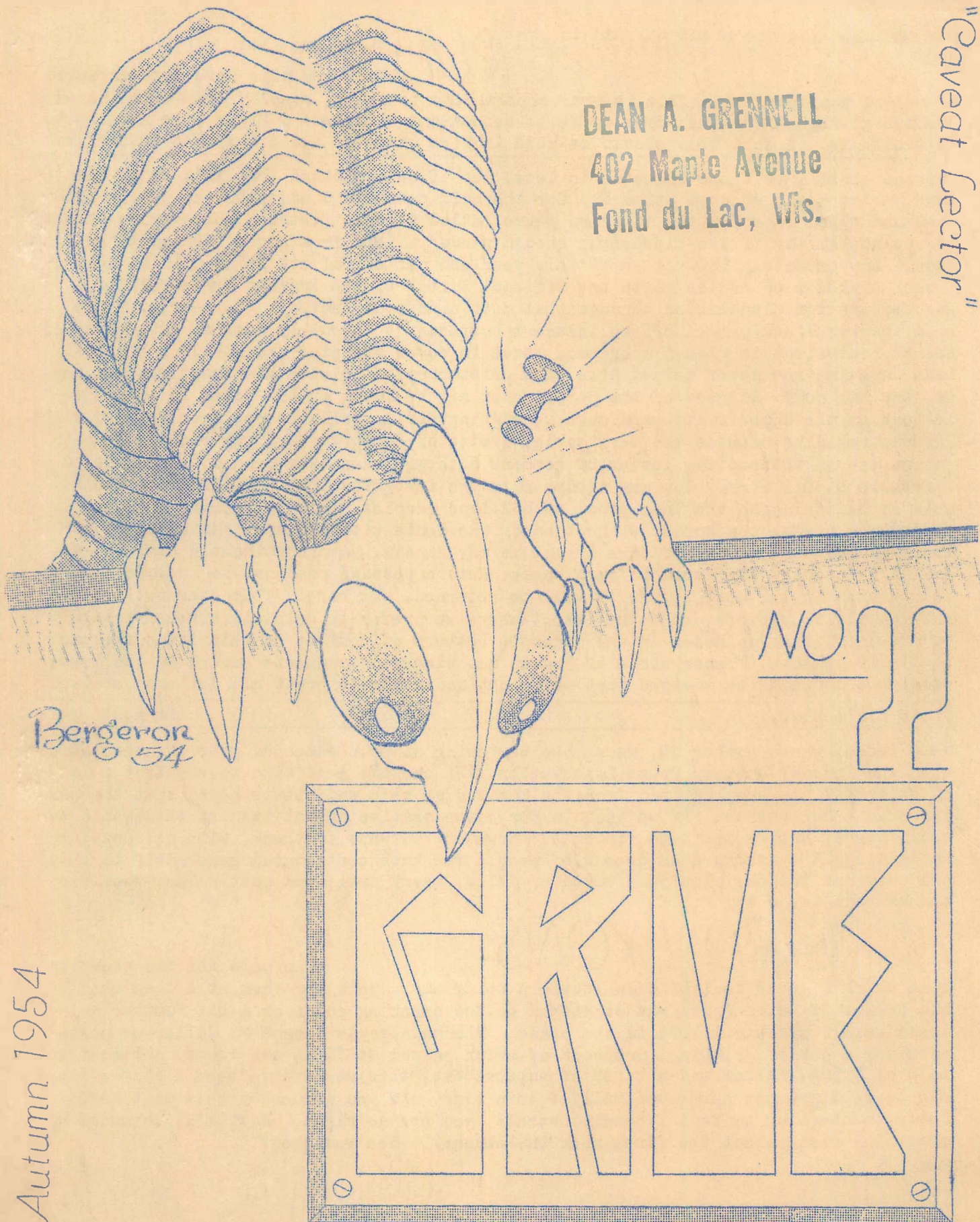


"Caveat Lector"

DEAN A. GRENNELL
402 Maple Avenue
Fond du Lac, Wis.



NO. 22

Autumn 1954

Mafla Press, Inc.

The magazine you are about to read is

GRUE,

only the aims have been arranged to reject the indolent. This is your opportunity to travel step by step with the ed through an actual fanzine, from grime to denouement. Liggett & Myers have nothing to do with this...a fact that should be held in firm grasp at all times. Pos tno b ill s.

For the benefit of those who came in late. let it be explained that this is an amateur publication produced primarily for the edification and amusement of people who read and claim to enjoy the literary genre called science fiction. However we accept no responsibility if the discussion should wander afield from Rocket Romances now and then. Approximately 150 copies of this peerless periodical are being printed this issue; of these 68 copies go to the Official Editor of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association for circulation through that most august of bodies. The remainder are sold, bartered and palmed off on innocent bystanders. A purely nominal cash value of 25¢ or equivalent is placed upon each issue to cover wrapping and handling charges. Life magazine has never termed Grue "The Aristocrat of Science Fiction," but you never know, do you? Address of the perpetrator may be found on the cover in bold blue letters in the upper right-hand corner, running horizontally across from left to right. Persons residing outside the territorial limits of North America may receive Grue in return for an interesting letter of comment although an answer cannot be guaranteed. (Nevertheless, will try.) You may assume from the foregoing that Canadians are considered as belonging to the same group as USA-type peoples. This is because they can send money across the border without nasty incidents with customs. Material is cordially solicited for such future issues as may appear. A predominantly humorous approach is greatly preferred in such cases. Return postage need not be included. If it is not used in the next issue, it will be returned, our cost. This does not ordinarily apply to artwork, cartoons, etc., where we prefer to maintain a reserve supply to use in filling up holes in the makeup. Letters of comment on this issue are particularly welcome. Please state if you do not wish your comments quoted in the letter section and please be advised that we do not undertake to print all letters received.

If it ain't blue....

....it ain't Grue

This issue, whole Number 22, marks the beginning of Grue's second year of association with the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. It seems a good time to say that a lot of enjoyment has been derived from the liaison at this end; it is hoped that the converse is equally true. If we went in for commemorative annual issues, this would be the annish. But we don't so it isn't. However, we want to thank, with all possible cordiality, the dozens upon dozens of people who have contributed generously to this and previous issues. You're a bunch of dolls, every one! And particular, specific thanks this issue to:

HOWARD LYONS

who paid for the stencils

upon which a great deal of this issue is being cut...paid for them at a time when the credit of Mafia Press was stretched to the breaking point or a bit further and there wasn't a stencil left in the place. Thanks also to Joseph W. Miller who passed along a job of printing, proceeds of which helped to float the issue. Without the help of Lyons, Miller and a bunch of subscribers, this would have been a slimmer issue or it might not have even made it this time. If you deduce by this that Mafia Press is starting to feel financial strain, you are so right. But we'll scrounge up something along about the first week in February. See you then?

DAG:mar

David B. Howell
his mark

Grue doesn't ordinarily use reprints but few American readers will have seen this item and I thought it deserved wider circulation. It first appeared in the "SuperManCon Souvenir Programme & Combozine" which was distributed at the Second (1954) SMCon in Manchester, England. Mr. Clarke (called A. Vinç to avoid confusion with a lesser-known namesake) needs no introduction to most of you. But his subject, the dedicated Mr. Bickerstaff, does. Mr. Clarke is about to take care of that for you.

THE ULTIMATE FANZINE

by A. Vincent Clarke



FANDOM IS COMPOSED OF OUTRÉ CHARACTERS, but some are more outré than others. For years after they've been active fans like Claude Degler, Derek Pickles, Francis Towner Laney, Bill Temple and such lead a sort of pseudo-existence in the minds of fans & the columns of fanzines, cropping up when an apt illustration is needed, (as just now) and being reminisced about at Convention parties, being held up to or having the finger pointed at. And some people just miss becoming Legends. Accidents, a quirk of Fate.....

Let me tell you about Gus Bickerstaff.

I came across his name in an old fan-address list the other day, and it brought back the memories. Augustus Brian Bickerstaff, to give him his full name, came to the White Horse in London for 18 months or so around the '48-'49 period. An undistinguished, fringe-fan type.....we thought. In his middle twenties, fair-hair brushed straight back, horn-rimmed glasses, neatly dressed, not quite sophisticated enough to be a bank-clerk. An insurance-clerk or an architect's-clerk perhaps. Something in the clerkly line of business, anyway. It radiated from him.

He would come to the White Horse every Thursday night, sitting quietly at a table in the corner, rarely joining in conversations but evidently enjoying them, sometimes buying the occasional AMAZING or PLANET. He wasn't very interested in the scientific content of stories. One felt that here was the perfect case of sublimation, the quiet figure who dreamed of tempestuous adventure on other planets and in other dimensions. Bickerstaff himself was rarely disturbed; even when someone spilt a glass of beer over his trousers he seemed more upset at the resultant fuss than at the accident itself. He was the sort of fan of whom one only learns the given name; it was "Evening, Gus," and "Seen this, Gus?" and "Goodnight, Gus".

Then he failed to appear for three whole weeks. No one missed him. Life went on. Magazines were bought, sold and exchanged, borrowed.....glasses were knocked over, passionate arguments on Communism, Shaverism and other topics of the day were passionately argued about. If Bickerstaff had added something --- grown a beard, for instance,---- he would have attracted tremendous attention. The total disappearance of the whole just failed to register.

On the fourth Thursday I was sitting in Bickerstaff's usual corner, making some notes for a news-magazine I was publishing, and someone sat down beside me. It was Bickerstaff again.

"Hi, Gus," I said absently, and went on making notes.

"Excuse me," he said.

There was something slightly disturbing about this. People like Bickerstaff never take the initiative. I put down the pencil, took a drink, and looked at him. Rather more disturbing. Bickerstaff was dressed --- elegantly. Everything new, everything perfectly matched, tailored, the sort of thing that gleams glossily from the pages of ESQUIRE or saunters by in Mayfair but is never seen in a City pub. Only the horn-rimmed glasses were the same.

I paused for a moment, looking as intelligent as possible. It wasn't a cortical-thalamic pause, it was just plain bewilderment. And Bickerstaff cleared his throat nervously, looked around at the crowd of chattering fans and pros and said "Er --I've just won a hundred and three thousand, five hundred and eighty nine pounds, ten shillings and fourpence."

He had, too. It was in the days when there was no upper limit to football-pool prizes, and Gus's humble two shillings had won a first dividend. He had the letters to prove it.

"Congratulations," I said. I suppose that I should have felt envious, but I was too curious. This was a rich s-f fan....what would he do?

"This hasn't made any difference to my liking for science-fiction," said Bickerstaff. "I still like it. As a matter of fact, I've sent away for a complete file of PLANET STORIES, and I've got subscriptions in to all the other magazines. But I want to do something for the fans."

"Why, thanks," I murmured.

"It's all very well meeting and talking in a pub like this ---" he looked around. Someone had emptied a suitcase-full of magazines on to the table and now there was beginning a steady flow of fans towards us, like the gathering of vultures in a desert. "I'll write to you," said Bickerstaff, hastily, and vanished, leaving his drink half-finished in a rather ostentatious manner. He left me feeling extremely worried.

A true fan would have finished that drink.

Truce is sometimes stronger than friction.

I had a letter about a week later, scrawled on an expensive handmade paper with rough edges, like a pre-war WONDER STORIES. It was a brief invitation to visit him at his 'new place' the following Sunday. There was one curious feature about this letter; the letter-heading was printed and it was badly printed. The word HIGHBURY, for instance, appeared as H IGHgUR_X, and it was in a wildly inappropriate style. But I went.

The new Bickerstaff House was a squat, three-storied edifice in a neighbourhood which had seen better days. The front garden was filled with bushes and long grass -- it looked as though the gardener hadn't returned from Queen Victoria's funeral and nobody had noticed -- and the drive to the front door was choked with piles of bricks, cement, sand and other builder's materials and handcarts.

I pressed the bell-push. There was a dull explosion and the whistling screech of riven atmosphere somewhere inside the house, silence for a couple of seconds, then the same sequence of sound, then another repeat. Evidently a record. A panel opened in the side of the porch, and a mechanical arm extended a tray on which stood a bottle, a glass and a copy of PLANET STORIES. I didn't touch them....the bottle was champagne, and I never have liked the stuff.

Bickerstaff himself opened the door a few moments later. Behind his welcoming expression he looked rather worried. I was ushered into a hall which was evidently in the process of being re-furnished and re-decorated generally. A Bonestell original hung from a pair of rather shabby antlers and the ceiling was half flaking whitewash and half painted with a scene which apparently depicted Innocence Rescued from a Saturnian BEM.

"Er.....hardly anything is really finished yet," said Bickerstaff apologetically, "But when it is...this is going to be the fan centre. Why, we might even run weekend coaches to here from other parts of the country after we start publicising fandom."

He showed me through some of the rooms, rather hurriedly. There were two or three libraries, all the walls lined with books and magazine shelves and all neatly labelled. They were designed to hold complete sets of everything. There was an authors' composing section, divided into half-a-dozen soundproof cubicles furnished with luxurious chairs, typewriters and shelves of HOW TO WRITE books. There were bedrooms, bathrooms with hot and cold running beer, everything. It was wonderful...and yet Bickerstaff showed it with an air of absent-mindedness. It was obvious that his attention was elsewhere, and after practically running through the 13th bedroom he stopped and said "But the rest are just like this one. I know what you'll be interested in," and he led the way to the lift.

We shot smoothly down to the basement, and emerged from the lift into an immense chamber which apparently extended under the whole house. A few yellow lights in the ceiling shot metallic reflections from the curves of great masses of machinery and there was an almost overpowering odour of oil, warm metal, newly sawn wood and another substance which I couldn't identify immediately. Red warning lights glowed dimly on the face of an enormous switchboard and the whine of an electric motor echoed from some distant corner.

For a few wild moments I wondered if Bickerstaff was building a space-ship in his basement. I wouldn't have been surprised at him building one, but the location seemed inappropriate. Then he walked across to the switchboard and arc-lamps blazed from the ceiling. The mystery of those metallic bulks suddenly vanished. The alien odour was abruptly identifiable as printer's ink.

"Printing machines!"

"Yes, printing machines. I've got the very latest stuff here." Bickerstaff patted a platen lovingly. "Made quite a hole in the money, but it was worth it. Vince, I'm going to publish the ultimate fanzine!"

"The ultimate fanzine? With this?" My voice echoed and re-echoed between the huge machines. It came back to my ears as incredulous, awed, and somehow slightly horrified.

"Certainly, with this." Bickerstaff looked a little hurt, but it vanished as enthusiasm crept into his tones. "I've got the equipment here to put out a terrific fan-magazine. It will have better stories than PLANET, better articles than AMAZING, it will have news from editors all over the world, photos of authors, everything. It will be better than FANTASY REVIEW, NIRVANA, and FANTASY TIMES combined."

"It..er..should be fun."

"Fun? Oh, yes, I suppose so. It will be the biggest thing the s-f world has ever seen. It will really put fandom on the map. I'll get it distributed at news-stands; I'll have it advertised in the national dailies. It will be big business. I don't say that we'll be able to do it all at once, we'll have to watch the capital expenditure, but I can see this being the fanzine. All the rest will fold up and disappear."

"They will?"

"Definitely....all the fans will be writing for this. Think of it.... everything printed, coloured illustrations, professional...."

"That," I said, "is the point." I sat down on a pile of chases. "Look here, Gus, with all due respect to your ideas, I don't think that you're going about this in the right way. Fandom is...combined of a number of spontaneous individual efforts...at least, what I call fandom. Even club organs are not usually produced because of a mutual interest of members in the club itself, but because they are given a chance to express their mutual creative impulses. Sometimes the organ is the club. Therefore, you'll always get individual fanzines, and you will not get everyone writing for you because there's a terrific lot of pleasure in producing ones own stuff."

"But this will be so easy for them! Why, it will be printed!"

"And any fanzine that's printed loses individual atmosphere. Even typos have their part in creating individual atmosphere, horrible though they may be, and if you're going to have this stuff professionally printed....."

"Not professionally printed. I'm going to do it myself."

"You're what?"

"I'm going to do it myself. I've bought a book about typesetting and I'm going to do it all myself. Then I know it will be all right. It's a bit slow at present, but I'll learn. I agree with what you say about fanzines being expressions of individualism, but there's room for the perfect fanzine and this is going to be it."

"Run by the perfect individual, I suppose" I said nastily.

"Why, thank you, Vince" said Bickerstaff, flicking a blob of printer's ink from his lapel.

"Oh" I said. I left him soon afterwards. He came up to the White Horse a fortnight later and tried to get an article or two from some of the professional authors. Most of them gave him their best wishes---only. But he wasn't disheartened; he was too busy learning how to set type and how to be an editor...from the books. He came up again about two months later, told me that 4-colour illustrations were hard to do, and then stopped coming at all. The last letter I had from him, in 1952, said that he was setting the 78th page, but he'd had to scrap a lot of the earlier stuff because it was out of date. The address on his notepaper spelt HIGHBURY, HIGHBURY, so he was learning. I should say that it's an even chance that in a couple of years he'll either be bankrupt or will produce the most highly individualistic fanzine you ever saw as his first contribution to fandom.

An outré character.....

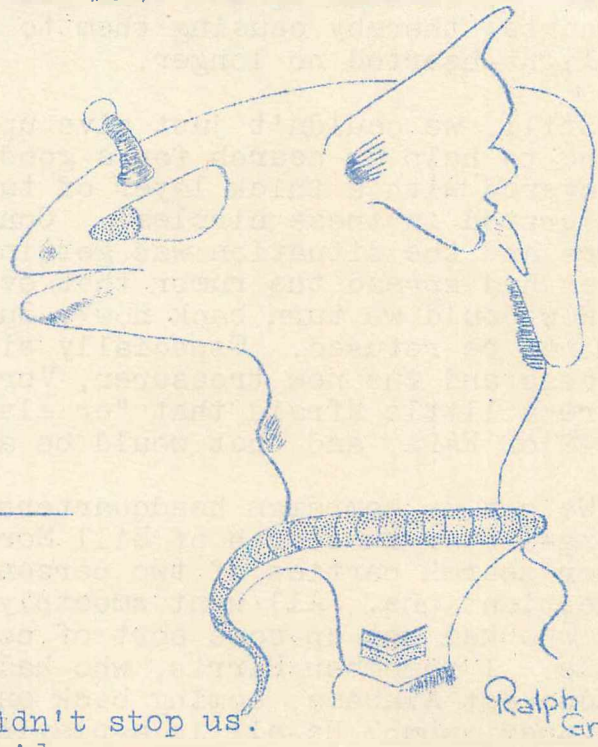
--A. VINCENT CLARKE

"CHUCH HARRIS reports that Anglo Fandom has trouble with hotels too. Says Calkins could write a story about fans scouring the world, seeking a hotelier who hasn't heard of SF..." (FFW, Grue #21) No sooner said than...

7

QUEST

by Gregg Calkins



The NIGHT WAS DARK, but that didn't stop us. Tucker said he was not afraid, anyway, and besides he had his flashlight along. It was a 750 candlepower flashlight, too.

The way was long, but that didn't stop us either. Before we left, Lee Jacobs had worked it all out on his slide-rule and figured the distance we had to travel was just exactly twice as far as half-way. With that worry off our minds the whole expedition seemed to settle down to business.

The packs were heavy, but that still didn't stop us. Stout-hearted fen, all, and a mere 893.4 pounds of baggage wasn't going to slow Boggs down enough to bother us. Besides, Boggs said that he'd been carrying fandom on his shoulders for a long time now and was quite used to it. That seemed a rather cryptic remark at the time, but as Harris mentioned as we got underway and he got underfoot, there was an electric phan in the baggage and perhaps Boggs was referring to that. Although how Harris knew about the phan was something that surprised me again. I'd packed that phan secretly and didn't think anybody knew about it. It had originally been purchased so I could "Phan away to Phrisco in the phall of phifty-phour" but I missed the convention that year and planned saving the fan for another suitable occasion—perhaps I'd want to "Phan away to Phond du Lac in the phall of phifty-phive." Oh, I know I could have thrown it out and bought a new one the next year, but after all this was a tried-and-true phan and any other I should buy would be brand-new. And who wants a neo-phan around? Especially at conventions.

What almost did stop us was The Quest Itself.....the search for a hotel that had never heard of science-fiction!

Not that we felt that way at first. We set out with light hearts. But that was before we came to the shadowland and lost three good fen to the horrible beast, Zenitram Mas ("The Critical Mas", as some termed it). Zenitram Mas attacked our party by shooting hypodermic needles full of

lead at us. Naturally the lead got into our blood-stream and lodged in our hearts, thereby causing them to gain about seven pounds apiece. We were light-hearted no longer.

Still, we couldn't just give up. Harris had come all the way from England to help us search for a good convention hotel (the rumor that he was covered with a thick layer of tar, imbedded with feathers, is not to be tolerated in these circles). Convention hotels were as scarce there as here and the situation was getting desperate. Besides, unofficial sources had spread the rumor that even Walt...Good Old Walt...was backing us! How could we turn back now? Such faith...such trust...such honor could not be refused. Especially since Harris and I owed \$73.51 in back FAPA dues and the new treasurer, Vorzimer, was out to collect "or else." We were a little afraid that "or else" meant writing for ABstract, the new O-O of FAPA, and that would be a FATE worse than MYSTIC.

We set up campaign headquarters in Lower Tuktoyuktuk and sent a waiting-lister in search of Bill Morse. Our large party was split into smaller search parties of two persons each and all left for their various destinations. All went smoothly except for some character named Laney who had set up some sort of committee with Watkins and was causing trouble. I remember Harris, who had been assigned on a scouting patrol into deepest Alabama, coming back and asking me, "What's wif dis hyuh kyat Laney, ahuh? He-all is a-playin' merry hell wif some uv ouh groups oah tew. Seems as how he-uns don't like we-uns' tew-party system...keeps mutterin' somethin' about three's company, tew's abnormal."

