

# Innuendo #1

Published at intervals by Terry Carr and David Rike; 134 Cambridge Street, San Francisco 24, California, and box 203, Rodeo, California, respectively.

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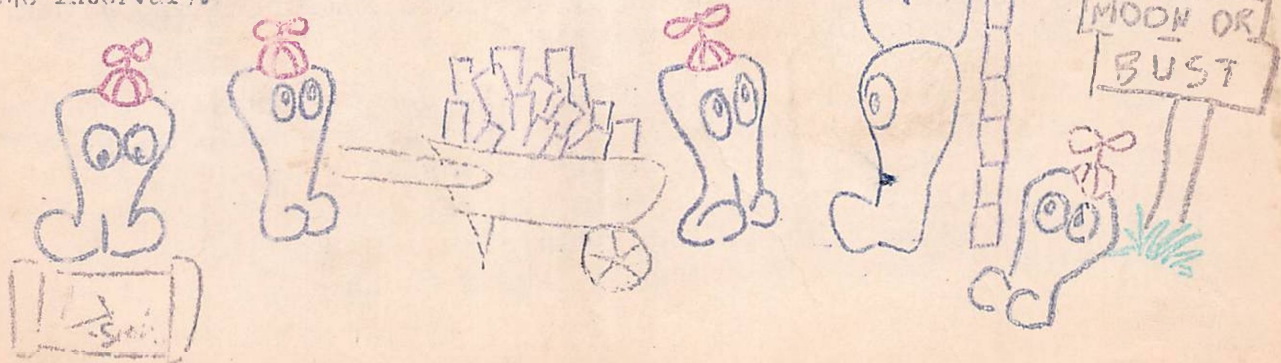
No subscriptions accepted and any monies received will be gleefully dropped into the endless well of the Fund to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Bheer Cans. This magazine comes to you in trade for either a letter of comment, your own fanzine, or both. Trades go to Terry.

HEREIN you will find

Robert Bloch.....	16 & 20
Carl Brandon.....	10
Charles Burbee.....	21
Terry Carr.....	4 & 24
Cliff Gould.....	25
Jim Harmon.....	13
Lee Hoffman.....	1
David Rike.....	18
Bob Stewart.....	7
Ray Thompson.....	6
Bob Tucker.....	17

We would dearly love to have some material of yours for publication, provided that it is fannish and of good quality. Iss. go to Terry.

Apologies are hereby extended to all contributors for the lateness of this issue, and a resolution is made to get INNU #2 out on schedule (ie, right on the interval).







An  
Unlikely  
Story

damon kyoungfan

I was there in my capacity as representative of the Fort Hodge Steam Calliope Co. After a rather tedious week on the Denver, Seattle and Fort Hodge railway's Express "The Wade County Comet," I had arrived in Cleveland and made my way to the Mangy Hotel, where this convention was in progress.

The man I was looking for was to be identified by his beaver and his accent. So I began looking for him. Under tables, chairs, heaps of colorful books, and rugs, I searched for either the man or the small, flattailed water beast that was said to be accompanying him. And I attuned my sensitive ears for the lilting strains of his voice and his accent.

The first person I encountered was a crop-haired man with an interesting accent. I listened to him for a while thinking that perhaps he was my Quarry. But I soon discovered that the small furry animal with him was not a beaver at all, but was his son, David. I left him discoursing on Cretian Bull Dances, and continued my search.

Two men driving up and down the stairway in a red and puce Jaguar turned out to be a couple of Canadians, Rae Boydburn and Stuart Gerald. Despite their interesting accents, I could spend only a few minutes listening to them. I had to find my Quarry.

The one they called Checch, who turned out to be Ellis Harlenson, had no accent, but a fascinating vocabulary. I listened to him a while, jotting down notes, and then went on about my search. I knew he would be there somewhere and I had to contact him on Official Business.

With my sleeve, I polished my Calliope Comptroller's badge and started up the stairwell. I tripped over a tee-shirted man there, and paused to look at him. He was stretched out asleep, snoring gently, while the blue eye in the center of his forehead stared at me, unblinking. Clutched tenderly to his breast was a copy of "Hell's Pavement". Angry at having been tripped,



I paused there long enough to tear a key page out of the book, then stepped over him and journeyed on.



I blundered into the Chester A. Polk room and discovered the Cretian Bull fan there, holding a large bunch of Fern on his lap. A robot with the word IKE painted in red across

its back was chucking her under the chin. The robot's estimate of the chin was a little low. Across the room, chucking (a British method of chucking) a very pretty young woman under the chin was a slim fellow with a beard. I glanced at him, but had more important work, as I had to locate the fellow with the beaver. I noticed as I turned a corner that both the bearded man and the young lady were following me.

Quickly I ducked into a doorway. The door opened and I found myself in the midst of a party of some sort. A great many people were under a table playing some sort of game. They had a sandy-haired fellow whom they called Kyle down on the floor and were pouring something out of a glass down his throat.

Seeing no point in a game of that sort, I turned to leave, and collided with the bearded fellow. He muttered something completely unintelligible--had a terrible accent of some sort--but I pushed past and out into the hall.

I passed a door marked "Function Room" and made my way past the floorless room that had been first assigned to Goldy Evelyn, and then changed to some writer, but I paid it no heed. Time was running out. The hole in my hour glass had been trailing sand all day.

Humming snatched of "Footprints in the Sand" I forged on. And as I rounded another corner, I came face to face with the pretty girl who'd been snogging with the bearded chap. I paused and smiled at her. She started toward me and I turned to run, but my way was blocked. The bearded man was coming at me from the other end of the hall.

Quickly I pulled out the page of "Hell's Pavement," read it at a glance, and then folded it into a paper dart. With a mighty swing of my right hand, I sent it toward him.

Whipping out a Vargo Stratto magazine, he began to return my fire. But I was out of ammunition before I had started.



## An Unlikely Story--III

There was only one defence left to me. I whipped out my water pistol, which I had loaded before I left home, took aim and fired.

My burst caught him in the eye-glasses, and he stopped his merciless trek toward me. Halted, he wiped his glasses and then looked at me.

"Exactly as I thought," he said. "Swamp water."

"You know!" I gasped.

"Yes," he said, "I know, because I am Ben Kulmer, of the Kulmer Aqueous Vapour Corp."

"No," I gasped. "If you are he, prove it! Where is your beaver?"

He tugged at his beard and I realized the terrible mistake I had made. In some places they call those chin-ornaments beavers.

"If you are Kulmer," I said, "then who is this girl?"

