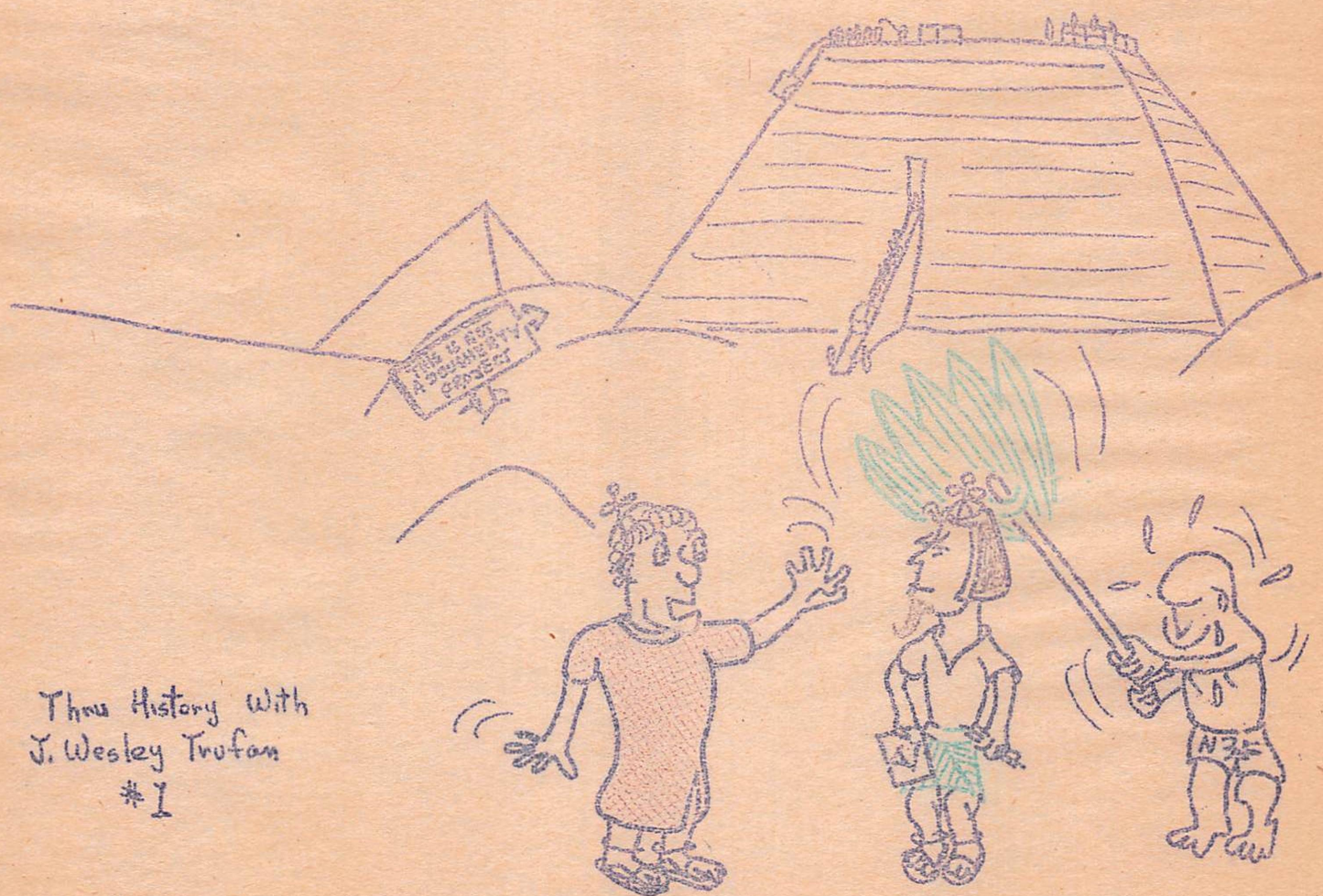


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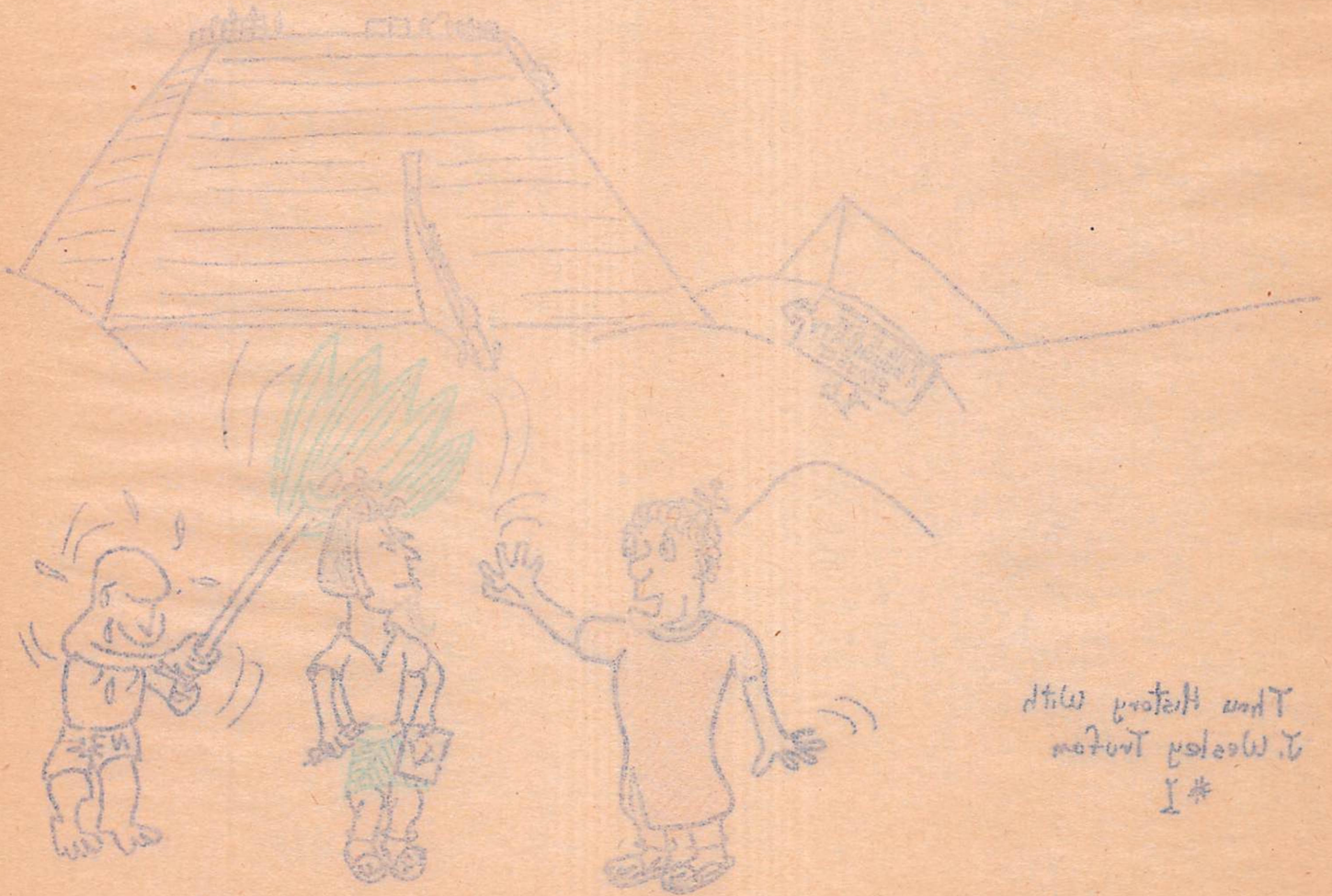