Aside from minor delays, all went well. We waited breathlessly for the reports to start coming in. Finally, there came:

AR 41655 BRAZIL X TNX TO DE CAMP ALL HOTELS CURRENTLY INFORMED OF SF X
SUGGEST DISAPPROVAL AS CONSITE X MAJORITY OF POPULATION NUTS X ECONOMOU

SL 38790 CALCUTTA X OUTLOOK BLACK X PLACE IS A HOLE X RAPP

AY 31442 GREENPERNT X AVAILABLE HOTEL AT HUNNERT 'N' TOITY-TOID STREET
BUT FILLED WIT' FOREIGNERS SPEAKIN' STRANGE LANGWICH X SILVERBERG

AA 99801 FLORIDA X EGAD X ALL IS CONFUSION HERE X VICK

JN 43938 YOKOHAMA X FOUND A PERFECT SPOT BUT NO MINORS ALLOWED X WESSON

Tucker was the first to return, sobbing. Ever since the Fountain Lodge Affair he had been a broken fan and now he was a pitiful sight. His propellor on his beanie wavered erratically in the half-light, throwing weird shadows on the crusted snow. "It...it was perfect, Gregg...a whole hotel, beautiful...\$1.50 rooms, complete with bath...wonderful service...no house detectives...an understanding manager and even more understanding maids...and then, rammed behind the switchboard downstairs, I found...I found..." his voice broke into inarticulate sobs. His eyes became as blank as a page from his celebrated "Invisible Science Fiction Stories" and his sensitive fannish features went slack. Bloch and I pried his clenched fingers away from his gruesome burden...a copy of STARTLING STORIES for August of 1952.

Bloch swore bitterly, "Holy Sainted Ackerman—of all the issues of SS it had to be the one that carried "The Lovers"...Degler take that Philip José Farmer anyway!"

We worked feverishly over Tucker's prostrate form, thanking our lucky stars for Eney, on Detached Service from the Medics. Eney tried everything...from Attar of Rosebuds to Old Woodchuck, administered intravenously. But nothing helped. Bloch, listening grimly to Tucker's delirious babbling about geeks and missing playing-cards, said to nobody in particular, "You know, eventually there's bound to be a Tucker Death Report that isn't a hoax." Nobody said anything except Tucker, who moaned something about "Hoy Ping Pong...staples..." There was little fannish cheer in our tent that night.*

Burbee was next in. "Rotsler luck," he gasped, "searched the whole south-wesson part of the country from Austin to Mt. Wilson and there's nothing to be found eney-where."

GM Carr reported in with a smile. Hopes rose like magic and eager faces clustered around. "It's a wonderful little place...all the things we'll need. Only...only no bar..." There was a gasp. "No bar? No bar?" Bloch spoke up, hesitantly, asking me, "If there's no bar, how can we find Tucker?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm sorry, FAPAns...Gertrude...it won't do. No bar. We'll have to find another place."

Warner came back. Then Wells and Speer and Rotsler, Danner, McCain and Splawn. They were beaten men, all of them. Only Geis came back with any spirit left...he had found two quart bottles of White Horse scotch on the way...and tried to joke away the bad news. "Wise Geis," somebody snorted and started pommeling him with a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.

The news was appalling. In all the world we could not find a single hotel that had not heard of science fiction. Many were willing to take our convention, true, but that wasn't the deal we wanted--the deal we needed. It had to be something new, different, vital! From Belfast came a cable:

RR /-711 BELFAST X WHAT WORD X HARRIS FOUND DEAD LAST NIGHT OUT ON HEATHER WITH COPY OF STAR ROCKETS IN HAND X MOOR INFORMATION ON REQUEST X VINÇ CLARKE SAYS LEAVE NO STERN UNTONED X ADVISE PRESENT SITUATION X GHOD

I had no answer. The reports were in and the expedition was a failure. I was ready to strip off my I GO POGO button and call it a complete loss. I was desperate enough to do anything.

And then Boggs spoke up...good old loyal, trust-worthy, hard-working Boggs. HE gave us the idea. It was sheer inspiration--his last act toward fandom and his beloved FAPA before he tumbled lifelessly to the ground. Because of him we have abandoned our attempts to find a hotel that has not heard of sf as a dream-quest. It was the wrong goal all the

* The story of Tucker is indeed a sad one. His health never rallied from this latest blow and he's said to be spending his last days re-writing THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. One of Tucker's last reported incidents that left no doubt as to his sanity happened shortly after Bloch took him back to Bloomington. Tucker broke loose, tied Bloch to a stake in the front yard (chuckling, "Nothing like a stake well-done!"), and started chasing a neighborhood child around it in circles. When the police arrived and demanded an explanation he replied vaguely that he was "just going around the Bloch for a bit of heir." --GC

time. Quickly I despatched a cable to Belfast:

OO 1341270 USMC X GHOD X BOGGS DISCOVERED REAL GOAL X LAST WORDS THERES
GOAL IN THEM THAR HILLS X COME OUT OF GAEL GAOL NOW X CALKINS

How well we all remember Boggs, and I can hear his last words now just as plainly as if it were only last mailing: "Lights," he rasped, as we cleared away a passage from around his mouth so he could speak. Not for Boggs was the death Tucker had pictured, buried alive in a rain of bricks from a bombed house along with a pretty girl. Instead he collapsed beneath the 70th FAPA mailing and if he had a girl in there with him, we never knew it. But we all know and remember his message...the message that took our feet off of the wrong path and put them on THE TRUE QUEST:

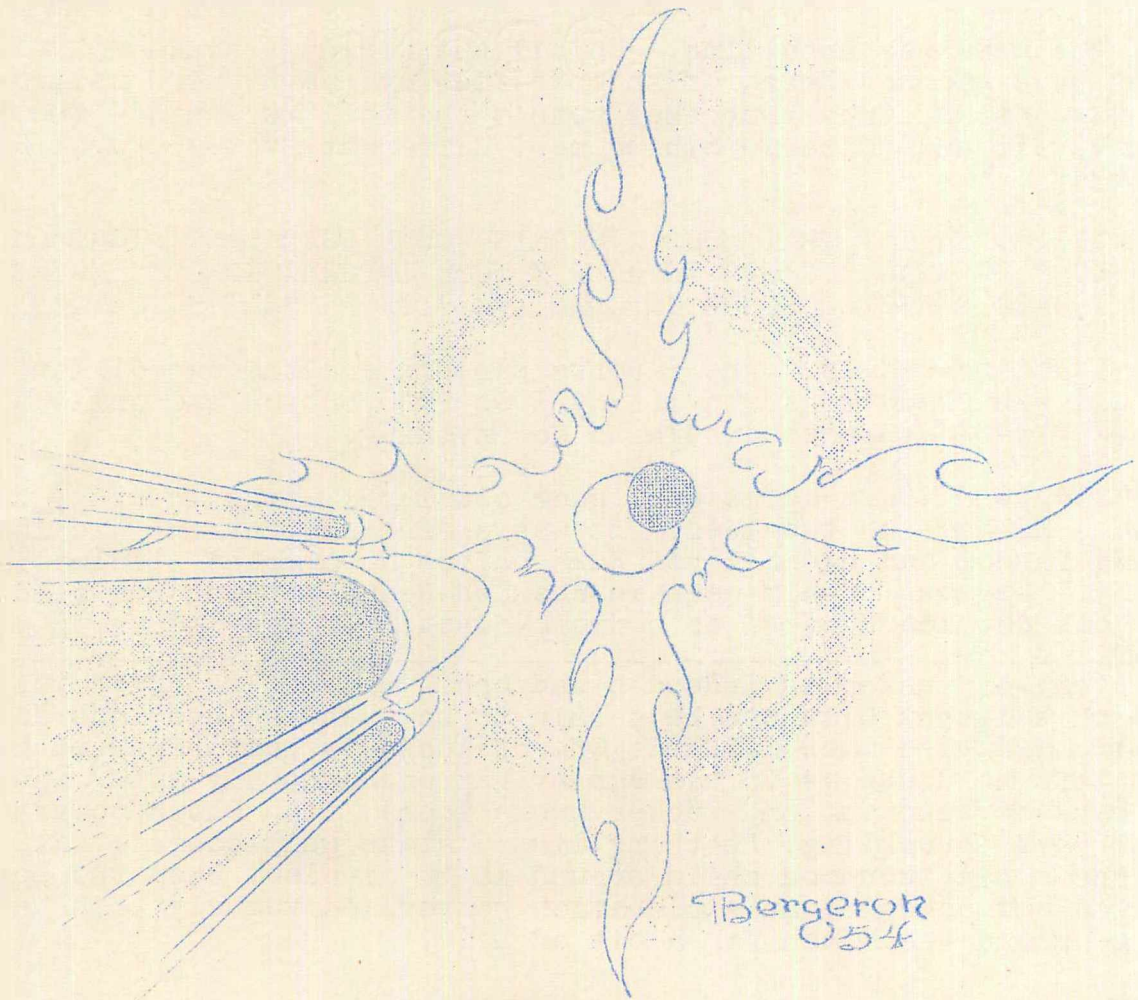
"Lights.....the lights in the sky are bars!"

ADDENDUM: The 1955 World Con will be held at O'Flaherty's Bar, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, over the traditional Labor Day Weekend. Membership fees are the traditional \$1. Seventh Fandomers are advised to seek elsewhere for a consite as all members this year must be at least 21 years of age. Send proof of age and your membership dollar in care of this magazine. Plan now to attend the WhisCon!

--Gregg Calkins

(Pfc. Calkins has appeared through the courtesy of the US Marine Corps. --ed.)

Best we start Gerding our Lyons now...



Gnurrery Rhymes



Grue's Department of Not-Prose

(Note to Terry & Joan Carr: You'd best skip this page.)

Willie swears and uses "ain't,"
He has never known restraint.
Hedonism is his credo--
Wait till he finds his libido!
--Willie Stavdal

Thirsty Willie said, "Here's mud!"
Stabbed his aunt and drank her blood.
Satisfied his childish wants--
Honi soit qui mal y pense.
--WS

A few people finished that limerick:

A noted pro-author named Bloch
Likes to sleep in a grandfather cloch...

Which is quite the way
Until one day
He started to go tich-toch.
--Larry Anderson

But the water seeped in,
And diluted the gin,
As it drifted around in the lough.
or:

With an Eskimo lass,
A fan from Madras,
And a whisky-distiller called Jock.
--Chuck Harris

But one night his ears
Got enmeshed in the gears
Which gave the poor bloke quite a shoch.
--Eldrin Fzot

He explained, "To court sleep,
I prefer to count sheep
And it helps me to tich off the floch."
--Roberta Stuart

* * * * *

There was a young lady from Wantage
Of whom the town clerk took advantage.
Said the borough surveyor:
"Indeed you must pay 'er.
You've totally altered her frontage."
--Chuck Harris

"Clerihews" they call 'em. Sample:

James White
Is hard to ignite
Even Peggy Martin
Found him a little Spartan.
or:

George Charters
Is no fan of Jean Paul Sartre's
He can only understand
Max Brand.

--Chuck Harris

Sorta like this, eh Chuque?:

Bob Shaw
Says, with awe,
"There's no flaw
in WAW!"

And at least one party took us up on that
invite to do a limerick in blank verse:

There was a young faned named Vorz
Who published a fanzine quite daft.
When asked, "Are you nuts?"
He answered, "I don't think so;
I'm the last who'd want to be psychotic!"
--Richard E. Geis

A gifted young lady named Hilda
Could throw all her joints out of kilda.
She appeared on the stage
And became quite the rage.
(You'd die if I told how they bilda!)
--dag



Evelyn Gold, Girl Editor

WE FANNED AWAY TO 'FRISCO

(...in the Fall of Fifty-Four.)

Rather than one long report on the recent Science Fiction Convention held at San Francisco over the Labor Day weekend (4-5-6 September), Grue herewith presents fairly brief notes from a number of people. Sorry about the photos--we got some (chiefly from Peter Graham) but limited time and (especially) finances do not enable us to use them this issue. But let's kick off the discussion with a few words from that luscious creature ineptly pictured at the left.

Horace stretched my visa to 10 days including traveling time and I just barely made the convention. It was a delightful and memorable week for me.

It all started in Los Angeles when Forrie Ackerman met me at the Airport, took me to dinner and then to his house where he'd apparently arranged a gathering for me. Everyone in the sf field who lived around Los Angeles who was not planning to attend the convention was there; some 40 to 50 people. They all understood my alien tongue in every subject except time. Having started my day in New York that Monday at 6 a.m., I tried to duck out of my own party around 1 a.m. Those doddering young upstarts insisted that I do as Californians do and live according to their time--it was only 10 p.m. on their watches. But I fooled them all...kept my watch tuned to New York time and managed to get to sleep at 6 a.m. It was all Ray Bradbury's fault--we had covered science fiction pretty thoroughly by midnight (3 a.m. on my watch) and got started on interesting subjects. Oh, well, other interesting subjects.

The next day won LA dwellers my complete admiration. The Kuttners drove about 15 miles to visit me, escort me to lunch, catch up on the past 14 years (since we saw each other last) and then chauffeured me about 20 miles to Bill Gault's. Spent about 3 hours learning that Bill can make those 180 minutes seem like 5. Floyd Wallace trekked out from about 20 miles away to whirl me back to his home and then a stone's throw away for dinner. Seems there was this favorite restaurant of theirs about 10 miles from their apartment. And so on and on....

And I understand the favorite pastime of those natives is going for a drive. Ye Gods, no one ever goes just around the corner! I never did get to downtown Los Angeles.... all the people I met there hadn't ever gone either....at least not for the past five years or so.

Arrived in San Francisco Wednesday afternoon (1 Sept), checked in at the Sir Francis Drake hotel--which Sir Francis was smart enough to build soon's he discovered Frisco. Oops--I was warned not to say "Frisco" or I'd get hanged from the nearest TV antenna if I was overheard. A charming couple of people--named Peeple--(also known as Brad Ward, western writer, also a fancier of sf) toured Marty Greenberg and me around San Francisco. Had dinner at Fisherman's Wharf (one of the places one's gotta go to) and argued a bit about the rain. Those stubborn Peeples insisted it was only fog, but they couldn't fool a city slicker like me. After they informed me that this was only a sample of their famous fog, I looked heavenward and made some threats about not calling California God's Country unless this dewy damp nonsense was called off. Suffice to say it stopped....

EVELYN GOLD (continued)

We sneaked up on Es Cole, Ben Stark, Tony Boucher and Bob Bloch who were broadcasting some sort of science fiction gibberish at a local radio station. Followed that up with a good gab-fest over beer (for the oldsters) and milk for Boucher's sons and me.

Next day took advantage of the fact that the convention hadn't officially started and began my sightseeing with sober men and drunken cable-car. Those hills in that there city are mighty high and curvy. And when the conductors shout "curvecominghangon!" all ya gotta do is hang-clutch-cling to all sober ones around with strong arms.

Another experience you must experience is sliding into Les Cole's car at top of a hill on your way to lunch and discover that the only way you're liable to get where you're going is to back down that 80° angle hill in order to get a start and get back up again. With the help of six sets of crossed fingers and elusive brakes we made it to Cliff House, which overlooks the ocean and where you bark like seals and watch your lunch. Aah, if you'd spent time traveling up and down those hills, driving with Californian drivers (who obviously learned that the normal driving speed is 80 miles an hour it isn't?) you'd realize that New York traffic is a snap.

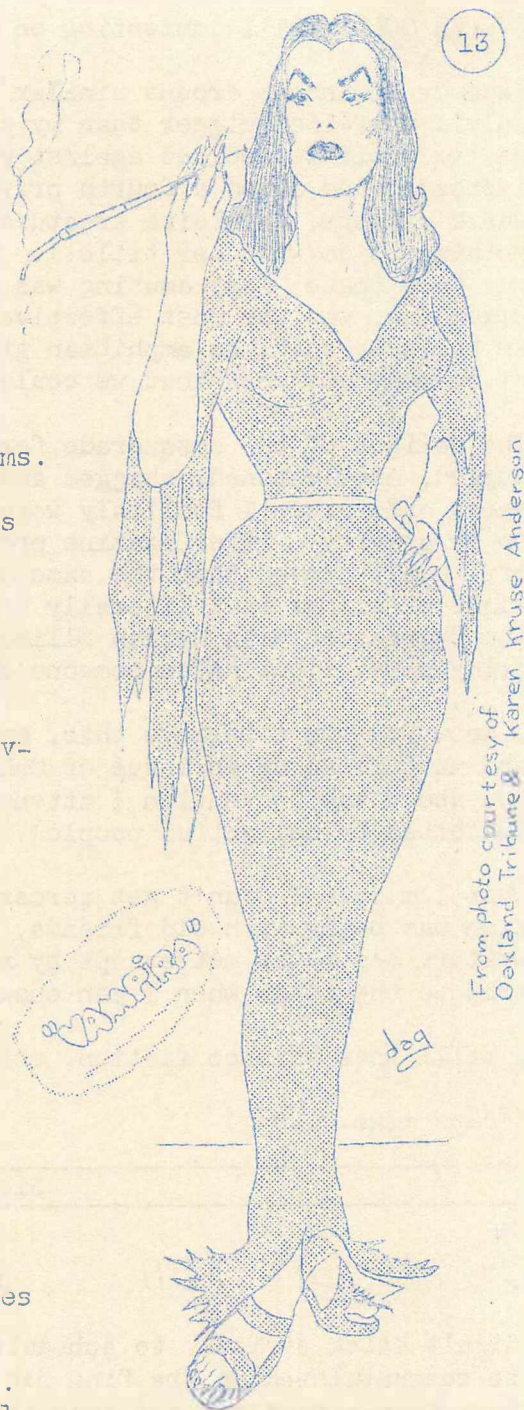
Met and enjoyed being with Miriam Allen de Ford who has more vitality, intelligence and charm than many persons 1/3rd her age.

From here on in, I got lost in the swirls of Convention-eers who began arriving. The panels were all interesting and attention-holders. Only things I didn't attend were the auctions. Know this was a financial success, though, because all expenses of the convention were met. Someone made copper-coil figures of Boucher, Campbell and me for the auction. ...Seems we were all sold down the river, but while Tony and John brought \$2.50 apiece, my coppery curves were bought for \$5.00.

The banquet was first highlight and most enjoyable affair. The speeches were few, short and mostly amusing. Jack Williamson was his usual lovable self; Tony Boucher sparkled with his usual wit; I, being completely unprepared, said a few brief words (most unusual); John Campbell gave a pleasant, interesting speech (and didn't lecture); Dick Matheson said a few belligerent words about raising the standards of science fiction stories; and Forrie Ackerman was actually amusing; Bob Bloch, as toastmaster, topped all his other performances which resulted in many sore throats from laughing (Good Lord, I wish I had time to edit this letter you're doin' ok).

The operetta was magnificently performed, especially by the female lead and chorus. It was charmingly narrated by Tony Boucher. Never having read A SCENT OF SARSAPARILLA by Ray Bradbury, I couldn't very well compare the adaptation and story...however, I've liked other Bradbury stories.

And the masquerade! For a change I maintained the Gold dignity and didn't don a costume. For a reward I was made one of the judges. On the judge's bench with me were Campbell, Boucher, Bloch and Vampira—she's the gal who dresses like the Charles Addams' witch. But she looks beautiful in spite of her impersonation. Her 17-inch-cinched-in waistline



EVELYN GOLD (still commenting on the FrisCon, Vampira's waistline, etc.)

made my 25 inches around similar territory look mountainous #17 inches--mighod, that's only a half-inch bigger than my collar-size!--dag#. The masqueraders had us all flabbergasted until we decided against giving 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes. We gave category prizes instead...and added a fourth prize of subs to each of our mags. Most beautiful of all was a silvery, exquisite creature who called herself "Miss Galaxy" (S'help me, I had nothing to do with her title!). Most inventive was D.O.A. (who looked it); most exotic was Deep Space; most amusing was a Mad Professor. We gave honorable mentions to The Big Green Man, who was most effectively green on exposed skin, silver-haired, and dressed in business suit; an amphibian girl, who bubbled mysteriously; etc. We were impressed by so many costumes that we could have given 18 prizes.

The delight of the Masquerade for me was a dixieland jazz band. I shamelessly jitterbugged, charlestoned, shagged and danced almost every dance they played. Mostly with my shoes off, since I foolishly wore my future-fashion shoes--the backless ones that stay on by gravity. Life Magazine proved that one can do the can-can without their falling off, but I proved that the same doesn't hold true for the Charleston. And aah, the best sight of all at that literally breathtaking affair was Peg Campbell (John's wife) doing the Charleston with Harlan Ellison. Most frustrating not holding a camera between my grimy paws....but maybe someone else caught the picture.

I know you won't believe this, but I've just gotten the whip over my lily-white shoulders and must clean up an issue of GALAXY*. I hate to cut in here, for I haven't begun to tell you about the Convention I attended in that fascinating city of San Francisco (which is inhabited by delightful people).

What I'm sure I didn't get across to you was that the most enjoyable part of the convention was being with old friends, making so very many new ones, discovering that about 50 writers I'd never met except by mail are truly persons worthwhile meeting. Worth another trip to the Coast when I can coax Horace into joining me.

I still love science fiction, science fiction writers, artists, devotees, conventions...

(*caps mine. --dag)

--Evelyn Paige Gold

Sic transit Evelyn madly

Peter Graham

says:

The con itself was fun. As usual, the program didn't stick strictly to schedule, nor was it always on time, but Les & Es Cole are to be congratulated on the fine job they did even on the last-minute rearranging. Not too many famous fans or pros were there, probably due to the fact that the Con was out on the coast and thus rather far from people's homes. The Big Fan of this con (comparing with Lee Hoffman of 1951, WAW of 1952 and Ghod Knows Who of '53) was Harlan Ellison, but this was mainly I think because no other BNF's were there.

