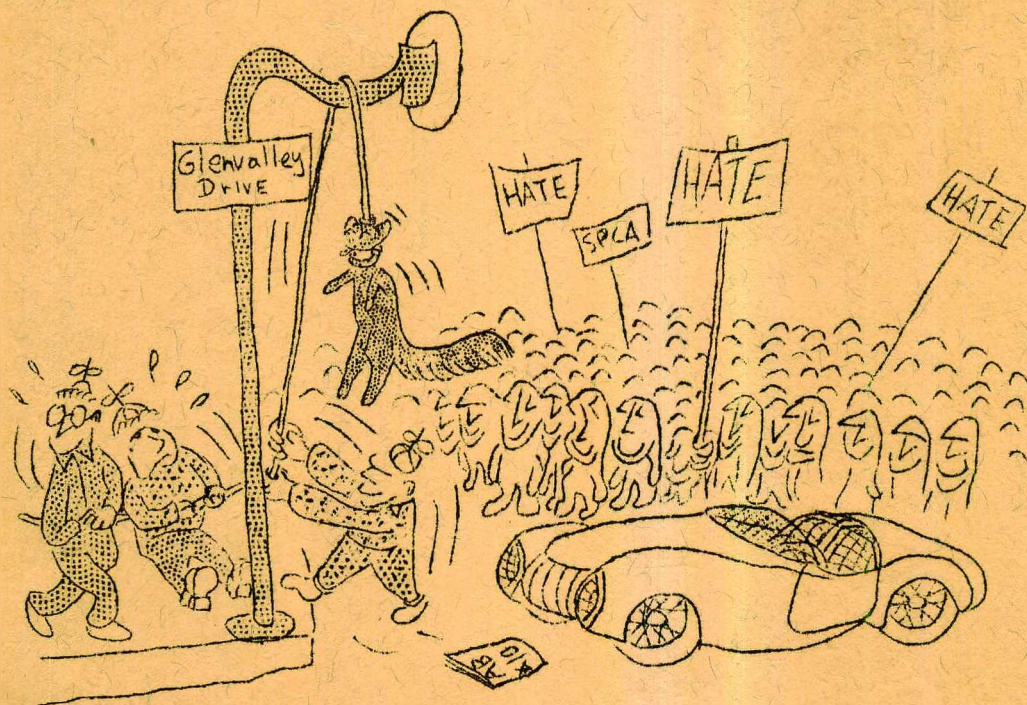


# the innish



In Toronto, everybody hates Ron Ellick.







# the innish

inn a mist (editorial)

by Carr

Oklacon Potpourri (conreport)

by Ron Ellik

The King's Court Affair (conreport)

by Ron Bennett

Quartet (profiles)

by Brandon, Graham, Carr, and Rike

Spaceways And Me (fanoirs)

by Harry Warner, Jr.

Cursing For Fantasy Use (reprint)

by Rich Eney

What Am I Doing Here? (Marine life)

by Ron Ellik

Wanderin' (a traveltalk)

by Pete Graham

...And Nothing BUT The Truth (reprint)

by Royal H. Drummond

An Interview With Eric Erickson

a letter from Erickson

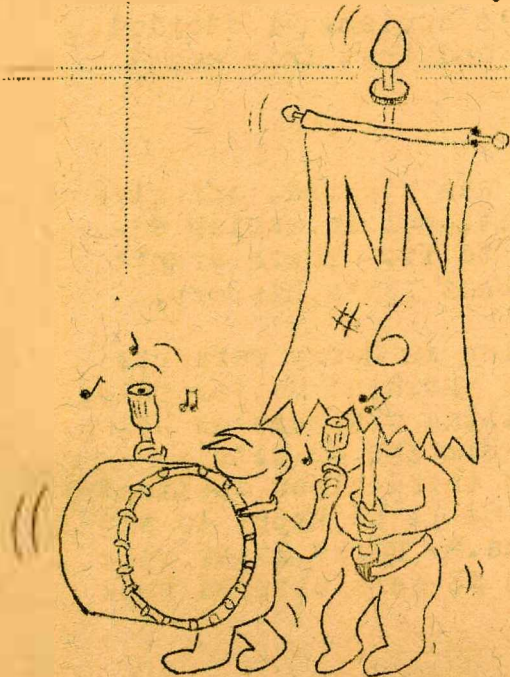
The Cacher of the Rye (final 3 chapters)

by Carl Brandon

Innective (letters)

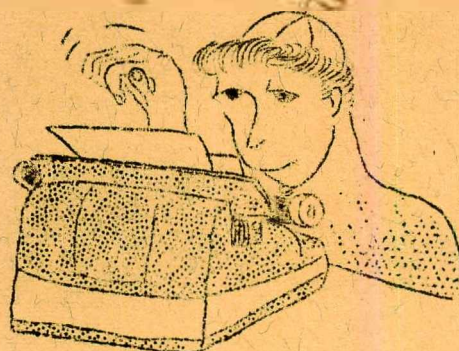
by all sorts of people

cartoons by Dave Rike, Wm. Rotsler, & Dave English



INNUENDO is published bi-monthly by Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Editorial Assistants & lackeys: Dave Rike, Ron Ellik, Carl Brandon, and Pete Graham. Ad rates: 25¢  $\frac{1}{4}$ -page, 50¢  $\frac{1}{2}$ -page, 75¢ full page. No subscriptions are accepted and all money so received will be dropped into the Fund To Build A Tower To The Moon Out Of Bheer Cans. INN is available by trade or for letters of comment. Remember, more people with Asiatic flu read INNUENDO than any other fanzine.

# INN A MIST



AS SOON AS I RECEIVED the letter from Walt Willis which is printed in this issue's lettercolumn, I dashed off a card to my coeditor, Dave Rike, telling him all about how WAW had said INN was "one of the Great Fanzines, worthy to rank up there with Warp and Q." I felt that this huge hunk of ego-boo would inspire Dave as it had inspired me, and that we could immediately get together to put out another issue.

By return mail I got a card from Dave, saying that he was dropping out of the editing and pubbing of INN, and retiring into the apas.

I immediately accused him of quitting while he was ahead, but this had no effect, and I found myself the sole editor-pubber of INNUENDO. I reflected philosophically that after all Dave is undoubtedly the laziest fan in existence, and that I had been relieved of a dreadful cross which I had borne for a year and more, but this did not cheer me up. After all, the next issue was to be INN's first annish.

This, in case you didn't know, is the next issue. This is INN's first annish. It has been an even one year and four months since INN #1 appeared. (If this chronology strikes you as wrong, somehow, then you're obviously new around here.)

The Innish had been planned as a part of INN's continuing policy of Reminding Bloch And Tucker Of Old Times, in this case in that this will be the first real annish in a few years, at least since ABSTRACT's annish. I decided that the Crusade would be continued, and that this would be the Innish with or without Dave.

And so it is.

I COULD WRITE ALL ABOUT how INN was started, and give you a history of the fmz, as is traditional in annish editorials. However, I do not feel up to it. There aren't too many things of interest to say about INN's history, anyway.

I could tell of how, after reading in Harry Warner's FAPAZine that he considered the usual "Printed Matter Only, Return Postage Guaranteed" on fmz mailing wrappers as being unnecessarily ungrammatical, we sent him INN #2 with a special mlg wrapper stating, "This is third-class duplicated matter, and if Warner can't be found we'll be happy to pay you fellows to return this thing to us." Harry later said that he'd noticed this, but that with #3 we'd slipped back



inn a mist--II

into the standard mlg wrapper notice and he'd been disappointed. So with #4 we began using a wrapper with the revised wording.

Or I could mention that although nobody seemed to notice it, Carl Brandon's piece in INN #2 was somewhat of a takeoff on Bob Stewart's piece in #1.

I could mention how, upon hearing that Cliff Gould had been somewhat aghast at seeing the caricature of him on the cover of INN #2, Dave touched up the cover of Cliff's copy of INN #3, making the central figure look like Gould again.

Or I could narrate the story of how we returned to the ditto for issues #4 and 5. These were published this last winter, and the weather in Northern California had turned a bit cold. Dave complained of this, and said that since his mimeo was housed out in his cold shack in his back yard, we should switch back to dittoing INN until the weather warmed up. I sympathised with him.

"I sympathise with you, Dave," I said. "The cold weather must make the mimeo ink thick and foul up the reproduction."

"Hell no," said Dave. "The cold weather makes me cold, that's all. I don't feel like going out to the shack and freezing just for a goddam hobby."

"Dave," I said admiringly, "you are a true fan."

There are all sorts of things like this that I could reveal to the readership, but as I said I don't feel up to it. After all, I've got an annish to publish.

SINCE THE END OF SUMMER (yes, Harness, it was this August) the various members of the local group have been trickling into Berkeley, California, setting up residence for the fall semester at the University of California. Dave moved here first, followed soon after by Carl, then by me, and finally Pete Graham. Ron Ellik came up from Southern California (500 miles away, Mr. Willis) to join the group.

Actually, Dave and Carl are not living any longer at the address you'll find listed for them all over fandom (2423 Haste St.). They have moved to another rooming house, but in order not to confuse people with two quick changes of address, they have arranged with the P.O. to have their mail diverted to their new address, which I also do not feel up to revealing.

Ron Ellik and I went by the old address soon after moving in here at Barrington Hall. We did not know at the time of the move Dave and Carl had made, and so when the landlady answered our knock we innocently asked for Dave or Carl, as we had done when we'd visited a month before. She told us that they had moved away recently.

"Lands," she added, "those fellows are awfully popular! All the time people come here asking for Dave Rike or Carl Brandon! My heavens, I've had more callers for them in the month they were here than for all my other tenants put together!"

"Well," said Ron, "they are probably two of the most fascinating people in the world. People all over the world know of them."



inn a mist--III

"Sakes alive!" marveled the landlady. "All over the world--imagine that! Who are they? Where do they come from? What do they do?"

"They're rather well-known names on the literary scene," I said. "Their works have been published both here and abroad."

"Are they going to the University?" asked the landlady. We told her yes. "What are they studying?" she asked. She quite obviously agreed with us that David Jesse Rike and Carl Joshua Brandon were two of the most fascinating people in the world.

"I'm not quite sure," I admitted, and this seemed to add something to the veil of mystery around Dave and Carl which the landlady had discovered. "I'm pretty sure they're both in the physical sciences, though."

"You mean they don't follow their writing careers?" she asked with surprise.

"Well," said Ron, "with them writing is more a labor of love. Sort of a hobby. They don't want to make money from it."

"Lord above!" she marveled. "Isn't that something. And they both seemed so young to be so accomplished."

"Well, sometimes in the literary world things like that happen," I said. "It's people like Carl and Dave who make the field of English letters so worthwhile. Every once in awhile someone like them comes along."

"Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing," said the landlady as we left.

We soon found out where Dave and Carl were now staying, and visited them. When told of the conversation with their former landlady, they assured us that the only visitors they'd had had been Ron and me when we had come a month before and had had to return three or four times in one day before we'd found them at home.

A week or two later, when again visiting, I noticed that Dave was writing a letter to Dick Ellington, and using the new address. I reminded them that they had decided not to use this new address, so that they wouldn't confuse people.

"Oh," Carl said brightly, "that's all part of a plan we have now. You see, whenever we write to someone we know will never ever visit Berkeley, we use the new address. But with people who may someday visit us, even some day years from now, we use the Haste St. address. Thus, there will be a constant stream of people going to that address, over the years, asking for us. Just think of the effect this will have on that landlady!"

A LOT OF PEOPLE, upon hearing of the mass influx into Berkeley, have been writing to us and saying that this sure must be a fannish place now, with Ellick and me at the same co-op, and Dave and Carl just a block and a half away, and Pete maybe fifteen minutes' walk across campus. And, they say, the Little Men meet just two blocks from Barrington, and Anthony Boucher's home, the editorial office of F&SF, is just four blocks away. Boy oh boy, and Don Wegars lives



inn a mist--IV

in Berkeley, and so do Poul and Karen Anderson, and Rog and Honey Wood Graham, and all those people. Even the fabulous T. Bruce Yerke is in the area. Goshwow, they say.

Pah.

This is the most unfannish setting imaginable, when you come right down to it. Ron and I spend most of our free time playing ping-pong or pool in the recreation room. We go see Carl and Dave once or twice a week, but Carl is taking a heavy schedule of courses and is usually over at the library studying, and of course Dave is the most lazy fan in existence. Pete Graham is rooming way over north of campus, and though it is indeed only fifteen minutes' walk away, it's uphill, dammit. I see Pete about once a week, generally when we go to the football games.

Man, what a fannish atmosphere.

The atmosphere is just so unfannish that I've been after Dave for two months now to do four measly cartoons for Carl's serial, and at this writing they're still not done. Now, Dave is pretty lazy, but he's not that lazy. And I've been trying to get Ron to write his report on the Oklacon for a month now. The other day he looked me square in the eye and said, "Carr, the last con report I wrote was a paper on the Constitution Convention of 1787 for Political Science class."

I have met one of the Little Men, though. I was at a dance here at Barrington, and I turned around and saw Ron standing there with this fellow. "Terry, this is Norman Metcalf," said Ron. "He's a member of the Little Men." I said hello. "He's been telling me about his fan magazine," said Ron.

"You mean someone in the Little Men actually deigns to put out a fanzine?" I said, astonished.

"Well," said Metcalf, "it's really a semi-pro magazine. I pay six-tenths of a cent a word--on acceptance, too. That's better than Columbia Publications does."

"Gee," I said.

"I have material for my first issue by L. Sprague de Camp," he said. "I was trying to get Rog Phillips to review fanzines for me, but he said he wouldn't consider it for less than \$50." He paused, and then said, "But I told him, 'Rog, you know I wouldn't go that high.'"

He went on for awhile, telling us all about his glorious plans for this magazine, and how he was going to make it as good as INSIDE, but that he was going to imitate Ralph Stapenhorst's methods too, because he'd heard that Stapenhorst had five hundred paid subscribers to MAGNITUDE. Along about here I saw that the girl I was with was completely bored with the conversation, and I said to Metcalf, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing," and went off to dance again.

Later on that night I again ran into this fellow. He was giving Ron a complete list of all the magazine stores in the East Bay. "There," he said, "that's the ones in Berkeley; now I'll list the ones in Oakland."

Ron looked pained, and protested weakly, "But I hardly ever go looking for old science fiction magazines. I probably



inn a mist--V

won't even go to the stores here in Berkeley, let alone go clear to Oakland."

Metcalf went on writing. "You'll want to fill in the holes in your collection, now that you're here where there are so many good used-magazine stores," he said. He looked up at me. "Maybe I'd better make a list for you, too," he said.

"No," I said. "You'd be wasting your time. I never go to magazine stores. I only go into record stores."

He perked up. "Oh, are you a hi-fi fan too?"

"No," I said again, "I just listen to music. I'm a jazz fan."

He thought about this for awhile. "Well," he said, "I understand they even have some jazz records in high fidelity. I don't know why, though. Noise is noise, no matter how high the fidelity." He was wearing his intellectual look.

"Yes," I agreed. "And snobbery is snobbery, no matter how high the brow." Mercilessly, I left Ron to cope with Mr. Norman Metcalf, who is indeed a little man, and went off to dance again.

THE LEAGUE OF SILENT FEN keeps growing and growing. After stencilling up the four entries in this issue's lettercol, I got three more which had been sent to Dave. Here they are:

JOHN MORTON, General Washington Dr., Wyndcroft, RD 16, Media, Pa.

Saw your address in Oct. ish of SF Adv. Like to have your mag, I'll send you plenty of criticism. {(Good grief.)}

COLIN G. CAMERON, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, California

Please send me a copy of your fanzine. I am an active fan and I'm sure I could contribute to your mag in some way --artwork, a story, or otherwise. {(INN is kind of short on otherwises.)}

RICHARD A. KOOGLE, % Allen Military Acad. (Co. A), Bryan, Texas

Please send me a free copy of INNUENDO.

A letter of comment will be send right after it being receive. The Dallas Group will see you at the World Con in L.A. (included in the Dallas group: Richard A. Koogle, Dale Hart, Randy Brown, Tom Reamy and all the fan in the Southwest States. {(Golly gosh.)}

-----  
I don't like him either, but what the hell, he's a fan.  
-----

(an advertisement from  
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# OKLACON POTPOURRI

a report on the fifth annual Oklacon  
in Oklahoma, which is north of Texas

by

RON ELLIK

"Isn't this the greatest con you've ever been to?" asked Walt Bowart, Co-Chairman of the 1957 Oklacon.

I sat and thought about it for awhile, and came to a conclusion. "No," I said, "I've been to better cons."

I could see right away that such a reply was not resting well on the mind of my host. For one thing, he was munching his beard, which was a bad sign. "Well," he said, "you can't compare it to a big thing like the New York Con last September, of course. I know you were at the New York Con, and you'd naturally compare this Oklacon to it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, no, I'm afraid you're wrong," I said. He looked aghast. "Actually," I continued, talking at him right in his astonishedly open mouth, "I was thinking more of the Westercons. Those are just little regional conventions, you know, but there's usually a better-planned program there, a livelier auction, and more people."

He thought about this for a moment, masticating his chin-fuzz, and turned and asked Lynn Hickman if this wasn't the best con HE'd ever been to.

Lynn answered him straight-forwardly. "The parties are certainly a lot of fun," he answered, "and there are a lot of people here I've enjoyed meeting, like Dan McPhail and Sam Martinez."

This seemed to satisfy Bowart, who turned back to me triumphantly and said, "There, you see, Ron?"

-- --

Saturday morning, the first day of the con, I had been awakened at the unearthly hour of 8:30 by the loud noises made by Randy Brown at my door. "Wake up, Ellik," he shouted through the transom. I woke up and, in a drugged state, pulled on some trousers and opened the door. There, revealed

## Oklacon Report--II

in all their glory, stood Brown, Kent Corey, and Tom Reamy. The latter two were just animals, as far as I was concerned, since I'd never met them and didn't recognize them. That little fellow on the end, with his mouth moving wildly--that was Brown. Say hello to Brown.

Then they all sort of seemed to disappear from in front of me, and re-appear inside the room. I don't think I was fully awake at this point. Brown introduced Tom Reamy of Dallas and Kent Corey of Enid, the former being editor of CRIFANAC, the latter a co-chairman of the convention itself. They wanted to know why I hadn't been downstairs a half-hour ago, for the opening of the furshlugginer convention.

"Well," I countered, "what happened at the opening of the conference?"

Corey thought for a moment. "We formally opened the convention, and Shirley Smith started handing out name-plates and taking membership fees. But we couldn't do anything else because only the Dallas group and Ted Wagner showed up."

"Then I really didn't miss much, did I?" I asked. He had no answer for this, and just looked helplessly at Brown. I shoosed them out of the room, with a promise that I would be right down.

-- --

That morning I began to meet the people who had come to the conference. For instance, I met Joe Christoff, the Floridian who published a fanzine single-handedly, writing all the material under pen-names, and presenting another pen-name as the editor, never once using his own name. You will, of course, recognize this as a monumental accomplishment.

The morning wore on, and I found myself in the drugstore of the hotel, playing pin-ball for want of something else to do. I was discovered at this happy pastime by Randy Brown, who had the air about him of one searching for a criminal. "Why aren't you up at the opening session?" he asked.

"Ah," I said. "Is the program starting?"

"Walt and Kent are trying to start it, but there's nobody there. We can't start it without somebody to talk to." The logic of this crushed me into submission, and I went along with him peacefully. In the Enid Room #1, where the main affairs of the conference were held, Dan McPhail was talking to a mighty assemblage of fifteen people.

He made an excellent speech, telling of how Oklahoma's first convention in 1937 had sent greetings to the first English con in Leeds that year, and suggesting that this Oklacon send greetings to the WorldCon in London to be held



### Oklacon Report--III

the next weekend. Everyone agreed, and McPhail turned a proposed message over to Corey and Bowart to send by wire sometime early in the week.

I thought quite a bit about this. Such a gesture might easily make the Oklacon a respected--or, at least, an accepted--institution. At any rate, it could do no one any harm.

Corey never sent that telegram. He found out how much it would have cost, and decided to send a 10¢ air-letter form instead. But he never did this either, because neither he nor Bowart knew anybody in London, nor did they know the name of the con hotel.

-- --

This year's Oklacon was probably the best-publicized conference ever held in this country, for its size. Only about fifty people attended, which is pretty small--and yet, seven of the attendees appeared on a television show, several were interviewed in the hotel by KGWA, and the co-chairmen with three others were guests on a local disk-jockey's show Saturday night. This same disk-jockey kept mentioning the conference time and again, even two days after it was over.

When they were invited to appear on the d-j program, Corey and Bowart dragged along Dan McPhail, Lynn Hickman, and yours truly. The d-j gave the conference a terrific build-up, playing a Spike Jones record of a spaceship landing, and then telling everybody how a flying saucer had invaded Enid and men from Mars were holding a meeting in the Hotel Youngblood. Then he introduced Kent.

"We have the chairman of this other-worldly convention right here with us tonight," he said. "Have you anything to say, Kent?"

"Well, thank you," said Corey. "I'd like now to turn the microphone over to Walt Bowart, co-chairman of the Oklacon." And he did.

-- --

Walt Bowart claims to know very little about science fiction or science fiction fans. He says that anybody who would buy a lot of magazines and spend hours indexing them must be off his rocker. He doesn't like science fiction, and he hardly ever reads fanzines. He claims he got into fandom because Kent Corey printed some of his drawings.

One night Corey took it into his head to phone Bob Tucker. He phoned Bloomington Information, and found that there were seventeen Tuckers living in the area around Bloomington. By the time he had narrowed it down to one by calling the other sixteen, he decided to forget it, because

#### Oklacon Report--IV

it was so late. He was just hanging up when Walt Bowart walked in, a little tight.

Walt was told only that Corey wanted to speak to Bob Tucker and had found there were seventeen possibilities in the area--not that one of them had been pinned down by trial-and-error. Corey watched, horrified, while a drunken Walt Bowart spent two hours on the phone, duplicating Corey's every action. However, Bowart asked the wrong question somewhere along the line, and couldn't get Tucker. This was not going to stop him. His next move was to call Dean Grennell, for the one thing he knew about Grennell was that he knew Tucker.

At 2:00 a.m., Dean Grennell received a phone call from Walt Bowart, who wanted to find Bob Tucker. Grennell told him he didn't know how to find Tucker, who keeps his definite whereabouts a secret for the express purpose of avoiding such impositions as Bowart's. Grennell devoted a paragraph in QABAL #3 to this incident. His writeup was ripping, just ripping. He described Bowart as a some-time fringe-fan, with a tape-worm dialect.

I related this to Walt from memory, and he got very indignant. "I don't see why he got so snotty about it," he said.

"But--Grennell has six kids to support," I said. "He works all day selling furnaces. He needs his sleep."