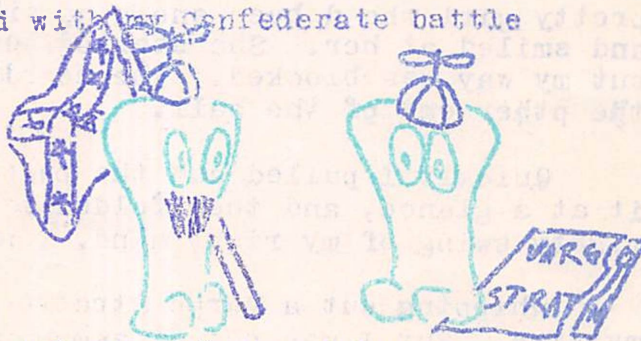
"My wife," he answered. He was coming toward me again, but I was not afraid. I stood my ground, the loaded water pistol in my right hand hanging at my side.

"I came here to talk a treaty," I said. My palm was damp, and it occurred to me that the pistol must have a leak in the handle. "Between our factions."

"Yes," he said, "we must bring peace to a world distraught with distrust and despair." He held out the torn remains of the Vargo Stratton to me. "Take this as an offering of our good will."

I accepted it and countered with my Confederate battle flag.

We shook hands after that, and we realized that a truly momentous occasion it had been. The end of an old era, and the beginning of a new one, for it was from that meeting that came the revolutionary new product, FAIR STEAM, a suspension of alcohol particles popular now at smoke-filled rooms and convention parties. The next time you use FAIR STEAM, remember this, for it was through strife and swamp-watershed that this luxury came to you.





all right, Jophan,  
drop that mirror!

T.C.



It's fairly common practice among the Sixth Fandom holdovers these days to ruminate upon the glories of that bygone era while bemoaning the failings of the present one. We're constantly reading articles pointing out how much better Q. was than any present fanmag, well lubricated by figurative tears of mourning and shrouded by gloomy funereal trappings (a veil of tears, you might say). This has given rise to all sorts of odd things, among them a recent debunking article by Claude Hall in which Q. was said to have been no better than THURBAN I.

The trend has been in evidence in San Francisco fandom, too, with those of us who can remember them discussing the virtues of cf., Q, Fr., and the rest. It was one of these sessions which triggered the article you are currently engaged in reading.

It occurs to me that possibly all this wailing over past glories has served only to lower the standard of current fare, and the more I think of it the more I'm inclined to place faith in the notion. If you'll think back a moment, you'll recall that the usual reason given for the superiority of 6Y zines to those of the present is personality. Personality, it is written, ran barefoot through all of those fondly-remembered fanzines, and the ones we get now are damned poor compared to them; what fanzines today need is some honest-to-god personality.

In a way that's perfectly right. But ghUdammit, there's such a thing as carrying a good thing too far, until it runs away with itself (to mix a moving metaphor). After all, whether you're Ben Hibbs or just plain Jophan, if you're editing a magazine then your first duty is to edit the damned thing, not to throw together whatever comes your way with the main consideration being how many witty remarks you can make about the stuff. It is this preoccupation with one's own importance that is lowering the quality of a lot of current fanzines. In a way, it's as if little Jophan is wandering down the road of fandom and staring so hard into a mirror that he's constantly tripping over his own feet.

If Jophan would just drop that mirror and pay attention to what he's publishing instead of how he's doing it we might have less crud floating into our mailboxes. I'm not speaking of fans



All Right, Jophan, Drop That Mirror--II

like Gregg Calkins, Walt Willis, Dean Grennell, and the rest; but rather, of fans like Ray Thompson (whose switch from the almost exclusively Thompson-written BIBBILTY to the generalzine ECLIPSE heralded an immediate improvement) and Dick Geis (whose prime failing in faned ting is a terribly large hat-size). Calkins, Willis, and Grennell, after all, have got personalities that are worth displaying; a large number of us, sadly, have not.

Which brings up another point. It might be wise of Jophan to pick up that mirror for a moment and peer closely into it-- and I said closely. Maybe he'd discover that the image in it is pretty ghastly uninteresting...in short, that he hasn't got much of a personality to show off.

This general preoccupation with showing off one's own personality has become even more marked by the rash of fanzines being published and supposedly edited today. Just about everybody and his little nonfan brother puts out a fanmag today. This may be because every single young Jophan has suddenly become aware of the wonderful lives BNF's appear to lead, and wants to get in on some of that living too. Accordingly he saves up his mink-and-crackers money and buys a mimeo on which he publishes his own (ghoshahow!) fanmag--featuring, of course, his own writings. After all, he wants to become a BNF and how can one become a BNF unless he shows off his personality?

All of this, of course, has started a merry circle. Consider: if Jophan A concentrates on writing for his own fanmag, and Jophan's B, C, D, and nauseum, do the same--just exactly where is Jophan Z going to get material for his own effort? You guessed it.

Actually, Sixth Fandom apparently differed from today's fandom in that it was not so damned self-conscious. There was personality there, but it was relaxed personality--rarely forced. And there was little of this I'd-like-to-write-for-you-but-I'm-too-busy-writing-for-my-own-fanmag stuff, either. In Hoffwoman herownself conducted columns in OF, and SOL, for instance. Many of the better-known fans of the day didn't even make their names through their own fanmags. English and Shapiro, though well-known and in demand for material, never made much of a dent at zineds. Rich Elsberry didn't even publish a mag.

So Jophan, how about dropping that mirror? You'd be surprised how much easier the road is when you can see where you're going.

of collection and pay attention to the way the road is when you can see where you're going. It's not speaking of fans



# *fan thou art*

Fan thou art, and fan thou beest,  
Tho thou'rt the saddest thing that I see'st.  
Fraught with thy letters and wages of sin;  
What is this strange madness thou hast let thyself in?  
'Twould be better by far, would thee think of some other  
Matter with which thou couldst with thyself bother;  
But no, 'tis not the direction thou seekest.  
Tho thy course now has marked thee as one of the weakest.  
For in truth, what sane man would bother his brain  
With the things you compose over, over again?  
I plead with thee daily, but it does me no good--  
There's no answer but silence; I don't know why I should.  
So just fan right along, pay no heed unto me.  
Engage in thy battles (only verbal they be).  
Insult the vague pros and berate Big Name Fans;  
Write letters of comment to the poor also-rans.  
Send bricks down to Tucker, and puns to Grennell,  
And forget that Rick Sneary never learned how to spell.  
Congratulate Johnson for his fine stencil works,  
And don't blame old sir Ellison for his odd mental quirks.  
Oh yes, be a fan, for thou surely knowest how.  
But with all of myne errors, I realize now  
I should not have allowed thee to palaver me in  
To buyin' that magazine; 'twas the start of your sin.  
'Twas a number of years past, I remember the date;  
We were just coming home after being out late.  
Thou wanted the thing, with its cover so lurid;  
Yes, thou wanted it badly, tho the stories were lurid.  
I should have known better; it could only do wrong--  
But I've failed in my mission, so just fan right along.

