

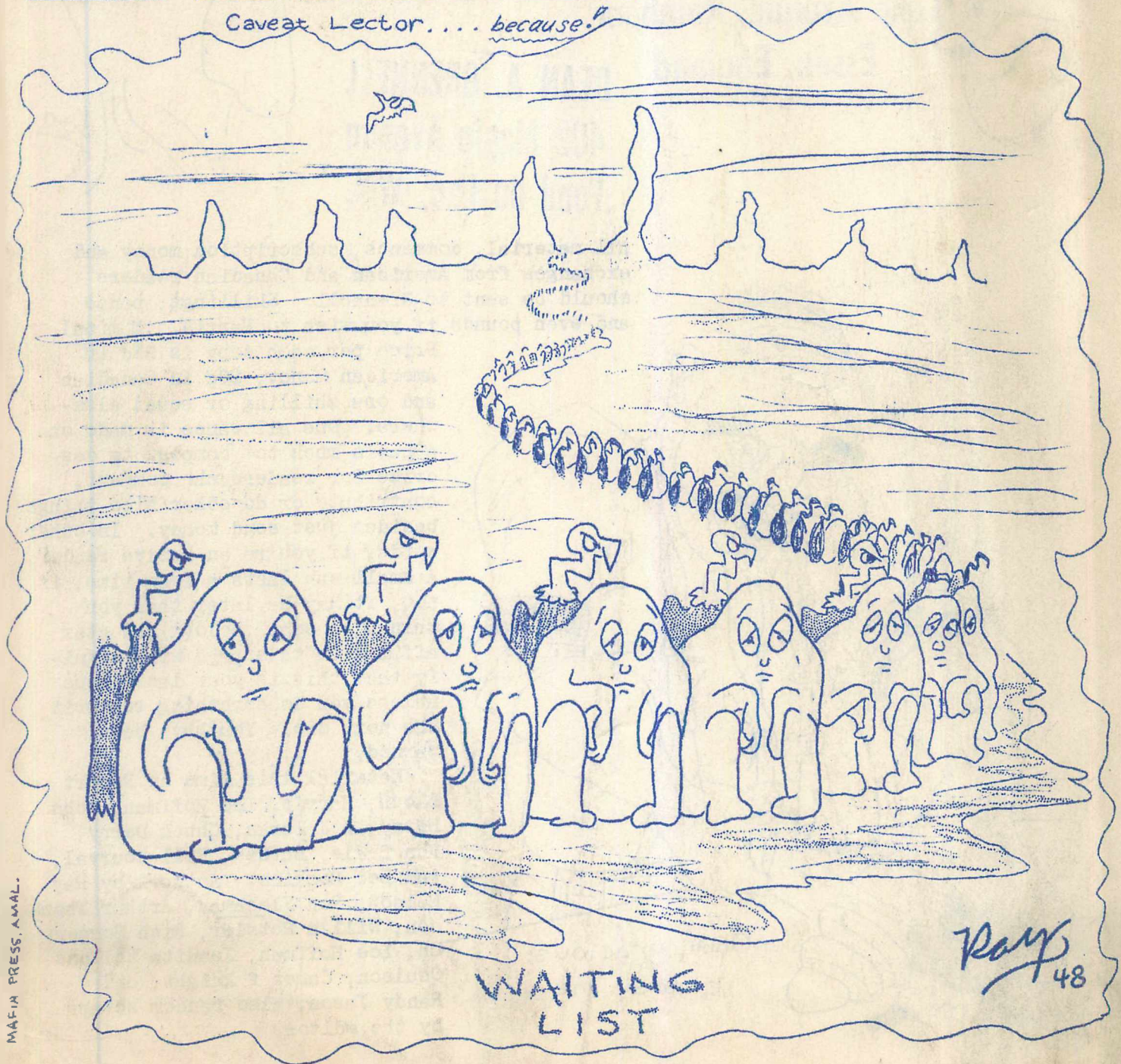
# GRMK

"The Fan 's Maga- zine"

No. 27

FAPA 74  
FEB - 56

Caveat Lector.... because!



Ray 48



Being the 27th issue of Grue, an amateur periodical published quarterly on the second Saturday of February, May, August and November, primarily for the entertainment of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a few select friends of the editors, who are:

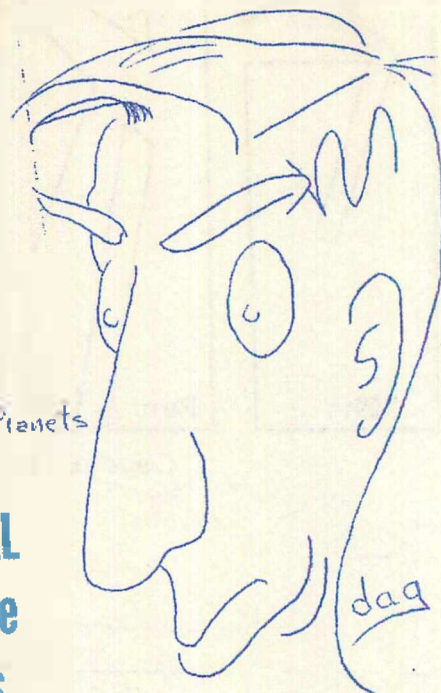
Editor for Europe & UK,

**Chuck Harris, "Carolyn"**  
**Lake Avenue, Rainham,**  
**Essex, England**



Ed. for North  
 America & the Outer Planets

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



All material, comments, subscription money and exchanges from American and Canadian readers should be sent to Grennell. Shillings, pence and even pounds if you wish to Harris. Nominal

Price per each copy is 25¢ in American money, 20¢ in Canadian and one shilling or equal elsewhere. Due allowance is made on a basis much too complex to describe for readers who comment, contribute or do other nice things besides just send money. In other words, if you're an active reader, a small sub lasts a long time, if not, it may be later than you think. A small colo(u)red star affixed to this page will signify that this is your last issue unless you do something to merit the next one. You have been warned.

Material this time by Robert Bloch, Harris, Lee Hoffman, John Berry, A J Furks, Chuck Derry, Ken Beale, Burbee, Bill Courval, and Bob Hoskins. Artwork by Ray Nelson, Ron Flashman, Arthur Thomson, William Rotsler, Rich Bergeron, Lee Hoffman, Juanita Wellons Coulson, Damon Knight, and Randy Jason, also random scraps by the editor.



Oooh, gracious,  
 clumsy me...

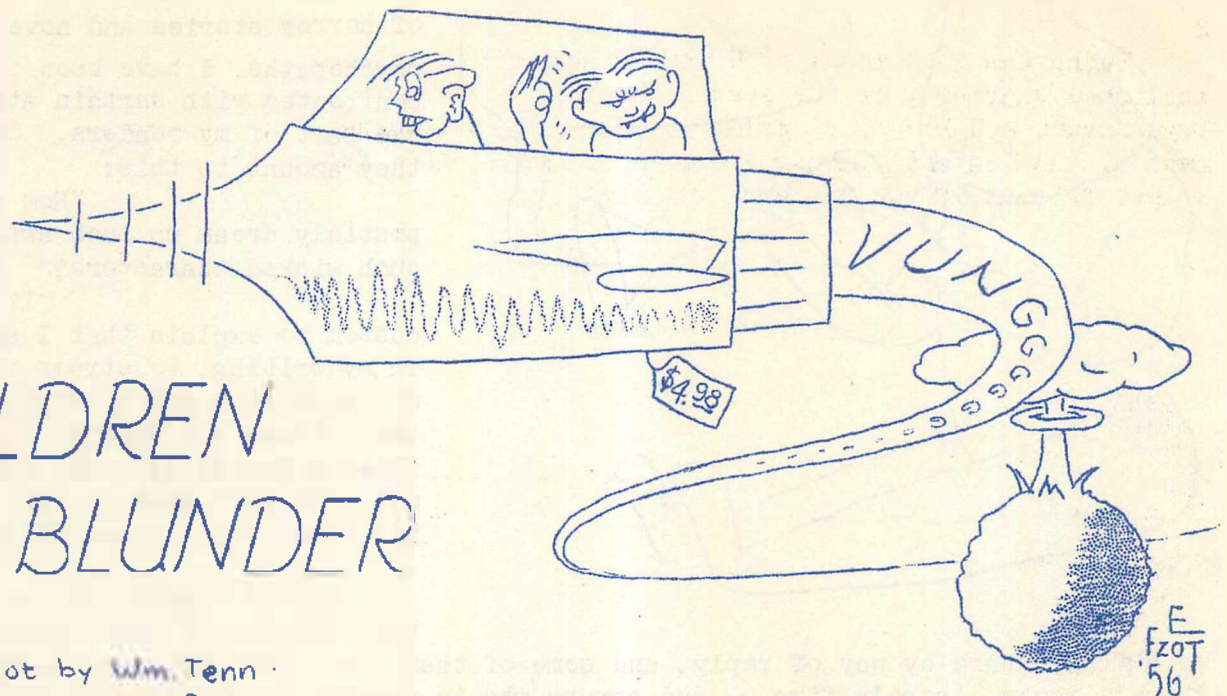
# CHILDREN OF BLUNDER

Not by Wm. Tenn.  
or Penn  
or Eleven

Not by Wm. Anybody

By

Robert Bloch



During the Christmas season, a full-page ad appeared in a Milwaukee newspaper which presumably made a simultaneous showing all over the country. It offered a JET "ROCKET" SPACE SHIP 7 FEET LONG -- SEATS 2 KIDS, ONLY \$4.98.