"Well," said Bowart firmly, "if somebody took all the trouble to call me up at 2:00 in the morning, I'd be glad to hear from him."

-- --

Bowart and I were talking about the way the conference had gone, in a smoke-filled room Monday night. "Really now, Ron, isn't this the greatest con you've ever been to?" he asked again. "Now, you know you can't compare it to something like the Midwescon, or the Worldcon, where they have fans from all over. I mean, considering that there aren't very many fans at all in the southwest, hasn't this been just great?"

"Well, for a convention without many fans at all, it's not bad," I said.

"No, seriously, it's hard work, getting this many fans together for a convention in the southwest. We worked our asses off getting this many together. Still, I think we did a pretty fine job. You're going to say it was a good convention in your con report, aren't you?"



Oklacon Report--V

"You mean I should lie? I was sort of disgusted with this con."

"Well, I think you ought to write a real good con report. After all, people came from all over just to attend it. You came 1500 miles yourself, and I think that's just stupendous. You know, if you don't write a good con report, I'm going to get you."

"Get me?"

"Yeah. I don't like the way fans do things--write letters, and all. If you write a lousy, nasty con report, Ellik, I'm going to come out there and knock the hell out of you. What do you say to that?"

"Well," I said to that, "if you did that, you'd have to travel 1500 miles yourself, and I think that's just stupendous."

-- Ron Ellik

-----  
GEMZINE is the only fmz I know that you get in a paper bag.  
-----

I remember how mad I made Al Ashley one time. During a lull in the conversation, Al Ashley got that vacuous, slack-jawed look which is his Fine Mind expression, and out of a clear sky intoned solemnly, "The map is not the territory."

"Hey, you been reading the Oz Books again?" I asked brightly. "I never will forget how it tickled me when Dorothy went on her balloon trip and thought the states should be the same colors as the map in her geography book."

He explained, annoyedly, that he was talking about semantics, and went on to toss off a few of the glib phrases of the type used by poseurs everywhere. But when I, interested, asked him what some of them meant ("Define your terms, Al," I said) he lost interest in discussing semantics and told me again, for the 18th or 20th time, about this terrible fellow who was such a notorious homosexual and who had lived with him so long at so many different addresses. It was several months before I could disassociate semantics and sodomy.

--F.T.Laney, "Semantics in Fandom,"

FAN-DANGO #22

Con Pederson, who says on the masthead of MORPHEUS #2, "this is in the final analysis the second issue of Moe."

This is the same Con Pederson whose Aristotelian friends have found it necessary when trying to get an answer to letters to write out all possible answers and let Con check one. Otherwise they cannot understand what he says.

Con Pederson, dabbler in advanced semantics!

--F.T.L., same

# THE KING'S COURT AFFAIR

London Report  
by

RON BENNETT

The current trend in writing techniques demands that every opening should be of the hook variety employed in Padgett's "Fairy Chessmen," but I don't honestly see how one can work this into a convention report and be fair to the reader. True, one could always begin, "Willis looked worried. Ashworth hadn't noted down his last pun," or "White was taken aback by the ambush. His face showed surprise as Schultheis shot him in the back," but this isn't fair on the reader, who prefers straight reportage and says that a reporter should begin at the beginning. And anyway, who reads the opening paragraphs of convention reports? We all know we're only looking for our names, don't we?

This is one convention which had five hundred different openings, a personal one for each attendee, and I can't even tell you how it started for Bennett.

I began to lodge with Joy and Vinç Clarke and S&y Joan W. Carr Sanderson in London about a month before the con. One day I was informed of a Committee meeting at the King's Court Hotel. As Joy, Vince and Sandy were all members, it rather looked as though I'd have to fend for myself for an evening; the thought of being alone while the more permanent representatives of Inchmery fandom were with other FANS didn't appeal to me, and I asked whether I might not come along, purely as a guest, in order to re-meet such personalities as John Brunner, the Bulmers, Bobbie Wild and Ted Carnell. Later when the minutes of the meeting were published I was somewhat surprised to find that the Committee had co-opted me as a member.

So it was as a Committee member that I next visited the Con hotel, the King's Court. S&y had given me some money to take over to Dave Newman who booked into the hotel on the Monday prior to the Convention. Representatives of the British interest feature newsreel, Pathe Pictorial, were there, as were John Brunner, Dave and Peter West. Bobbie came along later, and the hotel also experienced that night a skiffle session from Pete Taylor, Mike Moorcock and Sandy Sandfield.

On Tuesday various members of the Committee who could get away from work early enough (I couldn't) met the specially



## Loncon Report--II

chartered plane at London Airport. Several fen in Britain had been a little apprehensive at how these visitors would turn out. Were they fans? Were they merely tourists taking advantage of a cheap flight? Apparently, as S&Y reported to us at Inchmery Road that evening, we need have no worries. And it turned out that he was more or less correct. The only disappointment was evidently that Jack Speer finally didn't make the flight, and Vince Clarke's cramming on The Fancyclopaedia proved in vain.

I took the day off on Wednesday too, officially my last day of my work period in London, and went up to the hotel in the morning. Dave Newman was there sitting talking to a group of American fans and a bearded gentleman I recognised as Bert Campbell, the late lamented editor of the now late lamented Authentic. I hadn't seen Bert for over two years and was surprised to find that he was still interested in SF. I recognised Forry Ackerman from photographs and had a word with him about, naturally, Ray Bradbury, and I also asked him about the projected "Cinerama in Space". Forry struck me as an

-----  
Patrons going mad from space loneliness, & rocking in the aisles.  
-----

epitome in politeness. He must get asked the same old questions and told the old viewpoints over and over again, but he still shows interest. A perfect audience. He says little, and his voice is calm and quiet when he does decide to speak, even when cracking one of his outrageous and infamous puns, but he listens. At one point during the convention I saw him nodding sagely while Norman Wansborough prattled on. The world could do with more people like him, never mind just fandom.

Forry showed me his electronic pulsator, a small machine which may be held in the hand and which boasts a dozen valves which light up alternatively and intermittently. The entire effect is fascinating. Bert Campbell suggested that Forry walked down the Bayswater Road, about a hundred yards from the hotel, holding the gadget in his palm and occasionally changing direction, as though he were divining uranium. The British members of the party were all in favour of trying this ploy there and then, especially when Bert demonstrated, strutting about the room, but the Americans were against being so ostentatious. I thought the English were supposed to be reserved...

After an afternoon looking round London, I returned to the hotel in the evening, and met another group of American fans. I went out to dinner with Steve Schultheis, Will Jenkins, George Nims Raybin and Belle and Frank Dietz. This was a very friendly and enjoyable dinner party, spoiled only when a diner from another table came over and complained of the noise we were making, disturbing, he said, his friend who had a bad headache. We apologised, but George pointed out to us that he thought the only reason said character had raised any objection was because he knew we were American (I have to include myself, naturally, as the said stinker obviously couldn't

### Loncon Report--III

know I wasn't), and Will noted that the ailing friend was sitting next to an espresso coffee machine which gurgled and roared every time a coffee was served from it. We grinned at the offensive showmen as we left and wandered back to the hotel. I found myself wearing Steve's hat and was surprised at the way I kept tripping over the turned-down brim, until Steve pointed out that after all, he is the Stateside Rep of the Goon Defective Agency.

What struck me with this group, and indeed most of the visiting Americans, was that they weren't loud-mouthed, flashy, ostentatious or patronising, most of which labels are tagged on to American visitors in most English peoples' minds. Steve Schultheis has a quiet and sincere manner of speaking and a nice line in humour. He should make a good agent for the G.D.A., being so unobtrusive.

Will Jenkins is also a reasonably quiet character. He wandered through the convention wearing a tag labelled "Will Jenkins, no NOT Murray Leinster," which shook some of the neofans present who didn't know the reference anyway. As you'll probably know, there has been some speculation in TAFF circles as to what constitutes a fan, and it has been suggested that only those fans with definite fanzine connections as contributors or subscribers should be allowed to vote in the election for the Trans-Atlantic award. Will proved, by his very presence, that this segregation is to say the least unfair. He's the President of the fifty-odd strong Philadelphia club, and although he was previously unheard of on this side of the Atlantic, and is probably little known outside his immediate club, it certainly can't be said that he isn't a fan.

George Nims Raybin is surely well known enough in the States for me to say but little here. A defecated TAFF candidate this year, George showed up well against the other Americans at the convention, his boisterous personality being in marked contrast to the quiet relaxation of the others. His loquaciousness is a joke which has become a by-line, encouraged greatly by George himself. George aired his views on politics in a very general way, and I managed to ask him to quote an obscure paragraph from the U. S. Constitution, and Belle Dietz later remarked that it was the first time she'd ever seen George speechless.

Frank and Belle Dietz came over to the convention on a holiday, yet the pair of them worked extremely hard, shaming many committee members. I was never near the reception desk without noticing Belle sorting through forms and membership cards. I only wish I could have seen more of them over the weekend; a grand couple.

We walked back to the hotel to find Dave Newman talking to a Canadian accent which turned out to belong to Boyd Raeburn. We adjourned to the bar where I had a well-needed brown ale. Well-needed, yes. For eleven months in the year I live in



#### Loncon Report--IV

Harrogate and never see a fan, except when I go into Leeds, and then I come to London and meet in one day Forry Ackerman, Boyd Raeburn, the Dietzes, George Nims Raybin and...well, it's more than the frame can stand.

Thursday evening I went round to the Globe, showing Forry Ackerman the way. By this time I was so confused that I took the tube going in the wrong direction. I noticed that we'd passed a couple of stations I'd not noticed so checked with the wall-plan in the train. When we arrived at the terminus, I merely explained to the party that we had to change trains and ushered everyone into a train going back in the right direction. I later heard someone remark that the trip back from the Globe was much quicker, but I was ordering a drink at the time, and couldn't comment; and frankly, I preferred it that way.

In case the reference to the Globe is new to you, I'd better explain that every Thursday, London fandom gathers in a most informal fashion at the Globe, a small public house just off Holborn. During my stay in London, I worked for a fortnight only four streets away, and one London fan, Mike Moorcock, who edits a juvenile magazine called Tarzan Adventures, goes one better by working but two streets away.

I've never seen the Globe as packed as it was that evening before the convention. It was here that I met Sam Moskowitz and while we were talking, Walt and Madeleine Willis rolled in. It was too crowded even to bow. Several fans held their own minicon outside in the street. I had the pleasure of introducing Boyd Raeburn to Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe, and also to Norman Wansborough. I can't understand why Boyd still wants him out of OMPA.

I booked into the hotel that evening, and was up bright and early before eight on the Friday, the BIG day. I came downstairs to find Bill Harry sitting in the lounge. He'd travelled from Liverpool overnight and had got himself lost in the tube system. Without even a blush I remonstrated that this was impossible. He later heard about my escapade of the previous evening. I'm looking forward to reading his conreport.

Bill came into breakfast even though he hadn't yet booked in, and we theorised on how one could live entirely by going into hotels and looking like a resident, especially when Eric Needham in a similar position as Bill's came in and sat down to breakfast too. Not only did this hotel staff seem keen to please non-residents by giving them breakfast, they practically insisted on said non-residents making pigs of themselves, by giving them two main courses each. Real efficient organisation. After breakfast we left Bill's luggage in my room and went off to look round London. We went to see the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, only to discover that on that day it had taken place at the Horse Guards Parade, which we'd passed on the way, and were surprised to notice

## London Report--V

that along the front of the Palace railings is a worn path where the Palace guards have marched up and down over the years. As you'll probably know, the Palace guards are not allowed, when on duty, to speak to or acknowledge anyone, and we were amused to see the usual crowd of tourists from the provinces and abroad taking snapshots of the hapless guards. One gentleman placed his two small children one at either side of one

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Knock his busby off, Ron, and see if he shoots you.

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guard and proceeded to shoot the scene. Bill reminded me of the time a film starlet had thrown herself on a guard for publicity.

By the time we got back to the hotel it was after four in the afternoon, but we were surprised to find that registration had not yet opened. I sat down in the lounge where Walt Willis, Mal Ashworth, Steve Schulteis, Wally Weber and James White were swapping yarns. When a drinks waiter came in I ordered a brown ale. No one else ordered a drink, except Walt who calmly asked for an orangeade. Not to be outdone, I ordered an orangeade too. Actually, when thirsty, which I was, I like orangeade. I also like brown ale. Well, why not? A moment later someone came through from the restaurant pushing a coffee-and-cake-laden trolley, so I purchased here too. James offered to mix me a cocktail from the three drinks, which was kind of him. James explained that he and Bob Silverberg are practically married, for they have seen print back to back in an Ace pocket book. He later came out of his way to ask me not to print the quote out of context in case people might misunderstand him.

Walt told of the battle he'd had three years before with Chuck Harris when both tried to push forward prodigies in a friendly manner. Mal was his prodigy, Walt explained, and Ken Potter was Chuck's. I couldn't help being in character and Mal-baiting by remarking drily, "What a pity you lost, Walt." A few polite laughs and then a sweet little Katy-Johnson-like lady walked in and was introduced as Rory Faulkner.

Rory is the sixty-nine-year-old great-grandmother who came over from Los Angeles to make the bid on behalf of the Outlanders for the site of the 1958 World Convention. We talked about Harry Turner, with whom Rory had been staying, and said what a pity it was that he couldn't make the convention. Rory told me how the Liverpool group had met her off the ship the previous weekend. Norman Shorrocks had somehow obtained a Cunard Official badge and had boarded the ship wearing this, while Harry who was the official reception party had to wait on the quayside, collecting Rory and ushering her through the customs.

A little later, while I was running around bearing piles of cardboard boxes, I was hurriedly introduced to someone who looked like a youthful Don Ameche, Sheldon Deretchin. Shel was the first American fan I ever wrote, getting in touch with



## London Report--VI

him through Terry Jeeves, who was the first English fan I ever wrote. Shel was in evidence throughout the convention, pointing various pistols at various fans at a variety of times, and was, I think, the most exuberant attendee at the con. Two minutes later I bumped into a young, bewildered looking face which belonged to Mike Gates, who is evidently trying to follow in the footsteps of the Benford twins. Immediately afterwards I met Ellis Mills, with whom I spent so much time last year. Alas, no more jaunts out to Rhein-Main and into Frankfurt to be introduced to the Benford twins as Helmuth Gebogen, a neo Gerfan, for Ellis was going back to the States immediately after the convention, and the Benfords were due to return to the home-country in October.

Ellis took me up to his room, number 64, for a short drink. About an hour later I staggered out of the room, arms laden with magazines, and with Jack Harbold following bearing more mementos such as a paper knife, Lucky Strike cigarettes, and various American and continental beer bottle labels.

Shortly afterwards I wandered down to the hall to catch Ted Carnell declare the Convention officially open, but most of us regarded this trespass on our private lives with toleration and were soon back in the lounge where the first convention party looked like moving into full swing. But St. Paul's was beginning to tell slightly by this time, so I went to bed for a couple of hours and had a fit when I awoke to find it still dusk. Still...oh, no...4 a.m.! I rushed downstairs to find if anyone was up and playing brag or anything and found a small group still in the lounge. Forry Ackerman was singing in a deep, quiet and melodious voice, though he came in for quite a little ribbing with the rest of the group.

Brian Aldiss, the British author who was making his first appearance at a convention, suggested that we all play asleep and immediately gave a funny and vivid impression of some neurotic character having nightmares. The waiter was momentarily startled. Brian looks very much like Ted Tubb and has the same zany sense of humour, a real personality and one of the nicest people I actually met for the first time at the con. I note that in "The Harp Stateside," Walt Willis laughingly apologises for calling everyone nice, and says that's the way they were. And I'll have to take a point from Walt here.. So many people at the convention were grand folk.

Eventually we went to bed, with Forry's rendering of songs like "California, Here I Come," and "Sonny Boy" still ringing in our ears. After three hours sleep I was back to the fray. I sat next to Ina Shorrocks at breakfast, but pretty soon Joy Clarke came along to say, "Oh, hello, there you are. We were looking for you last night as we couldn't find the auction catalogues," and I had to go and find those--exactly where I'd put them. Immediately afterwards I met Lyn Berman, Ted Carnell's diminutive secretary who more than makes up for a lack of inches with a sharp sense of humour and vibrant personality. Lyn was

## Loncon Report--VII

supposed to be at the convention to cover the speeches at the Saturday luncheon, taking them down in shorthand. We'd only met once before, when I'd called in at Nova offices on Thursday afternoon to pick up some auction material.

Rory Faulkner told me how she was keeping all her fingers crossed for South Gate to get the con, and I told her that if we both had our way, I'd see her there as I was contemplating putting up for TAFF next year. Forry Ackerman called me over and told me in exaggerated seriousness that he could probably have been able to swing the voting for me, but "it's just too bad you didn't applaud loud enough on that 'Sonny Boy' number last night."

I went upstairs to the first floor for a pre-luncheon drink, and was immediately bought a vermouth by Brian Aldiss. It was now a little after one o'clock and the luncheon was timed to begin at 1:15, so we made our way downstairs again, and to the hall. Here the narrow passage leading to the restaurant proved a bottleneck, and I can now honestly say that I have rubbed shoulders with the great names of S.F. I managed to get into the hall a little after 1:15 and soon found the place allotted me, on the table next to the main speakers' table, but this didn't give as good a view of the speakers as might be imagined, the layout of the hall permitting a wall-buttress to obscure the view. I found myself sitting next to Ina and Norman Shorrock and with Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves a little way up the table. Steve Schultheis and Will Jenkins faced me, but still managed to get through their meals. After a considerable wait, I cracked, "I want my money back," to which Eric Bentcliffe immediately replied, "Who's paid?"

Steve Schultheis began to pass round wish-you-were-here cards for various friends in the States, requesting that we sign them and pass them on, having started the roster with "Second fandom is not dead." We crossed out the "not" and saw Walt Willis sign "This is a long narrow convention--but not a grave," and Norman Shorrock asked, "What happens to these when they reach John W. Campbell?"

Eventually the meal was served and duly eaten. Peter Daniels, the Merseysippi Jazz Band trumpeter and Liverpool SFS member, lit up a cigar from a candle on the table and John Wyndham stood up to toast the Queen, remarking that it was the first time that Her Majesty's health had been toasted at a World Convention. Last year's Guest of Honour at New York, Arthur C. Clarke, proposed the toast to this year's Guest, John W. Campbell Jr., saying that he was probably the best man to do this, as he didn't depend on Campbell for a living, and that it was a good idea to pass on the toast from Guest of Honour to Guest of Honour in this way. (At one point during his speech, Frank Dietz set up his movie camera and bank of floodlights, to which Clarke threw up his hands and said, "I surrender!")

Campbell rose to a warm applause and mentioned that he'd



## Loncon Report--VIII

once rejected Arthur's "Against The Fall Of Night". He has often been asked to revive UNKNOWN, he said, but "the quantity of people who had an intense interest was not sufficient" to carry the magazine. H. L. Gold's BEYOND was also mentioned as an example of a magazine which couldn't carry enough reader interest. "Fantasy, for some reason, doesn't go over with the reader. If I could find out why, I might revive UNKNOWN," said Campbell.

Bob Madle, this year's winner of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, rose to propose a toast to the Convention Committee. He mentioned the first SF Convention twenty-one years ago when a small gathering of sixteen decided to call themselves a convention. "They weren't even old enough to buy cigarettes," he said, to which Peter Daniels wisecracked to those sitting around him, "but they were smoking just the same."

Rainer Eisfeld, a young German fan, spoke on Gerfandom in what proved to be the outstanding speech of the entire session. There are, he said, "a thousand fans in Germany who are here with you in thought." German fandom is very pleased that the convention is in Europe. He spoke of the SFCD in which the main element is youth. The group is "strongly welded together, for Germans like to be organised," he said and mentioned the German convention due to be held in Frankfurt the following week.

Sam Moskowitz raised a few laughs with stories of past conventions and how problems of past banquets have been "getting people to show up." He spoke of an early fangathering where Ray Bradbury ate hamburgers constantly and was so nicknamed, and compared such early conventions with this one when a special plane and three fans from Los Angeles had attended. Ted Carnell introduced Pete Daniels to round off the speeches. Pete wisecracked that he hadn't really much to say as it was nearly time for tea, but mentioned Dave Newman drinking "bat's blood and pineapple juice," and a visit he'd paid to the Shorrocks, who "had just bought their twenty-seventh tape-recorder." He ended by declaring, with no offence intended against Mrs. Clarke, "Let Joy be unconfined!"

It was now 4:30. I saw Dave Jenrette taking photos of the speeches and the moment Pete had ended his talk and the luncheon declared over, I went over to have a word with him about Alan Dodd Ltd., and how we were hoping to play brag that evening. Lyn Berman told me how she'd once read through some manuscripts for NEW WORLDS and had 'rejected' several stories which had already been paid for.

I went looking for Derek Oldham, a Surrey fan to whom I owed a drink, but as I'd never met him previously, this was a little difficult. While searching I was surprised to meet Ray Nelson, but missed an opportunity to solicit material for PLOY and I didn't see him again the entire weekend. I went on into the lounge where I asked a group of fans whether anyone had seen Derek Oldham, to which Bill Temple drily replied, "he's

## London Report--IX

"just been arrested." Here I was introduced to Art Kyle, who complained humourously that this weekend he'd lost his own personality, and that he was now merely "Dave's brother." He also told how everyone had spoken of the cold English summers so that he'd brought only heavy clothing, and as the weather was fairly humid, he'd been suffering ever since. When Lyn Berman and Brian Lewis joined us, Art bought us all coffee and Brian told us how he was but a suffering artist "in the last stages of malnutrition." Art told us of London fan Harry Clements who was sharing a room with Peter Reaney. Evidently the night before had seen Harry pay a middle-of-the-night visit and he had returned to find that the door had locked on him. He banged and shouted, but Peter had remained typically oblivious throughout the tirade. Eventually Harry had to go down to the reception desk for a duplicate key. In his pyjamas. (Art said, "Better him than me--I don't wear pyjamas!")

Will Jenkins drew up a chair and I asked whether he'd seen Oldham. He told me that he'd heard I was looking for someone of that name, and asked whether he really existed. "He's probably the best-known fan of the convention right now," said Will. He immediately began to ask around whether anyone had seen a fan of his own making, one Horace Q. Laney, and told us about the Philadelphia planetarium, to which Lyn asked, "Do they use real stars or are they artificial?"

Shortly afterwards I saw Bob Richardson of the Cheltenham group and had a word with him about the tape we'd sent from Leeds to Eric Jones. We'd grown quite jealous when the Cheltenham club had sent Michael Rosenblum a tape introducing its many members, and Mal Ashworth and I had introduced back again a few fans of our own invention.

At 8:30 we moved into the hall to catch the evening's opening which was timed for 8:15 and which hadn't begun when we arrived. John W. Campbell was to have been introduced to the gathering, but was missing, as was the next scheduled speaker, a Mr. Edds, who was to have represented Madame Tussaud's planetarium scheme. Here I bumped into someone who turned out to be Derek Oldham. I felt like carrying him around showing everyone that he did, after all, exist.

