

converses

DAVID RIKE BOX 203 RODEO CALIF., U.S.A. The Chant; editorial; Fike

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This is Innuendo combined with Califar, c/w Vulcan, c/w Bhang, c/w Nonsense, c/w Boo!, c/w Looking Backward, c/w Omega, c/w It Came From Box 203, c/w Clunque, c/w Z, S, S'n, c/w Stf Tales, c/w Fardom Dispatch, c/w Blank, c/w Nothing, c/w Seetee, c/w The Golden Gate To Fantasy, c/w Booful, c/w Looking, Somehow. c/w House of Whacks, c/w Correspondencionure, c/w Atomica, c/w The BEM And I, c/w La Vie En Fandom, Blood, Sweat and Bheers, c/w Gleet. This issue is dedicated to Redd Boggs, who asked for it, and to Charles Wells, who keeps track of such things.

'I mentioned to Terry that we should combine all of our fanzines into one and then pub that fairly regularly as a genzine and then send it thru the apae we'd belong to, to fulfill activity requirements in them. Instead of sending one issue thru all of the apae, we would be different and send issues thru them in a rotating fashion. Thish, #2, would go thru FAPA, #3 would go thru SAPS, and so on. OMPA would also join in on the fun once one of us get in.

"This concept of rotating <u>Inn</u> thru the apae," said Terry, "is revolutionary."
"Yes," said I, "and with a fmz that'll come out almost monthly, why we

might soon become big wheels."

"But," sighed Terry, "we might tire of this steady fanac."

"However," I said, " we could (hub) cap the mag by making the last issue a big hairy annish, like Joel Nydahl, or something."

"That would utterly brake my back, " replied Terry.

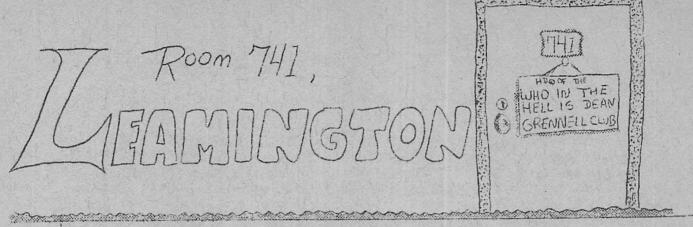
All of this conversation was not for naught, for it built up a good - sized thirst in us and we opened a fifth of champagne and a couple of bottles of Guiness, mixed them and celebrated the occasion with Black Velvet.



The Fapams reading this who might want keep on getting Innuendo when it's sent thru apae that they don't belong to can go about it like everyone else. That is, copies are available—in exchange for a copy of your fanzine to both Terry and myself (if you want two copies of Inn, we'll oblige), contribution, an ad herein (½ page, 25¢; ½ page, 50¢; full page, 75¢), with a limited number of copies available for letters of comment. While we love money like everyone else, this isn't a subzine, so don't expect it to get you any copees.

The an apa zine, <u>Innuence</u> will not feature mailing comments or similar esoterica to confuse the readership who don't belong to FAPA, SAPS, or 3MPA. Instead, we will have a specially concepted brand of esoterica of all our own, to confuse all of the readership and not just a portion of it. No faweritism from us....no sir-ree!

Terry says to me that the Fund to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Bheers Cans is lagging and that I must be something. What, I said? Go get us a case of Bull Dog Stout, he said. Since they chipped in to get it, who am I to stand in the way of progress, much less this stencil that I am typing? We both leave you.



"Well," said Carl, "how did it go at the Westercon?"

Carr and Rich were out going after some more champagne and bheer and stuff
to eat, so it was up to me.

"It was alright," I said, "tho there were some things which could've been desired. However, I won't bother you with the complete details — besides, I don't remember everything — but rather just touch upon the various and sundry interesting highlights. I magine that you know the general run of things, from hearing us talk about other cons, so I don't have to bother with the routine upon which all of this action is strung."

"Sure, sure," he said, "I guess I know as much about a con as anyone who has never been to one. And, anyway, if there's anything that I don't quite understand, I can always ask you. Well, here's a can of Bull Bog, now relate..."

I took the stout, drank, and related.

Gould and Carr made it over to the Leamington around 9 or 9:30 Friday night and met me. They told me of a Experience which seeking out a means of getting from S.F. over to Oakland. It seems that Cliff suddenly wanted to see how much it would be to take a taxi, so they went and asked. The driver they questioned said it would be \$6.50, or some similar sum, for the two of them. They decided to rough it on the Key System Transbay Train.

"But," said the taxi-cab driver, " it so happens that I have these two young lovely ladies here in my cab who want to go over to Oakland, but they haven't

any money. Now....if you two young gentlemen should hire my bab for a trip to Oakland, so that these two young lovely ladies can get over there, I'll appreciate it so much that I'll cut the fare from \$6.50 to \$5. Now, what'dya think of that?"

They took a look at the two young lovely ladies. They counted their money. They took the Key System

Transbay Train.

However, so Gould tells me, they were kicking themselves very hard all of the way over the Bridge for not taking the cab driver up on his money-saving proposition.

We three checked into our room, 741. It was a twin bed job, equipped with a liquor cabinent that had a refrigeration unit in it. It was able to hold a case and a half of bheer and six fifths of spirits at one time, with some room to spare. Later on, six more fans were to take up residence in the same room; at least, nine slept there over Saturday night. A couple of others, like Boob Stewart and Arlene Brennen, who just dropped by during the con and then left; made 741 as their base of operations. It wasn't hard to see why since almost everyone they knew at the con was padded in there. In fact, almost every active fan at the con either occupied 741 or the two room across from it, where Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston, and Dave and Rusty Jenrette stayed, with the possible

exception of Mrs. Karen Anderson. So, you might be able to say, by some streach of the imagination, that 741 was the hub of fannish activity, tho mainly by default.

The room being about the most congenial place to congregate, we spent alot of our time therein and paid little attention to the Official Program, the I was occasioned to dig the scene at the beginning and Matheson's speech on Saturday, and the auction after we had checked out on Sunday. It wasn't much of a program, the I will say this for the Tulleys, who did the work and put the con on, and that is that they upheld the time-honored Tradition of starting everything a bit late.

Boucher, in introducing the pros present, made a big fanfare about this author, and how everyone that he was a pen name for Henry Kuttner and how he never had been at a con before and

such stuff. #...and now, # Boucher said, #we present

to you, Jack Vance. 11

No one stood up. A few fans clapped, and Boucher was utterly flabbergasted. He pleaded and implored, but no Vance. A group of old fans, sitting on the sidelines could be seem nodding their heads and mummering under their beards that Tucker was right, after all. However, Vance did appear the next day and he didn't seem to resemble Kuttner, at least the photo of him that appeared in the program of the 1939 con.

And then there was this authors' panel headed by Poul Anderson, which seemed to be saying something, tho we couldn't hear them. However, after we left and contemplated a bottle of Jack Daniels up in 741, with some coke, others told us that the phrase "50¢ pmz" came thru all too loud and clear

for all to understand. From listening to the pros speak, at least those on the panel, one could induce that they weren't writing their very best for ol' JWC, Golg, or Tony, but rather were hacking their yarns out as fast as they could, hoping that someone would snatch it up, and thereby garner in some cash. This, they told the audience, would all be gone if we had a 50¢ prozine. I doubt that.

TO LIVE

OREVER

"What do you mean by 'we', Dave?" Carl asked.

"By 'we', I mean our group, those who were in our room: Terry Carr, Cliff Gould, Ron Ellik, William Courval, Dean McLees, Pete Graham, Tom Condit, Darby White, and myself."

"Who's White?"

"Darby White, a friend of Tom Condit, and fellow Marine. He was noted for flooping out and sleeping underneath the tv set and for getting rolled for \$15. Ghu knows how anyone rolled him, since I that Condit said White gave him his money for safe keeping. Courval and McLees made a crack about how it very well could've been done by the same type of person who would pick up drunk sailors, tho to look atGould, you'd think he was Innocence, triply-distilled and preserved in Alcohol. In fact, that was about the way Cliff was at the con, especially after taking a drink from the bottle of grain alcohol and ether that I brot down with the one of JD."

Carr came back at this moment and remarked, "Yeah, but did you notice how that alky-ether stuff seemed to be about the same all of the time, while the other battles were continually being emptied."

"That," I said, "was because everyone kept on saying that it was too strong, so I continually diluted it with water whenever I had the chance. I guess it was, 150 proof or more, not to say anything about the ether I added to it. A M.D. up at work mentioned that he used to have ether cocktails all of the time back in

in his pre-med days and that it really had an extra something to them over regular drinks."