Thru History With
J. Wesley Trufan
#1

"But Cheops, your name will go down in history if
you become a charter member of my fanclub!"

I m m u n d o

NO. 1



#1
The History With
The History With

"But Cheddar, your name will go down in history if
you become a charter member of my family!"

"All the world's an illusion."

hereina:

Way Out West in Texas (sarcounfiction).....	Marion Z. Bradley
Devolution of the Species (a reprint).....	F. Fowner Lasey
Reflections on Falling Over Backwards in a Swivel Chair (another reprint).....	Carlton J. Fassbinder
The Cacher of the Eye (part III).....	Carl Brandon
Imvective (letters).....	Various Q. Sundry

INHUEENDO is published on a schedule which approaches monthly (but which turns tail and runs whenever it gets close). Its ad rates approach the ridiculous (25¢ 1/2 page, 50¢ 1/2 page, 75¢ full page). Inn approaches your mailbox in trade for letters of comment, fms, and rolls of recording tape. No subscriptions are accepted and all money received, either for subs or single copies, will be used to buy beer with. Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California, and Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, Calif., are responsible, sort of.

In A Mist

This issue I just don't feel like writing an editorial, thank you. I wrote a nice long treatise on my co-editor, David Rike, but now we don't have room for long editorials. And I put my all into that editorial. I have nothing left over. In the short space available, I do not feel up to distilling the secrets of the universe to one brief paragraph for your enlightenment. To hell with all of you. Go solve the universal mysteries for yourself.

---Terry Carr

the ~~CHANT~~

Here it is almost 95°F here in my room and there are two bottles of lukewarm Champale left over from last night somewhere around here. And there is that editorial that I wrote, all about Terry Carr. Unfortunately, there is so much to reveal about Terry that the exposé took up the space of several pages... several pages too too much for this little magazine. Besides, therepiece is the exact counterbalance to that brilliant thumbnail sketch of myself by Terry. In fact both of them are brilliant and scintillating; that's what we get for composing them in fluorescent paint on thin sheets of stainless steel; stainless steel which costs \$1.25 a pound. Oh, I tell you we have lived: why just today we ate barbarous bow-logged chicken drumsticks. What else can we do? I know, I know, finish running off this mag and mail all of the copies out. Alziteakrite

---David Rike



WAY OUT WEST IN TEXAS

by Marion Bradley

Illus by FRED MALZ

Yeah, sure, I'll write something for your fanzine some day. Only right now I don't feel much like writing anything. In the first place, I told my kid sister she could use my typewriter while I was in the army. Paulette's taking a commercial course in high school this year, and she needs a typewriter to use. I'd feel like a rotten heel if I asked her to wrap it up and express it to me right in the middle of the school year, after telling her she could use it and everything.

Anyway, I don't have much time, life here on the Base is pretty drastic, just one damn thing after another. Every time I get a minute and sit down to do something, one of the guys busts in and wants to know what the hell I'm doing and why don't I come play ping-pong at the Rec or something. So you see how it goes! And --well, you remember last month I was in Nevada and before that they had me in Texas and here I am in Montana. My mail's still travelling all around the circle to catch up with me. Sure, every time I move I pick up the phone and call my family, and tell them about it, but I can't send out notices all over fandom, can I?

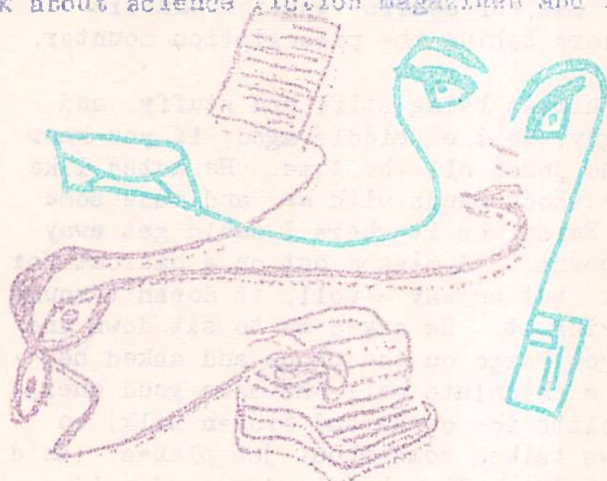
And as a matter of fact--well, no, that isn't all. Listen, I'd like to tell you about it, only it's going to sound absolutely nuts to you. I mean, like I was going crazy or something, not just goofy. I mean real gone, psycho, crazy.

You're right about when it started, it was when they sent me to that big air base in Texas. I was real keen on going there, for a funny reason. Yeah, you probably can guess without my telling you. I mean Margo Sanders--Margo Bellow Sanders, that is.

Now look, don't get the wrong idea right from the start. It's just that I've known Margo ever since she--I mean, ever since I was a neofan. I guess she must have been the first fan I wrote to. She was just plain Margo Bellow, then. I guess it must have been an awful crazy letter; I didn't have a typewriter then, so I didn't keep a carbon, but she wrote me back an awful nice letter, I guess you'd say gracious, and sent me a couple of copies of her fanzine. I guess you're too new in fandom to remember BELLOWINGS. It was one of the first of the individzines. She got tired of it, after a while, and it never had been a top fanzine, but the people who wrote in to it, sure had fun with it.