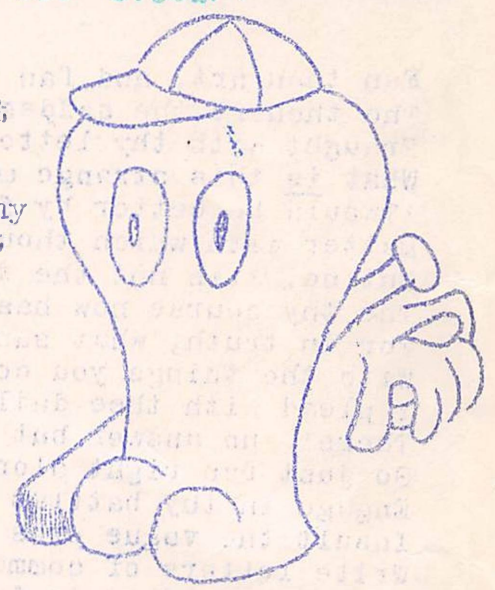
*--Reg Thompson*



# My Day...

Bob Stewart

Terry called about 11:00 today. I was just eating breakfast and mulling over the sporting page and Don Newcombe's failure to win 20 games...ghod, how I would hate to see Roberts steal the show from him, what with that monstrous batting average, and it appears as the all-time can do it pitch (last season with the Phillies Roberts hit a flashy .123). But anyhow, I was sitting there just thinking about what a helluva mess it all was, when the phone rang.



"Hello," I said.

"Hello," Terry answered. "What d'ya wanna do?"

"Um. I dunno. What d'you wanna do?"

"I dunno."

Then there was a monstrous silence. That's what gripes me about talking to Terry. When he's just a little bit bored or tired he'll just sit there on the other end of the phone and wait till you say something. I can remember sitting there for four minutes without even a whisper out of him.

"Wonder what they're doin' in Cleveland. Say, d'ja listen to the game last night? Belardi hit a homer and three long flies. How d'ya like that? That bastard is on the ball, man. And flunk-out Teddy Beard hit four-for-four."

"Yeah, I know. I heard it. And Baxes booted one too." We always talk about baseball. We're terrifically red-hot for baseball.

"Well, what d'ya wanna do?"

"Wanna play ball?"

"Yeah. Say, I wonder what they're doin' in Cleveland."

"Me too. Meetcha over by the diamond. Bring yer mitt, eh? Mine's all crapped out."

I grabbed my mitt and stuff and walked over to the park. It was a typical San Francisco morning--high fog and cold as hell. I bet the weatherman has a mimeograph with a stencil he leaves on all



My Day---II

summer. I bet it says: "Fair today, tonight and tomorrow with high fog on the coast extending inland in the morning. Westerly winds in the afternoon 15 to 20 miles per hour." What he means by "fair" is that it won't rain or snow. It's usually foggy all day long, except in the evening when you can't do anything but get into wrecks anyway.

When I got there Terry was slamming his hand into his mitt fiercely, all red-hot and everything. Terry has an itsy-bitsy curve and a fast ball he tries to kill the batter with, but he thinks he's a pretty good pitcher anyway. I tolerate it enough to catch for him once in awhile, but I would feel much safer if I had some tools of ignorance.

"C'mon, let's play. Hustle, eh?" He kept slamming his hand into the mitt. "Wonder what they're doin' in Cleveland."

"Yeah." I took off my jacket and put on my shoes and we started to toss the ball, getting warmed up.

"Member that red-head I told you about? The one that likes horses." Next to baseball I always talk about women.

"Yeah."

I chased one that went over my head. "Well, I took her to some show last night. Every time I'd say 'What ya been doin'?' or 'How ya been keepin' busy?', she'd say 'Ridin' horses'. What a red-hot, honest to God. I bet when she took my arm she was feeling to see if I had a hoof on the end."

"Christ. Watnell ya take her out for?"

"I dunno. Wonder what they're doin' in Cleveland." Terry threw a fast ball that I just barely caught on the edge of the web in front of my face, so I decided to quit for awhile and get my nerve back. I tell you, catching without tools is murder. Who says they're just for foul tips? It's just as dangerous trying to hang onto a breaking pitch or a hard one.

"This is the craps. Wanna go to the ball game tonight? Flunk-out Creighton's pitching and maybe they'll have Blackwell pitching for Portland. Y'know, that goddam Blackwell was the best sonuvabitch in the majors a few years back. Think he pitched for Cleveland, not sure though. And Gene Bearden. That sonuvabuck was better than either Lemon or Feller when he was really hot. Why, he won a goddam World Series for the Indians in '48. And look at 'em now. Pitching for two of the crummiest teams in the PCL, for crying out loud."

"Ain't it a bitch?"

"That reminds me. I wonder..."

"Yeah, me too."



My Day--III

"Just about this time..."

"Yeah, they probably are."

"Crap."

"I don't really give a damn, do you?"

"Myah."

"Probably ol' Falasca is climbing up right now and sayin' 'Hello all you goddam science fiction fans. No smoking in the convention hall, liquor is not sold in Cleveland, and lights out at 10:00.' Then I bet Willy Ley gives a whopper of a speech on the chemical properties of rabbit dung."

"Boy, am I glad I'm not there."

I got up and put my hanky on my head like a beany and started acting like Harlan Ellison. I can be a helluva ham if someone laughs at me for a few minutes. "Listen buddy, I got goddam Dean A. Grennell quote cards, and ya can't beat 'em, buddy! ...And listen, Stewart, don't push it too far...if you ever do that again...I'll beat you up!"

Then Terry started it, too. "That's him, I tell you...they're the ones...psst--that's them...they're the goddam pick-pockets..."

We sat down and laughed awhile. Then I packed up my stuff and left and went home and ate lunch. Christ, I was bored. I played three games of solitaire and heard the rest of the ball game and then I hooked up a punching bag from the ceiling and punched it till I was out of breath. And then I sat down for awhile.

I kept wondering what was going on in Cleveland. Why hell, at that time the parties were just getting started. I felt terrifically bored. I played some records and then listened to a recording of Bobby Thompson's 1951 homer-- "...Bobby Thompson...left-hand swingin'...takes a strike call on the inside corner...Bobby hitting at .292...here's the pitch...it's a long fly to left field...the Giants won the pennant! The Giants won the pennant! I don't believe it! The Giants won..."

Finally I called up Terry. "Hello," I said.

"Lo..."

And then there was a big silence.

"Well?" he said.

"Wonder what..."

"Yeah, me too."