We found seats together at the back of the hall and listened while Ted Carnell apologised for the delay but said that the gavel with which it was traditional to open such ceremonies had been stolen. Echoes of New York and the F.B.I. were beginning to ring around the hall when Ted remarked that he'd hired a detective agency to look into the matter, and then he was interrupted by a cry from the back of the hall where Steve Schultheis accused James White, the dreaded "Antigoon," of stealing the gavel and in next to no time we were in the middle of a battle where Steve, Jimmy and Arthur Thomson engaged in firing starting pistols loaded with blank shells at one another. With James White lying prostrate in the aisle, Steve went through his pockets and triumphantly handed over a neatly-tied parcel



## Loncon Report--X

to Ted Carnell, who unwrapped it with precision, quipping, "This is timed to last three minutes."

Ted then opened the first auction session, with Pete Daniels "in the chair" as Ted Tubb couldn't be found. This was the first time Pete had ever taken over an auction, and as he said himself, he was working in the dark, but he was quite successful, quipping at poor bidding, "It's no use expecting me to buy it," and when he finally got a bid on one bundle of magazines, "Will the people near that man please tie him down!"

Edds arrived and began his talk on the planetarium, saying the audience was "the quintessence," but I had to leave to help Ted Carnell round up the participants in the fancy dress parade. Anne Steul was dressed as a highway robber, Joan Hammet came along as a schoolgirl, complete with angelic look. Belle and Frank Dietz were painted red and black and had matching costumes which heralded their alienity, and Sheldon Deretchin came as a caveman with a real antique sword and shield (which boasted a concealed glasses case, too!) Shel was later named "Boy Ugh!" for his performance.

By the time I got back to the hall, Edds had finished and Sam Moskowitz was auctioning more material in his mellow, resonant voice. He expressed some surprise when an original Finlay illustration was knocked down for only \$5.60, after I'd carried it around the hall trying to charge sixpence a time from fen who held it for a closer look.

After Sam had finished the chairs were cleared and the Merseysippi Jazz Band, led by Pete Daniels, took over and the dancing commenced. I trod on the toes of Joy Clarke, Lyn Berman, Doreen Lewthwaite and Audrey Eversfield, and wished I could dance. Eventually I wandered round to the main lounge, which was offering an alternate programme, which unfortunately wasn't going down too well. This was the Fancy Dress Party, which was being covered by both B.B.C. and Commercial television. I.T.V., the commercial group, had been in and out inside twenty minutes, later presenting quite a good coverage of the event. Shortly after ten o'clock B.B.C. had arrived and had commandeered one half of the lounge. They were there, disturbing everyone, until after six in the morning. For some reason they were holding up festivities and interviewing after seemingly unnecessary preparations (at one time two members of the camera staff were asleep in the corner), just about everyone they could lay their hands on. I watched them prepare to interview Ken Bulmer and tried to get him to plug PLOY, and then collected Tony Thorne to show Will Jenkins how to play brag. Norman Shorrocks joined the group--we were sprawled out on the floor in one corner of the lounge well away from the T.V. cameras--and though Doreen and Lyn held my hand and gave me masterly advice, I lost once again. Pete Daniels came up behind and made caustic comments like, "They're Bennett's cards and he's still losing...fandom will never be the same!"

## London Report--XI

Eventually the group was joined by a slightly tipsy stranger who threw money and foul language around fairly freely. I was surprised to find that this was Peter Phillips, the author of so many enjoyable stories. He tried to force others out of the game by raising the stakes indiscriminately, but found his match in Norman Shorrocks, with whom the gambit is a favourite.

Around six-thirty we were moved, as this was the only time the hotel staff could clean up and though some members of the school went to bed, Phillips moved with me and Tony Thorne to the other lounge where, joined by Peter West, we took up pontoon. Phillips began to sober up somewhat and didn't prove such bad company, though he began to flourish a recorder, asking if anyone wanted lessons. I said I'd always wanted to learn how to play the things and might I have a blow? I immediately knocked off an off-key version of "The Saints" and was even more immediately quashed by the hotel manager who reminded me that it was, after all, Sunday morning. I was too taken aback to retort, and at eight o'clock, with Ellis Mills coming down for breakfast, I decided to call it a night and went off to bed, bumping into Lyn and Doreen, who had evidently decided that sleep was not for them. They obligingly carried me to my room and put me to bed, much to the surprise of Cyril Whitaker, who was sharing the room, and who seemed a little put out at being woke up in such an unusual fashion.

I got up at ten after a brief, feverish doze and wandered downstairs to borrow Joy Clarke's camera and take a few shots outside the main and only entrance of any fen I could drag outside for a few minutes. We stayed around talking in the lounge, though by this time the con was becoming bedraggled enough for fen to give out with slow, tired remarks instead of the usual sparkling, scintillating interlineations like "Why bother to book ahead, I've already got one." Around one, Lyn spoke of going home to change her blouse and I offered to lend her a shirt, so we went up to my room and she tried one on, but it was a trifle large and we stayed there swapping life-stories. Spelled t-a-l-k-i-n-g, you understand. What kind of convention report do you want?

At two-thirty we went down to the hall to watch the Cheltenham Circle honour a group of fen by initiating them into the Order of St. Fantony. The highlight of this ceremony is the drinking of "The Water of St. Fantony." This is actually a Polish White Spirit at 140 proof and has to be downed in one swallow! I know. I suffered the experience at Kettering at Easter and now watched gleefully while fans from each side of the Atlantic were so honoured. The new Knights (and Ladies) of St. Fantony were Bob Silverberg, Boyd Raeburn, Bob Madle, Rory Faulkner, Ellis Mills (who is normally a teetotaler), Frank Dietz, Bobbie Wild, Terry Jeeves, Walt Willis, Eric Bentcliffe and Ken Slater. With the promise of a short interval before several fan films were to be shown, Lyn and I went off to have a quick lunch at a coffee bar down the Bayswater Road.



## London Report--XII

We arrived back at the hotel to find the films in full swing and managed to catch only the end of the last film which dealt with the initial St. Fantasy ceremony at Kettering. We had a quick cup of tea with Ted Taylor, being joined by the tall slim figure of James White, who stayed long enough to refuse a cigarette with the immortal words, "I've heard it stunts the growth," and then we went back to the hall where Harry Powers demonstrated his hypnotic powers on Jean Bogert, Sylvia Margulis, Bob Richardson, Eric Jones and Pete Reaney. Harry soon sent his subjects to sleep and told them a story by

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When is he going to put Reaney to sleep?

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numbers, anticipating their reactions. He had them sweltering on a very hot day--the British fen were a little at a loss here --on which they were bothered by flies and mosquitoes. Arms flapped gaily and jackets were struggled out of. Harry switched to intense cold, and then had the group slightly tipsy, very drunk and suffering from a terrible hangover which he quickly cured.

The Achievement Awards were timed for 8:30. They started a mere ten minutes late, with Bobbie Wild making the announcements and John Wyndham and Ted Carnell presenting the prizes. The award for the best professional magazine went to ASTOUNDING and John W. Campbell cracked as he accepted the small statuette, "There goes our packing allowance." SCIENCE FICTION TIMES took the fanzine award, which was collected on behalf of Jim Taurasi by John Victor Peterson. Two votes behind came HYPHEN with last year's winner, INSIDE, beaten into third place.

The gathering was then presented with a chance to hear once again the tape-play MARCH OF SLIME, which the Liverpool Club made for the 1955 Kettering Convention, and which appeared in TRIODE later. This tells the story of how fans from all over Britain prepare to gather at Kettering. There are a few interim episodes where Sandy Sanderson, who was then billeted out in Egypt--Joan W. Carr was at her height--is showing Joan the way with the aid of his Dan Dare compass. They climb four-sided hills in the desert and eventually end up at the North Pole. It was during one of these episodes that Sandy walked in at the Kettering convention, and I still remember his look of surprise. Of course, as we know, he had the last laugh.

"Mr. Wonderbird," the Special Award Winner at the Venice Film Festival, was then shown. This was quite a good film, having some nice cartoon effects, but I felt its intellectual level a little too high for a gathering where members were intent on "letting themselves go," and many had had little sleep. "Abbott & Costello Go To Mars" would probably have been better received. It was during this item that the lack of sleep began to tell on me. In the closely-packed hall, I felt as though I would drop, a real fakefan. I left, to find a surprising number of fen in the lounge. Forry Ackerman asked me who had won the draw for free hotel accomodation (it was H. Beam Piper) and we played Twenty Questions until he got the

## London Report--XIII

answer. I had a smart gin and orange and went upstairs to take a bath. Very refreshing and the effect lasted all of half-an-hour.

Later I heard of what proved to be the only room party of the entire convention, a really strange turn of events. This was in Ellis Mills' room, number 64. Ellis himself left the fifty-odd strong group to entertain themselves, after supplying the drinks, and was seen sitting quietly in the downstairs lounge. I went into room 64 to collect messages for Archie Mercer, who was an absentee because of illness. I didn't sample any of Ellis' whiskey, for I felt that I wasn't appreciative enough and the excellence of the brew would be wasted on me; I prefer gin. Norman Shorrock and I toured the hotel collecting fannish bric-a-brac for Archie, packing notices, magazines and badges into a cardboard box which Peter Hammerton later took up to Archie in Lincoln. After this circuit I returned to the lounge, where I heard the party had moved to room 59. I heard Walt Willis, Bob Silverberg and James White talking about an "international standard sneer," but I could hardly keep my eyes open, so I went to bed. And it was only 4:30.

I opened my eyes to find it light and a little after 12:20. I dressed at top speed and dashed downstairs to realise that this was Monday and not only the last day of the convention but also of my five week's stay in London. Ken Bulmer dragged me outside with a group of fans and took a couple of photos, telling me that I'd missed the Business Session (as though I didn't know and wasn't kicking myself), and that South Gate had won the bid for the 1958 worldcon site. I pretended to be surprised and asked where South Gate was, and wondered whether maybe he meant New Southgate, which is a district in North London, where Lyn Berman lives, and asked what people thought of a new slogan I'd dreamed up, "South Gate in '58!"

At 2:40 the afternoon's programme began with a Battle of Wits Quiz between Sam Moskowitz, Bob Madle and Forry Ackerman, each asking each of the others five questions. Bob started the contest by asking Forry the name given by the Russians to Merritt's "Metal Monster," and Forry answered correctly that this was "The Lightning Witch," Robert Abernathy certifying from the audience that this was correct and also giving the title in Russian. I shouted that Bob was wrong but was happily ignored. Sam was asked about the three World Conventions where the Committee Chairman had had to be removed and was correct with 1942, 1943, and 1946, at which mention Forry looked uncomfortable, for he left that convention because of illness. Bob Madle was asked the title of the 1931 magazine which lasted only two issues. Sid Birchby, sitting next to me, got this answer in before the team, but Bob was right with MIRACLE SCIENCE AND FANTASY STORIES. Bob Madle answered Sam's question on the places and dates of every World Convention as though he were reading from the NeoFan's Guide, and was soon leading the contest. Sam Moskowitz ran through several unknown authors' unknown pennames and with Bob Madle leading the others by a point



London Report--XIV

he failed on the last question when asked to name the science fiction writers who had sold to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Bob missed out on a prewar sale and was unlucky to see the contest, which had proved excellent entertainment, end all even.

Someone timed the evening's programme to begin nicely as we paid the bill and I saw films of Liverpool parties and of the previous Kettering conventions, filmed by Norman Shorrocks and now synchronised for sound with a tape-recorder. This was followed by an excellent fictional feature from Philadelphia, "It's Later Than You Think," which told of how a band of mutants were outlawed and finally took over the nation. Nicely done. Ted Tubb leapt to the fore to finish off the auctioning in a session which lasted a couple of hours. He was still at it, reading legendary pieces of pornography out of magazines, when I outbid George Locke for the manuscript of Bradbury's "Icarus Montgolfier Wright" and left, shortly after eleven. I hurriedly finished packing (I'd begun in the morning) and dashed around saying goodbye to the few fans I saw. I got on the train to find myself sharing a sleeper with a Leeds man who followed the SF anthology field. After a short talk on the latest books and the weekend, I awoke to find that it was 6:30 and I was in Leeds. And that was that.

-- Ron Bennett

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He's the cleverest fugghead I've ever known.  
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Being no more than an average fan when I entered fandom, my dream was to someday be great and wonderful and good and godly and fine like Forrest J Ackerman. In whispers I would confide to myself, "Someday, Joe, you may tie in a poll with Ackerman." Then guiltily I would look about for fear someone had overheard such blasphemous thoughts. And now at last my dream is a reality. Ackerman and I have tied for fourth place as the worst fen in fandom.

--Joe Fortier, TWILIGHT ECHOES, Winter '44

It has been a source of growing annoyance to me that so many of my salvoes have inescapably had the name of E. E. Evans written on them. What's the matter with you, Towner, I keep asking myself, that you have to keep picking on this poor old guy who knew Al Ashley for twenty years which is a greater cross than any one man should have to bear.

--F.T.Laney, FAN-DANGO #22

At any rate, he left his new wire-recorder with me for several days and this electronic toy fascinated my electronic soul for many hours. It is not true that I am fascinated by the sound of my own voice being played back at me. I am not held spell-bound. I am not enchanted. It's just that I'd rather listen to my own voice than anything I can think of.

--Chas. Burbee, PNEUMO, March '48

LP 124041+

Brandonhaus Records

CLYDE ARBOGAST

QUARTET

*for beanieprops in A*

First 'prop: PETE GRAHAM  
Second 'prop: CARL BRANDON  
Third 'prop: DAVE RIKE  
Fourth 'prop: TERRY CARR

Beware the Blunted Needle!

A blunted needle can do  
great damage to your arm. If  
you're big enough to mainline  
it, you're big enough to  
keep your needle sharp.

See, Laney, the Ragged Edges!

Notice about the text a  
special uneven-edged format.  
This was developed to protect  
us from working very hard.  
We are devout sloths.



# PETE GRAHAM

(reprinted from  
ARBOGAST, a Cultzine  
of mine.)

BY CHAL BRANDON

Lo The Mighty Drinker: I remember the very first time I met Pete Graham. It was at one of this group's bheerbhusts (where, naturally, everything but bheer is consumed). This particular night we were mixing JD with root bheer. This is a very fine mixture, a delight to all connoisseurs of liquor except Dave Rike, who claims that anything less than half JD is corrupt and will probably give you heartburn. So there we were, drinking our JD-and-root-bheer and talking fannishly. Every now and then one of us would empty our glass and disappear into the kitchen for a refill. Well, this went on for some time, and gradually it dawned on me that Pete was sure as hell drinking a lot. I mean, every five minutes he'd finish his drink and go into the kitchen for a refill. So one time when we had finished our drinks at the same time and were in the kitchen, I said to him, "Highu, Pete, you're drinking that stuff as if it were sodapop!" And Pete said, "It is!" as he once again refilled his empty glass with Belfast Old-Fashioned Mug Root Bheer.

The Repentant Sinner: I suppose you all know of Pete's "Willis Death Hoax," in which Pete mailed out announcements that Willis had died of diptheria. If you don't, please forget that I told you, because Pete has seen the errors of his ways and wishes to have the whole thing forgotten. Despite the fact that Willis himself bears no grudges and in fact thought it was amusing, Pete is obsessed with the desire to make it up to WAW. So strong is this obsession that every year, on the anniversary of WAW's "fatal illness," Pete sends him a get-well-card.

Lord Of The Press: Pete is now studying at the University of California, where a surprisingly large amount of his time is taken up working on The Daily Californian, of which he is a Night Editor after only one semester and no previous experience. Pete is responsible for introducing ads from Bill Danner's STEFANTASY into the Daily Cal, as well as Dave Jenrette cartoons, and it was he who substituted such admonitions as HATE, PLOT, SCHEME, and RABBLE-ROUSE in large type-face for the usual filler items about yaks in Afghanistan and like that. We asked Pete if he was considering a future in journalism, but he said he didn't think such innovations would Go Over in a commercial newspaper, whose readers are far more interested in yaks than in plotting, scheming, hating, and rabble-rousing.

The Punster: Though few fans know this, Pete is an inspired punster. Why, just tonight I was reading Dave's article on Terry, and when I came to the subtitle "Terry Carr, Demitasse Don Juan," I asked Dave what significance it had. Dave

## Quartet, II--Pete Graham

replied that it had none at all, that he merely liked the sound of it. But Pete, who as I said is now a journalist, couldn't stand the thought that something lacking Significance should get into print. He immediately stepped to the rescue. "It has a very definite meaning," Pete said. "Demitasse means Half-Glassed."

In Conclusion: To sum up Pete for you, perhaps it would be best to tell you of his likes and dislikes. In the first place, he is of course mad about Belfast Old-Fashioned Mug Root Bheer. (He gets especially mad about it when someone else drinks all of it up.) As a snack to go with this beverage, Pete likes just about any brand of cheese-curls or cheese-puffs or whatever they call them out your way. Pete himself calls them "Cheezy-Wows". (As he puts it, "Gentlemen of distinction prefer Cheezy-Wows.") In music, Pete is a strict traditionalist. I don't mean that he's a Traditional Jazz enthusiast, or "Moldy Fig," or any such thing. No. Pete's tastes are completely antebellum and antebolden...he likes the music that came even before jazz (!!!)...making him, I suppose, a "Decomposed Prune". He thinks Beethoven's Violin Concerto is strictly the End. (I do too, but not exactly the way Pete means it.) Pete, being a cultured sort, looks down on the Average Man...though he seems to like the average gal. In literature, he's crazy about Chaucer...in fact, hardly a week goes by but what he tells us that he is going to read "Canterbury Tales" sometime. I think he's heard that it's a dirty book.

--Carl Brandon

carl brandon

(also from  
ARBOGAST)

by Pete Graham

Carl Brandon the writer is well known. Carl Brandon is the humorist, the satirist, the chronicler of Bay Area fandom. Carl is known to be a traditional jazz fan, to live alone in an apartment (with a fireplace) above a grocery store, and to have a great fascination for J. D. Salinger (it has been essayed that this is the reason for his similar fascination for good old "J.D." #7, bourbon whiskey; Carl denies this). Carl the man is fairly well known, too: he is 20, a Negro, wears glasses, and abhors Ivy League clothes. Yes, Carl is a fairly well known person. Much of Carl's life has been told to his avid fan public.

Carl is beginning to resent this, but I shall here attempt anyhow to explain more of Carl the Person to you all.

Carl, Man of the Bon Mot: Carl is as witty in person as in writing. He lives some distance from Terry, and every now and then we all walk over to his Castle to see him. Now, we'd been following the same route the first few times we went over to his place, but this got tiring, so we decided to try a shortcut that Terry suggested. Well,



Quartet, III--Carl Brandon

as happens now and then, the shortcut didn't help much--we got lost. We wandered around the area for awhile, finally got our bearings and showed up at Carl's three hours after starting. When we told him of our unfortunate odyssey, he chortled, "It is a trail strolled by an idiot, simplifying nothing!"

We goodnaturedly beat him and pummelled him for awhile, then got to the point of our visit. We wanted him to do some writing for DIASPAR, Terry's FAPazine. "Why me?" he grumbled. "Seems as if I do all the work for you guys' zines." We explained that Dave was busy drawing illos and Terry was working on mailing comments and I was working on ISOMER and after all, Carl's work was so well-liked. "Gee, t'anks," he said, "but after all, you could do something toward relieving the Black Man's Burden!"

Carl, Simpleton: Carl was rather naive about s-f, authors, and faaaans in general when we first met him. He was reading through a letter from Geoff St. Reynard to Terry, and came across a passage mentioning stories he had written: "...and a story in a 1947 Astounding, By Von Bonny Banks..." "Who," said Carl, "is this Banks character?" "What Banks character?" we asked. "The one that wrote the story in the 1947 Astounding," Carl said.

Carl, Cynic: We were talking about Carl's middle name the other day, which is Joshua. Terry pointed up the similarity of situations to that of Tom Piper, whose middle name was never Revealed to fandom. (For a while there, Carl had not wanted his middle name let out, as he felt this would mark him as a religious type person. Carl is not a religious type person. "Goddamit, I mean I'm not," he says.)

"Vorzimmer," said Terry, "is the only person besides Piper who knows Piper's middle name. And good ol' Vorz will probably carry the secret with him to his grave."

"Wowzie," I said, "that there sure is noble and wonderful of good ol' Vorz, to carry Piper's secret with him to his grave."

"Humbug," said Carl, "I think it's sorta selfish and grasping."

Carl, Tippler: Carl is a quiet sort of drinker. He likes, as I've said, Jack Daniels Old Style Sour Mash #7 Tennessee Whiskey. When he realized that Dave made Ghoulade to drink when he was, so to speak, gafiating from liquor, Carl concocted the abominable mixture of JD and Grape Ghoulade. He calls it, he sez, "Old Battery Acid". We tend to agree. Perhaps unfortunately, Carl is in general fond of mixing odd drinks. Once he tried root beer mixed with creme de menthe. Called it his own "liquooorg". Yes, Carl is a quiet drinker. Sometimes he's downright unconscious.

Carl, Moldy Fig: Carl is a jazz fan, but unlike Dave and (to some extent) Terry, he doesn't like modern jazz as well as traditional. And so when we are at his Castle we always listen to the more dixielandish type of jazz. One night we dropped by and Carl hardly even associated with us;

## Quartet, IV--Carl Brandon

he kept playing and jotting down words from these blues records he'd bought that day. His company was missed, and we gently castigated him for being such a fakefan as to ignore our fannish company for something as mundane as jazz. He shook his head sadly, like a martyr, and told us that he had a definite fannish purpose in transcribing those lyrics. "I'm sort of going to do a takeoff on the blues idiom," he said. "I mean, I'm going to write some fannish blues pieces." We thought this was a fine idea and asked him if he had any ideas as yet. "Well, there's the Hekto Blues," he said. He began to sing: "I got that purple hekto gunk on me, I got that purple hekto gunk on me, / It won't come off as any fool can see." We told him this was a fine fannish thing he was doing, and he said he'd work on the idea as the night went along. And he did. At intervals he would break in on our conversations with strains of a new blues he had made up. "The Offset Blues," and "Waiting-List Blues," "Blues for Claude Degler," and "Bad Review Blues"--all these and more passed through our ears that night.

.....

And so we leave Carl Brandon, happily merging his two hobbies, jazz and fandom, amid a group of admiring friends. We have exchanged gay repartee with Carl, we have watched him coping manfully with the perils of liquor, and we've even caught a glimpse of his fannish youth. This, then, is Carl Brandon. Carl the man, the bon mot purveyor, the simpleton, the voyeur, the moldy fig. What else does life hold for him?

Time--in an age-dated sort of way--will tell.