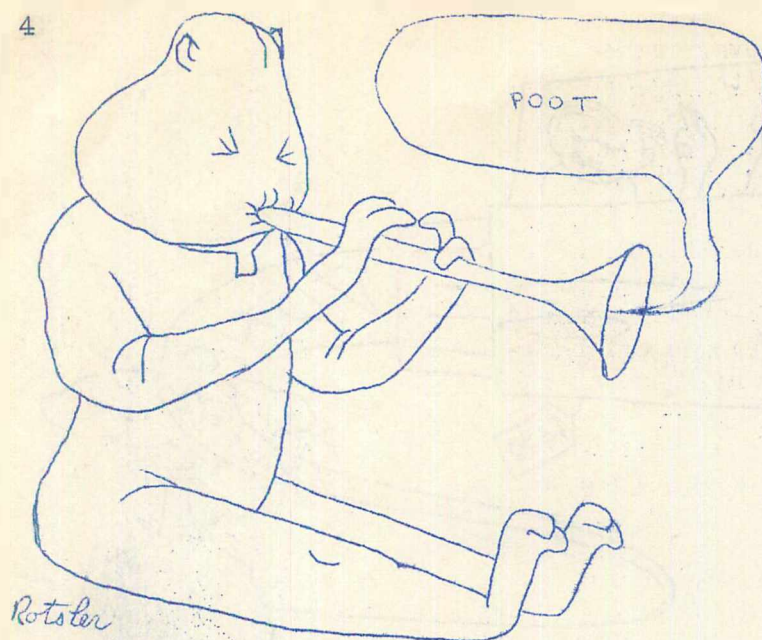
The copy, written in glowing hucksterese, described the delights of "The Most Sensational Toy in America", artfully stressing the "educational value" for the benefits of the parents. Calling attention to the government's announcement of a forthcoming earth-satellite, they remark that this is only the first step toward the conquest of space. But, they add, "the toymakers have beaten the scientists...the youngsters can conquer space right now."

A more direct message went to the kiddies themselves. Here's a partial quote:

"...with all your jet and rocket-firing equipment in action, you BLAST OFF! You set your course, steering with the directional jets at the stern which are controlled by separate throttles at your fingertips. Your forward disintegrator guns go into action. Your fully-equipped radar instrument panel shows the target! You release your load of powerful nuclear bombs and bullseye! You return home victoriously, set your reversing mechanism and you're in for a quick landing. This is just an idea of all the wonderful things you can do with your sensational new Space Ship. Acclaimed for its educational value. Stimulates imagination..."

Ah, yes. What could be more educational, more stimulating to our kiddies, than the thought of operating a dandy space ship that can not only reach other planets but immediately drop nuclear bombs on them! What better training for the future could our youngsters possibly enjoy? What toy could be as completely modern and realistic as this, and yet convey the full spirit of our civilization and its outlook? To say nothing of the true spirit of Christmas? (At the time of writing, Americans had not yet celebrated the birthday of their chief Deity with the human sacrifice of 600-plus accident victims.)





For some years now, as a writer of horror stories and novels about psychopaths, I have been constantly confronted with certain attitudes on the part of my readers. Summed up, they amount to this:

"How can you possibly dream up such awful ideas and such wicked characters?"

It has been my custom to explain that I am careful, in my writing, to stress the fact that my characters are aberrated, that their ideas and actions in no way reflect a normal outlook, and that "the opinions expressed in this story are not necessarily those of the author."

But my readers, or at least a certain portion of them, continue to give

me a fishy stare by way of reply, and some of them come right out and say that where there's smoke, there's fire -- and anyone who is capable of thinking up such hideous notions must be a bit of a monster.

All this I endure, in return for a few paltry dollars.

Or did endure, until I read the advertisement mentioned here. Now my eyes are opened.

Why should I waste my time and effort transcribing my psychopathological fantasies to paper -- for meagre pennies and liberal abuse -- when I could win both fame and fortune by translating realities to cardboard, instead?

Nobody, to my knowledge, has gone around protesting to the manufacturers of this "Space Ship" because it turns out to be a toy atomic-bombing unit. Perhaps I ought to heed this cure, and follow suit. Instead of pandering to the morbidity of the adult population, I should appeal to the strong sense of reality and social consciousness of the kiddies.

Unfortunately, Christmas 1955 has come and gone.

But Christmas 1956 looms ahead. If I use that as a "target date" and get to work right now, perhaps I can devise a few little cardboard toy-kits that will have a similar "educational appeal".

At the moment, my funds are limited. But surely there will be some among you who will realize the enormous sales-potential here, and join me in this enterprise with funds sufficient to pay for manufacturing and advertising costs.

Here's what I have in mind.

This "Space Ship" notion is magnificent, granted. But it still has a touch of the fantastic about it; even the ad-writers must strain a point when they endeavor to show that such a toy really "educates" a child for a possible future.

I believe it is possible to take the same amount of cardboard and give the children an equal amount of pleasure, without departing from reality one bit. I have in mind a

few kits that are truly "educational" in every sense of the word, and yet packed with fun for healthy youngsters.

5

For example, there's my SEGREGATION KIT, which includes a cardboard schoolhouse and a cardboard school-bus, complete with Jim Crow section in the rear. It has a piece of burnt cork, to be applied to the victim; a genuine leather whip (for the same purpose) and a full 15 feet of good hemp rope, featuring a pre-tied hangman's knot. The de luxe model could also include a small bucket of tar, a package of feathers, and several sheets with eye-holes.

This should be a big "regional" seller during next year's Christmas shopping season.

For national distribution, there's the handsome new SPEEDWAY OUTFIT, consisting of a cardboard Cadillac, a plastic motorcycle, and a great big mock-up ambulance, roomy enough to hold four "victims". Harmless sheets of transparent rock candy, such as are used in motion pictures, can be installed as window-glass in the cars and broken during "accidents". A more expensive model would include several realistic dummy "victims". The same principle which enables dolls to "wet" can be applied to make these dummies "bleed" during and after the collisions.

As a profitable sideline, one might sell driving costumes -- the black, metal-studded uniforms and Storm-Trooper boots for the motorcyclist, and a false stomach and harmless rubber cigar for the "executive type" in the Cadillac. Since the Space Ship includes an Astro-Star Map, this outfit might well include a Driver's Cursing Manual which the kiddies could learn to impart realism. On second thought, this is probably unnecessary -- most of them have listened to Daddy when he gets out on the highway.

For older children, interested in mathematics, there's my BUSINESS MAN'S KIT, which contains actual Income Tax Blanks, with instructions on how to fill them out falsely: a fake "Expense Account", a dummy Corporation Set-Up. and a complete cardboard courtroom.

This may sound pretty tame alongside of Space Ships -- but then, we've got a duty toward the younger generation. We must prepare them to face reality. And not all of them will be able to fulfil Man's Highest Destiny and go out to drop bombs on the stars.

So they might as well learn to content themselves with the simple pleasures within the reach of all -- and stimulate their imaginations as best they can, playing "grown-up".

Still, perhaps, today's youngsters will not willingly settle for less than the ultimate in modern, scientific play-equipment. And I sometimes wonder how Dickens would rework his "Christmas Carol" if he were penning it today.

I rather think we'd find Tiny Tim perched on the shoulders of sturdy Bob Cratchit, just as in the old tale -- but no longer would he lisp his hackneyed "God bless us, every one!" Instead, like a true child of his times, he would lean forward and drop a cardboard weapon on a cardboard city, with the joyous shout of "Bombs Away!"

-- Robert Bloch

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Take heart, my old...at least it wasn't thermo-nuclear bombs!

--dag





# CONVENTION NEWS



Maybe it's a bit early to start talking up science fiction conventions but time goes zipping along and before you know it, you'll be reading the con-reports in the fanzines and wishing you'd attended. So if you're in traveling distance, why not send along your registration fee and start making your plans? Huh?

