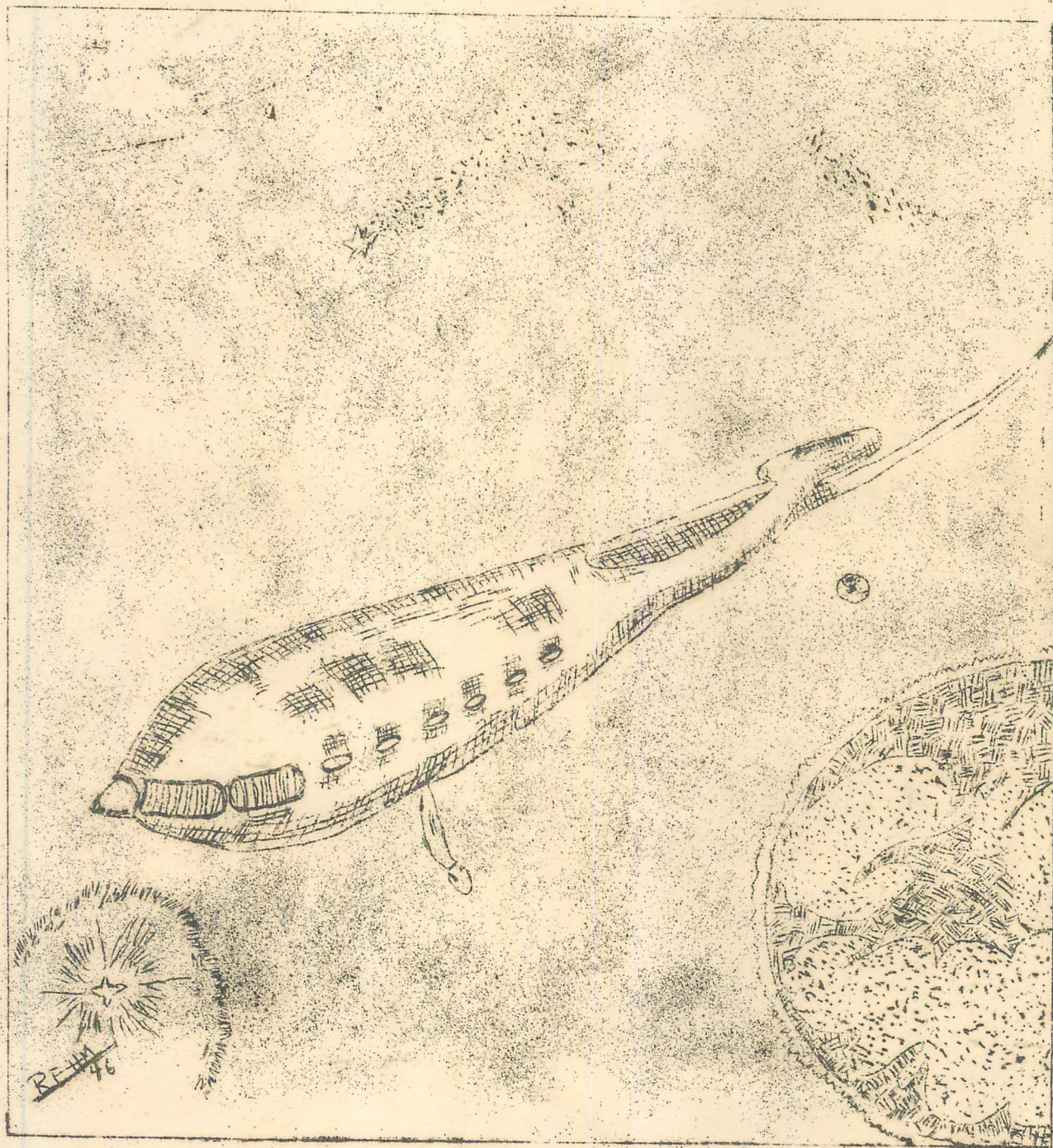


# THE GROTESQUE

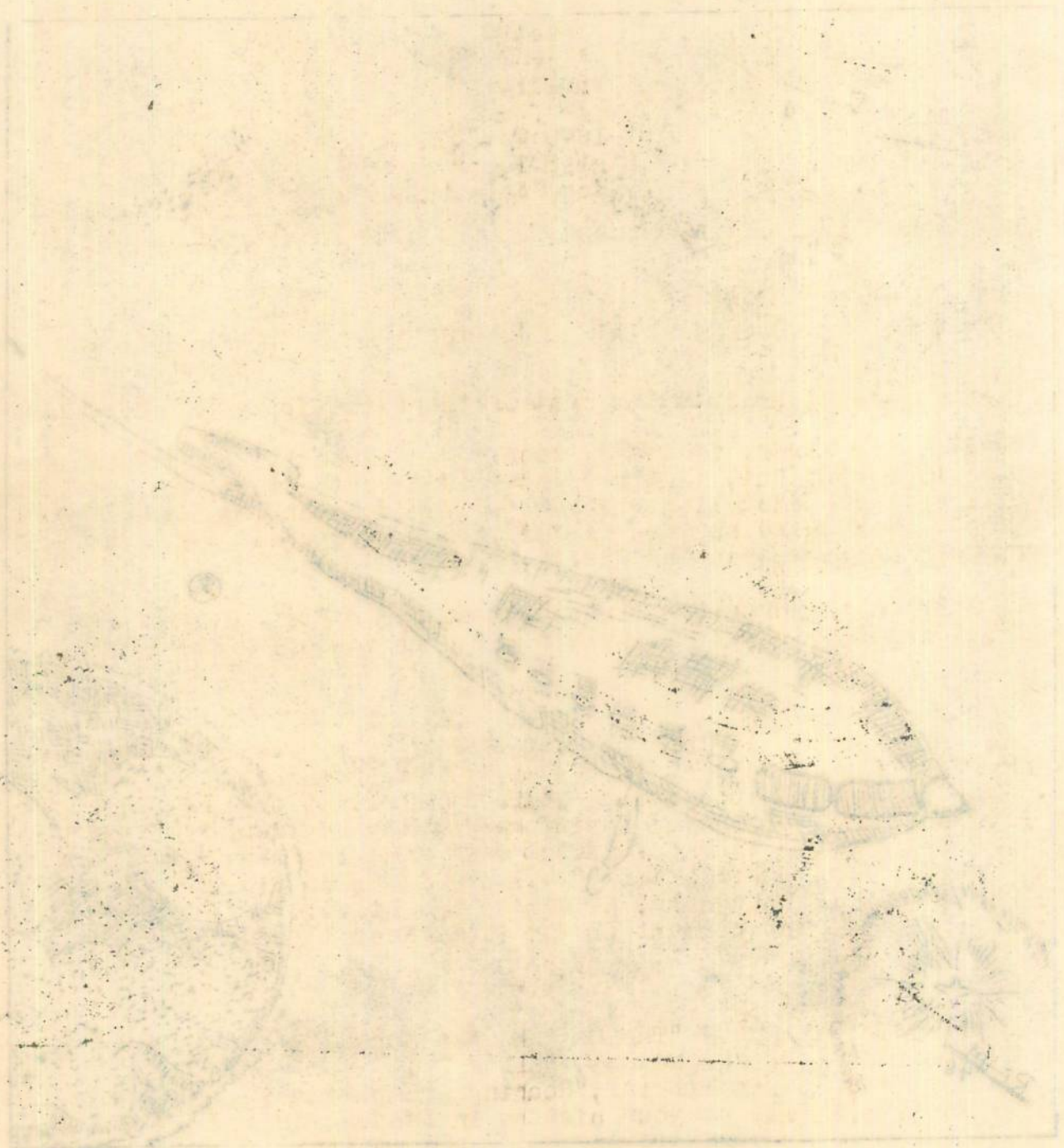


no. 3

JUNE, '46



# GRAND HOTEL



GRAND HOTEL  
1000  
1000



VOL. 1, NO. 3

May, 1943

# THE GROTESQUE

5¢ per copy



Edited  
&  
Published

at 1870 E. 33 St.  
B'klyn 10, N.Y.  
by Ron Christensen

Quarterly



## YOU DIDN'T EXPECT A NUMBER THREE, EH?

Let's jump right into the meat of the situation: the excuses.

First, the cover. It wasn't such a bad piece by Raj Rehm; in fact, I rather liked it. But, though I intended to foto it, after consideration, 7¢ apiece seemed like quite a sum for a cover. (8x10 enlargements) It doesn't look quite so good mimeo'd, and the paper (it isn't my fault) is slightly smaller than the inside pages.