--Pete Graham

# DAVE RIKE

{(reprinted from  
DURCHMUSTERUNG,  
Larry Stark's  
Cultzine.)}

## BY TERRY CARR

Dave Rike, Careful Planner: Dave is the most methodical, far-sighted person I've ever known.

When he decides to do something he doesn't rush into it rashly, as do so many of the less judicious of us. Dave always takes time to Think Things Out before taking definite action. Like the day I phoned him up at one o'clock in the afternoon and got him out of bed. "God, Dave," I said, "are you still asleep at this hour?" "Oh no," he replied, "I was just lying in bed. I woke up at ten this morning, but I hadn't opened my eyes yet." At times we kid him about his slow-moving ways, insinuating that he is lazy rather than Planning for the Future, but this is all in fun. We know and respect Dave's ways, and one must admit that they produce results. A year or so ago, for instance, Dave decided to buy a staple remover. Now, he knew just the type that he wanted, and he also knew that it was only sold in Vallejo, some ten miles from his native Rodeo.



## Quartet, V--Dave Rike

So Dave got himself a job which necessitated that he join a union whose meetings were in Vallejo, just a block from the store which sold these staple removers. For six months Dave attended union meetings, passing by that store and "casing" it on each occasion. At last the opportune moment presented itself; Dave was early for the meeting. Glowing with self-satisfaction at a job well-planned, Dave entered the store and...bought...that...staple...remover!

Dave in Appearance: Dave just doesn't look right. I can attest to this, because one day he told me he wanted a drawing of himself to use in his fmz, and he asked me to draw him. I said sure, Dave, I'll draw you. And with no more ado I grabbed pencil and paper and began to sketch Dave. In a few minutes I had the drawing finished, and it was a very fine job too. Proudly I handed it to Dave. "Look at the sharp, clean line of the forehead," I said. "Observe the subtle lines of the mouth and the careful delineation of the cheekbones." Oh, I was proud of that drawing! "Yes, it's a fine drawing," said Dave, "but it doesn't look like me." Startled, I took the drawing and looked at it; Dave was right, it didn't look a bit like him. And so for the next three hours I drew Dave, over and over again, studying his face carefully, distilling each line to its essence before committing it to paper. Each of the drawings was a masterpiece of clear, direct lines and shading, and each looked the same. Each showed a startlingly handsome young man of 21, with sharp and yet ascetic features, a noble carriage of his head and a glint of humor in his eyes. And none of them looked a bit like Dave Rike. At length, I stopped and considered the situation. I was very sure that I was drawing the correct lines of Dave's face...didn't all the drawings turn out the same? Weren't those the only lines possible to depict Dave? Of course they were. And then I realized the truth. My drawings were masterful jobs; there was nothing wrong with them. It was just that Dave simply doesn't look right.

Dave the Philosopher: Dave is always reading these obscure books on all manner of subjects, like sociological problems and political theory and has subsequently delved into the main body of Philosophy, notably Friedrich Nietzsche ("Nietzsche is peachy," says Dave). All of us have marvelled at this Deep Young Man and so it was with pleasurable anticipation that we awaited Dave's no-doubt piercing comments on the various serious discussions which were being tossed back and forth in the Clique, a WO5W type of thing among the localities scattered around the Bay Area. We discussed religion and Man's Purpose and the Criterion of Man and such subjects, but it was all prelude. We knew that we were babes in arms intellectually when compared with Dave, and we scanned each of his Clique letters for his comments on these discussions. But as time wore on and Dave failed to make any comment, we grew impatient. Finally, speaking for all of us, I wrote a direct request to Dave in one of my Clique letters, asking him to let us know his pronouncements regarding our discussions. With what impatience we awaited his next letter! At length

Quartet, VI--Dave Rike

it came, and we read at last Dave's incisive commentary: "In answer to your questions: I don't know."

Dave Rike, White Hope of the World: One night at a bheerbhust we were all discussing our Philosophies of Life, and we seemed pretty well agreed that we wanted to Contribute Something to Humanity. We discussed the various methods in which we were going about this, waxing eloquent as people do when they discuss such subjects. We spoke of selflessness and brotherhood and making the world a better place to live. But gradually we became aware that Dave had not entered this discussion, and as we didn't want him to feel left out we asked him what was his Aim In Life. He pondered for a moment, frowning slightly in concentration, and then his face brightened and he said, "I am proud to feel that I am making the world a little worse for my being in it."  
--Terry Carr

TERRY CARR

{(also from  
DURCHMUSTERUNG)}

BY DAVE RIKE

Terry Carr in Person: If Terry Carr was standing in the midst of a group of seven-foot Prussian soldiers, you would be unable to pick him out. This is because Terry is only 6'2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and you wouldn't be able to see him. Terry looks like what a reasonably clean-cut all American boy does look like, instead of the idealized version of same. A friend of mine who is a ventriloquist once told me that he entertained a chapter of the De Molay over in Walnut Creek (which is a typical all American neighborhood, all suburb with house and green lawns) and every damn kid there looked like Terry. And, come to think of it, Terry does belong to a frat out at City College in S.F., but Terry insists that none of them look like him; except for himself, of course. I might add that Boyd Raeburn made mention of the fact that Terry appears to be a king-sized version of John Hitchcock. What I want to know: with or without filter-tip?

Terry Carr, Fan: In the fall of 1948 Terry, while down at his favorite garbage dump, came upon two 1947 Amazings. Since he had been reading every story in every issue of Planet Comics, he dug that crazy Buck Rogers stuff the most and so brought the pmz home and read them. One mag lead to another and soon he had his bedroom filled to the brim with them. Something had to be done. So, he moved out of his bedroom and into another room downstairs. His favorite author is Alexander Blade and his favorite favorite story is "The Octopus of Space." As befalls most who read the pmz they accumulate, he began corresponding with various and sundry fans, subbing to fmz, and sending stuff to some mags, and he soon found himself with a hecto roll and issues of a 1/2 size cartoon zine all around the house, name of Nonsense.



## Quartet, VII--Terry Carr

This didn't last too long since space in his room was in short supply and the hecto roll was continually being stepped upon, and he decided that he would have to fold Nonsense instead of changing its title to either Cat's Paw or Neolite. And, ever since that time he has never had a duper of his own, but rather, has sponged off most any ol' fan that happens along.

Terry Carr, Diligent Researcher: There is one facet to his personality which must be Revealed, laid bare before the eyes of the fan public: Terry Carr's obsessive quest for knowledge. Like when Terry was filled to the bursting point with desire to know who were some of the fans who attended the Third Science Fiction Convention at Philadelphia in 1937, what did he do? Without a moment's hesitation, he asked me all about it and I, after leafing thru his copy of Immortal Storm, gave him the answer. However, that was but an example of the sort of incident that might happen every day and it really fails to give any incisive insight into the True Character of Terry Carr, as the following anecdote might. Expense is of no matter to Terry when he is yearning to know something, so when he one day was wondering if he had a magazine or pb. with H.P. Lovecraft's "Color Out Of Space" in it, he gave a few moments' thot to the problem and characteristically set forth on the project with straightforward, decisive moves. First off, he phoned me up and asked if I could come over to his place for the weekend, giving as the reason the fact that there would be a bheer bhust. The lone call cost him 35¢, and in order to give the appearance of a bheer bhust he got a case of Burgie, some chili chips and a can of popcorn, which totalled around \$5. Then he went to the nearest newsstand and bought a copy of a pb. anthology that happened to have "Color Out Of Space" in it. So, when I came over to his place, Terry had the bheer, chips, and popcorn all set up in his downstairs room, with the pb. anthology out in a conspicuous spot. Thus, nosing around as is my wont, I chanced upon it and in looking over the contents and noting that all of the stories were of very recent vintage which had previously appeared in mags that Terry had, except for the Lovecraft yarn, I asked him why he had bought it. Why, Terry said, because it has "The Color Out Of Space" in it and I thot that I might want to read it sometime, so I bought it. But why? I asked; I mean, you already have a pb. with that story in it. A sly smile crossed Terry's face as he inquiringly answered, I do? Why certainly, I said, digging thru his stack of Avon pb.s. Coming to the HPL collection, The Lurking Fear, I brot it out and said, Here, this has "The Color Out Of Space" in it. And so Terry Carr, for \$5.70, learned that he had a pb. with "The Color Out Of Space" in it.

Terry Carr, Demitasse Don Juan: Since Terry is such a clean-cut all-American boy, of course he can't besmirch his reputation by dishing out the gory details of his adventures in the skin trade, tho he is quite a man with the girls. Why, rarely a month goes by

## Quartet, VIII--Terry Carr

without us hearing something about some new girl he has met and has taken out to a dance, frat function, or movie. Being the type of boy he is, Terry naturally meets up with femmes of temperament and character and standing. There was, for instance, Phyllis. Now Phyllis was an ultra-clean-cut typical all-American girl, very good looking, brunette, 5'4", always talking about a career but really wanting to get married. After a week or so of pure fanac, Terry would go out with her as a quasi-gafia relief from it all. And so here's this dance that he took her to, they are dancing along, nice and dreamy-like. While moving slowly to the lilting strains of a foxtrot, she leans her head on his shoulder and whispers softly into his ear, "Do you like science fiction?" (He has never seen her since and when pressed for details of his reaction to Phyllis' question, he claims his memory is blank.)

Terry Carr, Patron of the Arts: Something that isn't generally known to fandom at large is that Terry is a noted connoisseur and art critic. He told me so. Why, one day I went with him to S.F.'s De Young Museum and he took me on a tour of the establishment, pointing out all of the interesting exhibits and bubbling forth with a bit of brilliant commentary on each item. There was, for instance, this suit of armor, made for Maximilian of Austria, with inlaid gold and silver designs of dragons stealing away with pretty young virgins and breathing fire at the enraged knights while in the background the serfs were cheering the dragons. Did this impress Terry? Certainly not! After all, there were utterly hundreds and hundreds of things like that being turned out all of the time, or found in the dusty basements of abandoned castles. But, he swooned, pointing to a dimly-lit side room, look at that masterpiece! I strained my eyes and imagined that I saw what appeared to be a rather large-sized painting (12' x 8') in a stand resting on the floor. Its matted surface was a conglomeration of grays, tans, browns, yellows, and blacks. Now that, Terry exclaimed, is worth getting eyetracks on. It has everything: Klee, Miro, Da Vinci, Picasso, Dali, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Bill Elder, Monet. Maybe it's a twelve-foot sampler they're selling for a dollar-ninety-eight, I interjected. He frowned disapprovingly and then lectured upon its greatness of texture, composition, form, theme, pigmentation, registration, volumetric efficiency, layout, rifling, and fidelity. Well, I said, who did it? There didn't seem to be any credit or even a title listing on it, so we went after a guard. Who did that Splendid Composition? Terry asked. The guard peered into the room, squinted his eyes and then laughed. Oh, he said, that's just a burlap screen that some janitor put in front of the door to the men's room. It's a little dirty, isn't it?

--Dave Rike

.....  
I can't understand what has gotten into EEE. Just because people make remarks about his "pose of saintly patience" he seems to get upset. His eyes blaze and he breathes sort of hard. I just cannot understand it.

--Burbee, in SusPro, Winter 46





Just before World War Two started, some optimists may have felt that mankind would travel through space to other worlds by the 1950's. They were partly right, partly wrong. He hasn't traveled through space to other worlds in 1957. But during the past two decades, his trip through the years has brought him into another world, a world that is radically different from that of the 1930's. But this world has been explored in such a gradual way that some people don't realize that it has arrived. Perhaps the story of how I went about publishing a fanzine two decades ago will point out a few typical features of the old world that is irrevocably gone.

It was the middle of 1938 when a correspondent, Jim Avery, suggested to me in a letter: "Let's put out a fan magazine." "Sounds great," I wrote back to him immediately. "I'm all for it. Let's start as soon as we can. What is a fan magazine, by the way?" Right here, if you are a brilliantly astute reader, you will realize that we are in another world. What pair of young science fiction readers in 1957 would waste time writing "fan magazine" when the term "fanzine" is so much quicker, more sophisticated, and exotic? But fanzine was a word that probably hadn't been invented, certainly hadn't been popularized, back in the days when I began publishing Spaceways.

I had been reading science fiction since 1933; my ten-year-old self had succumbed to a Paul cover on a large-size Wonder Stories in that year, and in 1936 I had written to Astounding Stories, asking for correspondents. Jim Avery, of Skowhegan, Maine, immediately became my favorite correspondent. One thing which has not changed in the past 20 years has been the inordinate enthusiasms with which young fans enter into correspondence. Avery and I wrote to one another letters of astounding length and thoroughness; two dozen typed pages were not uncommon in one envelope, and replies usually went out within three or four days. There is no telling how many millions of words might have exchanged hands between us, if this fan magazine idea hadn't come up. When he suggested a publication, I knew vaguely that there were amateur magazines which contained articles about science fiction, because I had read about them in the letter sections of professional science fiction magazines. (Not prozines, please; that was another



## Spaceways and Me--II

term that lay in the realm of the future.) But I hadn't sent away for any fan magazines. I found it much more entertaining to re-read a dozen times my favorite stories from the professional magazines, and I couldn't believe that there could be any equivalent pleasure in reading things that mere mortals had written about these tremendous feats of imagination.

There isn't a great deal of difference between the months that followed in 1938 and the occurrences in 1957 when a young fan decides to put out a fanzine. To go over the story in detail would be boresome; you would recognize all too well the search for enough capital to buy publishing supplies, the soul-searching to decide on the best title, the staggering impossibility of finding enough material to fill a first issue, the swaggering confidence with which we awaited an avalanche of subscriptions as soon as our plans were announced in the fan press. Human nature hasn't changed, either. After two or three months of preparatory work, Avery and I began to realize for the first time that we had different personalities. He was a fellow with quick enthusiasms, ready to leap at any chance to do something new and different, and capable of expending effort on a plane that I couldn't approach. However, his interests didn't remain focused on one object very long; they began to center on something or other connected with school after a few months. On the other hand, I was a person who didn't get intrigued by new ideas very readily, rarely proposed them myself, and was slow to pick up enthusiasm; but when the interest did get a firm grip on me, I gripped back with a death-hold and my attention clung tenaciously to the object for years and years. So it went with the fan magazine. I marveled at Avery's inspiration in picking a brand new title, Spaceways; at the bold way in which he went ahead and invested more than our total capital in a hectograph; at the indefatigable way in which he immediately turned out vast quantities of dummied pages and began running them off. And a few months later, he was marveling at the way I continued to harp on the necessity for putting out a fanzine, now that we had started it, despite his lagging interest.

The world in which we planned to publish a fanzine was purple. Use of a hectograph was virtually automatic for fanzines, unless you happened to be in the miraculous position of possessing access to a printing press. I remember mentioning the word mimeograph to Jim Avery, and he demolished this wild idea immediately. Mimeographs cost ten times as much as hectographs, he pointed out, as much as thirty dollars for the really de luxe models. And imagine the waste involved in buying a brand new stencil for every page of your magazine. You've got to pay six or seven cents for really good stencils. Besides, nobody in fandom uses a mimeograph. Fans would laugh at us.

That fan world of 1938 was also a very cliquish world. Despite the complaints about cliques at the 1956 convention in New York, I don't believe that anything remotely similar prevails today. Every person entering fandom felt a bit like the babies in the song from "Iolanthe". He was immediately

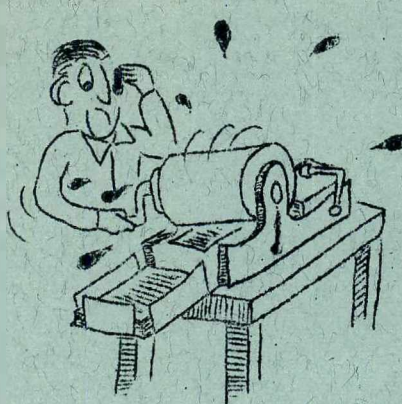


### Spaceways and Me--III

identified--not as a little liberal or little conservative, but as an adherent of the Taurasi-Sykora faction, or the Wollheim-Michel faction, or the little body of independents who were gasping out a miserable existence between the pressure of those two mighty masses. Avery and I shocked the fan world by turning down all efforts to enroll Spaceways in one of the "press" groups that existed then. For it was the custom to ask a fan magazine to be a member of the Cosmic Press or the Futurian Press or some other group before it came into existence, using the title as a public declaration of where sympathies lay.

And although fans have never been noted for prosperity, you must remember that 1938 was still depression time. It was quite possible to publish a hundred copies of a good-sized fanzine for five dollars, including all materials and postage. But it was also quite possible to envy the fellow who had a good job paying twenty-five dollars per week, and to hunt for months for a job paying considerably less. Mimeograph paper cost 60 cents per ream for really opaque, luxurious 20-pound stock that didn't betray a trace of offset or throwthrough. I paid as little as \$1.25 for a quire of stencils on a number of occasions, and standard brands weren't much more than that. Postage costs were approximately half the present figure. The heavy covers that long distinguished Spaceways were made of construction paper which could be bought in the five and ten for a piddling figure, and cut down to the proper dimensions. So in theory, it didn't look as if it would cost us anything to issue Spaceways. We counted on taking the fan world by storm and outselling most fan publications, with estimates of paid circulation ranging as high as fifty copies per issue. That, we thought, coupled with a small amount of revenue from advertising, should see us through, at a dime per copy or three for two bits.

As I have already hinted, trouble arose. The original plan had called for hectographing Spaceways. Jim purchased the hecto and offered to do the mechanical work of running off the pages, if I could dredge up enough material to keep the new craft airborne and typed the dummies. When he was halfway through the first issue, a fungus went to work on the gelatin, school reopened, and money started to run low, simultaneously, in Skowhegan. I began to grow alarmed at weeks of inaction, and felt small amounts of panic when my prodding failed to cause a reaction for the first time in the course of our correspondence. There was money trickling in from subscriptions, several gods in the form of prozine authors had sent literary contributions, and items about the new magazine were appearing in the fan press. I couldn't conceive of failing to carry through the half-started project. There is no telling what might have happened, if the First Christian Church of Hagerstown had not decided that its minister deserved the very best. The congregation showed its affection for him by purchasing a brand new mimeograph for the church. The machine which this gift replaced was offered for sale for five dollars. I plunged



probably deeper into debt than I'd ever been and bought the thing. It weighs about sixty pounds, it's so old that the little buttons which hook onto the stencils are spaced differently from all contemporary stencils, the automatic ink feed has never worked, and it throws squirts of ink into the next block if operated at too fast a pace. But it's been faithful; as the Doubledoubletoil-andtrouble Mimeograph, it has seen me through nearly twenty years of publishing without suffering a complete breakdown

and without needing any replacement of parts. They built mimeographs like battleships but intended them for lifetime service, back in those days. Some fan historians, including Moskowitz, have declared that Spaceways helped to bring the era of mimeography into fandom. It is interesting to speculate on the course of fandom over the past two decades, if that congregation hadn't loved its minister.

Jim wasn't very pleased about my action in purchasing a mimeograph, especially when he discovered that I was already beginning to crank out pages for a new first issue of Spaceways. In a fairly polite way, he hinted that I could go ahead and do all of the work, for all he cared. So I did. That ur-Spaceways in hectographed form doesn't really count as the first issue. It was never completed, and only a few dozen copies exist. Most of its contents were repeated in the mimeographed issue that was officially volume one, number one. I kept Avery's name on the masthead for Spaceways throughout the four years of the magazine's life, mainly because I was afraid that he would lay title to the title of the magazine if he weren't listed as an associate editor. But I'm responsible for everything concerned with the editorial policy of the magazine, starting from the first mimeographed issue. The Skowhegan-Hagerstown correspondence withered on the vine; letters dropped off to two or three pages, and their rate of exchange slackened gradually. So in a sense, fandom did me a service. It gave me more spare time. Without exaggeration, it took less time to publish Spaceways than it did to carry on that correspondence. Fortunately, Jim and I never got around to having a fuss. I finally met him, years later, and found him to be an even nicer fellow in person than in correspondence. He's now working for a newspaper in Norfolk, and we still exchange Christmas cards.

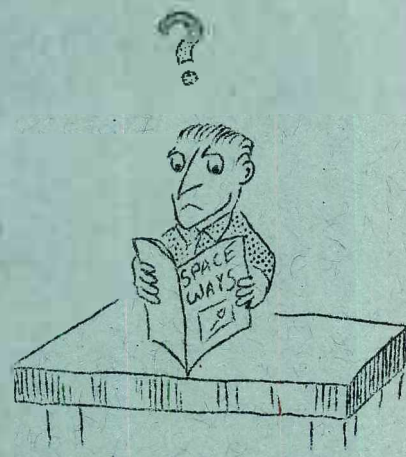
The most radical thing about Spaceways was the policy that I laid down for its first issue: no controversy. The squawk that this caused among New York's Futurian population was agonized, loud and prolonged. Cyril Kornbluth wrote a little poem about me that was so diabolically to the point that it still hurts to remember it. Other fans needled me more subtly, until I wasn't sure whether Speer was serious or jesting when he claimed that I'd broken my own rule by publishing a little story with a setting in Spain, a land which had recently been made controversial by the civil war. The odd thing about this



## Spaceways and Me--V

policy is that its cause was quite different from that which most persons have assumed. I was praised in some quarters for setting up such a policy, as an injection of much needed fresh air into a fandom that was too concerned with its petty arguments and juvenile efforts to settle the problems of the world. In some degree, this policy did cause other fanzines to ease up on the feuding and political coloring, I believe. But I promulgated that policy with no intention of rescuing fandom from introspection and backbiting. I made that ruling simply because I didn't feel capable of handling touchy subjects. I had been acquainted with fandom for only a few months; at the age of 15, I didn't pay much attention to world affairs; I simply didn't want to dabble in stuff that I didn't understand. Fortunately, it was just about this time that the professional science fiction field began to grow. With this increase in the number of prozines came many new fans who were just as ignorant of the Moskowitz-Wiggins feud as I was, and who were just as puzzled by the manner in which the Futurians considered the Exclusion Act of the first New York convention to be more important to mankind than the Dreyfuss case. Other fanzines began to appear which aped Spaceways' policy. Today, if a new fanzine appears with no controversial material, nobody pays attention to that aspect of the new publication. Oddly enough, I gradually eased this policy in Spaceways, as the years passed. I didn't accept material dealing with international or national affairs, and I refused the vitriolic writings about fandom, but I gave a reasonably free rein to a couple of columnists and occasionally spoke rather firmly in my own editorials, as I grew more confident about my judgment on fannish matters. By the time the magazine ended its career, I don't believe that any readers remembered that original declaration of neutrality.