The hotel was lousy. I hear from Frank Dietz, who has attended at least the last four cons that it was the lousiest ever. Because of a few drunken young-fans on Thursday night (there were rumors of a 12-year old girl wandering around drunk with a bottle), the night before, the hotel got prejudiced against the convention. The con was almost kicked out Saturday night, and a vigilante committee was organized by Dave Kyle, Hans Rusch, Bob Buechley and a few others. Immediately the con was over Monday, every fan without a room key was kicked out; everyone was followed up the elevators to see where they went and if they had a key. They even went to the point of entering some of the rooms. Ellison had the delightful experience of being booted out, as did I (with him). It did his ego wonders.

--Peter Graham

Arlene Brennan notes:

I was going to write a con report but I decided I wouldn't be able to think of enough to say so I'll just tack a few comments on the end of this.

The Quote-Cards were a big success as you probably know. It was great fun to see some poor innocent stranger look back at us in utter bewilderment as one of us handed him a card with the words, "Ghu bless you." It occurs to me they probably thought we were swearing at them. Or something.

Besides the Quote-Cards, it was also quite a fad to wander around with little sayings attached to our ID cards. Such as: "Don't pick me up, I can still drink" and "Sunday night in 219." The latter created quite a stir when it developed that 219 was the ladies' room. "Get up on your knees and fight like a fan" and "We don't drink bheer--we worship it" were also quite popular for various reasons.

At one of the auctions a mint copy of Lovecraft's "The Outsider and Others" went for around \$37.50 because at that point everyone was broke. LA got the next WesterCon, to which I am going, parental objections notwithstanding. The exhibit at the Palace of the Legion of Honor was quite good. We went on Monday and got back just in time to miss the site-voting for next year's con--the one event I was determined to attend. I met all sorts of people--famous and otherwise. Got a big kick out of watching John Magnus trying to fix his tie without benefit of a mirror before the banquet. ... If you hear any rumors about me they just ain't true. So you may ignore them. /OK/ See you at Cleveland in 55.
/Don't hold your breath/

--Arlene M Brennan

Genuine Ellison Pipe-Cleanings!

--Wegars

Don Wegars

narrates how:

All your little banshees arrived on the 21st in fine condition. And on the first page I find something that just begs to be commented on. I'm referring to one of the uses of the Quote-Cards. It seems that over in Frisco at the con Terry Carr, Boob Stewart, Frank McElroy, Pete Graham and myself were walking up Sutter Street toward the hotel, and Pete pulled out a Q-C from his clip-board...it was #25, I believe--the one about blowing your nose on a five pound note. Well, to make a short story long, Pete walked up to this passerby (having read LaB3, of course) and handed it to this fellow. The rest of us were following about 25 feet behind, but we could hear Pete mutter, "God bless you, sir," and walk on. /Cf. version above..or is this a different instance? --dag/ The chap in question--a Fillipino of about 27--gazed at the bit of blue pasteboard wondrously, studying the fannish message. As we passed, he was taking out his wallet and carefully putting the card away, apparently thinking it some sort of advertising stunt or something. Gads, but it was fannish!

--Don Wegars

But of whom was that picture, Don??

David Rike

reveals that:

Those "Big Brother is Watching You" cards were something dreamed up by Graham, Carr, Boob and myself and later the boys in 318 (Magnus, Roger Sims, George Young and Harlan Ellison) got in on it too. Pete ran off great quantities and we put them everywhere--so much so that a fan overheard Boucher in the bar during the masquerade commenting that he found the damn things every place. So this fan got a couple from me and proceeded to slip them into Tony's pocket. ... One chap came to the Ball wearing a placard which said "Big Brother is Watching You!"...with a caricature of Joe McCarthy on it. This drew about the best applause of the evening and, I think, a prize or honorable mention of some sort.

(Continuing with Rike-ollections of the SFCon)

Irene Baron was startled--to say the least--when she found one of the Big Brother cards floating in a toilet bowl...wondered if HE WAS. #During the SAPS meeting of Sunday night, we achieved our ambition...we got Art Rapp drunk. He also blessed my 69¢, two propellor beanie with the blessings of Roscoe and baptized it with Jack Daniels Black Label Bourbon. By the way, Davis and Rapp are formulating a coalition of Roscoe and Ghu, making it the "Purple Beaver," or something of the sort. At least negotiations were proceeding during one of the parties. /Holy Foo--what a thought!/
 --Dave Rike

"Gloria's in excelsior, Deano."--Calabrese

Ron Ellik

proffers a pathetic poem, practically popping with pathos:

A fan with a habit quite queer
 Took delight in the hurling of beer*.
 The house-dick, we hear,
 Flang him out on his ear;
 Which's why Ellik's con-rep ain't here.

*Without peeling away the can--that was the real trouble.

--Ron Ellik

As a boa, I was a serious constrictive fan.

Which concludes our abbreviated symposium on the San Francisco Affair. There was more, much more, but this will give you an inkling of what went on. There will be other, more lengthy reports (I strongly recommend Bloch's mammoth deal in LeZOMBIE, out soon!) but I'm content with this. Hope you are the same.

Whether you know it or not, they had another con at Tulsa, Oklahoma, at the same time as the one was held at San Francisco. So here are a few words on that from one who was there. The paragraphs of prefatory material were transcribed from a Dictaphone memobelt, just as extemporaneously spoken. So, for that matter, was the poem, with Sam carefully spelling out all the names. I heard from Don Ford, who also attended the OklaCon and herewith quote his words, in toto, verbatim and honi soit qui mal y pense: "Nov schmoz ka pop!" Unquote. Back to Sam, that good man:

The Network's Columbia...

...but the Feeling's Mutual.

Sam Martinez

dictates:

Getting back to the OklaCon, it was a lot of fun. We had a little get-together--just a friendly little group--oh, I'd guess around 20-30-35 people all together at the most and a bunch of...oh, we had some formal talks mostly informal...auction...a lot of other stuff like that, but all together it was a very friendly crowd and everybody had a wonderful time. And they're all looking forward to next year's OklaCon...which is to be held on July 4th in Tulsa. This OklaCon is intended entirely for Oklahoma fans who cannot afford or--well, just don't have the time or the means or something to get to the World Con. But there has been an amusing outgrowth of this year's little affair. Apparently, the World Convention in San Francisco felt that we were...uh...impinging or impugning or something their territory and I have had it by the grapevine thay by the unanimous vote of over 300 members present the Okla-homa Con was outlawed...and all members therein that attended were similarly outlawed from the ranks of True Fandom or something or other. ... I'm sure that, if there's any controversy that develops over the thing, it'll be the best publicity we could ever hope to obtain for next year's Con. Be that as it may...

(continued next page)

One of the evenings at the con, we got a whole gang together...maybe 15 or 20...all crowded into this one room and tried to put out a one-shot. Does that sound familiar? /Sort of/ Well, anyway, everybody got a pencil and paper and blank stares and sat around, working on this, that and the other thing and passing a lot of fannish chatter...typical bull-session...yours truly, of course, was included and my particular contribution to the affair was a long epic poem...I guess that's the proper terminology...detailing the efforts that went into this particular one-shot. Unfortunately, as it developed, Martinez' little epic proved the sole completed contribution to the one-shot so it died a-borning. So that all that is left of the OklaCon one-shot is...Martinez' Little Poem..."

OUTLAWCON!

(OklaCorn from the OklaCon)

A bunch of the fans were whooping it up
At the OklaCon Number Two,
And the lad that handled the A B Dick
Was looking for something to do.

While flipping his lid was the Enid Kid
Who edits A La Space,
And he blew hot-air (A La County Fair*)
All over the lousy place.

When in through the door, with a whoop and a roar,
Came the veteran Dan McPhail.
"Let's publish a one-shot!" he loudly cried,
And Corey turned quite pale.

A chorus of oh's and ah's arose
And a fem-fan cried, "How sweet!"
And then Don Ford (who was kind of bored)
Snorted, "Aw hell---let's go eat!"

Then Corey pushed through the milling throng
And chortled loud with glee.
"You'll find, if you try, it's easy as pie
When you're clever and quick...like me!"

"We've plenty of pros and fan-eds too,"
He exclaimed as he rolled his eyes,
"We'll sit up and write and work all night.
I'll be glad to supervise!"

Then he herded them all through the echoing hall
(A not inconsiderable feat!)
And though Don Chappell said he was ready for bed
They all ended up in his suite.

It was all lots of fun (though not much work was done)
And the people dropped in more and more.
By common consent, someone hypnotized Kent,
And left him stretched out on the floor.

There was Gerry Greenstreet and Clifford Michaels
 And Larry Touzinsky too;
 And Wayne Griesel and Larry Hostel
 All looking for something to do.

And Walter Bowart, "The Poor-Fan's Artist,"
 Drew some sketches that weren't half bad.
 While Dolores Chappell, too sleepy to spell,
 Took shorthand notes on a pad.

Then William Clyde, who came for the ride,
 Wrote a story, blithe and gay,
 But the words he used were somewhat crude
 So they threw the thing away.

And then Bill Shell, who was drunk as hell,
 (But insisted he wasn't tight,)
 Tried to take the crowd to a printer's shop
 In the middle of the night.

There were stories galore (literally) from the floor
 And the bottle kept going around.
 But though ideas passed through the air thick and fast,
 Nothing ever was written down.

And so it went on till the hour approached dawn
 In the cold, grey light of day;
 Then, one by one, every son of a gun
 Silently slipped away.

Every woman and man in that fannish clan
 Exerted all of their wit.
 Though they struggled and strived,
 Just one item survived. Confidentially....this is it!

--Sam Martinez

Service with a smile...

THOSE QUOTE-CARDS: No room to list them all but I'll close the page with a listing of the first eighteen of them: 1. You appear to have a libido with a very high albedo. 2. MODESTY is one of my many virtues. #. The service was lousy. NO TIP. 4. It may be talus to you, but it's scree to me. 5. If you're so damn rich, why ain't you smart? 6. Boggs is redd but not with catsup; Boggs is read with relish. 7. Do you believe in Regurgitation? 8. Where would Napoleon have been without his trusty Excalibur? 9. If you keep on drinking Presidentes, you will get the delerium trumans. 10. October's naked limbs September mourn. 11. I'm buElding a great cathedral and I need all the pack-ingcrate wood I can lay my hands on. (Burbee) 12. Two ferocious hydrogen atoms leaped at the throat of the defenseless oxygen atom. (Skyhook--#8 credit Sully Roberds) 13. Most people are dull eyes but some of us are bright eyes. (Wild Hair). 14. We should establish a Thousand-Year Fandom. (Masque). 15. Some of the parts in a grater are holes. 16. A dog, a water buffalo, and a bamboo periscope made our school enrollment jump 400%. (Chas Burbee). 17. It may be a Universal Truth but it sounds like a Damned Lie to me (Propaganda Sheet). 18. I disagree with Vinç Clarke on sex and I disagree with you on machine-gunning horses. (Chuck Harris). /Will list the other 18 another time. --dag/

The Shouting of
Dean McGruer...



MISCELLANIA

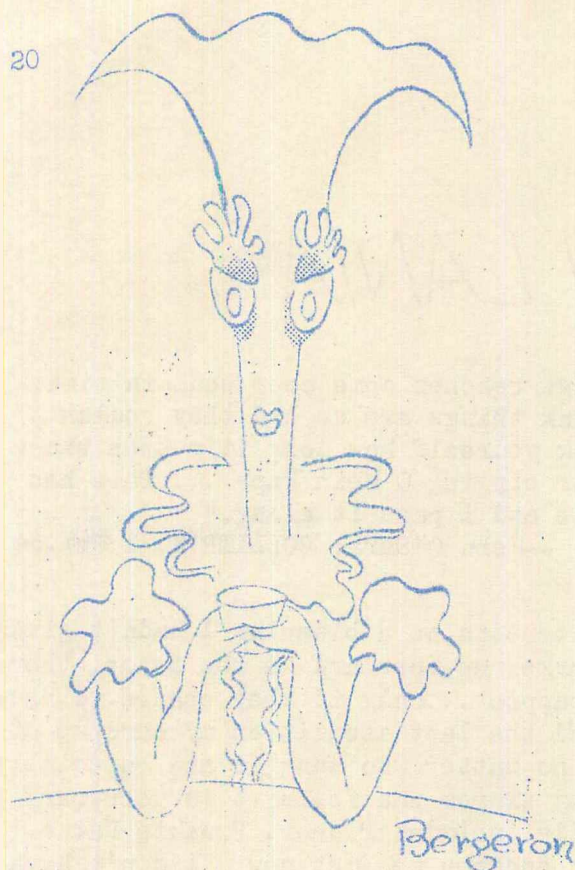
"I DO HOPE this message reaches some poor soul in time: Poor Soul, if you think things are so bad they couldn't be worse, stop and ask yourself how long it's been since you heard Eddie Fisher singing O Mein Papa.... This has proved a comfort to me and I pass it along."

--John O'Hara: COLLIER'S, 1 Oct 54

My heartfelt thanks to Herr O'Hara for calling my attention to a blessing I hadn't given due appreciation to heretofore. As Vinç Clarke remarks, up forr'ard in the issue, there are a lot of things that we don't notice if they disappear...only if they change. I have no idea the date of the gladsome occasion that marked the last assault on my eardrum of O Mein Papa...a song I deemed a rich, ripe stinker, no matter who sang it and especially Eddie Fisher. I view with anathematic detestation any singer who feels it is necessary to strain at the seams as they sing. This specifically includes Fisher, Frankie Laine, Johnny Ray and an unnamed female vocalist whose name escapes me just now. I don't have any objection to robustness and volume in a singer--Lauritz Melchior and Ezio Pinza stir my ire not at all--but it is this effect that, for want of a better term, I call the "Porcupine in Labour School of Singing" that makes me grotch in dismay and break my neck in a mad dash for the radio dial. Broadly speaking, I like music that delivers what it has to say without undue ostentation, affectation and strivings for "effect"--whatever that may be. If a singer feels he can't sell a song without going in for echo-chambers, hand-clapping, multi-recorded ghost voices, and these throat-wrenching bellows of utter torment that make you feel that the next note must surely bring the poor cuss's larynx flopping onto the floor...then said singer is from nowhere in my book.

I'm not sure if it was entirely the maudlin lyrics and the gut-grinding delivery that soured me so thoroughly on O Mein Pa-PAH. I think as much as anything else it was the incessant, furshlugginer repetition. There is nothing that can drive me quietly frantic so quickly as something--anything--that keeps presenting itself to me at frequent intervals. I can be brought to a pitch of mild wim-wams by so innocent a thing as a newspaper left lying where I can scan the headlines everytime I go past. This is a subtle form of discomfort, akin to the Chinese Water Treatment in that it goes on for a long time before my annoyance gets so acute that I dispose of the newspaper or whatever. But I am cursed with one of those minds that takes masochistic delight in torturing itself with --say--scraps of a pointless song flashed across the mental screen at regular intervals, and endless repetition of some mnemonically-potent word or phrase. Take, for instance, Mrs. Abbe Borroto.

Few of you will remember that name but it was once a source of considerable mental discomfort to me. Some few years back, she was the victim in a widely-publicized trial in --I think--New Hampshire. Some doctor was accused of administering euthanasia to her as she lay dying...injected air into her veins with a hypodermic if memory serves...and the trial dragged on and on and on and... I had the habit, in those days, of turning on the radio as I drove home from the day's travels and there were about four or five 15-minute news-commentators in rapid succession. Each of these blokes would mouth "Abb-bbe Borr-rrrOE-toe" 12 or 15 times in the course of the quarter-hour and I would arrive home with

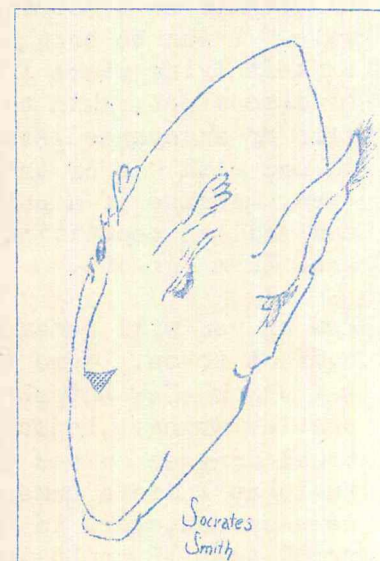


I've been drinking ever
since Quandry folded...

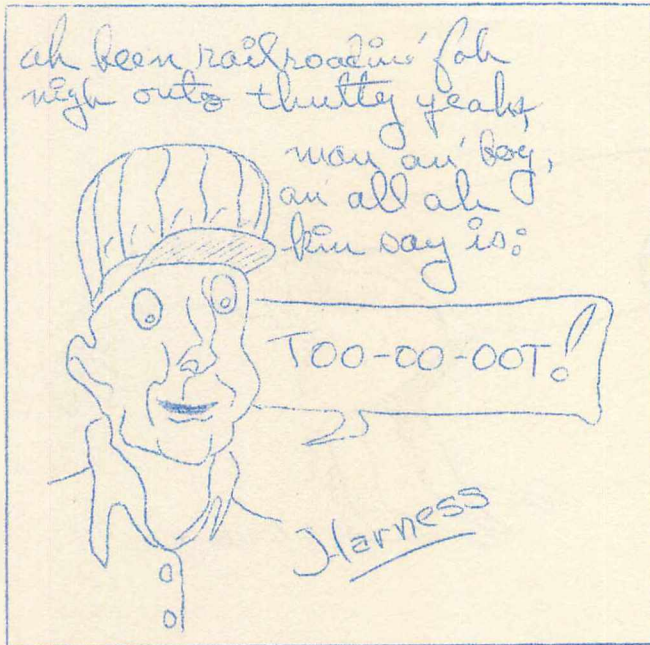
MISCELLANEA

my head so full of Abbe Borrotos that I could scarcely hear myself think. By the time that this finally lost its news-value, it wasn't long till they got going on another unforgettable name: Alger Hiss. Now it isn't the fact of frequent repeating so much that gets me as it is the memorability of such a name. I feel no discomfort at hearing names like Harry Truman, Joe McCarthy, Dwight Eisenhower, Conrad Adenauer (though I'm developing a mild psychosis about "Pree-meeer Mondahss-Fronsss") over and over. But Alger Hiss...the name, not the man...got me. So, to a lesser extent, did Whitaker Chambers. By the time the interminable hashing and re-hashing of the Pumpkin Papers incident was over, I was of the opinion that the death penalty would be too good for Hiss. I would have not borne him ill-will had his name been of commoner stamp; I could forgive a John Miller or a James Reilly for selling state secrets and I could tolerate even an Alger Hiss in quiet obscurity but not when his name is squirted into my ear like a jet of ice-water a hundred times a day. If you someday hear reports that I have Taken To Strong Drink or that I have walked amok smashing radio sets, please understand. I hear that they will release A---r H---s very soon now and that he plans to appeal or try to clear his name or something. I only hope they can keep it off the radio...I doubt if I can take another round of being Hissed-at...

Speaking of repetition reminds me that for some time now I've been going to observe that there is at least one form of humor lower than the pun. I mean repetition-humor. I'm sure you know what I mean by the term; some casual catch-phrase strikes the popular fancy and--once established--it triggers the public's risibilities the way a bell used to make one of Pavlov's dogs drool. If, as some Australian fem-fan once stated in PSYCHOTIC's letter-column, the pun is the humor of a diseased mind, then I say that repetition-humor is the humor of a disused mind. I am sorry that I cannot give you a few concrete examples of contemporary r-h but when I discover a source, I avoid it as the plague. But it is the backbone of the Bob Hope and the Red Skelton type of "humor." I have not--thank Foo--listened to either of these self-styled wits for years, nor to Milton Berle nor to any other simpleton who gets up and recites a string of gags his writers have dreamed up. But the last time I heard them, Red Skelton could be depended upon to squeal "Ow, ya broke me widdle arm!" at least once every week and Hope leaned heavily on sneering references to California weather, Los Angeles drivers and orange-juice while the audiences just sat there and roared. But we live in an age which smiles upon repetition; an age which esteems the value of the radio commercial endlessly reiterated, an age where people can say "The old jokes are the best jokes" with a straight face. And so it shall be to the end of our days.



Who sawed Courtney's boat?



I read somewhere a while back--LIFE, I think--that there is a TV comic in England whose repertoire consists almost entirely of jokes about false teeth. However, now that they're easing out of the "Austerity Program" he may have ceased operations. How about it, Harris?

But now that I've nominated repetition for the bottom spot on the humorous spectrum and with the humble pun, the spoonerism, the inversions (both simple and compound) and the transposed cliché hanging somewhere midway between...now I suppose I'd better name and define my candidate for the highest form of humor.

