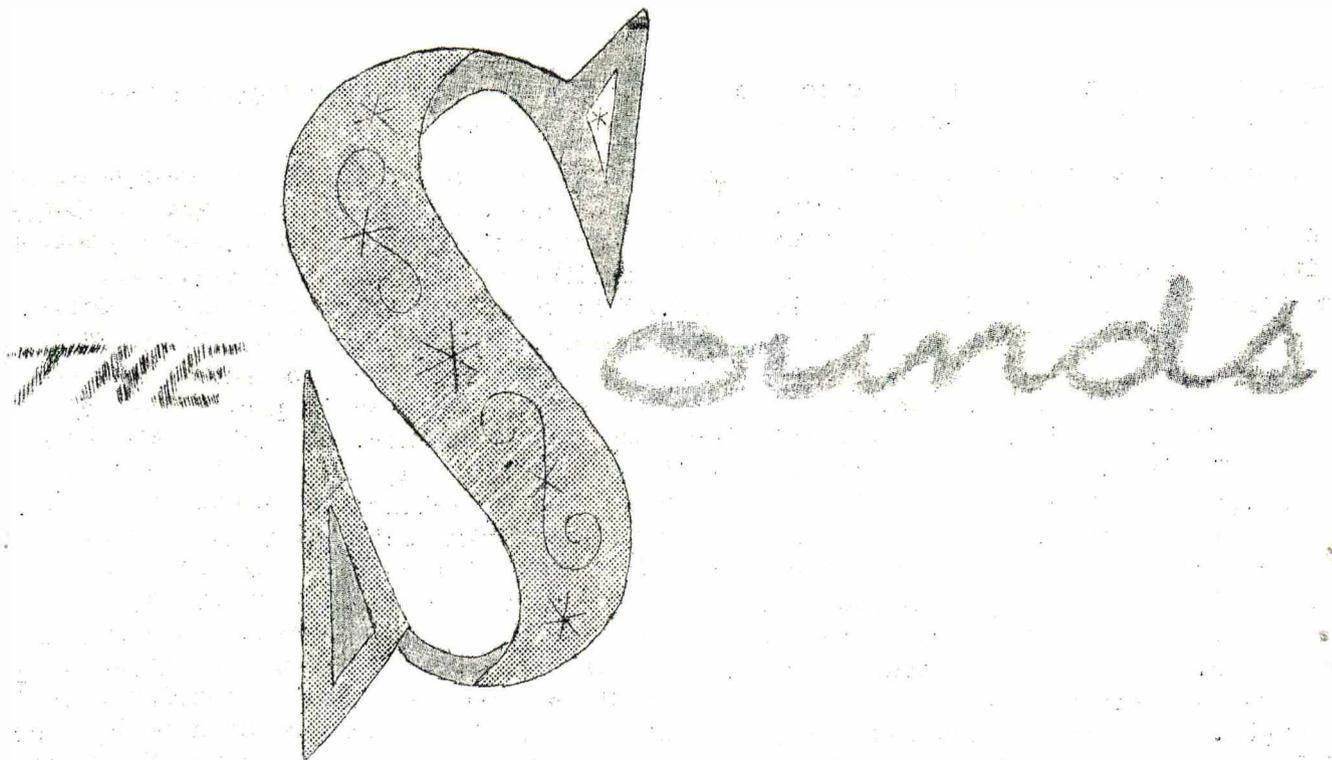
As a small child, I was ambitious of becoming a game warden, a forest ranger, a Florida bonefish guide, and a ballet dancer. Not necessarily in that order. All this went up in smoke when I got spinal meningitis and as a result (and very luckily, when I heard what could have resulted) went deaf. I therefore resolved (yeah, at age seven) to marry a rich widow and bring joy to the world by employing game wardens and bonefish guides. About this time, I'd heard things about ballet dancers, and though I didn't know what to make of them, I assured myself that any ballet dancer I employed would be prevented, by force or conditioned training, from doing anything so disgusting.