"I guess he meant a kick in the guts, huh?"

"Ah, it wasn't that bad. Why, before the con, Condit and myself spent an evening up at my place drinking some 20 or more year old rock and rye (which Tom claimed was fusel oil) and that stuff, straight, while looking thru my stamp collection."

Carr had gone into the kitchen to put some of the stuff away in the ice box, and Carl was tiring of this getting off of the beaten track. "Alright, Leadbelly, continue on with the con."

"Is Peter Vorzimer and his group here?"

Martin Varno seemed obsessed by a Power Within to continually inquire about the presence of Vorz thru out the con. The first time was early Friday night when a couple of early comers were milling around Ackerman. Varno stuck his peach-fuzzed visage into the midst of this group and asked the Question.

There were a few glares in his direction, a few mummered "dunnos", "nds",

and the like. One women commented that she had sent Pete a sub for his magazine around an year ago and hadn't heard of him sence.

Undaunted by this lack of success, Varno then went off, no doubt to ask of others for the answer to his Question.

Time had passed and it was now Saturday, and Cliff and I were standing in front of the elevators when Varno bassed by.

"Cliff," I said, "is Li'l Pete here yet?"

"Yes," said Cliff, "I think he's here, or so I heard from some kid in the bar a while back."

Varno immediately rushed over to us and pressed fis for details and an elabcration of the whereabouts of Pete. When asked to reveal to Varno Pete's room number, Cliff improvised and gave him 975, Boucher's room.

After Varno rushed into one of the elevators, Cliff shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, if we won't be able to come upon Tony in shorts and shaving cream, maybe Martin will."

Later, Varno came upon us again, looking a bit down-hearted. "Well, what happened?" we asked.

"When I knocked on 975, a lady in a negligee answered and said she never heard of Vorzimer and that he definately was not in that room. She got a bit angry when I asked her if I could come in and look around to see if she had overlooked him, so I left."

Cliff suggested, after Varno left, to continue his search, that we should seek out an excavation or similar diggings which might be nearby, from which we might be able to obtain a kerosene lantern. This, we might give Varno to aid him in his quest of Vorzimer. After gathering up Courval and McLees, we took off on a search of our own, but found nothing; tho we chanced upon several liquor stores and bars both on coming and going.

It was . Saturday night and Varno was seated at a table in the bar that was adjacent to the con hall, and a bunch of us were grouped together around the entrance. From our midst, a voice bright and clear exclaimed, "Pete! Gee, we never that you'd get here. Pete. How are things, Pete?"

Varno's ears perked up, and his reddish-brown peach fuzz stiffened in auticipation, as he sought out the source of these sounds. He zeroed in on us and rushed pell-mell in our direction.

Our ranks opened to admit him, and he ran into Gould. "You re not Pete, are you?" he said. We glared at him, and he slinked off.

Under what conditions this Flying Dutchfian acquired his Curse, I know not, but as Gould and the Jenrettes and myself were leaving Oakland, we saw Martin

chasing off after some hobbled hobo in hopes that he may have the Vital Information. So, if you ever see a fan who needs a shave come up to you some day at a con and inquire if Vorzimer and his group is there yet, humor the boy and say, "He's in the bar."

"Was Vorzimer actually at the con, Dave?"

"I don't know. Cliff said he overheard some woman say that Pete was up in "G" and at that time I that was a nonexistant place, tho it turned out that the Mezzenene had rooms in which books, etc. were exhibited which were listed by letters rather than numbers, and that "G" was one of the rooms in which there were exhibits. Maybe he was up there, or maybe Cliff was just fabricating that bit of info. If he was up in Oakland at the time, he might've dropped in for a look-see, tho I doubt if he would journey all of the way up just to wander for awhile and then take off."

"Did you run into any other write-up-able characters? No doubt, there were all sorts of them around, tho I imagine that most were utter bores."

"Yeah, and an old timer at that."

"How would you like to put on next year's convention?"

Cliff and I were walking along the lobby of the hotel, going into the con hall, when he called us over. He was sitting there with his downward slanting eyes, imploring us to aid him. This was the same face that launched more than a thousand sheets thru the dark portals of both mimeograph and spirit duplicator. The short, gray haircut, the downward slanting eyes, the hoarse voice, the wispy mustache... All of it was there save for the "Thriftly unlit cigar"; but maybe he had actually smoked it and didn't

dimental but the transfer of t

Manual at 1

E.Everett Evans spoke to Gould, "How would you like to put on next year's convention?"

get around to obtaining a replacement.

For the reaction that took place he might've said, "Do you know that George Wetzel is a pen-name for Bob Bloch?" (which isn't so, of course)

Cliff stared unbelievingly at him. EEE continued, "Why, in 1940, these two 16 year old fans,....er, uh..."

"Melvin Korshak and Mark Reinsberg," I said.

"...er, yes," he continued, "Morshak and lo lo Reinsberg put on the Chicon, one of the best cons, and they even travled all of the way up to Battle Creek, Michigan, to see if EE Smith would attend and be the Guest of Honor. Now, I don't see what would stop YOU from doing the same thing and put on next year's Westercon."

He probably said a great deal more, but that was the jist of his utterances. He felt that since Gould was a fairly prominent and active fan (at least, that's what Evans said), that he should be well fitted for the task of putting on something like the Westercon and, he added, about what a Great Honor it was and all: being able to empty the ash trays in the smoke-filled rooms, hear the greats of fandom plan for Tomorrow, and all of that, besides doing all of the work of putting on the con. Of course, he forgot a few li'l details in his fairy tale about the enterprising 16 year old fans who put on the Chicon. He made no mention about the size of the pre-war conventions, that the Westercon drew, this year, 400 or more fans, while affairs like the Chicon did well to get even half that many. Nor hid he mention the fact that the whole of fandom knew about, were interested in, and generally supported the prewar cons while the Westercons are of interest only to West Coast fans, and that there are alot of them who are relatively uninterested in them, even the they live out here and can make them.

When this gambit failed, he occasionally trailed Cliff around, trying to corner him and possibly reason with him, but Cliff managed to hide behind something and elude Evans and/or out run him.

Near the end of the convention, at the auttion, one of the C-D boys and some L.A. fan came up to Gould, saying that they were planning on bidding for Holly-wood.

"Mannan," said the C-D boy, "will we have a ball there!" Cliff shuddered. "FUT, of course, we'll drop out if YOU want to put in a bid for San Diego...."

Within 30 minutes of this interview, Cliff was on his way out of Oakland, speeding toward the San Francisco International Airport. As Cliff said, "Have a ball? Bah! I prefer a wing or a drumstick any time!"



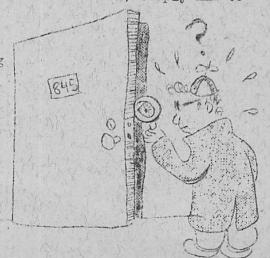
"Well," said Carl, "you mightaswell tell me of the trouble you had with the hotel detective. Or did you go to bed at 9 o'clock each evening after having a snack of cookies and milk?"

There were no hotel detectives that we could see, tho the Leamington seemed to have excellent substitutes in the form of a number of well-muscled bell boys. And...believe it or not, we had no run-ins with them. The nearest thing to it was on Friday night, just before midnight. We were playing the radio and Cliff was insistent that the jazz piece being played was by someone or another (which it wasn't) and he turned it up all of the way so we could head it nice and clear. This resulted in a telephone call asking us to please turn the radio down a little bit. We did this immediately, tho we stayed up talking to around 4:30 in the a.m. before going to bed.

The next night, with nine of us in there, we stayed up about just as late, if not later, and even with everyone jabbering, we managed to keep it down so as not to disturb anyone. As a sidelight, most of us seemed unable to sleep past 7:30 am each morning. Courval, McLees, Ellik and crew woke us up at that hour on Saturday when they came in and, on Sunday, Cliff and myself eyed each other blearily from our respective beds while Ronel sat, dressed, in a chair waiting to go to Mass.