One of today's best-known fans recently got hold of a complete file of Spaceways. He read the magazines for hours, then wrote to me in puzzlement. Why did that magazine take first place in most fan polls for two or three years? he wanted to know. "It's just like any other fanzine, as far as I can see." I found it hard to think of a logical explanation. Its pioneering influences didn't make themselves felt immediately. It wasn't the biggest fanzine of the time. Compared with the recently defunct Fantasy Magazine, its material was amateurish, its format sloppy, and its policy dishwatery. As far as I can determine at this late date, Spaceways won the polls because it expressed the spirit of the age. And it is interesting to note that Quandry, which won polls more recently as consistently as Spaceways had, is now becoming the subject of one debunking article after another. A person would almost suspect that putting out the top fanzine is a conjuring trick; after the magician and his product have left the stage, the audience turns to one another, rubs their eyes, and wants to know what they could have seen



## Spaceways and Me--VI

that they liked so much. The spirit of the age is the only logical explanation. A fanzine sums up completely the general frame of mind of its fandom, through some mental quirk of the editor; because fandom finds in it just what fandom happens to be at that moment, it gets voted into first place. When fandom's atmosphere and thinking and manners change, it seems inconceivable that that particular fanzine could have ever been so popular.

However, there were several contributing factors. Regularity of appearance, for instance. Spaceways came out with the precision of clockwork, every seven weeks or so. I was doing all of the work myself, so I had no need to worry about sickness or gafia on the part of assistants. One of my columnists got lazy on one occasion, and didn't bring his stuff into being on schedule, so I immediately wrote a column of my own to take the place of the missing one and refused to publish the late arrival. Unexpectedly, he didn't get angry; this was such an unprecedentedly stern action on the part of a fanzine editor that he was commendably prompt from then on. Real spadework in digging up material may have helped Spaceways, too. By dint of much letter-writing, I built up a pretty good backlog of material. Then stories and articles began to arrive faster than I could use them. So I was probably the first fanzine editor in history to reject material for reasons other than feuds and prejudices. A few fans were grievously insulted, but not many. The quality of the writing in the magazine was aided immensely by the fact that I could be a bit selective.

On the debit side, it is quite annoying to realize the many things that I did wrong. I accepted some material from the prozine writers which I should have sent back by return-mail--rejected stories aimed at prozines, mainly. The pressure to run pictures in Spaceways was so great that I yielded, to my eternal regret. I have no artistic ability of my own, asking the artists to put pictures on stencil involved the danger of missed deadlines, and my efforts to stencil the work of other persons was not happy. I got involved in a deal with a second-rate rocket society which brought in extra revenue as publishing prices began to rise, but had no other advantages and many drawbacks. For use of one page in every other issue, the rocket group bought a really big quantity of copies of Spaceways. But the fact that I had no say over the contents of just one page in every other issue rankled me inordinately. Circulation, even without counting the issues for rocketeers, reached levels which I hadn't dreamed possible. In its prime, Spaceways actually sold better than a hundred copies per issue, undoubtedly a higher figure than any non-printed fanzine up to that time. But the freeloaders list grew right along with paid circulation as the years passed. I couldn't sleep nights if I cut off the free list the guys who had been so helpful and generous at the start, but many of them did nothing after that first year, and more generous, helpful persons kept bobbing up. Pretty soon, the task of



## Spaceways and Me--VII

keeping track of subscriptions, addressing wrappers, and noting address changes was requiring almost as much time as the publication work.

It's all to the best that I decided to discontinue Spaceways in late 1942, abruptly and cleanly. It would have lasted longer, possibly for several more years, if there hadn't been sickness in the home that made the noise of the typewriter undesirable, and if my belief that I was about to be drafted hadn't been so firm. But the old energy and thrill of publishing a fanzine had withered for me, just as it has withered eventually for every person who has ever entered the field. Tandom was changing rapidly, and I would have been forced either to give Spaceways an entirely new personality or to become a quaint old survivor of a day that was already gone. The informality of Le Zombie and the WAPA publications attracted me more than the stiffer formality that prevailed in Spaceways, but I didn't feel capable of trying to keep up with the times. So, after thirty issues over a four-year period, Spaceways was suddenly no more. Al Ashley agreed to fill out unexpired subscriptions with his fine new fanzine. Unfortunately, that magazine saw only one issue after the end of Spaceways, and quite a few fans as a result are still my creditors. I didn't have enough money at the time to make it up in cash. So I decided that most of them had received more than their money's worth in Spaceways over the years; and even now, I say an occasional prayer that I shall not be attacked by qualms of conscience thirty years from now which will force me to devote my last days to trying to track down the rightful heirs of the people to whom I owe ten or twenty cents apiece.

--Harry Warner, 1957

.....

"Are you actually a science-fiction fan?" I asked Burbee. "Absolutely," he said. "By any test you want to make." "Do you read all the stf mags?" "Hell, no," he said, inelegantly. "Well, which ones do you read?" "I don't read any of them anymore," said Charles E. Burbee, Fan.

This seemed like a rather puzzling statement to me.

"I always thought a fan was a person who enjoyed reading the stuff, and preferred reading it to all other forms of activity," I said.

"Well," said Burbee, "you might say that...yes, you could certainly say that." He rolled a cigarette and turned back to his typewriter.

"But you'd be dead wrong," he added.

--Cyrus B. Condra, PNEUMO, Mar '48

It developed that Singer had been passing time while he waited by discussing religion (of course) with a passing Rabbi. ...being half asleep at the time, I remember nothing but the Rabbi's polite incredulity that anyone could believe in deros.

--Art Rapp, SPACEWARP, July '48

May the Laney laugh haunt your dying moment!

CURSING

May you spell like Rick Sneary!

FOR

Take an adventure into thinking!

FANTASY

May your fanzines be dittoed!

USE

May you grow a gray moustache!

BY  
RICH  
ENEY

With the general symptoms of a lapse of American and Fannish morale from its higher standards--evidenced by such things as election of isolationists, development of Dianetics, and falling-off in quantity of apa mailings--it may be noted that the techniques of cursing are falling into slightly anaemic use.

This is not to say, of course, that fen are no longer prone to express their emotional reactions in profane additions to logical arguments. But the Roscoe-inspired, triply-distilled comma vacuum-sealed curse has been rather rare of late. I take examples from recent apa mailings:

"Dear Mr. Laney;  
"You, sir, are a scoundrel.  
"You, sir, should be roasted slowly over a warm flame.  
"You, sir, deserve a fate worse than death.  
"MAY YOU NEVER DRINK ANOTHER BEER!"  
...PFC Lee Jacobs.

"That's all, brother! To hell with Avon, Wollheim, and all their publications!"  
...Bob Pavlat.

Are these the utterances of readers of imaginative literature?

The curse is, probably, the oldest human art-form still practiced, in spite of what the Sexocrats think about "oldest art". Its antiquity and vitality are doubtless good proof that it will survive any neglect we can give it. Still, we  
.....

Reprinted from MASQUE #7.



## Cursing For Fannish Use--II

are neglecting it--and wrongfully, because if anyone should be able to originate and use flamboyant apostrophes, we should.

(Let me draw the line between "cursing," "swearing," and "obscenity". The latter is the use of "loaded" words for their pure shock-value--what some people would call "calling a spade a spade and a piece a piece". That directness is the reason why the "Lay of Demodocus" is Great Literature and "My First Two Thousand Years" is smutty. "To swear" is to take an oath, literally, and the vocabulary is analogous to the oath-taker's. Indeed, much of it is oath-taking pure and simple--from King Wittigis' "by Jesus, I'll see you in the hottest hell first!" to the modern tho Toryish "by God, you'll swing for this, you knave!"

Cursing is quite a different art. It may be defined as a declaration of the future fate of the cursee, and to be a curse--rather than a mere expression of annoyance--it must be original, picturesquely hideous, and preferably malevolent.

It may be easily seen that the second quote is not actually a curse; it is a stereotyped wish which simply expresses annoyance. On the other hand, #1 demonstrates both originality and hideousness, for to a true fan the envisioned doom is dire indeed. It is not malevolent, but it is definitely a curse.)

For the generation and propagation of admirable curses the fantasy fan is particularly well equipped. He can call on the resources of science, fantasy, and fannish legend; sources well-nigh inexhaustable, productive of colorful and bizarre figures of speech, and on occasion as malevolent as could be reasonably expected. No easy task would it be to improve on Robert Bloch's:

"Our enemies--may their souls and vitals rot!"

Nor could even a pro, to say nothing of a non-fantasite, out-do the appalling imagery of Manly Banister's:

"May the Hounds of Tindalos hunt his shrieking soul through the angles of time for all eternity!"

Those curses are the real article--guaranteed to raise blisters on the most space-toughened integument.

Science and fannish legend are sources for less malevolent and even humorous curses--something which the weird-fantasy curse cannot be toned down to. Just as no-one could mistake the two just-quoted curses for friendship, it would be impossible to think the curse based on science ("Go goose yourself with an oxyhydrogen torch!"), pseudoscience ("I hope the engrams you run haunt you!"), and fannish legend ("May the Insurgents like you as well as they did Al Ashley!"; "The Great Green Grulzac puke on it!") malevolent.

### Cursing For Fantasy Use--III

This is but a brief and none too thorough summary of the untouched depths of invective and epithet that lie below the conservative curse-style of fandom. Who will be the first to develop a comprehensive stock of expletives based on our special fields of interest? Let's get on it!

If you won't, may the Big Blue Bem bash your bottom for you.

--Rich Eney

... ..

One of the highlights of that evening (to me) was a battle I had with Boyd Raeburn. We started insulting each other with prozines ("OOTWA to you, Ted White!" "Well, Fantastic Science-Fiction to you!"), we worked through the pro hacks ("Vargo Staten!"), to fanzines and fuggheads. You may be sure we threw in Wetzel, Clod, Petey, and a number of others, tho we later remembered more ammunition (jeeze, if I had remembered THURBAN I!). By the end--a draw--we had collected quite an audience. Great fun.

--Ted White, in the  
Cult, recounting a  
visit to New York.

-----  
I seldom lie awake worrying about fandom's prestige.  
-----

...we have now entered the exalted ranks of families, having been gifted (?) with a son & heir on August 3rd. To wit, one Michael John, who looks as though he'll be far more intelligent than his father and will stay away from fantasy when he grows up. I hope. However, I'll retain my collection long enough for him to look at it.

--Ted Carnell, LeZ #59

It must be mentioned that at the same time a fraternity known as Sigma Alpha Rho (or some such thing) was also holding a convention in the same hotel. This was fortunate for us, since these fraternity boys, apparently of high-school age, were quite riotous--dashing up and down the halls pounding on people's doors at 4 AM, for example. Ultimately, anything untoward that went on in the hotel was blamed on the fraternity crowd, as a result of which we were commended by the management for having a very orderly convention...

--Milton A. Rothman, in  
Philcon report, PLENUM 7

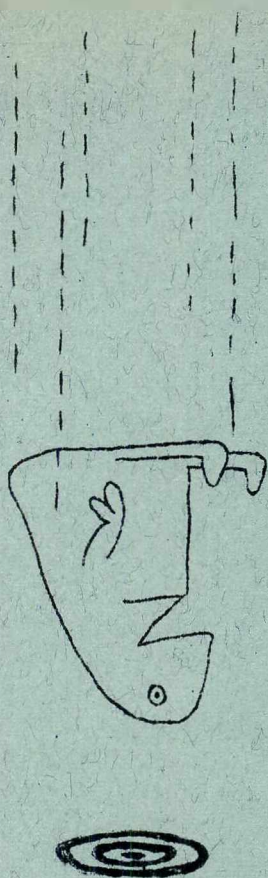
They tell me John W. Campbell kept mistaking the fraternity boys for fans and engaging them in conversation.

--Boff Perry, CYGNI,  
August, 1949

During the question period after the Dianetics speeches a lady in the audience rose and said, "Based on my long experience with fortune telling and tea-leaf reading--" and went on to ask some question about engrams or something. I'm proud to say that as she spoke the ambient temperature fell 20°C in as many seconds.

--Martin Alger, Revoltin'  
Development at Norwescon





# WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

... Ron Ellik

You have read, heard and seen much through our modern media of communications, about the atrocities currently being practiced in Marine Corps Boot Camp. This is your chance to hear from one of your own number the Truth, the real story about what goes on inside the walls of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot.

One of the things I remember clearly and distinctly about my vacation with the Marines was the first day our mail started arriving. I had got my military address back to my parents in a hurry, and Mom had started forwarding the mail. One day I was called into the Duty Hut, and while I stood in front of the Duty Desk, the Drill Instructor waved a letter in front of my nose and told me to open it. It is very difficult to open a letter while standing at attention, but somehow I managed it. Inside the white walls of that envelope was a very damning thing: a stale and much be-squashed marshmallow.

"What is that thing, Private?" asked Sgt. Murphy. I hesitated.

"Sir, that is a...a marshmallow, sir," I said, standing at attention.

"A marshmallow."

"Yessir."

"Why is that marshmallow inside the envelope, Private? Is this friend of yours sending you food? Isn't the chow in

What Am I Doing Here?--II

the mess hall good enough for you? Do you need extra rations, Private?"

"No, SIR!"

"Get rid of that piece of chow, Private, as soon as possible. Here..." He started handing me the rest of my mail, piece by piece. One of the other Drill Instructors was looking on.

"Is all that HIS?"

"Yeah--all his."

"Why have you got so much mail, Private?"

"Uh...no excuse, sir."

"Oh, get OUT!"

Later (several weeks later) my locker was discovered unlocked (a cardinal sin in Boot Camp) while I was out of the building, and a Drill Instructor ransacked it, looking for incriminating material. He found it; he took to the office with him a copy of THE LAREAN #2. When I returned to the area, my locker was still unlocked, and a watchful Boot told me I was wanted in the office.

As you probably know, this is bad in itself. To enter the office, one must go through a vaudeville routine equivalent to the drawing forth of a djinn, the opening of a mighty fortress, or the seeking of a royal audience. One must knock loudly, request permission to enter in a fierce but respectful tone of voice, and execute precise and military facing movements once inside the office. I did all of this, and reported myself present as ordered to the Drill Instructor. I took in, but did not gawk at, the presences also occupying the room: three other sergeants, one lieutenant, and one captain.

I, the lowest of living beings, had no insignia on my sleeves or collar, and felt rather foolish when handed the second issue of my own creation, THE LAREAN, and asked to read William Conner's letter to the august assemblage.

I forced and stumbled my way through, choking at the lines telling of Bill's boot-camp graft, nearly dying when he told how he'd charged other trainees \$5 to stand guard duty for them...all the stuff I had chortled over when publishing it.

When I'd quite finished, Lt. Lideaux asked me, "How widely was that...thing...circulated, Private?"

"Sir, it went to 203 people, sir." You might never have heard words coming out of the middle of a pile of damp grass, but that's what mine sounded like.



What Am I Doing Here?--III

"TWO HUNDRED AND THREE PEOPLE!"

"Y-yessir." What was bothering me was not so much the trouble the letter could theoretically get Conner and me into --but just the expression on Lt. Lideaux' face as he tried to imagine the number 203, represented in terms of filth-seeking civilians.

The Captain took over, with a nice, officious harrumph, which made him sound very much like a captain. "Private, do you realize you could be court-martialled for this?"

"No sir." Meaning, of course, that I hadn't even thought of the possibility--not that I was doubting his word. One must keep in mind that a courtmartial, a prison-sentence, and a dishonorable discharge are continually held over the heads of recruits; idea is to keep them on their toes, which it certainly does.

Then the Lieutenant handed the fmz back to me, leaning over the table and smiling in a sort of I-got-you-but-I-don't-want-you manner, and said, "Private, take this document, and burn it. Tear it up, and put it someplace where the pieces will never be found. And before you go, tell me--why was this sent to 203 people?"

"No excuse, sir."

"That's what I thought. That's exactly what I thought. Get out of my sight, Private."

I hope no one accuses me of taking my training lightly. I got quite a bit out of my tour-de-force (THEIR force) in Boot Camp and, afterwards, at Camp Pendleton. It's just that--well, these things happened; I was always getting into trouble, either on account of my fanac, or on account of I had a half-year of college behind me. One time a Drill Instructor made me do mental addition for an hour and a half when he found out I was a math major. Another made me square two-digit numbers, and do square roots. It's one thing, believe me, to get an order to do fifty pushups; it's quite another to be ordered to square 65 and have to stand there at attention while doing it.

But perseverance accomplishes all things. I squared 65, I re-hid THE LAREAN, I told my friend in no uncertain terms to stop sending practical-joke type things in the mails while I was in Boot Camp--and, best of all, I finally did graduate from Boot Camp, despite Drill Instructors and officers. Such troubles are the price we pay for our Cosmic Minds, I guess.

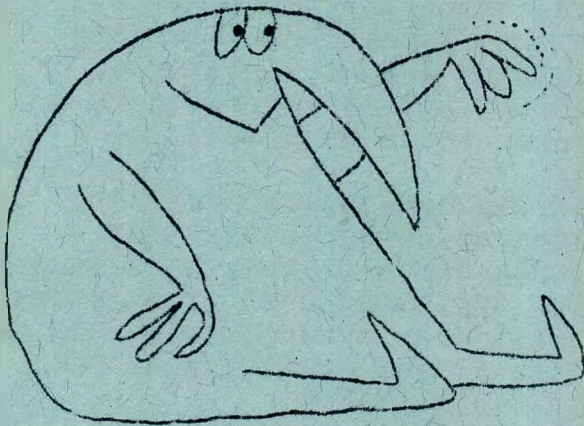
--Ron Ellick

.....

Back in the feudal days of LA, The Outsiders seriously considered a comprehensive poll of fandom. Mike Fern and I wrote a rough draft of the questions, but we were having too much fun putting in embarrassing questions to make the poll worth distributing.

--F.T.Laney, FAN-DANGO #10 (1946)

This summer, Pete Graham went back to New York in his Volkswagen, travelling in the company of a friend of his from Univ. of Calif. named Bob. Pete made the trip for several reasons, paramount among them the knowledge that jobs back there were plentiful and that he wanted to make some money for college. He also spent some time visiting relatives. Then he wrote us a Clique letter about it, excerpts from which appear here. This is his story, as he lived it, as he wrote it...



## WANDERIN'

WITH PETE GRAHAM

The trip was uneventful. We stopped off about noon Wednesday to see Gregg Calkins. We found the address after a minimal amount of searching; it's the bottom floor apartment, I think, of a two-family building. Unfortunately, neither Gregg nor his wife were at home; I slipped his Fapa Poll underneath the large double wooden door that had tacked on it his and his wife's names on an elegant business card, and we left.

The whole trip, coast-to-coast, took us only three-and-a-half days. The VW took it very well, and though I can't say that sleeping in the back is the best way to spend one's time, I will say that it isn't as bad as it might seem.

In a little town called Grinnell I stopped off and mailed a card to Dean. I feel very World-Travelerish when I say I can't remember which state it was in. We stopped off in Lay, Colorado, to mail a card to you people, but didn't have time to take off the hour or so necessary to mail a card from Climax.

All in all, I was very impressed with our Country. Seems to be quite a bit of it. Our directions were more or less this: take hiway 40 and turn left at Wheeling, West Virginia. We would've turned there, but I wanted to go on to Pittsburg to see Bill Danner. We showered down in the YMCA there--we were getting pretty ripe--and attempted to find Danner.

First we tried phoning to see if he was home; but as you'll find in LARK he's now got an unlisted number, and "is unbothered by unnecessary calls." So we went on blind intuition and directions by several successions of complete incompetents, and found 720 Rockwood Ave. The house is very definitely not the one pictured in that STEFANTASY of some



## Wanderin' with Pete Graham--II

time ago; it's a two-story-with-basement, two-bedroom, white, ivy-covered house. We arrived in the vicinity of 11 p.m., so that may not be too accurate. We saw the Nash Metro sitting out in front, and very shortly after I had introduced myself and Bob we were shown the '34 Nash downstairs in the basement garage. We went for a half-hour spin in the car, back along the road we had come into town, and Bill pointed out various landmarks he'd talked about in LARK, the car, how bad most drivers were since they bought the cars they did, and generally covered everything except anything to do with fandom. This was fine with me, but it surprised me a little from what I'd thought Danner would be like.

We came back and were shown his downstairs workshop, which is My-god-chockfull of electronics supplies. His printing press, a little jewel, was demonstrated; he salvaged an old electric motor with a bent shaft and uses it by attaching it to the press by a leather-strap pulley arrangement. "Always wondered how you used a motor with a bent shaft," said Bob.

We were shown the fonts of type, and we engaged in a little shop talk about printing stuff, Bob and I using our limited experience on the Daily Cal as background. Then we went downstairs and sat for about an hour listening to the Pittsburgh Symphony on Bill's tapes. Fiine.

While staying in the New York area, I have visited no-fannish-one. Well, I'd like to, but I really am having a wonderful time here doing the non-fannish things. Isn't that strange?

We went to the Newport Jazz Festival (Yes We Did, Really And Truly). We left sort of late Saturday afternoon, Bob and I, from New York City. We traveled up the rather pretty, scenic, landscaped parkways and back roads and byways to Newport, Rhode Island in about 5 hours, a trip that should have taken about 1 or 1½ less on the Coast. It was nice, though. There was always this overwhelming presence of people, tho...a continual sensed impulse. Even the farmland looked populated. We got on the ferry to Newport after a half hour wait on the slip, and ended up the first one off, so we had a nice ride across the bay. Waiting for the ferry, and the trip itself, was really interesting. We sat in a coffee shop and had dinner (coffee) and a couple of other guys wandered in. Our obvious mutual interest allowed us to talk as something less than complete strangers. The kids were from all over the place, up and down the East Coast; the hotels and motels, as we'd expected, were loaded; Newport was setting records for attendance at its Jazz Festival, and prices were horrible. We turned the radio on while on the ferry and listened to something called the Newport Jazz Festival as we floated to Newport, brought "all the way from Newport, Rhode Island, to you at home."

Arriving in Newport, we drove the one-car-wide streets and found a parking place only a VW could get in that was a

### Wanderin' with Graham--III

block or two from the Stadium. It was a perfect evening all around. We walked down and got in line for tickets for the next afternoon, as we were sure we couldn't get tickets for that night--the crowd outside was horrendous. The line we were in moved awfully slowly. We discovered that the line we were in was reservations for that night that hadn't been picked up yet and that were being bartered for or something. Meanwhile the window two down opened up and began taking tickets for the next afternoon; a line half a block long formed. We stayed in our line, lemming-like, until I got to the window. Asked for tickets. Got two press tickets unclaimed-30-yard-line-excellent-hearing-visibility, \$4. Jumped for joy and went in...