At age nine, I made a bet with some kids in the neighborhood, five dollars that I would not be able to spend the entire night in the local haunted house without my hair turning white or my heart being frozen to ice. Naturally, being a sensible-type kid, I knew that the ghost business was a lot of hokum, and five dollars being equivalent to a super-deluxe cowboy pistol set, I toddled my way to the haunted house, equipped with a bag of chocolate eclairs and a large, razor-sharp clasp knife. Well, for the longest time nothing at all happened, and I dropped off to sleep. Suddenly, I awoke, with a premonition of uncanny dread. Turning, I saw them, framed in the doorway of the room, two white glowing things. Poising the knife to throw, I crept forward, and as I got closer, I saw the dim, glowing figures resolve into the forms of a man and a woman, entirely naked, and, Oh horror, engaged in some weird writhing ritual. Fascinatedly I watched, and that was how I learned the facts of life.

I talk like an intellectual and use big words which I usually mispronounce



THROUGH
A
SUGAR
BOWL,
WHITELY



Sounds

Twice in recent months, local jazz fans have had an opportunity to hear the Dave Brubeck Quartet in concert. They have also had an opportunity to form an opinion with regard to the rising controversy over Brubeck's music: namely whether or not he justifies the position in jazz in which he has been placed by popular acclaim.

On February 4, the Brubeck Quartet played in concert at Oakville to about 600 enthusiastic fans. The group, Paul Desmond, Bob Bates, Joe Dodge, and Dave, ran through about a dozen Brubeck standard tunes in the unique Brubeck fashion, a fashion that is becoming, to many of Brubeck's old fans, rather boring.

The numbers included "When You're Smiling", "Crazy Chris", "Stardust", "Here Lies Love", "I'll Never Smile Again", "These Foolish Things", etc. which as you can see are mostly ballads. The few uptempo things did not come off. On "Take The 'A' Train", Brubeck's good solo was overshadowed by Desmond's tasteless and meaningless one, in which, among other things, he attempted to play in an Earl Bostic style. Brubeck, after complimenting the audience on being attentive, called for "The Trolley Song". Brubeck's arrangement of this tune can be a very exciting thing, under the right conditions---a "fired up" group and an intimate and therefore easily excited atmosphere. The group was not "fired up" and the right audience would be found in a club, rather than a concert hall. The outstanding number of the evening was "Brother Can You Spare A Dime?". Neither at the more recent concert, nor on the newest record, did this tune fare as well as at Oakville.

Brubeck's music is rather static, in that after it is all over, you usually have enjoyed yourself, but you don't carry much of that enjoyment away with you. Enjoyment is possibly a bad word; what I mean is that you have received no "message" or have had no real musical experience. On the evening's work, Brubeck and Desmond, in their unique way, proved to be very interesting, Bob Bates had seemingly improved greatly and attempted to swing the group---and if I may speak my mind, Joe Dodge was awful.

About six weeks later, on March 14, Brubeck again played this area in concert, this time at Massey Hall in Toronto, attracting about 1700 fans or pseudo-fans. This one we looked forward to --- here was the so-called top group in jazz in our own backyard, in a hall we knew, and maybe a little more "on", because we thought he was a little "off" at Oakville. WOW! --- Brubeck was sick, Desmond was great

but not given much opportunity to show it, Bates was more often than not lost because of the bad pick-up, and Dodge was again awful.

The dozen numbers were much the same as the previous concert, but the performances stood out more because of the group's previous works. On the second number, "Crazy Chris", we noticed something different about Brubeck's piano playing. Interspersed with the succession of block chords and premeditated building climaxes, were meaningless runs up and down the keyboard. This was more noticeable in the following number, a slow ballad, "These Foolish Things". Brubeck, lost for ideas, would do his runs, or throw in three or four choppy chords and then stop, only to start again on another short, seemingly unrelated phrase. In Brubeck's playing I had always found previously a wealth of ideas and much coherence. It might have been an "off" night. I hope it was; but I can't help speculating that it is possibly a trend, a shallow and commercial trend, brought on by working to, rather than with, an audience, or the lack of an inspired swinging rhythm section. On this same tune, Bob Bates on bass worked on the best and most meaningful solo I have heard him play. I usually find his solos lacking in preconception and full of trite and coy phrases. This solo was great, as was the rest of his night's work -- when he could be heard. "Stardust" featured Desmond's finest solo of the night, a solo blending his usual extraordinary lyrical conception with a more than usual jazz feeling and thought. Again the pointless "Trolley Song" and finally an encore of a pretty "For All We Know." A few nights later I caught a very subdued D.B.Q. on the Steve Allen show. Again neither "Brother Can You Spare A Dime?" nor "Trolley Song" showed the group to good advantage. Brubeck, lost for ideas and feeling, again resorted to choppy phrases and meaningless runs. Has the trend begun?