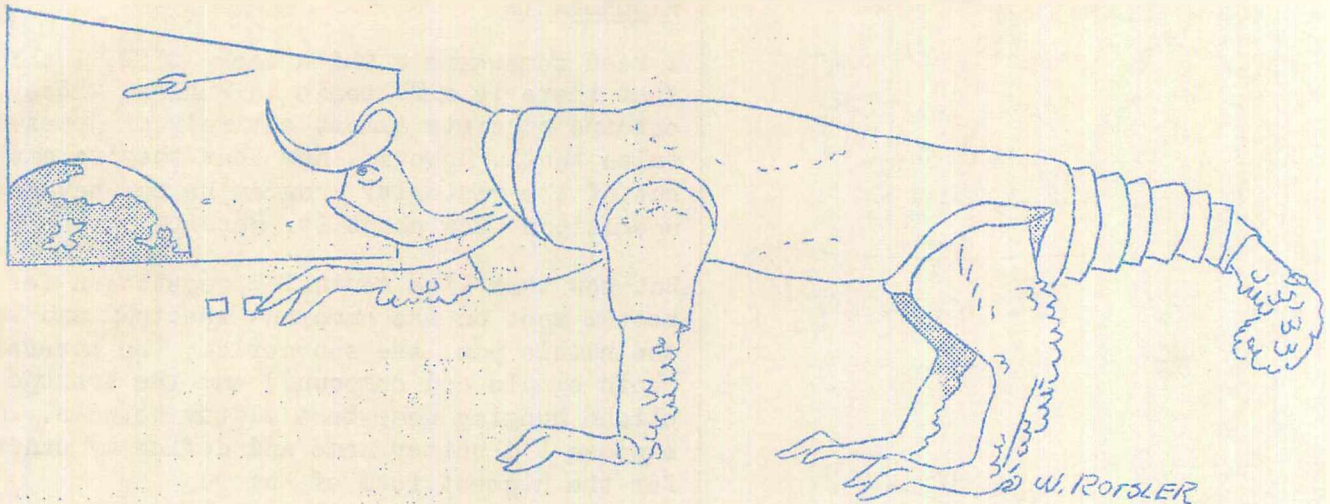
INCONGRUITY is the basic ingredient. It is not easy to give a term for it that is adequately self-descriptive but maybe I can give a few ex-

amples. In cartooning, Virgil Partch is a past-master of the incongruous gag. If you are familiar with Partch's work, no comment is necessary; if not, it's well-nigh impossible. But the perpetrator of an incongruity-gag considers the viewer/reader as his victim and sets him to running down a path, certain that he knows where the path leads and where he's going. Then, at the last possible moment the gagster shunts the victim into a brick wall or over a cliff...metaphorically speaking, of course. Incongruity, in humor is the art of the unexpected. It is said to be impossible for a person to tickle himself because tickling depends upon an unexpected change of speed and direction which is impossible when self-administered. By the same token, it's almost impossible to pass time by thinking up jokes and telling them to yourself. To conclude this rambling dissertation before it gets totally out of hand, I had a few fine examples of incongruity humor that I was going to cite as examples. But I can't find them. A good shaggy dog story--a really good one--is as close as I can come to a good demonstration. It conducts the listener down a path like a rat going through a maze and then at the end it forces him to frantically retrace his steps and re-orientate himself. In conclusion I will note that there is no more grim subject known than a serious exploration into the mechanics of humor. Or had you noticed?

Heard some radio announcer recently deliver himself of a phrase that sort of got me when I stopped to think of it. Speaking of the coming weekend's football games, he wound up, "No upsets are expected."

By this time you've all heard that the next SF convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, over the Labor Day weekend of 1954. Speculation is already rife and rampant as to what it will be called. They haven't asked me but I'd suggest a name: the CleveClave.....





MISCELLANIA

Right across the street and around the corner from Curtis Janke's office in Sheboygan there is a restaurant called the "B & M Cafe." They have a truck that is usually parked across the street from Janke's and one day I must drag Curt over there, set up the Graphic on its tripod, fix the delayed timer on the shutter and get a picture of the two of us leaning against the truck. I mentioned this to Curt, who wasn't able to see any reason for it till I pointed out that the ampersand in B&M looks for all the world like a script "E". One of the nicest things about photography is that you can think about taking pictures without lifting a finger. Bloch submits another idea: "Why don't you paint the name "Courtney" on the side of that old sailboat you have rotting away by your driveway and take a picture of yourself sawing it?" Ah well...one of these days...

"Minced alligator will course through the treetops like the winds of winter." --POGO

Department of random information: Here are a few abbreviations which one occasionally encounters. I've looked them up in case you've ever wondered what they meant. I know I have.

ad lib: Latin "ad libitum" at one's pleasure; to the amount desired.
 e.g. Latin "exempli gratia" for example.
 ibid. Latin "ibidem" in the same place.
 i.e. Latin "id est" that is.
 N.B. Latin "nota bene" note well.
 vid. Latin "vide" look.
 Cf. Latin "confer" compare.

Ginger, Buck & Roy

No matter what you say, there is somebody, somewhere, who will disagree with you. When I sneered at Gene Autry last time, I was certain that he would find a defender or two somewhere amongst the readers. Sure enough, from Archie Mercer came: "I wanted to defend Autry--though I prefer Rogers as singing-cowboys go. It doesn't seem fair to sneer at big names because they might possibly have done more in the war. What about all the unknowns such as myself, who never got near the firing-line either. Not to mention all the combatants who went forward because they were told, not because they wanted to--i.e., most of them." Perhaps you misunderstood me, Ah Chee. My derogation of Gene Autry was not particularly based upon his war-record. That was no better nor worse than yours or mine. The reason I do not like Gene Autry is because I think that he--so far as the figure that the public sees--is a pompous, posturing, paragon of paucity. There is something about the man that rankles me to my innermost engram and I had to get it off my chest or burst. From the response, there appears to be a sturdy nucleus for a "Gosh But I Hate Gene Autry Club." If one ever forms, I will serve as an unpaid but diligent officer, if desired.

XXX --dag

THE PICKLE FINGER WRITES ^{FFW 1}

"Not a bit of it," said Sam, "she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art of letter-writing."

--Dickens: PICKWICK PAPERS



Just for the record the first stencil for FFW was cut on 5 August 54. And, though it could hardly interest you, I want to note for my own information and future guidance that this page is being cut on a white #6 Gestencil with black cushion sheet and no film. The typer here is a lovely brand-new Smith-Corona "Eight-Eight" Secretarial with standard elite type. It has two extra keys (i/l and +/=) and it's my idea of a dream typer. One day, finances permitting, I hope to own just such a mill as this. But that must wait. First place this time goes to Howard Lyons, who got his comments back with phenomenal speed before most of the copies were even mailed (Howard, being a cash subscriber, rates an advance copy. That is a hint.). On with the comments...

HOWARD LYONS, PO Box 561, Adelaide PO, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, July 27, 1954.

Hurray for Deani

Thanks for Grue number 21. I think it is better than 20, but maybe that's just because I am getting into the swing of it. Something like a private FAPA you might say.

The cover was a beautiful bit. It even looks well, composition is nice. But the gag, the gag! I would have missed the gag, but I just read Tucker's write-up in Quandry on the con at which Vick wore the shirt. #The Nolacon, at which Shelby Vick wore a T-shirt emblazoned with a puffin and the words, "I am Shelby Vick."# 20,000th Fandom, oik. MAFIA PRESS - har! And what a nice job of stencilling the drawing, Universal should be PROUD. #Conversely enough, Pride is Universal.#

Who says you can't buy fame? There I am on the contents page (if you'll pardon the expression, Redd). There's some talk about Degler in the Laney Memoirs. Seems Laney visited Art Rapp and was bedded down in a bed which Degler had used (so to speak) the night before and they were unable to change the sheets #Great Foo--were they stuck to the bed?#. Laney says it was THE filthiest mess he had ever seen. Finally he slept above the sheets and spread newspaper over the pillows. A further anecdote comes from when the LASFS examined Degler's luggage hoping to recoup their library. Laney describes lifting Degler's clothes out of the knapsack with a bent coat hanger.

I wonder if I am cheating in palindroming this for THE OUTSIDER: "I saw t'was I." #Don't you mean "'twas"? And didn't anyone notice that WAW has palindromic initials?# Speaking of which, did you know that "It is me" is the Queen's English? Lizabeth used some such construction in a speech some time ago. #Which Lizabeth--I or II?#

Glad to read Phyllis's Buffet - she describes the aspect of the MidWesCon which I didn't see. My aspect is spread all over FIE for August and Ellik's mag for October, by the immodest way. #You mean Ron's printing first-run stuff now?#

Mittelbuscher is sure getting hell. The Shares have cut him off also. #Understandable, though messy...nasty job, cleaning the knife.#

FFW 2 #Back to #6 Blue Gestencil, with film and plastic back-sheet. #
HOWARD LYONS (cont.)

The movies, at the conf, by the way, were those of Bill Grant and John Millard, some from Pappy Crouch #Croutch?# and CRUD AND SAND, A RANK PRODUCTION loaned by Ted Dikty, and really marvelous.

No, it wasn't in the MG Mark II that Phyllis and friends made the trip. As a matter of fact, it takes only THREE people to give the exact effect she describes - someone has to sit on the gear shift (literally)#that's better than laterally!#. By the way, the MG belongs to Boyd Raeburn, not penniless Lyons. And I guess I described the accident badly, by damaged shoulder I mean the area from centre to the right and from the waist to chin. I just now discovered that I can invoke crepitus at the sternoclavicular joint. #The sterno may explain those hot flashes...#

"...anecdote for every poisson." — a fish story, I assume? #Touché, by gar!#

I am investigating "Once Around the Bloch," and have laughed 10½ times. That is not bad for one page. #14 is par for the course.#

Enjoyed the PseudOmars. I also enjoyed the Little Willies, in spite of Willis. I will admit that there have been several of them and perhaps it is time to taper off. How about writing verses to Gallagher and Shean? #As you so aptly put it, "Oik!"#

Re: "Seven Deadly Sins," the bedroom scene was left in in Canada. It's the old business about the farmer, his wife and the traveling salesman whose car breaks down. He stays for supper. The farmer is miserly. The salesman goes wild over the cheese the farmer serves. They head for bed (it is THE biggest bed)...first the farmer, then the wife, then the salesman. He said he would sleep on the floor but the farmer said, "We're not barbarians here." So there they are. The husband goes right to sleep. The wife lies there on her back staring at the ceiling. The salesman is suffering obviously. Conversation starts: "My husband sleeps very soundly" and so on. Finally she says "Go ahead, I don't mind and HE won't wake up" So the salesman goes over and eats the rest of the cheese (this sin was that of GLUTTONY). A friend of mine was managing a theatre around here. The print they got had been cut, just at the point where the wife says go ahead I don't mind and he won't wake up. Talk about censored nursery rhymes, eh? #It's rather humiliating, Howard, to reflect that our self-appointed Guardians of the Public Morals consider the Milwaukeean to be more concupiscent than the Torontoan. In the unlikely event that the pic in question ever came to Fond du Lac, I'm certain that they would censor everything but the title and credits. Our community pillars sport some of the bluest noses this side of Boston.#

Seems to me the DAG:wood gimmick deserves a place in the Fancy. If someone could dig up the legitimate name for the DAG: part, some contraction should be possible. More stuff for Fancy: Hash-zine*(NGB I believe) meaning combination apa and sub. I think SerCoFan sounds better and that is how Steward is using it now #For Serious Constructive Fan#. We have been working at an antonym and the closest is Volatile Destructive Fan but Volatile is unsatisfactory...VolDesFan sounds good tho. #How about Frivolous Obstructive Fan/FrivObFan? I'd say that Levity is the ideal antonymical keynote but no lexicographer recognizes the validity of "Levitous."#Odd, the similarity between volatility and levitation...#

I am very much in favor of subzines, albeit slightly altered, appearing in the apas. I can't think of any better apazines than Skyhook, Grue and what it looks like Damn! will be now that Browne is buying more paper (40 or more pages this time). I myself like to read FAPA mailing comments even though I haven't seen the magazines reviewed. Skyhook for instance leaves them in the general edition and I enjoyed reading through 15 or so consecutive sections of comments. Depends on how you make the comments. Not: "Yes, I agree, Rike, but does Sam?" But more along Redd's line. ...

PHL:ip #*Once a year, a Hash-ish?#

P. Howard Lyons, A DERELICT

Cheers:

GRUE 21 is a gold mine, sir, a real-old-mother-lode-type gold mine. I again compliment you. In its many pages the following caught my eye:

Page 30:	"TCE REBO"	also	SFTIR ETMINBI ROKOLNY
	HNIMESACPEO		SEHE "ET BROE" (in) ICEN
	R-DAEE BLK		TA HTER, O., ALKBEE
			/DIRAFY EDIC

That, kind and puzzled sir, is an accidental and incomplete anagram, placed on the theater marquee by the employee in a hurry. After supplying the missing letters and substituting certain correct ones for incorrect ones, it translates thusly:

"THE ROBE"	also	FIRST TIME IN BROOKLYN
CINEMASCOPE		SEE "THE ROBE" (in) CINEMASCOPE
RKO-ALBEE		RKO-ALBEE THEATER
		/ENDS FRIDAY

There now, ain't I as smart as hell? But it was easy, for I see it happen almost daily here, and I had previously heard of the RKO Albee Theater in Brooklyn. The only thing I wasn't able to puzzle out, was whether the message was going up (at the beginning of the run) or coming down (at the end of it). Sometimes this can be deciphered too. My guess is that it was going up; the presence of the anagram and the absence of certain letters to complete the message suggest the employee threw them up there in a hurry and then returned to the storeroom to obtain the remainder. Also, the last line referring to the RKO Albee theater tells me that you probably were passing a dark and shuttered house; the Albee was only using the otherwise vacant marquee to advertise their attraction. Where a chain owns both a closed and an open theater in the same neighborhood, the open one sometimes uses the marquee of the closed one.

Page 20: A recent message from Joel Nydahl informs me that he and his family are moving to Florida very shortly; at the time of writing he didn't know whether or not he'd be able to produce a FAUX PAS for Fapa soonly. The lad has a very severe case of Gafia, one which may quite well prove fatal. /I guess they must have moved by now (6 Sept) because I recently sent something to the Marquette address and it came back checked "Refused," and also "Moved--Left No Forwarding Address." Alas, poor Nydahl--I knew him well! /

Page 3: Postscript to the Degler story. Advice from California states that he is alive, not too well, married, and has a job. So far as is known, he has absolutely no contact or interest in California fandom. My informant wishes that I withhold his location. Degler appears to be quite sickly and there is some question as to his future lifeline. Too bad, really. I razed the guy unmercifully during his heyday, and later, but I hate to see anything happen to him.

Last page 30/42: By the Boggs comment which you quote, I see that I've failed to clearly establish in his imagination what befell him. He and the girl, Barbara Brooks, are passing the house which is bombed and are hit by a few falling bricks. A few days in the hospital where the suspicious gendarmes keep watch over them is the worst that happens. There now, I've ruined your lovely pun.

Barbara Brooks has no fannish connotation. Since the appearance of WILD TALENT with its many fannish names, I've received a large supply of criticism for that practice. Therefore in the future the use of fannish names will be held to the minimum. "Brooks" is my wife's maiden name. "Barbara" will be the name given our daughter if it is a daughter. There, I am revealed to you.

Best,

BOB

Many thanks for the translation, old top--though I thought the original had a more stirring ring to it. Yes, it was a deserted theater and Agberg, Jean and I found it a stimulating source for speculation...wondered if maybe it had been taken over by gnoles or something. #As for the Barbara part, I'll bring the matter up-to-date by quoting from a later Tuckereport (9 August): "Well, anyway, we had a son named David Roger. Was quite disappointed that I didn't get a girl, although I don't think Fern minds at all. I was so sure it would be a Barbara that I went ahead and put her in the new book now underway ... and I'm danged if I'm going back and change it now. Laney would raise his brows in suspicion if Red Boggs and David Roger were strolling along the street hand in hand when that pile of bricks came down on them. #As to the Degler matter---I'll quote a pocsarcd that I received on or about 27 July. Post-marked from Fond du Lac:

Dear Mr. Grennell:

I am passing through your city organizing new chapters of my Cosmic Circle and if you were an important fan like Courtois I would take some of my valuable time and see you. But I have read GRUE and see you are not serious or constructive enough to join the Cosmen and Coswomen in their glorious efforts to remake the world. But as I go on my way, scattering seeds of wisdom, I shall keep a kindly eye on you, as I do on the least of my sparrows and if there are signs of improvement you may hear from me or from my Representatives in Bloomington, Ill., or Minneapolis, Minn. One of these two places may be the next capitol, you know. The Circle is growing by Beeps and Lowndes. I have plenty of money to finance it now, since I got this nice job, shugging furs. Be of good faith and raise your children to have the same opinion of Shaver as I do -- derogatory.

Hoping you are the same,

CLAUDE DEGLER

(alias Wm. Atheling, Jr.)

The more astute and informed of our readers will unerringly penetrate this patent fraud. The closing salutation is a dead giveaway. The only missing bit of evidence is the fact that the writer did not use the term "sado-masochistic." However, we like to compile a good pile of evidence while we're at it and Jean checked with the TV section of the Milwaukee Journal and sure enough, Bob Bloch was scheduled to appear on a TV program in Beerville that night so he was placed at the scene of the crime at approximately the proper time inasmuch as the bus passes right through the heart of downtown Fond du Lac. The fact that the typing is substantially identical to that of Bloch's roaring Royal will surprise nobody, I'm sure. #And now, at this point, a plug--free and unsolicited--in the public interest:

STEPHEN'S BOOK SERVICE, mentioned on page 30 last issue, changed addresses promptly after being mentioned. This seems to be shaping into a sort of tradition. Fred Woroch, for whom I inserted a plug last time, did the same. Stephen (J. Takacs)'s new address is:

Stephen's Book Service, / 125 Fourth Avenue (Bet. 12th & 13th Sts.), / New York 3, N. Y.
Telephone: GRamercy 3-5990

Stephen sends out lists from time to time, giving information on his current stock. If you write and request it, I understand he will put you on the mailing list for these and I don't believe there's any charge for it. The current one--#45--lists quite a bunch of cloth-bound books which are reduced to \$1.00 and \$1.50 apiece (Canadian and Foreign orders @ \$1.20 and \$1.70--all postpaid). Many of these are quite good, steals at that price. If you have never read "Greener Than You Think" by Ward Moore, it can be had at the \$1.50/\$1.70 figure and I earnestly recommend this one...one of the very few hard-cover books (not available in paperbound) that I wouldn't allow my library to be without. Stephen's also carries a huge supply of back-numbered issues of all the magazines connected with sf and at a price as reasonable as you're apt to run across anywhere. If you want a copy of Day's Index or de Camp's Handbook or "The Immortal Storm", he has them all --but PLEASE, Mr. Takacs...Grennell...NOT GrInnell!!!!

BOYD RAE BURN, 14 Lynd Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, Canada, 9 Aug 54

Dear Dean:

I had just finished running off A BAS Vol 3 No 3 and was feeling pretty proud of the result, when Grue No 21 arrived. Why do you do this to we poor struggling fan editors? The reproduction stonnes me. The contents I enjoyed thoroughly. Phyl Economou's Bellefontaine report was excellent. I was one of the poor unfortunates staying at the Fountain Lodge Motel, and while we weren't bothered once we got in, the trouble was to get into the place. When Howard Lyons and I arrived, the management denied any knowledge of our reservations, and also claimed that none of the rest of the Toronto gang was staying there. Fortunately another of the Toronto mob who was staying downtown turned up while we were arguing with the management, and told us which rooms the Derelicts were staying in, so we were able to haul them out of bed (at about 11 am) and after 20 minutes hard talking, Ger Steward managed to convince them that we weren't likely to burn the place to the ground.

I sympathise with you in your troubles in driving around New York. I loathe driving through large and unfamiliar cities. Fortunately, when I drove to Bellefontaine, I had Howard Lyons to act as a pilot when driving through Detroit and other centres. No, it was not my MG in which Phil Economou went in search of coffee. /Someone--forget who--indicated they thought it was actually Phil Farmer's Mercury convertible. Nine people (even fa-a-aans) in a MG does strain the credibility a trifle, doesn't it?/

The photo reproductions are fine. Hope you do more of these. Have just been looking over some bits in Grue that I missed reading. Was interested in Larry Shaw's comments re Warner van Lorne and F. Orlin Tremaine. The story goes re "Blue Men of Yrano" (and boy, it WAS a stinker) which appeared in ASF Jan 39, that Campbell was editor then, but Tremaine still had a hand in things advising here and there. Campbell wanted to reject the story, but Tremaine told him van Lorne was pretty popular, and he had better print it. Campbell did not know that van Lorne was a pen name for Tremaine. The story further has it that there was such a scream from the readers over the story that Campbell apologized in a later issue. I am not interested enough to check up though. Too much trouble trying to read the small print they had for Brass Tacks in those days.

The ad offering the reward for identification of the people behind the pseudonyms (in A BAS Vol 2 No 2) was inserted in behalf of Norman Browne. Claims for rewards should be addressed to him.

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn

I think there is fairly general agreement among Grue's readers that a certain amount of selective editing is a good thing. I dearly love long letters of comment and read every word of them myself--sometimes several times--but printing them entirely verbatim is impractical for a number of obvious reasons. Roughly, Grue's policy in quoting from letters may be stated thusly: if a letter discusses a subject that I think will prove of interest to the majority of readers, I'll reproduce the entire comment on that subject, without omissions that might change the context. On at least one occasion the writer was monumentally misunderstood (and vilified as a result) because one of his letters was only partially quoted on one subject so I'm keenly aware of the dangers involved in hit-or-miss quoting. But if a reader discusses an item from last issue, the most effective fertilizer for petunias and how to housebreak a cheetah all in the same letter, I reserve the right to select the subject of highest probable interest to the readers and omit mention of others. Also, I prefer to gently and imperceptibly smooth out incorrect spelling and--to a reasonable extent--lame sentences as I transcribe. I believe most readers would prefer this, right? However, it seems common courtesy to leave preferred British spellings unchanged if a British reader uses them. As for inserted comments /like this/, although the protest has been surprisingly slight, I'm trying to keep them at a sensible minimum, used only where I think such a comment is justified. More on this, next page.