# Why Johnnie Can't Read

## by Carl Brandon Fanzines

Dear Jophan:

I have decided to write this article in the form of a letter to you. You know that the idea came to me when I offered to help Johnny to read fanzines. It's really his article--or yours.

You remember when I began to work with Johnny half a year ago. That was when he was twelve and he still couldn't read fanzines. Oh, sure, he did all right on those nonfan things like "War and Peace" and "Kiss Me, Deadly," but he couldn't read fanzines. So I told you that I knew of a way to teach him how. Well, you trusted me, and you know how your son Johnny has improved since. Today Johnny can read fanzines--not HYPHEN, to be sure, but in a few months he should be subscribing to fanzines on his own.

I think Johnny will become a BNF. He has a very good sense of humor and he cuts a mean stencil. There are a lot of good fannish traits in Johnny that have never come to the surface because he couldn't read fanmags. And after all, how can you become a BNF unless you can read fanmags? I mean unless your name is Robert Bloch.

Since I started to work with Johnny, I have looked into this whole reading business. What I found is absolutely fantastic. Johnny couldn't read fanmags until half a year ago because nobody ever showed him how. Johnny's only problem was that he was unfortunately exposed to an ordinary American school. In our schools today they don't teach the phonics system--whereby Johnny would learn what "a" stands for, and what "b," "c," "d," and "e" and so on stand for. In our schools they teach the children to look at words and guess what they mean.

You don't believe me? I assure you what I am saying is literally true. Go to your school tomorrow morning--or if Johnny has brought home one of his readers, look at it. You will immediately see that all the words in it are learned by endless repetition. Not a sign anywhere that letters correspond to sounds and that words can be worked out by pronouncing the letters. No. The child is told what each word means and then they are mechanically, brutally hammered into his brain. By this method, if we were to try to teach Johnny to read fanzines, we'd have to give him readers like this:

"We will pub," said Susan.

"Yes, yes," said all the noofen.

"We will pub a fansine."

So all the noofen pubbed.

They pubbed and nubbed.



## Why Johnny Can't Read Fanzines--II

Or this:

Hack, hack, went the fan.  
He was hacking out something.  
He was not hacking out a story.  
He was not hacking out a column.  
He was not hacking out a letter to an editor.  
He hacked and hacked and hacked.

All the reading books used in all our schools, up thru fourth and fifth and sixth grade, teach words in that way. If we want Johnny to learn the word hack, under that system of teaching he would have to read over and over again about a fan or a pro that hacked and hacked and hacked. And so would it be with every word in the FANCYCLOPEDIA.

Every word in the FANCYCLOPEDIA! Do you know what that means? It means that if we were to teach Johnny by this system, we couldn't use ordinary fanish stuff for practice. Instead, Johnny would have to work his way up through a battery of carefully designed readers, each one containing all the words used in the previous one plus a strictly limited number of new ones, used with the exactly "right" amount of repetition...and of course there are no such readers for Fanspeak. Johnny wouldn't read "The Enchanted Duplicator" or LE ZOMBIE or "The Immortal Story" because he wouldn't be able to. If a child that had been "taught" reading by the system used in our schools faced the word fanac for the first time, he would be absolutely helpless because nobody has ever told him how to sound out f and a and n and a and c and read the word off the mimeoed page.



Children today, instead of being taught how to read, are carefully trained in the art of guessing. There is no other way, you see: if a child isn't taught the sounds of the letters, then he has absolutely nothing to go by when he tries to read a word.

All he can do is guess. Suppose Johnny tries to read the sentence "I had one grunch." He has never seen the word "grunch" before, but if he has been trained in phonics, he simply sounds out the letters easy as pie. ("Ah, grunch! But the eggplant over there," he says. Of course he has heard this sentence many times, but he has never seen it written.) But if he has no training in phonics, if the meaning of the letters has been carefully hidden from him, he can only guess. How? Well, the educators say he can guess from context. With the sentence "I had one grunch" that is extremely difficult, however, because it could just as easily mean "I had one typo" or "I had one Gestetner" or even "I had one fugg." So, the next best thing, the child looks at the top of the page to see whether there is a picture. But fanbags, unlike the readers to



# Why Johnny Can't Read Fanzines--III



which he is accustomed, do not always have pictures, and even when they do they are often so poorly-drawn that they would do Johnny no good. So he has nothing to go on but sheer luck. He might guess "column" or he might guess "stencil" or--most likely--he might just sit there with a vacant look, waiting for someone to tell him that it says "grunch". That's how he learns in school.

When I started to work with Johnny, I didn't quite realize all this. In my fuggheadedness, I gave him what I thought was an easy word for a twelve-year-old: neo. He stared at it for quite some time, then finally said, "new." I tell you, it staggered me. Anyone who has been accustomed to sounding out words would have been staggered by a twelve-year-old who read "new" for "neo" simply because they look somewhat alike.

So you see, Jophan, the reason that Johnny couldn't read fanzines was that our schools don't teach him how. He could read those other books like "Ulysses" and "The House of the Seven Gables"--because he had been taught what those normal English words meant. He'd had it drummed into his head since he was six years old that "n" and "e" and "w" meant "new"---but he didn't know why. And as long as he didn't know how to use phonics he was destined to go through life as a literate nonfan but an illiterate fan.



But you trusted me, and I taught Johnny how to use phonics. Now he's a normal, happy neofan. Remember yesterday, when we found him looking through your old fanzines, and reading an article in one of them? Do you remember that, Jophan? Well, that article was written in Ackermanese.

oo

## OUR VERY OWN DEHYDRATED QUOTE-COVER::

How is San Francisco these days anyway. Last time I saw it a radio-active squid was tearing up the bridge and advancing down Market Street... # As entertainment chairman I'd like to entertain a motion to adjourn. # I only collected fantasy until I reached the age of thirteen and my pubic hairs began to sprout.



Jim Harmon:

## A Different Aspect to Utopia

What is Utopia? Why, any fan can give you the answer. That's a place where everybody reads science-fiction--where everybody gets a couple of fanzines in every mail--where everybody talks beans, mutants, and Astoundings. Let's take a look at that world. Let us!

You wake up in this new world. You open your big ugly face. You let it hang that way. Your wonderful collection has been touched. Touched is hardly the word for it. It has been fairly let go at with one hell of a haymaker. You leap out of bed and run over to it. You see small rather insignificant portions have been torn from the covers. What could they have on them? Your great mind works fast. Of course, it's those small, fairly sexless lads, the heroes! Sobbing into your bosom (a neat trick) you go downstairs. Then, you give an agonized scream. Those sections of your mutilated covers are pasted around the walls of the kitchen. Is this some mad plan to drive you mad thought up by the other fellow in your latest feud? Then the woman in the house says, "Aren't all those boys in those scientific costumes cute? They make a lovely border!"