Our typer temporarily broke down at the bottom of page six, thus the short and foolish stuff. That's all I'll apologize for now.....

\* \* \* \* \*

As can be seen in the "Roaring Trumpet", I received three offers for fmz reviewing. Ron Maddox was the first to inquire, so he got the job. Next came Bob Tucker and Telis Streiff, at the same time. What was I to do? Both of them were informed that they could handle "All's Well and Fuzzy", or a like column. Bob sent same in first, Telis not replying till a post-publication date. Telis can name his own column, if he wishes, and, if Bob wants, he can change his....the title's rather cheesey, I think. Why comment on the rest? Read it yourselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next issue will have "The Man Who Was Superman", by Jack Speer, "Fmz Impressions", by Ron Maddox, "All's Well and Fuzzy", by Bob Tucker, and column by Telis Streiff, "Roaring Trumpet", edit, & maybe an article by YOU????!! Tell us your history in fandom, as Inman did.....

And, have we your permission to raise Groggy's price to 10¢, the number of pages to about 20, and the quality UP? Please, that's the only way we can improve it any further...BARGAINS DON'T WORK IN FANDOM.

P.S. Thank to Fanews' 2nd Anniv. For  
Pic of Tucker (it is me) on p. 4.  
S. H. D. K. DANKS

Verily,  
Your former Woolworth





# SKETCH

by Lionel Inman

When did I begin reading stf? Well, that's a rather long story. Various, unconnected events led up to it, I imagine.

When I was eleven years old, I contracted the habit that was to lead me inevitably on to science fiction. Near me lived a boy who read western stories. I was not doing much reading at the time, but I got the full benefit of each issue of "Wild West Weekly", for my friend would always relate to me in considerable detail all the adventures of the characters in the magazine. The Oklahoma Kid was his favorite, I think, and through my second-hand acquaintance with him, I was led to read the mag myself.

Gradually I branched out. I became almost personal friends with the Black Bat in "Black Book Detective". Doc Savage and various air-war mags followed. I had, by this time, left my friend far behind as far as reading was concerned. It was now me who told him about the stories. He was losing interest, so I proceeded to forget him, and went merrily on; on the way toward ruining my eyesight.

In 1940 the Great Event happened. Out of sheer curiosity, I bought the issue of "Startling Stories" which contained the novel, "Five Steps to Tomorrow". I don't have to describe the shock I received -- every real fan has experienced it.

Completely forgotten were the westerns, detectives, and air-war mags. My real reading adventures began then. As time went on, I became acquainted with all the stf publications being put out. I was thrilled with Captain Future, not so much because of the lurid adventures, but because of the ... to me ... entirely new concept of space travel.

In the course of buying back issues of magazines, I established a few fan contacts. My first real correspondent was Russel Gale, whose name I had gotten from Amazing Stories.

As I became more acquainted with the fan world by reading back issues of fanzines and corresponding, I became obsessed with the desire to publish a fanzine myself. I was at that time part janitor at the local school, which was right next to my home. It had a hektograph. At the expense of ruining several good gelatin sheets, I learned the rudiments of hektographing. I have never learned all there is to know, and I doubt if even the manufacturer has. But I learned enough to produce a readable copy.

My early experiences in trying to typewrite for hektoing were somewhat amusing. I tried using Heyer carbon paper, which was with the hekto, but the prints were so dim they could hardly be read -- even the first copy. I didn't know what to do. However, in looking through a catalogue, I found hektograph typewriter ribbons advertised. I ordered one and found the results so much better than the carbon paper had done that I was overjoyed. I wrote all my correspondents about it and advised them, whatever they did, never to try carbon paper.

--- CONTINUED ON PAGE 3 ---



3

SKETCH---by Inman---continued

A sloppy little fanzine called Vulcan began coming out fairly regularly then with the use of the ribbon. I always looked a mess after a session with the typer with that ribbon in it. Purple came to my elbows and covered my face.

Vulcan was published for four issues with the ribbon. Van Splawn began publishing Mars about the fourth issue of Vulcan. His duplicating was so superior to mine that I immediately inquired about his method. He explained that he used carbon paper for his master copies. Naturally, I could hardly believe him. This was so contrary to what I thought I had learned by experience. Nevertheless, I ordered carbon paper to do the fifth issue of Vulcan with. Needless to say, I got about twice as many really bright copies as I had been getting.