There are plans afoot for a science fiction writer's conference some time next summer in Milford (Pike County--how many Milfords are there in Pennsylvania?). The

exact details on this one are still in a state of flux, it seems. If you're interested, get in touch with: Damon Knight, Box 164, Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania. Through the mails, I suppose. Carrier pigeons at your own risk.

Marilyn R. Tulley writes, introducing herself as the Conference Chairman of this year's "Westercon." She says that it will be held at the Lake Merritt Hotel in Oakland, California. Dates are June 30th and July 1st---a Saturday/Sunday---and she wishes to announce that advance memberships are now being accepted. "Membership is still \$1.00, and all fans are invited to participate in the program of events being planned for their enjoyment. ... All memberships should be made payable to Marilyn R. Tulley, Official address:

Marilyn R. Tulley or WESTERCON  
432 — 23rd Avenue,  
Oakland 6, California.

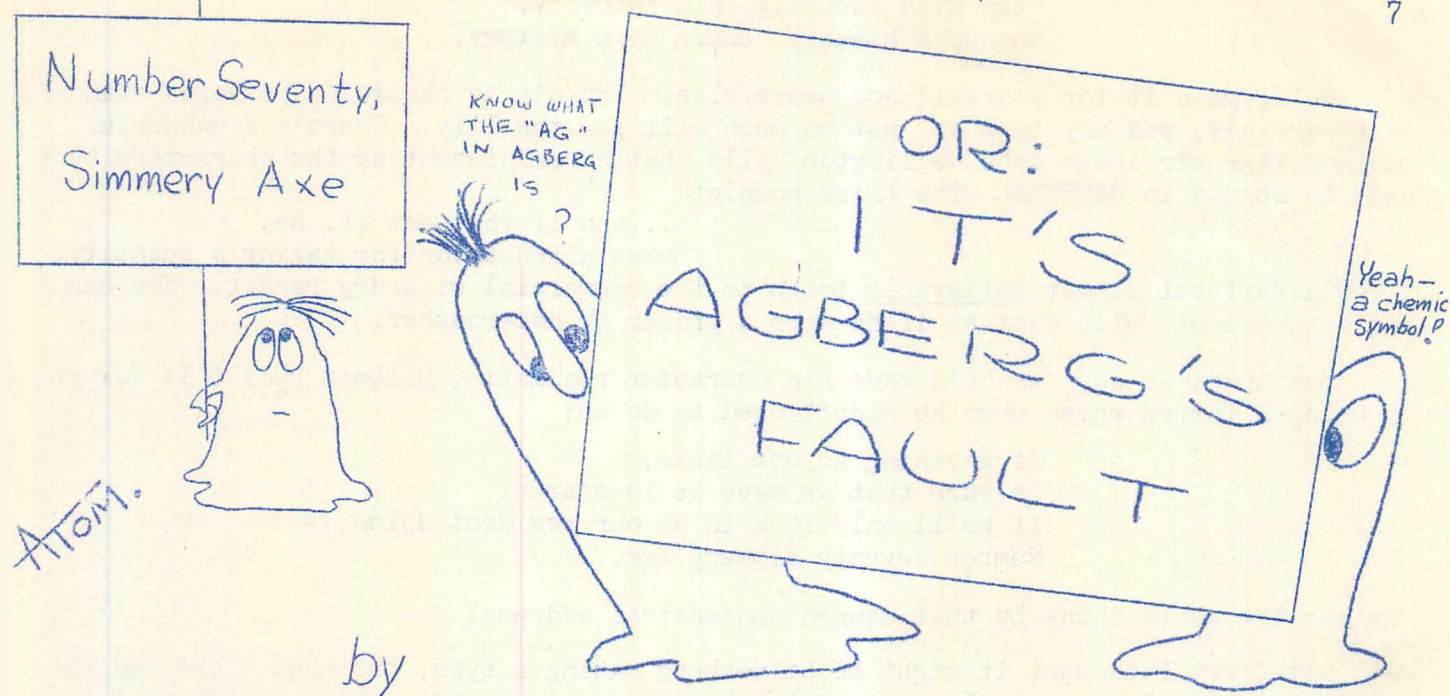
And — last but far from least — Don Ford sends a release on the Seventh Annual MIDWESTCON which will be held this year on the 26th and 27th of May (also a weekend). Note well, however, that this year's location is:

North Plaza Motel,  
7911 Reading Road,  
Cincinnati 37, Ohio. "On U. S. Routes 25 & 42"

Phone POplar 1-2200

Reservations are made direct to the motel, since the Midwestcon has no dues-collecting committee as such. Reservations should be accompanied by the first day's rental and for this I suggest you write to Don Ford (129 Maple Avenue, Sharonville, Ohio) enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and ask him for a list of the unit-rates. A unit with one double bed for two people — for example — lists at \$9.50 per night so if that's what you want, you send \$9.50 with your reservation. But I urge you to send for the sheet of info from Don Ford because there's more dope on it than there's room for here.

I can personally recommend the MIDWESTCON as a highly enjoyable experience. It has no formal program to speak of and an absolute minimum of fuss and bother. It's just a pleasantly casual pre-arranged clumping of kindred souls for purposes of selling each other old magazines, playing poker, talking (without the lag of the mails and the cost of the telephone), wining, dining, snogging, blogging, etc., &c. Be there if you can.



by  
CHUCK HARRIS

MANY MOONS AGO—perhaps even before Vol I, No 1 of GALAXY—Bob Silverberg introduced me to John Wellington Wells. In SPACESHIP he reprinted the words of "The Sorcerer's Song" from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." I couldn't ever remember seeing them before, and I hadn't the slightest idea of what sort of music Artie Sullivan wrote to go with the lyric, but the words themselves fascinated me so much that I composed my own tune. I don't get up and sing it at smoking-concerts in the Oddfellows Hall or anything like that, but I do give solos every bath-night. It usually alternates with "Stardust"—a ballad I do very nicely with a little twidly bit at the end of each verse just like Bing Crosby.

Matinee performances are given whenever I'm in a good mood, -- when KTEIC arrives, when Ted Mason is rumoured to have dropped dead, when Mrs. Carr gets all indignant and as funny as hell. The words flip nicely off my tongue, and the music I have composed is admirably suited to my bass grunt. I do not give public performances, but when the job is going along nicely, or the self-feed on the duper is working properly, the words sometimes pop up into my brain, and I treat myself to a sort of mental rendering. I too, sometimes wonder if I am not so far around the bend as to be virtually out of sight.

Now, although I plead guilty to casting Sullivan aside like a broken reed, I have not tampered with the lyric. W. S. Gilbert, I am willing to concede, is just as good a writer as I am, and some of his rhymes outogden Nash:

My name is John Wellington Wells,  
I'm a dealer in magical spells, --  
For wishes for curses, for ever-filled purses,  
For prophecy, wishes, or knells.

.....  
Love philtre, we've quantities of it,  
And for knowledge if anyone burns,  
We keep an extremely small prophet  
A prophet who brings us unbounded returns.



For he'll prophesy with a wink of his eye,  
Peep with security into futurity,  
Sum up a history, clear up a mystery...

Hell, read it for yourself somewhere else. You dig me though? The words stand by themselves, and any tune is just so much gilt for the lily. There's a wonderful businesslike air about John Wellington Wells that's reminiscent of the characters that used to abound in UNKNOWN. The brisk couplet

"...and if you want it, he,  
Makes a reduction for taking a quantity."

gives a daft but almost believable touch to the commercial wizardry racket. You can begin to accept Wells just as if he were a grocer or haberdasher.

But then, as soon as he'd made his character realistic, Gilbert spoilt it for me by using a forced rhyme when he didn't need to do so:

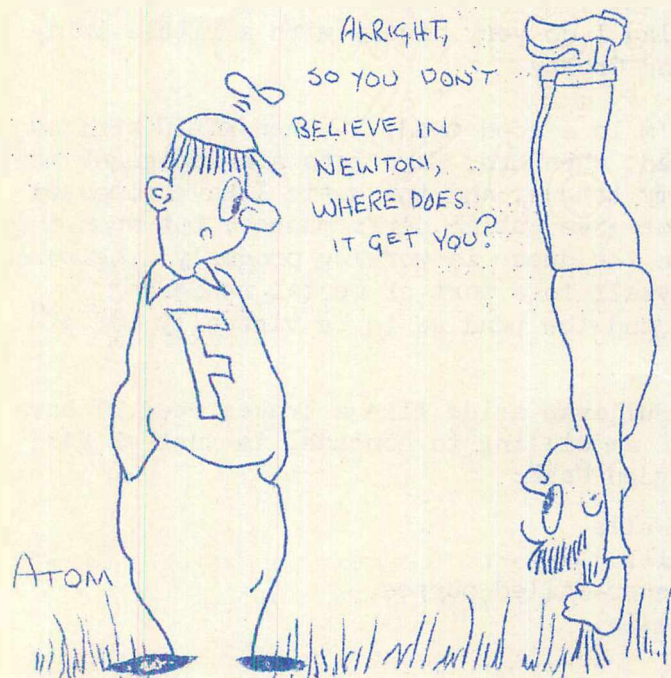
If anything anyone lacks,  
Be sure that we have it in stacks,  
If he'll only look in on our resident djinn, --  
Number seventy Simmery Axe.