I got a real shock when she got married. Oh, I wasn't jealous of Sanders, or anything like that. He was a good guy, if he was kind of stiff and stuffy. I always thought Margo ought to marry a fan, and sure enough, she did. Well, for a while after that, I kind of lost track of her. You know how it happens, how femme fans drop out of sight for a year or two after they get married?

She sent me a few copies of one-shots and FAPazines she put out after that, but it wasn't till a couple of years later that we started corresponding again. It was a different kind of corresponding now. I mean, we didn't just talk about science fiction magazines and fans and fanzines and stuff like that.



We didn't talk personally, either, I don't mean that. She never told me anything much about her marriage (although she had a lot to say about Texas!) and when her baby was born I read about it in another fanzine -- she'd never said a word to me about it. What I mean was, we talked about ideas. I still have the letter she wrote about school segregation in Texas. She was wild about it. I mean, she was so mad she just blistered the paper, but she didn't get crazy mad--not the way Marion Branley used to, for instance.

talking nasty about anybody who disagreed with her; Margo just sounded indignant and reasonable -- and sort of mournful. And we talked a lot about books. She loaned me some books on music--she had a lot of them--and some novels by modern writers she liked. If Margo had one talent, it was for wading through all the pocket-size paperback trash and coming out with real honest-to-gosh good books. She could find real good novels on the book racks--no matter how screwball the covers looked. I introduced her to Dostoyevsky, though, and Sigrid Undset. I even checked one of Sigrid Undset's novels out of the high school library and mailed it to her because she wanted to read it. It was taking an awful chance, but she got it back inside of two weeks.

And we talked about people. I don't mean gossiping about people we knew, I mean talking about what made people tick. Sometimes when I read her letters I was reminded of that old English goon who used to call himself the Spectator or something. It made me blink to think there might be people who sat and watched others like that, and then went home and wrote down, so damn devastatingly, what they were like, seeing right through to their insides.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, she helped me grow up. I knew she was a year or so older than I was--I wasn't sure just how much. But she seemed like a lot older than she was. You know. Heck, you've read her stuff. When she had her first story published, she sent me a copy autographed "To my best fan and friend, Bryan Sears," and I almost bust. I was just as tickled as she was, I'll bet.

Heck, I'm getting long-winded, and I've got to be back at the Base by eleven. Let's skip all that--and pour me out some more coffee, will you? I wish to gosh they could sell beer in these damn fool towns, but I suppose your family wouldn't like it.

So let's skip all that and come up to where I landed in Texas. One

Way Out West in Texas--III

afternoon I called Margo up long distance, and told her where I was, and the first thing she did was suggest that I come up and spend a week-end with them. Well, of course, I'd been hoping all along that she'd ask me, and you can guess what I told her. I was just as excited as a kid, and I could tell from her voice that she was tickled to death, too. So I arranged for a weekend pass, and Saturday morning I landed up in Clearwater.

It was a funny little town, like all those Texas dryland towns; a water-tank standing head and shoulders over all the funny little one-story houses, and flat as a griddle. The first thing I saw, of course, was the Sanders drugstore, and I went in and met Tom Sanders behind the prescription counter.

He was quite a shock. I'd pictured him as being stiff and stuffy, and instead he was a round, chubby, balding guy, sort of middle-aged, if you know what I mean. And --jovial. He kidded and joked all the time. He acted like he was really glad to see me, though. He shook hands with me, and made some kind of wisecrack about what kind of Air Force was it where I could get away with long curly hair like that--as it happens, I'd missed out on a haircut for about a month, so I didn't have a crewcut, but anyway --well, it doesn't sound so funny unless you heard Tom Sanders saying it. He asked me to sit down and have a milk shake on the house while he got Margo on the phone and asked her to come down and pick me up. So I drank a chocolate malt--he made good ones, the way they ought to be made, with chocolate ice cream and frozen milk, so thick I had to eat it with a spoon--and we talked some about jet planes. He'd been a radioman in WW2, and was keen on flying. Then he stood up and said, "Oh, here's Margo," and I turned around and met her.

Well, she was a shock too, in a way. You know how you make up mental pictures of people? Margo was short and fat, and she had straight black hair whacked off across her forehead. She was nice-looking in a way, too, that was the funny part of it, and she had the nicest speaking voice I've ever heard. Her voice was just as pretty and gracious as her letters, and here's the funny part, after the first little shock at seeing that she wasn't young or pretty, I got used to her and hardly thought about what she looked like. Oh, yes. This was the real queer part of it. She wasn't young. I guess she must have been 35 or 36. It was hard to tell, and of course I didn't ask her, but I'd say she was about 35.

Well, I went up to the house with her in the car--she was a good driver, too--and saw their house. It was a nice house, in a way, and there were books all over the place, but it was--well, it wasn't neat. There was dust on the furniture, and Margo's desk was the worst mess I ever saw, and she didn't have a cover on the typewriter so the keys were all clogged up with sand and stuff. Oh, it would write, all right--she asked if I wanted to write any letters or anything while I was there, because she knew I'd left my typewriter at home. But it had a jumpy feel, as if somebody'd been banging on it a lot.

Well, there isn't so much to tell, after all. I talked a lot with Margo, and played a while with her little girl, Peggy--she was a cute little dickens and no mistake about it. Margo had some work to do in the kitchen and she said I could use her typewriter if I wanted to, and just help myself to stamps and paper and so on. And of course she said to make myself at home, look over the books and magazines all I wanted to, and so forth, and I did just that. She sure had some marvelous stuff, old Clayton Astoundings, Merwin Startlings, Brackett's books all bound in hard covers, and all that kind of thing, but of course I already knew about that.

And then about five, the door opened, and the cutest chick I ever saw, walked in the door. I guess she was about sixteen, and Brother, was she stacked! In a nice way, that is. Everything in the house was nice, that way --I mean, Margo wasn't prissy, or prim, but you just knew, from looking around and from reading her letters, that there wouldn't be anything cheap around, and there wasn't. Especially not the girl. She had gold hair. Real gold, not just yellow--just the color of a wedding ring. Her eyes were dark blue, not the wispy-washy color either, and as I say, she was stacked, in a nice way, and she had on a cute little pink sweater and a skirt that didn't hurt her any, either. She looked a little surprised when she saw me, and then she said, "Oh, you must be that friend of mother's, Mr. Sears. I'm glad to know you."