On the trip back, a little after dawn I decided to sack out for a while in back, so I curled up and lay down for a nap. Bob purred the VW along at 45 or so over the 4-lane divided road parkway. The road is not a straight one, by any means, nor is it overly curvy. It just takes its time getting from one place to another, as many country roads might do in California, but not like the 4 lane roads in California. The turns were never more than five or ten degrees deviation, and the car took them like the dream it is. It came up over a slight rise on one of them, and as it pulled out we passed under a tree that had been protecting a patch of dewy asphalt from the early morning sun. The rear wheels slid slightly to the left. "Christ," said Bob, as he turned the front wheels to the left in the normal correcting procedure to take the car from the skid. The wheel went too far, as it will in a VW if not handled by someone used to a VW, and the rear wheels, now on dry asphalt, went to the right. I heard Bob say "Jesus Christ" expletively as he attempted in almost, but not quite, panic to correct again, this time to the right. It was too far. The rear wheels slid over to the left again and started to come around to the front of the car. The laws of friction, which had been slowing us a bit, took hold with a deep bite and the car rolled onto its left side. Bob was saying "Christ, oh Christ" and I felt the rear of the car, where I was, go back and forth and then I was standing on my head with this grinding noise dinning in my ear as I thought "oh here it is, now it comes, now it is" as all my fears of the auto accident the laws of chance were bound to hand me in some shape or form came true, I knew now the result. My face sank into the sleeping bag I was using as a pillow and suddenly my left ankle was very sore. The car righted and came to a stop some 50 yards on as Bob slowed it with the brakes, now wobbling with the twisted rear left axle. Somehow Bob's glasses had dug into his nose and had started a slow bleeding. He turned off the ignition and looked over the seat at me. I don't remember that I stayed lying there for several seconds, just as he doesn't remember his loud swearing.

The damage came to \$825; the roof, left rear fender, quarterpanel, door, front fender, bumper, rear axle, & rear wheel all had to be replaced. Insurance covered all but \$100 of it. This has not been the most financially successful summer I have ever known.

--Pete Graham



Royal H.  
Drummond

"...it's not the scholarly critiques of Atheling that make FAPA seem worthwhile to me, but Drummond talking about being bitten by a deer, or Eney writing about his room, or Insurgent interlineations."

--Walt Willis, PAMPHREY #1

## ... AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

In HORIZONS #49 Harry Warner, in his comments on my last issue, says, "I would like to know precisely what functions in life Royal H. Drummond fills. The descriptions of his personal life, habits, and activities scattered in this issue are baffling."

Ooooh, Mr. Warner, what you said!

For me, there's nothing quite so pleasant as talking or writing about myself. My interest in this subject is deep, fascinated, and inexhaustible, and no activity is quite so rewarding as that of communicating to others the myriad entrancing facets of my personality. The "I" key on my typer has had to be replaced three times, so often is it used. Surprisingly, the audiences that can be persuaded to stand still for such discourse are few and far between, and most of the time I am reduced to talking to myself.

So you can imagine my glee when I read these words of Harry's. There, delivered unto my hands, was a large group of intelligent people who gladly read every word I write in the faint hope of finding something worthwhile. And one of them has actually asked for it. Hot diggity!

I didn't even finish the mailing, but darted down the basement stair, whipped the cover from the typewriter, and tapped out three double-spaced pages of light whimsical description of my self, family, surroundings, hobbies, and philosophies. Two weeks later, after mulling the article over, I added two more pages--single-spaced this time--illuminating certain aspects of my existence that required more emphasis than was at first realized. Then I put it away in the "Must Publish" file.

Time passed, the FAPA deadline drew nigh--I sat at my red-edged table, pencil in hand, for just one last perusal before stencilling. Delete a word here, add a comma there, one last look at Roget, fix that split infinitive--everyone knows how it goes when a piece of writing is very important. Well, it turned out to be pretty good, if I do say so myself, pretty darn good.

.....

Reprinted from DUCKSPEAK, May, 1952.

## Royal H. Drummond Revisited--II

One last time I went through it, metaphorically turning myself into a couple of other guys, who wanted to know what this fellow Drummond was really like. I smiled quietly at a particularly apt phrase, laughed outright at a penetrating witticism, nodded sagely as a telling point was made. Suddenly a warning bell sounded in my mind. My eyes swept back over the sentence just read:

"I am the only man in the world who has ever been bitten by a deer."

Rather sweeping statement, isn't it. No semanticist I, but even to me there is something a little too grandiose about that sentence. It is perfectly true that I was once bitten by a deer, but am I the only man who has suffered so? In the whole world? Ever?

Uh-uh.

I tried amending it, thusly:

"I am probably the only man in the world who has been bitten by a deer."

Nope, still to all-inclusive. Considering the habits of known deer, the statement is fairly safe, but suppose tomorrow someone were to discover a species of carnivorous deer which preys on a lost tribe at the headwaters of the Amazon. Why, I'd be the laughingstock of FAPA! Even disregarding that possibility, what if the statement were challenged on the basis of credibility; what data had I to support it? None whatsoever.

Well, I thought, how about limiting the field to the city of Seattle. Perhaps that could be verified. So the next day I spent a couple of hours combing the library--result negative. Success! No record anywhere of a deer biting a man in Seattle. However, my elation was short-lived. A horrid suspicion sent me back to search for records of dog bites. Everyone knows that people are occasionally bitten by dogs. Yet, to my utter disgust I found that no one seemed to be sufficiently interested in such happenings to keep tabs on them. Certainly, deer bites would only bore people of that scandalously indifferent nature. People could get themselves devoured by deer every day, at high noon on the busiest street in town, and these negligent people, whoever they might be, would ignore it completely. Obviously, they could not be depended upon to prove my point.

Home again, I gazed dejectedly at the offending words. It seemed as though all mention of the incident would have to be omitted from the article. But (I said excitedly to myself) it is a fact, a highly interesting fact, in my life. It is an integral factor in the sequence of events that have made me what I am today. Even now, long after it happened,



Royal H. Drummond--III

I remember the occurrence vividly, and not a year goes by but I am reminded of it. The discerning people who will read this sketch will not be satisfied with a mere description of my present character. They will want to know what has formed me thus. It would be unfair to leave them ignorant of this vitally important incident.

So I pondered. Then, quick like a batheon, the solution wrote itself in words of fire on the surface of my mind. Triumphantly the pencil mimicked it:

"I am the only man my age presently living at 2312 44th Ave. SW, Seattle, Washington who has been bitten by a deer."

--Royal H. Drummond

-----  
Wow! Who did saw Courtney's boat?  
-----

Suddenly 4e looked up from his typewriter and said, "Lora, when are you going to publish a fanzine?"

"Who, me?" I replied. "Don't be funny."

"I was never more serious in my life," he told me. "How can you be a true fan if you don't publish a fanzine?"

"Hell," was my answer, "lots of fans we never even heard of don't publish fanzines."

"That's just it. No one ever heard of them. Don't you want to do something for fandom?"

"Name one thing fandom ever did for me."

"Well," he thought desperately, "you met me."

I snorted and he fell silent...

--Lora Crozetti, in VENUS #1

We received a fan poll the other day, with the request that we fill it out and mail it at once. Well, we did, to the best of our ability; we filled in five of the eight blanks. Two of the five answers represented mere guessing, however, so we really didn't accomplish much.

--D.B.Thompson, in LeZ #59

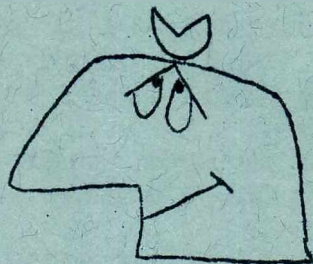
I remember that when I went out to San Francisco in '51, I called someone who had subscribed to CONTOUR. I told him that Conny wouldn't be appearing for a while. After a while, our friend realized that this was Bob Pavlat of Hyattsville, Maryland, calling him. He informed me that I didn't have to call him all that distance just to tell him about Conny. Dear old Frisco, it's a wonderful town.

--Bob Pavlat, in CONTOUR #6

For some very revealing facts on Ziff-Davis policy, read the De Courcys' letter in Fandom Speaks. The couple confess that their early efforts were amateurish ("stink" was the word they used) and that Palmer was willing to take it because they told him that deroes were attempting to destroy their manuscripts.

--Boff Perry, CYGNI, Aug 49

I don't know how many of you have been getting Eric Erickson's mag, RAPIER, but I have, and to say the least I have been astounded by its contents. Feeling that INN's readers would be interested in such things, I wrote to Erickson asking for an article for INN based on his RAPIER monologues. He replied with this letter, which I present here as



## AN INTERVIEW WITH ERIC ERICKSON

Dear Terry:

Just got your letter wherein you asked for more information on the subjects I've nattered about in "Rapier."

Am happy to oblige, of course, but since there is a possibility of your pubbing this letter, I think perhaps I should bring the readers of Innuendo up to date with a resume of points brought forward in earlier issues of my 'zine.

Certainly it will be easier for your readers to disbelieve many of these points than to accept them readily since they contradict many generally-held beliefs. (And I'd think fans a somewhat wishy-washy crew if no one disagreed with me.) Anyway, I have a crafty plan for countering this disbelief.

I am going to give you a preview of history. I am going to tell you later in this letter exactly what will happen next March 17th. Then, when March 17th comes along and those events take place, I fully expect all fans to rally around and admit the truth of other things I've said. Fair enough?

Remember, as you read, that this does not concern religion. Rather, it concerns interstellar affairs and the civilization of the Seven Planets of Orion, plus its relations with man's civilization.

So here we go:

Point #1. That the Biblical Book of Genesis can not be depended upon for accuracy because, being written generations after the events described, it was compounded of a mixture of legend and Moses' imagination.

Point #2. That man was synthesized by science and placed on a planet (Terra) which was chosen, not created, for man.

Point #3. That man was created because the Universe, although teeming with habitable planets, is almost empty of intelligent life to enjoy those planets.

Point #4. That the Being known as "God" is not a "Great Spirit" as the Christians believe, but is instead, the flesh



Eric Erickson--II

and blood ruler of the Seven Planets of the Orionian civilization.

Point #5. That Jesus was really the son (via artificial insemination) of that Ruler of Orion, and was therefore a Prince of Orion.

Point #6. That when that Orionian Prince spoke of the "Kingdom of Heaven," he was referring to the days when men's affairs would be straightened out and men would go to the stars in peace, happiness and unity.

Point #7. That he also promised that whoever tried to remodel this ghastly mess of a world with the stars as the goal would receive help from the Orionians.

Point #8. And that the time has come to bring these things into the light of day and get organized to make big changes in the world.

So there you have the background, O Noble Reader of Innuendo. Now you'll know what we're talking about.

Wars will continue to occur no matter how fearful the weapons, until the basic, underlying causes of war are eliminated. It's plain that humanity's present leaders know far less about what causes war than they do about filling their own pockets.

Now about March 17th, 1958. By a combination of bluffs, threats, and demonstrations of their ability to lob nuclear ICBM's accurately onto any part of the world, Russia will back an American Communist and see him installed as the ruler of America.

This Commie and his pals are going to be a ferocious and cruel pack and they're going to put down any opposition with a heavy hand.

It's for that reason that I don't print a letter column in Rapiar, and neither do I like to broadcast the names of the fans who agree with me.

You see, it's like this: with a Communist ruling America, the minority (the anti-Communists) are going to be Men Without a Cause. With the help of fans who have been with me from the beginning and have seen me tried and proved by the events of March, with their help, I propose to rally the Anti-Communists to a far better cause than Capitalism. Then, with even a minority of Americans on our side, it will not be difficult to displace this Commie Gov't. That done, we will initiate a process which will inevitably result in the overthrow (also bloodless) of both Communism and Capitalism overseas. The net result of all this will be a world united under Utopian conditions. Then that Orionian Prince's "Kingdom of the Heavens" will be a reality because man will regain what is and always was his rightful heritage, the stars.

But I digress. The reason I don't spread around the

Eric Erickson--III

names of my good friends in fandom is because I would be exposing them to great danger when this American Red is on the rampage. The majority of them are not fans anyway, they're s-f enthusiasts.

I don't mind telling you, though, that the people who write me nasty letters are denizens of fandom and often well-known fans, too. There's Jerry Merril, for instance, or Dick Ellington. Or Martin Fleischman, who wrote me a letter that was a masterpiece of profanity, obscenity and name-calling. It certainly didn't say much for his intelligence.

Of course, Terry, if you print this letter, there's no doubt that the Commies will come looking for you too. However, even if they see fit to hang you, simply because you want the Golden Age and the stars for mankind you'll still be amply repaid in the Golden Age. The Orionians are masters even of Old Man Death. As that prince of Orion said: He that seeks to save his life will lose it and he that loses it will save it. It's as simple as that.

But I don't want people to get into jackpots unwittingly by innocently writing me letters and having me print their letters or even their names. They would probably be persecuted but they still would not deserve a reward.

So let's save the rewards for the people who think for themselves, who engage in positive action on behalf of the Golden Age and who stick with it through thick and thin. I'll tell you; the rewards will be well worth while. A long, long time from now, all eyes will still be on them and they are the ones who will lead mankind to the stars. Didn't I say that the Orionians were the masters even of death?

"Why," you may ask, "does Erickson pick on fans and s-f readers? Why not miners or some other group?"

Simply because fans are the only ones with their eyes on the stars. They are the only ones who realize (as a group) the desirability, even the necessity, of mankind going to the stars and who further realize that it would never do to spread the present fouled-up mess any farther than this earth. And they are the only group who (I trust) will be prepared to make sacrifices to see that men will go to the stars and under proper conditions. Naturally, if they're prepared to make those sacrifices, then they certainly are worthy of sitting in the seats of honour and helping to run things in the Golden Age. Right?

I haven't followed my usual habit of quoting from that Orionian's words in this letter simply for the sake of brevity. However, if you should read his words, remember that the Kingdom of Heaven is the Golden Age of man's interstellar colonization with Orion the centre of civilization; remember that his condemnations of the scribes and Pharisees fit today's



Eric Erickson--IV

Christians to a tee; and that his principles of "Love your neighbor" etc. are the only rules men will live under in the Golden Age. You'll find that his words become remarkably clear if you keep in mind that they didn't mean a thing until someone picked them up for a campaign with the stars as the goal.

The main thing is: we can be sure that the Golden Age will be a reality. It'll be a reality if every "Flying Saucer" on the Seven Planets has to come down and flatten every building on earth to make it so.

Then we'll ALL go to the stars, in peace, in happiness and in unity under one King. Those "Many mansions" the Orionian Prince spoke about are still waiting for us.

Incidentally, if you'd like to read a few descriptions of the Age ahead, check Rev: 21;3-8, Micah 4;1-7, Isa. 32;15-18, Isa. 11;1-9.

Frankly, I'm looking forward to it with great anticipation. This is a rough system to live under, this present one, no matter how you look at it.

But that's about all for now, Terry. Sorry I couldn't feel free to give you the names of the fans who are on my side, as you requested. Just don't worry too much about them. Their futures are strictly in their own hands just as yours is in your hands.

Bye Now,  
--Eric Erickson

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What kind of a club is Science Fiction?  
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By the time you are reading this, I shall probably already be on my way on that long-looked-forward-to trip...to IA, where I shall see again those former friends I met at Chicon or Denvention--Morojo and Pogo, the Ack, Daugherty, the Yerke, Bronson--as well as meeting all those new fans from that district whom I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting. I expect to get into some grand arguments with Laney, whom I anticipate liking in spite of the fact that we seem to have so many different ideas about so many things; I was hoping for some poker games with Burbee, but understand he is going into Service, and may not be around. And all the many others, far too numerous to mention but whom I am anxious to make into firm friends. --E.E.Evans, in ATOTE #3, Summer '45

My God! Where did you get the fantastic information that Jack Vance was Henry Kuttner? That is just about the (blank) thing I've heard since many years ago when a well-known fan told me van Vogt was John W. Campbell! --Charles Dye, SFNL #19

the concluding three installments of

CARL BRANDON'S

## THE CACHER OF THE RYE

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SYNOPSIS: I'd been gafiating and all, and finally I got kicked out of FAPA. Then when I got back to the slanshack I got into a fight with my roommate, Ward Fanletter. And when I went next door to see Acne, we got into an argument too. So I got all depressed and disgusted with the slanshack, and I packed up and went to New York, where my family lives. But I went to a hotel first instead of going right home. My parents must have heard about me getting kicked out of FAPA and all, that's why.

### At the Hotel

#### I

I got off the bus at the Bilkmore Hotel, and checked in. I'd put on my beanie when I was on the bus, just for the hell of it, but I took it off before I checked in. I didn't want to look like a screwball fan or anything. Which was really ironic. I didn't know then that there was a ghoddam convention going on at the hotel. Fans all over the place.

They gave me this crumby room with nothing to look at out the window but the other side of the hotel. But I didn't mind, because I was feeling so depressed anyway. I just stood and looked out the damn window for awhile after I got to my room. You'd be surprised what was going on on the other side of the hotel. They didn't even pull their shades down. I saw one guy do something you wouldn't believe me if I told you. First thing he did, he took this pan of stuff that turned out to be hekto jelly, and he cut it up with this knife into long, thin strips. Then he started picking them up and eating them, holding the strips





## Cacher of the Rye--II

by one end and letting them dangle into his mouth and eating them that way. Boy, what a perverted bastard. Then, in the window almost right over his, I saw a kid, about fifteen or so and kind of pudgy, take this bheer can and throw it out the window. It was full, too; I could tell by the way it sounded when it hit the ground below. I'm not kidding, that hotel was lousy with perverted fans. I was probably the truest fan in the hotel--and that's not saying much. I damn near sent a telegram to old Fanletter telling him to hop out to the hotel right away. He'd have been the king of the hotel, he was such a fakefan.

The trouble was, th t kind of junk is sort of fascinating to watch, even if you don't want it to be. For instance, that kid that was throwing the bheer out the window, he was probably having a hell of a lot of fun, even if no trufan would do such a thing. I mean, that's my big trouble. In my mind, I'm probably the biggest fakefan you ever saw. Sometimes I can think of very crumby stuff I wouldn't mind doing. I can even see how it might be kind of fun, in a crumby way, if you were feeling fakefannish as hell, to throw a full can of bheer away, just to make you feel as defiant as hell. The thing is, though, I don't like the idea. I think if you don't really like fandom, you should stay out of it, and if you do like it, then you should act fannish all the time. I keep making up these running rules for myself, and then I break them right away. Last year I made a rule that I was going to read every FAP mailing right straight through as soon as I got it. I broke it, though, as soon as I got the next mailing. I never even read the damn thing, but I did mailing comments anyway, just bluffing my way through.

I started toying with the idea of giving old Jane a buzz. I wasn't in the mood, though so I didn't do it. Then I thought of calling my kid sister, Phoebe. I certainly felt like talking to her on the phone. Somebody who was a trufan and all. She really was, too, a real trufan. But I figured I'd wake my parents up, so I decided against that too. What I finally decided, I decided to go downstairs and see what the hell was going on in the Lavender Room. They had this night club, the Lavender Room, in the hotel. So that's what I did.

There weren't many people around my own age in the goddam Lavender Room. Except at the table right next to the one I got. There were these three girls around thirty or so there. The whole three of them were pretty ugly, but they had sort of sensitive fannish faces anyway--which surprised me. I mean I still didn't know there was a convention going on there at the time. Then I noticed that they had on these beanies. They were the kind they wear in the western states which have larger propellers on them. I started trying to catch the eye of one of them, but just then the waiter came for my order. I ordered a bheer. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but do you have some verification of your age? Is it listed

### Cacher of the Rye--III

in the Fan Directory?" Then I noticed that he was carrying a copy of the Fan Directory with him, and I sort of caught on to the fact that there was a con in session.

I gave him this very cold stare, like he'd insulted the hell out of me, but I saw right away that I couldn't bluff my way through. "Okay, okay," I said. "Bring me a Pepsi." He went off to fill the order.

Then I started giving the three fannes at the next table the eye again. That is, the blonde one. The other two really didn't have fannish faces, when I took a good look at them. I figured they were probably fakefans like the rest of the fen I'd seen so far at the hotel. Finally I decided to ask them to dance, sort of for something to do. I went over to their table and said, "Would any of you care to dance?" I said it suave as hell, but they gave me sort of fishy looks, and one of them, one of the unfannish-looking ones, giggled a little. Finally, the blonde one got up to dance with me.

We danced around a bit, not saying anything for awhile. Then she said this very dumb thing. "I and my girl friends saw Bob Tucker last night," she said. "The big name fan. He was buying a stfmag. He's cute."

"You're lucky," I told her. "You're really lucky. You know that?" Boy, she was really a moron. "The mag probably had one of his own stories in it, though. He's a filthy pro."

"Watch your language, if you don't mind."

What a fanne, boy. A trufanne, for Ghusake. "Where you girls from?" I asked her.

"What?" she said. She'd probably been busy looking for old Bob Tucker to show up, I guess.

"Where you girls from?" I asked her again.

"Seattle, Washington." She was doing me a big favor to tell me.

"You a Pillar of the Nameless Ones?" I asked her.

"What? Oh! Yes." She was really a lousy conversationalist. "Hey, how old are you, anyhow?"

That annoyed hell out of me, for some reason. "Oh, Ghu! I'm an Eighth Pandomite! I'm big for my age. I'm even big enough to lick Ron Ellik."

"Listen. I toleja about that. If you're going to take Ghu's name in vain, I can go sit down with my girl friends, you know."

I apologized like a madman when the dance was over, and



#### Cacher of the Rye--IV

went back with her to their table and sat down. The one I'd been dancing with was named Bernice something--I forget what. The two others' names were Marty and Laverne. I told them my name was Hawk Garse, just for the hell of it. They'd never heard of him. Then I tried to get them into a little intelligent conversation, but it was impossible. They were all stupid, and the whole three of them kept looking all around the goddam room, like as if they expected a flock of bnf's to come in any minute. They probably thought bnf's came to cons, for Ghusake. I danced with them all, one at a time. The one called Marty was a lousy dancer. The only way I could even halfway enjoy myself dancing with her was if I amused myself a little. So I told her I just saw Dean Grennell, on the other side of the floor.

"Where?" she asked me. "Where?"

I told her she'd just missed him, that he'd just gone out. Then when we got back to the table, old Marty told the other two that Dean Grennell had just gone out. She said she'd just caught a glimpse of him. The other two were real excited. Boy, they killed me.

The bar was closing up for the night, so I bought them all two drinks apiece, and ordered two more sodas for myself. The old ugly one, Laverne, kept kidding me because I was only drinking soda instead of bheer. She kept saying I was a fakefan. She had a sterling sense of humor. Old Marty talked more than the other two. She kept saying these very corny, boring things, like saying the bartender's hair looked like the foam on a glass of bheer, and making weird cracks about this beat-up typewriter they had sitting in the corner, and all.