Why mar the whole thing by that damned nonsensical address?

At first I thought it might be Silverberg making a typo, but when I checked the score at my local library, I found that Agberg knew it already. It was Simmery Axe sure enough. Why "Axe" -- 'a cutting instrument of iron, for hewing, etc.' -- why "Simmery" -- a word that wasn't listed at all? It didn't really matter, but I'm a perfectionist about other people's work, and I wasn't happy about it.

Well kiddies, yesterday morning I had to go to London. I was organizing the annual excursion of the Chuck Harris Appreciation Society and I wanted four tickets for "The Pyjama Game" on Friday night. Arthur Thomson was coming to Rainham for lunch, and I planned to go straight to the theatre for the tickets and then come straight home. Arthur and I intended to work on "-" (although actually we spent the afternoon dreaming up dirty cartoons), and there was no time to spend in the bookshops in the Charing Cross Road searching for that "King in Yellow" that I'm going to find on the sixpenny shelf one day. (Vinç Clarke has found two copies so far, and I'm certain that there are others somewhere). This was to be a strictly business trip, and I would walk past the bookshops like a MAD comics reader.

I was wearing my brand new National Health glasses that enable me to see right across the road. The bus went up Whitechapel High Street, past Petticoat Lane, The Minories, and then swung off into Cornhill. This, the district around the Tower, is the oldest part of London, and the street names are well worth a place on the lists of those fapans who collect them...Frying Pan Alley...Green Dragon Yard...Seven Dials...Houndsditch...Robin Hood Court...and ST. MARY AXE. It was just another narrow street, hardly more than an alley with pavement, but my fine fannish mind immediately extrapolated 'Simmery' for 'St. Mary' and Gilbert moved up three notches in my estimation. I had fourpennyworth of ride still





left on my bus-ticket, Arthur would be waiting for me at Rainham, and I still had to get to the ticket agency, but I could no more have gone past it than ignore a shop sign saying, "We sell bottles—with things in them."

I got off the bus and crossed the road. Past the church of St. Andrew Undershaft (patron saint of the LASFS?), and down to Rooney's Dublin Bar. I bought a drink that I didn't want and asked the barman why the street was called Simmery Axe. He'd lived in Birmingham until last week, and didn't know anything more than I did. I came out and went on down the road, 58, 60, 62, ... all of them shops or bars, -- 64, 66, 68, 70. Number 70 was the only ordinary house door in the whole street. It was between the wholesale depots of Henry Marshall -- "Ladies Clothing and Underwear." It needed a coat of paint, and looked a very ordinary door indeed except that there was no bell, knocker, letterbox or nameplate, -- nothing except a plain white "70" on the transom. I wondered if that extremely small prophet still had much future left to peep into, and then I went back and caught the bus to the theatre agency.

And I'll bet that Agberg and I are the only people in the everloving world who give a faint damn for my contribution to the fund of human knowledge. (I'll take that bet!)

Next week, 221B Baker Street.

--Chuck Harris

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+++++
News Item:          A new soft drink made from partially
                    carbonated punctuation marks is call-
                    ed "Semi-Cola".
                    HoffmanNewService

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And now for a rather horrible little horror story called:

"He Died A Horrible Death!"

By Joe Youngfann, as told to:

LEE HOFFMAN

He sat there at the restaurant table smiling. The table cloth before him was a pristine white. His silver had been brought and placed, and his water glass sat before him, beaded with sweat, smeared where he had grasped it, but he had not drunk from it. He only sat there smiling, staring at the tablecloth.

I watched him from my seat at a corner booth, watched in awed, terrified fascination for I knew what would happen. I had seen it happen before. Once before, here in Bellefontaine it had happened, and I had seen it then too.

The waitresses knew too. They stood in huddled expectation near the kitchen door, watching him. And in the kitchen I could hear the cook muttering to himself.

I looked up at the big sign that read, "Our specialty, whatever you order cooked to your taste" and conjectured that they would probably take it down after this. Surely they couldn't stand for it to happen twice.

The kitchen door opened, and the waitresses all turned to stare at the tray that

was brought forth. One of them, the shy slender girl who had originally taken the order, accepted it in trembling hands and slowly moved toward him with it.

He looked up at her, that saint-like smile on his face. I heard him speak to her, his voice clear and resonant, "My dear, my dear, fear not, you have no part in this."

He sunk his fork into the heaped food and ate of it. And as I counted the seconds, he pitched forward, sprawling on the table.

One of the waitresses screamed. Over and over again, her voice like a siren wailing in the night. The sound brought running feet, people pushing through the door, including a dark-haired man wearing an SFL button and carrying a black medical bag.

"I'm a doctor," he said, stooping over the body, "I was parked in my taxi outside where I heard the screams." He whipped a stethoscope and Geiger counter out of the black bag and commenced to examine the now-stiffening corpse.

Then he looked coldly at those of us who stood around, and he said, "Murder! This man has been poisoned."

I stepped forward. "No," I said, "Not murder."

His eyes narrowed as he studied me. "How do you know?"

"It was suicide," I explained, "Of that I am certain."

All eyes were turned on me.

"I know," I said, "Because I heard him give his order for..."

I made a dramatic pause.

"...crottled greeps."

--Lee Hoffman

And next there's the long-awaited third  
installment of

BELFASTERS

Dealing, this time, with

According to the gospel of

JOHN BERRY

BOB  
SHAW

To attempt to present every aspect of Bob's personality would require the pen of a writer much more experienced, much more perceptive than mine. Just take a look at the paragraph headings and see the diversity of his character. There is so much I want to tell you about this boy, this born humourist, this paragon of the fannish art, this bastion of Irish Fandom, so without any further palaver, here, first of all, is Bob Shaw:

#### THE MAN

Bob is a handsome hunk of Irish manhood, broad, tall, well built. His noble features are inclined to light up with rapture at the slightest provocation, such as if someone breaks their arm playing ghoddminton, for instance. Yes, he has undoubtedly a great sense of humour. By trade, Bob is a draughtsman, and such is his skill and prowess that he deals with really big jobs these days .... he was just telling me the other day that he had just finished the plans for the Gent's Toilet in Little Fortingale Street.



.... this boy is in the big time. Bob is about 24 years old, and is married to a charming girl, Sadie, who can handle a mean teapot, which Bob considers one of her greatest virtues. Which leads me indirectly to:

### THE GOURMET

This is a touchy subject with Bob .... I don't quite know why, I admire him for it. I would be happy enough to possess his capacity for table clearing. Frankly, my wife is delighted when he visits us .... in her naive way, she considers that the ultra-rapid removal of the available comestibles is a compliment to her culinary achievements.

### THE SCHEMER

This will interest you, and don't think it's unique.

We were seated in front of the fire at Oblique House waiting for Madeleine to bring supper. As always, the conversation was brilliant, and I hated to have to leave, but it was getting very dark and the front light on my pedal cycle didn't work. I told Walt about this.

"Use my bike," he explained with a generous wave of his hand, the matter, as far as he was concerned, dealt with.

"No, no," interrupted Bob, "why borrow Walt's bike, when I'll let you have my lamp, then you can go home on your own bike."

It seemed so easy the way Bob put it. I was kind of hypnotised by the way he swept his hand in a confident gesture. Then I remembered about the dreaded typer I had pur-

chased from him.

"Does ... does your lamp work, Bob?" I asked.

Bob dropped his armful of custard pies, and moved his head so rapidly in surprise that the two chocolate fingers flew from behind his ears.

"Does it work?" he cried incredulously. He looked appealingly at the others, who carefully avoided his eyes.

"He asks does it work," repeated Bob, trying to whip up a bit of moral support.