Yes, she really said, Mister Sears, and my lord, she could see I wasn't much more than eighteen, for the love! And then Margo came in and said, "Bryan, this is Priscilla Fellow. My daughter by my first marriage." -- and I damn near fell off the sofa. I mean it.

Oh, lord, why go right through the weekend blow-by-blow? I slept in Priscilla's room--she moved in with the baby, Peggy, while I was there. I didn't want to put her out, I said Margo could make me up a bed on the floor or anywhere, but she said, no, Priscilla's room was really a guest room but they let the girls have separate rooms when they didn't have company, and Pris said she didn't care. Peggy's bed was more comfortable than here anyway. They were awfully nice to me. I didn't have much of a chance to talk to Margo, though. I guess she saw the way I looked at Pris, and so that first night she said there was a good movie at the Drive-in and why didn't I take the car and take Pris to the movie. Pris acted like she wanted to, so I did. And the next afternoon, Sunday, we all went on a picnic. It was a lot of fun, too. The only thing is, somebody who knew Margo came up and asked if I was her son. And Pris followed me around. I mean --well, I guess I encouraged her. She was the cutest thing I'd ever seen by a long shot, and after I got her to call me Bryan, she was all right, too.

But -- well, there was this. You've got to face it, she was dumb. I don't mean she was a stoop. Margo wouldn't have a creep for a daughter. But -- well, let me show you what I mean. I said something about a book I'd talked over with Margo, and Pris said, "Gosh, I'm not smart enough for that stuff. Mother's all the brain we've got in this family, I guess." She didn't know what science fiction was--honest, I mean that. She said when she was a little kid her mother tried to get her interested in it and she was just plain bored. And she wanted to know if our high school had had a good football team. For creep's sake, how would I know? And when I said I'd never seen a football game, she just stared at me as if I were a greenhorn, or something.

And then, Sunday, Pris went to church with her father and the baby, and I stayed home with Margo. We tried to get to talking, but I just couldn't straighten myself out. You see, after the movie last night, Pris and I had stopped on the way home and--well, you know. Nothing to worry about--I'm not that kind of a bastard--but anyway, we'd done some pretty heavy taking-out, and it made me feel a little fuzzy with Margo. All the girls I date have mothers, sure, but I don't get so friendly with most of them. So by the time we got packed up for the picnic, Margo had given me up as a bad job, I guess, and treated me the same way she'd treat any friend of Pris'.

When the picnic was over, it was time to get back into uniform, and catch



For many months, certain traits have become more and more evident in the makeup of T. Bruce Yerke which have caused heads to be shaken sadly. Is Yerke atavistic? Is Yerke degenerating? Is Yerke in the throes of a major biological transmutation? In short...is Yerke replacing the ape?

The first bit of evidence is a very delicate matter upon which to dwell. The natural modesty of the author would make him very reticent to bring such an intimate thing into the broad light of day, were it not for the fact that science demands it. All the evidence must be given; none must be withheld--thus: I ask of you, have any of you ever seen Yerke with his pants down? Have any of you ever accompanied him to the toilet? Most men are very gregarious on such occasions, but the ordinarily far from retiring Yerke becomes amazingly shy at such times. Furtively, he scurries into a private little stall of his own, peers myopically about to make sure he is unobserved, slips unobtrusively into the sacred precincts, and.... Is this mere maidenly modesty? Can this be the natural retiring disposition of a soul used to the clamor and hurly-burly of 20th century living? I suggest, rather, that perchance Yerke is growing a tail. Under such circumstances it is obvious why he would wish to keep such a matter to himself. There is just enough Yerke as it is; with a tail, there would be too much of him by far. Imagine what life around the LASFS would be like if one had to sit by the hour and watch T. Bruce meticulously preening a large, flowing, caudal appendage!

Another point that must definitely be considered is Mr. Penguin's penchant for climbing. Whenever there is a convenient bookcase about, he invariably mounts it with the air of a goat seeking edelweiss, poises a convenient bottle of beer, and with a positively simian grimace allows it to cascade to the floor -- bottle and all. At such a time, should Yerke be offered a peanut?

Then, while on this climbing kick, we must not forget the time that Yerke was treed by the brats of Birel. Was Yerke treed? Did those little children actually chase the mighty bulk of the Passbinder into this airy perch, or did he not perhaps find himself there in the gratification of certain atavistic yearnings? One can scarcely imagine a great mass of protoplasm such as Yerke meekly allowing itself to be chased by a group of tender infants, tiny tots which could have been dashed to the earth in scores by a single sweep of one of those brawny arms. Rather does one believe that Yerke climbed this tree deliberately--for the sheer joy he found in so doing--and that when his friends came along, he basely blamed these unsuspecting and innocent infants for his own infamy. As to the children poking at Bruce with Long Sticks, is this difficult to understand? Yerke cannot help it. It is just the ape coming out in him.



reprinted from
FAM SLANTS,
Feb., 1944

REFLECTIONS ON FALLING OVER BACKWARDS IN A SWIVEL CHAIR

By
Carlton J. Fassbinder



It has been my privilege to have fallen over backwards in a number of interesting devices. As a matter of fact, my friends have been prompting this vice for years as it is always after such a minor catastrophe that the famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story blossoms forth. Research has shown that a sudden descent backwards from the table is practically the only way to produce one of these stories, except perhaps to wine and dine Fassbinder extensively on exotic vermouths and champagnes. My friends have found it cheaper to upset me in a chair, however, and the wining and dining is usually strictly plebian.

Thus it is that whenever I am invited out, I arrive to discover that while the rest of the guests are going to dine in rare old antique chairs, or Louis XV, or Taskwood collector's items, the chair at Fassbinder's place is an old relic from the attic or the servant's quarters. I know that I may expect an upset some time before the last course is served, but I pretend to ignore the whole thing, usually passing the chair off as the most antique of the lot. "Good old Fassbinder is a gem," they always say. And someone always replies, "Yeah, just like a razor."

