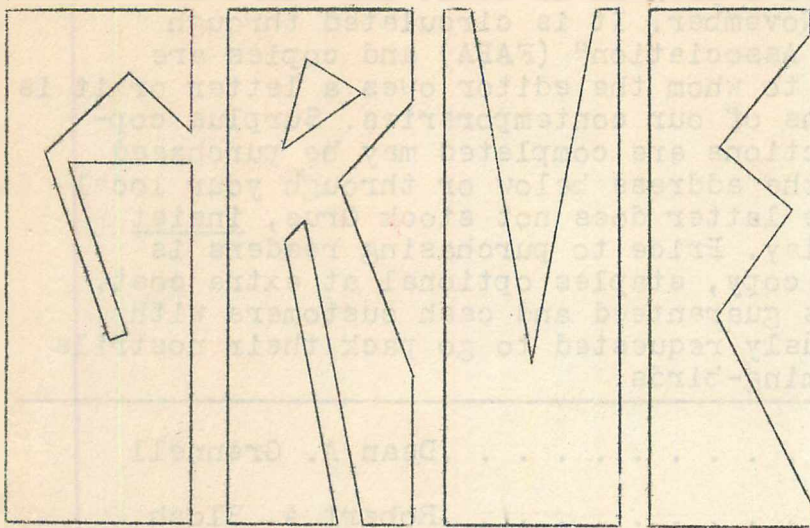


entire alphabet?

20

Check Jaziboco
For a humorous
page of Barbicania



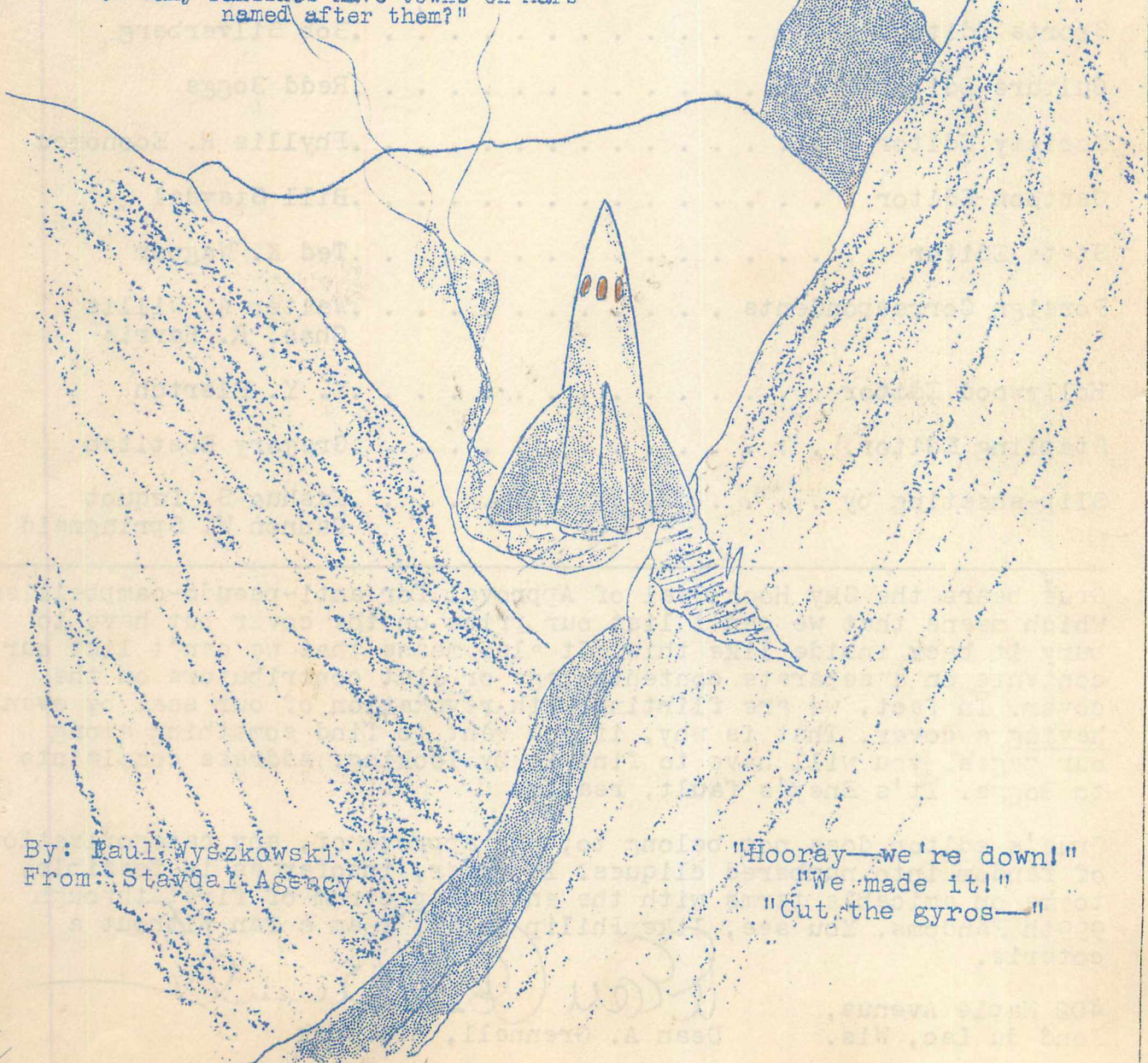
JAPA Mailing No. 67

Issue Number 20

Spring 1954

Dean A. Grennell

"how many fanzines have towns on Mars
named after them?"



By: Paul Wyszowski
From: Starval Agency

"Hooray—we're down!"
"We made it!"
"Cut the gyros—"

Grue is published four times a year on or about the first of February, May, August and November. It is circulated through the "Fantasy Amateur Press Association" (FAPA) and copies are foisted upon divers people to whom the editor owes a letter or it is swapped for the publications of our contemporaries. Surplus copies left after such transactions are completed may be purchased direct from the editor at the address below or through your local hay and feed dealer. If the latter does not stock Grue, insist that he does so without delay. Price to purchasing readers is twenty-five cents per each copy, staples optional at extra cost. Satisfaction is by no means guaranteed and cash customers with complaints will be courteously requested to go pack their nostrils with sand and snort at humming-birds.

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Grue bears the Sky Hook Seal of Approval for anti-pseudo-campbellism which means that we can't list our price on the cover but have to bury it back inside like this. It also means that we can't list our contents on a separate contents-page or list contributors on the cover. In fact, we are flirting with revokation of our seal by even having a cover. That is why, if you want to find something among our pages, you will have to find it by looking. Address complaints to Boggs. It's Eney's fault, really.

Grue's editor does not belong to, nor approve of, any categorization of fandom into numbered cliques. I prefer, insofar as is feasible, to be on amicable terms with the entire spectrum of first through 999th Fandoms. You see, like Philip Nolan, I am a fan without a coterie.

402 Maple Avenue,
Fond du Lac, Wis.


Dean A. Grennell, his mark

Goodnight, Sweet Press...

3

By Vernon L. McCain

(Ever had a yen to produce a printed fanzine? If you remember the printed issues of WASTEBASKET, you'll be interested in this article, excerpted from one of Vernon's letters. This is mainly for the benefit of newer members because Vernon says he's said much the same thing in earlier mailings. Any resemblance between McCain and the picture at right is doubtful.)



You asked if I was employed in a print shop or if I actually owned the equipment myself. Well the answer is a strong yes and no to both ends of that query. It's a long story and one I should put off until tomorrow since it is already ten after eleven but here goes anyhow.

In the spring of 1951 I had been living for a couple of months in a ménage containing various numbers of fans who indulged in varying amounts of activity. One is still in FAPA although I believe with that exception in his case and without exception in all others they have retired to just reading stf, an occasional fanzine that finds its way in, and in some cases trying to write an occasional pro-story unsuccessfully. For reasons I shan't go into here—lack of time and space, not reticence—I quit my job, sold my car, and indulged in some loafing while living off the carefully budgeted proceeds of the sale.

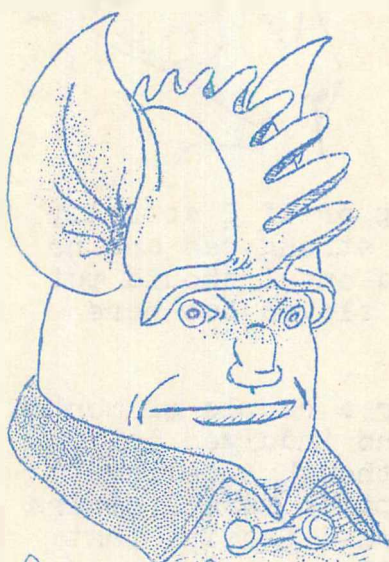
They had just about everything in that house...developing room for photography, etc. The owner of the house was a confirmed collector of gadgets he never used and the chief resident was a very versatile person who did a lot of different things. The local club had its meetings there—most of the members already lived there—and a club organ was mimeographed. In 1950 they got the idea of putting out a really fancy one by printing it. They bought cheap hand presses (I can't give you details on sizes or addresses on this since I don't remember at this late date) solely to publish that zine. But right away friends started wanting them to do this print job and that one for them so they started a spare-time print shop in the basement called THE LITTLE PRESS.

With time on my hands one of the owners started urging me to switch my zine to printing too. I started to print portions and fell head-over-heels in love with the printing process. So I converted the whole mag to it. I paid a fee for use of the equipment and did all my own work. WASTEBASKET #2 took me about three weeks.

GOODNIGHT, SWEET PRESS

Meanwhile THE LITTLE PRESS was taking about half the time of the shop and producing a comfortable amount of spare money. One of the partners in a burst of extravagance during a period of affluence purchased a power press (which turned out to be no good). Shortly after I started the next issue, in July, we had a chance at a linotype second hand cheap.

Our major drawback was having to handset type and we wanted that machine so bad we could taste it. The others just didn't have the cash for the deal and I still did as a result of my car sale so I offered to come in as a third partner providing we turn THE LITTLE PRESS into a really commercial enterprise and go out after business instead of just taking what drifted in of its own accord.



By Wm. Rotblers

Well, they'd been unbelievably lucky and it was time for the luck to change, which it did with a vengeance. We were hit with just about every type of bad luck you can conceive of. Not only did we fail to pick up much extra business...we started having formerly regular customers drift away for one reason or another. Things were looking pretty black when two of us received an offer to go into partnership with a man who owned a local advertising agency & wanted to set up his own print shop. We'd do the work, he'd supply the space, equipment and customers. We didn't feel we could walk out on THE LITTLE PRESS, even though we were losing money in it right and left at the time...we were committed to the third partner so we made a deal whereby we were actually involved in two different print shops in the same town at the same time. But this was a terribly bad piece of judgment it proved. We were committed to devoting much of our time to this second

outfit and our share of profits turned out not to even be a living wage, for various reasons. So we used a loophole in the contract and pulled out after three months.

By this time things were really bleak for us, especially me. I was going deeper into debt by the minute. So, after a couple of months, when I got the opportunity I went back on the road for Western Union as relief manager and in about nine months had my debts paid off. I sold the linotype, which was my share of the shop—took about a 2/3rds loss on it and considered myself lucky to get out that well. Never again will I be so foolish as to try to make a living out of my own print shop. But it is a wonderful hobby, altho time-consuming. All other reproduction methods fade to dross once you have used a printing press. Or, as I've said several times, a mimeo is a means to an end. A press is an end in itself. I really miss working with the printing equipment and had every intention of getting myself another little hand press once I got off the road and had my own place. But I'm stymied...my apartment is quite small and I've even given up trying to figure where I could put a press. But someday I'll have one again.

--Vernon L. McCain

The Million-Year White Whale

By Y. Y. Flertch

(Ray Bradbury is doing the script for a film version of Melville's immortal sea-story, "Moby Dick". Grue's Hollywood editor, Mr. Flertch, herewith speculates upon how a page of Mr. Bradbury's script might look. Might, we say.)

* * *

Ahab was pacing the deck, which smelled like the fish Mom used to bring home on Sundays, after you'd watched the summer nodding like a bright jack-in-the-pulpit toward the purple evening.

"Am I mad?" he asked.

"Sure, Captain, you're mad," Queequeg said. "Mad as a captain. Everybody knows that."

"Of course," said Ishmael, baiting his hook with a minnow as bright as a sardine can and lowering it into the chunky waters. Whales like minnows, he thought, everybody knows that.

"Of course I'm mad," Ahab said. "But I like it that way. It makes me feel like people. Lonely and strong and sometimes happy, too. That's what captains are for." He struck a match on the port steering wheel and went below to reef the scuppers and splice the main-brace.

The men looked at each other, like children look when they are looking at each other.

"The captain's mad," Starbuck said, "Mad as a starbuck."

"Mad as the sea."

The mad sea gulped at Ishmael's minnow. He hadn't caught any whales yet. That was the way it was, on the sea, like a long summer day when all the whales were in the sky and you baited them with the bright minnows of your thoughts.

(Jimmy Stewart will play Ahab, and Marilyn Monroe the Sea. Minnows and other special effects by Romelle Roosevelt, eye-patches created by Zsa-Zsa Gabor.)

-XXX-

* * *

Once Around The Bloch.....

(FAPA Mailing #66 arrived on a Saturday afternoon. I tossed out my comments in a little thing called "Bleen" and mailed it from New London Monday. New London is a scant 12 miles north & east of Weyauwega and I had the mailing along so I drifted over on the way home as I sometimes do, time permitting. I asked Bob if he would care to keep the mailing till I got back next time, reading it over and, if the mood moved, perchance to indite a page or three thereupon. He said he would indeed like to read it and, as for the comments...well, he would see. When he returned them, I found a curious document intermingled with the rest which I reproduce herewith, for all posterity to gawp at. --dag)

Dear Dean:

Yes, I did get the last issue of Grue, and yes, I would be delighted to comment on it.

As a matter of fact, I took some notes on the issue; if I can locate them now, everything will be all right. As I recall it, I put the notes on a piece of paper. I put the piece of paper on my desk. I put my desk on the second floor of the house here.

Now, what in hell happened to the second floor?

I could have sworn it was here this morning!

Well, that's the way things go around here. Somebody obviously is responsible for the disappearance of the second floor, and whoever the scoundrel is, he shall pay dearly. (Dearly is the guy who holds my mortgage, of course.)

But until he is apprehended, redhanded --- or apprehanded, redhanded -- I shall have to rely upon my memory in order to discuss your publication.

As I remember it, Grue came to me wrapped in the pages of a lot of discarded fanzines, in order to protect it from damage in the mails.

These rejects -- throwouts -- whatever they are -- seem to be part of something called "FAPA MAILING 66"

I'm in the dark as to the significance of "66" but the FAPA part I'm familiar with.

FAPA is one of those godawful fan organizations that meets every year at the Convention...usually on a Sunday morning yet, in a side-hall, at some unheard-of hour like 10 AM when most honest, decent, law-abiding folks are just preparing to retire in order to be up in time for the banquet that evening.

I have heard, vaguely, that it has something or other to do with writing, although literacy is apparently not a requirement for joining...I deduce this by the fact that Tucker is a member.

In fact, one of the first of the garbage-wrappings I unpeel seems to be a Tucker effort: plaintively wondering what "88" means. Far be it from me to even attempt to begin to correct the almost illimitable ignorance of the man, but at least I can give him a hint. 88 has something to do with Liberace and a piano. /It's also a code-group meaning "Love & Kisses" in wireless code and a kind of Oldsmobile. --dag/.

He also refers to Colin Clive...I think Clive died in 1935 or 1936, no later: as to whether or not he was the son of oldtime English actor E. E. Clive, I cannot say.

On the other hand, Lee Hoffman is all het up about the social significance of Richard Arlen. As well she might be. Offhand, I can think of no other actor who has lasted longer in major roles. He dates way back to 1920...which is more than you can say for Lee Hoffman.

If there are any nasty notions in your mind about sneaking around and checking my dates, let me forewarn you...you won't find Richard Arlen listed in any possible roster of 1920 players; or '21, '22, '23 for that matter. Instead you'll find Van Mattimore, his real name. Changed it in the mid-twenties as he hit his stride: married Jobyna Ralston in '27. There's a gal Lee won't remember, but Tucker will. Used to play opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedies: THE FRESHMAN, for instance.

Anyhow, Arlen ("Dick" to us oldtimers, who remember him in things like FOUR FEATHERS, which was made only because Paramount had a lot of unusable footage left over from an unsuccessful Cooper-Schoedsack expedition) was definitely a figure of social significance. His slick black patent-leather hair, parted in the middle... his long white "sports collars"...his bathing-suits (inevitable blue trunk, white top of the era)...the toothy grin, Colgating all over the screen...ah yes, R. Arlen was about the most typical type that ever typified Mr. Cleancut Young American in those halcyon days. Although he got plenty of competition from Messers. Dix, Hamilton, Hughes, Rogers, Hall, etc. (Who weeps for James Hall these days, eh?)

Even in the thirties, Arlen had a sort of post-Paramount vogue for a while... he didn't really age in the wood, like Cooper, though, and before too long it was off to Republic and hi-ho Veda Ann Borg. Which in turn is social significance with a veneer. The last I saw of Our Dick he was smoking a pipe (conventional Billiard shape, of course) and wearing a blue yachting cap whilst listening apprehensively to the offstage wind machines on the sound track. I forget the role he portrayed, but I know he was definitely on record as being Against Smuggling... and if I hadn't left for the washroom, I'm afraid he'd have spent the next 53 minutes proving it.

MORAL: If you patronize theatres playing double-features, always make sure they have comfortable, sanitary washrooms. Places where you can relax at leisure over a copy of WILD TALENT or something.

(Of course I don't infer that you can depend on walking into such a washroom and finding a brand-new copy of WILD TALENT lying there. I suppose I was just lucky. Or unlucky, depending on how you view the situation. Dimly, is my method.)

But I see there are a lot more of these quaint FAPA sheets to consider here ...filled with all sorts of stuff, too. Helen Wesson on Japan, with some fine footnotes I footnoted. (About the only instrument I can think of that makes footnotes is an organ -- I just put this in for the benefit of your agile mind which is bound to come up with a variation of some kind, I'm sure: personally, I couldn't care less). /..../

Harry Warner is right: many English pocketbooks are shoddy things. Did I ever show you the luridities they put out of my stuff right after the war? Gnothing but Gnudes, as Phyllis would say. Still paging...Warner on Stravinsky...Stravinsky on the 45-yard-line...there's a shift...Hinckle's going back...back...back... he takes it for a 4 yard loss, out of bounds on his own...

ONCE AROUND THE BLOCH

No. How come Warner ignores the Stravinsky of THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE, or CIRCUS POLKA, or PASTORALE, huh? 'Cause it don't quite square off with his argument, tha's how come, so there! Iggy ain't such a eclectic like Harry says, at least not alla time he ain't. In fact, Iggy will do anything for a fast buck, as both Ringling and Billy Rose can well attest: his kid Soulima has made a few chips executing (and I use the term advisedly) Pa's CAPRICCIO in concert. Not that I don't revere Stravinsky as an artist. I revere him more than Paul. (Paul's an artist too; that's a joke son). I do indeed...but I don't consider him a "dedicated" one: he's as commercial as they come and I therefore suspect some of his unconventionalities as deliberately-executed didos with an eye to the gullible public.