However, methinks that there were others who were not so fortunate, tho it was their own fault if they did tangle with the bell boys, or hotel detectives, if there were any there. After the session broke up Sunday midnight, parties were being held and there was one especially noisy one right above us, on the 6th floor. Cliff, being the West Coast representative of the Goon, simply HAD to

get into that party and see if the LA fans, pros, likable strangers, and broads were in any way possibly providing readable material for Retribution. We sat there, contemplating the noise and then went off, with bottle, for the lobby. From there, Cliff phoned up to the room and complained to them about the noise, but said that since they were keeping him up, would it be possible for him to join in on the fun, if he brot his own bottle along. They said sure, so Cliff went on up. In the meantime, either someone tipped off that Cliff was a rep. of the Goon Defective Agency, or the Power in Control at the time that Cliff phone was toppled from



his throne, because all doings stopped at Cliff's knock and the door was chained, while the person lurking behind it opened it only far enough to inform Gould that he should go to hell and that the quickest way was to be found behind the elevator door.

However, ever the intrepid fan, Cliff said that that event didn't hinder him from writing up the iniquitous doings for Ret. He just figured out that the screams, yells, thumping sounds, and dull thuds weren't coming from a Ghoodminton Game, and figured deductively from there. Clever boy, that Cliff!

"All of these indidents are very well and nice, but what were your general, all around impression of this con and how it influenced your opinion of other cons, especially the prospect of you making one in the future?"

Despite its size (over 400 attending), the array of pros and other attractions that were presented there, I was sorely disampointed in it. True, the hetel was very fine and there were no really horrid disturbances and such, but there just weren't many faaaans attending.

I go to cons to meet fans, and there were damn few there. This has knocked out any desire on my part to dig the scene at any other con, unless I

happen to be in the immediate vicinity. Even a World Con.

The I probably could, I didn't go back to New York this year since I didn't want to make a trip all of the way back east, with the resultant expense, loss of income from not working during that time, etc., and come upon the knak same sort of dearth of fans, as was at the Westercon. Oh, sure, there might be a few fans, but they'd either be localites who I wouldn't know and who'd be interested in MYC fandom only or the Big Name/Noise fans. You've read those articles, no doubt, that've appeared here and there about how fandom now has a social stratification, with ordinary fans, like you and I, being lower than well known fans and pros. Besides, there are no friends of mine back there: you, Terry, Pete, Boob, Don, and the rest never went, so why sould I waste my time and money on something like that?

"Ah, come on now, what about the pros that were once fans; why you've even corresponded with one or two of them. Certainly they'd like to meet you."

"I'm not so sure, since I do believe that one of those 'pros that were once fans' wrote one of those articles (if not THE article) about how fans nowadays aren't on a equal plane. And, anyway, according to the way they write up the cons, all one goes to one for is to play cards, drink up, and shack up with some blonde. You know I dislike to play cards, and the like; I much rather prefer to to sit around here drinking up at your place, like we are right, now, with friends; and one needn't go all the way to New York to shack up, why I know of a couple

of motels right in Rodeo where for \$5..."
"Yeah, but maybe they're trying to create a race of Cosmen."

"Maybe, but it isn't worth traveling 3,000 miles, just for that. If I make it to L.A. next year and if someone sez to me, 'Let's go to Hermosa and dig the sounds at the Lighthouse.' or if I'm invited to a bheer bust at someone's pad, I'd bug out like anything. Hell with cons."

"But, hurray for champagne," said Carr as he popped the cork on a fifth

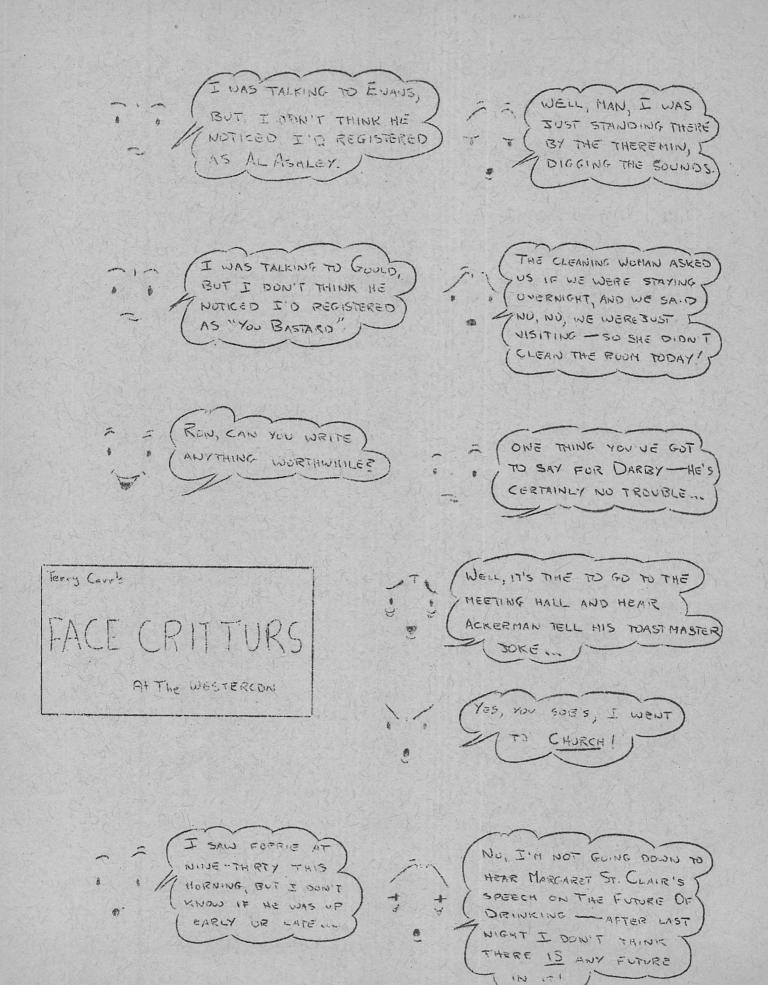
and refilled our glasses.

....David Rike

Overheard At The Westercon, 1956

"...know Bixby? Hell, I've been living with him for six months!" Martin Varno "Right now, I'm living in Richmond and am running a professional mimeographing business." Rog Phillips

"Ah, I bet my copy of Clark Ashton Smith's The Double Shadow and Other Fantasies has more corrections in in than yours! " Tom Condit





by carl brandon

"Boob" Stewart called me while I was eating dinner and mulling over George Spencer's failure to win this year's Keith Joseph Award. Ghod, how I hate to see Wetzel win it; he doesn't even put out a fanmag, for Ghusake.

Anyway, I was thinking that such are the trials of fandom when "Boob" called.

"Hullo," he said. And then there was this monstrous silence. That's what I hate about "Boob"—if he's the tiniest bit potted or anything he doesn't say a word. He wasn't potted yet, since it was the evening before the Westercon, but I can remember at least five minutes of silence from him.

Finally, I said "Hullo" back at him.

"You going to the con?" he said.

"Nope. I gotta work."

"Oh. Well, if you get a chance, come on over, and we'll see ya." Then there was another big silence, until I realized he'd hung up.

Anyway, I finished eating and went to work. When I got to the service station where I work, Norm Harris was there, slamming his fist into his palm, all redhot and everything. He'd brought in his car to be fixed a couple of days before, but I hadn't been able to get it done yet. It takes time to change the oil in a car, for ghusake.

"Wonder what they're doin' in Oakland?" I said.

"I dunno," Norm said. He's really not much of a fan-he just writes the stuff once in awhile, but he's a promising writer.

"Probably Marilyn Tully is climbing up to the speaker's stand right now

My Evening II

and saying, 'Free bheer will be sent to all rooms at your request, poker chips are optional, and the house dick is home in bed with a cold.' Then I bet they play a tape by the London Circle."

"I don't really care too much," Norm said.

"In a couple hours the parties will be starting," I said. "Dave will be writing down interlineations and Terry'll be drawing face critturs and Bob will be getting potted. There'll be fans all around, saying witty things, or at least thinking witty things, in Bob's case. Maybe Dave brought his ditto and they'll put out a one-shot."

"I'm really not interested," Norm said.

"They'll have a wonderful program, no doubt," I said. "Boucher is always good, and Richard Matheson is Guest of Honor. Maybe Bradbury will be there." This interested Norm more, which was why I said it. But I stopped there, because I'm a fakefan and those are the only pros I know.

"Well, maybe they do have a good program," said Norm, "but right now I'm not interested."

"Ghod, how I wish I was there," I said.

"I'm glad you're not," said Norm.

"But why?" I said. "Why, why? The bheer will be flowing and--"

"Because I want you to get my God damned car ready!" Norm shouted. "Now for Chrissake get busy!"

Norm really isn't much of a fan; he's only written one stf story, as a matter of fact, and that was cruddy.

Do you take off your tendrils before you go to bed?