Falling over backwards in a chair used to be the acme of shocks to me. The reaction would vary, depending on the chair, but each time, when struggling to my feet, I invariably burst out in a famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story. (This title is copyrighted, and may not be used without the writer's permission.) People used to give me trouble about this phenomenon somewhere during the entree. "Now Carlton," one of the minor wits would smirk, "I want you to engage in a brilliant conversation." Since the evening when I answered with a malicious, "I will, just as soon as I shine my teeth," they have been content just to let me eat in silence until the upset. As a matter of fact, some guests are downright rude about my feelings until after the upset.

I could regale you with tales of many novel and ingenious methods used by various hosts to tilt me backwards and downwards without previous warning, but those are only superfluous technical data and may prove boring. Anyway, all that is over. All that ceased since the day in Charlie Hofer's office when I went over in a swivel chair.

Now, in an ordinary straight-backed chair, when one loses his balance and falls over backwards, the motion is that of a rapidly accelerating curve, ending in a shattering bump and, naturally, leaving the victim in a dazed condition. As I have said previously this was always sufficient to

set off the Fassbinder yarn.

In a swivel chair, as I have found in that vainglorious moment at Hofer's, the effect is far more sensational. As I recall, Charlie and I were discussing a new sales campaign for his 17-foot-Ormand-Classics-shelf-of-Books. I was leaning back in his office chair. In fact, an impish voice kept whispering, "Farther, just a wee bit farther!" And I in a sudden daring mood, inched backward imperceptibly, thrilling as the danger of my situation increased.

And then it happened!

You see, in a swivel chair, as one leans back more and more, the three legs of the tripod base remain on the floor while the seat itself bends rearward, building up tension on the springs. The point of overbalance is attained, and I, the experimenter, am breathless with anticipation.

The tripod base snaps up, out from under the chair, and resumes its normal position in relation to the seat. And for a brief moment the chair and its occupant are suspended at a 45 degree angle in the air! In that moment, sitting up there in mid-air, I felt all, I knew all! The world was at my feet! The most treasured secrets of life were mine! I was one with the universe. And then there was the unparalleled descent to the floor, and the shattering, tingling shock of the crash.

Charlie Hofer rushed over to me. "Carlton, Carlton," he shouted. "Say something! Say something! Oh Carlton, that look, that unearthly look on your face!"

"Whee," I said, making peculiar gesticulating motions with my hands.

"Carlton," Charlie shouted again, shaking me violently, "Tell me, tell me, what was it like? Oh that must have been glorious!"

I arose, tingling with electrical currents. I righted the chair, sat down, and once again tilted back slowly, daring the brink of Paradise... My heart thundered; slowly I eased back, letting the seat bend slowly. My tongue hung out of my mouth. Hofer stared popped.

Crack!

Once again I sat suspended in mid-air. Once again, I was God, Jupiter, Apollo, Zarathustra, and all the rest rolled into one. I was just beginning to see the True Concord of the World when it was blotted out by the face of the desk, cutting across the view as I descended abruptly to the floor.

To shorten a long story, I practiced falling in Hofer's chair until about 4:30 that afternoon, at which time the tripod broke into several pieces from the strain. Charlie quickly went around to several other offices and rounded up a half dozen chairs, which lasted far into the night. By that time, whenever I arose, instead of bursting forth into an After Dinner Story, I spewed forth deep philosophical contemplation, or dictated, at an incredible pace, mathematical formulae and concepts for the construction of machines to alleviate all man's problems.

A few nights later, when at a dinner held by the Rear Admiral Buckner

Pasabinder's Reflections--III

B. Bowlinggreen Society. I was upset, as was my usual misfortune, by a very ingenious host. However, instead of bursting into my After Dinner Story, which had been scheduled as the highlight of the evening, I growled unprintable obscenities, picked up a chair, and soundly beat my host over the crown with it, pausing on my way out to invert the soup tureen on Rear Admiral Bowlinggreen's head. I left the banquet hall in utter chaos.

Since then I have been spurned by all my former hosts. I sit in Hofer's office, falling backwards in swivel chairs for hours on end. Hofer procures them for me from all sorts of unimaginable and obscure places. But soon the crisis will come. The WPE recently issued an order halting the manufacture of swivel chairs, and when the available supply is exhausted, I will be driven to utter frustration. As an emergency measure, I have contemplated experiments with ten foot ladders, climbing to the top of them while Charlie holds them erect, then falling backwards in a ten foot arc.

Who knows what comic secrets I may discover then?

-- (T. Bruce Terke)

...vanishing like copies of Amazing at a Rasciucian convention...

(Paid Advt.)

DAVID
McDONALD

101 West 109th Street, New York 26, New York

SYNOPSIS: I'd been gaffiating and all, and finally I got kicked out of FAPA. I was in a lousy mood when I got back to the slanshack, and then I got into this fight with my roommate, Ward Fanletter, over this girl. So I went next door to see Acne. He hated Fanletter.

GASHER OF THE RYE

by Carl Brandon

PART THREE

So Long, Slanshack!

I.

"Acne?" I said. "You awake?"

"Yeah."

I started groping around for the light. "What the helliya doing anyway?" I said.

"Wuddaya mean what am I doing? I was tryna sleep before you guys started making all that noise. What the hell was it all about, anyhow?" I finally found the light and switched it on. "Good Chu!" Acne said. "What the hell happened to you?"

"I had a goddam tiff with Fanletter. He poured correction fluid over me." Then I sat down on the floor. "Listen. You wanta play a little mental crifanac?" I was feeling real trufannish, after that fakefan Fanletter and all.

"Mental crifanac, for Ghusake. It's eleven thirty! I gotta get some sleep tonight. I'm going to an all-night bhe-erbust tomorrow night. You guys start hollering in the middle of the ghoudamn-- What the hell was the fight about, anyhow?"

I didn't want to discuss it with him. "About you," I said. "I was defending your goddam honor. He said you put out a cruddy fanmag." I told you I was a terrific hoaxter.

"He did? No kidding? He did?"

I told him I was only kidding, then I didn't say anything more. I was thinking about old Jane and all. It just drove me stark staring mad when I thought about her and Fanletter in the goddam park. The thing was, I knew Fanletter. Most guys in that slanshack wouldn't have sexual intercourse with fannes, but Fanletter would. He said the reason others wouldn't was because they believed that it was safer with nonfannes, that they were a different type of animal, not star-bagotten or anything, and that the mating wouldn't be fruitful. He said that was why they wouldn't give the time to fannes, but he knew it was just the same either way so he didn't care. But that was just rationalizing. He was a sexy bastard. He'd give the time to anybody. Even Janie. That was what was bothering me; it really was.