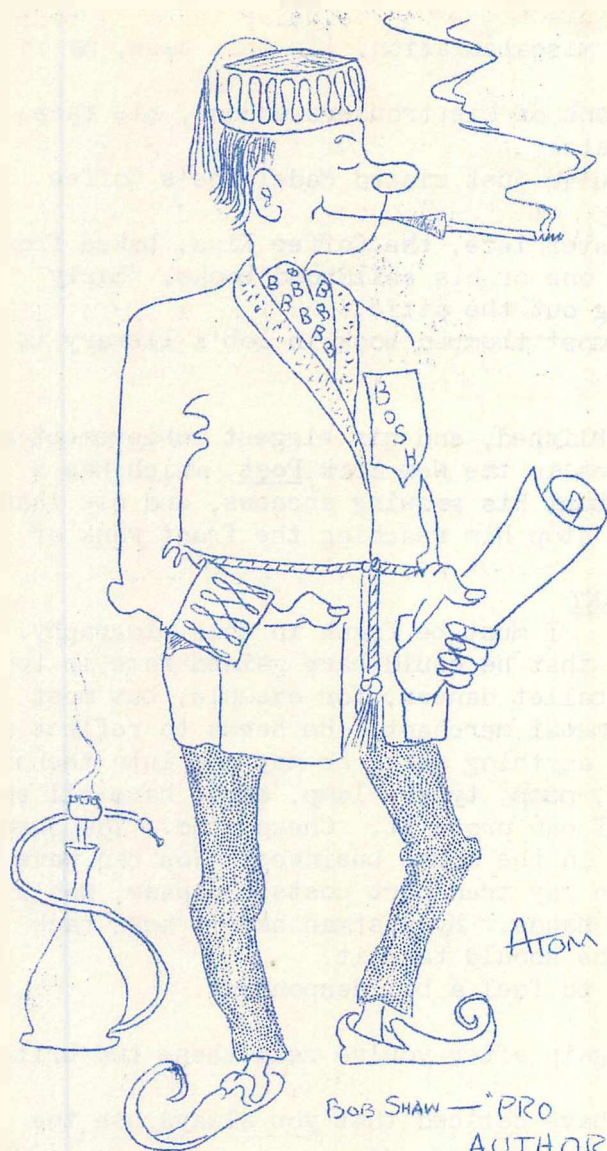
I was lulled into a false sense of security by his suave manner.

"Thank you, Bob," I said.

"Just fetch it yourself, John," he grinned. "You'll find it in the shed at the back of the house."

As I left the room, I thought I detected pitiful glances from Walt and Co. I reached the shed. It was very dark, and there was no means of illumination, I —look, I don't want to bore you with trivialities. About how I clawed about in the shed ... how I inadvertently stuck my hand in a primed wasp trap of Carol's (a nearly empty 5 lb. strawberry jam pot donated by the Shaws) ... how I trod on the prongs of the rake ... how I—oh, much more. Needless to say, I didn't find the lamp.

I shuffled back into the dining room. You know,



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sometimes I know instinctively when I have made a miscalculation. In this case, my instinct was unnecessary.

Bob lay back on the settee, the top two buttons of his trousers undone, his face wreathed in smiles, hugging his stomach affectionately.

"Where did you go?" he grinned amiably. "You've just missed Madeleine's Coffee Kisses."

GHOD. Madeleine had at last produced her masterpiece, the Coffee Kiss, baked from a secret recipe that George Charters had found in one of his childhood books, "Early Victorian Delicacies," whilst he had been cleaning out the attic.

Would you believe me if I told you that the most thumbed book in Bob's library is written by a certain Mrs. Beeton?

#### THE PRO-AUTHOR

Bob has had several stories published, and his biggest achievement to date is the publication of one of his short stories in the New York Post, which has a circulation of over one million. Bob is modest about his growing success, and now that he has sold me his old typer, there is nothing to stop him reaching the front rank of science fiction writers.

#### THE SCRAP METAL MERCHANT

I must be frank in this biography. Bob has so much talent that he could have gained fame in two or three fields, as a ballet dancer, for example, but most definitely as a scrap metal merchant. He seems to reflect a mystic aura that turns anything metal he may own into technicolour rust. His bike, pump, typer, lamp, etc., have all succumbed to the spell. I can prove it. Cheap, too. The Shaw typer Are any of you in the scrap business? You can have it for nothing. I'll even pay transport costs. Please, won't someone take it off my hands. My dustman hasn't been back since I proposed that he should take it.

Heck, I'm beginning to feel a bit despondent.

#### PUNSTER IN EXCELSIS

You'll never make a pun again after you've read these two brilliant examples of Shavian wit.

"Listen, John," he said to me one night, "I have noticed that you always use the expression, 'a cry of frustration'."

I nodded. It was true...I love that phrase.

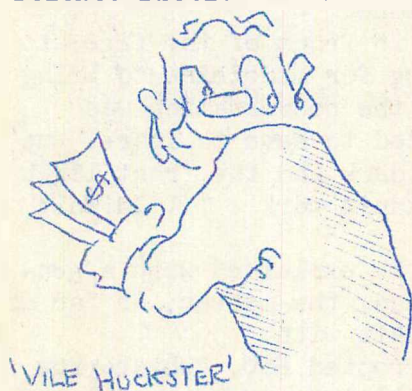
"Well, I thought of a brilliant pun today," he grinned. "This is the set-up. One afternoon, your wife is out, and you decide to prepare a special dish. You go out, and purchase a few oysters, shellfish, crabs, etc., and when tea time is near, you drop the whole lot into the frying pan. When Diane comes in, you knock the contents of the frying pan on to the floor, as if it were done accidentally. Then give a loud shout. Diane will say, 'Was that a cry of frustration?' and you will be able to reply, 'No, it was a fry of crustacean!'."

OOOOooooohh.

Now grit your teeth. This one's even more involved, but it's clever.

I wrote an article for OOPSLA! about a robot Bob Shaw and a robot budgerigar. I couldn't get a title for the piece, and I asked Irish Fandom to help me out. Bob came to my rescue immediately.

"This is my idea, John," he explained. "Imagine that in your story the two robots break down due to some mechanical defect. To mend the bird would be quite easy, because all you would have to



HELL! YOU SPELL IT.





do would be to insert a finger and make a small adjustment. But to try and fix the robot Bob Shaw would be much more complicated. You would have to open a trap door in the back of the robot, put both arms inside, and fiddle about with the works for hours."

"So," I yawned.

"So," said Bob, "you could call your story— A hand in the bird is worth two in The BoSh."

Do you like the style?

Bob's best one was when he said Orson Welles' name was originally Orson Cart.

That's his best one.

#### THE FAN

Bob is a well known fan on both sides of the Atlantic, and has been active for several years. His humorous articles have appeared in many fanzines, his Fansmanship Lectures, originally published in Slant, being particularly famous. Since Bob has turned pro, his flow of fannish material has almost ceased, although he has the proud distinction of having his column, "The Glass Bushel," appear in every issue of Hyphen to date, and I for one hope that this state of affairs continues for some time. Bob is a keen ghoodminton exponent, and as far as finesse is concerned, is easily our best player.

#### THE BIG GAME HUNTER

We all have our own pet phobias, our own little secret fears. Bob isn't unique in this respect. I would like to tell you about a safari he embarked on the other night.

We had been playing ghoodminton as usual, and I was just helping Walt to clear up the plaster, when Bob shouted for us to be quiet. We watched him. A gleam of pure triumph was in his eyes as he tiptoed across the floor, carefully avoiding the table leg. He reached THE CALENDER, looked at it carefully, then turned to us, and with a finger to his lips, gave us a threatening 'shush'.

He raised a ham-like fist, and gave M.M. a nasty thump. This was too much for me. I don't mind Bob trying to wallow in my blood, or attempting to decapitate me.....but assaulting MARILYN MONROE.....

Anger surged over me, and I was just about to tear up his bat, when Bob lifted THE CALENDER, and displayed a small black-red spot on the wall underneath.

"I've killed a fly," he yelled in jubilation, "my first today."

So help me, folks, that's the truth, as readers of Hyphen can testify.

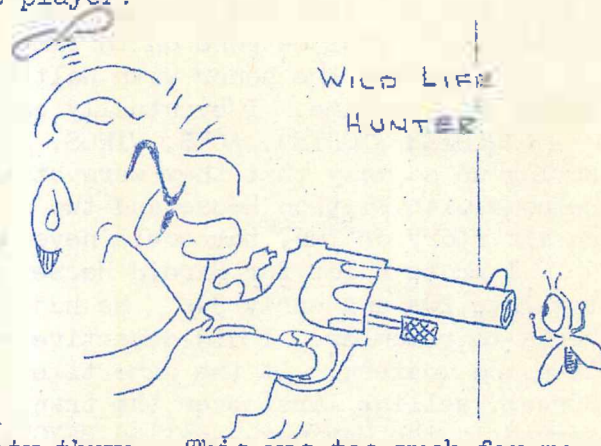
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Well, that is Bob Shaw as I see him. Those of you who have had the pleasure of meeting him will agree with me when I say that he is one of fandom's nicer personalities, and a gentleman to boot.