Much has been written about Brubeck in recent months in an attempt to disclaim his present position in jazz. This, which might be considered an inadequate rehash, is prompted by his recent appearances. Brubeck appears not to have been influenced greatly by the jazzmen that have gone before him, and there is certainly no apparent Brubeck influence among today's musicians. He seems to lack a basic jazz beat or feeling. Although he's a great thinking musician and creator, he must be pushed to swing. I do not think that his present drummer can be considered anything more than a metronomical boring rhythmist. Brubeck, with a moving, pulsating rhythm section, and some work in clubs, to regain a conductive jazz atmosphere with an audience, could again have the originality and creativeness which seems now to be sliding away. Desmond is probably the best jazz musician of the four; when he plays the group swings, when the trio play they bog down, because although they have one great musician in Brubeck himself, they have no outstanding jazz musician.

A few words now about some new records. First, on Columbia (CL 622) the aforementioned Dave Brubeck Quartet has a new LP. This includes much the same tunes the group has been playing at concerts. Joe Dodge appears to be a little better than usual on these recordings, particularly where he uses brushes. Bob Bates is adequate, and Desmond, when he gets a chance to get off the ground, is excellent. Brubeck comes through in very good fashion, better than at either of the recent concerts. The best are a very wistful "Audrey", "Jeepers Creepers", and "A Fine Romance", but actually all the numbers are of a high quality, which I think makes this the best Brubeck LP to date.

Others to listen to:

THE THREE (Contemporary C 2516) which are Shorty Rogers, Jimmy Giuffre, and Shelly Manne, play some very interesting music on this well balanced LP.

CARMEN McRAE (Bethlehem BCP 1023) - she of the many mouths. Backed by Tony Scott and Mat Matthews, Carmen sensitively sings "Easy to Love", "If I'm Lucky", "Last Time For Love" etc.

THE THREE HERDS (Columbia CL 592) being the three herds of Woody Herman - each one, in its own right, one of the best bands in jazz. Too many great things to mention. Buy it.

FRANKIE (Columbia CL 606) A reissue of some of Sinatra's greatest, including "Nancy", "Time After Time", "It All Depends on You."

GETZ AT THE SHRINE (Norgran MG N14) With Bob Brookmeyer, Stan runs through "I'll Remember April", "Lover Man", "Feather Merchant" etc. in one of his better recordings.

And if you've missed these, don't wait, hear them or buy them: LEE WILEY (Storyville SLP 312) and TEDDI KING (Storyville STLP 14). Still two of the best vocal collections these young ears have heard, and both backed wonderfully by the great Rudy Braff. THE GENIUS OF ART TATUM (Clef). One of the truly great musicians of our age and jazz, in some of his best recording.

None of us listen as hard or as long as we should to the masters, but when one of them dies, we suddenly realize even more than usual his importance. Let's all listen a little harder and a little longer to the recordings of Charlie Parker. He was one of the true jazz greats.

- Roger Feather

One of the best new records I have heard lately is the Lee Konitz Quartet on Storyville LP 313. The quartet consists of Konitz on alto, Ronnie Ball on piano, Peter Ind on bass, and Jeff Morton on drums. In my opinion this is the best post-Tristano Konitz on record, and of much greater interest than the super-cool-and-advanced-at-all-costs Konitz of the earlier Storyville release, or the tepid Konitz of the Lee in Paris LP. All the numbers on this disc are good listening, but two ballads, 'Skylark' and 'Easy Living' are outstanding. Konitz on these is warm and lyrical - a change from his earlier selfconscious style. '317 East 32nd' is a thoroughly enjoyable blend of the Tristano and bop schools, and the rhythm section lifts it along in fine fashion. In spite of the adulation lavished by the fanatics on Tristano students, I find Ronnie Ball's solo work merely adequate. The disc is somewhat marred in places by heavy groove echo.

Another excellent recent release is an LP of a quartet led by Herbie Mann, on Bethlehem BCP 1018. Mann plays flute, an instrument I particularly enjoy, and on this disc he does full justice to its potentialities. He dispenses with a piano, and instead uses a guitar to complement the flute sound, with particularly happy results.