This sure is a collection of stuff you wrapped up here, Dean...SKY HOOK, which I've seen before and commented on...Shelby Vick and Calkins and GM Carr and Danner. Danner quotes Ambrose J. Weems, yet. Shades of Richard Arlen! Who remembers Weems -- Raymond Knight, of ESQUIRE and before that, THE GUCKOO HOUR? A fine program stolen directly from Brad Brown's THE NITWITS (a much better show, by the way, which was aired from Chicago circa 1929) with later plagiarisms from the west coast's CAREFREE CARNIVAL. How I used to detest Knight and his pilfered puns, his hideously contrived ESQUIRE articles (themes of which were also stolen from the DR. TRAPROCK books of that day) and how I smiled in righteous glee as Knight faded from the radio and the lit'r'ry scene. Now, such is my weltschmerz, I'd almost like to see him back, instead of languishing as a columnist for one of those horrible supermarket magazines...which was his fate when last I came across his spoor.

Good heavens...there's no end to this stuff, is there? Page after page of material: intimate confessions and random notations, jottings and juttings and jettings and jettisons and a plethora of puns and associative material to make James re-Joyce.

A person could spend hours on this collection. Come to think of it...I have!

Thanks very much for a look at FAPA MAILING 66, Dean. Very, very enjoyable!

As always,

Robert Bloch

Robert Bloch

PS: Oh yes, about your effort, Grue. I seem to have mislaid it. Hoping you are the same,

RB

"It's only a Shaver moon sailing over a mystery."

--RAB

Which leaves me with a few lines to fill out the page. So here's an offer I wanted to work in here someplace. I seem to have a sort of fetish about fresh typer ribbons. When they start looking the least bit faint, I buy a new one and chunk the old one into my desk drawer. Now I have a drawer-full of partially used ribbons. Point is, there's a lot of mileage left in them...for most people, anyhow. Also, the things are in the way. They are mostly blue/red ones, on Smith-Corona portable spools. You can rewind them onto one of your spools if you don't have a SGP. The cost is quite modest--send me two ~~34~~ stamps and I'll send you one ribbon. That's for postage and the mailing-bag. Also good for tying up Fourth-of-July presents, wrapping mummies, New Year's Eve confetti, Maypole dancing and Ma-a-ahn...dig them cra-a-azy shoelaces! One to a customer while they last, also a few green, black, black/red, brown, green/red, blue/blue, etc. Give second choice. --dag

BOB TUCKER -- HIS PAGES

Being a few pages of snappy comment and devilish wit by a fake fan, through ye courtesy of parapsychologist Grennell.

sleeps with his mouth open and the little light inside keeps me awake.

Before Gernsback Dept:

Purely by accident a few weeks ago I made a strange new acquisition for my collection. Out of the bright blue sky and the postman's mailbag came a sample copy of an old-time Nickel Novel. Some chap in New York has founded a "Dime Novel Club" and reprints some of the rare old-timers of a century ago for his membership, at a buck a copy. How he selected my name to receive a sample I don't know, but he used a shrewd come-on by mailing me a fantastic story.

My copy is Volume One, Number 541 of THE FIVE CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY, datelined New York, January 24, 1888. The magazine is about standard mimeograph or letter size, contains 24 pages of small close-set type, is printed on specially yellowed paper to simulate "age", and is probably a perfect reproduction of the original. The thrilling full-length novel in this issue is "Frank Reade and His Steam Man of the Plains," by Noname. The cover illustration depicts a steam-driven robot pulling a small wagon across the plains; the wagon carries water and wood for stoking the boiler, and two heroic plainsmen in fancy costumes. While one man busies himself in firing at redskins, the other is driving the robot with bridle and bit. The robot itself is a fearsome creature built like an extremely stout man; a belly plate opens up for fire-stoking purposes, the eyes glow from the fire, and black smoke pours from a stovepipe hat. A pack on its back contains a gauge or two, and a whistle.

Dipping into the story, I find that this creature scares the hell out of redskins and renegade whites alike, especially when the hero tosses "powders" into the fire which burn and light up the sky with a colorful glow. The shrieking steam whistle comes in handy too. There is no room in the illustrated robot for the gears and pistons necessary to make those legs move, but heck, I can't have everything for a nickel. Here is a sample of chapter three:

(The wagon train has been ambushed by Indians:)

"A terrible shriek rang out. The sound was like a hoarse whistle. Again that loud, piercing sound came to their ears. Then they heard the noise of heavy feet rushing swiftly toward them over the plains. A powerful light suddenly flashed over the prairies, revealing a large body of men standing and crouching in the grass.

"Fire!" the command pealed loudly from the lips of the old guide. Crash! The guns of the emigrants sent forth their death-dealing storm. Then followed a thrilling sight. As the cries and shrieks of the wounded and dying pealed forth on the air, that loud whistling sound again rang out, and forth from the darkness rushed a gigantic form with eyes of fire. The neck and waist of the monster were encircled with sheets of flame. From the mouth of the blazing giant a cloud of steam issued. Uttering fearful shrieks, the frightful-looking creature rushed among the struggling mass of red and white rascals and pulled up with a sudden jerk.

"Then the belts of fire at the neck and waist widened and suddenly sent forth bright balls of flame. With reports like guns, the fiery missiles shot forth from the circles of flame and spread consternation ... among the redskins. ... The flaming balls shot rapidly among the robbers, darting hither and thither like stars of fire. The terrible looking giant stood motionless on the plains, surveying the scene with eyes which sent forth two long streams of light, still sending forth those awful shrieks as though exulting loudly over the panic."

This has been condensed; in the original almost every sentence is a separate paragraph. The above three paragraphs, for instance, are really nineteen paragraphs in the original. But the steam giant comes charging up shooting balls of fire and casting a weird glow over the night prairie, to send the rascally redskins packing for safety.

The opening paragraph of chapter four states: "Of course there was a cause for the prairie fire mentioned in the second chapter; and as the persons connected with its origin have some bearing upon the story, we shall present them to the reader." Can't you just see THAT popping up in a manuscript submitted to Campbell or Gold? And chapter five contains a thrilling bit of skullduggery, again condensed from several short paragraphs:

"When Frank felt himself graspen by human hands he did not lose his head. He merely twisted his head around to find out who held him. It was one of the white robbers. "Die, ye cussed imp!" cried this amiable and mild gentleman of the prairie, and lifted his blood stained knife with the charitable idea of saving the boy all future trouble etc. But the plucky inventor of the steam man was too full of neat little tricks and ideas to allow this. He merely kicked the fellow heavily on the shins, giving him a regular cap-lifter with the toe of his boot, and the foolish chap was silly enough to drop him, while he clapped his hand to his knee and set up a most dolorous yell."

I'd like to have seen and heard that.

Mr. Willis will be pleased to learn that his countrymen are well represented in the fray: "Oh, no, me foine laddy," cried Barney, starting after (a robber) with a full jump, and brandishing his well-used blackthorn stick. "This would be slightin' us, do you see. We couldn't think of partin' wld ye, not jist now anyhow." And then he leaped upon the flying man and made a clip at him with his shillelah. The man turned and drew his knife, which pleased Barney very much. "An' it's a foine boy ye are," he said, making another clip at his enemy's head, which the latter blocked with his drawn blade. "Ye have the rale stuff in ye, and I'll fight fairer wid ye for that same. Howld on for one breath, and I'll throw me stick away."

"The fearless fellow really would have thrown his shillelah away and fought the outlaw with his knife, to show his approval, if the robber had given him time. "Go to thunder, you blundering Irish fool" he cried, and leaped upon Rooney with upraised knife, "take that!" He made a desperate lunge at the Patlander, but Rooney ... managed to defend himself equally as well by kicking out with a will. His heavy boot struck the descending blade from the hand of his foe."

That too was a neat trick, but the following paragraphs tell of a more amazing performance. The villain is down on the ground and Barney bends over him to ascertain his state of consciousness. But the sneaky fellow is laying for him and whips out a mean-looking pistol.

"The man dropped to the ground as if shot, and his knife went

whistling through the air. Barney was about to step forward to examine his prostrate opponent, when the hand of the robber flew up and Barney Shea caught the blue gleam of a pistol barrel. It is doubtful whether the man had effected his drop in any quicker time than our Irish friend executed his. He realized that the pistol would go off, and that in all probability the muzzle would be pointed at his body, therefore he wisely concluded to fall as flat as a pancake, and to do so as quickly as possible. So down went Barney Shea, and at the same moment the pistol went off. The ball flew harmlessly above the form of the shrewd Irishman, and in less than a moment he was on his feet."

There now, Walter, aren't you proud of Barney Rooney-Shea? Only a shrewd and fast-moving man from your native shores could be as agile as all that. And note the scientific ratiocination. Zounds!

The Dime Novel Club catalog lists four additional titles which indicate similar fantastic items: "Frank Reade and His New Steam Man," "Frank Reade and His Queen Clipper of the Clouds," (also part two of the same title,) "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Rocket," and "Two Boys' Trip to An Unknown Planet." If you are interested, each costs \$1, from Charles Bragin, 1525 west 12th st., Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

The Merchant of Mainz Dept:

Is Coswal still collecting Bibles? A recent catalog from a New York dealer advises me that I may purchase for my collection a "genuine leaf from the Gutenberg Bible" for only \$375. This leaf contains chapters 19 and 20 of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. I wonder if someone has originated a beautiful racket here? Rip out the pages and sell them singly; the total should amount to well over the asking price for the entire volume.

Dr. Tucker's Dept:

It ain't often that I get an opportunity to be a know-it-all, so when the chance does appear I seize it. I Am Shelby Vick wishes info on the origins of "Yngvi" and "Gafia." He isn't a de Camp reader, is he? There has been much debate over the past decade whether or not Yngvi is a louse, but whatever his lousy status may be, Lymon Sprague de Camp invented the term in a book-length novel, "The Roaring Trumpet," May 1940 UNKNOWN. Harold Shea, hero of this yarn, is cast into jail where one of the other victims is a nameless old man who periodically shuffles up to the bars, shouts "Yngvi is a louse!" and retires until an hour or so later. As I recall it, this byplay continues for days-- or as long as Shea remains in jail. I find it rather odd that fandom should keep this thing alive for so long.

"Gafia" is so ancient it is almost prehistoric. Dick Wilson, a most forgotten fan who occasionally appears in the promags, invented that one circa 1938. It may have come into existence when he suspended publication of Science Fiction News Letter --- his News Letter, not mine. I merely borrowed the title from him. Then, as now, every fanzine got a nickname whether the editor wanted it or not, and usually it was Ackerman who bestowed them. News Letter was "Nell."

I've often found myself amused at youngfen employing slogans and terms which date back to prehistoric times, but who obviously haven't the slightest idea of origin or originator ... and sometimes ignorant of the actual meaning of the thing. (This doesn't apply to Shelby.)

"THE ZITHER THAT ABSOLUTELY NEVER"

(With apologies to a certain OOPSLA! columnist)

By Paul Mittelbuscher

FANNISH IDOL'S TYPE DEPARTMENT Why is it, I wonder, that fandom is so eager to adapt the supposed witticisms of comic strips as "fannish" type humor and to symbolize their attitude toward existence by the imitation and adoration of such as POGO and MAD never discovered what in my youthful days was synonymous with humor ... THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS? At least to me there was no more genuinely laugh-provoking comic strip in existence. Early fandom, or more precisely fandom of the late thirties seemingly held Al Capp's LI'L ABNER in affection recognizing it as the paragon of satiric endeavor. Even today such an illustrious fan as Vernon McCain openly swears allegiance to this widely syndicated strip. Long before I realized Science Fiction was a categorized fiction apart from its brethren I read and enjoyed the misadventures of the Captain, Miss Twiddle, Mama, The Inspector, and the infamous "Kids". Of course the sequences are a form of slap-stick, "Pie-in-the-face" fare. The continual scrapes which Hans and Fritz, Mama's "Dollinks" involve themselves are brought about by sheer mischief on the kid's part. There is no satiric message, such as can be garnered from POGO nor any lampoons of currently well-known figures such as offered by LI'L ABNER; nor yet any takeoffs on other comic strips and bizarre interpretations of books, movies, etc., as are seen in MAD. But, despite all that, the doings of the Kids have a charm all their own for many of whom I am but one. Any DENNIS THE MENACE fans in the house?

"The column that is banned in Boskone"

--PM

"They Just Fade Away" Department Those of you who admire the fan writings of Bob Silverberg and Jim Harmon--as I do--had better reconcile yourselves to the fact that both will doubtless ease off markedly on their fan-output in the future. Bob implied this in a recent letter, having particular reference to his annual summarizing of the year's SF output which has become such a popular feature of his magazine SPACESHIP. He surmised that he would "try to find some capable fan to do the job when the time comes". Silverberg feels that it is rather impertinent for one of the newest and youngest pro authors to write critical articles. Naturally this leads me to wonder how well-qualified we "peasants" are to do so who have never made a sale. One can visualize some of the more thin-skinned editors becoming mentally prejudiced against a submitter who has previously seen fit to speak of their magazine and editorial policies in derogatory terms. It does not change the situation to point out that this indicates clearly the smallness of their character. Speaking for myself, I can say without fear of being forced to retract my statement that if/when I edit anything, be it fanmag or THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, I shall be interested only in securing good material. Consequently, if someone can provide it I wouldn't care if he openly called me every obscene word in his vocabulary. However I'm wandering a bit. It is ironical that Harmon should be reaching the peak of his fannish career at this time. His column in PEON seems to improve with each passing issue. Recently no less a connoisseur than Willis rendered an aria of praise for the Sage of Mt. Carmel. I applaud Willis's taste and am inclined to second his opinions. Incidentally, Walt's growing paeans seem to fall into the class of "Heaping Coals of Fire". Remember when Harmon was saying "I hate Willis's guts" and "Willis is the hand of friendship across the sea...palm up" (Quoted from OPUS #19)? This is one more reason why I consider WAW to be one of the most valuable individuals currently active in fandom. Harmon, like many of us (your columnist included) has an unfortunate tendency to utter words in the heat of argument which might better be left unsaid.

Well, good-bye now. I must be....zithering off..... -30-

--PM

Being an article of sorts, with no particular title, upon the perils and pratfalls with which one's neofannish writings may well be fraught...

Excerpted from a letter by

LEE JACOBS, W3SZM/6

Redd sent you a copy of Chaos? That's interesting; you never know who reads your stuff. Burbee told me that he'd heard a wirecoding of a fanfiction-type radio script that I did for Saps a couple of years ago (Dave Ish did the job), and you tell me that you read Chaos. Let that be a lesson, Dean; never write anything seemingly inconsequential for stfnal publication--you may be haunted in later years by quotations from your own stuff. You never know just where such things will pop up.

I had a particularly noteworthy case of exactly such a happening. (Sorry to bore you with the next few paragraphs, but you might get a slight snicker...) In late '49, or perhaps it was early '50, I finally wrote an article for a fanzine--this was before, just before I joined Saps and the Papa (the first time I was in Papa). The article was called "The Mathematics of Fandom" and it appeared in the last subzine form of Art Rapp's Spacewarp. Hmm, come to think of it I wrote the thing in March, 1950; no matter. Right after publishing that article, Art folded Spacewarp and went back into the Army, so I feel that I personally killed "Fandom's Leading Monthly" (since 1947). So much for ancient history. I was in the army at the time.

A year later, still in the army (RA all the way for 5 years, 8 months and 16 days), I was installing single sideband communications equipment outside of Paris, France. SHAPE had barely started and I was one of the first US Army technicians over there, though by no means the last, in the first months of '51. London was holding an International Convention in May of '51, so naturally I attended.

I'd known of the London crowd for years, since I'd read many of the London writings during the Wartime fanzines. Carnell, Temple, Gillings, Clarke were all familiar names. But they were more concerned with the technical and professional end of stf in the postwar era. Never thought anyone would be reading American Fanzines.

So imagine my utter surprise when a youngish looking chap a few years my senior exclaimed heartily: "Lee Jacobs!" I wondered who in Beer's name had heard of me over here. "Mathematics of Fandom!" exclaimed the youngish looking chap again. I guess I had a baffled look on my face, for he said, "I'm Walt Willis."

At the time I didn't even know who Walt Willis was, or James White, or the rest of the new crop of Island fans. It wasn't till later when I read Quandry and went to N'Awleans that I discovered how much of a BNF Willis was. But the idea of having someone an ocean away knowing of you out of a clear blue sky, if you don't mind a trite cliché...

Of course, what even sounds sillier is having somebody quote the remarks you made as a neofan, after you've become a BNF. Periodically someone crops up with exactly a column of the same idea, and for a brief period somebody shudders. For that matter, read letterhack Asimov in the early Super Science and the wartime hacking of now prowriters Chad Oliver (the Loony Lad of Ledgewood) and Milt (the Happy Genius) Lesser, or perhaps editor Larry (the Hermit; Look for the Big Red Letters on the cave) Shaw. Watch out Dean--it could happen to you!

Vy 73, Lee Jacobs

MISCELLANIA

Before I have any chance of forgetting, I wish to thank Bob Tucker for his column which you just passed a little ways back there. Bob not only cut the stencils (with even edges yet!) but he also paid for them and the paper his column was printed upon! Thanks also to all the rest of you people who contributed to this issue, either with material or encouragement. Bill Stavdal has sent down a 7-page takeoff on Pogo over which Bloch and I laughed ourselves into near-apoplexy. It is a very funny thing and I would have liked to include it in this issue but I couldn't see my way clear to do so. For one thing, there's the matter of the copyright on Pogo which is owned by Walt Kelly Himself. Kelly is one of the very few cartoonists who owns the copyright on his own strip, most of the others being owned by the syndicates. I have too high a regard for Kelly to run the risk of encountering him in a copyright suit. However, I think I'll try to get his permission to use it and, if that can be arranged, you'll be seeing it in some future issue. Here's hoping.

Another thing I keep forgetting to mention...do any of you people reading this happen to have access to a "Memobelt" Dictaphone? It's a little flat machine that sets on a desk and it cuts 15 minutes of recorded talk on a plastic belt measuring perhaps 5" wide by 5" in diameter. The belt only costs 3¢ apiece and the company where I work has one of them* I don't have a tape-recorder or the use of one but I've often thought it would be nice if I could locate some other fan with a Dictaphone of this type so that we could engage in verbal correspondence. If you don't have one though, don't bother to buy one as they cost quite a bit. I think the set we have--a recorder and a transcriber--cost around \$750, but I wouldn't swear to this.

*Dictaphone, that is

Later on, in the letter section, you'll hear Chuck Harris enthusing over the Olivetti typer. I found an office-supply store in Appleton that handles these machines and tried one out. It's a very light-weight, compact little portable and the touch is not at all bad. Matter of fact, I'm thinking of getting one if I can but figure a way to promote the requisite capital. It would lend a certain distinctive charm to these pages, I think (wonder if they type with an accent?) and it does seem to cut a nice stencil. They are available only in a sort of elite type which is actually a tiny trifle wider than standard elite. Twelve v's measure 1-1/32nd" wide where most elite would be one inch even.