Finally I got all depressed and told the three girls goodbye, but I didn't go right back to my room. I got to thinking about old Jane again. I mean really thinking. I remembered this one afternoon, the only time we'd ever gotten even a little bit fakefannish. We were playing mental cri-fanac. This old guy that was married to her mother came out onto the porch where we were and asked her if she'd been fooling around with the TV set. Said he couldn't get "Space Patrol" in clear. She didn't answer him at all, even when he asked her the second time. Finally he muttered something and went back in the house. She just sat there with her eyes closed, like she was thinking up a countergambit to the one I'd just led with, but I could see something was wrong, so I asked her about it. Then she wouldn't even answer me. Finally she started shaking all over and she grabbed this fanzine and ripped it up. Just like that, I swear to Ghu. She ripped it up. I just sort of sat there looking at her ripping up this goddam fanmag. Boy, was I surprised. Then I saw that it was the first issue of her own mag. Later on I was reading through that issue and saw where she was saying her stepfather was a fan too because he watched "Space Patrol" all the time. She was just a neofan when she wrote that.

Cacher of the Rye--V

We used to go to the movies together once in awhile, too, when there was a stf picture playing. That was about the only time we ever got sort of sexy or anything. I mean I liked Jane a whole lot and all, but with a femmefan you just don't think about those things. We were sitting there in this goddam movie watching Richard Carlson acting out his same old crummy lines when something happened that really scared her. I mean, she was real scared. So she sort of grabbed my hand and held it real tight for a few minutes till old Carlson got himself out of the jam or whatever it was. Her hand was kind of sweaty, and it felt the way your hand feels when you hold a coin or something a long time and it gets all moist and clammy. But old Jane really knew how to hold hands. I mean, most girls just sort of let their hands lie on yours, but old Jane made it feel real nice.

But that's why I dropped out of FAPA and got into all this trouble, for thinking about fakefannish things and all. So I guess I better quit and start telling you what I did next. So when I left those goddam girls in the bar I went back through the lobby to catch an elevator up to my room. While I was standing there this little guy with a vomity looking sport coat walked up to me and said, "Say, fan, innarested in a little auditing tonight?"

I didn't know what to say, sort of. I just stood there for a minute thinking, and then I said, "What?" I mean, when someone comes right out and asks you a question like that it stops you.

"You heard me. Innarested in bein' audited tonight?"

"How much?" I asked. I didn't really want to be audited, but I was sort of afraid to just tell the guy no. You can't tell what these Scientologists will do. You really can't."

"Six bits an engram. Ya innarested or aintcha? I got to know."

"Okay," I said. Honest, I didn't really want to be audited. I mean, I'm not the sanest fan around or anything, but I just don't think I needed to be audited that night. And then when a guy asks you a question like that you always got to look out that it might be Dick Ellington or somebody and he'll run right off and send it to CONTACT that you want to be audited. I mean, there are guys that will do that. But I felt all mentally constipated thinking about old Jane so I told him to send the auditor right up.

Well, I got up to my room and I was there about fifteen minutes when there was a knock on the door. So I hollered, "Who the hell's that rapping at my door, a raven?" I don't know why I said that. Now that I think of it it seems kind of neofannish, but I was feeling real weird. And the way I said it was kind of suave. It really was.



## Cacher of the Rye--VI

So I opened the goddam door and here's this little blonde standing there. I mean, she was little. She looked like she was only about fifteen or sixteen and I felt kind of depressed about how a young fenne like that would get all mixed up in Scientology. So she said, "I'm the auditor." Just like that, for Ghusake. Like she'd expect me to fall flat on my face when she said that.

She came in and took off her coat and sat down. I offered her a cigaret, but she just sat there and didn't even look at me.

Suddenly I didn't feel like getting audited anymore. I mean, all of a sudden I got this terrifically fannish feeling and felt like paying her and telling her to get out. So I decided to try and talk to her for awhile. "How old are you?" I asked her.

"What's it to ya? Whadu I look like?"

I didn't know what to say to that. I mean, she acted sort of nasty and all, just like I had pictured Scientologists to be, but I didn't know what to say. So then she got up and started pacing around. Finally she turned around and said, "Let's go, hey. I mean, let's get started."

"Could we just talk for awhile? Do you mind if we don't start for a few minutes? You see, I just got this terrible review of my fanzine in Bloch's column in Imagination, and I feel all shattered. I don't think I could go through it right this minute." I could see she didn't believe me, but I was feeling so depressed I didn't know what else to do.

Then she really depressed me. She was carrying this old copy of YANDRO with a blank page in it and she was using it to copy down notes on her patients. She took it out and began reading it, and I thought of old Coulson selling her the issue at the con for fifteen cents and not knowing that she was a Scientologist and all. Boy, did it depress me.

Finally she put it down and said, "C'mon, let's go, hey. I haven't got all night."

"Honest," I said, "I really don't feel like going on with it. I mean, I'll pay you, but I just don't feel like being audited. You see, I just got this terrific shatter on my ego and I'm all flustered and all. Have you ever heard of anybody ever being panned in Bloch's column?" It was a silly question to ask, I know, but I was feeling so depressed I couldn't think.

She just looked at me with this terrifically dirty look. Then I started really lying. "Yes, and Walter Willis has asked me for a column and I want my mind fresh and clean and fannish, you see. You understand, don't you?"

She gave me another dirty look, and then picked up her

## Cacher of the Rye--VII

coat. I gave her a fan wampum Stan Woolston sent me for a bunch of pornography I sent him. As she left she said, "Goodbye, you fannish bastard."

### Two Femmefannes

#### I

Well, I finally hit the ghudam sack. My fannish feeling was all gone all of a sudden--you know? I mean all of a sudden I didn't feel fannish any more. So I hit the sack. I didn't even read a fanmag before I went to sleep, like I usually do. I had this fanmag in my suitcase that I'd been reading back at the slanshack, but I didn't even read it. I just went to sleep.

I got up around ten and what I decided to do was, I called up this femmefan I used to know. Her name was Sally Hayes. She was really fuggheaded, I mean it, but I called her up anyway. I didn't have anything else to do, for Ghusake.

When she got on the phone, I said, "Hello? Sally? Hey, I just got over here and I was wondering if you wanted to go someplace. I mean, it's Sunday and all but what the hell. What do you say?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Where?"

"Oh, just to some place. I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes. Okay? In fifteen minutes." We had this very bad phone connection.

She said okay, so I put on my coat and my damn beanie and went over to her place. She lived right near the hotel and all. She was such a fugghead, though, that she probably didn't even know about the convention. She really never knew anything, for Ghusake. She was a real fugghead.

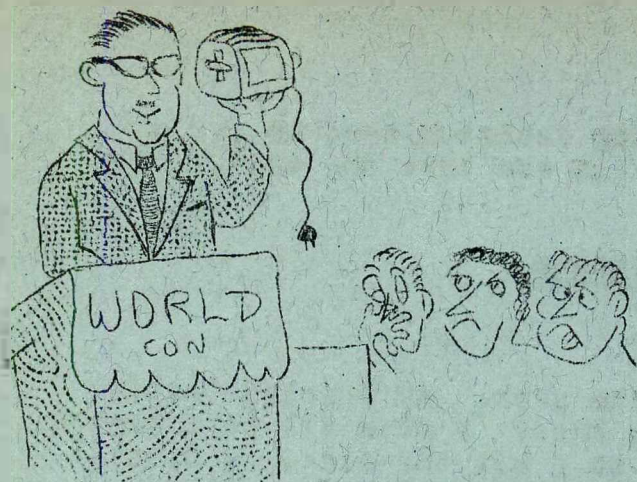
I went up to her door and rang the bell. Pretty soon she answered it and invited me in. "Where are we going?" she asked right off. First thing, I mean. She didn't even hardly say hello before she asked where the hell we were going.

"There's a con going on down at the hotel I'm at," I said. "You want to go? Bradbury's supposed to talk this afternoon."

"Oh, marvelous," she said. Boy, was she a fugghead. Who the hell wants to go to see the program of a stfcon? But anyway, we went and heard goddam Bradbury.

Bradbury's talk wasn't as bad as some I've heard. I mean he wasn't like old Ackerman with that same old toastmaster gag that he pulls every convention. Bradbury just read one of his stories. It was kind of on the cruddy side. I know lots of fans





think Bradbury is great and all, but I don't. He writes real smooth and all, and he's got good characterization and lots of goddam emotion in his stories...the only trouble is, he wrote too good. I mean, you don't pay attention to what's happening. You just notice how good he writes. But he was different, anyway. A hell of a lot better than old Ackerman pulling his toastmaster gag.

After Bradbury had finished we went out into the bar with all the rest of the fans there. What a bunch of ghudammed redhots, I swear. They kept talking about how great Bradbury's story was and all. They just wanted to show that they read stf. Hell, I bet that was the only stf story they'd been in contact with in the past two years. That was probably why they talked about it. Hell, they couldn't talk about any other stf. What I mean is, trufans don't read stf, but they wanted all these pros to think they always read their stuff, so that maybe they'd buy them a drink or write a goddam article for their fanmags. They shouldn't have worried about it, because I'll bet even the pros don't read stf. Not even the editors. They probably just buy stories by the names of the authors.

All those goddam phonies got me to feeling terrifically fake-fannish again. Old Sally and I were sitting in the bar there and all of a sudden I leaned over next to her and said, "Hey, did you ever get fed up? I mean do you really like fandom and all that crud?"

"It's a terrific bore," she said.

"Boy, it sure is," I said. "I hate it." I really did. "But it isn't just fandom. It's everything. I hate drinking bbeer and I hate pros and I can't even stand fans."

She got real huffy then. "I'm a fan," she said. "That's not a nice thing to say at all."

So right away I was sorry. I apologized like hell. "You're the only reason I'm here," I said. She was, too. "I mean I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you. Boy, you oughtta live in a slanshack sometime. Nothing but phonies, I swear to Ghu. I don't really hate fans or anything...it's just these Ghudam phoney trufans that I hate. I mean, guys that try to make off like they're trufans. All those guys at the slanshack ever did was talk about girls and baseball and sex all day. And they had these cliques. Everybody was in a clique. All the guys in the Cult stuck together, the guys in the N3F stuck together, and even the guys in the Juvenile Amateur Science-Fiction Association of Publishers stuck together. Even the guys in a cruddy club like that.

"What's wrong with JAS-FAP?" Sally said. "I think it's a very good club. The trouble with you is you're too critical. You're

## Cacher of the Rye--IX

always looking for something to criticize. Some teenagers start up an apa and all you can do is criticize them. You're impossible."

Oh, Ghu. Not only did I have to get a date with a fugghead, but on top of that she had to turn out to be a SerConFan. I mean, I can even stand one of those goddam phoney trufans before I can stand a SerConFan. At least the guys that pretend to be trufans are pretending to be something good. But a SerConFan! Oh, Ghu!

"Let's get out of here," I said. "You're about the biggest fugghead I've ever met, if you must know."

Boy, did she hit the ceiling when I said that. It really made her mad. But to tell the truth, I didn't particularly give a damn by that time. I mean, she was boring me like crazy, so I just didn't care what she thought. I said I'd take her home, but she told me to go away. She said she didn't want to see me ever again. That's how she said it. Ever again. She said she'd cut me off her sublist, too.

So what I did was, I just left her there in the bar. She was underage and all, but I didn't care. Hell, I was underage, and they hadn't bothered her when I was there with her. Besides, I figured some goddam pro would pick her up anyway. Or maybe the goddam hotel dick would see her in there and throw her out, and then a big stink would get started and the whole convention would get thrown out of the hotel, like it almost happened in San Francisco. But I didn't particularly give a damn. I swear to Ghu, I'm a fakefan.

## II

Well, what I decided to do next, I thought I'd drop by home and say hello to my kid sister, Phoebe. Only I didn't want to run into my folks because they'd still be pretty shook up about me getting dropped out of FAPA. So I decided to wait till late at night, then sneak in and just talk with Phoebe for a minute, real quiet. So I just walked over to the park and wandered around there for hours, looking at the swans in the goddam lake and watching all the nonfans. It's funny, if you really watch nonfans for awhile, they're really not so different from fans. I mean, they eat just like fans and I bet they even drink beer once in awhile. There aren't enough fans to support the whole goddam brewing industry, for Ghusake. Not even with all the bheerbhusts and all. Not even if we held a convention every week. So the nonfans had to drink a lot of the beer, too. I got to thinking like that, and watching the nonfans, and pretty quick I wasn't so depressed any more. So by the time it was real late I felt pretty good; I really did.

When I got to the hotel where my folks stayed there was nobody but the desk clerk around, and he didn't recognize me. So I just went right up to our apartment and let myself in with my key. Then I went real quiet into Phoebe's room and shut the door. I turned on this little light over her dresser, which was really just an old mimeo stand. Phoebe didn't have a mimeo, but her hekto was sitting there on the stand. She had this notebook sitting there,



Cacher of the Rye--X

too, and a couple of fanzines. She's really a trufan. I mean she's not phoney like the guys at the slanshack. She doesn't even worry about whether she's a trufan or not; she just is. That's the way a trufan should be, just naturally a trufan and all.

She hadn't woke up when I turned the light on and I stood there for a minute looking at her. She was lying there with her mouth open, but she didn't look bad at all. You take an older fan, they've got lines and wrinkles all over their faces so they hardly look sensitive and fannish at all, and when they're asleep they look like regular normal people. But old Phoebe had a real sensitive fannish face, even asleep with her mouth open. It's funny, but she was really a trufan, like I said.

I started looking through her notebooks. I can look through fan notebooks for hours, if I get the chance. I really can. On the first page of her notebook she had written "phoebe Madeleine Caulfield". That really killed me. Her middle name was Josephine, but I guess she wanted something more fannish. On the second page she had:

Bernice meet me at recess I brought a fanzine to read. It has your name in it.

The next page had on it:

Phoebe Leeh Caulfield  
Phoebe Georgina Caulfield  
Phoebe Madeleine Caulfield  
Phoebe M. Caulfield, B.N.F.

Please pass to Bernice!!!!  
Bernice that pun you made yesterday  
was already used in HYPHEN because  
I looked last night

I guess she'd found another fan in her class. Or maybe she'd converted her. Phoebe could do it. I mean you just get around her and right away you start feeling fannish. I was feeling real trufannish just looking through her notebook. So pretty quick I got up from the dresser and woke her up. Right away she was real glad to see me. She sort of gave me a kiss and asked me what I was doing home.

"I got sick and tired of the slanshack," I said. "I thought I'd come home for awhile."

"Oh. Did you get my letter? I wrote you a five page--"

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah, I got it. Listen, not so loud, huh? You'll wake everybody up. How's the play?" She'd written me this five page letter telling me all about this play she was in at school.

"There's nobody here," she said. "They've gone to a party in Norwalk. The play's terrible. It's some dopey non-stf thing the teacher picked out. She thinks it'll help us with our history because it's all about the Revolutionary War. But it's simply terrible. I'm not a bit interested in it, so how is it supposed to help me in history?"

I sort of knew what she meant. I mean, if you're not interested in something, it doesn't do you any good. I'll bet old Phoebe just got up there and yawned out her lines. They should have made it a history play set in the future, then she would have been interested. Sort of a history opera.

"What are you doing home?" she said again. "I thought you'd be at the slanshack."

"I'm gafiating, sort of," I said. "I mean, all those guys at the slanshack were just phoney trufans. They made me sick as hell."

She gave me this real weird look, like she was mad or something. "Daddy'll kill you," she said. "He hates it when somebody gafiates." My father is a real trufan too, in a way. He really does hate people when they gafiate, like old Phoebe said. But Chu, you've got to gafiate sometime. You're gafiating when you eat or even sleep, for Ghusake. What I mean is, you can't be a fan every goddam moment of your life.

Then I noticed she had this bandage on her arm. "What in hell is that?" I said.

"This boy in my class poked me with a stylus," she said. "My own stylus." Boy, she got mad about it all of a sudden. "He isn't even a fan."

"Why'd he do that?"

"Because I told him he was a nonfan. He thought it was a dirty word or something, I guess." Old Phoebe. I'll bet the way she said it it sounded filthy as hell. She hates nonfans almost as bad as my father hates fans that gafiate. I'm surprised that she even gets good grades in school. I mean, her teachers are all nonfans. Except for this one English teacher she had, she didn't mind him so much. He said she could do a book report on a book by H. G. Wells. But I'll bet he wasn't a fan. You take any goddam nonfan, and they think Wells is okay. It's nothing special just to think Wells writes okay, hell, even the nonfans think so. That doesn't make you a fan or anything.

"Why aren't you at the slanshack?" old Phoebe said again. She's plenty sharp; you got to be smart to fool her.

"I told you. I got sick of all the phonies, so I'm gafiating for awhile."



"You got kicked out of FAPA!" she said. Boy, she's psychic sometimes.

"Who said anything about FAPA?" I said. "I just got sick of--"

"You did!" she said. "You did get dropped! Oh, how do you expect to get any place in fandom? Now you'll probably be in the next Derelicti Derogation!"

"Cut it out," I said. "I don't care if I do get in Derelicti Derogation, because I'm going to quit fandom. I mean it. I can't stand all the fakefans and the goddam phoney trufans and the fuggheads and SerConFans and all. They make me sick, I swear to Ghu! I'm going to quit fandom, and quick!"

### Return

#### I

Phoebe got all mad and wouldn't talk to me. She just sat there and stared at me. "You're going to be a nonfan!" she kept saying. That was all she'd say. And she made it sound like a swear word. She can really do that.

"No I'm not," I said. "I'm going to come back into fandom just as soon as there aren't so many fuggheads and all. I will. I just can't stand it now."

"You'll be a nonfan!" she said.

"No I won't. Look, I'm even going to type up a couple of stencils right now. I promised some guy at the slanshack that I'd do an article for him, so I'll do it on stencil, even." I had these stencils sitting around that I'd never used, because I never published a fanmag hardly. Phoebe kept them in her room because she liked to have them around. Just because they were fannish. I went over to her dresser and rolled a stencil into the typer and started typing this article I'd promised to do for Fanletter. Phoebe just sat there and looked at me.

Finally she said, "Why do you do it? Why can't you be a normal old fan and not always get kicked out of fanclubs and always fold every fanzine you plan? Why do you do it?" She had this real weird expression on her face, like she was going to cry or something. It made me real sad, just looking at her.

"Oh, Ghu, I don't know," I said. "It's just that every time I get to feeling trufannish I run into somebody like Acne, or a SerConFan like this femmefanne I was with today. I just can't stand it."

"You don't like anything about fandom," she said. "You're just a fakefan!"

"Sure I do," I said. "Sure I do!"

"No you don't. What do you like about fandom? What kind of fan do you think you could ever be?"

I tried to think, but all of a sudden I couldn't concentrate. I mean, I kept thinking of damned Fanletter and fugghead Sally and all, and I got depressed as hell.

"What would you like to do in fandom?" she said. "You can't think of anything."

"Sure I can," I said. All of a sudden it came to me. "You know that takeoff that went, 'If a trufan catch a trufan drinking fakefan rye'?"

She nodded. "It was in FLOY #1." Boy, she really knew everything about fandom.

"Well, I keep thinking about that. I keep thinking about catching these trufans drinking this fakefan rye, and I think of me taking the rye away and hiding it someplace in a cache so they couldn't get it, and then they'd have to drink bheer, like trufans should. I keep thinking of me doing that all day, just catching all these trufans drinking rye, and me caching the rye so they'd have to drink bheer. I know that's crazy, but that's what I'd like to do in fandom."



"You'll be in the next Derelicti--shhh!" She sat way the hell up in bed.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"The front door--it's them!" Then real quick I turned out the light over her dresser and got into the closet. Pretty soon I heard my mother come into the room.

"What are you doing up so late?" she said. "I saw your light, young fanne."

"I couldn't sleep," Phoebe said.

"Phoebe, have you been stencilling? You know it's too late to be doing any fanac!" She must have smelled the stencils and correction fluid. I use a lot of correction fluid when I stencil, I really do. I'm a lousy typist.

"I only typed one paragraph," Phoebe said. "I had an idea, and I couldn't sleep because I wanted to write it. But



## Cacher of the Rye--XIV

then I started to write and I got real sleepy so I turned off the light and got back into bed."

"How many times have I told you not to compose on stencil?" said my mother, and a minute later she said, "Well, you go to sleep now." I heard her go back into her room with my father. Pretty quick their light snapped off and I came back out.

"Where will you be?" Phoebe said. She whispered it so my parents wouldn't hear.

"I'm staying at this hotel," I said. "I'll meet you tomorrow at the corner, at ten o'clock." She didn't have any school the next day. It was Labor Day.

Then I got out of there and went back to my hotel. The con parties were still going, but I just ignored them. One thing you learn if you're in fandom long, is how to sleep when parties are going on.

## II

She met me the next day right on time, but she was still mad. She didn't hardly even talk to me. She was probably thinking all night how I was going to quit fandom and all.

"Let's go back up to the apartment," she said. "Mommy and Daddy went out to the convention, so we can have a one-shot session. You can make it your farewell to fandom."

I wasn't feeling too fannish, but I went back with her. I figured I could tell all the goddam phoney trufans just why I was quitting fandom. I figured I'd really tell them off in the one-shot.

When we got to the apartment, Phoebe said, "We can use Mommy and Daddy's mimeo. They'll never notice the difference if we mail the one-shot out right away. Do you have any money for postage?"

I pulled out my wallet, but all I had was some fan wampum left. Boy, I really spent a lot of money after I left the slanshack.

"That's okay," she said. "I have some money I've been saving to pay the Science Fiction Book Club, and we can use that." She always owed money to the SFBookclub. She was a real trufan.

She was acting really odd this time, though. I mean, she seemed kind of cold and distant, like she was looking down on me or something. A little fanne like her. She said, "I'll write an introduction to the one-shot, and then you can write your farewell. Then you can be a full-fledged nonfan." This time she didn't say it like it was a dirty word. In

Cacher of the rye--XV

fact, she didn't say it any way. You know what I mean? She just said it. Boy, it really sounded weird. It depressed the hell out of me, it really did.

Then she started typing. Boy, she really pounded those keys. "If you get into Derelicti Derogation I won't even tell you," she said. "You won't be interested, since you'll be a nonfan." She just said it again.

Boy, I really felt weird sitting there watching her type and listening to her saying nonfan like that. I mean, have you ever sat there and watched your kid sister writing an introduction to your farewell to fandom? It really gets you.

"Maybe Boyd Raeburn will even quote what you're going to say in this one-shot," Phoebe said. She kept on typing. "What shall we call it?" she said pretty quick. "It should be something nonfannish."

Boy, she was driving me nuts, talking like that. Finally she got finished and she got up and told me to write my farewell to fandom now. So I sat down and just sort of stared at the stencil. I was feeling real weird. I kept thinking how stencils were blue and for the rest of my life I'd be typing on white paper and never on blue stencils. I mean, it's things like that that get you. I just kept thinking about typing on white paper, and I just kept sitting there.

"Are you going to write it?" she said.

I turned halfway around in the chair and looked at her. She just sat there and looked back at me. Boy, she even looked like a trufan.

"No," I said. "I'm not going to quit fandom."

"Write your farewell," she said. She didn't believe me.

"I mean it," I said. "I'm going to publish a subzine. I just decided." I was getting all excited about it. "I'm going to make it a monthly, with lots of fannish articles and stories and all. I'm not going to quit fandom."