"Yes," you stammer, "but why my stf...er, science-fiction collection when you could have cut some pictures out of some Buck Rogers comic strips?"

"Really, Dear," she replies. "After all, comparing stf with, agh, Buck Rogers!"

"Stf? STF? What-what about it?" you ask in astonishment.

"Stf is significant!" is the reply.

You collapse into a near-by chair. "Is it?" you ask, weakly.

"Of course," she answers, "and, dear, since you're the oldest fan I know, I've arranged for you to give a talk before the girls."

"The girls?" you mutter. "Those old...alright, alright. I'm going out for a walk."

Once outside, you prepare to relax. Then you see IT! You give a horrified scream, and clutch the coat sleeve of a passerby. "Dear God," you whisper, "what's happening to that woman's head?"

oo

This is reprinted from "Harmony." PEON #12, March, 1950.



## A Different Aspect To Utopia--II

"Huh?" he asks. "That's a Lenaman hat, of course. It coils and uncoils and changes color."

"Oh..." you say as you look at the man's newspaper. "The Chicago Fantasy News Tribune...a combination of the Tribune and FN?"

"Of course," is the answer. "Nobody reads the Trib anymore so..."

You stagger away from the stranger, and head uptown. On the main drag, you see one sign glaring from everywhere--FANTASY BARGAINS! You wander into one of the book stores, and pick up a 1947 Astounding. You ask the price, only to hear, "That's \$10.50, in cash."

"But," you say, "This used to be no more than 50 cents."

"You nuts or something, Pal?" the clerk asks kindly. "Everybody buys stf now. The prices are way up. Anyway," he indicates a sign "These prices are approved by Jasper T. Honeyfinger."

"Who's he?"

"Why, the number one Fan, of course."

"What happened to Ackerman?"

"Who's he?"

"Tell me," you gasp, "who are the next B.N.F.?"

"Well, there's Fritzdingleovich and Mortonhavenhammerheadson."

"Mortonhavenhammerheadson?"

"Yeah, good ole Mort."

"But what about Ackerman, Kennedy, Riddle, and Sneary? I used to know all the big name fen personally. They were my pals, my buddies!"

"Haw-haw," he laughs fiendishly and says, "they ain't now!"

"No," you sob, as you leave.

Once home, you turn on the radio to a soap opera to take your mind off your troubles and onto someone else's. But what do you hear? "Now, we present just plain Gona and Rick, the story of two people living in the future, that asks the question..." You stifle a scream and turn the dial swiftly, but instead of Young Doctor Malone, you get Ole Doc Methuselah. It's hopeless!

A movie, you think desperately, of course. Moments later, you are talking to a girl in the ticket booth as the signs are being changed. You ask, "Is there a good murder mystery on?"

"She stares at you. "Aren't you a fan?"

"A murder mystery fan."



## A Different Aspect To Utopia--III

"Ha-hu," she laughs. "You read detective stories? You must be nuts!"

"What?"

"Well, don't you know everyone reads science fiction?" she begins, but you aren't listening. You are looking at the sign they've just put up, which reads: "Samuel Goldwin presents 'The Gray Lensman' starring Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, Montgomery Clift, Susan Hayward, Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan, Ann Sothern, Boris Karloff, Lionel Barrymore, Vincent Price, and 2,000 Beautiful Dancing Girls in Technicolor."

This is too much! You slide silently to the sidewalk.

After awhile, you hear a voice from far-away, saying..."My, he's certainly taking a long Null-A pause."

When you wake, it is late night and all is quiet. You sit on the curb and silently reflect on the situation. It is no more exclusive to be a fan--everybody is. It takes the kick out of it for everyone to be a fan. No one thinks you're crazy anymore. You don't know all the fans and you couldn't possibly get all of the thousands of fanzines published. Prices on fantasy are way out of your reach. Science fiction is being perverted in all forms. It has become the thing to do to become a sf fan. Somehow you feel very lonely.

But relax! It isn't really happening; it's pure flight of fancy. But did you ever stop to think that science-fiction is becoming more popular every day and someday this picture may come true....?

oo  
If you're out of toilet paper, use your imagination.  
oo

Note: Cliff Gould would like to make it known that his contribution to this issue was composed in November of

1955. You won't need a rag to dust off the cobwebs as we did that when we ran it off. # Two other dated items are (a) Boob's story (written @ the time of the Clevention) and mine. Lyons not only believes in the Cult, he's a member & published an FR. At least, I guess he believes.



# A Hornbook for Conventions

Bob Bloch

- A is for Aspirin, well-known, I trust,
- B for the Binges that make it a "must".
- C the Committee that runs the affair,
- D for Disasters, making them tear their hair.
- E is for Einstein, who never attends,
- F for the Fans upon whom all depends.
- G For Gregarity (60 fans in one room),
- H is the House Dick whose coming means doom.
- I for Intelligence (how'd that get in here?)
- J is the Jigger that opens canned beer.
- K for the Keyhole which gives a fine view;
- L is the Lout who stoops down and looks through.
- M is both Masquerade and Mixer (a "set-up")
- N stands for Noon (that's a good time to get up).
- O is an Orator, making a speech,
- P is a Pro, for Drinks making a reach.
- Q stands for Questions a panel reviews --
- R for the Riot which often ensues.
- S is the Stag (just a drinker and smoker)
- T is for Tacker, who always plays poker.
- U for Ungodly (an hour of the night)
- V is the Voting on next year's Con-site.
- W for Women -- and Wolf, too (a pity!)
- X stands for anything (like the harrassed Committee)
- Y the Young-Fan, squirting water, the whacks
- Z for my Zap-Gun, which squirts him right back.



# Reprints from LE ZOMBIE, November, 1944

THE MIGHTY HAVE FAINTEN DEPT: Lo! The great LeZ is top fanzine no longer. For the better part of two years now, thanks to the machinations of Tucker and the distributing of semi-annual postcards on which readers were forced to vote for LeZ, the ghoul's ghazette has occupied top spot on all popularity pools it conducted.

It required no small amount of work, such as losing incoming cards that voted for some other fanzine, changing those cards that were not written in ink, and the expending of extensive cash outlay to help make up the minds of those backwoods fen who were weak-minded and pliable.

Alas! All is lost. The worms have turned. Callow, unloyal followers that our readers are, they have scorned our pleas, ignored our subtle threats, coolly pocketed and forgotten our bribes--to vote for some other scurvy sheet.

The latest popularity poll, conducted thru the pages of a non-partisan agency--a Brooklyn newsheet, shows--surprise! The aforementioned Brooklyn newsheet is now the top fanzine!