Bethlehem BCP 14, a 12" LP, features Urbie Green on trombone, along with Doug Mettome on trumpet, plus two reeds and a rhythm section. While the writing on the arranged passages is usually interesting, most of the numbers seem to lack a jazz feeling. In addition, several of the tunes are marred by comp-cha style drumming. This disc is a little typical of a number of East Coast recordings - a tune will start off with an interesting and well arranged beginning, and then meander through a morass of idealess solos, to finish with another well arranged passage. This is particularly noticeable on a number of records made by Birdland habitues.

Contemporary LP C2518 brings that rather rare thing in jazz - a duo, in this case consisting of Russ Freeman on piano and, (naturally) Shelly Mann on drums. This is fine stuff. Freeman is back in his old form, but better than ever (a pleasant surprise in view of his disappointing earlier release,) and Manne does a great job. If you enjoy good piano, don't miss this one.

- BR

DEAN A. GRENNELL, FOND DU LAC, WISC.

A BAS is in and seems almost indecently good....haven't seen so much flash and dazzle in a fanzine since the days of the LASFS Insurgents, and I only saw those years after publication, not when they were current. Sometimes I wistfully wish I could muster nerve enough to be this outspoken myself, but the truth is, I'm afraid I never will. Perhaps it's for the best. I'm glad I read this in the privacy of the car, because if anyone had heard me they would have thought I'd taken leave of my senses entirely. Lost track of the number of times I whooped out loud in glee at some particular bit. I think the single most concentratedly humorous thing was the transcript of Steward's talk with the phone operator and Ellison, but it was a close race. Can't remember any fanzine in recent times with so many laughs to the page. I suppose your car puns are cheaper by the Duesenberg? They made me Nash my teeth in envy, but some were Meteor than others. But let's not Fiat -- this is Bugatti the both of us. Doubtless they left you all Tuckered out?

RICHARD ENEY

Your 'Derogation' was delightful, barring the gagging barrage of puns with which it closed. 'No Butter Thanks' is frightful. A fan of your experience should be aware that fanzine poetry should never be (a) mundane in subject (b) accurate in meter and rhyme (c) ingenious in format, and especially never (d) good. You violate all these precepts, most especially (d). Cheers for your not being suckered in by the Detroit monsters.

GREGG CALKINS, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Ellison says, "Calkins, you're a guy who can't stand to see new faces prevail." How Ellison arrived at this conclusion is as much a mystery to me as why he went after it in the first place. But you know how it is - if I'm going to hang for the crime, it makes me wonder if I might as well commit it just for the hell of it. I'd do it too, if I could figure out what Ellison was talking about in the first place. Sometimes I wonder about him. At Chicago he seemed like a harmless enough creature, though a little obnoxious. I noted at the time that he was last to take offense and first to give it, but paid little attention....I was too interested in Bea Mahaffey. I still am, but Ellison makes more noise. Another one is Little Peter Vorzimer. I can think of no name more apt and better calculated to inspire his wrath. Vorzimer actually takes himself seriously, which is his first mistake, and tends to be sensitive to half-truths. And he is little, regardless of whether or not he is going to college, high school, or kindergarten. "Big enough to carry a gun" he says...tell it to the Marines (U.S. variety of course) and you know what we'd tell him right back -- put up or shut up. When he proves to me that he can carry -- and incidentally use -- that gun of his, then he's big enough. Until then he's Little Peter Vorzimer, Mother Vorzimer's boy. You realize, of course, that the instant you print this will mark the severance of Pete's and my diplomatic relations. He will probably drop me from his trade list. He will write nasty things about me in Abstract and then not send me copies, thereby depriving me of egoboo. But that's all right, if he wants to feel that way. I don't think he likes me, anyhow....I publish a better fanzine than he does.

FROM WEYAUWEGA, WISC.

Hope you are well, and still surviving the Civil War which seems to be turning all Canada into a bloody battleground, pitting brother against brother. I pray for peace before spring. Sincerely, Abraham Lincoln.

✓Your prayers have been granted. For the moment, all is peace. The enemy has fled✓

ED COX, HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF.