I wish I could have the job!

--John Berry

ALL  
ILLO'S BY THOMSON



WANTED!—and rather badly too:

ALSO HYPHEN #s 1 & 8!

A copy of John Collier's "Fancies and Goodnights" (paperbound)...pay to 50c for copy in good condition. REALLY desperate for copy of COFSLA! #14! Name your price! Also want COFES #s 1, 6, 7, 8, and 10 if you got 'em. Write to Dean A. Grennell, address p.2.

14 { Possibly the following article should be included with the discussion series on the old pulpazines. However, since it is of a general nature, a separate presentation seems more in order. For more on Burks, see Grue #25. --Editor }

## ON PULPSMITHING

Arthur J Burks

I went to New York City in 1928 to spend two weeks and remained, with brief excursions to Hollywood—which actually means Los Angeles but sounds tonier—fourteen years, until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and I had to get back to my real profession, the Marine Corps. By the time I reached New York I was doing quite well with Fiction House, owned in partnership by the two Jacks, Kelly and Glenister, both long since deceased. A third Jack, Byrne, was managing editor, succeeding Richard A. Martinsen, who bought the first story I sold to this house. I sold ACTION STORIES first, an air story. If I remember correctly it was reprinted in AIR STORIES, which just happened to hit the stands about the same time Lindbergh hit Paris and made air stories worth writing for many years thereafter. My story was called JERRY THE HAWK and it must have been on the stands at least two weeks before anybody discovered there was nobody in it named "Jerry." Either before I went to New York, or while I was spending some more time in Hollywood—Los Angeles, Jack Kelly visited Hollywood and asked me to do something for SOLDIER STORIES, a new one that didn't last long. I met Kelly first in the apartments of George Bruce, who has since gone on to fame in Hollywood, writing, directing and producing. He was, sharing the honor with Walt Coburn, I believe, the three Jacks' highest paid writer at the time. I eventually came within a quarter of a cent a word of him.

SOLDIER STORIES, ACES, WINGS, ACTION STORIES, AIR STORIES, all carried my yarns, buying up so many that they were still running them four years after I'd worn out my welcome with Fiction House and two of the Jacks had died. Eventually I went back to do an air story or two, but could never sell anything to PLANET.

I wrote a lot for Harold Hersey who was publishing pulps for Bernarr MacFadden in the late 20s and early 30s. He had FLIGHT, ZOOM and dozens, literally, of others I can't begin to remember. I did detective and suspense tales for him, everything indeed but love and western. At the same time I wrote for Clayton Magazines, down on Lafayette Street, selling first over the transom to DANGER TRAILS, a short on China—where I had served in the Marines—called BEYOND KIUKIANG. I did a novelette which Al Echols bounced, but the novelette went to California while I was en route to New York, was returned to Echols, who bought it, putting me into Clayton Magazines for a long run in ASTOUNDING STORIES—wonder what ever became of it—under Harry Bates, AIR TRAILS, something else ending in TALES which used costume stories, a detective story magazine, I don't know what else. Two writers got higher rates than I did, one of them H. Bedford Jones. I sold so much here that when Clayton folded my unpublished stories were farmed out to many agents, who offered them in the open market at bargain rates, putting me into competition with myself, causing me to be known as "the man with many agents" when, in fact, I didn't have even one agent.

I was selling to Street & Smith, too. Let's see if I can call back some of the magazines there: SEA STORIES, Laurence Lee, Editor; TOP-NOTCH, SPOT, DETECTIVE STORIES, SPORT STORIES, POPULAR, DOC SAVAGE, SHADOW, edited by a variety of people, most of whom answered to the name of John Nanovic. F. Orlin Tremaine, whom I had seen at Clayton but had never met, first edited ASTOUNDING STORIES when it got to S&S. Anthony M. Rud followed him when he moved up. Then came John W. Campbell, Jr., and a seeming life tenure. Tremaine, his boss, asked me what I thought of the man after a first interview, and I could have got him fired—I can prove this or I wouldn't put it here!—but I commented on him favorably, and he eventually got me fired, i.e., after he ceased buying from me after an argument, all S&S also ceased buying, forcing me to find a new public.



Editors sometimes got sore at me and didn't tell me so. They just rejected my stories until I got wise. It sometimes required twenty rejections, because I was so prolific. I still am, but I know better where my stuff is headed. I had boxes and boxes of rejects. New editors of new magazines would ask me for these, and I'd sell them by the handful, sometimes at bargain rates, sometimes at more than those who rejected them would have paid.

Dell Publications, in the 30s, had pulps like WAR STORIES, WAR ACES (I think there was another air magazine, but can't recall its title) some of them at one time under the editorship of Harry Steeger, who separated to found POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, for which so many writers, including me, have written: for DETECTIVE TALES, THE SPIDER, TERROR TALES, HORROR STORIES, later ADVENTURE, ARGOSY and many others. I didn't write love and western regularly, though I did sell one or two of each.

I sold more to Leo Margulies of STANDARD MAGAZINES than, I believe, to any other editor: THRILLING ADVENTURE, FLYERS, THRILLING DETECTIVE, THRILLING MYSTERY, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, STARTLING STORIES, STARTLING STORIES, POPULAR DETECTIVE, THE PHANTOM. I don't know, once BETTER and STANDARD published thirty some pulps, and I think I must have written for most of them.

I once appeared on the covers of eleven magazines the same month, and then almost killed myself for years, trying to make it twelve. I never did. Seven thereafter was the best I could do, or could at least find. But I wrote a couple of million words a year, selling enough of it to keep myself fed and to earn the title of "the best-dressed writer in New York" because actually I was one of the sloppiest. I was "above" mere clothes. Recently someone asked what has become of the million-words-a-year men.

Answer: they still write that many, but don't sell as much.

--AJB.

+++++  
M O V I E    N O T E

You are respectfully urged to be sure to see:

THE  
WILLIAM  
ROTSLER  
STORY



Glittering cast includes Jimmy Stewart in the title role, Gene Tierney as "Abney", Edward G. Robinson as Gerald C. FitzGerald, Henry Fonda as "Burb," the lovable old Frontwoods Philosopher, Marilyn Monroe as "The Girl", etc., &c. Also cast of thousands, some human. Directed by Cecil D. DeMille, filmed in Glorious SniperScope!

Don't miss it if you can!

+++++  
MORE CONVENTION NOTES:

I neglected, back on page 6, to mention the main bout. This is the convention (of science fiction peoples, that is) to be held at (I think) the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York City over the Labor Day weekend (August 31st, to September 4th). If you've any questions, send them to:

14th World SF Convention,  
Box 272, Radio City Station,  
New York 19, New York.

And if you send them the required \$2.00, they will enroll you as an advance-registered delegate and send you progress reports and things. I'm not quite sure to whom the payment should be made if you're paying by check, but in a pinch "Dave Kyle" (quote-marks are optional) should get it.

Then there's the British Convention at(I think) Kettring—no, that's Kettering—around Easter, but I don't have the gen on that either. But go if you can. --DAG

LEE H FOR TAFF!



# "SPACEPORT SKETCHES"

by Arthur  
M. Thomson





The last episode, dealing with the—beg podden—The Shadow, was predominantly a bit less than wholly admiring, as you may recall. I tried to balance out the pro with the con but...well, it just didn't come out that way. I let it go, figuring that somewhere out there a copy would collide with a reader who had a good word for The Shadow, just as copies collide with people who think kindly of McCarthy, Liberace, Jack the Ripper, and yes, by God, even Tucker. I figured that some of these people would come to the defense of the shaky-handed sharpshooter. They did. Witness:

CHUCK DERRY:

Shame on you for swiping a God's shoes, thereby exposing the clay contained therein. You, sir, have cut deep. Deep.

The following bits of information have probably been relayed to you by this time. But I'll do my stint anyway. Sort of penance to an old hero.

Several years ago Writer's Digest ran an article called "A Million Words A Year, For Ten Straight Years". It was written by Walter Gibson. From that article, and from the lips of Gibson himself, I learned one good tip on writing, and a lot about THE SHADOW.

In 1947, at the Philcon, I played poker with Gibson, Korshak, Tom Hadley, and (I think) the late Jim Williams. In the course of fleecing us lambs (?), Walt—I take liberties too—explained that he was an amateur magician and card shark. He had developed this profitable hobby as a side line (and plot supplier) while writing about Ol' Shad'.