An issue or two back I broadcast an appeal for any readers who had access to a Dictaphone to try communicating with me on Dictaphone memobelts. Three people so far have taken me up on this: Sam Martinez, Gregg Calkins and Bill Stavdal. I'm sorry to have to report that it hasn't worked out as well as I'd hoped it would. The main hitch has been that I don't have a Dictaphone here at the house and I have to find time to go down to the office and play the belts I get. Such time is all too seldom available in large enough chunks. There's also a difficulty with Gregg's belts in that the machine he uses and our machine run at different speeds with a result that to Gregg I sound like a very lazy Georgia share-cropper with a tapeworm while to me Gregg sounds like a runaway tobacco auctioneer. It's frustrating. Sam and Bill come through fine enough but their comments are practically lost as far as FFW is concerned. It's devilish hard to transcribe from those belts onto paper and once a belt is played it's apt to get mixed in with all the others and any comment it contained is lost, barring an arduous belt-by-belt search. So herewith a dollop of surrogate egoboo to Bill Stavdal for one 15-minute belt of most illuminating comment on Grue 21 and divers other subjects and to the inimitable Martinez for--so help me--six belts of exhaustive discussion...that's a solid hour and a half of talk at around 250 words per minute or so! So thanks to all of you vocommenters but I'm afraid as far as FFW is concerned, the Dictaphone, like Hester Prynne, has been tried and found wanton. #Another case which prompts all this discussion is Ted E. White who has most kindly contributed--so help me again--eight pages of single-space elite typing in comment on various Mafia Press pubs. I think, in the future, to acknowledge generous comments like Ted's I'll include the total length of the letter in parenthesis somewhere at the start in cases where I'm doing a lot of elision. /Not you, Harlan./

TED E. WHITE, 1014 North Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church, Virginia. 3 Aug 54 (8 pages)
Dear Dean:

Where do you obtain this 20# "Ta-Non-Ka" paper? I mean who makes it? The only thing I can get around here is "Sphinx" and I get the 24# stuff. The manila paper I used in ZIP #3 was, as I said, given to me by the stationery proprietor whom I know personally (tho I haven't been able to get more than a 10% discount out of him yet). I use it now for odd stuff, mailing wrappers, etc. #6 will have a lighter wrapper tho, as I've got to keep the postage down and it's running into thirty-some pages. /The Ta-Non-Ka Mimeo Bond that Grue is printed on is made by the Badger Paper Mills, Inc., whose address is simply: Peshtigo, Wisconsin. If you write to the mill they can give you the address of the nearest dealer, I presume. It's available in three weights of white--16#, 20# and 24#; and 20# blue, pink, canary, green, buff and goldenrod. The 20# white normally sells for \$1.60 per ream and (I happen to know) the net dealer cost is \$1.05/ream, freight allowed. The local dealer makes a 10-ream price of \$1.35/ream (15% off) and has been very understanding about selling me one or two reams at a time at the 10-ream price. That's Wegner Office Supply Co., Inc., 45 South Main Street, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, if you can't get it elsewhere. I know that Art Rapp buys the stuff in San Antonio, Texas./

I enjoyed your remarks in both your letter and Grue #21 on the Gestetner. But what do you mean about it being easier to slip-sheet a hand model than an electric? Our church has an electric A B Dick 96, which I run the church bulletins off on. It has four speeds and I use either of the two lowest speeds and slipsheet. Since it doesn't vary the speed, you get into the rhythm with little trouble, and one person can run it all. With hand-cranked work, two people are needed. I personally like the electric better. I intend to run POTRZEBIE off on the 96. /It's news to me that it takes two to ~~slip~~ slipsheet! And here I've been doing it solo all this time. Just fan out a stack of sheets easy to my right hand, turn the crank with my left--crank one, slip one, etc. According to Rich Bergeron, Boggs is even more laborious; his machine is hand-feed too. By the way, I've a patent device for separating slipsheets (but not for sale)--my eight-year-old daughter, Pat. There's a tip for you...raise your own press-crew! /How do you do the lettering for "Gnurrserly Rhymes"? Doesn't look like a lettering-guide, but a type-face. /It is a type-face. I blew 60¢ or so on a rubber-stamp./

I'm wondering how many people received ZIP #5. Did you? /Yes/ I sent you one. I also sent out more copies than of any previous issue. To date--almost a month after mailing--I've received one letter. That was from Don Wegars /a True Fan if there ever was one/. Are all fen on vacation? At a con? Or did they ever receive a copy? /I can't speak for the rest, of course, but as I recall ZIP #5 hit me at that vulnerable time when I was in the midst of getting Grue 21 put to bed. Due to the limited time available, I have to concentrate with fearful intensity to get the blame thing done in time and for about a month previous to the time it appears it's all but impossible to do any writing or commenting or contributing. Sorry, boy--maybe this mention will get you a bit more comments on future issues./

I don't trust postoffices. Ever since I saw a man working in the East Falls Church branch pick up a copy and tear off the wrapper, tear out half the pages and mess up the rest; just to make a "postal inspection", I haven't trusted the slobs. I usually get several fannish things a day. I know the postman quite well, and I'm converting him. /Just so he doesn't convert you/. But recently he's been sick and another guy's taken over. I've had calls from neighbors who've gotten my mail by accident. Some haven't bothered to call, tho, and I'll get a letter wondering wot's happened to me. Maybe I have a persecution complex, but when I found a kid down the street tearing up a copy of PSYCHOTIC #14 addressed to me..... /By any chance, the kid's name couldn't have been "Willie"? That would be almost painfully appropriate in view of Geis's penchant for Little Willie poems!./

Every so often in Grue, you'll allude to some pulp zine of the thirties. I usually know them, but not always. I wish you'd discuss them at length in some future editorial. With the help of Dick Witter of F&SF Book Co., I've nearly completed my SHADOW collection. I lack the American editions of the first couple of copies, tho I have the Canadian editions. I am also missing around ten in the forties. Other than this, that collection is complete. I've read about 16 of the early issues in chronological order, and now I'm skipping around. They said in an early issue that a guy (forget his name now) who had died and was reputed to be Maxwell Grant, was not. I dunno, Gibson was for a long time, but the very early stories were slightly different. My nomination for the best would be the first: THE LIVING SHADOW. I notice Gibson had a story under his own name in the firstish too..

Tho I like SHADOW, my favorite is DOC SAVAGE. I think Robeson (pen-name?) /yes/'s style of writing is superior to most pulp writers. "Grant" reiterates at the end of each chapter--a boring practice. G. Wayman Jones (BLACK BAT) has a good smooth style, but nothing special, and he too likes to look the whole story over every once in a while. While I've read some of the SHADOW stories, I've read all the stories by Robeson (that I have) including THE AVENGER, which wasn't bad. /There were a few straight corpse-operas, I believe, in a contemporary S&S magazine called CRIME BUSTERS, circa the late thirties./

CAPTAIN SATAN I've never heard of. Sorry. /The idol of my misspent youth--sic transit gloria mundi!./ Do you have any other of the DOC SAVAGE mags? I have some going all the way back to thirty-three, but there are large breaks in this collection. What do you know about S&S's THE WIZARD? I've seen a couple of ads--no more. /At this late date, I can give very little information on THE WIZARD, despite the fact that I bought and read every copy in that pleasant, mist-veiled era. Sometime around 1938-40 S&S brought out two new titles, THE WIZARD and THE WHISPERER. You'll find short novelets about THE WHISPERER in SHADOW magazines just preceding that time. Cash Gorman, called THE (financial) WIZARD, was an experiment, or, rather, a revival in spirit. S&S wanted to see if a series-mag would sell wherein the lead character just plain made money; no special altruism, no nothing; just the old kale. But the mag only lasted six issues or less (I imagine they're very rare now). S&S, around the turn of the century, had a dime-novel sub-headed "Stories of Young Men Who Make Money."./

FFW-8 TED E. WHITE (continued)

That's interesting: So Yngvi was the louse who sawed Courtney's boat... /Yes, but I hear Gregg's Calkin' it.../

My, my. I had NO idea that Thaddeus Sweetbreath was Hoy Ping Pong. To add to Ellik's confusion (WAIT!! That's Vick's), ZIP #5 used a Pong thing. Wonder what Tucker is thinking of all this. /Probably: Hoy's got the Ping Pong?/

Tucker, you know, holds the power of life and death over fen... All he has to do is make them the villain in his next book. /Or he can merely send everybody in fandom a form-letter saying, "I hope you appreciate the mention of your name in my new book." Then everybody would not only buy it but read it from cover to cover...maybe several times!/

I got one of those chain-letter deals...mine was from Stewart, but I believe Russ Watkins introduced it to fandom. Ellik says he got a slew of them. I was lucky; only two reached me. /Reminds me that Howard Lyons mournfully notes that there may have been something to that 'Bad Luck to throw it away' angle...he threw one of the damnable things away the day before he and Boyd Raeburn piled up Boyd's MG!/

I seem to be pooped. I've done a mess of on-stencil stuff for ZIP, and then this deal, and it's taken six hours. As Stewart would say, "This letter is just about at its end (my end is just about at its end too)..." So pliz scuse typos. /Wot typos?/

Stfan-tastically,
Ted E. White

RICHARD E. GEIS, 2631 North Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. 3 Aug 54

Dear Dean,

Well, I DID consider suicide, but concluded to get up on my knees and fight like a fan. The result is that PSY is going bi-monthly and fifty pages...which puts it on a par with Grue. Too, I hope to acquire a new ABDick duper soon. Oh, I've got great plans for PSY. Might even be able to afford mailing envelopes again. /Grue, mein freund, is tri-monthly. Does this mean I have to go to 75 pages to be on a par with PSY? Leave us not fight this thing, Rich...it's bigger than both of us!/

(?) Only one prop on the beanie? I should think that by 20,000th fandom...along about 1956...that there would be at least three or four contra-rotating props. Might even be complete with Jato assists.

I am currently disenchanted with N3F*...and Don Susan...and so on. I'm inclined to think that in spite of jazzing up the TNFF with reviews and a general-zine appearance, the end result will be its dissolution. Considering all the fanfare and such about a TNFF that would be on time once Racy Higgs was gotten rid of, it makes one wonder a bit that the June issue isn't out yet. Ghod only knows how long it'll be before the August issue gets out. Probably the excuse is lack of funds. /*For the sake of readers who may find this term as puzzling as I once did, it means NFFF, for National Fantasy Fan Federation...a club of some sort. --dag/

A curious thing happened to me when I shifted the reviews from PSY to TNFF. I began receiving letters from faneds who objected to losing them because they didn't belong to the N3F and weren't about to join just to read the review of their zines. All this time I had gone on blindly assuming that practically all the faneds in the country were members of N3F and that it wouldn't make too much difference to them. I found out different. PSY seemed to suffer, too. Vörzimer and Wegars were right, I think...PSY did sink a bit. /I could name you 46 other fanzines that ought to "sink" to PSY's level!/
Anyhoo I've got the reviews back. Told Susan that my zine came first and to get a new reviewer. /I am not now, and have never been, a member of the N3F. (Signed) --dag/

But my idea was that if a great many faneds and fans are not members as I had thought, then it would appear that the club has lost contact with the inner circle of active fandom and is floating around in the marshes of fringe and neo fans.

One simply doesn't hear or read about the N3F in fan mags anymore...except in a slighting manner. I wonder if there actually are 400 plus members as is claimed. It has been a long, long time since they published a membership roster. Makes you wonder if perhaps the club isn't disintegrating...at last.

A few days ago Redd Boggs air-mailed me for \$1.50. I am now a member of FAPA as of the August mailing. When I get the bundle I'll give Jim Bradley the copy of Grue I received recently. A great issue. Those photos...what a shock to see what Bloch looks like.

SINCerely,

Dick

REG:al

In case I didn't do in so many words via letter--and I'm not sure if I did or not--let me seize this chance to welcome you to FAPA, Dick. An occasion like this usually finds me full of mixed emotions...I mean when a newly-fledged Fap is a long-time friend and faned with whom I've been exchanging mags. It usually means that I can no longer hope to get his magazine in swap for Grue and have to pony up with cash or material or something if I want to stay on the mailing list. This, as I see it, is one of the biggest disadvantages of the so-called "hashzine"--i.e., a subzine that is circulated through some amateur press association. Knowing you, Dick, I doubt if you'd drop me the instant you enter FAPA but I hate to impose on your good-nature so I will send you a chunk of coin the first chance I get. I'd have a harder time getting along without PSYCHOTIC than without this other mag, which I find that I miss scarcely at all. #Now let's hear a few words from a somewhat puzzled newcomer on the scene...

ED HAYES, 3251 Asbury Avenue, Ocean City, New Jersey. 30 August 1954

Dear Dean:

I'm strictly a new-boy at this business of Fandom. And first off, I want to say that I'm plenty confused. I started with a copy of ABSTRACT by Peter Vorzimer. Pete recommended a couple of other fanzines for my reading pleasure--especially Grue. I have now waded thru four fanzines and Grue is the outstanding job.

On the contents page of Issue #21 you have stuck your neck way out--and I'm taking advantage of your offer, i.e., "and if anything is too abstruse, drop me a line and I'll fill you in".

Dean, I'm loaded down with queries. I can't fathom the set-up of Fandom at all. What is the history of Fandom and the publications? What is the deal with FAPA? How many organizations are there? How many organized members? Where, when, and how are Conventions held? Etc., etc.

The information I'm after would fill a book--and you'll probably tell me to wait until the new edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA is printed. However, if you can give me some "thumbnail" answers, they will be much appreciated.

Congrats on a top-notch amateur publication; I certainly did enjoy reading it. As for the photo reproductions, by all means carry on with them in the future. They are a fine piece of work.

Sincerely,

Ed Hayes

Editorial comments on the letter from Ed Hayes: It was with malice aforethought that I didn't elucidate too deeply in reply to your letter, Ed. I felt I'd rather answer it here for the benefit of several other readers who have recently voiced somewhat the same questions. Taking your queries in order--I'm not at all sure that the set-up of Fandom is fathomable but the picture, as I see it, is a group of people with vaguely similar tastes and interests all banding together to swap opinions, comments and such other literary and artistic efforts as they feel called upon to make. You see, Ed, the science fiction fan is distributed through the population in fantastically thin ratio. Take my situation, for example. Assuming for the sake of hypothesis that every person who likes sf reads Astounding SF and given the fact that the local newsdealer gets 22 copies of ASF every month and returns about 6 or 8 of those unsold to the publisher, given also the fact that the effective population served by that newsdealer (Fond du Lac and environs) is around 50,000 people, you can see that the readers of ASF appear (hereabouts) in a ratio of approximately 1:3100 (and I'm disregarding the possibility of mail-subscribers). However--of those 16 ASF readers in the FdL area, I'm the only one with any evident interest in amateur, sf-slanted journalism. The prime raison d'être of fandom--to me, anyway--is that it takes me through this sea of non-fans and puts me in contact with others who share my interests, even though they be found in such unlikely spots as a roving telegraph operator on the west coast, a motion-picture projectionist in Bloomington, a journalism student at Columbia, a medical technician with the army a scant hundred-odd miles from the Russian border, a writer of publicity for a firm in Tulsa which goes about giving enemas to oil-wells, etc., etc. How else could I ever hope to locate all those people and the hundred or so others were it not for this thing called fandom? And how else are they to know that a traveling-salesman of wholesale heating supplies in Fond du Lac shares their interests?

The history of Fandom and its publications is too big a subject to tackle here so I'll just say that they gradually grew out of the letter-columns in the early professional magazines such as Hugo Gernsback's Amazing and the earliest ones date from about the early 30s.

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH FAPA?

Well, it's comprised of 65 members and had--as of last mailing--a waiting list of around 13 names. To get in, you must have had two different things published in two different amateur publications emanating from two different city-areas or you must have published at least one issue of an amateur publication yourself, the qualifying matter in either case to have appeared in the year previous to your actual entry. Your first step would be to get your name on the waiting list. For this you don't need to meet the requirements--yet. Just send your name and address to SAM MARTINEZ, P O Box #4251, Tulsa, Oklahoma (Yeah--he's the publicity writer just referred to) and tell him to put you on the w/list. Then, when your name gets to the top--in about a year at the present rate--he will write and ask you to cite your credentials and send \$2.00 for your first year's dues. (The publication of your letter in Grue gives you a citeable appearance--one more is all you need)

Once you're in, you must publish a minimum of 6 pages of material--substantially your own work--every year and, of course, ante up a fresh \$2 once a year. On or before the second Saturday of November, February, May and August the members desiring to participate in that mailing send 68 identical copies of their publication to the official editor who then makes up 65 identical bundles and sends them to each member (the other three copies go into "surplustock" and can be bought from the editor, individually, at a fixed rate of ~~1/2~~ per page). The Official Editor ("OE") is currently: CHARLES E. BURBEE, 7628 S. Pioneer Boulevard, Whittier, California, USA. The mailings run the gamut from sublime (well, fairly sublime!) to the ridiculous and most of the people reading this can, I feel sure, do as well as some of the things that get tossed at us. I, personally, find FAPA one of the most interesting facets of fandom and hope this lengthy expose deluges Sam with applications. Does this clear anything up, Ed?

It seems faintly odd, in this ego-nursing racket, to encounter a reader with a passion for anonymity. But Grue has one such whose desire--as I interpret it--is a withheld name. I wouldn't mention this except that the reader's letters often include material I want to introduce into discussion. Exempli gratia:

"...Did you ever actually find out who David Grinnell is? /Let us say that accusations were made that haven't been successfully refuted/ I don't know so I can't tell you. On the same note, who's Ellison's van Dahl?? /Can't say for sure but I've heard several rumors from different quarters, all naming Algis Budrys as the exponent of vandahlism/ About Phyl's Midwescon report, I enjoyed this tremendously, the way she divided & arranged the thing added spice to the deal. ..."

DAVID C. NORMAN, 236 Kenyon Avenue, East Greenwich, Rhode Island. 5 August 54 (4 pages)

D(ear)ean:

... About Walt Kelly--you were wondering about getting his permission, and someone /Larry Shaw/ wrote in saying that it would be alright without it, due to the fact that Kelly is a good joe. Well, don't. I tried it on a teen-mag that I pubbed a while back (which I'll send you if you're interested /I am/). We sorta satirized him; meanwhile I wrote for permission. I waited a month or so, with no answer. So I went ahead just the same...a little while later I got the following: 'Due to legal complications, it would be impossible to allow you to reproduce without limit POGO drawings unless cleared by my copyright secretary. Permission to reproduce is never granted for any commercial or partisan purpose.' There were a few other words, but that was about it. I suggest you try writing him first. ...

MADly,

Dave

PS Having trouble with strapless evening gowns? /As yet, no/ Just soak them in coffee and they'll stay up all night. /Hmhm/

NAN GERDING, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois. 19 August 54

Dear Dean,

... Sho' I'll be glad to send you NANDU /Nan's SAPS-zine/ after this next mailing, that is if you really intend to drop out of SAPS. I know you really intend to but maybe you won't I say hopefully and with a most prayerful attitude. And you are already on the mailing list for CHIGGER /CHIGGER PATCH OF FANDOM, Nan's general-purpose type fanzine/ don't ask me why, you just are. Sell CHIGGER? Gads, that's a joke son. /Hah, ma/ I think at a very generous estimate about 25 have paid for CHIGGER, and that's most generously estimated. I usually print 200 copies and never have enough, this time I printed only 156 and have already run out...except for the fifty that I'm trying frantically to get to the FrisCon in time to sell. But you is down for a copy, so you may now rest easily. You've sent me enough stuff to consider it a trade and besides I'd much rather give CHIGGER away. /The Right to give away CHIGGER is the Right to be free?/ To be quite honest, I do give CHIGGER away for the most part. Heh, Don Ford sent me 20¢ for the current ish of CHIGGER and I sent it back to him, told him I'd rather give him his copy. 'Course Don has done a lot for me too. Oh well, what am I blattin' about anyhow? The crazy have it good (de garren ha det gut!) /So that's what that means?? Well, as Wrai so aptly put it, "I don't hear so good in Norwegian."/

FAPA? Natch, I'll like FAPA. I always like everything except contrary mimeos. But if you ask me there's just as much crud in FAPA as there is in SAPS and far poorer mimeo work. I don't mind poor mimeo work except when it's impossible to read. Oh well. #Long live 200th fandom--de garren haa det gut!

Sincerely,

Nan G.

/Can't help but wonder how the overall mimeoing of SAPS would hold up, Nan, if you didn't run most of it off yourself. --dag/

PLATO JONES, 705 West Main Street, Napoleon, Ohio. 6 September 1954

Dear Soccy:

I'm pretty damn mad at you. It will be your fault if I am unable to attend the MetroCon in New York this October. You never sent me even one of those Lincoln Capri's the fans sent you for me and I tell you I've been in a dilemma. /'Zounds!--I guess I should have insured those packages!!/ All of the ash trays in my hardtop were completely full of ashes. I didn't know what I'd do with the ashes from the cagarettes I'd planned to smoke in the future. /Had you considered the advantages of cut-plug?/ After much thought and seeing that you were going to keep all those cars for yourself and not even send me one of them, I was forced to trade mine in on a Capri convertible that had empty ash-trays. /I suppose it was one of those that 'belonged to an old lady who just used it to drive around town?/ It is pretty though. Yaller with a green top. Green & white leather interior, all the power features and it has 45 more h.p. than my '52 had. /Y'mean it even has a power-motor?/ The only trouble is, I doubt if I'll have enough money left to drive it to the con. In fact I'm down to my last 50¢ now, and to show that I don't bear a grudge at all, I'm sending you that 50¢ to help you pay the costs of that sterling publication you so ably edit. /I guess you could call it a sterling publication...it weighs near a pound. Or, to steal a gag from Lee Hoffman, you could call it a starling publication, i.e., for the birds./ Since you are now in SAPS and get TRENDS anyway, and were still kind enough to continue sending Grue to me, it is really hard to believe you would keep those cars. Maybe you sent them and they were lost in the mails. At any rate, here's 50¢ to help pay for the Grues. I've really enjoyed them.