The Olivetti, like this Swiss typer the Hermes, has vertical half-spacing which means that you can type a space and a half between lines and give the effect of double-spacing without the prolific consumption of paper. I think I'd still keep my trusty Smith-Corona portable too because my fingers know their way around on it better and I'm used to its crazy, mixed-up keyboard. Somewhere about this issue there should be a sample of the typeface on an Olivetti. The guy donated a stencil for me to try in it but he didn't have a cushion-sheet to put behind it. Even so I didn't think it cut too badly. He also had a special hard-rubber platen to fit the S-CP which, he said, would make it cut stencils like a million bucks. I don't know how a million bucks works on stencils but I couldn't see any difference between the two platens. I did discover that I could cut fairly well with the platen I have if I use a cushion sheet and no film above it. Pages 3-4 and the pica-size part of the Flertch article were cut on it. This issue has the work of five different typers in it: Tucker's sans-serif (called "Moderne"), the Olivetti, a new Smith-Corona Office-model (the first 12 pages of FFW), the S-CP and this venerable Elsie Smith. But I'd best change subjects before someone accuses me of being a typer-fan.

Speaking of Appleton reminds me...there is a new fan there. His name is John Courtois and his address, as near as I can remember it, is 318 E. Commercial Street. Beyond this, I don't know much about him. Nor do I want to. I first encountered him when he wrote down for a copy of Filler after the ad for it appeared in Imagination, writing under the name of "Jean O. Courtois". The letter was mildly smutty and not especially funny but he enclosed a quarter so I sent along a polite note thanking "her" for it. Betimes, back came another letter, about 8 times as smutty and one-sixteenth as funny as the first. I didn't answer this, but passed it down to Ted Wagner, who has an objective, clinical interest in such things. Ted wrote a few letters and then went up to see "her". He reports that Courtois is all by himself as far as brothers and sisters are concerned (Jean, it seems, is a figment of his febrile imagination). I think the thing that impressed Ted most was the fact that Courtois played "A Star Fell On Alabama" on his phonograph as they talked. Played it at least 8 times that Ted counted. Ted's verdict: "He's an odd one."

Since then, I notice that he's embarked on an active career of letterhackery. In some cases, for instance a recent SFQ, he's represented twice; both as John and Jean Courtois. As John, he has a letter in the latest (Spring) TWS that's about as stomach-turning as you'll often encounter. He's ranting away about fans being "...the slimiest bunch of jerks he's ever seen". Also there's a fine bit about these foul creatures feeling hurt because their folks don't understand the importance of the nasty, dirty little letters they write. I am quoting from memory but I don't think I'm far off on the wording. Coming from Courtois, of all people, this is more than a little ludicrous. I have never seen or received a letter from a fan or anybody else that was so wetly reeking with senseless, unfunny filth as the ones I've received from this jovial chap.

The main reason I'm mentioning this is that I don't want somebody to think that Courtois is another Grennell pseudonym. At the moment I'm having enough misdirected tomatoes tossed at me for the piece David Grinnell wrote for SFQ without receiving any ominously-ticking packages that should have been sent to the fan from Appleton. In fact, all of the Wis-Fans feel that they don't want to be associated with him or held responsible for his despumations. This makes two people from Appleton I don't care to feel responsible for, our junior Senator being the other one.

I suppose you read A CASE OF CONSCIENCE in If a while back, by James Blish? I can't seem to share Boggs' enthusiasm for it nor does Atheling state my views on it. Paradoxically enough, I found it at once dull and frightening. Dull, on account of Mr. Blish's narrative style which usually impresses me, somehow, as being rather comatose and heavy-handed; frightening because of the glimpse it offers of what well might be the shape of things to come.

I'm referring, of course, to this crusading, missionary spirit which I guess I'd always assumed was going to be bred out of the human race by the time they started planet-hopping. History is full of more-or-less well-meaning meddlers who just couldn't let well enough alone. At risk of precipitating another religious jehad amongst fandom, I'm of the mind that it would be superfluous, not to say impertinent, for Homo sapiens to try to spread Christianity among the other planets. I tentatively base this opinion on the fact that, it seems to me, if God wants Christianity spread over the planets of Alpha-Centauri then he would send His Only Begotten Son there and not leave the job to a bunch of fumbling amateurs.

But that is neither Damon nor Pythias and quite beside the point. Every time man starts diddling with nature's balance (which may well have taken the old gal millions of years to work out) he upsets the whole apple-cart.

Take, for instance, Australia: they had coyotes or wolves or dingo dogs or some similar critter that was killing off the rancher's sheep. So the ranchers went to considerable trouble to eliminate the canine predators. So wha'happen? So the rabbits multiplied with the fecundity that has made the rabbit's name a legend and now, as I understand, they are raising and/or importing coyotes to turn loose again. Take, for instance, the cheerful eggheads who imported the English Sparrow and the Starling to this country. I hope they erect a statue of that person somewhere and, further, that the sparrows and starlings for miles around make pilgrimages to it and leave offerings.

Point I'm reaching for is this: almost every locale where the ten-thumbed hand of man has set foot has suffered to some greater or lesser extent. Picture, if you can, the possibilities of havoc when man starts tampering with the ecological balance of entire planets!

Reminds me that Redd mentioned a while back that churches in Africa have religious pictures showing the various holy ones as negroes, complete with halo, etc. This, in its own way, is no more startling than the picture of Jesus you can see in most any religious-goods store which shows Him with a beautiful straight nose that Tyrone Power might well be proud to snort through. If us Aryans can take artistic license with His nose, then who are we to take umbrage if some dusky convert takes it upon himself to add a bit more melanin to His skin? Huh?

Which leads to a perfectly logical extrapolation. If man goes to Mars, and if he finds a race of sentient beings with a form like a caterpillar with six sets of wings in tandem (thin Martian air, y'know) living there, and if he tries to convert them to The One True Belief (Down, Mohammed Boy) then one fine day you'll be able to go into the First Martian Methodist church in the heart of downtown Aresopolis and see a fine mural executed by a new convert name of G'flick Buhgrizzy. You'll know who it is by the halo just atop his stalk-eyed Martian head.

If you're looking for trends to extrapolate, there's a dilly shaping up right now in India. The World Health Organization (WHO) is going in there with anti-biotics and wonder-drugs and the latest thing in modern pediatrics and they hope to beat down India's notorious infant-mortality rate several pegs.

Now that, you'll agree, sounds like a fine Christian type of thing to do. On the surface it would certainly seem so. Half of all the children born in India die before they reach the age of seven! This is certainly a shocking condition and something should be done about it.

Digressing for a moment, did you know that if every egg a female codfish laid were to hatch and grow to maturity and if every one of those codfish did the same, it wouldn't be any time at all till we were up to here in codfish? But the codfish, too, has a ruinously high infant mortality rate so that, year in and year out, there are precisely enough codfish to process into codfish balls and so far we aren't even ankle-deep in them.

Even so Mother India. If you cut down the IM rate without a proportional reduction in the birth-rate, inside of a few generations the world is going to be up to here in Indians--and I don't mean the kind that bite the dust in hoss-opera! The authorities in India take a much more realistic and cold-blooded view of the matter. After all, it's their country and they have to make a living in it for themselves and their families. One of them went so far as to say, "Our high infant death-rate is our only salvation."

So what, exactly, should be done about India? It is, of course, Totally Unthinkable that we should stay out of it entirely and mind our own blasted business. Mercy no...man just isn't built that way. I'm not bringing a mass indictment of our present culture--it's been this way since 2500 BC and there's no sign of a let-up...the First through Umpteenth Crusades, including the infamous "Children's Crusade"...the Buddhists and the Mohammedans lurching back and forth across Asia for the 1000 years BC, converting and slaughtering everybody in their path, the fond memories of Spanish Inquisitions and Calvinist witch-hangings...Cortez and Pizarro and the wealth of the Incas making the stately galleons ride low in the water as it went back to swell the coffers of the faith that is built on a rock and Damn, damn, damn the lousy Morros, Civilize 'em with a Krag and we'll make the world safe for democracy and....hell, this's as good a place to stop as any.

No, they won't/can't let India alone anymore than they can let the H-Bomb and all its alphabetical cousins alone. Sure, it's fine to care for and educate the children of India but wouldn't it be a good idea to close down the faucet a bit? How are you going to get an entire race of people to change their mores and re-productive customs overnight? You say teach 'em birth control? Provide free contraceptives? O buh-ruther! Start talking that up and, among other things, you'll have most of the churches and clubwomen in the country down the back of your neck with no holds barred! Logical? Sure it's logical and that's probably the whole trouble.

Who ever heard of Homo sap. being logical, en masse?

Barring edible materials, what's your favorite smell? Some flower, maybe? Personally, I can't stand hyacinths with their heavy, sickening, funeral-parlor stench and even the celebrated smell of a rose leaves me about where it finds me (although I like to look at them). The nicest smelling flower I know of is a tree that grows wild up here...a wild crab-apple. The apples don't amount to shucks but in the Spring--just a few more weeks now--they burst into bloom and the whole trees will be a big puff-ball of strawberry-ice cream pink with thick-petalled blossoms as big as a silver dollar. You go up to the tree and shoulder aside a few bees and stick your head up among the blooms and just stand there inhaling for all you're worth and wishing you had a separate exhaust vent so you didn't have to exhale. If you've never smelled a wild crab-apple in full bloom, you just ain't lived.

But there are other things besides flowers that smell nice: perfume of the better sort and the lee side of a freshwater lake when it's rained the night before and that fleeting wonderful factory smell that lingers with a brand-new car for about the first 2000 miles (to say nothing of the exotic fragrance of lacquer in a body-and-fender shop when you take it in to have the fenders ironed out). And then there's the gun-bug's own personal perfume, Hoppe's #9 bore-cleaner and there's model-airplane cement and the piquant chemical smell of a fresh-opened box of cut-film.

Laugh if you wish, but I even like the smell when a blacksmith holds the hot shoe to the horse's hoof when he's installing hoss-shoes. The horse, by the way, has the singular distinction of being the only animal on this earth whose perspiration has a not-unpleasant smell. There is a whole batch of smells associated with horses which blends into a sort of stable symphony...the linaments and the salves and the odd aroma of a well-seasoned currycomb and the fine leathery, neats-foot smell that clings to harness and saddle. And the dry, dusty smell of oats.

The sense of smell is a very associative one. Your subconscious files away a particular smell and you forget it till it crops up later on and then it all comes back in total recall. At least that's the way it is with me. I happened to walk past a blacksmith shoeing a horse the other day (which is what triggered all this business) and that aforesaid pleasantly acrid smell of burning hooves no more than touched my nose when I "slipped back" momentarily to Atwater, Wisconsin, circa 1928 or so where we used to watch a friendly old blacksmith named Albert Schmidt shoe horses and when he had a spare minute he'd make us rings out of horseshoe nails and let us look at his watch-charm which was a tiny blacksmith's hammer about 2" long which was the first thing he'd made at blacksmith's school in the Old Country.

All this, mind you, from one whiff of burnt hoof. Gad--I'm getting all Bradburyish.

I had another one of these flash-recalls a few months ago. Somebody brought a bunch of GI steel-case .45 shells down to the range for a match and the smell was the same as the smell of caliber .30 machinegun ammo...the smell of the powder smoke, that is. It took me back to the ground gunnery range at Harlingen, Texas, and I'll swear I could hear the harsh spraying noise of a cal-30 above the boom of the .45's.

Which leads us up to another thing--onomatopoeia, the formation of words in imitation of natural sounds. I have never encountered a good onomatopoetic representation of the noise a machinegun makes. It most assuredly does not go "ratta-tat-tat"...at least no self-respecting Browning or Thompson does that. Maybe some foreign make like a Chatellerault or a Darn or a Tokarev goes ratta-tat-tat and maybe a Hotchkiss or a Lewis used to broaden the "a" and go rotta-tot-tot but the ratta-tat-tatting Browning is a myth.

As close as I can remember, a sub-machinegun such as a Thompson or an M-3 greasegun goes "dob-dob-dob" very loudly and very rapidly with a touch of rising pitch as the heavy breech-block begins to loosen up. A caliber .50 at close range beats your eardrums to their metaphorical knees and buries you under an avalanche of sound that can't be described with human vocal cords. But from a distance, it goes something like "doodoodoodood" in a deep bass, slurring its syllables together. A caliber .30 in good order hits a cyclic rate of 1800 rounds per minute which is 30 a second. A 30-cycle beat is definitely a sound in its own right and a good caliber .30 in full vigor sounds like nothing so much as the loudest, most gargantuan Bronx-cheer you ever heard. "Brap-p-p-p"---so.

You know, I'll bet credits to crullers that if space travel ever becomes an accomplished fact, it'll be the death of Science Fiction As We Know It Today. Absolutely. A genre of literature (if you'll permit me the term) does not thrive during the same time-segment as its subject matter. Maybe detective stories and love stories (corpse-opera and couch-opera if you prefer) can but they are the exceptions. The world of the contemporary western pulp never existed and it never will. It is an ersatz milieu, as phony as the control consoles in a TV spaceship. The never-never world of Horntoad Gulch and the purty schoolmarm was born some time around the turn of the last century in the dime-novels (technically, the "nickel-libraries") and in the writings of such pioneers as Owen Wister and B. M. Bower. Read "The Virginian" by Wister and you'll recognize it at once as the archetype of all the westerns from that day till this. But no matter--point is, our interest in westerns and historical novels (Hah!) stems as much from temporal displacement as any intrinsic interest, as such.

If you read things like "Writer's Yearbook" you'll encounter terms like "Our stories take place in the timeless west." By timeless west they mean people facing the conditions of 1850-1895 except that the protagonists are conveniently modernized. A heroine with a bustle and a George Sand hairdo or a hero with sideburns who chews cut-plug do nothing for the modern reader. Nothing at all. So you have a judicious intermingling of time-streams to form the stylized and traditional background for most of today's westerns.

But the readers and writers of westerns are fortunate in a way. Their period of reference lies in the past and there is no reason at the moment why "Ace-High Western" won't someday put out its May issue for the year 2054. They are set for a long time to come.

But there's one class of specialized magazines that's totally defunct today--largely because it had the misfortune to find itself co-contiguous with its subject matter. I'm referring to what they call the "Air-War" magazines that used to flourish as the green bay tree (NB: I just came through Green Bay this evening and their trees were flourishing nicely.).

"Spad-opera", you might call them--and I remember them fondly and well. They were much prone to a Gimmick: J. Fenimore Cooper had his snapping twig (which Mark Twain discussed with acid insight in his memorable critique of Cooper's works) and the AW pulps had their shattered instrument panel. It never failed. The hero would be screaming along under full throttle at maybe 118 mph in his trusty S.P.A.D. (or, once in a while for variety, a Sopwith Camel or an S.E.5) and, out of a clear blue sky his instrument panel would fly to flinders and he'd be doused with hot crankcase oil. This was the way that Baron von Ringling and his flying circus of red-nosed Fokker D-7's (Tripes, Albatri, Taubes, etc.) always announced that they were in the neighborhood and spoiling for a donnybrook. It wasn't considered sporting to shoot a man down without warning. First you riddled be-jaysus out of his altimeter and half-blinded him with crankcase oil. THEN, and only then, you commenced to make nidd der Spandau und das Vickers. Yes, I remember them well. They had their hey-day during the middle 30's, along with the one-character detective/adventure pulp like DOC SAVAGE, The Shadow, The Avenger, The Angel, The Ghost, The Phantom, The Black Bat, etc., ad infinitum. The AW jobs of that day included Daredevil Aces, Flying Aces, Sky Fighters, Wings, G-8 and his Battle Aces and War Birds...to name a few. They are all gone now...though Flying Aces has a spiritual heir in Flying Models. FA (not you, Z-D) in those days featured three stories per issue, plus material on real airy-planes and recipes for 3-4 models each issue. The model department turned out to be the only one with enough reader-appeal to survive to this day.

Incidentally, there was all the makings for a full-fledged fandom based on AW pulps at one time. About all that was lacking was the AWP equivalent of Tucker and Ackerman to set the ball rolling. DdA had a reader's department (called, I think, "Tailspins") which was conducted by one Nosedive Ginsberg and if you walked in in the middle of the show you couldn't for the life of you tell it from Sgt. Saturn and his merrie morons. Same juvenile patter, same flatulent insults, same everything.

It was sometime around 1938 that the AW pulps hit their peak and started sharply down-grade. War was breaking out in China and in Spain...the start of the recurring war-fever that continues almost unbroken today. This was fine at first. You immediately started seeing stories like "Hell Hammers Harbin", by the Don Keyhoe who was to become an authority on flying saucers. You encountered reams of stuff on the Spanish Civil war with the rebels always depicted as the baddies on account of the Fascists were worse than the Commies in them days. But after just a little while the novelty wore off and sales dropped.

Then came the Hitler War and it wasn't long till Pearl Harbor and the fat was in the fire for true. Within a year or so after PH there was hardly an AW mag left on the stands. Reason--all of the red-blooded, air-minded young lads who had formerly bought the things were in the Army or Navy Air Force and were having adventures enough of their own. They didn't need stories of air war for their own amusement...anything but, in fact.

True, the last of the AW pulps died hard. The final issue of Wings could still be seen on the stands as recently as last summer. But today the Spad-opera is one with Nineveh and Tyre and Nick Carter, master of disguise. Anyone want to make book on how many issues ASF puts out after the landing of the first moon rocket?

I'd tentatively scheduled a discussion on the Gestetner as versus the Rexograph for somewhere along in here. But it'll have to wait for some other time when I haven't been so verbose. Besides, I don't want to place too much emphasis on the technical end of fan-pubbling anyway. After all, it isn't so much how you say it that's important; it's what you say that counts.

I remember when I attended high school at Campbellsport, Wisconsin, there was a guy named Matt Bowser who sat next to me and that sonofagun could draw like nobody's business. He always used a Venus drawing pencil, about a 4B, and I was dead certain in my secret heart that all I needed to draw as good as he did was a Venus Drawing Pencil. Finally I managed to buy one and I was bitterly disappointed to find that, in my hands, it made the same amorphous smudges as a regular pencil did, only blacker. I sorta wonder where Bowser is these days and if I could induce him to turn out some badly-needed artwork for Grue's purty blue&white pages...