Thanks for the copy of A BAS #5. There were two items that I found particularly interesting, the first being 'The Sounds'. I found the reviews to be erudite and competent. I haven't heard all the albums mentioned, but agree with the reviewer on a lot of points. I note that the Bud Shank w/3 trombones got only a 3 star review in Downbeat. Possibly the reviewer subconsciously expected too much. At any rate, I was surprised when I first heard who the three trombonists were. Ferguson, of course, is noted for his sensational trumpet work. At least I consider it sensational. Anybody who has ever played trumpet to any degree will appreciate the gut-busting effort Ferguson must exert while climbing so high that much. Stu Williamson was playing valve trombone the first time I saw him at The Lighthouse. Shortly after that, which was well back during the summer, he switched to trumpet. I must say, and Rumsey agrees, he ought to stay with the valve tran. He is much better on it, and might become noteworthy on it. On trumpet, he is only second rate; very limited when playing outside his usual scope. (This is probably why the Lighthouse All-Stars have Conte Candoli with them now.) The second item that I wanted to mention is this Vorzimer business. Having missed the deluge of anti-Vorzimer items in the 4th A BAS, I can't very well do much yakking about it. I had thought Ellison was fandom's favorite fugghead, having heard only a fewrumblings concerning Peter (oops, Little Peter, I mean.) From reading the letters in this issue of A BAS, I gained an impression of what happened in the previous issue. Up until this point, I had considered the object of all this affection merely as a case of a kid stomping around in oversize britches. I've met him, once, and didn't come away with more than mild laughter. However, upon reading his letter, I've gone over to the camp of the society to install PJV in the Fandom's Greatest Fugghead seat. You see, I've met Ron Ellik too, and being a resident of Southern California, I can emphatically say that I do not consider Ron Ellik a lying son-of-a-bitch. Only a first-rate fugghead would make a statement like Vorzimer's. This is final proof, for me, that everything you must have been pointing out about Little Peter is well worth the effort.

Little Pete wrote in further vilifying Ellik, and Ellik wrote in very ably defending himself against the Vorzimer statements in A BAS #5. I wr ote to both, suggesting that further manifestations of this part of the Ellik/Vorzimer feud be kept out of this column. Ellik agreed, and Vorzimer did not reply.]

MAL ASHWORTH, BRADFORD, ENGLAND.

Like the cover - er - in a weird modernistic sort of way; very non-representational and all that I guess. Derelicti Derogation went down well. I enjoy these satirical head-beating, entrail-extracting episodes. Who said "It's a proud and lonely thing to be a fan"? Whoever it was, they shouldn't have let Harlan hear them say it. Don Susan's letter was a real joy to me. I always get a thrill somehow out of coming across unprejudiced, unemotional reasoning. Suggest Susan be marked on the medical list as an antidote to Ellison.

BOB PUDDISTER, MONCTON, N.B.

At last, at last, at last,
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine
Happy days are here again
I've found the damn near perfect zine.

Keep up Derelicti Derogation
And also real gone poems
Tell Little Peter Vorzimer
To go and join the gnomes.

NANCY SHARE, DANVILLE, OHIO.

I want to say that the only thing I found horrible about the issue was that stinkin' cover. Pretty darned messy, not to mention darned uninteresting. What you need is a good fanartist to help you liven up those covers and at least some of the interior pages. Never did like page after page of solid print, and never will. Never shall these pages be defiled with the scrawlings of "fanartists"]

DON WEGARS, BERKELEY, CALIF.

I really like A BAS, and perhaps it's because of all the fine Hidden Meaning. I have to read your mag and not just skim over it. Sometimes all these things evade me the first time, but eventually I find them. Nothing seemed actually wrong with the cover until I read that note of explanation. For all I knew, it was supposed to look that way. All this cutting of Vorzimer is fine, for Fandom Is A Free Country, and all that. When I read Pete's letter of comment I could almost see him sitting at his desk, typer in hand, and swearing and stomping his feet and tearing his hair and muttering oaths. He must have had a hard time of it when he looked down at his typer and realized The Weapon Was Impotent. He couldn't just point it up North, start banging away on the keys, and fix everything up quick-like. Must have been a real blow to his ego. I really enjoy The Sounds. I kinda feel cubical, listening to all the Ted Lewis records we have around the house. But I do enjoy dixieland, and manage to pick up the Saturday night broadcast that comes from Frisco's Hangover Club.