We call to the attention of all justice-minded fans this incredible outrage of the fanzine world! We point with shame to the Brooklyn newsheet, and suggest that its editor is slightly guilty of unfair practices in the poll, by such acts as losing the incoming cards that voted against it, changing those cards not written in ink, and the out-right cash purchase of the votes of those backwoods fen who are weak minded and pliable!

We charge this poll is a fraud. Proof lies in the fact that 73 postcards voting for LeZ as top fanzine were not counted! The Brooklyn sheet cannot deny the existence of these 73 cards because they were mailed from the Bloomington postoffice before witnesses! Fraud! Fraud!

LEZ LETTERZ DEPT:

Virgil Slink  
Chicago

"Here is a dime. Send me your mag. Make it snappy!"

Ditto: "Where in the hell is your mag."

Ditto: "Your mag. just came. I haven't opened it yet. Thanks."

Ditto: "I have just read your mag. It stinks. Send dime back."

Ditto: "Please forgive mistake. Wasn't your mag at all, it was Nova that just come."

Ditto: "Where in the hell is your mag. Make it snappy."



# David Rike (a play called "Studio 69")

SCENE: It is October 12th, Columbus Day, and Terry Carr, to celebrate the occasion, has set out to discover Rodeo. This really isn't too hard, tho, since he's taking the bus and he's been there before, so he arrives safely. The scene opens in Rike's bedroom. There is a couch, bed, orange crates filled with pms, pbs, and books, and a chair here and there.

CARR: Dave, what do you think of the postmailing that the Can-Fans sent out through FAPA?

RIKE: I didn't get it.

CARR: No? Well, Lyons mentioned in his zine that the Cult is a great big hoax and that Ted White tried to convince him otherwise.

RIKE: But the Cult ISN'T a hoax! Why, I've been getting the FANTASY ROTATORS since last December. It just can't be a hoax...here, look at these FR's. (Gets two manila folders, marked "Cult")

CARR: (looking through the folders) Yeah, I am looking at these FR's. Hell, the more I look at them, the more I'm inclined to believe Lyons. The Cult HAS to be a hoax. Ghudammit, it has to be. I do believe it, I really do. Look: who in the hell would turn out a 68-page zine for just 13 persons? (Waving AH ALSO c/w TEN NIGHTS... around) It just has to be a hoax, I can't believe that White would put out a fan-zine of this size for just 13 persons.

RIKE: White just ran the zine off; it was Multog and Stark's mag. And there's generally three on the wading list, so that makes 16 persons.

CARR: Anyway, that makes no difference--13 or 16, you can't tell me that someone's going to do all of THIS (waving the Cult folders around) and send most of the zines first class, just so that the members get 'em sooner. NOT BECAUSE THERE'S ANYTHING OFF-COLOR ABOUT THE MAGS. It's too much for me to take. And look here: Wegars putting out 24 pages, Magnus publishing about the same, and both send 'em first class. And Anderson sending his to you by air mail! A 30-page zine, about the largest he's ever done, air mail, and all for 13 persons? I've never heard of such a thing. It's all a hoax, I say!

RIKE: But, but...you have the mags in front of you...

CARR: Bah! Look here: you and Moreen haven't done a thing for FAPA recently and yet you've put out 17 pages in just one-shots, and Ghu knows how large your FANTASY ROTATOR'll be when it comes out. And Moreen here hasn't put out a gen-



eralzing in almost a year and nothing in FAPA this year... and yet he puts out this 80-page FR in about two weeks. It's impossible...it all has to be a hoax!

RIKE: Yeah, but if this is a hoax, how can you reconcile the fact that I belong to the cult and have been getting its mailings ever since I got on its wading-list?

CARR: That's simple...YOU are a hoax, non-existent. It's ALL a hoax, EVERYTHING's a hoax. No wonder the CanFans didn't send you their postmailings...you're a hoax! They knew! While we Califans are brash, puerile young fans, they are mature, intelligent adults, Wise In The Ways Of The World. They KNOW that it's all a hoax!

(The scene, save for Carr, slowly dematerializes, and Carr's room takes shape. Carr blinks his eyes and turns around...)

CARR: Ha! I knew it, it was all a hoax! I knew that an intelligent fan like Lyons couldn't be wrong! (he brushes up against one of the orange crates that line his walls and a stack of master units falls down off of the top of the crate. He looks through the already-prepared masters and looks up, shocked.) Oh, mighu! If Rike doesn't exist, then...then...who'll ditto up INNUENDO for Boob and me? Oh, mighu!

.....  
...tortures which would shock any self-respecting degenerate...  
.....

#### A Word From Rike.....

With luck, there should be an improvement in reproduction on the latter half of this fmz. I got myself another ditto (the cheapest Soars/Tower job that would handle letter size) to replace the flatbed and it appears to work alright. I consider this as good since my flatbed is prone to giving the operator pains almost everywhere, but mainly in the back, besides craglugging ditto fluid, wrinkling master units, tearing paper, and dripping fluid on the units, among other vile acts.

This has been a little late. (understatement) But to be able to run a page off on the flatbed, there had to be a margin of at least  $\frac{3}{4}$ ", otherwise fluid would definately (instead of maybe) be slopped over the unit and it wouldn't stay stationary on the duper bed. As Terry didn't know of this, INN has had to wait until I got around to getting this other, and better, ditto.

Nextish, which will be out as soon as the master units can get typed up, rather than when I get around to getting another duper, will devote its contents to various and sundry conventions which have occurred here and there. We (remember this is a two-fan mag) already have a Kettering con report by Cecil, which was set to paper by her friend and companion, Ronald M. Bennett. There might also be a Midwescon report and the lowdown (not by Cneech Beldone tho) on the Westercon.

Number three (ambitious, aren't we?) will be published, at an interval. There will be an article by Jack Speer, possibly something by Carl Brandon, and stuff. Rush to your mailbox now and reserve your copy!



A LETTER FROM

Bob Bloch

It may be a little difficult for you to include a letter from me in the first issue of INNUENDO, because of the lack of a letter-column. I suggest, therefore, that you bring out the second issue first, so that you can print the letters you would have received previously. That is, if you received them, which you didn't.

As the dianeticians say, I hope I make myself clear.

I ran into Lee Hoffman at Cleveland, you know, and it was a pleasant surprise. There she was, sitting in the lobby--on her horse, naturally--and wearing this dress made out of an old Confederate Flag. Naturally I recognized her at once and introduced her around to the fans. Several of the grizzled old veterans claimed to remember her and I think that pleased her, even though one elderly party insisted on addressing her as "Frances Laney" and another kept talking about her "oldtime magazine, SCIENCE-FICTION PLUS".