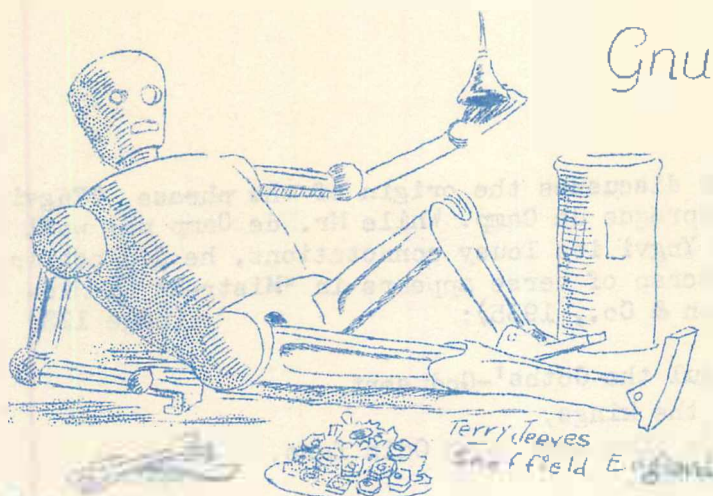
The world is crammed with people who are sure that they could turn out top grade creative work if they could only afford a Leica or an electric typer and, "Gosh, my fanmag would be as good as STF TRENDS if I could only afford a Multilith!" (Ever hear that, Plato Jones?). There is no place where this is so perfectly true as in the field of amateur photography. During the years when I cohorted with the FdL camera club I became convinced that the shutterbug has as his credo the unswerving faith that he could be another Steichen if he could only afford a Deardorff 8x10 with a 14" Goerz Dagor and one uh them big Saltzman enlargers and all those 1000-watt spots and floods and stuff. Your typical lens-fanatic spends all his effort going ever deeper into hock for costlier equipment, always thinking that if he pays enough for a camera he's bound to get good pictures. Or he goes off the deep end in the other direction and devotes prodigious effort to perfecting his technique and print quality, buying countless developers, toners and trick chemicals.

There isn't one in three-score who gives the most cursory thought to what he points his high-priced glassware at. Believe me, I know--I've gone through all these stages myself!

I'm sorry I can't write you an illuminating article on what to write about. That's something you have to work out for yourself...and besides that it's something that gives me a lot of trouble too. Or had you noticed?

I've a few more things on the list to discuss but they are nearly all things that I'd have to check on at home to get addresses, exact quotes, etc. I'm typing this in a motel, having lugged this most unportable of typers along. But I must perforce draw this to a close in the next three lines. This is the last blank Gestencil in northern Wisconsin for all I know--at least it's the last one I can lay my hands on. Such stuff as carries over will have to wind up in the department known as the Rear Visiplate. See you back there.

--Dean A. Grennell



Submitted by
Paul Miteibuscher

Gnurrserly Rhymes

21

Grue's Department of Not-Prose

This first item was submitted
by Redd Boggs, although he
points out that he didn't necess-
arily write it.

MIDNIGHT ON THE OCEAN

Screenplay by dag from a novel by
Ogden Nash:

There once was a fan named Chuck Harris,
Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
Till the bath-salts one day
In the tub where he lay
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

(Also loosely filched from Nash, for
the express benefit of a certain west-coast
editor):

There was a young man of Calcutta
Who annointed his tonsils with butta.
This muffled his snore
From a deafening roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

To whoon it may concern:

A lass with three lovers in Lourdes
Found herself being cut into thirds.
She complained, "Kissing's fine
And romance is divine
But this sort of thing's for the birds!"
--dag

There was an old lush from Calais
Who doted on absinthe frappe.
But, one day in the fall,
He drank wood alcohol
Which corroded his gullet away. --dag

There was an old woman in Spain
Whose features were terribly plain;
Her assault on the eye
Made the poor Spanish fly
Giving cries of unbearable pain. --dag

Palindrome department, Latin Division:
Also:

"Si nummi immunis."
(Jack Speer, please note.)

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a streetcar was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly
For it rained all day that night.

It was summer and the rising sun
Was setting in the west,
While little fishes home from school
Were nestled in their nest.

'Twas a summer's day in winter;
The rain was snowing fast,
As a barefoot girl with shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass

The sun was simply pouring down,
The rain was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he found himself adrift
With a bored-out outboard motor
In his high, dramatic shift;

While at the church on Sunday
Lard was rendered by the choir;
As the organ pealed potatoes
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted
As he madly tore his hair;
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

Si bene te tua laus taxat sua laute tenebis
Et necat eger amor non Roma rege tacente
Roma reges una non anus eger amor.

GNURRERY RHYMES

Back on page 11, kindly old Dr. Tucker discusses the origin of the phrase, "Yngvi is a louse!" and attributes it to L. Sprague de Camp. While Mr. de Camp may well be responsible for giving the name of Yngvi its lousy connotations, he did not invent the name, *per se*. The following scrap of verse appears in "Mistress of Mistresses" by E. R. Eddison (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1935): (page 193)

Gondul and Skogul the Goths'-God sent
To choose of the kings,
Which of Yngvi's line must with Odin fare,
In Valhall to won.

There was a stout Scotsman from Milton,
So fat he could not get his kilt on.

He complained, "What's the use?
I have tried to reduce
But these are the lines I am built on!"

--dag

A despondent young fellow from France
Was drowning, not solely by chance.

But a bow-legged man
In a catamaren,
Fished him out by the scruff of his pants.

--dag

A dainty young lass named Miss Muffet
Decided one day that she'd rough it.

To the forest she hied her
Sat down near a spider
And proceeded, quite coolly, to crush it.

--Bob Silverberg, F.P.

An oad-looking girl in Duluth
Has a mole on the end of her tooth
From which grows three hairs
And it draws many stares;
Which is not so surprising--forsooth!

--Olissold Prandruckner

There was a young fan from Wisconsin
Who had trouble in lighting his Ronson.

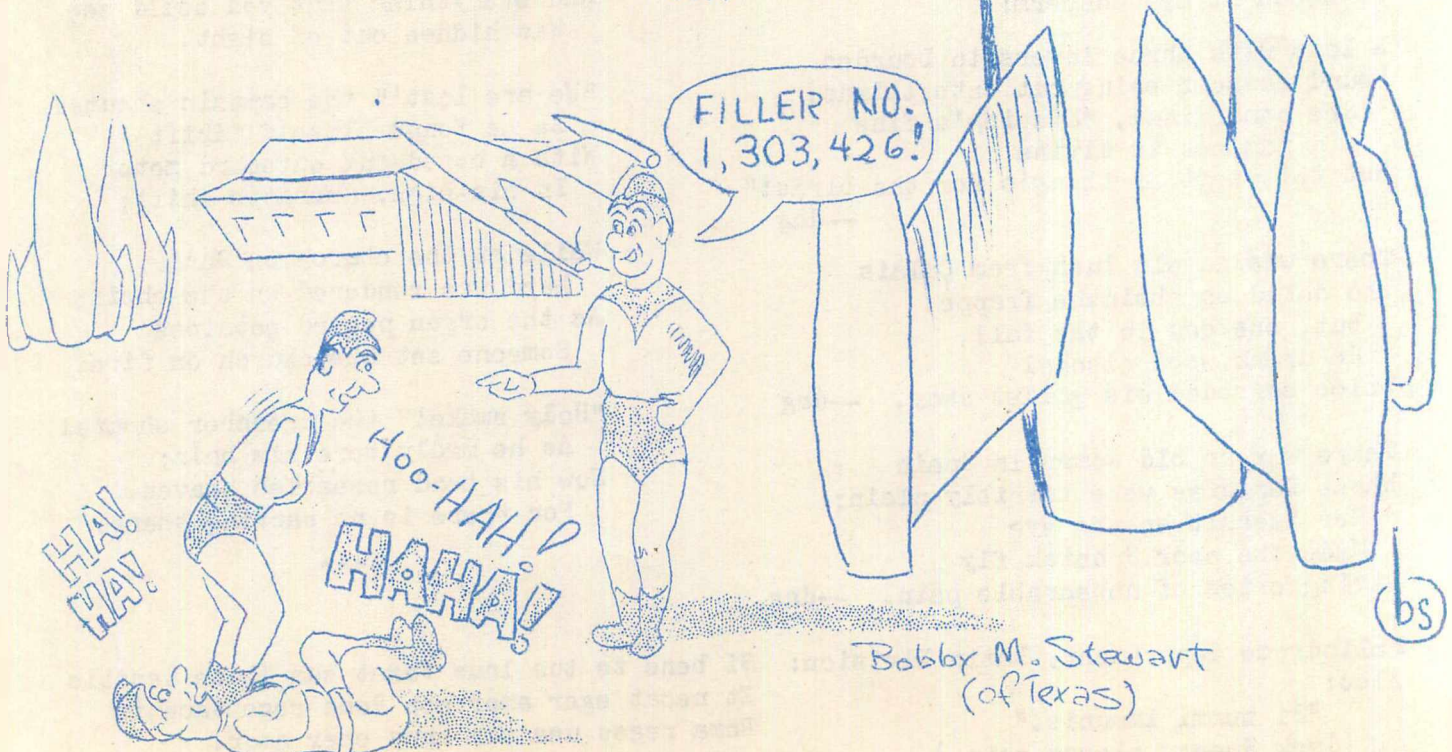
But, so great was his need
For igniting the weed,
He was forced to rely on phlogiston.

--John L. Magnus, Jr.

There was a fake-fan named Grennell
Who said, "I detect an odd smell.

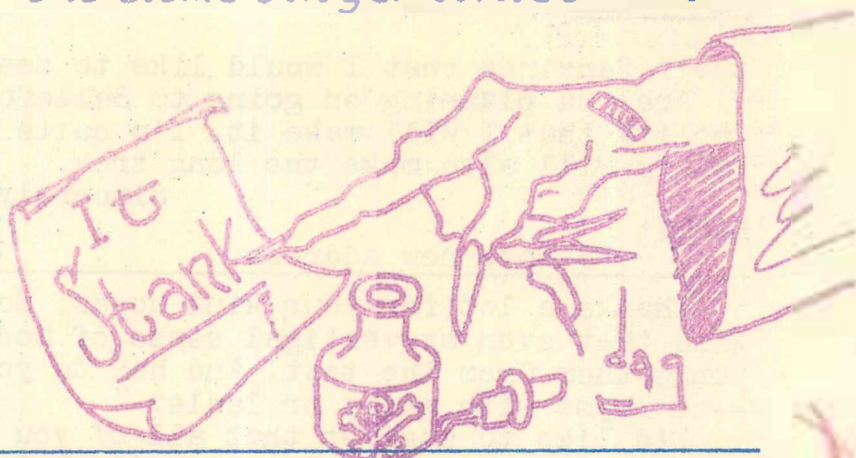
But, if it is beans,
Or putrescent fanzines
I'm damned if I'm able to tell."

--Rudyard J. J. Coupling



(Relax, McCain...it's just a cartoon!)

Menapius: "A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricatio, and, to this prescription of no better report than a horse-drench." --Coriolanus, Act II, Scene I



It offends my sense of makeup to put a letter-section in the front of a magazine and yet it is the part that I always do up first. This poses quite a problem. I can go back later and assign numbers to the stencils except for the fact that I also like to run off the stencils as I go along. This leads to such mix-ups as I had last time. So, this time I'm trying something else. FFW will be considered a separate section of its own and will be numbered accordingly. I hope you don't find this too confusing.

You remember the article in last issue, speculating on the identity of the editor behind the pseudonym "David Grinnell"? We got quite a bit of negative response on that--nearly everybody said that they did not know who he was. For this reason a solution to the question seemed even more desirable. The first concrete lead came in this letter but you'll have to admit that it wasn't much help.

ROBERT A. MADLE, 1620 Anderson Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Dear Dean: Thanks very much for your recent letter and for the kind comments anent ISF /his fanzine-review department in FUTURE/. It sure is a pleasure to hear from you and the other fans who have been writing in of late.

Lowndes ran the department which was to appear in the now defunct DYNAMIC in the current SF QUARTERLY. I'm not sure whether the department will appear regularly in the QUARTERLY or just in FUTURE. At any rate, it will definitely continue to appear in FUTURE.

I really got a kick out of Grue--humor in a Rex-O-Graphic vein! It will be reviewed in the department which will appear in FUTURE for August.

David A. Grinnell /I never heard of him using that middle initial too---this is TOO much! --dag/, incidentally, is none of those you suspect. There are just about four people who know who he is--and I, heh-heh, am one of those in the know. Unfortunately, I am sworn to secrecy. /Hate to say it, Bob, but I'm afraid the exclusiveness of that little group is about to collapse with a thud. But read on, friend --read on./

Can't locate Edward L. Kelly /see note following --dag/ --wish I could inasmuch as I recently organized the Carolina Science Fiction Society and could sure use another member. We had 8 at the last meeting and have been getting lots of newspaper publicity. Maybe he'll read about the CSFS in the papers.

Yep--I saw Filler. Terrific. Keep sending me Grue, and you might pass the word along to any of your correspondents who don't send me

their fanzines that I would like to see them.

Are you planning on going to Bellefontaine? There is a good possibility that I will make it. I'm quite sure that a large group from Philly will also make the long trek.

Sincerely,

RAM:it

Bob Madle

PS Note new address.

Thanks a lot for your kind words, Bob--including some that were so kind that even my vestigial sense of modesty led me to reluctantly expunge them from the text. And how do you pronounce your last name, Bob--to rhyme with madly or ladle?

I'd like to suggest that all of you fans who operate fanzines that are open to the general public ("subzines") would find it well worth your while to send Bob a copy for reviewing purposes. His column "Inside Science Fiction" in the Lowndes mag FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION is, in my not-so-humble opinion, the only worthwhile one currently being put out. We sent a copy*to Mari Wolf who commits a review in some minor crudzine whose name escapes me at the moment. When the review finally came out, better than six months later, she wondered if all of the material was correctly credited. She thought that some of it was swiped from Victor Borge. In case anybody else wonders the same thing, let it be said that we swiped material from almost every body else except Victor Borge. I haven't heard a word from Borge, either written or spoken, since 1942 and Norman swears that he hasn't either. Also, if you've wondered how many sales you get from a Wolf mention--we got three.

Edward L. Kelly was a fan to whom I used to write letters in 1940 during my first brush with fandom. His address in those days was 142 Church Street, Charlotte, N.C. If anybody knows his whereabouts or that of a fan of the same era named Richard L. Bridges (formerly of 1740 Clearwater St., Los Angeles) I would be infernally grateful for the information.

Way last summer, I wrote to Forrest J Ackerman to get his set-up on agenting. A brief excerpt from his reply might be pertinent at this time. Date is 20 April 53: (of "Filler")

FORREST J ACKERMAN, 915 S. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Dear Dagmar: You really want to complicate my wife--I mean my life--don't you? To my handling of DAVID GRINNELL should be added DEAN GRENNELL: real doppelgangerisms in sight, with you receiving Grinnell's checks, being credited with his anthologizations, etc. Perhaps you would not mind.

For really hopeless stories I charge a buck per 1000 words (or portion thereof) for criticism and return. For a script that might be salable, 50¢/1000, reading fee refunded if story sells. 15% commission on first thousandollar's /sic--dag/ worth of sales, 10% thereafter. Clients pay postage, establishing a couple buck kitty in advance. ... /one of the more interesting elipses--dag/

No, I never heard of Ackermanese.

4e

I can see that I'll have to dig a sample of Ackermanese out of the archives and refresh 4e's memory. But while Ackerman was inscrutably sprinkling smudge-pots and Madle was flaunting his esoteric knowlege, Charles Horne was aiding that wily oriental, Hoy Ping Pong, in tracking down this pretender to the proud name of Gre/innell. See next page.

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. March 6, 1954

Cheers: I was pleased to see the 19th GRUE in the February mailing, and finished reading it only a day or so ago. It was muchly enjoyed, old boy, and I hope you have an issue in every mailing. I don't expect to have a magazine of my own in the next bundle, so I'm taking this direct means for my comments. In particular, I want to discuss the article on page 6, "As If We Need Another Mystery Man."

I think your mystery man is one you overlooked altogether, Donald Wollheim. These are my reasons:

Ackerman is Wollheim's agent, and so far as I know, Wollheim is the only editor represented by Ackerman. All those other men you mentioned are represented by Meredith, Altshuler, Friend, Wing or are free-lancers. Ackerman and Wollheim are very thick; you may recall that together they "edit" and publish the annual anthology, PRIZE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES.

Further, according to a hot rumor making the rounds at Philadelphia, Wollheim is secretly editing one of those new promags, ORBIT or COSMIC science fiction. I can't say which because I don't have the magazines at hand, but if you have copies of the first issue handy, check which one has two Wollheim stories included. (One under his own name and one under a pen-name.) /the only one of those in the archives is ORBIT #1 which has one in it by David Grinnell. I didn't buy either of them but the philanthropic Ted Wagner donated the copy of ORBIT--dag_/ That is supposed to be his magazine; the entire remainder of the contents are said to have been supplied by Ackerman, from his own list of clients. /I'd heard this of VORTEX and SPACEWAYS but not of the ones you mention--dag_/ (Of incidental note, the same rumor claims that the other magazine is secretly edited by Scott Meredith. A glance at the first issue reveals almost all Meredith clients represented.) /gad--these pros move in dark, invidious ways, their blunders to perform!/_

I don't recall reading a David Grinnell story, but I may have. I'm in no position to compare styles, etc. But I might point out that Kornbluth and Wollheim are (or were) good friends, which could account for the reference /to "Commander Grinnell"/ in "The Syndic". Well, there you have my reasons for thinking David is Donald. I may be all wet of course, but all this seems to suggest that Wollheim is the culprit. A long time ago he was also accused /sic/ of being "Warner van Lorne," but I think he successfully wriggled out of that one.

Elsewhere in your issue, I enjoyed very much the outrageous humor of Jack Harness, and I have one very old Little Willie jingle for you:

Little Willie, ain't he cute?
Borrowed Mother's bumbershoot;
Parachuted off the roof...
Little Willie---POOF!!!

I like your old mud-pie,

Bob Tucker

PS: I was so overjoyed to learn that you want to buy a copy of WILD TALENT that I picked a perculiar way to show my thanks. Next fall, Rineheart will publish a collection of my short stories entitled "A SCIENCE FICTION SUB-TREASURY". I had to re-write one of the stories in it, "GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN!" While doing the revision, I took the opportunity to change the name of a Martian town. It used to be called "Packrat." Now it is called "Grue." Thank you. /You're sure welcome!/_

Well, the Stalking Man (Few fans know it, but Tucker, writing under his pseudonym of "James Fenimore Cooper" created the popular "Leather Stalking" series. Only a Tucker could think of a pseudo like "Fenimore") seems to have turned up quite a bit of evidence--circumstantial, true, but (if you will pardon the expression) damning.

However, in matters like this, I believe in being fair to a fault. It seems as though we should give the defense a chance to speak in its own behalf. Accordingly, I'll mail advance proofs to both 4e and Wollheim. If I don't hear anything from them by (forgive me, Tuck!) Stapling Day which will be about April 20th this time, you may if you like, consider it a prima facie conviction of guilt by default. But if they have anything to say in refutation of this charge, I would be most pleased to present it in the public interest. Let them speak up or forever withhold their pleas. By the way, I think I may have committed an editorial error last time in naming Philip José Farmer as one of Ackerman's client. I'd have sworn I saw him advertised as such but I can't find the place where I saw it. If apologies are due, consider them extended.