Kris Neville, author, is a frustrated preacher. A feature at each party is a sermon by him. With texts, gestures, and the old hellfire and damnation throbbing in his voice. A sermon, Kris! we cry. A subject, he says. Christian charity, I call. Fine, says he. And with a slow beginning, working to a magnificent thundering climax, off goes the sermon. Hand Christ turned to the thief on the left of him as they hung on the crosses. And Christ said unto him: Know ye not that I am Christ, the Son of God, and WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NOT DIE? And the thief said yes, LORD, I know that ye are Christ the son of God. And Jesus said, Wait for me in Heaven, for I shall join you there. And Christ turned to the other thief, and said, Believeth you in Me? And the thief said, No, Christ; Christ, no. I do not believe in you. And the everloving, gentle, beloved Christ said to the thief, FRY IN HELL... No sir, when it comes to sermons, there is no sermon like a Neville sermon...

Elmer Perdue, "Me 'n Ike," in BURBLINGS, February, 1953.



When I was at college, Lee, my roommate, convinced me of the advantages of travel a la thumb. I went to the TwerpCon in Antwerp in July 1955 by road and I travelled the same way to Kettering for the second successive convention to be held in the Northamptonshire market town. Date of Good Friday, 30th March 1956. This time I hitched south in company with Les Jefferson, a Leeds SFA member attending his first convention. A con is like a pretty woman. After the first time, it never seems the same. Perhaps he should be writing this report.

We hit Kettering at 3:45 and ran into Norman Wansborough near the Royal, the hotel taking care of the George's overflow, and incidentally overseas visitors. Norman told us how he was busy converting the Royal's receptionist into a fan but later turned up singlehanded at the party that night.

At the George, Terry Jeeves immediately tried to sell me a sub to TRIODE but I escaped to meet Peter Rigby, a contributor to PLOY that I hadn't previously met, even though he lives in Southport, about twenty miles away. Pete Taylor, the London fan who slept on my floor at Manchester two years ago and of whom I wish I saw a lot more, introduced me to Bruce Kidd, the EC comic collector. I was just selling Pete Rigby and his co-ARCTJRan John Ashcroft copies of NEW WORLDS 1 and 3 when Walt Willis made his typically unimpressive quiet entrance. Bruce went down on all fours to salaam, much to Walt's embarrassment. Such is fame. I found Vince Clarke waiting for the bar to open so that he could have his orangeade and found Jan Jansen standing among a group of awed fen (well, have you met Jansen?) including most of the Liverpool mob, Mal Ashworth and Sheila O'Donnell and Archie Mercer. Jan was busy telling everyone about my escapades in Antwerp with Monique Steel, which caused Walt to ask, "Is she the Monique of all evil?" I think he's been waiting since last July to get that one in.

I had tea with Archie and Les and bumped into the GESTALTers, from Tyneside. Sorting them out on first meeting was a bit of a problem, especially as Con Turner, the magazine's editor, who I'd previously chained to my jazz records when home in Harrogate, wasn't able to be present. Jim Marshall said

My Second Thumbcon--II

he'd known I was hitching down and as they'd travelled by car he'd been hoping to run into me on the way down. Ham!

I have dim memories of discussing Double Century beer with Dave Cohen and of playing chess with honours even with Anne Steul. Ellis Mills was here playing with an indoor flying saucer and the Liverpudlians gave me my scarab, a ruby which had to be worn on the forehead as a third eye to distinguish the group from Lesser Fen. I rated an extra large one (which no one else would wear, I think) which sparkled every time I raised an eyebrow. Don MacKay, who used to do those wonderful SPACE DIVERSIONS covers, quipped, "All that glitters isn't Ron Bennett, but it very nearly is," and Ron Buckmaster told me that every time there is a sudden silence in a conversation it's either twenty to the hour or twenty past, a sign that those watching us are imposing their wills on us.

After a few Brown Ales, I vaguely remember having a long talk with Peter Hamilton and Dave Gardner on writing and selling SF. Someone shot Peter Reaney with a sapgun and he obliged by dying for us. He lay unmoving on the floor for about fifteen minutes and then we had him do it all over again while Norman Shorrock recorded the event on colour film. About midnight Dave Cohen, Dave Newman, Norman and Ina Shorrock and myself sat down to play three card brag, a game I'd met at the Liverpool Xmas Party where Dave Newman had collected in about thirty bob. He did the double here and won about the same amount again. The session broke up about 4 a.m. with us the last in the lounge. The all-night party had been taking place around us; Archie Mercer was the last to leave and sober too. I went along with Dave Cohen and we blathered about SF of all things until breakfast time Saturday.

After breakfast I went looking around Kettering and discovered a second-hand magazine shop which supplied me with a few copies of MUTT & JEFF and MAD and then I went back to the George in time for the beginning of the con programme. Here I met the American visitors, Larry and Lee Hoffman Shaw, Dave Kyle and Dick Wilson. I managed to corner Lee for a few minutes to talk about QUANDLY, Cecil my pet elephant, her return to Fandom, and allied topics. She gave me a souvenir for my fannish museum (why should Batman have a corner on the market?) of an American penny and I taped it on to a card which she and Larry signed. Larry told me how he was both a fakefan and a fakepro and that he was thinking of distributing INFINITY through FAPA. Vin¢ Clarke very rudely interrupted us by announcing from the platform that the con was officially

opened. And the programme began.
A programme at a convention! Harry
Carr, who sports the pseudonym of
W. H. Powers, gave a very interesting demonstration of hypnotism.
Volunteers flocked to the stage. Jan
Jansen, on whom I was keeping an eye
to see that he didn't overspend the
ALPHA funds I owed him, stepped up
along with Renee Mackay, Ina Shorrock,
John Roles, and Hal Kennedy. Peter
Reaney also went up, even though
Harry had announced that no one under
twenty-one would be allowed to volunteer. Harry allowed him to remain on

Now, repeat afterme: N.G.W is a good writer; I like his stuff..."

(1000)(000)

(2000)(000)

(2000)(000)

the stage to watch fair play. John Owen, the Liverpool group's Man Of A Thousand Voices, cracked, "Reaney looks to be the only genuine case of hypnosis," as we watched Harry put his panel to sleep. Ted Tubb also rushed on to the

platform saying something about "after last night I could do with the sleep myself," but he failed to respond as did Dave Gardner. The last volunteer was Eric Jones of SIDEREAL. Harry but the volunteers through several stunts such as playing in an orchestra, flying, visiting the monkey house at the zoo, laughing at a joke, cycling, reacting to extremes of temperature, singing drunken songs, and the like. Eric Jones made an amusing one-man band and Harry then showed his audience the powers of post-hypnotic suggestion. Eric Jones began to dance the hula whenever John Brunner played a chord on his guitar, insisted that his name was Humphrey Bogart (so much so that Joy Clarke had to give him a new name tab) and refused an offered cigarette. Hal Kennedy told us his name was Peg Leg Pete and when Harry snapped his fingers immediately went and kissed Renee. Harry then put them both back to sleep and then told them that when they awoke they would argue the result of a football match they had just seen. Hal is a Newcastle supporter and though Eric isn't a soccer fan Harry told him to root for Sunderland, Newcastle's biggest rivals. They agreed it had been a good game. Hal said Newcastle had deserved their win. Eric told him politely that Sunderland had won. Newcastle. Sunderland. And the argument raged. Hal told Eric he didn't believe Eric had seen the match at all. Eric said he'd been with all those people out there (us) and could show his ticket for the game. He began to hunt through his pockets. He asked Hal who had scored, anyway, and Hal said Nitchell of Newcastle had scored the only goal of the game. "Never heard of him," Eric came back. This is probably true, but when Hal asked him who had scored, then, for Sunderland, Eric could only reply, "You've got me there."

The afternoon session began with a proeditor!s panel in which Ted Tubb, Ted Carnell and Larry Shaw gave the situation of SF's selling point, both in England and in America and then sat back to await questions from the floor. Peter Reaney asked Ted Tubb when he would get value for his two shillings for AUTHENTIC, but he'd chosen the wrong person with whom to cross swords and was shot down in flames. Ted Told him of relative values, of prejudice and ended by saying that with AUTHENTIC Peter could get stories by the best writers, and factual articles on science "put in words even you can understand."