It seems that when Walter signed with Street and So-Forth the name Maxwell Grant was chosen because they (S&S) weren't sure one man could produce the required amount of copy alone. From inception until the end, so far as I know, Gibson wrote every Shadow magazine story. I don't believe he had anything to do with the radio programs where they clouded men's minds, nor with the comic book.

The writing trick I garnered was one Gibson used himself. He hated to write (since he invented the character, seems he had a monster on his hands (heavy, I betcha) and loved to play golf. So to make sure he would get all his work done, and not be tempted to play too much golf, he played first, with the knowledge of the work to be done, ahead of him. This gave him incentive to cut short his game and get back to the typer. He would stop a writing session in mid-sentence, or even mid-word, and when he got back to work it was easy to take up where he had left off. Though often he finished a sentence with an entirely different thought. But at least he had started to write. I can say that this works pretty well in practice, too.

Back to Ol' Shad'. We will take up some of your problems in the order they come to mind:

The identity of the Shadow was established without question in several of the early stories. One of which was "The Yellow Band" (Aug 15, 1938). Our boy was one Kent Allard, an aviator by trade. He was buddies with this here now Cranston, and used his name and so forth when ole Crans was out of town. The Girasol, which worries you with its reflecting qualities (no hole in glove), was a little ole Talisman. Seems Allard cracked up down in South America and was rescued by some Xınca (?) (?) indians. These boys were ye old sole survivors of a long line of proud and pure and tough descendants of the Aztecs (?) (or maybe Inca?). This Opal gave Ol' Shad' sort of Tarzan like power among the unwashed. Some of these Xınca boys trailed around after Shad in some of the stories. For servants, they did a powerful mite of slipping around in the dark. Not the type of servant one could lay his finger on, you might say.

As for Ol' Shad' getting potted (with bullets, not hooch)...well, now sir, I got NEWS for YOU. To mind I recall many instances where I hung on for chapter after chapter wondering if Ol' Shad' was going to pull through in time to stop the fiends. I remember that he's been shot, stabbed, drugged, dropped, poisoned, and in at least one case, he was bombed. Not to mention the time Benedict Stark ("Prince of Evil," date not known) set fire to him.

You just ain't read no Shad stories if you think he spent all his time in one little ole town. I remember him as being in all the states, and several countries other than the USA, at one time or another. Also several stories were laid in strictly rural surroundings.

Finally I got to say you missed some of Ol' Shad's really imposing feats, if you think the plumber's friend pitch is good. But no matter.

All this picking on Shad is bad. Bad. But wait till you get to ol' SPIDER. There was a real, I mean REAL hero. Not only did he actually face up to the devil (the McCoy) once, but he wore a steel mask on his face (for to protect him from flying slugs, natch). Imagine getting clobbered on the kisser with a .45 slug even—or especially—with a steel mask. For days you'd be able to use your head for NBC station breaks.

--Chuck Derry

Many thanks for writing, Chuck, and thanks to Bob Pavlat for showing you his copy of Grue. I hope you stay with us as a steady reader on account of the kind of reader who reads and then writes a printable thing like that is the very best kind. Really, though, you weren't the first to mention Gibson as the man behind Grant. Ken Beale sent—so help me, Klono—a TWENTY-EIGHT PAGE letter of comment (the whole blinkin' issue only ran 26 pages!) on the Shadow article, and this arrived first. Obviously, there isn't room to run the whole thing so herewith some of the more pertinent portions:

KEN BEALE:

Gibson is a magician, ghost-writer, mystery and s-f author, magical inventor, true crimes and comics writer, and is perhaps best known to fandom as the editor of the ill-fated FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION (1952). He has also edited four magic magazines: The 7 Circles, The Phoenix, Conjuror's and Jinxiana. Besides this, he was involved with the pulp magazine, The Big Story, also circa '52.

Next to Gibson, the Shadow was authored for the longest period by Bruce Elliott. He's better known in the s-f field than Gibson, having sold to a few of the mags. He is also a magician, editor of magical and general publications, and a writer for TV, comics and mystery magazines.

I wish I could tell you as much about the third writer. But, sad to say, I can't even recall his name, having heard it only once, in conversation with Gibson about 1950. But I think his first name was Ned (Buntline?). However, he only wrote "The Shadow" for about a year, back in 1937.

Here is the chronology: The first Shadow novel, "The Living Shadow," was written by Gibson in 1932. He actually created the character, all but the name. The name seems to have been devised by someone else at Street & Smith. They used him on a radio mystery show and in S&S's DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE. Sam Moskowitz says that these stories appeared quite regularly in the S&SDSMS of the time (1931-32). But this "Shadow" was not the one we know. He never appeared in the stories themselves, apparently serving only as an offstage narrator, like "The Host" on "Inner Sanctum." (Or like that WW2 Richard Dix series, "The Whistler"?). He did the same over the air. Hence the Shadow laugh and statements like "The Weed of Crime Bears Bitter Fruit!"—obviously more suited to an offstage story-teller than to a man of action. In response to a huge reader-listener demand, S&S put their best writers to work trying to dream up a character to fit the title and the fragmentary identity which was the only existence "The Shadow" had. The task was beyond them but, as I recall, a contest was held (I may be wrong on this). At any rate, Gibson's "Shadow" was the only successful attempt to bring the character to life.

Gibson says that the first Shadow yarn was intended as a one-shot, to be published as a paperback mystery...sort of an outgrowth of the dime novel, I guess. He was surprised, therefore, when S&S decided to build a mystery mag around the character. He was offered the job of writing them.

--Ken Beale



++++++  
 So that's how it all started,  
 eh? You may be right when you  
 say that The Shadow was the  
 first of his breed...first, in  
 the matter of going about in  
 an outre get-up. Older char-  
 acters such as Nick Carter,  
 for example, went about in  
 garments contemporary to their  
 era. We also drew a few com-  
 ments on the TV versions:  
 ++++++

CHARLES E. BURBEE:

The Shadow.  
 I remember Orson Welles doing  
 it on radio. I thought it was  
 pretty fair stuff at the time.

Saw some TV Shadow. Abso-  
 lutely terrible. His cabbie was permitted to ad lib or at least it sounded like ad  
 libbing, and the guy was not qualified to speak written lines, much less make up his  
 own. The Shadow changed clothes in the cab and in broad daylight left the cab to enter  
 places. Fortunately nobody saw him because it was always done on a strictly phoney  
 street with no passersby. He couldn't make himself invisible--he just adroitly hid him-  
 self in rooms with people in them and they never could find him.

--burb

BILL COURVAL:

In my pre-adolescence there was still time for me to be in on the death  
 throes of the Street & Smith pulps. But instead I took to reading pre-WW1 Grosset &  
 Dunlaps. However, I can fill in a bit about the Shadow, in movies and commix. The  
 first Shadow movie appeared at about 1932-3. It was called "The Shadow." (Apt title!)  
 It featured a conglomerate of has-beens. Altho I saw it on TV a year ago I can't remem-  
 ber anything else. The Shadow's next try at the cinema was around 1940 and netted him a  
 whole series. (Your unfamiliarity with these is unbelievable, they've been shown on  
 television at least a hundred times). (Would the fact that I don't have a TV set make  
 it more believable, somehow?)

The characters were The Shadow, his girl-friend/complicator-of-plots/reporter, his  
 cabby (the only craft he indulged in that I could see was chauffeuring Shad), the cab-  
 by's girl friend (Gu only knows where she came from), and of course a representative of  
 the law. Turn on your set if you want more (which one?--the croquet set?).

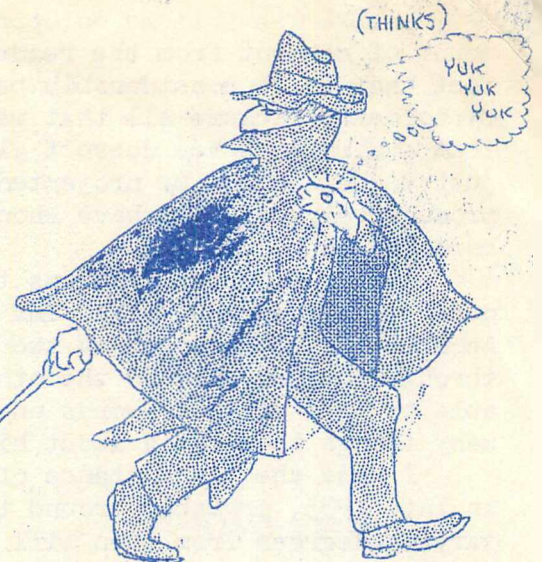
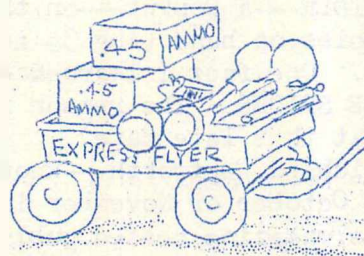
I remember buying and reading and enjoying the comix. I was too young to be shaken  
 by the story but I always thot highly of the illustrator. He signed himself as "Powell"  
 and looks like a compromise between Edd Cartier and whoever does "Terry and the Pirates."  
 I don't know whether Wm. Gaines has taken him in or not. It would be to his advantage  
 to do so. I'll cap this paragraph with a mystery: why did Cartier sign his Shadow illos  
 (circa 1940) "Earl Mayor?" (Quien sabe?)