The seventh issue was a giant 40-page anniversary issue, and, incidentally, the last issue that has appeared so far. Reason: no longer a typer, the essential tool in fanzine publishing.

That was the last of 1944. Since then, I have led a pretty quiet life as far as fanning was concerned. I have done a few columns---usually one-shot affairs---and an occasional article. I tried my hand at fiction writing and cultivating more mundane interests around me, which I had hitherto neglected. Lately, I have written letters to the professional magazines, a thing that I have never done before. Incredible as it may seem, the first letter I ever had published won an illustration from Planet Stories.

Being a country fan, I have met very few fans. I am always attempting to convert prospects to fandom, with varying success. Until recently, I had interested only one person to any extent. Junior Smith, now in the army, was a nice guy, more interested in publishing than in fandom. He put out Vulcanewscard, and created quite a stir up in Chi where Fanewscard was being published. The bunch evidently thought they had sole rights in the newscard field. He also edited the letter section in Vulcan and did some of the typing, on which he was very poor.

I did not convert my first real stf fan. He converted himself, in a way. He had read stf for several years and went to the same school as I did, neither of us knowing the other for what he was. He discovered my name in a promag and brought it to school for the English teacher to read, and I managed to trace down the owner of the mag. Incidentally, I hope that Al Weinstein is satisfied. The endearing term he used in mentioning me in Planet succeeded in getting the whole English class to call me "Papa Inman".

Things at present are riding on rather smoothly, with two fans instead of one. I have had a lot of fun in my few years as a fan, and I look forward to many more. I have have been informed from more sources than one that I was wasting my time with my mad reading and even madder sweating over a typewriter, but my views have never been changed, and I don't thing they ever will be. Science-fiction fanning is a hobby to me, just as harmless in some ways as stamp-collecting, and hundreds of times more interesting.

I'm looking forward to rubbing beards with some of the young fen at a stf convention about ---- say 2000 A.D..

THE END



# 4 ALL'S WELL AND FUZZY

SCIENCE ( the anchronous ) FICTION

- By Bob Tucker



As is the usual case in these rapidly changing times, science-fiction continues to run a poor second to the daily newspaper. Where we used to settle down in a comfortable armchair to follow the doings of Captain Future, we now have cancelled our subscriptions to the progams and read the newspapers instead. They get it to us first.

Recall the plot of the runaway spaceship with controls so wonderfully jammed that it will fly only in a straight line? And how it follows the Einstein curve and eventually returns to its starting point along that straight line. All that has been tossed out the window now. Harried science-fiction authors must rack their befuddled brains and come up with a different twist. Because the newspapers say space isn't curved, Einstein and his theory must go.

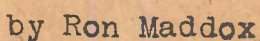
A Mexican astrophysicist, in a recent report, has advanced the old but unnoticed theory that space is really flat and four-dimensional. He throws serious doubt on the Einstein conception of curved space because when the theory was applied to the movement of the galaxies, it made the universe appear to be too young: a mere billion years old. He then quotes the geology figures which say it is twice that. So away with curved space, says he, and bring on the flat! At any rate, it got him into news headlines. (And caused me to stop buying Amazing Yarns.)

Another idea stolen from the magazines was the proposal recently put forward by Eddie Rickenbacker to atom-bomb the Antarctic ice cap and latch onto the minerals thereby uncovered.

It happens that science-fiction history is chock-full of lost civilizations dwelling in the Antarctic regions which are subsequently discovered by numerous dauntless heroes. Curiously enough, Rickenbacker apparently hasn't taken into consideration the possible reaction of such stolid citizens to the sudden bombing of their peaceful lands. After all, what have the Antarctic peoples ever done to us that we should go around bombing them. It isn't a matter of being behind in their taxes, or anything like that; we simply want to grab their gold. And because we are such greedy pigs, we are destroying source material for hard-working authors.

This particular news story went on to say that Rickenbacker was not the first man to toy with the idea, which is something of an understatement. Some years ago, an Australian geophysicist who probably never read a copy of Startling Stories in his life had the bright thought that if the Antarctic ice cap were to be dissolved, the world sea level would rise better than fifty feet, violent earthquakes would shake the globe, and there would be a shifting of climatic zones. Just wait until the Florida Chamber of Commerce hears about that!





CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



\*\*\*\*\* ALL'S WELL & FUZZY -- by Tucker -- cont.

And, with a fifty-foot rise in sea level, every seaport in the world with the exception of those bordering on the Great Salt Lake would be inundated. Think of what that would do to some of the old reliable plots which now keep our authors alive! No more could they spin yarns capable of holding us spellbound as we watched the great tides ~~converging~~ on New York City, the poulace fleeing in terror. Science fiction authors will do well to take notice of the handwriting on the wall; it's time they began looking for news-reporting jobs on the papers. They may not know it, but they are passe.

In closing, it seems pertinent to mention the reaction of one good but unimaginative citizen to the radar-to-the-moon experiment. He may represent a viewpoint typical of a good many Americans. This man, after ~~viewing~~ a newsreel review of the feat, turned to me with the admonishment that "we had better quit messing around with that stuff before the damned moon short-circuits and blows us all up."

I leave you with that charming thought. At least, it proved to be not green cheese, after all.

-- THE END (of Mr. Tucker?)

\*\*\*\*\* FMZ IMPRESSIONS -- by Inman -- cont.

SUN SPOTS, Vol. 7, No. 1; Spring, 1946; 20pp. Gerry de la Ree, 9 Bogert Place, Westwood, N.J. -- Gerry's usual good quality zine, with several departments, and some things by a new writer, "James Breckenridge." I think his stuff is good. A letter of comment or trade are the only methods one may use to receive this zine.

JUPITER, Vol. 1, No. 1; April, 1946; 14pp. Ron Maddox, Box 194, McLean, Va. -- It seems a guy can't get thru anything without a plug for himself. Mameo'd with fair material, poorly reproduced. 3¢ stamp.

-- THE END ( of Mr. Maddox?)

What's a female ape?  
--- A monkey wench.



P.U.N.S.

"Fawn today,  
deer tomorrow."



HONEST --- JUST FILLER!



## TWO FRAGMENTS BY J. EDWARD DAVIS

### EVOLUTION

The culmination of millenniums of evolution -- that is the world of today and the creatures which populate it.

Hatred, death and discrimination -- that is the way of the world today and the creatures which populate it.

Utter disregard of humanity, complete destruction of the cause for which millions have died over the course of centuries -- that is the way of mankind.

The ever-present threat of violent death plagues man in his every hour, not from nature alone, but from the hand of his fellow man.

Battles have been fought since time immemorial; the result being more battles. Man in his simple-minded manner continues to dream that the future will bring an end to these battles, when all the time this creature is hovering in his heart the same idiotic conception that has been the cause of all past conflagrations -- the insignificantly minute notion that he, above all others, is superior.

Deny this and you do but make claim that you are much more superior to others.

- - -

### DETERMINATION

The body floated silently on the quiet sea. The corpse was that of a man, dead now for an indefinite time.

His life was a strange one, and his death even more fantastic.

He was born in a day when life on Earth was cheap; when people cursed and fought each other with the utter savagery of brute animals.

His arrival on this Earth caused little excitement, even amongst his own family; for he was the thirteenth child. He was cast from his kin at an early age by the ravages of war. Left alone in the desolation which followed the vast conflagration, he found time to think, -- to think and learn.

Many years he pursued the writings and culture of past generations. He studied their words closely and found in them the true meaning of life. Determined to free himself from the clutch of mankind, he envisioned a plan. From the endless store of knowledge he had gained, he put his plan into being.

Today his body floats silently on the quiet sea of outer space. It has been there for two thousand years

- - -





# THE ROARING TRUMPET

....where, you see,  
the readers take a peck at me....

first on our blacklist this morning is GERRY DE LA REE:

"Well, Groggy number two arrived rather unexpectedly. I thought you were publishing it quarterly, or do you mean four times a month?

"I recognized your cover immediately, although I wasn't certain where I had seen it. While you did a good job stencilling it, I wonder if you ever heard of the word 'copyright'?

"Mimeoing this issue isn't much better, but the stylus helped on your heads. Your edit was okay. Shaw's piece was so-so. Perhaps a few time-worn 'fads' should be forgotten.