At this point I met Brian Varley, Ethel Lindsay, Frances Evans and Laurence Sandfield, all up from London for the day. I hadn't previously met Sandy, except from prolific correspondence in which he had accused me of being, in the jazz sense, "an uncompromising traditionalist." Which I probably am. I also met the other Sandy, Sandy Sanderson, who had flown in for the weekend from the trouble in Cyprus. He was sporting the signature of Joan W. Carr on his name tag, but no one seemed to notice. His idea of inventing a fan and building her up into a BNF and fanne-editress is the biggest hoax in fandom I've ever witnessed, but as yet nothing has been said in fanzines. I expect FEMIZINE, which Sandy started under the name of Joan, to let itself go on the subject next issue.

I'd heard the Liverpool tape before, of course, but even this didn't stop me from laughing at the Fannish Inquisition and Christophan Colombus episodes of this excellent production, LAST AND FIRST FEN. The Truth About Fandom Through The Ages.

A typical extract from the script reads:

Abbot Newman: By'r Lady! And who be you, in your green doublet. Davy Crockett hat, cross garters and lemon-coloured spats?

Robin Shorrock: I am Robin Shorrock, your reverance, an it please you,

i' faith, forsooth, begorrah.

Abbot N: And these other ruffians? Your Greenwood Saps, I take it?

Robin S: No Saps, my Lord Abbot, but true and sturdy English yeomen.

Allow me to introduce them to you. First we have Friar Tubb, scrivener, parttime auctioneer and understudy for Arthur English...

Friar T: Wotcher, mate. Keep yer 'ands orf them oranges.

Robin S: Next we have little John Roles, who is but lately returned from the Indies...

L. John R: Allah be with you. Feelthy pictures?

Robin S: And this is Willis Scarlet, our wandering harpist. A snatch

of song, Willis, an it please you.

Willis S: Thank you and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. For my first number I've chosen that song of the moment, rapidly climbing the hit parade, entitled, "She Was Only A NeoFan's Daughter, But She Wouldn't Let Orville Mosher."

A short session of Two Minutes Please followed with volunteers picking a subject from a hat and nattering on for a couple of minutes on same. I picked on "The Importance of Growing a Moustache" and yattered on for anything but moustache-growing to frequent interruptions from Ted Tubb, but I was lucky

PLOY

and got away with it. Peter Reany was soon shouted down, however, and had to fork out a shilling for TAFF, the official forfeit. Undoubtedly the best speech came from Uncle Ken Bulmer on How to Talk for Two linutes, Ken timing his words carefully with a Grandfather-cumhalf hunter that he held in his hand.

After tea I sat and sampled punch provided by the London O and was pleasantly surprised to find that al- "The fmz that pishair on any fan's lip..." though all sorts of horrible looking ingredients had gone into the punchbowl the resultant melange was extremely palatable.

Came the Liverpool fancy dress party. All the main Liverpool members wore fancy dress, Don MacKay as Attila, Ina Shorrock as something or other painted green—literally—and John Roles, Renee and Lil MacKay, Stan Muttall, John Owen and Dave Newman bedecked in costumes it had taken the Liverpool ladies months of hard work to complete. Their sewing machine kept breaking down, too, I know. Others followed their Great Example. Pete Reaney was dressed as a comely wench of about fourteen years old in appearance and behaviour, and Archie Mercer wore a costume made up of quote cards bearing slogans like "Yngvi is a Scouse—because he makes you wear fancy dress," a scouse being the local word for a Liverpudlian. I seem to have overlooked Norman Shorrock's beanie which was a Davy Crockett hat surmounted with a beanie propellor. One tug of the hat's tail and the prop, charged by a concealed battery, spun round wildly. The man of the costume parade, however, was Eric Jones, as one of Arthur Thomson's Atomic BEMs. Very, very good, too. The customers lined

themselves up and paraded over to the Royal to surprise the overflow, but were intercepted evidently by the manager and had to return to the George.

Around midnight I staggered from my corner (where I'd been talking to Pete Taylor and a couple of Kettering wenches he'd brought in from the bar) to find but a few drink-bedraggled fen around in the lounge, most having disappeared to different rooms. Dave Cohen and Ken Slater wandered in with a pot of coffee and after we'd downed this and found ourselves surrounded by hordes of bleary-eyed fen desirous of sharing same, I procured a bottle of brown ale and went in search of British Fandom. I found it gathered in the Shorrocks' room and sat on the bed next to Peter Hamilton where we discussed SF in schools and watched the Chairman and Secretary of the LSFS make the best available use of a bed on which lay Laurence Sandfield (who had missed his train back to London) and some young lady whose face I never got a chance of seeing. I remember Norman going to the door and giving us all a fright by saying loudly, "I don't care if you are the hotel manager. We're trying to get some sleep in here so go away and leave us alone, " but it was only Ted Tubb. Dan Morgan brought along Joyce the hotel receptionist, though.

I got to bed about three, passing Les Jefferson and Bill Harry on the steps listening to some of Pete Emery's shaggy dog stories. They were still there when I went down to breakfast on Sunday. I had breakfast with Ken Potter and Irene Gore and then went running round Kettering for Paul Hammett, who is after all a doctor, for a gal who had had a little too much to drink the night before. She'd been very cheerful saying things like, "What room was it I was sick in?" but later pretty nearly collapsed. Paul thought this was an April Fool gag but came along to the George from the Sun, where he was staying. As he explained later, "Well, you have a reputation for that sort of thing." Hmm. Mal Ashworth, Sheila O'Donnell and I then went around the

will this

place do

town looking for a chemist. None were open (it was Easter Sunday morning, remember), a deploring state of affairs, and in the end Paul had to go to the next village

for a sedative.

On Sunday afternoon British fandom ironed out its plans for holding the World Convention over here. I hold very biased views on this point so won't bother formulating the arguments, only the main results...that we intend putting in a bid for the WorldCon to be held in Britain, probably London, in

PETUAL MACHINE JEETIME GURANTEE

1957. I'd like to see us get it, but I don't think we will. If we should be lucky, the project will have my wholehearted support and I hope yours too. There're so many American fen I haven't met yet ... Dave Kyle stood up to tell us of our chances of getting the con and also of the proposed programme of the worldcon this September in New York. It seems he'd been good enough to look up the chances of a special plane to fly full of fans to London. All I can say is that if this guy is the best you American fen could have chosen for your World Convention Chairman, you couldn't have had many to choose from. But this guy is Outstanding, so no wonder! Definitely a Good Man Plus. He had the audience with him from the moment he stood up and told us that he was wearing dark glasses as they were always good at convention times for six hours of sleep—in appearance. Dave had the facts and figures, the reasons and the whys, the hows and the watch—out—fors all readily docketed at his finger tips. If Willis ever abdicates, here's a ready—made Ghod. If we are to take the World Convention and make it a success, we certainly have a lot to do. I loved the way Dave spoke of a London worldcon operating under the laws of New York State. A sort of fannish Passport to Pimlico?

Then came an OMPA meeting before which Jan Jansen, Archie Mercer and I managed to run out and grab a bite to drink. Jan would have stayed, having met a Greek waitress name of Marina, but we had work to do. At the meeting internal disagreements were ironed out with Ken Bulmer as the main speaker. He twice told me to shut up when other people were talking to me and countered an outburst of mine which demanded eats (it was drawing to the close of dinner hour and we'd decided but little) with a statement that no one was stopping me from going and eating.

After that I had dinner with Peter Hamilton, Jan, and Ted Tubb and John Brunner which resulted in as near a fannish conversation professionals can come to and vice versa. I went along to hear John Greengrass auctioning off a pile of magazines and was drunk enough to fork out about 50 bob on same. Anyone interested in buying the things?

I managed to get a word with Jack Wilson, the Spalding artist who told me he hails from Yorkshire and promised me some material for PLOY and with Jim Marshall and John Owen who were busy taking photographs. I managed to extract promises of pics for a photopage of the con.

The con then drifted up to room 10. Dave Newman had had this room the previous year and had held the Sunday night party there. The place had been packed and Dave had shaved off half his moustache while sitting in the washbasin (the only available room space at the time!). It was therefore traditional that Dave booked room 10 this year. Why, he almost refused to go if he couldn't have room 10. And the party was one of the most looked-forward-to highlights of the gathering. This year Dave had a week's growth of stubbly beard to shave off as well as the moustache and the ceremony was conducted at midnight amid loud cheering. Dave was dressed in Leopardskin swimming trunks which had once belonged to Pete Daniels, the Merseysippi jazz trumpeter, and nothing else. His bare torso was autographed by all and sundry in red and blue ball pen. I sat on the bed between Archie Mercer and Joan Hammet who immediately proposed to me. When I told Paul that his wife wanted a divorce he said he was waiting to divorce her himself so that he could marry her again. Films I've seen of the party-there were over 50 people in the room-show me trying to balance a tumbler on my nose. I don't remember this and it shows what kind of a party it was. I know it ended up with Archie Mercer and Bobbie Wilde discussing religion. By this time most people had drifted out and I went along to Dan Morgan's room to hear him put some dirty ballads on tape with Peter West Providing the background noises. Ken Slater came in with a tray of coffee. This man is a humanitarian. He deserves an award.