RICHARD GEIS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Praises are due you, old bean. Praises for putting out the best dang fanzine in Canada, and quite probably one of the top six in all fandom. In my opinion, you hold sixth spot, only HYPHEN, PSY, OOPSLA, GRUE and SKYHOOK are leading you, and these are considerable mags indeed. I must admit to a mental licking of the chops when your mag arrives; I enjoy it immensely. The highest tribute I can give is to ask you to please come out more often. You know, the Derelicti Derogations are the best part of the mag. I laugh....Little Pete is now hung on Vorzimer like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. He deserves it of course, but it does seem a bit cruel. Got a terrific bang out of 'No Butter Thanks.' More brilliant poetry like this please. Enjoyed the sly humor of Schick in the Grass, Alas.' The satire on Ellison's prediliction for long distance phone calls was masterful. 'Tis things like this that make A BAS memorable.

BOB TUCKER, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

I treasure each and every issue of A BAS in the same manner I treasure GRUE. I'll go to almost any length to keep on getting them. I'll even let you have a drink -- next time we meet -- from my bottle of Jim Beam. You may even have a drink from the doctored bottle that Mr. Lyons gave me.

HARRY CALNEK, GRANVILLE FERRY, NOVA SCOTIA

Derogation was again the top item in the mag. You seem to have taken Ellison and his Psy article in hand quite well. I dunno which I laughed over more -- the use of him and the article excerpts in A BAS or the whole thing in PSYCHOTIC. Verily 'No Butter Thanks' brought tears to my eyes, both from laughing and from pity. I am praying for Howard. 'Oh Hell #3' and 'Schick in the Grass, Alas' were wonderful. I seldom like poetry, but this is good. I don't know if I like 'The Sounds' better written by Feather than by you. In any event it is still a welcome item in the zine -- one that I really enjoy. Who, for Roscoe's sake, is this Vorzimer character? From his letter in the zine he seems to be a bit of a Liberace. However, if Mrs. Vorzimer clued in the LIFE reporter on what fandom is, I wonder if I could prevail upon her to clue me in too.

LARRY ANDERSON, BILLINGS, MONTANA

A BAS etched (as in acid) its way through the mail to me today. Noticed your nice little comment on my preference for Planet Stories. Well, with the current market what it is, I can often come up with more satisfaction from Planet than I can with Galaxy, Fantastic, Madge, and a few others. At least Planet doesn't even try to put up a pretense of being preoccupied with the cosmic aspects of mankind. Real blood and guts...and you can (and no doubt, knowing you, will) quote me. Well, I'd better say no more.....'twill be stupid for sure, and I know what you do to people who go around saying stupid things.

REDD BOGGS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

All in all, your zine is a good example of the basic fallacy of anti-serious-constructiveness. In your own way you are stewing more about what goes on in fandom than the most serious constructive fans do. Most of the things you carry on about are so trivial that I'm surprised you bother to do more than snicker behind your hand. The Derelicti Derogation thing was damnably clever, though, and the way you worked in Ellison's writings and retained the flavor of them was excellent. I'm afraid that I can't admire the purpose of the satire, but the handling of it was first rate. Why was that Discovery excerpt dedicated to me? I am afraid that I don't get it. I don't admire Yugoslavian tastes, in naming a street after Theodore Dreiser; and the fact is, the trend here seems to be away from naming streets after any famous men. The wildly growing suburbs are mazes of Chatham Roads, Oak Drives, and Heights Terraces, and such ritzy-sounding addresses. But otherwise? What have I got to do with the situation?

DONALD SUSAN, MCKEESPORT, PA.

You're no square, you're a tesseract. Your cover was the most. All the time I'm thinking what a cool cover, you say it didn't turn out at all. Don't you realize that fuzzy effect looked premeditated? Really, Ellison with his soul-baring opuses rather revolted me. But, nevertheless, I'd say Ellison has taken a turn for the better as a person. I like him. In similar vein, I found you Canfen a delightful group, and not at all caprine as alleged by Don Ford. You know, I fear what with your mania for sports cars, jazz etc. running through your mag, what will happen if one of you becomes devoted to the works of Henry Miller? Seriously, though, have you heard about the Studillac? You take a '53 Studebaker and stick in a Cadillac engine plus the whole rear axle etc. of a Mercury (heavier and with more brake area); can also get rid of the mushy transmission if desired. This will skim along at a nice little pace, I assure you. Your quote about Edison, et al. proves your point about national delusions. Boggs rather misses your point but is rather right in what he says. However, Marconi was beat out by two years by the eminent Sir Oliver Lodge as I understand. In turn, Nikola Tesla is supposed to have duplicated their work still earlier. Tesla is the closest to a true superman story that I've encountered, if the book Prodigal Genius is to be credited. Tesla is supposed to have invented the A.C. motor in a fit of inspiration where he, rather typically for him, saw it working in a self-induced visual hallucination; high intelligence, lightning calculation, photographic memory, the ability to visualize to the point of hallucination, all in one man! The only sadder tale of brilliance I have encountered is that of William James Sidis. I am awaiting with baited breath the publication of your mass for string quartet, horns, and three voices. Especially the section, KYRIE ELLISON.