Luv & kisses,

Plato Jones

/Well, I swear I sent the darn things, Plate ole boy! Suggest you keep an eye peeled for a letter-carrier in Napoleon who delivers mail in a Lincoln Capri. Shouldn't be hard to spot as most of them use Rolls-Royces./ You've read Jones' letter--here's Joan's:

SGT. J. W. CARR, ^(WRAC) c/o RAPC Sgt's Mess, Maida Camp, M.E.L.F. 17, England 31 Aug 54

Dear Dean:

Many thanks for the copy of Grue you sent me. I enjoyed it immensely even though I am still only a neo-fanne. In fact, in this respect I must take advantage of your kind offer to explain a few terms to anyone who writes. It's this word 'Potrzebie' that gets me. I have become acquainted with most of the fannish terms you use (to be quite honest there weren't really all that many) but it is the first time I have seen 'Po---' what I said before. Enlightenment please? /Potrzebie, like 'furshlugginer' (or, as it's sometimes spelled, 'fershlugginer') is a word of no discernible meaning or referent which first (so far's I know) appeared in a native comic-book called MAD. I can offer no no other excuse for its use than it delights my simple childish mind. --dag/

The most interesting item, from my point of view was the Tucker Opus. /Degler/ Perhaps this also stems from my comparative newness to the field. I hope Speer is persuaded to add to the Degler story. /Either Jack Speer doesn't read Grue or he didn't feel like commenting. At any rate, he hadn't been heard from when this was cut (21 Sept 54)/ Secondly came the Con Report. I enjoyed the titles given to the individual items almost as much as the items themselves.

I would like to congratulate you on a wonderfully produced fanzine. It really is--both in appearance and material. I can't understand why anyone should have a 'down' on it because it is also a FAPazine. It's better than many I have seen that don't belong to that organisation. Incidentally, do I understand from your reference to 'HORSES' (Hoffman) that Lee is still in fandom? I had been led to believe that she was no longer even slightly interested. Could it be that old (fannish) habits die hard? /Lee Hoffman is still in FAPA, Joan. And you must've gotten a FAPA edition (w/mlg. comments) by mistake./

SGT. J. W. CARR (continued)

One minor grouse is concerned with Gnurrserly Rhymes. I just can't stand 'Little Willie' rhymes. I don't think they are in the least bit funny. No accounting for individual tastes in humour, I suppose--still, I had to find something to moan about, didn't I? /It really isn't mandatory, he murmured/ Anyway, the PseudOmars were still as good as when I read them in ORION 3. They deserved reprinting for a wider audience.

And now I really must finish so that I can do a little more work on FEZ No. 3 ----

Joan W. Carr

Gee, Sarge--I'm sorry you can't appreciate Little Willies (you're in good company... Walt Willis detests them too). I'd planned to ditch the things after last issue but then Bill Stavdal, that dal, sent in some that were so doggone' good (I thought) that my resolution crumbled and so I used them...at this point, I presume I used them. Besides, Helen Wesson likes the silly things, along with several other of our readers so I imagine as long as some readers like Little Willie and as long as I can get new ones that I like well enough, Little Willie will continue to grace (?) our pages. Maybe it's an acquired taste, y' suppose?

RON ELLIK, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach,³ California, USA. 29 July 1954 (3 pages)

DAG:wood,

... Did you stamp each individual cover with your name and address? /Yes/ Seems like a helluva lotta work. /It isn't--only takes 10 minutes or so and makes it easy to find my address when they write letters of comment./

The cover photo of Vorzi-mer is very well done. /Thought it was medium rare, m'self/ How did you do such accurate work? /Easy. Just traced the pic from a studio publicity photo that William Campbell Gault sent to Bob Bloch, who loaned it to me. Traced it on clear acetate sheet using acetate ink and a mapping pen. Then traced it onto the stencil from that...a useful trick if you have photos to reproduce/ I saw quite a few publicity photos of The Beast even tho I didn't see the movie, and there's an amazing resemblance. The hands are a teeny bit out of proportion, but that must be from fan-handling (new word: fandling? No. /Yes--Fandle Lac/) a mimeo. /No, the big hands were due to a short-focal length lens on the camera, giving a distortion I didn't try to correct/ FAKE-FAN! You got permission to use the photo. /Perhaps I should explain that the photo had a printed notice that permission was granted for reproduction in magazines. Grue is a magazine. Ergo--I had permission to use it therein. 'Course, I added a couple minor embellishments.../ ...

I'm not in FAPA yet--#15 on waiting list--so I don't quite understand all this about McCain. Infinite fandom, Quinterlineations, etceterandomutterings... /It's Infinitieth Fandom; and the rest of the stuff was all based on McCain's writings in PSYCHOTIC. You do read that don't you?/

Bloch reminds me the slightest bit of Ackerman (p. 32). Little difference in facial structure (Ackerman's head is round instead of pentagonal) /Bloch's head used to be round too but he has a very hard pillow/ But that expression on Bob's face... You'd be surprised how often you can surprise it on Forry. /I really would be surprised at surprising that look on Forry and Forry would be surprised at my surprise at surprising a surprised look on ... aw dammit, you got me all confused./ ...

I suggest that for the edification of all us neos you print a sample of Ackermanese. I can't stand reading about something like that without knowing what it is. ...

'cerely,

Ron

/I must see if I can dig up a sample of authentic Ackermanese for you--look around/

PFC RICHARD H. ENEY, RA 13 464 022, USAH 8165th AU, APO 309 c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Dean:

(from 2 poptsarcds)

Pardon a quibble about "Walt's epochal gag about Chuch being 'a Harris of a different choler'". The original gag, I recall (from an old HARP) had to do with Walt's stay in NY during his trip here. Lily White asked him whether the reason Gold was mad (ah!) at him, Walt, was because he, Walt, wouldn't stay in NY and write a column for GALAXY. Walt: "No, because I wouldn't edit GSF. It was a Horace of a different choler". Of course he may have re-used it...

Walt didn't, strictly, "enlist Redd's aid", did he? /No, see WAW's letter following/ Redd said they were both working on FANCYCLOPEDIA and found out they were duplicating each other /an enchanting concept/ when WAW commented on my remark that I was collecting material for a revised FANCY. (The word is hubris.) /Sounds like a good word but it's not in my dictionary/

No chemist would speak of anything as "basically pH-1" unless Laney were writing for it. #Your moan for Fan To See's passing leaves me cold. Figure how I feel when I got 6 issues of Quandry for \$100! (No, I didn't leave out the decimal.)

/from 10 Sep 54/ ^{Redd says this was in Confederate money... /29 Aug 54/}

Grue is "put together in a leisurely & easygoing manner"? I faunch in terror at mere thinking of what would happen if you ever really put your heart in it. Mighod, postage on that mailing would pay off the national debt! #If Harris' nickname should be spelled "Chunque", it's probably just as well that Tucker never went to England. #8165th AU is closer to Russian territory (Sakhalin, 140 miles) than any other company-sized unit in FECOM. (Closer: 3 radar stations). Fandom in the fore of the fight against Communism! Yeah. #I'll bet you're letting yourself in for a ghodawful spell of gafia, all this publishing you're doing. /Gotta publish while I can--one is gafia such a long time!/
'course, Savannah's in the South

Best of luck, though.

Eney

Let me explain (as if you didn't know) how Willis works on these things. Once he comes up with a good, basic, permutatable gag like Horace/choler and uses it, he doesn't throw it away by any means. He saves it in a little niche in the back of his head, for possible future re-treading. Conceivably, if WAW ever abandons tennis in favour of Egyptology you can lay odds that, sooner or later, he will observe that something is "a Horus of a different kalar". But let me give you a (highly) hypothetical instance of how things like this could possibly work out. Hypothetical, I say. Highly.

This is several years in the future and scientists are hot on the track of a process for revivifying cadavers. It isn't perfected but it is so promising that when people die they aren't buried or cremated or embalmed but, rather, are put into a quick-freeze against the day when they can be completely over-hauled. /Germ of a sf plot here, wonder if my agent-collaborateur is reading this?/

So anyhow, it is in the future by an undisclosed number of years and once more Harris ---now a creaky old cove, really nothing but a thin aggregation of cement to hold together a collection of prosthetic appliances courtesy of the National Health Service-- is visiting BBelfast to reminisce about all the old days and the old fans who went gafia the hard way. Well, the whiskey (properly: usquebaugh) flows like buttermilk (just like in the song) and some time in the early morning hours after everybody has gone to bed there is a fearful commotion from Harris' room and they rush in to take hasty farewell of Poor Old Chuque (sic) as he cashes in his chips for that big poker game in the sky. Willis gently removes the copy of Ulysses from the limp fingers (for Chuque still hasn't bought a copy of his own and keeps reading Walt's copy on visits) and remarks, "Well, I fancy he must've been bitten by one of those chartreuse cobras he was screaming about. Be a dear thing, Mad, and phone to the mortician's to send around a van for poor old Chuque, won't you?" So Madeleine phones Murphy the Mortician

to come right away and they sit there, waiting for him to arrive...waiting with some impatience for Harris has become uncommon dull company. Finally there is a sound on the street outside and Walt goes to the window, parts the curtains and peers out to see a somber vehicle (a "chariot of Charon" as Arch Whitehouse once called it) pulling up in front of the house but, painted on the sides, are the words, "Digger O'Dell, the Friendly Undertaker." "Is that Murphy?" asks Madeleine.

"No," murmurs Walt, "it is a hearse of another cooler."

Speaking of Willis, here he comes now...

WALTER A. WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland. 13 Aug 54

Dear Dean,

After entertaining two lots of fans (Chuck and the Bulmers) for a total of 3 weeks I feel tired, tired...too tired even to work out the pun that came vaguely to me then about Tyre and Sidon /Maybe you meant to drag in Tarleton Fiske and/or Eva Firestone...or if you tyre of that, try Paul Ninevah...but I know if I leave this Grue aside to be commented on later it'll only lie on my conscience gathering dust. It's such a chonky ol' fmz that one can't just skip over it later to refresh the memory,

Who's the guy in the photo that Universal gave you permission to use? A talon scout? Loved the piece on top of the contents page. I used to think that Lee Hoffman had exhausted the possibilities of this, but now here you come along to squeeze fresh nourishment from it. Why can't I think of things like this? /You have to be plump and have brown eyes like Miss Hoffman and I do/

Tucker on Degler was fascinating. I knew most of the actual information he gave but it was nice to see it set out in order and perspective, and I only wish he'd gone into more detail. I'd like to see more of stuff like this...one of the things I like about fandom is its mythology and history, and one of the things that irritated me about the selfstyled 7th and 8th fans was that they almost took pride in being ignorant of the fine traditions of fandom. As if they were children at shcool who were too smug to learn history. Whereas it's a large part of the fun of fandom that one should be able to range through a whole field of esotericism stretching not only in space but in time. That, for instance, James White should greet Chuck with 'Hiya Claude' and both know what's meant. You and I seem to have the proper respect for our fancestors (did you read the thing I had in Zenith way back about fancestors worship? /I think so/)...I was thrilled to bits when Torry played me a record made at the Denvention with the voice of Degler himself.

Phyllis's report was excellent reading. The girl has talent, and you deserve some sort of award for encouraging her into fandom. Nice title for that report. /Phyl came across fandom about the time I did or a little before, Walt. Her stuff appeared mainly in Shelby's CONFUSION. I just sorta egged her on a bit./

Bloch was brilliant. (Will you make me a rubber stamp for this? /I'll order two/)

That Gestetner seems very dear. Here you can get one, the one Chuck's getting, for the equivalent of some \$90. It's a good machine though. /Since Chuck and the Gestetner are both British, there would be quite a saving...freight, profits of numerous middlemen, and of course the president expects each citizen to pay his duty/

Slightly unhappy about the reference to the FanCy. This is not my project, but Redd's-- I am just a helper, though Redd with his usual modesty insisted on ranking me as his associate. I wish you'd make this clear in the next Grue and explain to Redd that it wasn't from me you got the idea that I am in charge. Boggs has had the idea for years, and I am Johnny-come-lately; and it'll be Redd who'll be doing most of the work and should get most of the credit. /Letter from Redd (8 Sep 54): "Far as I'm concerned, Walt is just as much in charge of the Cy project as I am, and I intend to give him equal egoboo as far as bylines and so on go."/

I thought the Stenofax jobs were pretty good. #As I suppose other people have told you, Grue is a hard mag to comment on. Nothing to pan /How 'bout the Little Willies?/, and so much of uniform excellence that one just runs short of panegyrics. Or maybe it's just my present condition of lassitude. However I really did enjoy it, in fact I loved it. I took it into the office with me, having started to read it while wheeling my bicycle up the hill to work (there's an immense hill up to our office which I believe was put there by the Ministry of Finance to make sure that no one would live long enough to draw their pension) and finished it in Government time. If you have a conscience I'll let you know how much you owe the Northern Ireland Exchequer. (Spelling correct? /I don't lique to stique my neque out/)

Best,
Walt

CHUCK HARRIS, "Carolin," Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. 16 Sep 54

Dear Dean,

Ghod man! Are you trying to show the rest of us up? I've never seen such fine duplicating before,--not even on the sample sheets that Gestetner sent me as specimens, --and then, not content with legibility, you have to go and make the thing literate too. It's a very wonderful job, and I can't ever remember enjoying a fanzine so much.

I don't think anybody could do a fair over-all rating of the contents: to say that Tucker was more enjoyable than Phyll Economou, or your own Gullible's Travails, would be like preferring St. Matthew's opus to St. Marx. /Howzat again?/

I was delighted to see that you boobed horribly on page 31. I was getting rather worried; if I can't find something to carp about, I may just as well give up commenting on fanzines. But you said--ghod help you--"as mythical as the Irishman who says 'Begorrah.'" This is no mythical character, dear boy--he's no more fabulous than I am. /! Last month, when I was the snake who proved St. Patrick a liar, I met this man. I shook hands with him, I borrowed his Morris Eight (with the space for a kettle under the hood), and I stood spell-bound while he spoke to me. Now I admit that he didn't say "Begorrah" as soon as he saw me. He had no reason to do so. /Yeah? After all, it's far more effective to use these things sparingly. I suppose I could have said "Say Begorrah buddy, and I'll write a column around it," but the guy wasn't a faan; I doubt if he'd ever heard of even Charles Burbee. However, everybody swore on a stack of Bibles (which I had just autographed), that he did, quite frequently too, use the word Begorrah. This was Walt's father-in-law of course, and the rest of the family are doing their dammedest to have him subsidised by the Irish Tourist Board. With good reasons too--I was far more impressed by him, The Man Who Says Begorrah, than I was by St. Patrick's Grave, The Chair Bea Mahaffey Sat On, and similar tourist bait.

There is another minor mistake on the inside front cover. I am listed as Foreign Correspondent. I know that I associate with those foreign fans in Ireland, but actually I'm English and not foreign at all. I've lived here all my life and no damnyankee /Ah'm frum Kansas, suh you-all! is going to call me a foreigner and get away with it. Sir, if I had a subscription, I WOULD CANCEL IT!!

Am buying a new Gestetner myself--suppose I couldn't do a BRE of Grue?

Hastily but,

Ever Thine, Chuck

/A British Reprint Edition of Grue?...there's a gravid thought...coax me a little, Chuck...ply me with liquor...whisper sweet natterings in my ear (the right one)...maybe, if you promised to use blue ink exclusively...would you be running Joan-The-Wad ads? #And what the blazes can I call Grue's correspondents who reside outside the territorial limits of the USA? Overseas c'spondents? No, you'd say, "I'm not overseas, I'm here!" You realize that, as a fully-accredited Foreign Correspondent, you are entitled to wear a trench-coat, snap-brim hat and drink Scotch out of bottles?/

Twenty pages is delicately calculated to be about as much letter-column as most readers will sit still for and the deadline approaches much faster than the bottom of the stack. So many people say so many interesting things. Like: FFW-17

CURTIS D. JANKE, 1220 North 14th Street, Sheboygan; Wisconsin. 6 August 54

Dear Dean; ...I didn't get around to reading your summer issue until a few evenings ago. A good job, as usual, though I still am not at all sure what a fan mag is supposed to be about. /Is anyone?/ So to comments. Hooray--it was just about time someone mentioned Bradbury's "The Watchful Poker Chip." Maybe it was such a change that everybody just sat around stunned or something. I am no lover of Bradbury's usual affected, precious manner of writing but this poker chip thing was a deal out of a different deck and certainly points up the difference between a tongue-in-cheek and a foot-in-mouth style. While on the subject of favorite authors, have I merely lately arrived on the scene or is there really a conspiracy of silence concerning my boy, Jack Vance? His Magnus Ridolph belongs up in the con man's Hall Of Fame right beside Colin Glencannon. And his little book, "The Dying Earth" certainly ranks with anything of the sort that Sturgeon has done. (My g(h)od, I just thought of something--is Vance really Sturgeon? This sort of thing reminds me of a cartoon I once saw--a man started to pull a loose thread off his coat and finished by unraveling the whole suit--some day someone is going to trace down all the pseudonyms and nom de plumes, find out that they're all the same guy, and the whole genre will come clattering down about our ears.) (And what in H is the significance of that "h" in g(h)od? /That's a long story--anyone want to explain?/)

The man Larry Shaw, while we agree as to the possible future of science-fiction after the advent of space-flight, restimulates a flock of my hitherto dormant engrams when he goes on to say that it will be more or less assimilated into the "main stream" of literature. Phooey! I remember as a small child reading that eventually jazz music, as it matured, would be assimilated into the main stream of "serious" music. I felt then, as I do now, pretty much...provoked. Arrgh! What main stream? It didn't happen to jazz, and it won't happen to science-fiction. Sometimes I, as a "mature" jazz writer, use a bit-up old riff out of some tired bit of "serious" music out of sheer vengefullness, not because I think it adds anything, but to demonstrate in which direction the predicted osmosis actually operates. The same result will obtain, I believe, in any interchange between contemporary twaddle and the only literature now worthy of the name. ... For example, the aforementioned "Painted Poker Chip"--in what way does it fit into any definition of science fiction or fantasy ever proposed? Answer: it doesn't. But someone had to print it; the slicks wouldn't have been able to find room between the ads and the TV celebrity blurbs. Can you imagine someone adjusting his eyeshade to sit down and read it while waiting for Arthur Godfrey to come on? /no/ ...

The several articles in your summer issue mention a Boyd Raeburn. Is this the same fellow who had a band that recorded a few collector's items a few years back but never made any money because the stuff wasn't commercial? If so, he's now in congenial company--who's getting rich in science-fiction? /Don't look at me! About Raeburn, Howie Lyons writes: "It isn't the same Boyd Raeburn. Our Boyd is forever troubled with the query, 'THE Boyd Raeburn?' He answers, 'Yes, but not the band-leader.' 'Oh.' I can't understand how there could be two of them."/

By the way, the "D" in Curtis D. Janke stands for "Dean". Of what significance is that? /Means you're another "real Dean of Science Fiction", I guess. Word of Caution: if you ever write to Forry Ackerman, don't send him your picture! Was the marginal note that you could go monthly for \$5 to be taken seriously? /g(h)od forbid! If so you can count on me--I'd suggest that you clear it up at greater length if you were considering it, as many may have missed it or been puzzled by it. /It was joke, son--but thanks for the offer! /

Yours,
Curtis

CHARLES E. BURBEE, 7628 South Pioneer Boulevard, Whittier California. 1 August 54

Dag: It worked. I mean, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope with the crate of Grues. Now I will write a letter. (continued)

Home brew. Well, if you want your home brew to taste like commercial stuff (hereafter called "CS" or "cs") you may as well forget the whole thing. The feature I like about hb is that it doesn't taste like cs. /I'm in favor of a beer that doesn't taste like cs/ Cs has elimited or rather eliminated (I am full of hb right now) the malt and hops taste that makes beer BEER. They use so little malt and hops that they have to add foaming agents. A good sharp brew goes begging on the market now. Beer is barely above the status of soda pop.

However you can approach the flavor of cs. You can't reach it--but who wants to? The malts make the difference. Down here in Calif we are limited to but one type of malt. Blue Ribbon is the only one sold here. I don't know if you are strapped down that way in Wisconsin /yes/, but if you aren't, try Acme Malt, light, with light hops or medium hops. For a five-gallon batch use a 3-lb carton of Acme with 3 or 3½ pounds of corn sugar and baker's yeast (1 cake) or similar yeast. Use a hydrometer to tell you when it's ready to bottle. Let sit in bottles about six weeks. You can drink it after 10 days but it improves if left longer. Corn sugar will improve any beer recipe.

Why is it unethical to review postmailings? I never heard of the custom. I know that some people--notably Harry Warner Jr--are against postmailings. His only beef is that there is never anything in a postmailing that couldn't have waited for the regular mailing. This I agree with, in essence. However, there is the feature that the memship does not have to pay the postage. Also, what is wrong with receiving an extra mag between mailings? Further, as I explained at the last Jawibuco session, whenever I publish a mag I want my mimeographed words to be distributed and read as soon as possible. If I do a mag one month after the mailing I simply can't wait another two full months to get my mag spread all over. I want everybody to read it right now. And what, pray tell, is the harm in that? If I wish to spend \$1.28 or nearly \$2.00 to distribute my mag, why shouldn't the memship accept it and review it along with the others? If it arrives early enough, of course. /Whud' I say to bring all this on? Only trouble I have with p/ms is that I usually lose them and find 'em again right after I've finished cutting and running the copy of Bleen that they should have been in. But I like to get 'em--and review them too/

I enjoyed Grue. Got a kick out of Tucker's short on that Degler character. He's been around the LA area a few times since the big blow-off, but believe it or not, I've never seen him. I went to the LASFS just after he'd left, and while I heard twenty thousand stories about him, I never saw him.