And then I went to bed. I caught the train back home the next morning. I just didn't have the energy to hitch hike.

NEOFAMNISH IMPRESSIONZ CYTRICON



Now that the CYTRICON II is well and truly past I'd like to give my comments & criticisms. It was, incidentally, my very first con. This is my first attempt at fanwriting, so stick with me, huh?



About the only disappointment to me throughout the whole of the con was the fact that the programme didn't start on time. I know this is a fannish ritual, but is it a good thing? A few minutes is understandable, but when it gets to be half an hour or over... If the same thing happened in a theatre or cinema, there would soon be plenty of complaints.





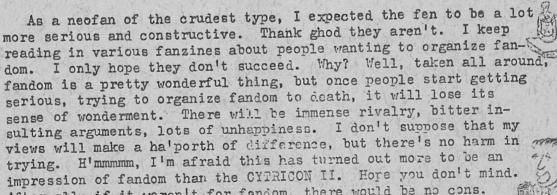
The first item on the programme was certainly ambitious, being a display of hypnotism by Harry Powers. He certainly put plenty of fans under his influence (non alcoholic). However, I don't want to turn this into a conreport, as there will be dozens published.

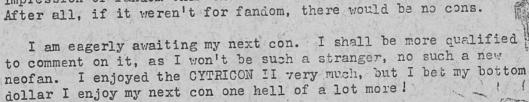


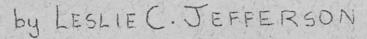
The con committee, whilst doing a very good job, made a mistake in only allowing one hour for meals. Not their fault, really, as the service in Kettering restaurants is terrible! One thing I did notice and like was the complete air of informality and friendliness. Everybody treated everybody alike. Neofen, ENF's, foreign fen, pro's, were just too darn friendly for words. Another good idea was the wearing of identity tags: blue for fans, red for pro's, and white (I think) for overseas fen. All had names written on them, so there was no trouble in telling who was who.



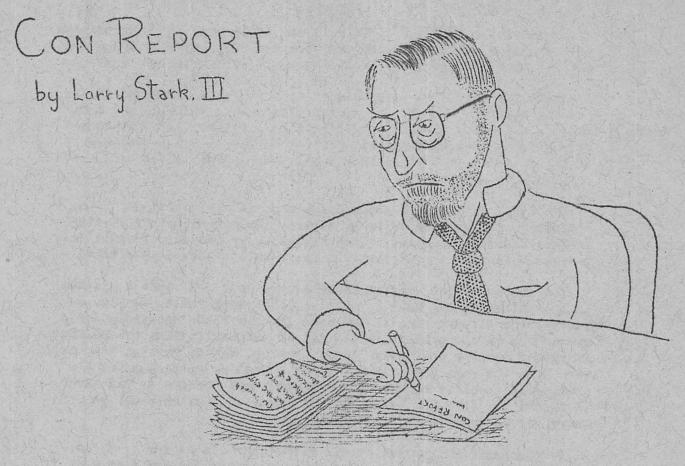
Is the neofan neglected at his first con? In my own case, no, and I think that generally applies in most cases, tho I felt a little lost at the first party on Saturday. But thanks to fans like Ron Bennett, John Ashcroft, Pete Rigby, and one pro ed, Peter Hamilton, I soon found my feet. I guess fandom, like most organizations, will always have its guiding angels.











I was down in the lobby that Sunday morning, when Mr. () came in. It was early, and the place was deserted. I'd left Ted sleeping in our room and was sitting, pen and blank pages before me, trying to outline a con report from the cryptic scribbles and incomprehensible interlineations I'd taken down the night before. I had almost puzzled out who said "Let's thunder downstairs" when he came in.

"Is my wife upstairs?"

"Yes, sir. Almost everyone is." He smiled and ascended.

Mr. () had dropped his wife off at the con the morning before, and I hadn't expected to see him again so soon. Mrs. () had been to most cons in anyone's memory; friends told me her husband always drove her to the hotel, and picked her up Monday evening. I had remembered her from the Manger last year. She was a rather jovial over-35, and from the way she'd been hitting the punch-bowl in 770 the night before, waking her was going to be painful.

My con report stared dismally up at me from my lap. It's too bad con reports are expected to be merry little narratives, I reflected. There were so many other aspects to the four-day explosion that might just as easily get reported...even beyond the political exposees that ran in dimensions. But, when Vorzimer was innocently objective, I knew, the whole thing sounded peculiarly sordid; same with Ellison's blast in S-F. When fans are talked of as if they were human and average, the results don't come out right.

Hell, why worry? (The fatalist came out in me.) Carr wants a report...

and if I can ever decipher them, the pocket-notebook has enough esoterica to fill three pages with lino's alone.

Besides, I remembered, I have to publish a con report for my own sake. Goddamn kids! Fifteen-year-old neo's, half drunk, ripping up their bed-sheets. Why did that damn Ellik have to act up at San Fran? Now it's every neo's ambition to be tossed out of a hotel on his ear. This is Egoboo!

Thank Ghod the Vigilante Committee wasn't my idea. Would have been better if Mari had just asked the convention chairman to toss them out, or at least read the riot-act to them. Sneaking around hotel-corridors trying to catch neo's with bottles or prostitutes didn't impress me as an enjoyable fannish pastime...even though I knew someone would have to try to stop them.

Goddamn neo's! It's about time we gave the conventions back to the fans, I decided. The cons're too big...too widely publicized. Every adolescent little hop-head in the country has a chance to pile into a strange city for three nights of booze and indiscriminate fornication. What we need are conventions like the Nolacon...a private, fannish time, where older, more mature fans could meet, and discuss, and control themselves. And no curiosity-seekers from the convention-city, either! Too many loose ladies and booze-hounds keep crashing the parties, even when they know nothing about what's going on!

As my decision crystallized I picked up the pen and scrawled some hasty notes. Even if I couldn't get a report out, I should at least have some ideas for my next FAPAzine.

Then Mr. () came down the stairs again. He seemed a little nervous. "My wife looks like hell," he said simply, then added, "and the guy she's with looks like he's dead."

He said it as though he were indicting the whole convention...but he was looking at me at the time. Then he launched self-consciously toward the door with the mumbled excuse, "I'd better get some coffee."

I felt a little sick. She'd left the party with an old-fan-turned-pro whose mere presence made a good con...left for an innocently described "other little party in my room."

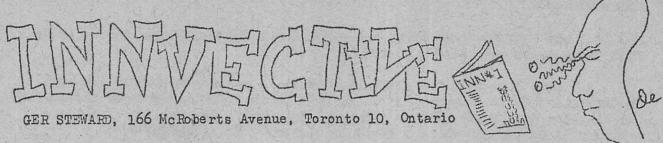
I thought of his reputation, of the honor and devotion the entire fanworld accorded him. And I thought of hers...a convention-fan only, probably completely respectable anywhere else. And most everyone probably knew about her, too...once a year a week-end whore. She must have been thirty-five, and probably a lot more!

I felt like leaving right away, but before I did anything about it Ted came downstairs yawning and rubbing an eye. "Hi," he said thickly. "When the hell did you get up?"

"About seven-thirty. Dawn woke me up, and I figured I might sort out last night's notes."

"I'll get some more sleep during the program. Great con, eh?" he said.

"Yeah, great," I said...but added to myself, "...especially for those of us still young enough to be blind."



Congratulation, your magazine has done something which nothing else has been able to do in the past few months, namely, stir me from my fafiated gafia and set my foot-steps staggering back toward the path of trufandom. Whether I reach that path is another matter, which will remain to be seen.

Innuendo #1 is pretty good, judging from what I was able to read. I am speaking of the material, of course; the repro was pretty bad in some spots. Unfortunately, the last few pages of the mag are illegible, especially the Gould satire, most of which was unreadable in my copy. ((We have no doubt endeared ourselves to Gould.)) A pity, truly a pity.

My major reason for writing is to correct an error made on the first page of the magazine. Damon Kyoungfan mentioned that he saw Boyd and myself riding up and down the stairway in a red and puce Jaguar. This is entirely untrue, but we forgive him as his errors are entirely understandable.