--Bill Courval

BOB HOSKINS:

Something else I remember from a radio broadcast...it has the Shad busily  
 clouding men's minds when some dirty Dan clobbers him from behind. Seems he was watch-  
 ing the Shadow on some sort of a closed-circuit tv, and thus wasn't fooled after all,  
 for "machines are not human." (Point conceded).

--Bob Hoskins



JW Coulson

Unlike the article on Operator #5, the piece on The Shadow drew quite a goodly amount of comment from the readership at large. This can doubtless be explained by the fact that TS is considerably better known than was O#5. The comments reproduced here by no means include all that were sent in or even a large proportion. I only regret that available space doesn't allow more comments to be published. However, it may be just as well since my projected target for dissection this time panned out rather unproductively. I will have enough notage on it to just about fill out the page and no more.

Arthur J. Burks mentions the Popular Publications; Chuck Derry mentions "The Spider." Oddly enough, I had THE SPIDER—a PopPub—on the board for treatment this ish. Accordingly, I drew out my two copies on hand (Aug 35 and Jul 38) and studiously plowed through one and skimmed the other. One fact I learned early: I was not going to be able to fill out 6000 words on THE SPIDER. The reason is that there simply isn't that many things to be said about him at this late date.

I made the acquaintance of Richard Wentworth—known, to some, as "The Spider"—in late 1935, probably around the October or November issue. I was exposed to him in varying degrees from then till the magazine ceased publication. I'm not quite sure when the latter event occurred. I'd guess around 1941 or 42.

THE SPIDER, from this critic's viewpoint, was adiabaphorous. It was neither of such excellence as to compel admiration nor of such grotesquery to serve as a suitable target for contumelious catcalls. The stories did not pretend to be more than what they were, nor were they less. It was sound, competently written pulp fiction, under no delusion that it was literature or Literature. Hypothetically speaking, if I had written the entire series myself, I would not be ashamed to claim them. I wouldn't be especially proud to, either.

Richard Wentworth was typical of the alter egos of the breed. He was wealthy, handsome and affable. He worked outside the law and was actively opposed by Commissioner Kirkpatrick of the New York Police. His inamorata's name was Nita van Sloan, dark-haired, violet-eyed, beautiful and—unlike her sisters—reasonably capable. On occasion when Dick became incapacitated through wounds, she would don The Spider's accoutrements and fare forth to do battle in his stead. And she didn't do badly at it, either.

Three other retainers completed the retinue. There was Ram Singh, the huge Sikh warrior, with whom Wentworth conversed in his native tongue (perhaps to keep him from becoming home-sikh?). There was Jackson, first name not given, a concession to the touching legend that enlisted men form unbreakable bonds for their officers and after separation from the services, follow them as valets. I know of no case of this but anything is possible. Jackson assisted Dick in saber-drill, pulled targets for his daily pistol practice and generally served as lieutenant. He called Wentworth "Major", presumably as a holdover from WWI wherein they may have served. There was a white-haired, lovable old butler named Jenkyns, too. They all (except for fiancée Nita) lived in a mansion between Sutton Place and the East River, actually more of a fortress than a home.

I find no mention of the steel mask referred to by Derry although the story in the Jul 38 issue ("The Emperor from Hell") deals with his escapades with some bloke done up in a scarlet devil's suit who went about blowing a chemical similar to anhydrous phosphorous pentoxide into people's faces. Unfriendly sort of cove, but not the real Auld Cloutie at all at all. Let me, in closing, quote a paragraph dealing with the transformation from Richard Wentworth to The Spider:

"Presently, Wentworth sat more erectly and, at the touch of a button, curtains screened the tonneau (of the Daimler) completely. Another button caused the left half of the rear seat to slide forward and revolve. Its back contained a closely hung wardrobe and a make-up tray with which Wentworth could disguise himself. His hands moved deftly about their familiar task. A lotion sallowed his skin, drew it tautly across cheekbones and nose. The nose, itself, altered by puffy, became hawk-like and predatory. His lips disappeared, so that his mouth was a gash. False, bushy brows, a lank, black wig... Simple changes, yet the face that peered back at Wentworth now was ruthless and terrible . . . —the face of the Spider!"

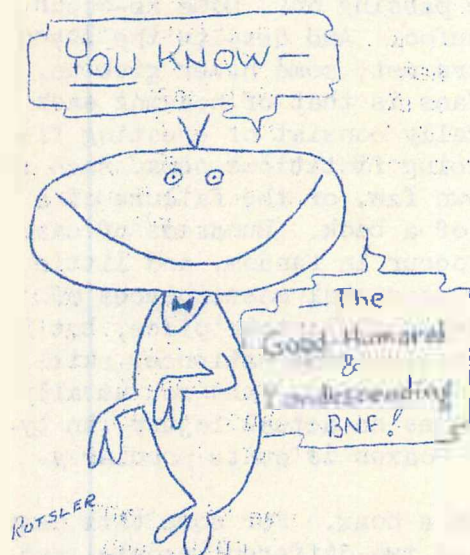
Thus, then, for the arachnithropic Mr. Wentworth, a man well fitted for discussion in an issue with only one page to spare for it.

--Dean A. Grennell



BY

LEE HOFFMAN

 "..."  
 "..."  
 "..."  
 "..."  
 "..."  
 "..."  
 "..."


I have been trying to think of a clever title for a new column. It isn't easy. If I worked in a hat factory, putting decorations on men's fedoras, I would be able to use something original like Thoughts While Band Sewing. To be honest I did consider Thoughts While Touch Typing, but that doesn't seem fair somehow since I peek at the keyboard while batting at it.

Of course, if this were an amusing series of drawings about E-Ts, I could call it the Martian Comicals. But Grennell would undoubtedly chuch the whole thing.

Speaking of Chuch brings to mind the number of fan fancies which have appeared or hung around since I disappeared. Like spelling Harris's first name with two aitches. Prob'ly the most impressive of the current fan fads is the Short Snorter Quote Card, and its many mutant relations. Eney's titled photographs are one of the most amusing mutant ideas. And prob'ly the most

practical is damon knight's QuCa Christmas Card, which you sign and send on next year. These, like the reusable Buddy Poppy, can save fans a lot of cash, and might even catch on in the mundane world.

The QuCa in any form is a fascinating phenomenon. But a bit of a Frankenstein monster. For instance, the man who created the Short Snorter QuCa, used a label for a QuCa, and now cannot remember what brand the bottle was, and so is having to buy up a lot of different brands to sample in order to locate that particularly tasty brew.

QuCas for me are a problem. I keep forgetting to send them off, and end up with great piles of them (especially after a letter from DAG) (well, they heap up here, too) which I have to shovel into an envelope and address at will. This is unfortunate because often there are particular QuCas which I think should go to particular people. Other QuCas are better off going to people who are not too particular.

Like the one that read:

"CONFIDENTIAL COVERS CONDESCENDING CONFEDERATE CONFETTI COUNTERFEITER"

And:

"CONDESCENDING CONFEDERATE COUNTERS BY CUTTING CONFIDENTIAL COVER INTO CONFETTI"

Another interesting fanism is the pactsarcd. Almost everybody seems to use them nowadays, and I have even seen occasional explanations in various faanzines. Someone ought to explain why a thing like this catches on in a group and lasts for years. It is strange that some things...like pactsarcd...last. And some, which their perpetrators endeavor to make catch on, disappear almost instantly.

One of the major fields of fanisms, disappearing and persistent, is fan religion. In the early days when fandom was associated with the science-fiction field, fans swore by the gods encountered in sf stories. But as fandom gained form of its own, it gained its own gods. GhuGhu, the elder god, grew prominent enough to be attacked by both religious and anti-religious organizations in the mundane world. FooFooism, the arch rival of GhuGhu, developed in the young crop of fans who joined fandom, and gained great strength, but the many attempts at amalgamation under the name Ghufuo, or Fooghu usually, have been met with clamors of distrust, or indifferent silence. As the anti-Scopes Element was fond of saying, the Old Religion's Better After All.