She sort of looked at me. "Do you mean it?" she said.

"Sure," I said. "Sure, I mean it."

Then all of a sudden she got up and took my old beanie out of my pocket and put it on my head. "Here," she said. "Wear this. The beanie protects the fannish headbone from unfannish thoughts." Then she took the first stencil that she'd typed and started putting it on the mimeo. I just watched her. Pretty soon she had everything ready to go, and she started cranking out copies.



Cacher of the Rye--XVI

Boy, I was feeling fannish as hell. I started typing on this article again that I'd been doing the night before, the one for Fanletter. I was typing it from memory, as well as I could remember what I'd written at the slanshack, and I was making typos like mad, and I kept having to correct them. I didn't care, though. I felt so damn happy and all of a sudden, the way old Phoebe had the mimeo drum going around and around, and the click-swish sound it was making, I was damn near bawling. I felt so damn fannish, if you want to know the truth. I don't know why, it just looked so Ghudammed nice, with the mimeo turning and the beanie on my head and me typing a stencil and all. Ghu, I wish you could have been there.

### III

That's all I'm going to tell you about. I could probably tell you how I wrote to a lot of fans asking for material for my new subzine, and all about how I'm going to make it fannish and all, but I don't feel like it.

A lot of fans, especially Phoebe, keep asking me if I'm going to put my new zine out regularly and all. It's such a stupid question, in my opinion. I mean, how do you know what you're going to do until you do it? I think I am, but how do I know?

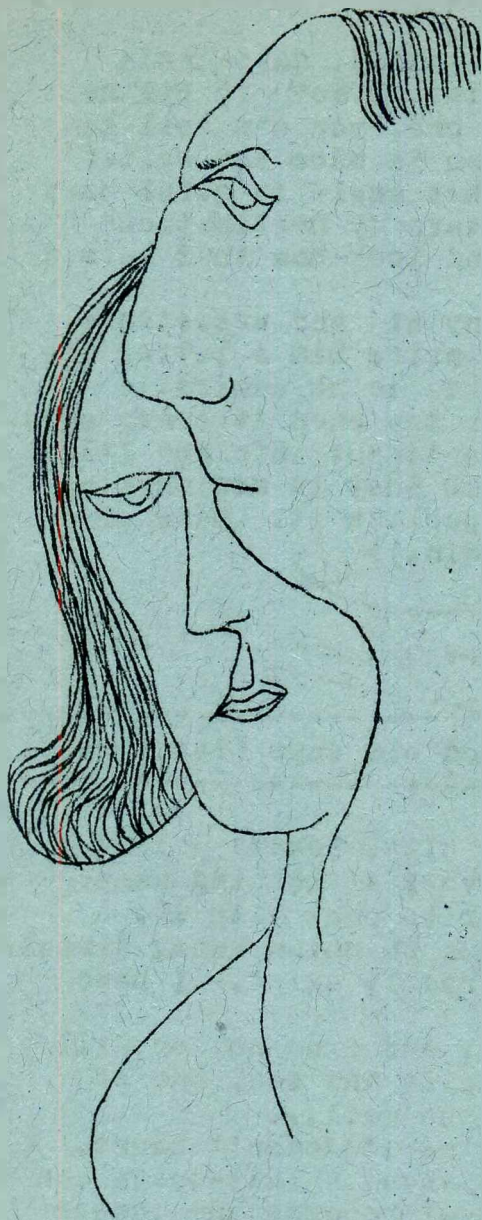
All I know is, I sort of miss everybody I've told you about. Even old Fanletter and Acne, for instance. I think I even miss that SerCon'an Gally. It's funny. Don't ever write your fanfile. If you do, you start missing everybody.

-- Carl Brandon

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I've read all the dirty parts in "Dianetics".  
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Almost every evening two silent figures can be seen, and probably are, cycling to an old dark house in the suburbs of Belfast. They ring their bells outside and a door opens silently. They make their way upstairs and lift their eyes hopefully, plaintively, at their host. "Has it come?" they ask in mute entreaty. The haggard figure gestures despairingly at the day's mail on the table, surrounded by torn pieces of frantically opened envelopes, wet with tears of disappointment. The newest and sexiest GALAXY, seven fan letters, six subscriptions including an 1879 issue of HORRIBLE ADVENTURES with mustard on page 95, another unacceptable Ma. from Robert Heinlein with an accompanying letter threatening to commit suicide, and 137 fanzines marked "Exchange?" They gaze at the pile, broken fan. Then, pulling themselves together, they start to work. For hours they toil, burning the midnight megawatts. In each mind burns the Thought: we must make our fanzine good enough to exchange with IT; we must get on Johnson's mailing list. A bouillabaisse, Mr. Merwin calls OMB. How they long to see a fanzine that looks like a fish stew.

--WAV, in QUANDRY #8



heading by Dave English

# INNVECTIVE

The revelation made last issue about the vagaries of our distribution methods seems to have instilled a great condition of shock in several readers (such as Boyd Raeburn, who said on a tape, "you cads! You schnooks! First you give me all this fine egoboo and TAFF-support in INN #4, then you tell me only five or ten fans have got the issue so far!"). It is possible that the revelation would have Clouded The Minds of more readers, had there been more readers of INN #5. As yet, only 15 or 20 copies have been mailed, if that many.

When I get ahold of the unmailed copies from Dave, I'll rectify this condition. In the meantime, there's nothing for it but to print the comments on past issues that have been trickling in as Dave mailed out INN copy by copy. Comments on INN #3:

ROGER HORROCKS, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Mt.

Albert, Auckland SW1, New Zealand

INN gave me a very entertaining half-hour of fantypestuff. Lessee now, wot WOZ in it? Ah yes. The editorials. These were routine, but probably pretty startling for neos. {(We just tossed them off in a few hours.)}

On to "Casher of The Rye," which really killed me. I mean, it really did.

Jest for kix I showed it to this sercontype character in our club. He reads it, scratches his head, and looks up at me with his big fawnlike eyes. "Dawww," he sez. Thassa sort of bum that reads the prozines.

Fancylopedia was interesting tho somehow out of place...! {(Hm?)}

One of these days I'll open up a fmz and find NO letter in it from WAW. I'll probably die from shock. {(Eht?)}

Write and lemme know what you think of KIWIPAN sometime, huh? U probably found #6 awful sercon {(I didn't find it at all...must've got lost in the mails)}, but no matter, #7 will probably be more to your taste.

*Roger Horrocks*

"No, John, it's evil," she hissed.

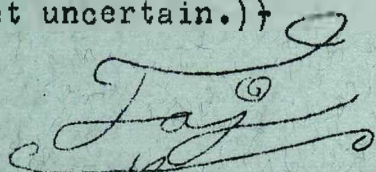


Innvective, II--Johnstone opens his mouth

TED JOHNSTONE, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, California

Hey, what is this Carl Brandon trying to do? If his next 5 chapters are as downbeat as his first one, you can tell him he is no good. I mean a little nastiness is nice for relief once in a while, but a whole story on that angle is awful hard to take. But on the other hand, "The Stars My Destination" started off pretty damn morbid, too. And look how that turned out. {( ... )}

Tell Jack Speer that if he needs any aid and assistance on the Fancyclopedia, I will be glad to write him a letter and cheer him up. I seriously think that this is an admirable project and will certainly buy a copy or two when it comes out. When it does, by the way, send me all pertinent info and I'll put in a big ad for it in my mag. {(Rich Eney is now working on an up-to-date Fancy; Ted White will publish it. Date of publication and price are as yet uncertain.)}



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I wish I'd been a fan back in the good old days (last year).  
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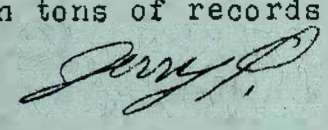
JERRY C. MERRILL, 636 Avenue H, Boulder City, Nevada

Have completed your Graham Fan Survey; am keeping same. It amuses me so much that I can not bear to part with it. (Actually, I suspect the whole thing is a fhannish hoax, directed directly at me. Peter Graham does not really exist. I have spoken.) {(I'll tell him.)}

Am behind your project all the way, and from now on will send all empty Beer Cans to you. Just wait and see, one of these days you'll receive a package in the mail...

Last Beer I had was a bottle, tho, so it doesn't count.

However, I will specify cans. How about a full-quart can for the cornerstone, as to contain tons of records and issues of INNUENDO.



-----  
He throws the carriage on his typer like a shotput.  
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GEORGE W. FIELDS, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, California

Don't pick on Champion, Dave. We all get these silly ideas much too often. I can't see why Champion can't see the obvious--reprint the reviews by permission so that one book would be looked at by three reviewers in one copy. Now this would be a little more work, but far more helpful. Yet, you never saw this. I can see you don't believe in constructive criticism. If he has the enthusiasm, suggest where and how he can use it, not throw wet towels at him. All I can say is--I know a couple of wet towels I can throw at your bheer can tower.

Nice short letter column--wish it were longer--you provoke

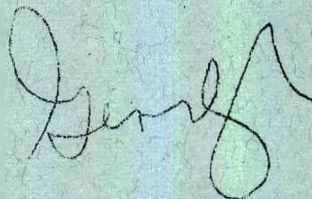
Innvective, III--Fields' capsule comments

some interesting letters. Dan Adkins likes Elvis Presley. Eh. When is Dan going to pass the poetry stage? Nothing snide about that remark--take it as it is. {(I'll have to--can't make heads or tails of it.)}

Burbee always knew too much about people. He knew them inside out--each one he met and in each environment. Too bad he never knew himself as well. {(I'll tell him.)}

Noble effort--that complete Fancyclopedia. I'm not so sure fandom needs it enough to afford all the work the compilers would have to go through.

By the by, speaking of efforts, here's a chance to plug the "Selected Works of Walt Willis: Volume One." It will be out by the end of the year. I'm taking plenty of time. I want to do it right, now that I am doing it. The material is compiled for the first volume, consisting primarily of his articles and essays and containing his FIRST published essay, "TK And Buttered Toast." And he sure established his standard early! The volume will be stiff or hard-bound with a silk-screen cover and some silk-screening on the interior. Willis says Atom will probably do the illos for me. There will be several introductions, headlined by John Berry's, which I have already received. He is doing one, and I hope Bloch, LeesH and Shelby Vick will respond to my requests to do one. It will cost at least \$2.00. I think it will be worth it; if not for the repro and binding, for the Willis! {(If this turns out to be a Daugherty-type project, I'm going to make use of some wet towels myself.)}



-----  
I'm very open-minded; I accept everything at face value.  
-----

BOB COULSON, 407½ E. Sixth, No. Manchester, Indiana

Received INNUENDO. I'd comment, except that I'm still not too sure just what it's all about. I never before realized that there were so many references in fandom that I didn't know. Brandon's thing, in particular...the only name I recognized was "Patlav". "Ward Fanletter" rings a very dim bell, but "Acne" I didn't get at all. Naturally; I didn't get much out of the story...a chuckle here and there, but nothing to glee over, to coin a plagiarism. {( "Acne" is Ackley, and "Ward Fanletter" is Ward Stradlater, both characters in "The Catcher In The Rye," a well-known novel by J. D. Salinger.) }

Actually, there isn't a whole lot to comment on. Brandon's piece is the major item, and I've been moving in the wrong circles to appreciate it. (At least, I hope it's funnier when it can be related to specific fans--as a satire on fandom in general, it's mediocre.) {(It seems to be related to specific fans at times, but in most cases it satirizes fannish types.)}

Bob

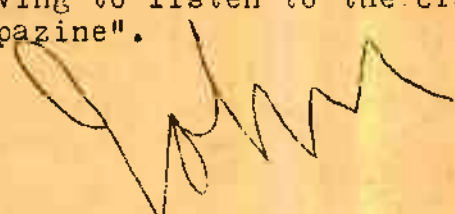






Innvective, V--Champion just read The Book

read the original, but let's face it--no satire could ever be half as hilarious as Salinger wrote the story originally. But this is still a damn good job. You can always appreciate satire more after reading the original, of course, and I faunch for Part III. It seems to me basically a satire on the Salinger novel, with fandom as the basis for the take-off. Much of the humor actually is merely a fannish version of sections in the original, so although I enjoy reading Brandon's story, I can't say it's terribly original. But most satire of this type isn't, for that matter. I still like it. And there are parts that although they are based on *Catcher in the Rye*, are satirical in themselves, such as, for example, the "fan having to listen to the crap he'd written for his eleventh hour fapazine".



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Now me, I like iambic jazz.  
-----

{(As a bridge into the comments on INN #5, WAW comments on both #'s 4 & 5.)}

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, No. Ireland

I tried your dodge of not posting letters, and sure enough a couple of Innuendoes hove in quite soon. Both very fine fan-zines indeed once I'd overcome my prejudice against anything dittoed.

But first, a correction. I'm sure lots of people have drawn your attention to this already {(yes)}, but since you cite me as a witness I'd better speak up. Richard Eney was NOT at the 1951 British Convention nor any other that I know of. You must be thinking of Lee Jacobs. {(Tho Dave's editorial contained the error, it was my fault since I told him so. I was indeed thinking of Lee Jacobs...from time immemorial I have had them subconsciously confused. But I've got them separated in my mind now: after all, who's ever seen a Lee Jacobs short-shorter quote-card?)}

Condit's conreport was utterly fascinating. How wonderful it is when somebody--somebody else--reports his opinions etc with such utter frankness. This stuff would have been enough to make Inn4 memorable and then you give us Brandon too. Such richness! This Brandon is a wonderful thing to happen to fandom and I devoutly wish he'd write more and more and more. Won't you send him over to us and let us nurture and care for him? {(No.)} I don't know this thing he's parodying--I don't even understand the title of the original, never mind the parody--but it's still all very fine stuff. I specially loved the "subtle characterisation" bit about Panletter's dirty mimeo and little satirical touches like that. Youse are good men for bringing these fine new fannish talents to light.

Loved the Daugherty project notice on the cover of Inn5. Laney was OK and Yerke stood up well to re-reading, but it's startling (to me, anyway, having a colour prejudice against the fmz) to realize that the contemporary contents are better than these carefully selected and meritoriously included reprints. Brandon for instance. Lovely that stuff about his parents and the



Innvective, VI--WAW likes Brandon

FAPA membership and all.

You know, I've just realised that INNU-  
ENDO has abruptly become one of the Great Fan-  
zines, worthy to rank up there with Warp and Q.  
I'd have appreciated this sooner if it had been  
mimeographed because anything printed in that  
horrible purple is half written off by me be-  
fore I've read it. I keep harping about this  
to excuse my lack of perception in not realising  
that these copies of INN are the best fanzines  
I have read for ages. I wish to Ghod you  
people weren't so casual and slaphappy and would  
set to and bring it out promptly and efficiently  
instead of sneaking it under our guard like  
this. You're not being fair to yourselves.  
All fandom would flock to your banner if they  
were sure it was being firmly held.

Walt



-----  
If you see a fan in Bermuda shorts at a con, 5 to 1 he's from Indiana.  
-----

MARTY FLEISCHMAN, 1247 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, New York

Carl Brandon's story, "The Cacher of the Rye," was/is one  
of the finest pieces of fan-fiction I have read. Not since some  
of Larry Stark's stories have I enjoyed a fan-story more. ((Boyd  
Raeburn will grotch!))

"Way Out West In Texas". Very, very good, Marion. The  
point--if there is one--seems rather vague, though. Is it that  
no matter what age fans are they'll always be friends and treat  
each other the same? ((Go back and read the story again...its  
message, if you care to call it that, is a comment more on life  
in general than on fandom itself.))

The reprinted Laney story disappointed me to say the least.  
Here I have been hearing all sorts of goshwow comments about the  
man and how he was one of fandom's greatest humorists...no, I  
didn't like the story. Neither did "Reflections..." thrill me.  
If that is the type-material they printed in TAN SLANTS (a zine,  
I hear tell, recognized as one of the best ever), why is the  
1942-45 period recognized as the "Golden Age" of Fandom? ((Because  
you have peccable taste, I guess.))

Gad, where in Roscoe's name did you find such scrappy  
paper? I am referring to the paper used to print the cover on,  
the bacover, and a few other pages. Looks like the type-paper  
used to wrap meat in. Rejected butcher paper, to use another's  
term. ((Dave and I called it rice paper, and considered touting  
INN as "the only fmz printed in a rice paddy".))

Marty

Innvective, VII--John C. Youngfan writes

MR. NEAL O. PHILITE, c/o John Champion, Rte. 2, Box 75B, Pendleton Ore.

A good friend of mine, John Champion, showed me your fan magazine INNUENDO, and I'm sure you will be interested in hearing what I thought of it.

First of all, I would like to comment on the cover. Not only is the lettering very poor, but all of the reproduction inside the magazine is poor also. I suggest you have it printed after this on slick paper, which should make the magazine appear much better.

Also, there is a historical error in the cartoon. Since Cheops lived thousands of years before fandom started, this situation could not possibly have happened. These small mistakes tend to lower the quality of your magazine.

The only thing I would like to say about the editorials is that they are both very much too short. And Mr. Carr, it is not a wise policy to insult your readers as you have done here. {(Go to hell.)}

The short story by Marion Bradley was not very bad most of the time, but could have been improved very much. One thing that detracted was the way Mr. Bradley wrote it in the vernacular style. This is not correct writing technique, as he will read in any book on writing.

There is one thing that I have noticed all through your magazine as well as many others of the same type. Too much of the material in them has no serious thought behind it, as with the reprints by Mr. Laney and Mr. Fassbinder. Because of this, when a person reads the article he is not inspired to any serious ideas, and this lowers a personality. You should always try to have as much serious thought as possible in all parts of your magazine.

On the whole, I would say the main trouble with your magazine is that there is nothing in it of real value. It is mostly full of tripe and nonsense.

I am going to publish a fan magazine of my own this fall, and I am sure you will want to subscribe. The price will be only twenty-five cents for one issue, or you can save money by subscribing to six issues for \$1.45.

The name of this magazine will be PSYCHOTIC, which I think is a very original name. It will contain articles on science-fiction, and how to improve it; also I plan to reprint stories by such authors as Edgar Allan Poe, Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells. I am going to write all the articles myself, as this is the only way I can assure myself they will be of suitable quality.

The magazine will be hectographed, about fifty pages in length, and be published monthly. I plan to find five hundred people to subscribe to it, so I will be able to make some money for myself, as I plan to go to college in two years.

*Neal O. Philite*

-----  
We will walk in the sun and go to the stars.  
-----

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

Goshwow, serconfanfiction. You really are going downhill, you really are. Oh, not bad, not bad, but it sure shocked the



Innvective, VIII--Champion is shocked

living hades out of me to find this in INN. {(We had some by Larry Stark in INN #2.)}

I enjoyed the Laney and Yerke reprints much more; like, you don't hardly get them type no more, you know?

I think I'll buy David McDonald; I've wanted a slave for some time now. How much is he charging for himself? Shall I write direct and ask, or do you think he'd be offended? Gee, maybe I'll put a paid adv't for myself in INN sometime, next time I get desperate for cash. Would you take me as payment for a bacover ad, or do you want money instead? {(Are you at a legal tender age?)}

I agree with Boyd. Hell, who wants to read serious faasnfiction? Pandom just ain't worth it. I'll take the humorous type any day. And bah to Larry Stark III.

*John*

-----  
I'm peeling the 2¢ stamp from INN, & you can make of it what you wish.  
-----

BILL MEYERS, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

Here's the fuggheaded letter you've probably been anticipating with ... anticipation.

Fust, the cover was rotten. But mainly because of the paper. Ah, such superior quality! Makes you want to roll the paper on a tube and hang it by your commode.

The serconfanfiction by MZB had a big oozing fannish tear rolling out of my eyeball. How tender--really tugged my heartstrings. Nice writing style since Miss Bradley {(It's Mrs.)} wrote the thing in a style typical of a teenager's clumsy wording ...well, most teen-agers. {(And you?)}

Hmmma, so far there's nothing I have liked in INN #5. Ah well, I shall press onward.

Ah, at last! The swivelchair deal tickled me no end. Really laid me out. In fact I tried it with my own chair. The chair didn't work though, much to my dismay, as I soon realized it was not a swivel-back chair but a straight-back and swivels must have a certain effect of their own. Only effect my chair had was a slipped disc.

Aha...another item I particularly loved. The Cacher of the Aye is most definitely the best section of the issue. Too much damned profanity but what the hell...it still broke me up.

I guess I'll be shooting a couple of fanzines your way soon. In trade for Inn of course but mainly for some comments. Anyhoo, when the terrific zine comes out (probably sometime in August) I'll be sending it along.

And I know you're anticipating it with ... anticipation.

*Bill*

Innvective, IX--Koning tried it too

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

Laney was right in saying that Yerke was going ape in the middle '40's; however, all I got out of falling out of a swivel chair was a smashed head. (I started to laugh at the article, got a cramp in my leg, kicked convulsively at the wall and away I went.)

I, being new, approve of reprints as I've never seen them before. Old fen who have will please to turn to the next feature.

The "Down With Everything" club has collected two local backers & one outsider (Bennett). We are now starting a campaign (or rather, two campaigns)...one is to back stf, in which case it will probably collapse within the year, and the other is to get Ralph Marterie records played at all cons. {(How about a "Down With Marterie" chapter?)}

I'd wish you luck, but every prozine which has gotten my best wishes soon collapsed.

*John Koning*

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Erickson can sit in the shade and go to hell!  
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{(In case you hadn't noticed, those last two letters were from members of last issue's League of Silent Fen section. We have another such section this time:)}  
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HOWARD WALTON, 112-B cynithe St., Sheldon, No. Dakota

It's been some time since last I wrote to a faneditor for his fanzine, mainly because the last two I tried didn't reply. However, I didn't give up on STARTLING when it folded, so I won't give up on fans. Here is ten cents and my address...you figure it out from there. {(I give up.)}

LEROY WRIGHT, 4278 Shoreview, Westlake, Minnesota

I spied a review of your magazine, INNUENDO, in Robert the Bloch's column, and felt I really had to send for it--after all, it's free. There aren't many things that are free, you know. Please send me a sample copy, so I can see whether I want more. {(Please send me a sample of letter of comment first, so I can see whether I want more.)}

FRANK PRICE, 374 First St., Wenden, Arizona

Please send me a copy of INNUENDO (?) as it is the first fanzine I have ever written for, and would like to see what one of them is like. I am also interested in contacting any stf fen in the south-Western Arizona area, as I have never heard of any before. Could you direct me to any, or at least publish my request in your magazine, so that some of them might see it? {(INN's circulation in Arizona just went up 00%.)}

BOB DUNKELD, 8406 - 91st, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Could you please send me your magazine "Innuendo #3". {(I'm sorry; we no longer publish that magazine. Will this do?)}  
.....

All we have to do is to write down what Al Ashley says and it makes a reputation for all three of us. --Laney, in BEDFAST, Mar48