Tucker, of course, knew her at once. He met her at the bar, and the three of us reminisced about the good old days when Boucher was just a pen-name of McComas and Richard was only a little Shaver.

It will please you to know that Lee has retained almost all of her faculties...gets around without a cane...can remember pretty well, and even carry on the thread of a conversation. She likes to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and stayed up until well past nine o'clock on several evenings, or was it mornings?

I am sure that she, and Tucker, and myself, and a number of other venerable fans, will be looking forward to INNUENDO with considerable interest. Perhaps I can offer a bit of criticism on the issue, based on long experience--my memory of fanzines extends way back to the first issue of DIMENSIONS. Though sometimes the past is dim.

Hoping you are the same,

Bob Bloch



*you Bastard, said Al Ashley*

*Charles Burbee*

(reprinted from BURBLINGS c/w ELMURMURINGS #1, July, 1947)

You bastard, said Al Ashley. These words of his, so much at variance with his generally genial attitude, ring in my head like a mad doorbell. At odd hours during the day I seem to hear his soft voice saying: You bastard. He says it with a smile because he has a sense of humor (in spite of what people may say) and often knows what is going on even if it sometimes seems that his brain is four measures behind. He is forced by the propriety of self-esteem, to vocalize himself in this dreadful epithet.

He always has a distinct and excellent reason for expressing himself thus. It is not to be thought that Al Ashley greets people at his door with this expression or that he can be depended upon to repeat it at odd intervals in a normal conversation. I have merely stripped the phrase of its context. As such it cannot stand alone and have anything but an esoteric meaning. So in the following pages I will outline a few of the many situations and remarks that have caused Al Ashley to give rise to this epithet.

For a time it was a humorous thing from Al Ashley's point of view to bring out "falsies" and wear them around the house outside of his shirt while visitors were present. The falsies and Al's elfish smile would naturally, as he expected, rouse comment from the onlookers. My God, Al, someone would be sure to say, what the hell are those? And Al would answer smiling say, Can't you see? And someone would say: Yeah, but whose are they? And Al would eagerly say: Oh, they belong to E-----. This was his punch line, because E-----'s homosexual tendencies are well known in the inner circle.

One evening, as Al Ashley was sporting these things around in view of a half dozen or more people, I said, Al, why are you wearing those crazy things--are they yours? Hell no, he said, they belong to E-----. Well, I said, I'm inclined to doubt that. You say they belong to him but I've never seen him wearing them. On the other hand I've seen you with them on a dozen times. You wear them so much, Al, I think they're yours.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Al Ashley's researches into the sex lives of the various fans he knows is something amounting to a passion. Al has a long list (in his head) of all the homos in local fandom and suspects at least 90% of the rest. With very little encouragement he can be brought out on the subject, declaiming this person and that person, and declaring others under a cloud of suspicion. His theme is that



You Bastard, Said Al Ashley--II

nearly everybody is queer and he's pretty disgusted with them all.

At one of these declamatory sessions somebody remarked that Al seemed pretty sure of his facts. They asked him how he could be so sure that nearly everybody was queer. I have definite proof, said Al. And then the redoubtable F. Towner Laney said I think you say people are queer just out of spite. You're trying to get even with them because you can't get into their pants.

You bastard, Said Al Ashley.

Al Ashley's attitude toward work is the usual one. He hates it. But instead of going ahead and working anyhow he simply does not work at all. Al Ashley has been out of work since November-December 1946. People are always discussing this, since it is obvious that he is not living on the income from a trust fund. Some people are even mad about it because there he is, sitting serenely in absolute idleness, yet plentifully supplied with the good things of life, which, to Al, are food, coffee, a roof over the head (under which to drink coffee), and plenty of restful, innocent slumber (such as comes to infants and saints) after which one may drink much coffee. In vain we recount to him the sad story of the grasshopper and the ant, out of our great smugness. Al Ashley likes to listen to the story because it is a fantasy, what with insects talking and all. But that is as far as it goes. Remarks on his idle state bring a pleasant smile to his genial face as he sits there like an idol carved from steak. But once F. Towner Laney said to him: Al, you've been out of work nine months--now either give birth to that baby or get a job.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Since he prides himself on his bargaining ability and his flair for finding bargains, it was not surprising to find him at his home one evening going around to each and every visitor, calling attention to his new brown sweater and telling them how he'd bought this high class piece of merchandise for only 98%. The visitor, bound by the rigid rules of hospitality, would make some polite remark. Al would move to the next victim and repeat the spiel. When he came to me and went through his formula I looked closely at the sweater, felt the material, and said sagely: But Al, what did you do with the potatoes that came in it?

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

About ten minutes later he was telling a new victim about the wonderful Ashley flair for finding bargains. I insinuated myself into the conversation by remarking: Why, that's the very sweater I gave last week to the Salvation Army!

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Once he was demonstrating how hard it was for two people to pull his clenched hands apart. Condra on one side and Wiedenbeck on the other were pulling with most of their strength, with no success. When they had given up, Condra remarked that Al Ashley, for his



You Bastard, said Al Ashley--III

size, was deceptively strong. As Al swelled up I said: He ought to be strong, he's been saving his strength for the last nine months.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Another time, Al Ashley and others sat drearily contemplating each other in the LASES clubroom just after the regular Thursday night meeting. It is always difficult to tell when a meeting is in session or not, since nothing happens in either circumstance. Laney, on his way out, turned at the door and said: Good night, people. And goodnight, Al. Though this is a standard phrase around the Half World, and often was used on Kepner, thus: Hello men, and you too, Kepner--Al Ashley was somehow moved to utter the now classic phrase: You Bastard.

Perhaps the chief joy of Al Ashley's life is retelling the story of how he defended his battered honor against the unsuitable blandishments of his friend (owner of the falsies). One evening he was, as usual, telling the story, and we were all listening, as usual, with great personal joy. So, said Al, he asked me to give it to him this way. When I said no, he asked if he could do it to me. Then he said he didn't like it this other way very much but would be willing to do it that way if I insisted. I said no. So he argued with me. He said how did I know I wouldn't like it if I hadn't tried it? He said if I tried it, just once, I might find out how wonderful it was. He said it was glorious between two men and I certainly was missing a lot if I'd never tried it. He said I owed it to myself to give it a try.

Al, I said, he used the wrong approach. He used the argumentative approach. The intellectual approach. He should have just quietly taken you into his arms and kissed all your fears away.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Al Ashley claims activity credit for the use of his name in this.