"How about turning off the goddam light?" Acne said. He was getting pretty mad, so I turned it off. In a couple of minutes he was asleep.

I kept lying there on the floor anyway, in the dark, trying not to

think about Fanletter and Janis. But it was almost impossible. The trouble was, I knew that guy Fanletter's technique. We went to this one-shot session with a couple of girls, and we were in different rooms, me and my girl at the typewriter and him at the mimeo in the other room with his girl. What a technique he had. What he'd do was, he'd start snowing his girl in this very fannish voice--like he wasn't only a very handsome guy but a sensitive, fannish type too. I damn near puked, listening to him. His girl kept saying, "No--please. Please, don't. Please." But old Fanletter kept snowing her in this fannish voice, and finally the mimeo stopped turning. It was really embarrassing. I don't think he gave that girl the time that night--but damn near. Damn near.

I heard old Fanletter come back into our room and shut off the light. I was feeling fannish as hell. I was so disgusted with fakefans. I even decided to wake up old Acne again.

"Hey, Acne," I whispered, so Fanletter wouldn't hear.

He woke up. "What the hell's the matter with you?" he said. "I was sleeping, for Ghusake!"

"Listen. What's the routine on getting into that bheerbhust you're going to?" I asked him. I was sort of toying with the idea of going. Boy, I was feeling fannish! "Do you have to worship Bheer and all?"

"Certainly you have to worship Bheer! You fugghead, did you wake me up just to ask me a stupid ques--"

"Aah, go back to sleep. I'm not gonna go anyway. The kind of luck I have, all the guys there'd probably be fuggheads."

When I said that, old Acne sat way the hell up in bed. "Listen," he said. "I don't care what you say about me or anything, but if you start making cracks about my ghudamu religion, for--"

"Relax," I said. "Nobody's making cracks about your goddam religion." I got up and started toward the door. I stopped on the way, though, and picked up Acne's hand, and gave him a big, phony handshake. He pulled it away from me.

"What's the idea?" he said.

"No idea. I just want to thank you for being such a goddam trufan, that's all," I said. "You got a sensitive fannish face, Acne kid. You know that?" He really did. I mean he had pimples and all, but he still had a sensitive and fannish face.

Then I went on out of the room and shut the damn door. It was really depressing in the corridor. I felt like hell. So what I decided to do, I decided to get the hell out of that slanshack and go to a hotel somewhere. Right that very night, I mean. I decided to just gaffiate until Wednesday. Then, on Wednesday, I'd go home to my parents' place all rested up and feeling swell. I figured my parents wouldn't get old Fatlav's letter saying I'd been given the axe till maybe Tuesday or Wednesday. I didn't want to go home or anything till they got it and thoroughly digested it and all. I didn't want to be around when they first got it. My mother always wanted me to be a RNF

The Cacher of the Eye--III

and all that crap. She probably never even thought of me being president, except maybe of the goddam NFFF.

Anyway, that's what I decided to do. So I went back to the room and packed. It only took me a few minutes. I'm a very rapid packer. I really am. Then I sort of counted my dough. I don't remember how much I had, but I was pretty loaded. I had about a hundred dollars, and some fan wampum left over from the Midwescon. Anyway, even though I was pretty loaded, I figured I could always use a little more. So what I did was, I went down the hall and woke up this guy I'd lent my typer to. I asked him how much he'd give me for the thing. It cost me about ninety bucks, and all he bought it for was twenty. He was sore because I woke him up. He was probably going to go to that bheerbhust too. Or maybe he'd been to one the night before.



When I was all set to go, I stood for a while at the foot of the stairs and took a last look down the corridor. I was sort of crying. I don't know why. I put my beanie on, and bent the prop back the way I liked it. Old Fanletter had straightened it out, the fugghead; he probably thought it made him look more handsome or something. Then I yelled at the top of my goddam voice, "I hope you all drown in a pan of hakto jelly!" I'll bet I woke up every one of them. Then I got the hell out of there.

II.

It was cold as hell out, snowing and all, but I sort of enjoyed the air and all. The only trouble was, the cold made my nose hurt, and especially my ears. That beanie I'd bought was kind of big on me, or maybe goddam Fanletter had stretched it when he wore it. He had the bighead, I swear to Ghu. Anyway, I pulled the ghudamn thing down over my ears to keep them warm--I didn't give a damn how I looked. I must have looked very unfannish with the beanie pulled down and all, but nobody was around at that hour anyway.

Usually I like riding trains, especially at night, with nobody on them except those guys coming up the aisle selling coffee and sandwiches and magazines. I usually buy about four stfmags. I can usually even read one of those dumb stories with a lot of phony, clean-cut guys named Hawk Carse or Curt Newton or something, and a lot of phony girls that are always getting chased by these bug eyed monsters so the heroes have to save them. I swear to Ghu, I'd like to know what those damn bams would do if they ever got away with a girl? I really would. Anyway, I was feeling so lousy I didn't even buy a stfmag or anything that night. All I did was take off my beanie and put it in my pocket.



All of a sudden, this lady got on and sat down next to me. She was around forty or forty-five, I guess, but she was very good-looking. Women kill me. They really do. They usually have more sensitive and fannish faces than men, I mean. This one didn't, though. She was a nonfan, I could tell.

Anyway, we were sitting there, and all of a sudden she said to me, "Excuse me, but isn't

that a beanie in your picket?" My ghudamn beanie was sticking out of my pocket.

"Yes, it is," I said.

"Oh, are you a fan?" she said. She didn't say faaaaaaan, like Fan-letter or goddam Acne would have. She was a nonfan, like I said.

"Yes, I am," I said.

"Oh, how lovely. Perhaps you know my son, then. Ernest Morrow? He's a fan."

"Yes, I do. He's in FAPA, and so am I." I didn't feel like telling her I'd been given the axe or anything.

"Oh, how nice!" the lady said. But not conny or condescending like most nonfans would. She was just nice and all. Ghu, what a bastard her son was, though. He was doubtless the biggest bastard that ever joined FAPA, in the whole crumby history of the thing. He was always cutting everybody else's mags in his mailing comments. He thought he and Warner were the only guys that put out good mags. That's exactly the kind of a guy he was. "I must tell Ernest we met," she said. "May I ask your name, dear?"