"Lesser's piece on Palmer and Shaver brought out little new in an overly discussed subject....You didn't give Kennedy's Fantasy Review much of a break in your 'Fmz Impressions'. I thot he did a very good job. Nothing else worth mentioning in the issue, though JoKe's letter was rather cute."

TELIS STREIFF gurgles happily:

".... It looks like the guy on the cover is holding his nose... coincidence?

"A few days ago, the sun had some new sunspots that tore up trans - Atlantic radio for a while....that was abou the time Groggy was finished....coincidence? Mebee.

"Roaring Trumpet...Gerry de la Ree and Rick Sneary seem to differ in opinion; Sneary wants more like Quest of Ga and de la Ree wants less of it. de la Ree wants less of things like the Spacehand's Song and Rick wants more.....siding with Sneary, I'd say both were good.

" 'Why Does A Chicken?', by Shaw, was good, but Shaw is ~~xxxxxxx~~ prejudiced ( I c'n spell too) ((don't get me wrong, tho. I don't like Wollheim either)).

"I, too, find it hard to talk to a stranger thumbing through old stf mags....so don't feel too bad about it.

" 'That Lemurian Cabal' was QX, but short.

"I'd be glad to take over FMZ IMPRESSIONS (okey, Christald, I kin take a hint....stop frothing at the mouth)

"Land of the Darkling Mold was &%\$(%\$%#"\$%\$\_'(%)\$%#"\$&&'\$%#\_&%'((

" 'All's Well and Fuzzy'.....could be

"To Sneary: I also had trouble reading' -???-'. Well, as that's all my fertile(?) mind kan think(?) of, I shall sign off."

"SP(I have to be diff) yourmimioing wuz SLOPPPPPPPPYYYYYY."

BURBEE (CHARLES) injects in a letter:

"...Grotesque #2 was a great deal improved over #1."



\*\*\* ROARING TRUMPET --- continued \*\*\*

"NFFF Member" RON MADDOX sez:

"As to the last issue of Groggy.

"Improvements were many. All those mentioned were certainly good. Too bad that more good suggestions aren't made; usually u get a batch of bad ones along with the good ones.

"To tell the truth, the whole ish. was good. I don't go much for poetry, but Lesser's piece wasn't bad, even if it wasn't too good.

"Especially liked 'Why Does a Chicken?', the others rated in this order: That Lemurian Cabal, Weary Can't, Fmz Impressions, All's Well & Fuzzy, Roaring Trumpet, The Ergerzerp, Land of the Darkling Mold. It 's usually against my principles to rate stories, but I thot I'd at least give my opinion.

"I'm willing to take the job of reviewing fan pubs. I sub. to all I hear about, and unless u've got someone else, or don't think I'll do , drop me a line about it."

BOOB TUCKER subs to Groggy, and says on the envelope:

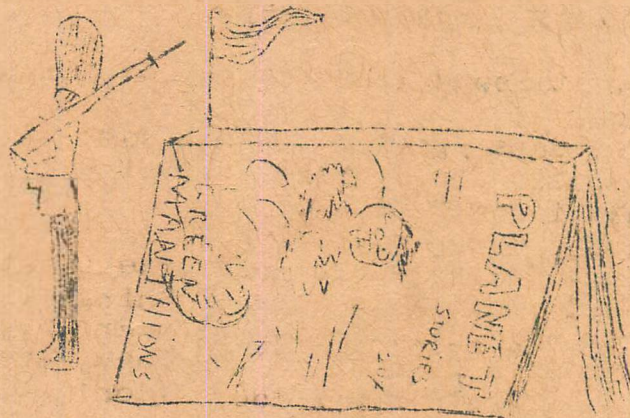
"Would you like a competent fmz reviewer?"

# 3 OFFERS FOR FMZ REVIEWING? #

.-o-o)(o-o-.

## KENNEDY'S PROZ. REVIEW

Amazing  
Seems rather dazing  
While Astounding  
Is invariably dumbfounding  
And Thrilling Wonder  
Should be buried under  
A ton of granite  
Along with Planet



YOU FIGURE IT OUT-----

He shot his grampa back in time  
He didn't cease to be;  
His purpose was: "To see if I'm  
My father's son to me."

To worry about how others felt  
Was so much fuss and bother.  
But, shades of H, it made a welt;  
He found he was his own father.