In the first place, we were not riding in a Jaguar. It was a Siata-Ferrari. but we can overlook this error because many people find it hard to determine one foreign car from another, there being so many different makes and models.

In the second place, the car was not a two-tone, actually it was all one color, <u>magenta</u>. Of course, it is easy to understand why damon mistook it for a two-color job, since dk was wearing red and green (3D type) glasses.

Why was he wearing such glasses? Well, I imagine the reason was so that when he awoke in the morning he could look thru one lens and view everything with a rosy glow, then later in the day, and after much imbibing, he could peer thru the other lens and see everyone as they saw him, wearing an interesting shade of green.

Bob Stewart's piece was strictly nowhere.

Bleshings,

Ger.

DUTCH-ELLIS, 1428 - 15th St. East, Calgary, Alberta

Innuendo was good. Reproduction fine...readable at least 4(You have no doubt endeared yourself to Gould), but I hope you will improve it a bit with practice. Is this your new spirit duper? Enjoyed it all but have no comments except that I'm looking forward to the next one and that Carr had some Wise Words in his Mirror article. True, much of the "Personality" and "Humour" in many fanzines these days are contrived and self-conscious. To paraphrase what I think I said in Sour Gripes, an ed. should relax and pub stuff he considers interesting. ## Bloch's pome was very clever. 4(Superb, you mean?)

Innvective--II, featuring Boyd Raeburn

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario

From All Right Jophan etc.: "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." The thought also springs to mind that if Jophan would give a little thought to how he's publishing his material, there might be less crud etc. etc. Innuendo has some excellent material. Why present it in the format of one of the sorrier crudzines? Somebody in some recent fanzine commented on the large amount of publishing that goes on in the San Francisco area, but so little worth anything. I have been receiving only a small portion of the stuff that has been coming from out your way, it would seem, and so am not too aware of the quantity of stuff you people have been turning out. At last you have brought cut something well worth reading—if one can. Tell me, is there any truth to the rumor that you are planning to go legible? (None.)

I caught a glimpse of the first few lines of the Hoffman item before noticing the heading, and knew right away that it was by Hoffman. Her pieces along this line have an unmistakeable style. This one is very good for this type of stuff.

The all right jophan etc. thing makes some good points, but there are around today several zines which go to the other extreme. The editor gathers material from wherever he can get it, and when he has enough writing—no matter the quality—he goes ahead and puts out an issue. So, we have a collection of mediocre material, A, which is indistinguishable from collection of mediocre material B, whether it be titled CAMBER or TACITUM or what have you. I guess it all depends on the personality of the editor himself. An issue of GRUE, with Grennell spread all over, is a thing of joy, but when Joe Deadfish starts trying to fill his zine with his "personality"...well, here I seem to be going round in circles, uttering vague truisms, and repeating some of the stuff Terry said. So on to the next item.

Which is 'Fan Thou Art' and my only reaction is ECCHH! Yes Terry, an editor ought to edit a little. # Gee, Bob Stewart sure has an interesting day. # Carl Brandon's item very very fine. The name is not too familiar to me. I hope you get more material of this calibre from this guy.

Re Harmon's item--very good, but a serious thought arises...are there science fiction fans who are interested in science fiction because being so makes them different, and Marks Them Out From The Common Herd, and Alone and all that

sort of thing? I have come across references to this attitude before, and wonder if there is any truth in it.

Your Studio 69, Dave, gives very well some of the reasons Lyons thought The Cult a hoax, and made the rest of us wonder. We just couldn't see Magnus and White and Wegars and all the other do-nothing semi-gafia crowd (You have no doubt endeared yourself to Ted White) turning out these huge zines at such speed for a mere handful of people

Have read the Ashley-Burbee thing a couple of times before, in the original zine, but still enjoyed reading it again. I wish Burbee were still turning out this type of stuff. Ashley in one episode sounds a little like Bob

Innvective -- III, Boyd goes on ...

Stewart, doesn't he?

The Gould item locks extremely good, from the 50% of it I managed to read. Unfortunately the rest is utterly illegible. ((I tell you, Gould positively loves us.)) Perhaps you would like to have material from others for publication, but you don't offer much encouragement to potential contributors when you hang on to an item for seven months, and then give it such rotten treatment.

All in all I liked Innuendo quite a lot, the best zine that has arrived for some time. I hope you manage to bring out a few more issues of comparable quality and greater legibility before you both inevitably lose interest and fold. (Oh yeah? Boyd, we hereby publicly challenge you! We bet that we last longer in fandom than you do! We bet you five dollars that we do! Only rules of the bet are that your fanzines have to be more than just 24 pages or so, because we feel cheated when we trade a 30-page INN for a smaller fanzine! And don't talk about our mothers, either! We never do. P.S.—No fair giving unexpired sub money to any worthy cause other than the Tower to the Moon.)

Regards,

RAY SCHAFFER, jr., 4541 Third St. N. W., Canton 8, Ohio

Seems that the history of N3F can be summed up in one

word, 'crisis'. After the feuding that went on last year, there were times when I thought it wise to change the name to -- the National Fantasy Feud Fanatics. However, things are very quiet this year--no feuds, and out- 102% N3F side of about a dozen of the members keeping the ball rolling, very little membership interest. Tis strange tho -- with only about 75 members the 0-0 has been more regular and considerably larger than when the membership was up in the 300-400's a few years back. Did you read Bloch's 'A Wax of Life' in F U? Hmmm, maybe the N3F will come back into fandom and return to a respectable status. Who knows? I've been in the group for six years (Glutton for punishment, eh? Tho we note your name does not appear in the N3F membership list of March, 1951) watching its ups and downs and have noticed that whenever the sercon members take the active roles inevitably the membership drops. Perhaps this calls for Rapp to do some research into the matter? If one is a believer in cycles and fluctuations, one must then say that the N3F is about due for a rise in membership and activity {(We no longer believe in cycles.)} Heavens, it can't possibly get any worse. And then again

BILL COURVAL, 4215 Cherokee Ave., San Diego 4, Calif.

Tucker and Burbee were both <u>very</u> worthy of reprinting. YOU BASTARD, SAID AL ASHLEY is the top item. What's the story behind 'E----'? ((He has downward-slanting eyes.)) Didn't have much use for Harmon, tho. He always lets his personality get too much in the way of telling an interesting story. Have never cared for Hoffman as a writer. Also didn't care for the three dated items for that same reason. They were of fashionable interest only, and the fashion was ever six months ago. The rest of the material contained sound ideas, but wasn't written well enough. Oops, forget about Bloch and Thompson. Both were excellent. ((Superb, you mean?)) The quality of the illos and logos

Innvective -- IV, Courval concludes...

didn't merit the multicolors. And you know my opinion of the repro. All in all, <u>Innuendo</u> is a lot less than I'd expect from the experienced hands of the Bay Area Boys.

Huskily,

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland

I don't know how it affects you. But this letter comes as a welcome change for me. Usually I dispose of the fanzines in my unattended-mail drawer by explaining that I appreciated the copy, but I never buy fanzines because once I started to buy fanzines, I'll be practically back in active fandom again, and that should never happen. So Innuendo comes, and states that nobody should send any money, just a letter of comment, and look at all the space that I'm saving by not having to explain that I never buy fanzines because once I started to buy fanzines, I'll be practically back in active fandom again, and that should never happen.

"My Day" probably appealed to me more than anything else in the issue, mainly because it was fairly close in style and accomplishment of intention to the Hemingway short story that Bob obviously was imitating. Wasn't I the first person with enough bravery to come out and admit that I like baseball? Now everyone is mentioning baseball in the fanzines. This should be remembered when the time comes to give credit where credit is owing in the next edition of the Fancyclopedia.

The item that finishes up the fanzine looks as if it should be interesting. I judge from the title that it's supposed to be a parody or something on a recent Sturgeon story. But I haven't read the Sturgeon story, and I can't read the first page of this parody because of the fact that the individual letters on that page decided not to remain separate, but to combine with one another in the best Sturgeon tradition. {(See, Cliff, we were just giving the piece Authenticity.)}

Maybe it wasn't too wise to reprint that Burbee item. Fans in 1956 don't know the context for some of the remarks as they did in the FAPA when the article was written.