"Charles Bheerbhee," I told her. I didn't feel like giving her my whole life history. Bheerbhee was the name of a guy in FAPA. Boy, I'll bet old Morrow got a kick in the ass when she told him later that she'd met me. Old Morrow had cut hell out of Bheerbhee in the last mailing. He was trying to start a feud or something, it looked like.

"Do you like FAPA?" she asked me.

"FAPA? It's not too bad. It's not perfect, or anything, but it's as good as most fanclubs."

"Ernest just adores it."

"I know he does," I said. Boy, was that a load of crap. That bastard always sounded like he hated it. But maybe he really did like it. Guys with the bighead like him usually like to get somewhere where there's no competition, and he seemed to think the mags were lousy and all. Hell, maybe he was having the time of his life, just panning all the mags. But I didn't want to say anything like that to his mother. I started shooting the old crap around a little bit. "He adapts himself very well to things. He really does."

"Do you think so?" she asked me. She sounded interested as hell, and she was smiling. She had a really nice smile. She really did. But it wasn't a fannish smile or anything like that. "Ernest's father and I sometimes worry about him. We sometimes feel he's not a terribly good mixer."

"How do you mean?"

"Well. He's a very sensitive and fannish boy. He's really never been a terribly good mixer. Perhaps he takes things a little more seriously than he should at his age."

Sensitive and fannish. That killed me. That guy Morrow was about as sensitive and fannish as a golden toilet seat.

I gave her a good look. She didn't look like any daps to me. She looked like she might have a pretty damn good idea what a fugghead she was the mother of. But you can't always tell--mothers are all slightly insane. Especially mothers of fans. That's probably where their sons get it. You've got to be slightly insane to be a fan. You really do. I liked old Morrow's mother, though. She was all right. I decided to keep on shooting the crap if it would make her feel better. "Old Ernie," I said. "He's one of the most popular fans in WAPA. He placed fifth in the popularity poll this year. Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't."

I nodded. "It really took everybody quite a long time to get used to his personality. He's got an odd personality--know what I mean? Like when I read the first msg he sent through WAPA. When I read that, I thought he was kind of a snob. But he's not. He's just got this very original personality that takes you a little while to get used to."

Old Mrs. Morrow didn't say anything, but boy, you should've seen her. I had her glued to her seat. You take some fan's mother, all they want to hear about is what a BWF their son is. That's why I wanted to let my mother cool off before I went home, because she was going to be disappointed as hell.

Then I really started chucking the old crap around. "Did he tell you about the election?" I asked her.

She shook her head.

"Well, a bunch of us wanted old Ernie to be official editor. I mean he was the unanimous choice--he got a whole lot of write-in votes. But this other guy was elected. And the reason he was elected was because Ernie wouldn't run. Because he's so damn shy and modest and all." Actually, what had happened, old Morrow had given himself a write-in vote over "Prop" Boney, because he was such a conceited bastard, and because he hated Boney.



Boy, I really gave her the old bull. She was really impressed about her son. Then she sort of frowned and said, "Ernest told me there was going to be a one-shot session at the slanehsak tomorrow night. You don't mean to tell me that you're not staying for it?"

That was a load of bull, too. There wasn't going to be any one-shot session. It was that goddam the-archust old Acne had been talking about, but Morrow wouldn't have told his mother that or anything. "Oh no," I said. "It's just that I have to have these treatments from a doctor."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," she said. She really was, too. I was right away sorry I'd said it, but it was too late.

"It isn't very serious. I have this allergy, but it isn't very bad." That was a lie, of course. I didn't have any allergy at all. I was just thinking of Acne, and that was an excuse he used all the time for having pimples. He said he was allergic to beer, and of course no trufan would tell him to quit drinking it, so he had a good excuse for having pimples.

Then I started looking through this fanzine I was carrying with me. Just to stop lying. Once I get started, I can go on for hours if I feel like it. No kidding. Hours. I'm a terrific hoaxter.

We didn't talk much after that. She started reading this Harper's she had with her, and I looked out the window for awhile. She got off pretty quick. She wished me a lot of luck with the allergy and all. Then she invited me to visit Ernie during the summer. She said their house was right near a couple of publishing companies, and they had a Gestetner and all, but I just thanked her and told her I was going to a convention in England with my grandmother. That was really a hot one, because my grandmother hardly even knows what fandom is. But I wouldn't visit that sonuvabitch Morrow even if he'd had an electric varityper and his own photo-offset machine.

END OF PART THREE

"Science fiction is significant."

Very amusing, too, was the attitude of the students towards Hubbard himself. A majority of them plainly regarded him with awe and worship. They'd sit there and watch him lecture with their mouths open and their eyes shining and their souls sticking out like warts on a toad. I doubt if they heard anything he said--they were just soaking up the great man's miasma.

I had a field day making snotty remarks to some of these people. I was particularly annoyed by the way they kept running up to get Hubbard to autograph their copy of The Book, DIABETICS.

"Hell," I said to one guy, "my great-grandfather had a copy of the Bible that old Jesus H. Christ himself autographed at a tent show at Bubbling Springs, Arkansas back in 1859."

"Yes, but can Hubbard walk on water?" was a sure-fire standard, as was Burbee's line: "Why, it takes longer to make a good witch doctor!"

That, of course, is the only sensible way to treat fugg-heads--tromple them underfoot.

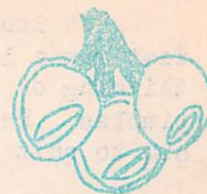
--F. T. Lancy, "Dianuts & Dianetics," in The Unspeakable THING #5, April, 1952.

In my ceaseless search for piano rolls I often fail to get irked at some outlandish act committed against me till some days have gone by, as some local fans discovered a short time ago. This delayed notion is not without its humorous aspects; I told my wife the other day that I sometimes have the notion that I am a time-bomb and when my aging bones click or crack I am struck for a moment with the fantastic thought that I am ticking.

--Charles Burbee, in SEGMENT, a short-shot

Innvective

I'LL GIVE YOU \$1.90
FOR IT



heading by DAVID ENGLISH



A rather short lettercol this time, chillun, mainly because INN #4 has not been mailed out yet. Our distribution system is quite simple: every now and then Dave cleans his room, and runs into various copies of this fanzine sitting around. He then addresses and mails them out to people whose addresses he can lay his hands on rapidly, be they Wilson Blosky, Conrad Adensuer, William Sykora, Arthur Summerfield, or Pillars of the Nameless Ones. Anyway, since #4 is reposing in this room at the moment, we have no commentary on it to print. We have some leftover commentary on INN#3, though.