Well, I see from the foregoing that I have spoken of things outside of my restricted subject matter. I constantly tell people that I will speak only on six subjects: Steam cars, sex, home brew, pneumatic guns, magnetic recording and player pianos.

burb

JAN JANSEN, 229, Berchemlei, BORGERHOUT, Antwerp, Belgium 17 August 1954

Dear Dean,

Imagine my pleasant surprise at finding Grue 21 in my letterbox day before yesterday, presumably as a trade. I have no record of having sent you ALPHA before so I must gather some review of it somewhere was responsible. /Thanks to Chuck Harris, Jan--he sent me the SMCon Combozine and I lifted your address from that/

Cover excellent.

Whilst the illustration was certainly eye-striking, the beanie hat, and the two short sentences completed a true fancover. What year do you expect 20,000th Fandom to arise? The rate they are showing up lately, they might make it this century. I think we'll have to stick a number to our section over here. We're on our third now, I suppose. We can consider Ben Abas and his Fantasie en Wetenschap /Translation?/ group as the first, followed by a second under Nic Oosterbaan, closely followed and immediately replaced by ours. Actually, in this case, two and three would have been co-existant side by side, only two died out, or nearly so, before we started meddling ourselves internationally. #Contents page, etc., is fine work...can't very well call that dull.

JAN JANSEN (continued)

Degler remembered failed to strike a note here. This isn't too surprising since I never heard of the chap although I generally enjoy these reminiscences very much. Too much background missing to really interest me, I believe. #I enjoyed the eats /Phyl's Con Report/. Gave me that nice lazy feeling one ordinarily gets after an excellent dinner. Nice and lazy because all I can say is that I enjoyed it, making no comments since I don't know too many of the people concerned. Congratulate Phyllis on her original job of commenting though, won't you? She certainly deserves it. /Done! --dag/ #As for Miscellania--agreement on Gene Autry, never liked the guy much myself. ... Your saying "sort of like MAD comics" doesn't convey much to me, since I've never seen them. /Some day I'll send you a copy, Jan, if I ever get the time/ #Don't know about the American Opinion, but for myself I find that several of the FAPA zines are amongst the best I receive. I'm even tempted to get on the waiting list if it weren't for the infernal postage business. ...

Jan

Sorry to have to chop up your nice two-page letter like that, Jan, but I have to compress like mad to get wound up in the remaining space. And thanks for suggesting the quote from PICKWICK PAPERS...as you see, I used it. From this point I can only run together a few quotes. Addresses supplied on request.

BILL STAVDAL: The worst part came when the Dictaphone fellow was trying to get a playback. Some of it wouldn't come out clearly, but he hit several points that came out sickeningly sharp. "...brains and trip and crap like that...CLICK...Lewd did I live; evil did I dwell...CLICK...this may disgust you slightly...CLICK" I could see him looking at me out of the corner of his eye and could almost hear him thinking to himself in awed tones, "A real, live pervert!" Fortunately he knew what I meant when I quickly told him that part of the excerpts was a palindrome, so maybe I left him with the feeling that he had met an educated pervert...tres outre, e? BOB BLOCH: I am faunching to see Graham's photos. Would he send me a print of Vampira? Nah. They never do. And in spite of the fact that I didn't hit him over the head with a stack of pactsarcds announcing his death when I met him. Such ingratifultude. #Don't think I didn't catch the brand of that cigarette being smoked on the LeZOMBIE cover. I knew DAG would butt in somehow! #...But I know, of course. They can't fool me. I know they're all whispering behind my back. They must have the place all wired, too, with dictaphones. But I'm smarter than they are. When I talk to myself I just whisper. And I never eat anything any more unless I sterilize it first. I dip everything into sulphuric acid before I swallow it. Nobody's going to poison me. MARTY GREENBERG: /Sorry, I can't quote his letter as I passed it on to some people to read and return and it isn't back yet. But he was understandably pained that last issue had him connected with "Prime" Press. Marty gently reminds us that he presses Gnomes, not Primes. A thousand pardons, effendi--that is a goof I should have caught...Phyllis can be excused but I should have known better! DENIS MOREEN: I for one missed the long letter section of the last issue but I suppose you needed to cut it down...somewhere of recent I read an article discussing whether Grue or PSYCHOTIC were better.../Must have missed that--anyone know where it appeared?/ I'm personally sick of Little Willie poems, but the ten "PseudOmars" were wonderful. #You disappoint me. When you started talking about Bob Silverberg living on a street that ran right past Ebbets Field, I braced myself for a monstrous pun in the next sentence--but, SMAME OF SHAME, no pun! Wha' happened? /I field less than up to it that night--you know how it is--sometimes you ebbett and sometimes you don't. Happy?/ ED COX: "I share your dislike for the so-called singing cowboy heros. My only personal experience in such matters occurred last year during the annual Peanut Festival in Alabama. I was stationed in Camp Rucker, Alabama, and was assigned as one of the members of a communications network sent down to Dothan, Alabama, site of the Festival, to help direct the proceedings of the huge parade. In this parade were, among others, Miss America, and Dothan's "own" Johnny Mack Brown. My jeep was stationed at the jump-off point and I was to relay directions, queries, answers and so on back to other stations down the line where bands and floats were being readied. Things were well under way when I was asked to air this bit of appalling news: "Johnny Mack Brown has lost his horse!!!""

FFW-20 (positively the end!)

ED COX (continued) Thoroughly enjoyed your travel experiences. I am also among the league of frustrated fan-travelers. Long before I met Bob Silverberg at a convention, I was passing through New York and had only time for a brief phone-call. I wonder if he remembers it. #The Stenofax photos you printed were very satisfactory. I hope you use more in coming issues. How about one of yourself for the many fans who have never met you at a con or someplace? /You sure you want to take the blame for that, friend?/ ...Before I close, I'd better mention that I really enjoyed the PHLOTSAM part of Grue as well as I did Grue. One of the best con-reports I've ever read, bar none. /Haw--dig that crazy sign-off..."EC:h!" LEE JACOBS: Incidentally, in case I haven't told you before, I'm now K6EYH /His new ham-radio Call-Letters/. I roared with laughter at Grue's front cover. Burbee gave me strange looks, but I'd just discovered the fingernailed potrzebie. /See, Sgt. Carr? That's what the Potrzebie was for./ ISAAC ASIMOV: Copy of Grue received and tremendously enjoyed. Have written to the Phair Phyllis to tell her so. While I am always just a bit embarrassed about becoming a free-loader, the embarrassment is never great enough to stop me. I would be delighted to free-load on Grue. DAMON KNIGHT: Thanks for sending me Grue, which I like muchly. That Gestetner, a mechanism of which I'd never previously heard and which I still don't more than half understand, does a fantastic job. I think the A. B. Dick Company must use one to turn out their specimen sheets. GERRY STEWARD: What is this, the Canadian Fandom Appreciation Issue of Grue? /Nope, but I know a good thing when I see one./ Never have I seen so many mentions of Canadian fans in one issue of one magazine. /Ever read A BAS?/ God, Norm Browne will flip with ecstasy when he sees all this egoboo. /Wouldn't you rather Hedy Lamarr?/ I believe it was Phil Farmer's Mercury Convertible in which Phyl Economou went flying through the night. /So it was you who furnished that info./ DON WEGARS: Bob Tucker's article on Degler was the best thing this time. It was darn interesting, but I doubt that it would've been as good had anyone else written it. Tucker & Bloch have the easiest style of writing in fandom, I believe. Being 'Filthy Pros' helps a lot, no doubt, but I can't say that Even Willis is better than the two. RICH BERGERON: When I first glanced through the current Grue, one of the first things I noticed was the snapshot of Silverberg. "Mighod Grennell is good looking," I thought. That spider on the shoulder seemed a Grennellian touch. Well, I was a bit disappointed when I found out through reading the issue that the person in the snap wasn't you. BOB SILVERBERG: If only you'd cut it off at the spider! JOY K. GOODWIN: ...Whereupon since this arrived by post about 8:30 in the morning, I crawled back into bed, pulled up the covers in case the family should see something they are not yet old enough to understand and gorged. MAL ASHWORTH: I will do my darndest to offer a little comment if I don't run out of superlatives too early; don't mind if there are a few ordinary latives mixed in with this. (See what effect Bloch has on we youngsters? One time I wouldn't have dared to crack one like that for the thought of the looks of horror on the faces of Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. But nowadays I just think 'What the heck--if Bloch can get away with it, so can I'. That man's dangerous. Your account of the way you and Jean went about crashing toll-gates prompts me to term it a 'tour de force'. Nevertheless don't you think it was a slightly cruel trick to label the photos of those two desperate convicts 'Bloch and Tucker, the original Bobbsie Twins'? I mean even Bloch and Tucker must have some human feelings. From the outside here FAPA looks rather like Valhalla; would love to think about inquiring about waiting to join if I was of a more courageous nature, but Ghu those names! /Wot happened to OOGO?/ It's almost as if I was contemplating taking part in a debate along with Socrates and Confucius--only I don't think they were fans. /No, but they had fans./ A. VIN & CLARKE: Virol is the name of a proprietary baby-food, a dark brown glutinous mass consisting largely of treacle and with the consistency of melting tar; it's like the sentiments of the average Christmas card translated into physical mass...it's almost sacrilege to insinuate our Ghod could spell incorrectly...except for 'screetched'...TOM WHITE: I salute you! For years have I regarded the films of Mr Autry with loathing, although with less reason. Many times have I studied the ill-lit roof of a cinema as his films were screened. Many times have I spent an unhappy hour gazing into darkness when the roof has been too far for discernment. I suggest we form an Anti-Autry Fan Club...the cad doesn't even marry the heroine. /That tears it for now, kiddies. But thanks & apologies to Derek Pickles, Paul Enever, Archie Mercer, and many many others. Try again, won't you please? --dag

"EVERYBODY PLAYED WHEN I SAT DOWN TO LAUGH"...a page of advertisements executed in the time-honored pulpzine manner by that Ace Copywriter:.....ROBERT BLOCH

GOOSE DANDRUP?

tightened immediately, or your money refunded. Send \$2.00 (to cover wrapping and handling costs) to: ACE RUBBER CEMENT COMPANY "Carolyn," Lake Avenue, RAINHAM, Essex, England.

STOP SMOKING

with NO-INHALE, the new miracle drug containing pure strychnine. \$5.00 for a full quart, from: MORIBUNDPRODUCTS, INCORPORATED, 520 West Cameron, Tulsa, Okla.

EARN BIG MONEY

This new, easy way
Learn Meat-Cutting!

BE POPULAR!!!--WIN FRIENDS!! Thousands of openings now available for young men in this fascinating profession. Make a fortune as a mortician or surgeon...or both.

WANT TRAVEL?-----ADVENTURE Qualified Meat-Cutters *came* always in demand amongst the cannibal tribes of New Guinea. Carve out a career---get your steak in the future! Write: CHUCK THE RIPPER, 7628 South Pioneer Boulevard, Whittier, California.

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Down through the Ages, a few men have always been Masters of their Fate. What strange Knowledge did the Ancients possess?

NOW-----YOU TOO can learn the Key to the Mysteries of the Cosmos. Send for free booklet "THE SECRETS OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL'S EDITORIALS EXPLAINED." Write, phone, wire, or cable: SHAVER MYSTERY CLUB, (Scribe #G-22), 2215 Benjamin St., NE Minneapolis 18, Minnesota.

MEN PAST 40 *Need Extra Pep?*

SLOWING DOWN??--WANT EXTRA VIGOR AND ENERGY TO ATTRACT WOMEN?

Nonsense! After careful and scientific study, we have concluded that no medicine, pills, or artificial stimulant is necessary--There is only one PROVEN REMEDY that never fails. If you are past 40, and want the love and admiration of the female sex, get yourself a big handful of MONEY, the sure-fire aphrodisiac (accept no substitutes). And if you have any left over, show your appreciation for this advice by sending some to:

Ponge, Woodchuque & Jophann, Inc. Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

AVOID HARSH LAXATIVES

Send One Dollar, stamps or coins, to: FAITH DYNAMITE CO. 2631 No. Mississippi Portland 12, Oregon

"Faith Will Move Mountains!!"

WHY WEAR A TRUSS?

Then again, on the other hand, what else can you possibly do with one?

I was a 96# WEAKLING!

---until I started writing ads like these--and then, boy, did I fatten up in a hurry! NOW I CAN GUARANTEE TO GIVE YOU A SMASHING, POWERFUL BODY LIKE MINE IN JUST SEVEN DAYS OR YOUR MUSCLES REFUNDED!!!! Yes---I will add Inches to your Chest or Bust!! Once I, too, was a skinny, rundown weakling. Then I quit being a pedestrian and now I'm not rundown any more.

NO EXERCISE! NO DIET! NO VULGAR BRAWLING WITH BULLIES ON BEACHES!!!! THIS IS THE FAMOUS MUSCLE COURSE ENDORSED BY HARLAN ELLISON!!!

LET ME MOULD YOU A MIGHTY CHEST-----BUILD YOUR BICEPS -----GIVE YOU A MAN-SIZE PHYSIQUE!!*

EXCHANGE THAT WEAK, PUNY, PITIFUL, PATHETIC, SCRAWNY, MISERABLE, REVOLTING BODY OF YOURS FOR ONE LIKE MINE!! Here's all you do: Mail me your old body in a plain sealed coffin. In exchange, I guarantee to send you a Brand New Body Like Mine in 7 days or less. EXTRA BONUS FOR PROMPTNESS-----Genuine Leopard-Skin Jockey Shorts included at no extra cost! Sent postpaid from: CHARLES PRATLESS, 427 East 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Ill. *Women not eligible for this course. They should write to: NANCY ATLAS, Box 31, DANVILLE, PA.

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!!-----by not learning to play the guitar or studying hypnotism or doing any of the other damfool things the ads advise. Just try to act like a Good Joe for a change.

NOTE: It is with considerable pleasure that Grue welcomes three new contributors to its pages: Miss Pat Patterson (whom, I felt, ought to draw the Lyons somewhere); Mr. Howard Lyons, noted collector of fanzines and popsicle sticks; and Mr. Bob Kellogg, famed for cartoons and cornflakes. It is hoped you'll see more of all three in the future issues of Grue.

--dag

THE LYONS ROAR

by Howard Lyons



FLAGRANTE DERELICTO

...while the Derelicts are blazing. One of the things that Noah Webster has to say about DERELICT: "A person abandoned, or outside the pale of respectable society; a 'human wreck.'" -----EXACTLY!!

THE DERELICTS is a nickname for the Toronto Science Fiction Society. The name has existed since 1948, but the present club is unrelated, except by tradition, with the organization which boasted members such as Beak Taylor and Ned McKeown. Probably just as well....

In case anyone is interested, the Derelicts meet every second Saturday from seven p.m. to five a.m. at the home of some lucky loser. There is only one officer, the treasurer. There is no business, there are no minutes. We just listen to SOUNDS, talk a while, watch age-old movies (courtesy of Bill Grant), talk a while, leaf through books and magazines, talk a while....

These are the people who usually make it:

NORMAN G. BROWNE: came from Toronto, went to Vancouver, went to Edmonton, returned to Toronto. Published or publishes: TORATIONS, THE SOUNDS, VANATIONS, FILLER, DAMN. He is a one-time card-carrying member of 7th Fandom and intimate enemy of Harlan Ellison, walks to conventions, listens to movie music, is a BNF, admits it, occupation: scone-roller and trouble-shooter in the Macaroon-Delight Department of Weston Bakeries, Ltd. Doesn't get along with many people, but I like him. #So do I, Howard--that makes at least three of us, counting Norm. --dag#

BILL GRANT: Old Woodchuck, film collector, record collector (classic, jazz, plays, etc.), book collector (one wall is mundane, one wall is fantasy, and the centre of the room is devoted to piles of magazines and stuff), stencils art better than most, used to be part of the HOUSE OF YORK--a book distributing firm who sold fantasy books to Canadian fans at near-US prices at a time when the policy was to add about \$1.95 to any

book imported. He makes money in the jewellery racket and spends it on color film to use at the MidWesCon.

KEN HALL: drives a Volkswagon, rides a bicycle clad in leather shorts, has a girl friend, goes gafia (and west) in the summer, owns a one-armed bandit, wins money from other Derelicts, covers walls with pin-ups, used to be a forest-ranger, owns several one-cylinder internal combustion weapons, owns more damn maps of Ontario, reads fanzines, collects fantasy pocket editions, does cube art, likes cube music. Misses several meetings.



RON KIDDER: "cool kidder," they say, had to remove his cool beard, owns a NIAGARA mimeo which he just cleaned, is exhausted, likes Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, owns several dixie records, hides them, serves the best cheese snacks in town, owns a set of encyclopediæ, reads avant-garde literature, writes poetry, drives automobile, strips gears, likes good sports-cars, steaks and mushrooms, dislikes Detroit cars—especially Plymouths with putrid clutch systems.



ALBERT LASTOVICA: owns a camera, spends money on films, has no money left, wishes he could get into PAPA, likes to join things, member of NFFF, wants money back, buys original artwork from Harlan Ellison, does not pay Harlan Ellison, is a fake-student in that he does no studying, collects stamps (does not know Laney), likes classical and semi-classical music, undecided about jazz, dislikes work.

HOWARD LYONS: sometime-publisher of such sterling periodicals as IBIDEM, DEJA VU, and HARD LINES, none of which have been published yet due to laziness of Lyons, accumulates books and records, owns several fanzines and prozines, is a Chartered Accountant, conjuror, big enough to lick Peter Vorzimer, a cool fig, leaning toward New Orleans style with vast interest in Dave Brubeck and Lee Konitz, owns Webster phono with variable-reluctance pick-up, saving up for large speaker, likes food, dislikes diet, is on diet. #Starting weight: 220#...Lyons is a BF. --dag#

BOYD RAEBURN: accountant, not the band-leader, editor of Derelict's club-organ A BAS, does not like Symphonic Jazz (either the music of the term), digs all jazz--especially modern and especially small groups... in Longhair, likes Bach, moderns...no romantics. Likes rabbits for eating, Dali, Miro and De Chirco for looking. Dislikes steaks for eating ("in New Zealand, steak is fish-bait"), crudzines, dill-pickles, cigars, and idiots. He also dislikes the older style of science-fiction, evincing an interest in very little before 1940. He owns an MG Mark II which is not only a sports-car, but also a racing model. (You see how that parallel-construction is good grammer, but lousy rhetoric???) Owns a tape recorder, greatest fear is a bulk eraser in the hands of Albert (see supra), owns several books including "Dianetics," medical dictionary, "Science & Sanity," New Zealand capping books #you mean 'camping'?#, and several copies of UNKNOWN, some of which belong to him.



GERALD STEWARD: with a "d." Publisher, etc., of CANADIAN FANDOM and GASP. Owns the GAsstetner which turns out most of the Toronto Deathless Prose (should that be fanse?). Tears people to shreds in GAspipe fanzine review column in FIE, dislikes crudzines, gives crudzines to Lyons who collects, is surrounded by Siamese cats which do not belong to him, is a printer by trade, six foot-twelve inches in height, weight: (estimated) 140 pounds, Taste in jazz extremely good (likes dixie, also SKIN DEEP by Ellington and the high clarinet note on the concert version of SING SING SING. #How about the piccolo solo in STARS & STRIPES FOREVER, Gerry? --dag# Seasonal hobbies are bowling, with a little hockey thrown in whenever the weather is cold enough for natural

ice. Mentions that he is not a violent fig, but likes Brubeck, Getz, Konitz in company with Teagarden and Spanier. Also likes Herman's First Herd and Shaw in the 30s. Likes several things including Tucker, fancons, Willis, Pogo, Boggs, roast beef. Dislikes "pop" music, Patti Page #Cheers! --dag#, schrimps (his spelling), cigars, spiders, MAD comics, egotists and would-be BNFs. I won't get involved in any fights by listing his nominations. Claims to be a fake-fan.

FRED WOROCH: publisher of ESCAPE. Printer by trade, designed club stationery and printed same. Is a family man and doesn't make as many meetings as some of us.

Every man has his price and Tucker's is a fifth of Jim Beam Sour-Mash Bourbon.

PAT PATTERSON: associate member. Professional artist. Does amateur art for certain privileged fans (one). Is a doll. Likes the art in GALAXY. Full name is Jeanette Louis Patterson. According to most of the bars in town, is under 21. Probably is not. Hobby: attending conventions (magical and fan). Likes all music except Hit Parade material. Especially likes Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines and Bill Daniels. Likes olives, back-scratchers, playing owl, the smell of turpentine, huge gobs of oil paint, dancing. Dislikes: buttermilk, intellectuals, oysters, Trust Company executives, Dali, diets and maroon ties. Does not read fantasy or science-fiction. Likes himfans better than femfans.

DAVE STONE: never attends meetings. Used to do artwork for fanzines. Still lives in Toronto. Hides from Derelicts.

PAUL WYSZKOWSKI: never attends meetings, gave up being a fan a year and a half ago to become a realist and collect records. Recently heard from again due to his ambition to publish the best fanzine ever put out—"not up to DIMENSIONS but better than PSYCHOTIC and SKYHOOK"—believes in God, does not believe in faaaandom.

DAVE KYLE: drafted into Derelicts at the MidWesCon 54, does not make many meetings due to poor bus connections from his place to meeting hall.

SALLY DUNN: hates us.