[I passed your inquiry regarding the Studillac to Ron Kidder. He says, "The addition of a Cadillac engine to a Studebaker body, will, most certainly, give the car more go; and this, if one doesn't want to turn any corners, is fine.

However, the addition of the extra weight of the Cadillac engine farther forward in the chassis worsens the already overloaded suspension. Thus, when the car is driven on the road, it becomes even more unwieldy. The only thing that will help this is rather drastic modification of the suspension. The average driver of the average Detroit product is accustomed, however, to the sloppy steering and ride, and probably steering a little sloppier wouldn't bother him as it would me."]

ALAN ELMS, LA CENTRE, KENTUCKY

Don Susan I don't quite agree with; this is the first time I've ever heard that "the U.S. won its revolution principally because Britain had its own difficulties and wasn't too terribly interested in the colonies per se." This may be proving his contention that much of the history we learn is distorted, but I think it is much less so on the American continent than Europe or Asia. Wells' Outline of History goes over the Revolution very briefly and doesn't mention, to my knowledge, the War of 1812. Napoleon is treated in a very biased manner. So how are we to

know what country's textbooks and histories give the true picture? Each writer has his own biases, even if he is a supposedly impartial observer from another country. And the myth that Lindberg was the first to fly the Atlantic is prevalent only among the grade-school children and the lower-IQ adults. The same thing is true of some other historical heroes -- but in many cases they are international. Columbus, for instance. Until I read one of Sprague de Camp's books, I never gave serious thought to the fact that anyone else but Columbus ever thought the world was round. # Puh-lease start another argument or three with Vorzy; the new, lithographed ABSTRACT is a dull thing without them.

[School history books it seems just give a rough outline of historical incidents, - a detailed study of the usually complex causes and effects would be beyond their scope. I quite agree that a lot of such texts are probably quite biased in many places. I'll let you fight out the thing with Susan. Incidentally, a recent issue of Atlantic Monthly had a long and very interesting article on the closing phases of the American Revolution. From memory, it was the writer's contention that the American forces were in a pretty bad state, the men tired, sick, demoralized, and unpaid. France and Spain, however, had a big hand in the affair, and a tremendous storm at a critical time cut off the British fleet, and enabled the French fleet to really prang the British forces. Seems there are all sorts of factors in these past conflicts which often make the turning point. Nuts. At the moment I'm too tired to think about it, and composing this on stencil doesn't make things any easier. # Start a feud with my dear friend PJV? How could you suggest such a thing?]