Once he was demonstrating how hard it was for two people to pull his clenched hands apart. Gorda on one side and Widenbeck on the other were pulling with most of their strength, with no success. When they had given up, Gorda remarked that Al Ashley, for his



1497 FERRY CARR

3. Carl goes to  
Don's house two times

And Griffin

WE DECIDED TO  
MAKE A RE-ENTRY

pages long.

pages long," said  
that same style is

1 pages long," said  
that same style it  
gets in your blood

"But just because

"But just because  
son for you to be

James Joyce."

even thinking li  
keep thinking li  
"Be clear"

by to calm Carl do  
block' classes. W  
nee than. Of cau



What Should

THE CHODLY COUPLE WHO RUN THE BLAN SHACK ARE WALT AND MADELINE  
WILLIS. WISE, RELAXED, HELPFUL, OBSERVANT. THEY ARE AVAILABLE ALWAYS  
EXCEPT FOR ONE DAY A MONTH WHEN THEY GO OUT "TO PLAY GHOODMINTON."



The Typewriter. The And Gafin--II

THAT, IN TERRESTRIAL TERMS, IS OUR LABORATORY SETUP. WE INSTALLED A TYPEWRITER AND RIGGED UP A AS COMPLEMENTARY OBSERVATION-CONTROL EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT USING A MISERABLE IN- EFFICIENT OLD-FASHIONED ON WHICH WAS TO BE RE- ED EVERY EQUIVALENT OF EARTH MONTH.

"Why do you read science fiction?"

Richard Geis looked up from the Summer issue of Startling Stories to Maddy Willis, and began to shake slowly at the magazine dropped to the floor.

"Because...because I want to escape of this world."

"Why are you in fandom?"

"Why do you rebel against fandom?"

"Because I want to do something for science fiction...because I'm a non-conformist."

"Why do you wish to fold PSYCHOTIC?"

"Because I want to publish SFR."

"Why do you wish to fold SFR?"

"Because I want to publish PSYCHOTIC."

"Why don't you wish to publish a fanzine?"

"B-b-b-b-because...I don't know...I don't know...I don't know..."

Willis walked into Janice's room...she was practicing plays and gambits...she didn't know he was there...he walked up behind her.

"Why do you hate fans?"

"Because...because...just because that's the way I am."

"Have you always wanted to be a BNF?"

"Only since I realized that I hated fans."

"Why do you want to be a BNF?"

"Because...because I hate fans."

Wayne Strickland walked into Maddy's kitchen...he leaned against



The [Typewriter], The [ ], And Gaila--III

the wall and cleaned his fingernails with a nail-file. When Maddy had turned her back for a moment he took out a grease pencil that was hidden in his vest pocket and drew the sign of the Cosmic Circle on the wall. He was startled by Maddy's resonant voice:

"Why didn't you want to do that?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you want to do that?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you love Janice?"

"Because she's the first girl that I ever... he stopped in mid-sentence, realizing that she knew he wasn't telling the truth. "Because I didn't want to draw that on the wall."

"Why didn't you want to do that?"

"Because I love Janice."

Georgina Ellis was busy arranging her clippings from the local paper on her bed. She didn't hear Willis enter the room. He stopped right behind her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Why do you hate Harry Calnek?"

"Because Ron Ellik says he's a neo fan."

"Why do you hate Ron Ellik?"

"Because Harry Calnek is really Al Collins."

"Why do you hate Al Collins?"

"Because he isn't in FAPA."

"Why do you hate FAPA?"

"I--I don't know!"

"Why do you hate FAPA?"

"Because Wellheim didn't like Al Collins."

Young, Innocent, Cute, Raeburn walked up to Robert Bloch... he was sitting before his typewriter... typing. He was typing an article for a fanzine. Little Raeburn got bored... he went off to play with Kidder and Steward... they were nice... besides, Mommy liked them too. He went to play with Kidder and Steward... Maddy came into the room. She looked over Bloch's shoulder at what he was typing.

"Why don't you write like that for the proxines?"



"Is that why you write for Ray Palmer?"

"Why do you hate fangs?"

"Because they don't have any money."

"Why do you hate Ray Palmer?"

"Because he keeps giving me money."

"Then why don't you hate Bea Mahaffey?"

Bloch paused for a moment...scratched his head in contemplation and then grinned slyly...that was all the answer Maddy needed.

The newspaper hit the porch step with a resonant thud. Maddy Willis turned away from the markings on the kitchen wall, put down the cloth that she had been wiping them off with, and turned toward the door. She smiled as she unfolded the paper, the smile turned into a broad grin as she read the headline in 92 point type...Taurasi was going all out. She walked back to the kitchen, and placed the paper carefully down on the kitchen table, face-up...making sure that everyone would see it.

Richard Geis walked into the kitchen. He was holding a sealed envelope in his hand. Within the envelope was a letter to a friend. It closed, "...and so I have decided not to publish any fanzine at all...there is no reason to...". He gaped at the headline...he read it unbelievably time after time.

He ran quickly to the foot of the stairs and shouted up to the







Ten minutes later...they had reached a decision. Wayne loved Jan, and he would be her campaign manager. He would give her the complete backing of the Cosmic Circle. And if she won...and if she became a BHF...they would marry. He was happy. She was happy. They were happy!

Georgina Ellis was next to get the use of the typewriter. She wrote a letter to Al Collins...she told him that she, and her Cute, Young son Raeburn (and his 'imaginary' little friends Kidder and Steward) loved him. And that they wanted to marry him, and live for ever in Radio Central, New York. She added that she was quitting PAPA. Georgina was happy.

She was just adding a passionate "p.s." when Robert Bloch came into the room and threw her away from the typewriter...she staggered out of the room, the letter clutched to her breast, to seek an envelope and a stamp...she was happy!

Bloch sat down to the typewriter. He wrote two letters. One to Ray Palmer. He told rap that he didn't want to be paid with money...he wanted postage stamps to support his fanac. He was wildly happy. He could finally express himself in the prozines...he wasn't getting paid money. He was happy! He then wrote a letter to his wife back in Weyanwaga. He told her, "...and so dear you must get a job to support yourself and the twelve starving children...I finally have the chance of a life-time! I'll be able to write for the pro-zines...really write I mean! I'll expect you to send me only ten dollars a week for food, and then you can make use of the rest as you please. Don't forget to..." Bloch was happy!

Little Raeburn sat down at the typewriter...he started to write a Derogation. He was happy. The main characters were Walt and Maddy. He was happy!

AT THIS POINT [WE] FELT THAT THINGS HAD PROGRESSED FAR ENOUGH. IT WAS [OBVIOUS] THAT EVERYTHING WOULD [WORK OUT] [SATISFACTORALLY]. SO WE THEN [PACKED] OUR POSSESSIONS AND [MADE READY] FOR [OUR] [RE-TURN] [JOURNEY]. [ [WE] [ARE] [HAPPY] ] [!!!]

oo  
Tucker Is A Louse! Yngvi Is Dead! -- cig  
oo



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