All of this to keep Bob Madle from getting lonely in that small clique of People Who Know. It is interesting to note that Bob, all unwittingly, tosses on the balance a few micro-grains of supporting evidence. He says it was none of those I mentioned last issue and I didn't mention Wollheim.

ROBERT A. BLOCH, Box 362, Weyauwega, Northern Ireland. 2/4/54/AD

Uh: That's about all I've got left to say after a morning devoted to catching up with correspondence which had caught up to me.

I have exhausted my mots, witticisms, fancies, and myself in the process. And here you come with GRUE, all fancied up with artwork and trimmed edges in one of the neatest jobs I've seen since Hectograph was a pup.

But being exhausted with all this coarsepondence /I know you'd finely get around to that one!_/ and litter-writing, I can do little except express my thanks...or send them first-class /that's what I was afreight of/.

The general dearth of news will be the dearth of me yet /y'mean August Dearth?/. All of the tauruspondence noted above /what'd you get--a papal bull?/ contained not a jot, nor a tittle, nor even an iota of information. People write me about the way the price of coffee is highering (I believe this form is correct, inasmuch as we refer to tea as steeping)...they tell me that Godfrey's license was suspended, whereas I would rejoice only in the news that Godfrey himself was suspended and in a rather imaginative way at that...they mention that somebody proposes to pass an amendment about Brickers, whatever they are (bricks remind me of Gold which reminds me that it's a pity Horace and Evelyn didn't have a daughter because they could have named her Rhein and cashed in big when she grew up).

But you see...no real news! And most of the fanzines I've received lately would be of value only if we owned birdcages. Thanks again for GRUE. You'll undoubtedly steal the mailing with this and if you continue this passion for Trinidadian folk-songs your peers will term you a calypsomaniac. #It was only a FAPA moon, sailing over illiteracy...

Or, as we used to say on Basin Street,

Ewers,

Bob

RAB:ld

In fairness to both your and your suppliers, Bob, I should note that you wrote this in a hiatus lacking recent copies of PSYCHOTIC, H-P & HYPHEN.

BOB PEATROWSKY, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. February 19th, 1954.

Dean, Dear... Aha! You fake-fan, you. Such an underhanded trick...begging out of answering your correspondence by claiming your zine as an answer to all the letters. (Why didn't I think of that?) I should have retaliated with a similar quote in the recent CONFAB /Bob's new letter-zine --dag/. But no--true fan that I am, I'll not resort to such chicanery. Ah, fandom...indeed!

Nice job you did on the recent GRUE#19. The cover designs were certainly eye-catching. I was suspecting silk-screen until I came upon the mention of the lino-blocks. I've never tried either of the processes myself but both are on my list of "1001 things to do on a rainy day"...if it ever rains.

I'm intrigued by that signature on the back page. It does have that genuine, business-man indecipherability, I must admit. /Somebody, Bob--I've mercifully forgotten who--compared that signature to the mark left by a squashed fly, dragging its bloody entrails across the paper in its death-throes...it was done in red, you remember/.

"Mud Pies"...Ah, there is a beautiful bit of philosophizing. (I thought I had some comments to make thereon, but on re-reading the thing, I find I have nothing to say that you haven't already said much better.) /I appreciate your kind words but I beg to disagree. It was written on-master and it struck me as an incoherent mish-mash with a lot of loose ends. Its sole virtue lay in serving as a spring-board from whence the reader might take off on extrapolations of his own (hermaphroditic pronoun, courtesy Redd Boggs)_.

Walt Willis has what I consider to be a pretty good analysis of the lack of comment on annishes. At least I shall pacify myself over the lack of comment on the MOTE annish with his philosophy. And I know the same thing is true in my case. If I had time to write a letter of comment immediately after reading every fanzine I receive I'd probably have one of the worst cases of the typist's equivalent of housemaid's knee you'd ever seen /masseur's finger-tip? truck-driver's pelvis?/. As it is, I read a zine and lay it aside for commenting at the first opportunity, and on such rare occasions when those opportunities do arise, I find I have to read the mag all over again to remember what it was all about and then I can't think of nearly all the witty comments I had on the tip of my tongue during the first reading. It's a frustrating business /a frustrate problem??. And yet there is continual wonderment expressed when fans drop out of fandom after a couple of years of activity. The only solution I've been able to come up with so far is to get my wife a job to support me so I can stay at my typer and devote the proper amount of time to fandom. As yet I haven't been able to promote that little deal.

RP;ture

Ever thine, Bob

The Pea of Trowsky*

*Credit Chaz Wells for that one.

PS---Effective as of the postmark on here, you may again consider that you owe me a letter. So there, too! (arpee)

You pose a problem that devils the daylights out of me, Bob--I find that I can be either (a) A fairly conscientious letter-writer; (b) a prolific contributor to fanzines; (c) a spottily successful submitter to the pros or (d) a mildly active fan-publisher...but it has been demonstrated beyond any reMOTE doubt that I can't be a combination of any two. At present, my primary objective is (d) but I have to try to be enough of (a) to receive letters for this section. By the way, you owe me a letter now.

And now a few words from the other Gold Dust Twin...or should I say "Another bit of Norfolklore"? What can one say at a time like this?

RAYMOND M. THOMPSON, 410 S. Fourth Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. 2/12 & 26/54
Dearn;; I'll use both a colon AND a comma, just to be sure.../HOO!, Ray--
I got news for you...you forgot² push down the shift-lever and your colon
is only half there! Up here we call that a semi-colon/

Have just finished relaxing (relaxing?--HAW!)/you will work a plug in,
won't you?/with GRUE #19. LOVE that bee-you-tiful cover---how did you do
it, pray? /no--print/ We ditto men have to stick together, you know.
/ahem--I guess I got more news for you!/ It pleaseth me that the top fan-
zine in fandom today; i.e., PSYCHOTIC; is dittoed /did you read this far,
Geis?/--the pendulum is swinging back to the purple-print-and-pressure
people /away from whom--the purple-prose-and-passion people?/.

Don't you buy the master units? Are A B Dick outfits available as
units? /sure--but I prefer to buy a big pack of paper and a few carbons.
This way I have more combinations available and besides separate units
are handier for correcting/.

Nydahl, I'm afraid, is suffering from an acute case of gafia. I remem-
ber, back in our neofannish days of early 1952 when we were corresponding
with each other, I could rely--in fact, practically set my calender--on
getting a letter from him once every week, exactly one week from the last
one. That was before either of us were editors and were simply fans in-
stead of faa-aa-aans. A streak of wetness dribbles down my cheeks, one
from each eye, when I think of those days. Reminds me of the old poem,
"Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn, GRUE weak as he assailed the seasons..."
/...Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;/He wept that he was ever
born,/And he had reasons. --Edwin Arlington Robinson/

I've been thinking...I've resigned from 7APA, not caring to be connect-
ed with such a lemon, and I've been idly considering getting on the wait-
ing list for FAPA and/or SAPS. You're a member of both--give me a few de-
tails. You might be able to talk me into it. I'd use my former 7APazine,
"HAW!", for my contribution to the fray(s).

Yours,

Ray

RT:tle

It's a good question, Ray--which APA to get into--and I don't feel like
recommending one over the other (at least not with so many bi-apans read-
ing this!). FAPA is bigger, but you have to turn out more copies for it--
68 now--maybe 75 or more soon. SAPS is smaller, but seems to have more
activity per member. The bundles are about the same size. One person who
has been a member of both says that SAPS has a more gestalt spirit (if you
know what that means). FAPA, I'd say, has more of a tendency toward sci-
ence fiction and fantasy but that figures since the "F" in FAPA is for
Fantasy while the "S" in SAPS is for Spectator. I'd suggest that you, or
anyone else with the same problem, buy either an entire mailing or at
least a few representative copies from the Official Editor in question.

Charles Burbee, (FAPA)
7628 S. Pioneer Blvd.,
Whittier, Calif.

Wrai Ballard, (SAPS)
Blanchard,
North Dakota.

Ballard can affix you to the SAPS waiting list. To enter your name for
FAPA, contact Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street NE, Minneapolis 18, Minn.
Other would-be apans, please note. Dues are the same for both--\$1.50 a year.

CORRECTION! On account of greater per capita activity, SAPayments are
\$1.50 per three mailings. Both are quarterly. Close call, huh Wrai?

GERRY KINCANNON, 4601 Fulton Avenue, Sherman Oaks, Los Angeles, Calif.
 All Hail: ... The people here are very nice. I have already met a bunch of capital fellows who hang around down on the corner. They have invited me to join them at a social function tonight--to "Heist a Gas Station." Sounds like fun.

Alors,
 GWK

Can this be the clear-eyed youth I strove so hard to inculcate with the principles of clean-living and soft drinks? And I told you to check into the background of whatever pistol-club you decided to join out there... just because they load their own hulls don't mean that they adhere to the high ideals of the BDSA. On second thought, maybe this is why I haven't heard from the lad since 23 February...

BILL STAVDAL, 4307 West 11th Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Hi Dean: I think I detect a note of desperation in Grue #19, sort of a 'Mighod, what have I got myself into? Howinell am I ever going to answer all these letters?' note. After my last letter I said to myself in a firm tone, "Now if the sob doesn't write me pretty soon there's going to be a long, loud silence /Are you there, Tucker?/ on my end of the line." And when I read in #19 that as of that date you didn't consider that you owed anyone a letter, I was stunned /I was pooped/. Then I slyly thought, "Heck, he doesn't mean ME." But time has passed, and no waggish words of wisdom have come this way, so I resume the seemingly hopeless effort of getting a letter from the bottom of the lake.

If you have one of those testimonial pages again, you may quote me as saying: "To prevent my Grues from being damaged by guests, and vice versa, I keep them in a hermetically sealed safe."

Here's a couple "Willie" poems:

Will shot Mummie thru the head	When Willie fell into the stove,
And now his face is very red.	Father said, "You know, by Jove,
The why for of you shouldn't wonder;	I must admit, now Willie's torrid,
Willie didn't get from under.	The little dear smells rather horrid."

Seen scribbled on the wall of a men's room in Greenwich Village:

"Abramovich is a neo-classicist."

Flavius: "Gimme a martinus."

Bartender: "Don't you mean a martini?"

Flavius: "When I want two, I'll ask for them."

Confucius say: Woman who sow wild oats hope for crop failure. Also: When woman say she have boyish figure, it is usually straight from the shoulder. #Musically, he's a moron. He thinks Spade Cooley is a sterile oriental... #He's strictly a lowbrow. He thinks the Sport of Kings is Queens. #And there's one I've half forgotten--something about a buzzard, high as a kite, carrion on in an offal manner...

WS:rfl

'By now, Bill

For a while there, Bill, I contemplated lifting a column from your letters and those of the Bill to follow. I didn't for a couple of reasons. One, I was stymied for a good title--nothing much better than "Overdue Bills" occurred and I didn't care for that. Besides, I lifted a column from Jack Harness's letters for last issue and haven't heard from him since. And I sure didn't want you and Calabrese to go off in a sniff or whatever. So I left 'em where they lay and ran the letters. See next page:

BILL CALABRESE, 52 Pacific Street, Stamford, Connecticut.

Yoho Deano, Grue done arrove...liked the blurbs on the inside cover--especially the W. Kelly comment. Rexograph is both neat and versatile. For the special annish number of Ectoplasm, I will switch to the Ozalid process. Ever heard of it? /Made a good many square yards of blueprints for heating layouts on one, but never dreamed of using it for a fanzine/ No stencils, no carbons, just a typewritten master sheet on 20# bond paper. I can get only single color printing but I can also get white on blue effects. /Any color's good, so long as it's blue, I always say.../

Gnurrserly Rhymes--Wra1 Ballard would call it not-poetry, but by any name it is superb. Father William has me chicleing /gum again?/(that was supposed to be 'chuckling')/Oh./ convulsively yet. Methinks I will try to write some Gnurrserly Rhymes for you. /Mewish you would!/

Here's an interlineation for you: "I may not know what the hell you are talking about, but I shall defend to the death your right to say it."

--Jean Jacques Grusome

Er, I hate to disagree but it seems to me that neither the Remington Rolling Block nor the Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum will ever replace the fist-sized rock.

Aha, I see I am in the letter column /dawg iffen you ain't!/. I have serious doubts that the substitution of "impotence" for "importance" was a typographical error at all. /No comment/ Some of them managed to impress me quite well with their impotence. Reminds me of a quote from Robert Manson Myer's hilarious book, "From Beowulf To Virginia Woolf":

"Milton's prose tends to be dull and monogamous and his verse is almost totally blank. But in Aeropagitica, modeled on Cicero's oventions to Catiline, Milton's conception of liberty becomes most striking: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virgin, unexcorcised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race." In the light of these lines, Milton's marriage to Mary Powell assumes the greatest impotence."

WC:fields

Yerz, Bill

Sorry to cut so much out of that nice letter, Bill, but I think it retains the original spirit fairly well. And now we have a word from someone with a complaint. I think.

DENNY MOREEN, 214 Ninth Street, Wilmette, Illinois.

SIR: I swear, if another person puts out a fanzine using Caveat Lector or Codladh go maith, I'm gonna quit fandom and take an extensive study of the 53 Great Languages of the world. Must we? /Oui/ Grue has been received and digested. Same old boring, horribly good mess /Good Lhord! You're supposed to read it!/ Your fanzines are the greatest, but no one can understand them except fans. Why don't you try something more on the order of Readers' Digest? ...

Rooky

Like Sammy Clemens, I try never to write metropolis if I can get by with city. But sometimes you need a few intermediate shades--a picture can be painted with four different tubes of paint or even less. But I have something like 35 different tubes of paint in my sketch-box. Just one of my personal vagaries, I guess. Tell ya what, tear off the top of the next fan you meet and mail to me with \$12.50 in stamps or bus-tokens and I'll send you a dictionary free. "Al hamdu lillah rab al alimin!"

You may recall that, in the last issue, we ran a lament from the bony party who lives in Box 184, Napoleon, Ohio? Seems he hadn't even been able to afford a new Lincoln this year. Just to show the results of an ad in Grue, cast your eyes at this here-now unsolicited testimonial:

PLATO JONES, (address above)

17 Feb 54

Dear Socky:

Due to your printing my last letter I have received 3 new Lincolns from generous fans that took pity on me. I have now run out of garage space. Would you be kind enough to run this in Grue? Perhaps some fen will take pity and send me a couple of garages.

Plato Jones

P.S. In case there are anymore generous fen in the reading audience, I still need a 4 door sedan. Everyone is sending hardtops and convertibles.

You want that 4-door with or without the swimming-pool, Plato? I wouldn't be at all surprised if you got it, no more than I'm surprised that you got all those hardtops & convertibles. You wouldn't have fared so well asking for Packards or Caddies, boy--but it's common knowlege that fandom is full of caprice.

JOEL NYDAHL, 119 S. Front Street, Marquette, Michigan. 14 Mar 54

Dear Ma'm, I offer no excuse for not writing you (or anyone) for the past four months, except to say that at a point I was so sick of fandom that I never wanted to hear the name again. All that's changed though, now, and I'm back in the scramble almost as lively as before.

You and all of fandom must have thought me quite dead and I can't say that I blame you. For no one has heard a peep out of yours truly for a loooooong time--since the glorious VEGAnnish in fact. I'm afraid the Annish was just too much for me, as Boggs predicted in his article. D--n that article! /Steady, boy/ It took too much out of me in money, time and the will to put out VEGA #13. Yes, you guessed it, VEGA is dead.

(Mournful strains in the background, with Boggs singing "Old Fanzines Never Die".)

This is not a decision that I reached quickly, in fact I've been thinking it over for many months, and many nights have I lain in bed staring at the ceiling (I have a picture of Marilyn Monroe hanging there). But I finally decided, and I think it was for the best. Oh, I could have kept putting out VEGA but I know I could never do the kind of job the fans were used to, and don't want VEGA to be known as a "has been". #The actual response to the Vannish was very gratifying and far more than I expected. There were more letters than I've ever received for one issue before. ... Boggs sent me a postcard saying, "Your Annish was wonderful. Congratulations." Sounds familiar. I've forgiven him though. #I see now how you got your title, BLEEN--and also GRUE. You just took the two words blue and green, right? /Yowzah/ Did you mention it before? /No, I was fairly sure somebody would puzzle it out/ #Mrs. Economou is a very talented young (?) /?/ lady, as you will soon gather if you read her collection of four short-short-shorts in a back issue of DESTINY. I agree--she will be a great asset to FAPA. Much thanks for printing "Do Gmus Gnow?". It was good.

JMN:y!

Trust you are the same, Joel

So there you have it--VEGA has gone out on a limbo and Vannished--it has drifted off to the resting place of LeZOMBIE, VOM, FANDANGO, SFB, * QUANDRY, FIDIP, SLANT, OPUS, CONFUSION and all the other departed great of the fanzine scene. I feel rather weepy over the whole deal, being as how I was almost a charter VEGAtarian (I received #3, the first mimeo issue). But--thank Foo--we still have Nydahl...a weak, shaken, debilitated Nydahl, true, but still I say Limbo got the worst of the bargain. * Holy smokes...forgot to mention SPACEWARP!!!! But then that's still around, sort of....SFNL...NEKROMANTIKON...the mortal swarm...huh, SaM??

RICHARD E. GEIS, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. 16 Feb 54

Dear Dean; At last I am a true fan: the postman called me out to the apartment house door to give me my mail; it was too numerous to put in the small wall boxes provided. "You get more mail than the whole damn apartment" was what the poor man said. #Here's a couple LW's for GR:

Willy was a wonderful student;	Little Willie, the nasty jerk
He was always the first to be done.	Pinioned papa with a ten inch dirk.
But Willy had an advantage;	Ma saw Pa walk by unsteady. ready!"
His two heads were better than one.	"Aha," she said, "Been drinking al-/

And there is one Willyric of mine that I will see in print in a fanzine if it is the last thing I do. I may have to print it myself:

Little Willy, the essobee,
Went and pulled the wrong damn switch.
Now we're heading for the stars
Instead of slowly circling Mars.

/If you want it closer, you will have to print it yourself, so far's I'm concerned/

Bleen is certainly an interesting and enjoyable brother (sister?) to AW and Grue. Come to think of it, I wish in a future issue you'd indicate the sex of these things you put out. If Bleen is a she, I certainly don't want to put it in the same pile with Star Rockets or the Berkeley Bem. Miscegenation! And then, an unspecified time later, Bleen would whelp a horrible litter of freak one-shots. ...

--Don't be neurotic---Read PSYCHOTIC--10¢--

SINcerely Dick

MARIE-LOUISE SHARE, Box 31, Danville, Pennsylvania.

Dear Dean: Thanks for Grue--the cartoons are grand, except for Dave English. Dave is my friend but his cartoons aren't. I think one must acquire a taste for them, like caviar, to appreciate them. And Good Heavens!--is that truly what fan-editors are supposed to do? "--spend hours and days and weeks lovingly dummyping up his material, cross-checking--etc., &c." You should see us in action! We put an issue together, including stencilling in a matter of hours. Result--HODGE-PODGE.