DEAN GRENNELL: voted "The Fan we would most like to be admired by." #You are.#

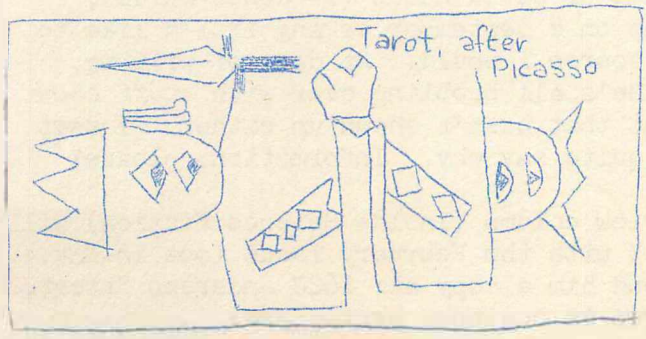
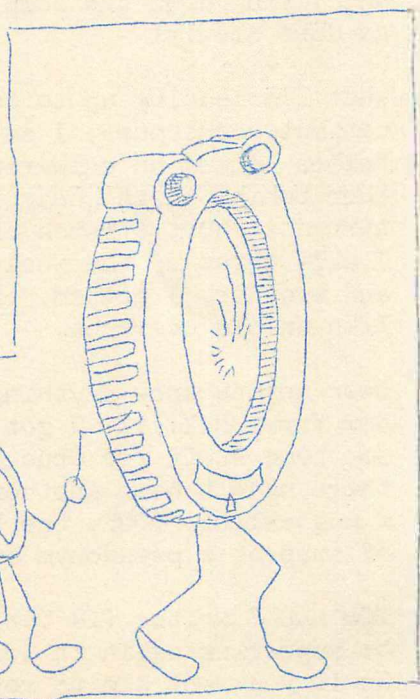
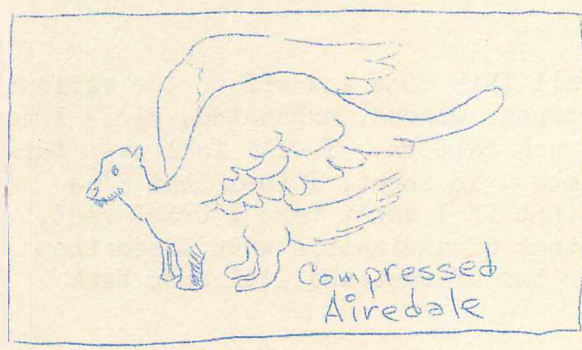
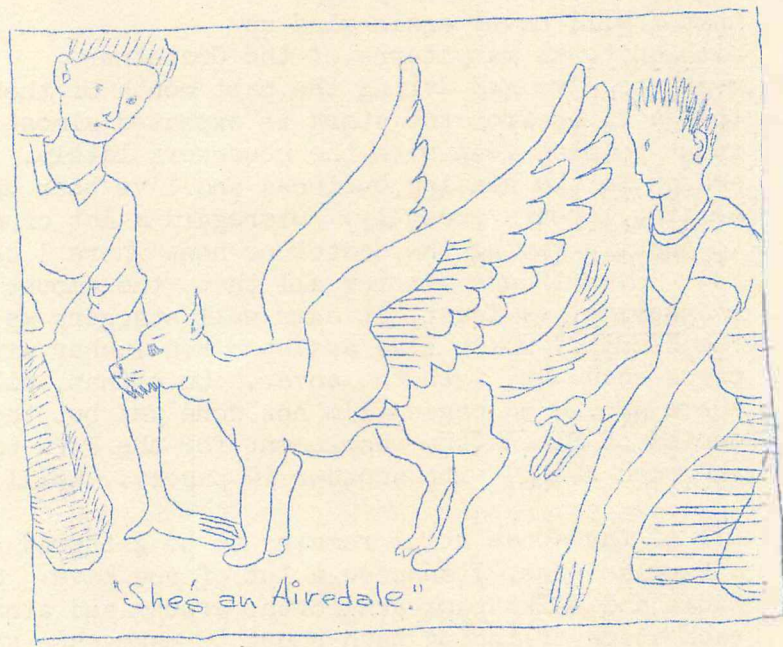
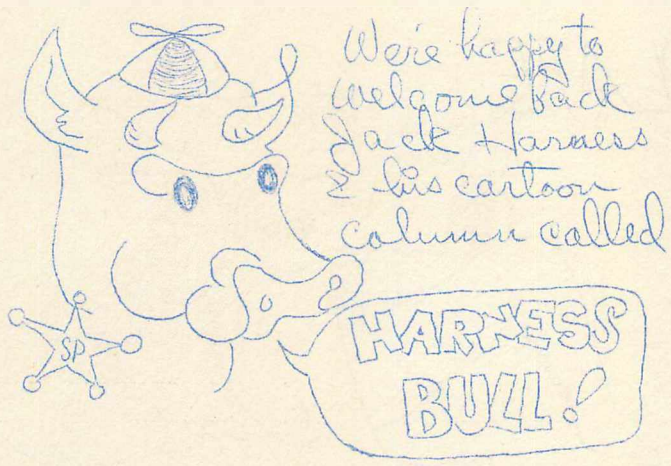
-30-

--Howard Lyons

...seems a zap-gun ricocheted and Boyd suffered a nasty Raeburn.



How does one play "owl"?



48 --and, as they say in Tennessee, we are getting into the short rows...

THE REAR VISIPLATE

This is the catchall department, wherein we try to include everything heretofore forgotten.

24 October 1954

And the time has come to commence winding things up for this issue. I defoutly hope that I will never again wind up with quite as many turns of the Gestetner

crank as I've had during the past month or thereabouts. Disregard, for the moment, that a visit from the stork is expected almost hourly, necessitating a lot of time spent helping Jean with the housework lately. Disregard, too, that this is the busy season in the heating business and I've been up till as late as 4:00 a.m. working on heating layouts recently. Disregard a lot of mundane mimeoing which I do on weekends to justify having the Gestetner home where I can crank this sort of stuff through it too. Even if one ignores all that, the amount of fannish output this quarter is still staggering...@ least, it damn well staggers me! There has been a little thing called "Le ZOMBIE," which I've assisted Bob Tucker with. That runs around 225 copies of 38 pages each--40, with the cover. Onto that, pile another 150 copies of Grue with somewhere around 50 pages (I'm not done yet but the end appears in sight), PLUS (+)...90 copies of Bleen (the supplement for the FAPA editions, with comments on last mailing, and such stuff) with another 14 pages....well!



All of the above still remains to be gathered as I write this. Have you ever gathered a fanzine? Yes, I suppose a lot of you have. One arranges each stack of pages along a table and walks back and forth, around and around, up and down, lifting a sheet from each stack (flipping each sheet to make sure someone doesn't get a blank-backed sheet), and laying down the completed issue and starting over again. Gawrsh but those stacks go down slowly!

What I'm leading up to is this--by the time I get all this done and off to the various ultimate consumers, I am going to be but bushed, pooped, winded, exhausted, etc. I've fallen behind on answering letters lately and all such matters. I will fall even further behind in the near future if I'm any Nostradamus. In short, I feel that I've earned a short stretch of gafia. In fact, I know that if I don't take a brief rest, I will throw up the whole sponge. I know the symptoms of annishitis when I see them and brother, I gottem. But don't worry--a month or two of rest and I'll snap back like an old overshoe.

Does anyone know anything about a character name of David Mason (14 Jones Street, New York, N.Y.)?? I got a letter from the chap on 8 September asking if I'd like to see some stuff for Grue and I replied that of course I would. At date of writing, there hasn't been another word from the guy. He's all bubbling over with stuff about a mag called "COUP, the Voice of Fanarchy," but that hasn't shown up either. I sort of suspect a pseudonym at work here but can't quite say why. Information, please?

BOB MADLE writes (14 Oct) that his fanzine review column (Inside Science Fiction) will be appearing again in SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY with the February issue (out in Nov.). So if you want him to review your magazine, send him a copy at: 1620 Anderson Street, Charlotte, North Carolina, USA. Glad to see you in business again, Bob!

I think this issue of Grue will go down as the one that finally cured its editor of on-stencil composing. I'll confess that I am far from satisfied with Miscellania this time and I am reluctantly returning to the practice of writing stuff out on paper first. If you were thinking of suggesting this, don't.

Helpful souls about to suggest that I could transpose a vowel between the titles of "The Lyons Roar" and "The Rear Visiplate" are herewith advised that it has occurred to me already and I have vetoed it.

There are no Stenofaxed pictures this issue....at least not any fresh ones. I had a pair of pictures left from the batch I had made up for last issue, so maybe I will be able to work them in the last page here and maybe I'll save them till next issue. You see, for best results, the paper should be a non-absorbent stock like the 24# Ledger stock I used on the cover this time...gives a lot sharper impression with Stenofax. My apologies to both Peter Graham and Peter Vorzimer over the mixup occasioned when Graham very kindly sent me some pix he took at Frisco. He sent them to Vorzimer too and then told Vorz not to use them because I was using them and the only one I used was one of Bloch and Vampira which I drew up for LeZ. Situation Normal, etc.....

I'm gradually accumulating a quite an album of fan-fotos and I'm wondering if YOUR pic is included. Someday I hope to run a page or two of solid photos and if you're not on it because you never sent a picture, don't complain to me about it. Kincannon was over the other night--he's back in Brandon now--and we took a photo that demonstrates how to make your Gestetner pay for itself. Want to swap a mug-shot of yourself for a print of that??? Haven't developed it yet, but it ought to be a dilly...

What's for next issue? That's a good question. Right now, I'd say that it should see the discussion of pulpzines of the 30s that was squeezed out of this issue by the con reports and stuff. A recent communiqué from Y Y Flertch indicates a possibility that next issue may see that long-awaited sample of Ackermanese. Maybe we'll have another satire...THE MCCAIN MUTINY...CORDIALLY CENTIGRADE...who can tell?

If you should hear that somebody is disgruntled at me because they sent money or a magazine for swapping and got nothing in return, will you please let me know about it? You see, in the welter of activity in getting this issue out, my bookkeeping system has gotten completely fouled up, both ways from the jack. I've been throwing envelopes with return-addresses on them into the book where I keep addresses and hoping that I'll be able to sort them out when time comes to mail the issue out but even at best, I'm not gifted for keeping accounts straight. So pass along any beefs you hear of, eh?

Members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association will, I'm sure, be delighted to hear that I have finally talked Bob Bloch into applying for membership in that worthy organization. It only took about 3 or 4 mailings plus pointing out that he would get credit for his stuff printed in the various magazines and thus would get the mailing when it first appeared for only 50¢ apiece. Shux, the past year or so, Bloch has had more pages of stuff in FAPA than most fapans have!

SCGGY DAG STORY #2: It seems there was this man who was troubled with termites so he painted all the woodwork in his house to resemble a dark, gray stone. After that the termites didn't even bother to try it, they just took it for granite....

Redd Boggs has a seemingly endless amount of harmless pleasure in formulating puns on the title of a certain book by Fredric (Never Spell It Frederic!) Brown. Regarding this I note that the Southern Cross is a constellation visible in the southern hemisphere which delights and inspires tars.....

"Kindly let those who are going out first."

I know you will think it frightfully pretentious of me to refer to Grue's Paris News Bureau (77, Avenue de Magram) but the fact remains that we have the following despatch and I think I'd better run it because it's possibly the only genuinely science-fictional thing in the issue.

Paris, France. 16 October 1954 (MP) "This week I turned in a theme called The Story of a River. Next week the subject is flying saucers. As I recall, there was a time a couple of years ago when many people in the US were seeing flying saucers & everyone was getting a stiff neck from gazing at the heavens. This craze now seems to have overtaken France. Everyday the papers tell of more witnesses--even reliable (?) people such as mayors--who have seen these phenomena. Unfortunately I haven't been one of the lucky few. (Perhaps if I stopped wearing glasses?) In fact, many of these people have even been so close that they have seen strange creatures (who look like PAIN in our Baume Bengué ads). One man--(a teacher, alas)--reports having seen two "pretty Martians" (he used the feminine forme), measuring about 1.7 meters* tall and dressed all in leather #Shades of Chris MacDougall! --dag# who took his pencil and made 'incomprehensible marks' on his notebook in an effort 'to make themselves understood.' The paper comments, 'He should have carefully saved this manuscript.' Police are turning in such accounts also, mixed with the usual reports of stolen bicycles, tickets given, etc. And so the stories go."

*roughly 5½ feet

--LMM

It reminded me a little bit of Campuli...

--Bob Silverberg

At least two readers--Ted White and Richard Eney--pinpointed the reference to the "Brave Galonians" as coming from "Recruiting Station" by A E van Vogt (ASF Oct 42) and thereby get their names mentioned again. Eney also sends along two more Blochmerick taglines:

--- (See page 11)

"No eccentric is he
Because this cloch, you see,
Contains springs ever-flowing with bock."

"But you needn't get shook
For the reason--just look!
On his room there are bars, and a loch."

NEW ADDRESSES in case you want to take note. Harlan Ellison, 55 East 13th Avenue, Columbus 1, Ohio; John Magnus, 203 Noah, Oberlin, Ohio; Bill Stavdal, 537 Saint David Street, Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada; A/3C William J. Calabrese, AF11274766, Box 354, 11th PBS, Orlando AFB, Orlando, Florida; Sally Dunn, Miller Manor, Wooster, Ohio. #That's all the new addresses I have as of now. Anyone know a recent address for Joel Nydahl and/or Ron Fleshman?? Would appreciate info on either one. Thanks.

I fatly doubt if there will be another 20-page letter section next issue...I like a big FFW but making a steady thing of it eats deep into the exchequer (correquit, Willis?). But even with 20--count 'em--20--pages this time, I didn't get in two very fine letters of comment from Gregg Calkins and Bill Rotsler. Both of these are file-correspondents so their letters don't get tossed into the box that gathers FFW material and I missed them, which desolates me no end. I tried so hard to get everybody in this issue. But let's have such comments as you can spare anyhow and I'll guarantee to read them, even if I don't print them. Guess I'll have to hold the rest of this stencil for a late News-Flash.

28 October 1954: Well, we waited around all the weekend with our fingers crossed but nothing developed so I took off on the scheduled 3-day trip Monday morning (25 Oct), albeit with misgivings. No word yet Tuesday noon so I called home from Ft. Mudge (the natives call it Fort Atkinson, Wis) and got only vague rumors and reports. Oh yeah, by this time, I'm in the grips of a kingsize case of stomach flu, as was the rest of the family back home. Comes a phone call Tuesday night, would I like to come home and lend my presence? Considering the rainy weather, slippery roads, 85-mile drive, and extreme physical decrepitude of self, I said thanks no, couldn't make it, but would they keep me informed? They would. (Continued....okay, 52 pages--it's just money)

REAR VISIPLATE, THE--****Final

So bright and early Wednesday morning, 27 October, Jean's dad called me up at the hotel and told me that we'd added another girl to the family at 17 minutes past midnight. She weighed in at 9 pounds, 11 ounces and mother and daughter were both doing well. Still are, thank goodness. We've decided to name her Roberta Lynn. This makes three girls and two boys and may have earned the Grennells the Parenthood Championship of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association for all I know. If not, I will gracefully acknowledge whoever holds the title. Still no word from the Rotslers who were infanticipating about the same time. How are things in Camarillo, Bill?

"Try to improve your own reproduction."

--The Fapa Newsletter: Wilfried Myers

I have two pages of comment on The Fapa Newsletter at hand...most of it of a deplorably caustic nature, I'm afraid. But I will leave discussion of Mr. Meyers (that's all right--did you see how he spelled Burbee?) to the capably caustic hands of our Mr. Browne for this time. I'm not going to risk ruining that interlineation by redundancy.

Dutch Schultz was a BNF of Seventh Gangdom.

Oh-yezz...was going to quote the other half of those WO3W Quote-Cards: 19--It was only a stripper moon, peeling over anatomy. 20--I suppose this makes me clay clear to the belly-button. 21--Fandom is just a Goddam hobby. (Burbee). 22--Claus is just another Santa Monicker. 23--As far as brains go, he's a nouveau riche. (Calkins). 24--There's less here than meets the eye. (Les 'n Es Cole in THE BIG O #3). 25--You haven't really lived till you've blown your nose on a five-pound note. (James White). 26--Grand pianos run eight to the scad. 27--He took up stamp collecting because imitation is the sincerest form of philately. 28--Did you hear how that door got Harmonized? 29--For variety, you could turn a wintersault. (Redd Boggs). 30--Underneath my uncouth exterior, there is an interior that is plenty couth. (Bert Dowling). 31--This territory is unexplored except by explorers. 32--If you'll just loan me a knife, I will cut my finger and bleed green for you. (DAG) 33--As the Siamese Twins said, just before being pickled in alcohol, "Remember, we will be with you in spirit!" (Boggs, Grennell & Silverberg). 34--Christine...Fristine? 35--Leave us you and I swim upstream and spawn. 36--Just remember--the Neofan of Today is the BNF of Tomorrow.

It's not so much that I like underdogs but god how I hate an overdog!

--Eldrin Fzot

In case you have some of those little blue Quote-Cards and are wondering what to do with them, I can tell you. Full credit to demon knight for originating the idea of short-snorter Quote-Cards...he started sending them around with this legend at the top: "Short Snorter Quote Card, Sign it and pass it on." Then he'd sign his name and the date and include in in some outgoing letter. The idea seems to be taking hold like wildfire. I got one the other day that was the widest-traveled I'd seen so far. It was #1 and it bore the signatures of Redd Boggs, Richard Eney, Wrai Ballard, Nan Gerding and, since Kincannon was over that night, we sent it on with signatures of DAG and GWK both plus one of the very rare, authentic Art-Wesley autographs. If you have no SSQCs to start, don't let that stop you. Eney is making his own by typing a quote similar to those above (the one I saw said "Pro nus are good nus.") on an index card and circulating them. I started one off on the cancelled check that came back from paying my FAPA dues--it had Redd Boggs' real name on it. Take over from there, won't you?

"I don't hear so good in Norwegian."

--Wrai Ballard: OUTSIDERS

MORE NEW ADDRESSES: Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada. And don't bother sending me Ron Fleshman's new address. I heard from him since cutting the other stencil (after near a year!). It's Ronald R. Fleshman, CTSN, 456 73 76, U. S. Naval School, Building T-30, U. S. Nav. Rec. Sta., Washington 25, D. C. And maaahn, have I got the ESHM illos...you'll be seeing them for many an issue to come. I glee.

THE QUOTE WUNKERY "The only possible improvement I could suggest for Grue would be to or: "Where does ration your comedy a little." --Redd Boggs: SKYHOOK #22 one go from here?"

"Not the Dean of today with the introverted writings too loudly reminiscent of Redd Boggs' withdrawness." --Harlan Ellison: PSYCHOTIC #15

"A child has done this horrid thing."

--GWK

"FIRST FANDOM IS NOT DEAD!" --BT

In answer to a few inquiries that have trickled in--no, Grue does not run advertisements in the usually accepted sense of the word. Now and then I make recommendations if I think there's a fanzine that the readers would like and might miss and sometimes I stick in a plug for someplace like Stephen's when I think I'm doing the readers as much of a favor as I'm doing the "advertiser." But Grue doesn't carry advertisements for the simple reason that I consider it a waste of your money and my time. My opinion, based upon experience, is that ads in a small-circulation fanzine like this simply don't pull enough response to justify the space they take up. Grue has, as I've said, a run of 150 copies and a readership (of varying intensity) which I'd estimate at around 200. This allows for some members of Fapa who, I'm fairly certain, don't even glance at this, and for some copies which are reported to be read by several different people. Maybe a magazine like Earl Kemp's and Malcom Willits' DESTINY, with a circulation somewhere near 1000, is a different story. For a gag, I once ran an ad in DESTINY saying that I'd pay \$5.00 for a copy of the September 1950 GALAXY. As memory serves, I drew three people who politely pointed out that Oct 50 was the first issue and they would sell me a copy of that for \$5.00; one from Dale R Smith saying that I could come to Minneapolis and examine his copy of the Sep 50 GALAXY and one from some optimistic nobody in some western state saying that if I would send the \$5.00 he would send me the copy by return mail. I wrote and told the latter that thanks but I'd already gotten a copy. That's not a good example because nobody has a copy of the Sep 50 GALAXY, not even Horace Himself. But Norm Browne and I advertised FILLER up one side and down the other about a year ago and the combined response from ads in maybe 10 different fanzines and Imagination together came to perhaps 15 copies actually ordered. Considering that we gave out a free copy of F at 25¢ to each fan who ran an ad for us, you'll see that we paid about \$2.75, plus postage, to move 15 copies which grossed us \$3.75 minus outgoing postage, envelopes, etc. If F had been a subzine and those had all been subbers, it might have paid off but not with a one-shot (Correction!--it's an annual, isn't it, Normy?) like FILLER. I think the example is fairly typical but if you want me to eat those words, let's see about 25 orders for F#1 pour in in response to these comments. 25¢ a copy, 40 pages, 528 items, three of which, most unfortunately, are repeated...yes, I know, the numbers go to 527 but I find I had one number down twice. It may pay to advertise, but not in fanzines---not for my money, it doesn't.

Chez When

Gregg Calkins reports that he is considering publication of a "Who's Who" of sf-fans. It sounds to me like a good idea and I wish him well with it. But how often have you rummaged about trying to locate the address of some fan you wanted to write to? I'm forever having a time trying to find somebody's address and while I can remember easy ones like Box 484, Box 362, Box 638, and 203 Noah...there are a lot of them that would baffle anyone to remember. Addresses of fans in service and those who live in England are often huge things, covering most of a small envelope, even in elite type. So I plan a "Who's Where in Fandom" as soon as I get things caught-up-with a little around here. I want a few copies of my address file and while I'm at it, I might as well cut them on stencils and run off some extra copies. I don't think anyone's ran fan-addresses in quantity since Lynn Hickman used to do it in TLMA, have they? Should fill a need. If you want a copy, drop me a postcard and if I get it put together, I'll send one to you. Should be able to dig up 200 names or so. Any suggestions on how to set it up? Want just fans or do you want the friendlier pros included too? #End of Grue #22. Whoosh.--(ag