I don't know how serious Carl Brandon might have been in his article about phonics. I don't think that any school teaches kids in the extreme fashion that he describes. I'm willing to give the new method a fair trial, since practically all of today's adults are hampered by reading at a pace that is only perhaps one-fourth the rate that a normally intelligent person should be able to attain. To condemn outright an intelligent use of phonics would be just about as sensible as to criticize an algebra teacher who didn't drill his class weekly in the proper method of performing long division problems. {(The Brandon piece was a takeoff on Rudolph Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read." of which you have no doubt heard. It embodied the same basic viewpoints and contentions of the original book.)}

Harry Warner, Jr.

THOM PERRY, 4040 Calvert St., Lincoln 6, Nebraska

... the thing that I read over three times was from Gould. Jan Sadler will

Innvective -- V, Thom Perry here ...

never die in SoCal, will she? The Eternal Femmefanne. I imagine Gould included her just for the digs at strickland she made possible, but he characterized her almost perfectly. I didn't know he knew her that well.

But Jan is gone. Fugacious-headed as she be, she got married and destroyed herself. Honest. I talked to her last night and she didn't sound at all like herself...sort of cowed, you know? I wonder does he beat her every night? Or rock her to sleep...with rocks? Or was she just sleepy?

Hell. And if you really got to know, I read the goddam thing three times cuz the repro was so bad I could only read a third of it at a time. So there. {(The Gould piece was written before Jan became Mrs. Penny. But you've no doubt endeared yourself to Gould by reading through it.)

CLIFF GOULD, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego 6, Calif.

Repro was kinda spotty on my ish-how 'bout others? ((Worse.)) At any rate it was worth the li'l bit of eyestrain...guess it's prob. the fault of the ocooccocold masters which I sent up to Carr...he did use them, didn't he? {(Yes...you were hoist by your own petard.)}

Li'l Carr illos were <u>fine</u>, however would have liked to have seen some Rike illos too...oh well, can't have everything. ((Those critturs are called boobs, and they're done by Bob Stewart.))

I really liked Stewart's bit...many laffs, and many Moving Observations... same thoughts were swimming through my head during the Clevecon as he reports or rather observes...at any rate on the day of the Big Con I took ye olde familee auto and went galavanting around Dago County...in late afternoon I switch on radio, and dig some Monitor...and lo' and behond (behold, too)) Ben Grauer or somebody like that is saying "...later on this afternoon we will take you to visit—some native dancers, in Darkest Africa, a Ball-Ringers Convention in Vermont, and a Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland..." I reached for the switch on the radio, "...this is Monitor goooghqychyhe..." I had a lousy afternoon. At any rate Boob is to be congratulated and like that in connection with this li'l bit...really cute.

I'd thought about doing something with the Flesch bit...Why Johnny Can't Read...I even read his book...not with that in mind tho. I find him to be like most critics (fanatical ones that is) of anything...all one-sided in his views, and Uncompromising and like that. Carl's treatment of this is quite good, and one of the best things he's done, that I've seen.

Alphabetically speaking Bloch is one ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ of a guy! 4(Does that mean superb?)

HOOCOCCOCOOHA! YIPPIE: Great! Marvelous... Tho I seriously doubt that Larry Shaw will reprint this Burbee epic I really dig it the most. It is of Universal Meaning and Importance, and the elapsed time has not hurt it one iota. Rewritten and the LA fangroup exchanged for say a college frat-house this thing would sell to Flayboy. Or at least it should. You guys keep up with the good work, and I expect to see many more choice reprints such as this

Innvective--- VI, Gould natterings...

and the stuff from LeZ and like that in INNUENDO, really the greatest. Hilarious. Funny, even. (What did you think of it?))

All in all, an excellent, readable, enjoyable, well-balanced issue of what promises to be an even better fmz. No qualifications about "good first Ish" because by this time anything that either of you would publish, after your vast publing experiences would have to be good, or would be blasted to high heaven. This meets with all expectations, and the only thing which is left to be desired is neater repro. ((What was wrong with the repro?))

There are 2,000 BNF's in California.

"Hell with the one-shot," one of us said. "For the time being, anyway." We went ahead to deplore the sex ignorance of the American man and woman. I told him of the good Christian lady down the street who is embarrassed to tell her little girls about sex so she just tells them dirty stories. And of the minister's wife who found her little boys playing with their sex organs and so stuck needles into the organs till they bled, all the while screaming of how they were filthy and degraded and would surely go to hell.

GAFIA GLOBAL

"The sun never sets on the N3F"
--suggested fabulous fannish remark

Around and around the sunsets go Like the whirling drum on a mimeo But never once can the shadows black Shroud every trace of crifanac.

For, truly, fen are born, not made, So you find 'em in Brooklyn & Adelaide And in Ireland too—I suppose next week We'll hear of a fanclub in Mozambique.

Hence to tropic rain & to arctic snow
The endless Welcom Leaflets go;
And from Scotland's coast to
Magellan's Strait
Stretch the tendrils of the
Directorate.

Wherever on the Earth you go,
The N3F is there, you know,
From the polar seas to the Gulf
Stream current
--Don't you sometimes wish it weren't?

--Art Rapp OUTSIDERS #11 -- Charles Burbee. "The 51 Steps," in TANGENT #2, Sprilig, 1952.

Another Empty Can
for the TOWER!

254, for a can of
bheer, donated by

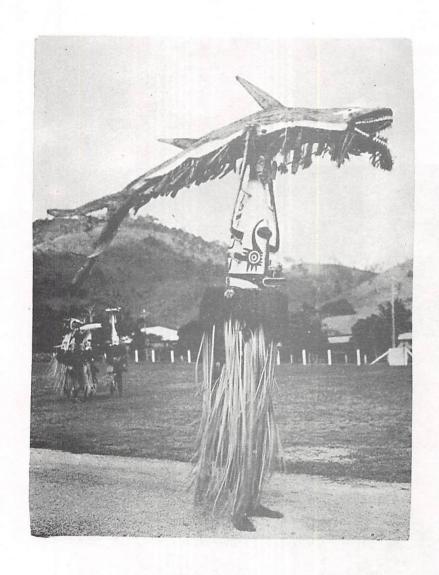
RICHARD NOVAK
18302 Cowing Court
Homewood, Illinois



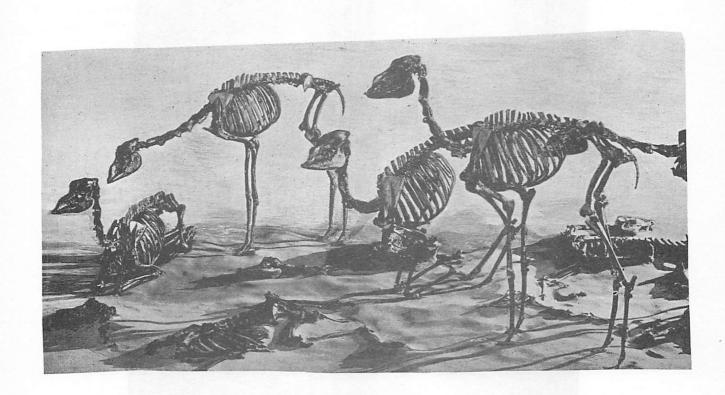
"The Flag Pole Has Risen!"



"Yeah, I was at the Pittsburg party...how'd you know?"



"And after all this preparation, they awarded that darned Joe Christoff the prize for Most Beautiful Costume!"



"When's this fanzine panel going to end, for ghodsake?"



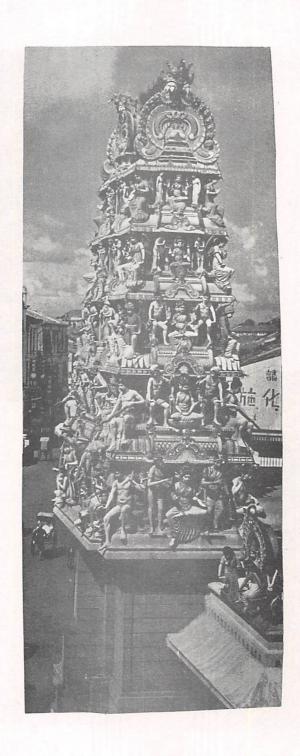
"All right, Marlan, all right...
you are still a BNF even if you do
edit and publish ROGUE!"

"But !lans... I don't want to go to the stars in my spare time!"





"Awww...I don't think I did any harm by showing that reporter Famous Monsters of FILMLAND when he asked to see an example of modern sci-fi..."



CAMPBELL (off stage): "...And then I lured all those people singing 'No, John, No!' up onto the stage and TURNED ON THE HEIRONYMUS MA-CHINE CIRCUIT | D HIDDEN UNDER IT!!!"