--Big fat ish of H-P for dime--

Bye-Bye, Marie Louise D'Orsay Share

GERALD A. STEWART, 166 McRoberts Avenue, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Dean: ... In your article, "As If We Need Another Mystery Man", you consistently write the name Damon Knight with small letters, like so--damon knight. Is this a fan fad, or do you have a gripe with Knight or is it merely a typo which by coincidence occurred more than once? /It's a sort of tradition, you might say. Back in the days when damon knight was a fan, he always signed it that way--with lower-case initials./ (Gerry's letter continues on the top of page 11)

Your treatise on duplicating processes was very interesting. I work for a printing company and my hobby is publishing, so I have a somewhat-more-than-mild interest in reproductive methods /who doesn't?/. I must have gotten a very good copy of this Grue because I couldn't see any difference in the sentences cut with the ribbon as compared to those without. I know it sure as hell makes a difference when you club stencils with the ribbon in action. You should do an article on the Gestetner, as you seem to know about it, while most fen go around with question marks over their heads at the mention of it. I was going to buy a Ditto D-10 but the \$225 Canadian price tag stopped me. Instead I bought a \$150 Gestetner. Crazy, what? /I'll say!--your \$150 Gestetner costs \$237 plus tax down here/

I can understand why the price of duplicators in the US is less than half the Canadian price, larger markets etc. /It isn't that--it's just that the Customs Department expects every fan to pay his duty/ But what I don't dig is the cost of paper. You can get good paper for \$1.44 a ream and usable stuff for as low as \$1.16 per ream, in the US. I pay \$2.10 per ream for the 24# stuff I use on Can Fan. Why should Canadian prices be higher when, as I understand it, most of the paper in the States is either imported from Canada, or made from woodpulp originally grown in Canada? /A really top-quality 24# stock like you use in CF costs just about that much down here. Through sources I am not at liberty to divulge, I am able to get "Ta-Non-Ka" 20# Mimeo Bond @ \$1.35/rm though it's supposed to sell for \$1.70, as is A B Dick's "Gold Label" (their top grade) in the same weight. There is part of a ream of Gold Label among these pages but you can't hardly tell it from the TNK. The only difference I notice is that the ABDick is softer, limper, more curly and disposed to generate troublesome static electricity and harder to shuffle into an even-edged stack. Naturally, I intend to stick to Ta-Non-Ka after this. I recently bought a ream of this horrid 16# grayish-yellowish "white" paper like the economy-minded fans use on magazines--for 75¢. No more running out of slip-sheets now! /

What has Dave English's artwork got that everyone likes? I can see nothing in it but an abortive bunch of wiggley lines. Yet everyone must like it or else the fan-eds wouldn't use it.

In closing let me say that I don't always write like this, Grue does something to me.

GAS:ser

Sincerely Yrn

Ger.

As long as both you and Emm-Ell mentioned English in such dim light, I feel compelled to say that I, myself personal, am crazy about his artwork. If it is an acquired taste, then I acquired it the first time I ever saw one of his drawings--in an early copy of John Magnus's SF. You do something to Grue too, Gerry.

RUSSELL K. WATKINS, 110 Brady Street, Savannah, Georgia. 15 Feb 54

Dear Kudzu Okepu1: Thank you muchly for the latest Grue. A very fine issue indeed and I enjoyed it immensely. You may be pleased to know that I have a pile of unread fanzines but as soon as yours came I read it thru. I knew I would find things interesting and I did. #That drawing of the woman's head was wonderfully done and some of the best artwork that I've ever seen done on a ditto. Did you do it or your wife? I noticed that you only signed it Grennell instead of DAG as usual. Tell me more about how you obtained that fine shading with the black carbon. /You have to get a black carbon made by the Panama Beaver people--the only decent black carbon I've ever found. The shading was all done by hand with a ball-point pen...and me, dag.

DON WEGARS, 2444 Valley Street, Berkeley, California. 19 Feb 54

Dear Dean: Got Grue...really surprised me, as I had seen a bunch of APA mailings before, and Boggs' Sky Hook was about the only thing that would stand up under close scrutiny...before Grue, that is.

You get wonderful results from the ditto--almost as good as Geis gets on Psychotic. But I like the blue type better. That deal on the inside cover gave me a charge too. Nothing good to rave about, it's just like reading a loooooong letter.

DON WEGARS, Bay-area creep: "Be caught reading Grue? Gads, I'd rather be found without my party-card!"

That article on the Willy poems brought to mind a little one that was coined by the famous Red Blanchard--a disk-jockey on a local station--the guy who got a write-up in Life a few months back:

Willie, with his little brain,
Stuck his head beneath a train.
Folks were startled some to find
How it broadened Willie's mind.

Gads, but when I first saw your signature, I thought that some crippled fly--bleeding to death--had managed to get into Grue and had tried to catch its tail...flies have tails? /According to Burl Ives, yes/
DW:opdead Don

Uhh--friend...you there, reading this...whyn't you send Don a dime for a copy of FOG (that's eff-oh-gee, FOG) or else put him on your exchange list awreddy, huh? No foolings, it's a good li'l mag and a comer, I think. So send for one awreddy, hey.

WALTER A. WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtonards Road, Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

Dear Dean: (29 Jan 54) The latest Hyphen left here yesterday, which is why I've delayed writing to you. I've printed part of your first letter and seem to have challenged you to a pun duel at 4000 miles. One of the jokes, incidentally, you may associate with Norman G. Browne. I should dislike this so intensely /interesting word there/ that I'd like to point out (if you saw an article of Browne's in which this appeared) that I used it first in FW's first issue /"signs-fixin'"/. Not that the point is of any importance...the joke itself is one of those which are nothing without appropriateness which it has in its latest context.

Yes, I had a letter from Lee pleading with me nostalgically not to revive The Harp. I see her point of view but Lee, though a dear, is something of a solipsist. For her fandom ceased when she retired from it and she would like it preserved motionless like a fly in amber--not as a monument to her but as a sort of finished work of art. /Flyever Amber, hm? I think 'monument' may have been a typo but didn't change it for fear of destroying one of those super-subtle things of yours/. Of course she was right to try and discourage Stewart's re-incarnated Q. That group just doesn't have what it takes to produce a Q that wouldn't be a travesty /As Bloch might say: It was only an aper goon, slaving over a travesty/. It'd have been only after the greatest caution and hard work that I'd have gone on with my own idea of a memorial Q on the anniversary of its first issue, though between us I think Clarke and I could have got close enough to the Q soul. I had the idea of a sort of ghost Quandry in which all the articles and letters would refer to a shadow fandom, the fandom that would have been if Sixth Fandom had gone on after 1952. It would have been almost unbearably nostalgic....

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(WALTER A. WILLIS,) 1 March 54: ... He (Burwell) is as completely retired from fandom as, oh, Al Ashley. Though now I come to think of it Al may as far as I know be still in LA fandom which seems to be one of those curious backwaters where old fans live on, like the London Circle. I remember when I was in LA, meeting several people, like Walt Liebscher, whom I'd thought of as dead. It was almost like joining FAPA. It still thrills me to think of being in an organization of which Speer and Dunkelberger are still members. But then maybe I have this fancestor worship complex developed to an unusual degree.

Puns. Heigh ho. As I think I mentioned, Bob Shaw with his "A purely mechanical form of humour" has made us look askance at the simple inversion, but dammitall it still amuses me and it does require a degree of agility of mind to first see the possibility and second see or create the opportunity. I feel a great deal of sympathy for you and Bloch going through the dictionary like that. I've been playing this fascinating game myself for years and like you, I suppose, I carry a little store of phrases for use if ever the opportunity should arise. So does Bob, for all his theorising. Once when he was staying at a weekend cottage with some friends they asked him to reach the salt from the shelf. He found it had spilled out of the jar. Here was IT, THE opportunity of the millennium. "The salt, Dear Brutus," he said, "lies not in the jars but on our shelves." Another rare opportunity was when I was in Savannah and Lee and I were writing to Vinç. Lee had written something about having dreamed about my coming visit to Savannah and my having in her dream snatched off her hat and run away. I added the interpolation "I come here not to seize her beret" and it infuriated Vince Clarke. He wouldn't believe that I hadn't cooked up the opportunity.

I seem to expend so much energy publishing that I have none left for letter writing. Besides I've had an unsettling week. Poor Carol...our 6-year old daughter ...fell and broke her leg running home from school and the poor kid will be immured in a plaster cast for some weeks. #By the way the Pogo Papers arrived since I started this, and very opportunely. Carol was of course the first to read it. She can't read the captions but she will giggle for hours over the pictures and I'll swear that sometimes she notices humorous details that I missed myself. She makes jokes, incidentally, some of which are puns. Tell me, do you think I should take her to a psychiatrist before it's too late, or just put her name on the FAPA waiting list? I omitted to mention that she helped to gather and stamp the last Hyphen.

I've known people who used not only the flaps of airletters but the back and even encroached on the front. But so far none of them has used the old trick people used to employ for longhand---write another letter on top of the first, having turned the paper sideways. It wouldn't work so well with mimeoing but you could do it with your spirit duper. How about publishing two zines in one? You could call it "Palimpsest". /Afraid that would make some fans cross/

23 March 54: I hope you've guessed how much pleasure that card and those letters gave to Carol. I don't think I've ever seen her so pleased with anything. I'm sure we had to read and admire them something like 50 times, and she still hasn't forgotten them. It was very nice of you, Dean.

She's walking around now though still with a plaster. She goes back to the hospital on the 31st and they may take it off then. I hope so. It seems so unfair when this sort of thing happens to a child. I spent four months in plaster myself way back in 42 and it was bad enough even for an adult of an introspective temperament. (How I wish I'd been in fandom then!) But Carol, incredibly, hasn't been cross or fractious the whole time.

Pleased you like TED. It seems to be going over very well. /THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR--15¢ a copy--GET THIS!! --dag/ Its reception in seriousconstructive Anglofandom has rather startled us. People who have already read someone else's

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WALTER A. WILLIS, (23 March) copy are ordering one for their vewwy own. One fan has ordered two. Maybe I should have printed more than 200? /I guess so, Walt! I wonder if you realise what a tizzy you've thrown us into over here? Everybody is cross-comparing which numbered copy they have. I'm grateful for #5...even Bloch's is 7, Silverberg's is 28, Boggs' is 12 and he wrote me: "Offhand I'd call this the best single thing to come from a fan press since Day's Index."/

I don't have a phone. One is in my name but it's in my mother's house a hundred yards away. Belfast 55025. So better make it persian to persian if you want to be shah of getting me. You don't want to get an Iraq holding the receiver to your ear. /3 minutes, long-distance to Ireland costs about \$25 plus tax in case you've wondered. No, I'm not planning on phoning--the discussion is academic. And, before I go on to this next quote from the same letter I should mention that Walt's FAPA mailing has since arrived according to a recent letter from Harris./

Still no FAPA mailing curse it. I wonder did Burbee send me one all right. McCain writing the other day said something that implied I was in danger of losing my membership and I suppose it's possible I wasn't given credit for that postmailed Pamphrey /you were/. If so, heads will roll. Both of them Boggs'. Such treatment is not my just deserts; I shouldn't be given the Gobi like this. I'm sorry for all these arab-desert type puns but you shouldn't have dreamed me into that gravel pit...now I've got sand as well as rocks in my head. The only thing to do is to take off on this flight of fancy and get it out of my hair. So down to the Barbary Coast with the Royal Arabian Hair Force and their turban-jets--also known as the Riff-RAF. (Ghod!) /Some Serious Constructive Fan is sure to say that this makes him sikh...that it sphinx like camel #5...but I Hathor admit I think it is pretty shiekh (read "chic") and would like to see moor of it. Allah can say is you mecca mean adversary for a 'pun-dual at 4000 miles'. 1001 blights on your auld Sahara sod...no effendi intended, just saudi wanted to get back at you for my treatment in "-".../

Reminds me that Stewart Metchette wrote me once about an article of mine where I mentioned getting into the cinema as a youngster for jam-pots, and he said he used to do it with jars of fat. This, he said, was an example of getting in by de-grease, and challenged me to top that. I said it was an example of 'out of the frying-pan into the foyer'. I never heard from Metchette again. He must have handed in his chips...oh, you call them 'french-fries', don't you? Tch. /We use the term 'chips' for potatoes sliced very thin and fried crisp. French fries are cut into longitudinal strips perhaps 5/16ths" square in cross-section and fried brown in deep-fat. I'm fond of them--nothing I like better than a nice big pyramid of fish-and-cheops-/

In the days when I was setting type I used to cram in puns one on top of the other like sardines and I'm pretty sure, judging from the way people tell them back to me every now and then that no one has seen them all yet. That's a thing you'll notice too, Dean. If you're too clever and subtle people don't see your jokes at all. Instead they sink into their subconscious, fester there for months, and then pop out again as their own. It's mildly irritating...

Yes, it's vaguely alarming to find oneself making jokes unintentionally. James and Bob and I were discussing an article in Colliers one night and Bob wondered audibly why they called it Colliers. I said I supposed someone had asked them what are you going to Collier magazine and they exclaimed 'That's it!'. Bob said but it's Colliers, not Collier, and I said "A miner detail". Bob asked did you mean that and I had to admit I hadn't. Pity I can't claim any credit for it.

Allfornow, love,

WAW:hoo

Walt

Sorry about that shaggy left-margin boy, but I had to switch typers in the middle of this and the new one has this furshlugginer habit. #How do you spell your middle name...Alecsander? Lingual note: 'collier' is British for coal-miner.

2 April 1954: May I interject a paragraph of comment at this point? Thanks. For one thing, it's Redd Boggs' birthday today and I forgot to send a card so I take this opportunity to wish him a googolplex of happy returns. Redd once mentioned an incident from his childhood (do you find it hard to imagine Boggs as a child?) when he was just starting the second grade. He walked in a bit late for his first day and the teacher was just querying the pupils for vital statistics. "When's your birthday?" she asked. "April second" he replied. "You're always late, aren't you?" she sneered. Of course I only have Redd's unsupported word for this but his word is as good as his bond and his bond is 100 proof. Another thing that necessitates a word or two at this time is in reference to something back there on page 10. I am delighted to find that I made an error in listing ShelVick's CONFUSION as defunct. I had a one-page issue of it at Christmas-time and, reading it, I got the impression that it was the final issue. Today CONFUSION #16, "The Revival Issue", came striding up to our mailbox with all its old-time vigor and much of its old-time zest. It is mimeoed by that super-SAFess, Nan Gerding and is postmarked "Roseville, Illinois" but, under any postmark, it is a veritabobble sight for sore eyes and I thank Nan and Bob McMillan and especially the good Vick himself for keeping a fine fanzine in business. I only hope that the obscure effect of being listed on page 10 of FFW has the same effect on the rest of them! About this typer...my portable, though it does well on Rexo masters, doesn't have what it takes for stencils. This meant I had to go down to the office and "moonlight requisition" one of the office-model typers each time before I could cut stencils. This took a lot of time and bother and besides I craved the extra 20% of wordage one is said to get with elite type. Then I discovered I could rent a typer from a local store for \$3 a month and promptly leased this L C Smith "Super Speed". Last night, I joyfully brought it home and resumed cutting on Walt's letter where I'd left off. I type by touch and only look at the stencil occasionally so I didn't notice what was happening till I was halfway down the page. This has a worn left-margin stop and sometimes it slaps on over an extra space if you belt the carriage-return lever too hard. I hope I have partially solved this by taping a pad of sponge-rubber to the lever. Now, when I slap the carriage over, the pad reminds me to take it easy. It helps. Only one so far. Tomorrow I'll take it back and get it fixed but meantime, bear with me, please?

And now it is tea-time at Carolin so bring your quip and chaucer...

CHUCK HARRIS, "Carolin", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. 24 March 54

Dear Dean: Remember you quoted H. Allen Smith quoting Chaucer? We have a Penguin edition of "The Canterbury Tales" over here. It's modernised and unexpurgated, and I thought you might care to get some culture and the shock of your life at HAS actually bowdlerising his stuff. I liked it but it's all in rhyme and you might not care for that sort of stuff. I've finished with it,--if you want it, all you need do is say so. /I'm familiar with "The Miller's Tale" in both the more-or-less original and the modernized version, Chuck, but I don't have any of Chaucer's stuff in the Archives at the moment and would be grateful for the copy. I wonder how they feel about Chaucer and Rabelais in that citadel of culture and bluenose sanctimony, Boston, Massachusetts?/

Yes, the Hermes typewriter is available here too, but I don't know of a fan using one. The typer I would like to try/an Italian machine called the Olivetti. /is/ It has a very beautiful typeface, and would most probably cut a wonderful stencil. It writes letters that look almost as if they had been set up in type and printed. #Walt is throwing all manner of garbage at me because I told you that Celt is "sellit". I'm sorry and have absolutely no excuses, but it is actually Kelt. I was going by Glasgow's football team which is called Celtic and pronounced Selltic, but Walt tells me that this is the exception. #Ogden Nash uses "Stern Untoned" as well as "Tern Untoned". However, if you're a bird lover, you might say "One good tern deserves another." /Thanks, Chuck, but I used that one last issue/

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CHUCK HARRIS: Yes, they call the Royal Navy toilets "the heads" too. It must be an international Naval word. /"la cabeza"? "das kopf"?...possible confusion by the fact that "head" is feminine in Spanish and masculine in German...reminds me of the famous cartoon in "Stars and Stripes" during the war. A worried-looking WAC comes up to a bunch of GI's in a German pub and says, "Quick! Am I a herren or a damen?" / It's an abbreviation for "beakheads". These are the ratings' lavatories which are right forrard in the "eyes of the ship". It's also used in the phrase, "Captain of the heads",---the term given to the poor unfortunate who gets the job of cleaning them out. I did a helluva lot of it in my time, too. /I pulled a lot of duty at that too, Chuck...only in the Air Force we either called it "latrine orderly" or "Commode Commadore" and I got one of my two wounds in line of duty at this. I cut myself on a discarded razor-blade. The other time was when I was making a grab for an extra pork-chop in chowline and got stabbed in the knuckle by an alert KP. In case you are wondering how we got off on this tangent, I'd mentioned to Chuck that we called USN men "head-hunters" because they were forever coming up to you in bistros and demanding, "Say, mate---where's the head?" /

My years before the mast were mediocre, and not at all interesting. I wasn't a "legendary" Jolly Jack Tar, and spent most of my time trying to keep out of trouble. I did exactly as I was told, and I did it at the double. The Royal Navy, much as I love it, is a feudal institution, and even the lowest Petty Officer has all the weight and authority of My Lords of the Admiralty behind him. Punishment is still quite severe, and I preferred to keep my nose clean instead of trying to buck the system.

There was a Fleet Mutiny just after WWI and the high brass never got over it. If they can pin anything on you at all, they throw the book at you. A friend of mine was once sent to a Naval Prison at Canterbury for two weeks, and in that time they broke his spirit, his heart, and sent him back looking five years older. I just didn't want to run the slightest risk of anything similar happening to me.