JOHN CHAMPION, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

Dave's idea for an InSex of SF sounds interesting, but I beg off. Besides, there are these Arty fanzines, ALICE and MUZZY. Why, we all know that both of these make PLAYBOY or ESCAPADE look like child's play. Hall and Corey are To Be Congratulated for doing so much To Improve Art in Fandom, as well as Fandom itself.

Reading about your Tower to the Moon...whathell do you want to go to the Moon for? While I admit the method of reaching it will prove very constructive and worthwhile, really what can you do on a six foot sphere? It's too small for putting up any sort of building, and while I admit there would be much egoboo involved in distributing the first fanzine published on the Moon, still...

By George! By George Wetzal, that is! Such a filthy corrupt pinko Unamerican radical leftist Communistic Fascistic plot such as The Impractical Plot of Boyd Raeburn must be exposed! We Americans must root out the evil foreign influence in our midst. I, sirrah, confess to the most heinous crimes--I published an article by John Berry, notorious Irish revolutionary, under the slick disguise of a policeman, and what's more I read the "All-Irish Issue" of HYPERION and almost found myself falling under its degrading influence. Luckily CanFandom has not yet started to work on me...I, as with all Peal Loyal American Legion variety Americans, have fully prepared to resist this mind rot to the best of my ability. America over all! We'll show the lousy Reds what we think of them.

Innactive--W... Champion volunteers

And as for this British (supposedly) plot to beat us to the Moon, all I can say is that I am willing to donate my efforts wholeheartedly to help empty the beer cans so that America can get there first.

The last couple paragraphs of Willis' letter (and your comment) practically sent me rolling. (Let's all eat, drink, and make Marriott?)

Well, gee whiz goshwowboyboy, Dan, why didn't you tell us all about this before? Now we understand...all about Elvis, and so forth... If the Air Force doesn't capitalize on this new power source they're crazy--fasten an irregular gear to Ashins' hipbone, run it to the propeller shaft, and play a few Elvis records (something like "Don't Be Cruel" or "Hound Dog" for quick takeoffs; "Love Me Tender" for long range cruising). Derogation, anyone?

I have a dynamic conception of the future

((We almost forgot that five or six copies of INK #4 were mailed out to the Elite of fandom--as opposed to the Picaresque element. One fellow even commented on it...))

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada

Dammit. I do NOT wear a cap like that. The fact that I don't look a bit like that illo is of small consequence, but I would never never wear a cap like that. Wild One type motorcycle cap, yes, but not a horror like that. Another point, one just doesn't hold a knife that way. It may be o.k. if one is planning on sneaking up tippy-toe behind victim and stabbing in back, but never NEVER if one is facing opponent.

Seeing Condit enjoyed the hospitality of various NY fans, some of his comments seem in rather doubtful taste--but I forgot, he's a friend of Ellik, isn't he? If, in his comments on Saha, he is implying what I think he is, he should read the Laney Memoirs, and realize the danger of snap judgements. ((Rich Kirs sez Condit has an "uncanny knack for assessing people around this crowd"--an unsolicited testimonial for our reporter. Besides, Tom has read Laney's Memoirs, so when he speaks of "an LI-type" he is aware of what the phrase connotes. And in conclusion, Laney himself directed several broadsides at Saha in such terms.))

Cacher of the Rye is great great great. I hope you bring out Innuendo frequently, so that there isn't too long a wait between installments. Hell, this thing, if the present quality keeps up, deserves to be published in one chunk, in the same manner as The Enchanted Duplicator and the in-the-works Harp Stateside. ((It's now in-the-mailbox.)) Perhaps the reason for the quality of Brandon's "fan fiction" as opposed to the gloomy mauses churned out by Stark, is Brandon's attitude to fandom as declared by you, in comparison to Stark's "fandom as an area of human experience" outlook.

...a universal language that nobody speaks...

((And Carl Brandon had a few words to say in a recent Clique letter which may be of some interest...however, you'll have to go on to the next page.))

Investive--117. -- Brandon O'Connor

CARL BRANDON, 306 Chestnut St., San Francisco, Calif.

Oddly enough, since I've been writing these fanish translations, I've discovered that practically everything in mundane, everyday life can be translated into fanish terms. This must have some deep significance, and I think I know what it is; it's that fandom is a self-sufficient microcosm...or rather, that it can be a self-sufficient microcosm to someone who makes it so.

However, when all these things of mundane life are translated into fanish terms, they become funny. There is a reason for this, too: we realize that it's ridiculous and abnormal to take fandom so seriously.

So you see, my stories are inspired by the muses. They have an ethos factor. They point a moral! ((Yes, and that moral is: anyone who doesn't think your stories are funny is mentally sick.))

Tom Condit always leaves me slightly ajar.--RS

((Taking time off from collaborating with Edgar Allan Poe, that youthful antiquarian Robert A. Bloch found it in his heart to review INN in some prozine or other. This review elicited a certain amount of response in the form of requests for INN. And so we have devoted a special section of our lettercol to the League of Silent Fan.))

J. LARRY ATKINS, 809 So. 17th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

I've been reading SF magazines and books since 1928. Until now I've never asked for a copy of any fanzine.

NOW I'm asking for a copy of your publication. Somehow I feel I've been missing much by not asking sooner. ((...))

JOHN KONING, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

First, let me state, I am 14 years old, 5' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tall, 122 lb., sane (hsh heh), and crazy (hsh heh) about SF.

I would be happy to correspond with any fan who wants to trade, play chess (by mail), sell, give something away, just shoot off their mouths, or join the "Down With Everything" club, of which I am president (and only member). ((We'd be happy to join a "Down With Stf" chapter.))

BILL MEYERS, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn.

Please send me a sample copy of Innendo for which I'll send the required letter of comment; I'll send comment on each issue you send and hope you continue mailing them to me. Are you in need of any type of material? ((We could stand some good fuggedhead letters.))

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

Will you accept dirty old money? ((How much?))

Who is this Jim Kepner who had a column in the Daily Worker?--Boff Perry, '49

...A. LaVerne Ashley (AA194) recently announced, through the medium of this journal, that should an atomic bomb drop near enough to make him spill his coffee, he would not be held responsible for any reprisals he might have to make...

--Gyrus B. Condra, SHAGGY #36, June 47

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