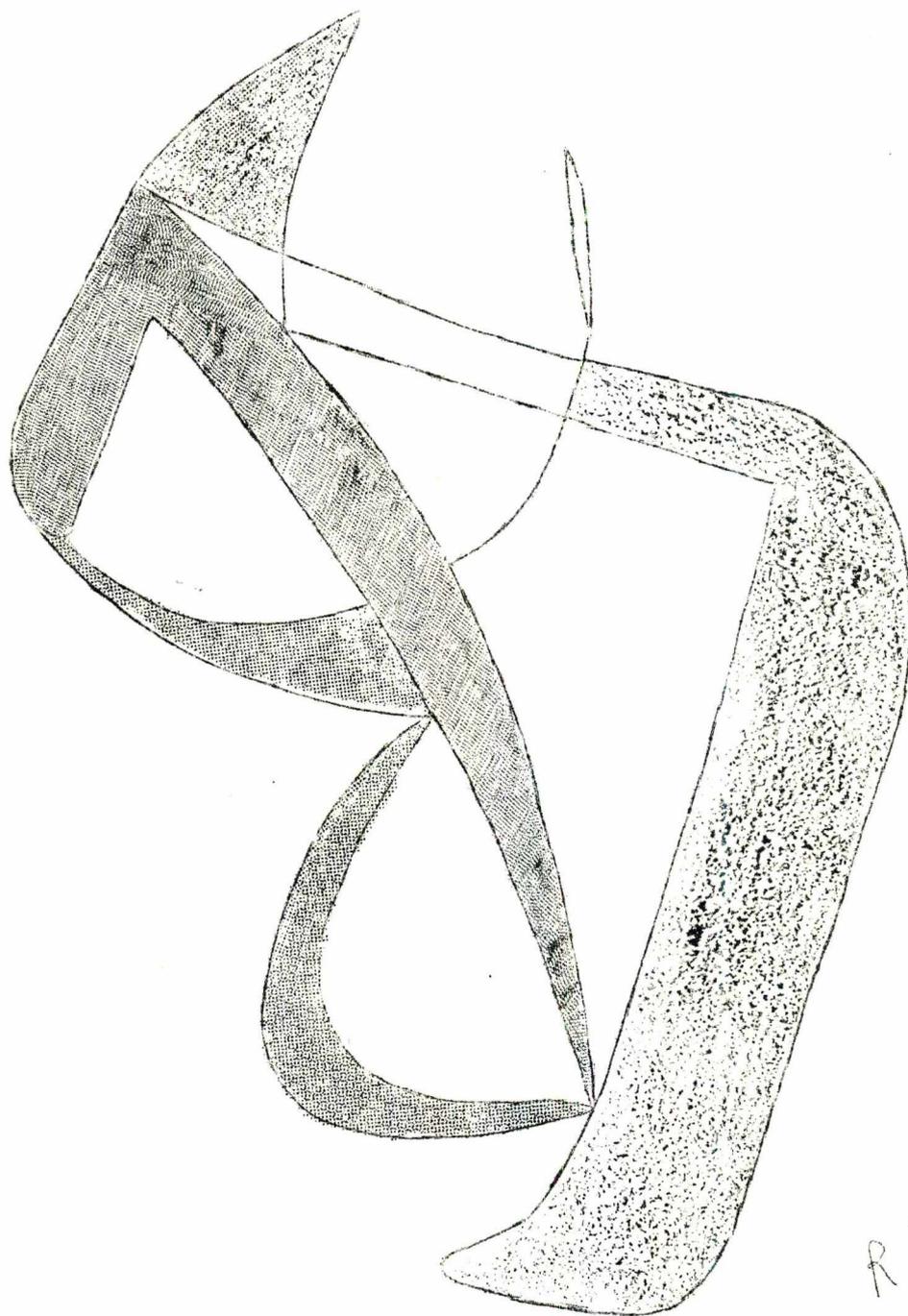
RETA GROSSMAN, TORONTO, ONT.

Now, if A BAS is cynical and sarcastic and is a reflection of your own self (as your readers are wont to believe) it sure is picture imagery. Never mind your pen - I have heard your tongue drip vitriol as well. Re a certain well-publicized feud, I hereby publicly apologize to the Derelict Insurgents and to the readers of two other Canadian fanzines for my views on feuds published in said zines. Honest, I take it ALL back. Certain matters (documents) have come to my attention, and I say "Let it go on - up with the feud and down with my former opinions!" About the Derogation (#3). Who put those speeches of sheer joy to mine eye into Harlan's mouth? Whose typer clacked it out? I offer my hand in congratulations. Please, Mr. Don Ford, I don't think you realized that the Derelicts have female members. Who knows - maybe we are - but we certainly object to being called old goats. We would even object to being called young nannies. # This is indeed most unladylike, but I got quite a guffaw out of the M.G.'s licence plate. # I have but one comment to make on the letter section. In answer to Mr. Michael Barrington-Martin (whom I think is a figment of your imagination) I want to say - Whaaa?

[Vitriol? Come now, you know I am the kindly, benign type. Feuds? Fancy suggesting I allow feuds in this happy, family fanzine. # Harlan put those speeches into his mouth himself - more or less - I must admit I gave him a little assistance. # I think Don Ford was referring to the Derelict Insurgents and Howard Lyons, rather than the Derelicts as a whole. # That letter from Michael Barrington-Martin was quite genuine.]

A Bass

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A N N I S H

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