(10 March 54): ...Walt, Vinç, Paul Enever and myself send around a "chain-letter". It gets around in about a fortnight, and we shove in all the interesting mail and fms that we have and then remove them the following fortnight when we get them again. I don't care for chain-letters very much but it is a very convenient way to keep abreast of fandom. And, in our cases, it seems to be the only way to persuade Vinç to write letters. Clarke can write really fabulous letters, but it's the devil's own job to get him started. I have an idea that you, Boggs and Agberg /! / use a similar system---if you don't, you're welcome to try the idea.

Bob Shaw is getting married in July. Vinç and I should be there. At present we are trying to decide what to give him for a wedding present. I suggested something useful like the Don Day Magazine Checklist, but Vinç has a conventional mind.

GH:uck

Ever thine, Chuck

Did I just hear someone snort, "What has all this got to do with science fiction?" Maybe so, but I hope that some of you find it as interesting as I do. Seems to me that fans are never so interesting as when they're talking about something else and I think Chuck is one of the most entertaining discussors or not-SF that I know of. As to what follows, I'm going to skip at random amongst recent wo3w correspondence and quote from Redd Boggs and Bob Silverberg. Comments from Boggs will be preceded by "(B:)" and Agberg's (ooh, luv that'n, Chuck!!) will start with "(S:)"

(B:) My sister is reading Anna Karenina in the Mod Lib college edition and we were just saying how sad it was that Tolstoi had to write a huge book like that in long-hand. Then I pointed out that he had an additional handicap: he had to write it in Russian... # "The Littlest APA", eh? Well, you can ascertain that I like to be an active member of this apa when I admit that Skyhook faunches at the mimeo drum while I write this... /one week later/ "Faunches" is, I think, an old time word, used in a sentence like, "The horse faunches at the bit," but it is a bit unusual these days, I'll admit. I like it too.

(B:) Topsy "just growed," but DAG just grue. Note how lightly my Underwood typed that. I'm lucky it agreed to type it at all. I'll try to squeeze a Woof out of Ballard. Bleen arrived but my copy was missing page 5/6. Your Chaucerian fanzine, we will have to call it. Not because my copy was incomplete--though Chaucer left several tales in the Canterbury Tales unfinished and of course the series itself is very far from complete. But one of the towns along the route to Canterbury is named Boughton-under Blean, in modern day, and Geff called it "Boughton under Blee." It is quite probable that it was known as "Bleen" at some time or other. (B:) Yes indeed, do distribute Schoolroom in the Stars in the November FAPA mailing! After all, it will qualify under the "substantial extent the work of the member who submits it" rule. And I don't doubt that Crowell will gladly provide 68 copies if you point out that all fapazines review other fapazines and these copies will thus be review copes. It is going to be sort of hard to get the rest of the bundle in a 10x13 envelope with the book, though. Don't be surprised if the OE resigns.

(S:) Hoorah hoorah hoorah hoorah hoorah. Viva la O3WW! Now that you and I are both filthy professionals of the vilest taint, the only thing remaining is for our Mpls comrade to get himself an editorial job, and we can happily deluge him with scripts for aeons to come. #Universe 5 hasn't hit the NY stands yet, but I'm keeping careful watch. Your jaw must have clicked against your knees when you looked at that cover, no? Oh, to be in Oshkosh now that Universe is there! Frank Robinson tells me that Sci Stories is defunct, by the way. SF Plus, Vortex, Rocket, Space, Space Stories, Dynamic--gad, the carnage is frightful! #This now gives the WO3W three published stories and one article to its credit; don't forget the juvenovel! I can't seem to find a US prozine that'll stay still long enough to publish one of my stories. I've had three possible acceptances die out from under me at Rocket, Fantasy Fiction and SF Plus.

But since the Bock Beer Season started the day your joyous news arrived, this was indeed a red-letter week. I assume you're keeping your gullet well lined with the rapturous dark-brown brew, as usual? /mais ouil!/ In fact, I'm doing a series on a SF-type hero of the future who drinks this kind of beer and collects .22 caliber replicas of the Colt Single-Six revolver. I've named him "Bock Rugers"/

(S:) I rather like Nebula's appearance; there's something almost archaic about it which is refreshing among all the slickly-printed US prozines. The best thing about the British promags is not the format, nor that they buy my stories, but the smell of the paper. #My paycheck from Nebula came to \$12.60 for 3600 words. If Boggs is reading this let him be aware that I've ordered a copy of Nebula with my fine vignette of futuria therein, and that he should faunch by his thumbs till it comes. #So far as I know Universe #5 is the first prozine to feature two FAPans on the cover. It's certainly the first in ten years. During the Futurian era Wollheim and Lowndes and that coterie were members of FAPA and were also writing the entire contents of six or seven prozines ... and so they must have had plenty of cover yarns. (S:) Someone seems to have given me a sub to Panic or something. A copy showed up at the dorm from EC. The mag is fabulous, strictly fabulous. They're creating a whole furshlugginer new modern mythology. (What's the derivation of "furshlugginer", d'y'know? I've been scouting all around, but can't come up with a single cotton-pickin' fact on it.)/It's from the hill-country dialect of the north coastal tribes of Madagascar, Bob. Originally "fertzsch lua guicaneaner", it means something that would be totally out of place if translated into English in this, the most clear-eyed, clean-living family-type fanzine in this, the most clear-eyed, clean-living and morally upright of all possible fan-doms...if I may speak so candidly --dag/. (B:) When I graduated from college, none of my folks nor friends recognized me in cap & gown crossing the stage to receive my diploma. We all spotted my sister, however, when she crossed the stage. /I trust she gave you the cleaner's bill?/ She was surprised at our ability, till we told her that she was the only one in the whole bunch who walked on all fours.

The Old Collegiate, Redd

Furshlugginerly, Bob

10 April 1954: It's becoming more and more obvious that I have a Frankenstein monster by the tail...or I've created a tiger. I'm not sure which. All I know is that FFW is going to bankrupt me if I can't get it bitten off pretty soon. Anyway, Phil Economou (pronounced "Economoe") sent this little gem along with numerous others. I happened to be writing to Horace Gold shortly thereafter and included it, knowing that he's done some research on catatonia at various times. Here's Phil's poem:

Little Willy's feelin' fitten
Cause he ate his persian kitten.
My! His brain's just supersonic!
Who'd think Willy's catatonic?

To which Aitchell commented:

5 March 1954:

Dear Deenjay: Time for just a shortie. Midnight, see, and I have a whopping pile of mss to go through...GALAXY and BEYOND deadlines both coinciding in a couple of weeks and me with very little inventory on hand.

I see I should have explained how come I used catatonia in two stories--15 years apart. I researched the condition very thoroughly for A MATTER OF FORM /ASF Dec 38, pp 9-49 / and there it was for AT THE POST /GSF Oct 53, pp 122-159 /, ready to use with no more than 10 minutes of brushing up of details. Waste not, want not. Actually, I had no real catatonics in A MATTER OF FORM -- purely red herrings. In AT THE POST, I deliberately ignored a psychological fact, which is that catatonics remember very clearly just what happened during psychotic seizure after recovery or remission. Funny, we have a bunch of medics, including some of the nicest psychiatrists you'd want to meet, one of them a Catholic dean down in Georgia, aged 77, and not one of the crew braced me on it, though they correspond exuberantly with me and don't hesitate to yap about psychiatric boners. There aren't many, of course, and those are more license than error. I guess they knew it and were willing to suspend disbelief, which is a fine compliment from a couch-artist.

Speaking of boners, Sturgeon told me a beaut. Kid who wrote: "Pure nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop of it on the tongue of a cat will kill an entire regiment of soldiers." ... No more letter for now; have to get at the manuscripts. Meanwhile
Con amore,

Au

Horace

I hope that some of you who remember A MATTER OF FORM (the first of the ASF "Nova" yarns...and what ever happened to that fine idea?) may find the above of interest. And now here's an all-too-brief quote from one of Phil's letters. Wish I could quote all 17-odd pages of her letters currently on hand!

PHYLLIS HEPZIBAH ECONOMOU, (ouch! Cut that out Phil!) Box 182, Coconut Gr. Sta.,
Dear Dean: Miami 33, Florida. 20 Feb 54

I honestly enjoyed every word of Grue and my husband was fascinated by the cover --couldn't figure out the process until I read your explanation. Such a lot of work! I may be wrong but it sounds to me like a process I used to fool around with in high school printing original designs on dress fabrics. I (if I remember correctly) cut my design from linoleum block, painted the block with fabric paint and pressed it to the fabric. I gave that up in disgust when I spent endless hours and considerable money painting a fabric and making a masterpiece of a dress with an intricate design of hearts with mine and my ever-lovin's initials all over. Love turned to ashes when I was putting the finishing touches on the hem of the dress and it hung in my closet ever after. Could never find another heartthrob with the same initials. His name would have to be Xavier! And now, with your permission, I'd like to add one more item to the Cuddlee-critter saga of you, Chuck Harris, et. al.:

You can have your Cuddlee-beast
Cuddlee-cougar tempts me least.
All I ask, please, if you can
Just give me a Cuddlee-MAN!!

Cordially,

Phyllis

PHE:yoo!

As I said back there on page FFW-7, I hadn't heard from The Kincannon for some time. But here's a late report, just in, with illuminating sidelights on Life In The New World. If you think he's kidding, you've never driven in California!

Dear DAG:

25 March 54

My chaotic and catatonic affairs are settling down after the manner of sludge in a septic tank. This cycle of idiocy has established a pattern, a frac of which I snatch to snitch.

Now in the throes of active dentistry, I find myself glancing apprehensively over my shoulder and stepping into the shadow cast by lamp-post or doorway...a guilt complex due to the fee schedule we use. I expect to feel the grasp of Jack Webb on the arm at any moment.

I drive 15 miles each way from Van Nuys to the heart of LA using the so-called Hollywood Freeway -- an 8-lane speedway running through the heart of town. This makes it possible to cover the 15 miles in 20 minutes. This ride resembles nothing so much as a stock car race. After jockeying for position, we close our eyes, grit our teeth and floor the accelerator to prevent being run over from behind.

VERRROOO-OO-O-OOO!!!, a Caddy goes by on the rail. ZUTTTTT!, an MG cuts in from the right. We are helpless to change lanes. Laughing hysterically, we pull the hand accelerator out all the way, pump the choke and try to run down the vehicle in front of us.

Real estate is inexpensive and we will soon get a house in Van Nuys or North Hollywood. A 3 bedroom house with 1½ baths can be had for 9-10,000, nothing down to vets but the seat of your pants, 55-70 per month payments on 4%.

As soon as I collect the dough, I'm going to get myself a basset hound and an MG so that I can pass as a native. To go barefoot and wear a pajama top will help.

Hasta la Sierra Lavativas,

GWK

Bobby M. Stewart, Route 4, Kirbyville, Texas (USA)

23 March 54

Dear Dean,

I give up. Who IS Herman W. Mudgett? /"A notorious murderer of the past", according to Ellery Queen's introduction to Dashiell Hammett's Mercury edition of WOMAN IN THE DARK. I suppose this makes him a time-killer?/

Is Roberta Stuart a Steinberg fan? /Yes, though fanatic's the better word. Her cartoon last issue was frankly and admittedly patterned after Saul's one of the lady decorating a cake with the legend "No Smoking"/

Is the abbreviation FAPA pronounced when used in conversation or spelled out? /Nearly always pronounced "Fappeh" though I suppose Norman Browne would say "Foppa". I base this on the fact that he calls tomatoes "tomottoes"/ How do you pronounce BNF? /I avoids it. Try "jerk". People I've heard using the shuddersome term say "Bee-Enn-Eff" just like that./ Tell me the full story on Claude Degler. Who was he? I must have entered fandom too late to get in on this, I guess. /You didn't miss much, Bobby. Degler, as I understand it, stumped for the idea that fans are "Star-Begotten" and something quite a bit specialer than mere mortals. This, as you might imagine, was adopted by certain other fans calling themselves the "Cosmic Circle" and whole fanzines were devoted to extolling the revelation from voice-tops. They were pretty much laughed out of fandom --but, for a more detailed resumé, I suggest you query some old-timer like Boggs or Tucker or Burbee, etc. Anyone want to do an article for Grue on the Degler Incident?/ #Did you write this version of FATHER WILLIAM? I've seen Lewis Carroll credited as writing the original. / I modified a version found in Carolyn Wells' ANTHOLOGY OF NONSENSE but it antedates Carroll/Dodgson by several years. Carroll wrote a variation of it too and, I'll have to admit, quite a bit better one than mine.

(continued next page)

BOBBY STEWART, (continued) Stavdal's letter was a life-saver /wot flavor?/. I write a column for a Dallas EC fanzine, and my news is culled from fanzines. All the EC FANADDICTS, however, look up at me with envy. They think I must be Gaines' nephew or something of the sort. Do you send a copy of Grue to the MAD editors? /No, I haven't. But I might try it./ I got a letter from Larry Stark a week ago. He told me that Gaines gave him a lifetime subscription to all EC mags on the condition that he would write them a letter about each issue. /I'd pay a dime to get out of writing a letter any day!/. A WIDESPREAD MADNESS CAUSED THE PANIC OF 1954.

Does Dave Ish have a brother named Angu? /Could be. By the way, it was your friend Stavdal who wanted to know if he had a revolutionary brother named Derv./ What is a "Keebird"? /The name of a SAPSzine by Richard Eney. Also a small wingless bird living near the north pole who is constantly sticking his head in a snowdrift and giving its characteristic cry of "Kee-kee-kee-kee-ris but it's cold up here!"/ I looked up this and about 15 other words you used in Bleen and Grue and they ain't in my reference books! /I am amorse at the fengurient calpitarity of your reference books and find this so cargulous as to be all-but-snaxiating/

Congratulations on your story sales. I am trying to think of the name of another pro-author from Fond du Lac. She started her writing career years ago by winning the interscholastic league contest with a story called "Seventeen". What is her name? /Maureen Daley, not Booth Tarkington/

Why the New London postmark on Bleen? /Didn't have time to drop them off at the local postoffice so I took them along on the day's trip and had a couple spare minutes in New London so I mailed them there. Besides, I know the guys in the FdL office and hate to mail fanzines from here for fear they might take me up and open one for postal inspection. I crave their continuing respect as a reasonably sane human being./

Did you send Bleen to all the non-FAPAns who received Grue? /No. Only to FAPAns and those on the waiting-list./ Why don't you send Grue to all the apas you belong to and then postmail your comments for each apa? /Send Grue to 7APA?? Good grief, Bobby--this furshlugginer letter-section has more pages in it than the entire last 7APA mailing! And they don't cotton to previously circulated stuff in SAPS. It's for the best this way, really./

Should be some art, cartoon, or something enclosed.

ATOM:bms /There was, Bobby, and gracias con mucho!/.

MADly,
 Bob

This has to be the last page of FFW...for all I know a 20-page letter section may establish a new record. I know I could have hit 30 pages if I'd used all the material at hand. Concerning an inquiry in Bleen as to what "MRAOC" means, Lee Jacobs volunteered the information that it stands for "Mailing Reviews And Other Crud" and that it's pronounced as an obscene gargle...similar to Lecherine, I s'pose. Letters...and interesting ones too...from Vernon L. McCain, Vee Hampton, Carol McKinney, Paul Mittlebuscher, Ted Wagner, John Fletcher, Larry Anderson, Burton K Beerman, Jim Harmon, Dale Graham, Roberta Stuart, Pete Campbell, and many others * who, if I've neglected to list them here, will, I hope, forgive me.

Personally, I've always liked a letter-column where the editor inserts comments where the situation seems to demand it. I know some of you don't like this. And some of you are certain to say that I've overdone it. Perhaps I have. But nothing irritates me like reading a letter in a department like this and seeing a question go unanswered...especially if it's one I'd wondered about myself. Let's please have your comments on this issue...by about June 15th, if possible, and I'll try to incorporate the most interesting of them into FFW next time. But the thing won't be as big as this. Thanks and a bow from the waist to all who wrote! --dag
 *also GM Carr & John L. Magnus, Jr.

THE REAR VISIPLATE... O O O

Before I wind this up and forget to mention it, I saw Earl Kemp a few weeks ago while passing through Chicago. In return for information and other valuable considerations, Earl asked me to mention in passing that the issue of his fanzine (DESTINY) after next will carry a complete listing of all science-fantasy magazines --including one-shots--published in the English language in 1953. Presumably, it will list them by story and author...I didn't ask. In any case, it looks as though this issue is one you shouldn't miss. I incline to view this announcement in Grue as a coals-to-Newcastle sort of affair. You see, since I talked to Earl, the same announcement appeared on page 76 of the May issue of F&SF. Out of curiosity to see if Grue has any readers that F&SF doesn't have (I concede that the reverse is true), why don't you mention Grue in ordering DESTINY from Earl? The cost is a modest 25¢ (postpaid) and the guy to contact is:

Out about mid-summer...

Earl Kemp, Dept. G-20,
3508 N. Sheffield Avenue,
Chicago 13, Illinois, USA.

Destiny's Step-father...

This has been, withal, a rather artless issue. This stems from a lack of both material and time. In the early throes of getting this together, when I had time to stencil drawings, there were none to be stencilled. Then Redd Boggs passed along some muchly-needed Rotsler illos; Stavdal sent down the Wyszowski cartoon that forms our cover; Mittelbuscher contributed the Terry Jeeves bit that embellishes Gnurr-sery Rhymes and Bobby (Kirbyville, Texas) Stewart (bless him) had a startling innovation: he sent some drawings that he drew himself! Other artists, please note!

Actually, I'm very much in the market for Grue's type of artwork. I've a special penchant for cartoons which you might term pleasantly gruesome...or, as they say in Arizone, "Tombstone Yuma". I was especially fond of Roberta Stuart's cartoon in last issue ("Drop Dead") but we have naught from her this time save a curt note that she's moving back to Lake Charles, Louisiana and to hell with cold climates anyway. See you next time, Bobba? I've gone to great pains to obtain the address of Bob McMillan and am sending him a copy this time with a piteous appeal for some of his pictures. Ditto for Naaman Peterson. Ditto for anybody else that happens to fancy hirmself a c'toonist. Don't worry too much about the actual artwork...we can take care of that. What we want is the idea. For each acceptable one submitted, you can have your choice of an issue of Grue or two bits, cash (roughly 1shilling, 3 pence, you blokes). But PLEASE, folks--get the stuff in soon after this gets out...not much after June first...okay?

Both Jack Harness and Rich Bergeron have come through with artwork in the past week. Jack isn't mad (as I'd half feared) but was busy in college. Rich sends some pre-drawn masters but I'm not able to work them in with the limited time still left. Look for them next issue. And thanks, boys--better lait than mortimer, I say.

And now, on the next page, you'll find Mr. Ackerman's comments on the Tucker exposé. I've read this letter two or three times but I'm blamed if I can see where Forrie firmly and unequivocally denies that Wollheim is Grinnell. See if you can spot it. Note, too, that I'm not inserting comments in transcription, no matter what provocation. Listen now to 4e's story, as he lived it and as he wrote it...

SCIENCE FICTION AGENCY
915 So Sherbourne Dr
Los Angeles 35

Dear Dean

13 Apr 54

Thank you for the advance sheets from Grue with the invitation to comment on the comments concerning the identity of David Grinnell and allied topics. Frankly, far from a cause celebre this whole business impresses me much more as teatempot (that's a tempest in a teapot). The "story or article" which started it all-- whatever "it" may be, and which you say you have never seen--was, I take it, the story "Last Stand of a Space Grenadier" in the Feb 54 SFQ. Neither on the Table of Contents nor the yarn itself did your middle initial "A." appear in connection with the pseudonym David Grinnell.

I do not recall whether you were active in fandom as far back as 1948, but it was in Sir! of that year that Grinnell made, I believe, his debut. The story, "Top Secret", reprinted in the Fall 50 F&SF. If he appeared even earlier it wouldn't be convenient for me to check and I don't have the inclination for research on such a relatively unimportant matter. For the benefit of Bob Tucker who doesn't recall reading a Grinnell story, other appearances by my client include "Extending the Holdings" in the Apr 51 F&SF; "The Rag Thing", Oct 51 F&SF (and anthologized in Conklin's Omnibus of SF); Nov 52 F&SF, "Malice Aforethought"; and Bob might wish to watch for "The Lysenko Maze", bought by Boucher & McComas. By an odd coincidence, Grinnell's "Extending the Holdings" precedes the publication of Wilson Tucker's "The Tourist Trade" in THE BEST S-F STORIES: '52.

Tip to Tuck: As far as you know, you say, Wollheim is the only editor represented by Ackerman. That means there are four more for your Exclusive Optic to ferret out: Quick, Horney, the flit!

En passant, I too have heard a sour rumor that a certain agent (who shall be nameless if not blameless) is the secret publisher of an s.f. magazine. I was told this in confidence by one of his disgruntled clients, who claimed this sort of setup was illegal. It is agents like this who give the profession a bad name. And for myself I particularly resent a fraud like the one well known to you who until recently got away with 100% commissions on his client's work, and now seems to devote 100% of his time to collaborating with an ex-editor on doing an ax job on the Ack Agency...

"Ganymede House" by Grinnell appeared in the first Orbit but a Grinnell yarn was (believe it or not) rejected for the second issue! Maybe I should hire Bob Tucker as a publicity agent: he credits me with filling Orbit #1, which must be news to August Derleth, Robert Abernathy and Mack Reynolds (Altschuler represents Reynolds). I didn't place the story by Basil Wells there, either--nor have I the vaguest notion who Paul Brandts is nor why he rated his name on the cover instead of a known name.

If I was smart I suppose I'd keep my mouth shut and accept the gratuitous credit for selling Vortex and Spaceway all their copy. While on the subject of the latter title, may I take this umpteenth opportunity to publicly deny the popular belief that I am Garret Ford and a part owner of the Fantasy Publishing Co? Thank ghod I don't have any of Ford's headaches or FPCI's debts!

Anyone for
Grue-nell?
Fja

Ackerman also sent another letter, on a separate sheet of paper, listing some people to whom he wanted copies of this issue sent. Only the final paragraph of this letter is germane to the discussion at hand and, in absence of injunctions to the contrary, I'll reproduce that too:

I am just the least bit miffed at what impresses me as an awful lot fo fol-de-rol and nose-in-other-people's-business for the sake of some artificial sort of rabble rousing. After all, there are sound economic reasons why David Grinnell doesn't want his identity bruited around, and the professionals in the audience shd have commercial courtesy enough to respect his right of privacy.

Sincerely

Forry Ackerman

I'm sorry, Mr. Ackerman, if I've caused you any mental turmoil and anguish but since you take pains to point out the absurd triviality of the whole affair I guess there's no harm done. I shouldn't have to tell you this but it's always been considered fair game for fans to try to sniff out the identity of pseudonyms. Appeals to the hunting instinct, I imagine.

However, I hope you appreciate the fact that my own residual ethics impelled me to give you advance warning and a chance to make your comments on the matter. A person of lesser integrity might well have sprang it on you cold.

Speaking of agents, let me tell you of an incident that I'm reminded of. A friend and I were shooting some gag-type pictures one night and, among them, we did some takeoffs on the Schenley "Gentlemen of Distinction" ads then quite common in the magazines. He took one of me with my hair combed in a sort of bifurcated Adolf Hitler style, looking cross-eyed down into a Schenley bottle (the bottle was quite empty and we borrowed it from an aunt of mine who collects them). It made a somewhat startling study, as well you might imagine.

I made a slew of prints of this most unflattering shot and would occasionally include them in letters to friends to whom I thought they might appear amusing. I wouldn't have dreamed of sending one to the average stuffy-minded person, lest he think me a besotted alcoholic and an utter ninny in the bargain. Rare indeed is the person with whom I feel like taking my shoes off and being folksy to that extent.

Well, to shorten a potential serial, I had occasion to write to an agent once (who shall be nameless if not blameless) and---heaven-help-me---in a thoroughly weak-minded moment, I threw a print of that Lost Fortnight portrait into the envelope.

He made some mild comment in replying, anent the Schenley shot, and I forgot clean about it. For some few months, that is.

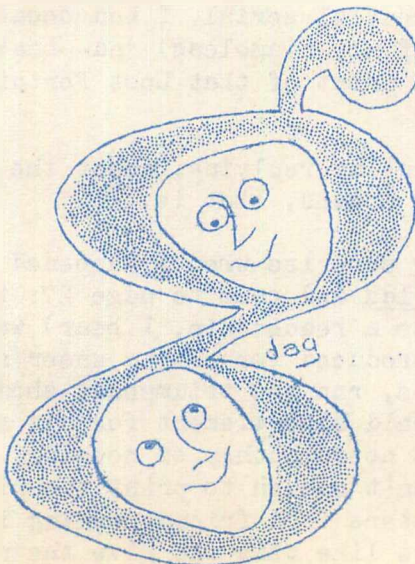
Picture, if you can, my surprise when I happened to be looking through the Fall 53 copy of Fantastic Worlds and came to page 27: there for all the readership of FW to see (and that's quite a readership, I hear) was this aforesaid photograph, botchily but recognizably reproduced for all to sneer at. Across the top, in braying 18-point boldface type, ran the triumphant shout: "I'VE GOT THE DEAN" and the agent went on (it was a paid advertisement for his agency) to claim that he had "Signed Dean A. Grennell, the noted author of nothing, who has nowhere to go but up, to a tenure contract." It wasn't enough to print the picture---he had to run that too. I got sixteen scandalized letters from friends asking if I was out of my mind, signing up with that guy. It is agents like this who give the profession a bad name. ---dag

Got a heap of things left to mention...today's Sunday, 18 April...and part of a page left to do it on. But I want to mention that my 8-year-old daughter, Pat, was of great assistance this time. She helped me run these last 25 pages or so by sorting out slip-sheets and she says she's going to help me pick up and staple. Willis isn't the only one who raises his own press-crew! Oldest son, Chuck (aged 4) is a MAD-fan of the most fervent sort, "reading" the same issues over and over. He likes Pogo too...Pat's second-grade teacher gives the kids lots of stuff on space travel, astronomy, rockets, etc., and she's much interested in the subject. As soon as Agberg sends that copy of "Schoolroom in the Stars", I'll let her try it out. Wife, Jean, helped out on the proof-reading and caught several embarrassing errors I'd missed. Jean's hobby is collecting sea-shells and she wants to know if any of you folks are in a locale where sea-shells grow and, if so, would you want to send her some of the more decorative sort. I suspect she plans to swap mint-condition UNKNOWN's from my collection for them. If you plan to send for a copy of Walt's THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR (and that's one you most emphatically shouldn't miss) send him either 15¢ or one of the better US promags and don't send same to the address on page FFW-12...that's a joke son...send to Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland...and soon or you'll be out of luck. #Ken Slater is returning to Merrie England soon, leaving the British Army On the Rhine to fend for itself. After mid-June his address will be: Ken F. Slater, "Riverside", South Brink, WISBECH, Cambs., England. Correspondents and OF members, please note. #Carol McKinney has a new address: Sta. 1, Box 514, Provo, Utah. / Easter morning and--of all things--the HalliCrafter at my elbow is playing "Easter Parade"/ #If there was such a thing as a fannish Olympiad, I'd still be eligible. With Universe #5 on the stands a good two months, I still haven't been able to raise any payment out of good old Uncle Ray Palmer...they told me in Chicago that various other authors haven't been paid for stuff in the issue before that one. Now that he's no longer paying for his material, what difference is left between Palmer-pubs and the fanzines????????? Carol McKinney hasn't been paid for her bit in a recent Mystic. C'mon, Palmer--cough!

#Better leave a bit of space here for that sample of Olivetti typeface or I'll get hordes of inquiries as to where it was. #I wish to announce to all & sundry that I'll be largely gafia (Getting Away From It All) from about now till Labor Day. Don't be alarmed if you don't hear from me. Watch for the sign of the Sinner--he will be back! Have a nice summer, huh?

This paragraph is a sample of the work done by the Olivetti typewriter. This machine is made in Italy; it's a portable and sells in the US for \$92.84, tax included

PS: No advance issues of Bleen this time--public opinion was against it. Look for it in Mailing #68, also Grue's special anemic summer ish.



*Sophon
Zundler*

Here we go again...

I finished with the bottom of page 46 and thought I had the issue all buttoned up. I cranked the last sheet through the Gestetner and assembled as many complete copies as I could (ran out of covers at around 122) and then the stuff started flying in...literally. First there was the letter from Don Wollheim. I'd mentioned that the deadline for comment on the proof-sheets I sent to Ackerman was 20 May and he got them back by 19 May so I felt I ought to include them (his comments)--even if the issue was substantially completed.

Then came word from Phil Economou that she was finishing a drawing I'd requested for the bacover and was air-mailing it the next day. I shrugged with stoical resignation...obviously I was foredestined to put out a 50-pager this issue so I might as well relax and enjoy it.

In a way, I'm glad. This gives me room to comment on a few noteworthy chunks of mail that have recently clunked into our mailbox. There were at least two FAPA postmailings (besides Bleen) since last time: One was a lengthy piece of fiction in two volumes, chain-written by a whole host of pros...I recall EE Smith and Murray Leinster for at least two. If the person who sent it out is reading this, my apologies that I can't comment on it to a greater extent but it's hopelessly lost somewhere about the Clammy Catacombs Under 402 Maple. It was a nice item tho!

I have the other one here: "Elmurmurings", redundantly announcing itself as the first of its kind. I'd be stumped though to figure out who it's from if Redd hadn't mentioned it in a letter in today. Seems it's by a chap named Elmer Perdue. I haven't checked it over for ciphers or secret inks but nowhere on the envelope or in the mag itself does Elmer's name appear. Modesty is fine, boy, but I wish you'd include some clue to your identity for us newcomers, mm? #Otherwise it's a delightful bit of business and its dubious reproduction and proofreading is more than offset by one of the most interesting writing-styles I've encountered in the fan-press for a long time. #I wish I could see some of Hugh's paintings, Elmer. #You say you're missing 8 issues of MAD, Elmer--try writing to the publishers for them...they have nearly all the backissues yet except the first few. If they can't help you, drop me a letter (my name and address may be found on page 2) as I have a few dupes of earlier issues. #I just checked the wo3w backfile--Redd mentions the symbiotic sf yarn by name: "Challenge From Beyond"...just made one more frantic search and found it! Bill Evans & Frank Kerkhof put it out...nice job too!

I dunno---people keep saying fandom is going to the dogs...there just ain't no good fanzines being published these days, ktp. I disagrees. The 12th issue of OOPSLA! recently arrived and it's as choice as anything you could ask for. HYPHEN keeps turning up, boasting such dazzling perfection as to make any other fan-ed weep bright chartreuse tears of envy. VAMP hove in yesterday from fandom's answer to the Eiffel Tower, John L. Magnus, Jr., (10¢ a copy from Federal 203-B, Oberlin, Ohio till June first, then 9312' Second Avenue, Silver Spring, Maryland) and I like it (VAMP) better than Maggie's former effort called SF on account of it's got more Magnus in it. #COSMIC FRONTIERS is in from Stuart K. Nock (whom Mari Woof claims to be a pseudonym but I doubt it), 10¢ from RFD#3 Castleton, New York...somewhat like Peatrowsky's late MOTE in format tho not quite up to it in contents. Promising tho. Many more but space grows thin. #O yeh--there was a postmailing from Ken Slater too, wasn't there? /-Note all this well-organized efficiency at work-/ Da-an the Dinosaur Man. A cute item and worthy companion to the Moonvention announcement. Reminds me that Redd and Bob and I were going to fabricate a wo3w MoonCon-report but somehow nothing ever came of it.

Now turn the page and see what Donald A. Wollheim has to say for himself:

Dear Grennell:

April 15, 1954

Forrie forwarded the various tearsheets and stuff to me dealing with the latest fan fantod...this about his writer David Grinnell and myself.

I find Bob Tucker's letter amusing and quite in line with his established uncontestable reputation as the champ hoaxter of fandom. However he really has his facts all balled up. But really screwed up. Forrie has corrected him in his letter, but I'd like to correct more.

First of all, I am not "secretly" editing a magazine--there's no secret about it. I am acting as "buying consultant" for the publishers of ORBIT SCIENCE FICTION--acting as first reader and official purchaser for them. The full-time editor of that magazine is Jules Saltman and he has the final say on everything. This is not a secret and never has been. It is merely something which fandom seems to be too indifferent to its own news to bother to ferret out. Agents and many free-lance authors know it and no one ever swore them to silence. No agent has or ever had a monopoly on that magazine. Ackerman sold five stories to the first issue; others were from Altshuler, Oscar Friend and free-lancers. Meredith missed the first number but has scored the greatest number of sales to the second and third, more than Forrie I will say. The David Grinnell in the first issue was bought from Ackerman out of his general batch of submissions. "Martin Pearson" is, of course, my pen-name--a matter of public knowlege. Ackerman is correct in saying that other David Grinnell stories were rejected by me for ORBIT.

I have no connection with other stf magazines.

Second, David Grinnell refers to himself in one of the Bleiler-Dikty collections as a journalist. That means newspaperman, and not magazine editor. I'd say you guys were all wet in hunting down me, Gold, Campbell, Mines, Lowndes, Boucher, etc etc. A couple of editors who could be candidates and could qualify for a somewhat anti-fan attitude might be such as Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger...did Bob Madle mention those guys...or Charles Hornig, Harry Bates, Orlin Tremaine, Sam Moskowitz, Chet Whitehorn, or Wilbur S. Peacock?

However, I can offer one real clue. I'm not sure I know who Grinnell really is, but from certain evidence in the appearance of manuscripts submitted to me, I would say that if you can find out who "Max Dancey" is you'd have your problem solved.

All best wishes.

Cordially,

Don Wollheim

Thanks for your comments, Don...though just how much enlightenment is in them would be hard to say. Frankly, this leaves me about where I was last issue. I still don't see where either of you gentlemen has firmly denied that Wollheim is Grinnell in so many words...but I shan't press the point. But don't let's cloud the issue with recriminatory accusations. It matters not a whit to me if some unscrupulous agent has bought a press and is writing, publishing and agenting an entire magazine. As long as I'm not required to buy and read it, I could scarcely care less. What I wanted to know and still want to know is: WHO IS THE PERSON USING THE PSEUDONYM OF DAVID GRINNELL?? Cogent comments from any parties who have information on the subject is herewith earnestly solicited. The assumption that Grinnell is an editor was based on information to be found on page 31 of the Fall 1950 issue of F&SF: "David Grinnell," we are tantalizingly informed by his agent, "is the pseudonym of a well-known editor." As I said, it doesn't specify that he's an editor of science fiction but it does say that he is an editor. --dag

If you could suddenly acquire the writing talents of some one author, who would you pick? It's a purely academic question but I wouldn't have a moment's hesitation. Faced with such a decision, I would gleefully latch onto the breezy style of one H. Allen Smith. HAS is one of a small group of authors whose each new effort I view with an ecstasy of epicurean delight. You know how it is?--I'm eager to start reading but I hold off so as to enjoy the anticipatory mental salivation and as I read I keep consciously trying to slow down so as to make it last a little longer. There...I've went and bared my soul...now you know my Secret Vice.

If Mr. Smith and the Saturday Evening Post will look the other way for a moment I'd like to quote one tiny paragraph that appears on page 129 of that publication for April 24th, 1954. It is very much relevant to what I was discussing back on pages 15-16:

"Yet this sort of thing is bad business. Our natural history is crowded with instances in which one pest was imported to destroy another pest, with the result that the imported pest became a worse pest than the original pest. The pattern might go like this: a certain bug is eating the leaves off our maple trees. We find out that there is a bird in Europe that eats the bug, so we bring in some of the birds. They multiply, kill off all the maple-leaf bugs and then start slaughtering wrens. So we have to get rid of them. We bring in some Peruvian weasels to destroy the imported birds. The weasels do their job and then begin to annihilate the chicken population of the land, so we import a special brand of poisonous snake from Africa to get rid of the weasels. The snakes turn out to be cat murderers, and something has to be done about them, so we fetch over a boatload of tigers from India and the next thing we know, we are all being eaten up. It is a bad system."

--H. Allen Smith

Another thing I wanted to mention is another Amateur Publishing Association that seems to be trying to form itself. If it was just another apa, I'd say we needed it the way a duck needs an outboard motor. But this outfit sounds promising. Sounds, in fact, like it could be a lot of fun to belong to. It's called "WAPA" for Whimsical Amateur Publishing Association and the man to see would appear to be Larry Anderson of 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Precisely how far it's progressed by now, I don't know. The last I heard they were still trying to gather a membership roster together so if the idea appeals to you I'd suggest you contact &erson for details.

I said it was different. Here's how: for one thing the material they hope to bring out need not be connected in any way with science fiction or any other particular subject. The only stipulation seems to be that it should have a humorous slant (down, Willis!) or, in a word, whimsical. Furthermore, they don't propose to have an Official Editor and regular mailings, deadlines, etc. As I get the pitch, they will circulate a list of members from time to time and when you have something to send around you mail it direct to each member as you would a post-mailing in FAPA. Certain details remain to be ironed out...activity requirements and entrance requirements and so forth. Larry wrote to me on February 2nd and said that the people who really like whimsy are being asked to join. He mentions prospective members as Lynn Hickman, Wally Weber, the Share sisters, Vee Hampton and Bill Calabrese. GM Carr wrote to me expressing interest in it and said that she was writing to Larry too. I'd like to see Stavdal and Art Rapp take an interest in it too as well as a number of others. Larry says they'd prefer to hold the membership down to 25 or so and would hope to maintain a fairly high level of activity...with a minimum of fuss, constitutions and red tape. I think it could be a lot of fun if the right people get going on it. I know I've got a lot of stuff that I'd never dare to use in FAPA or SAPS or 7APA--too whimsical...much too whimsical. I'm entranced with the thought of an apa devoted to whimsy. --dag



"Why Milton — what do you mean, this radioactive atmosphere is "frustrating"?"

THIS IS
THE END
OF TRUE
day