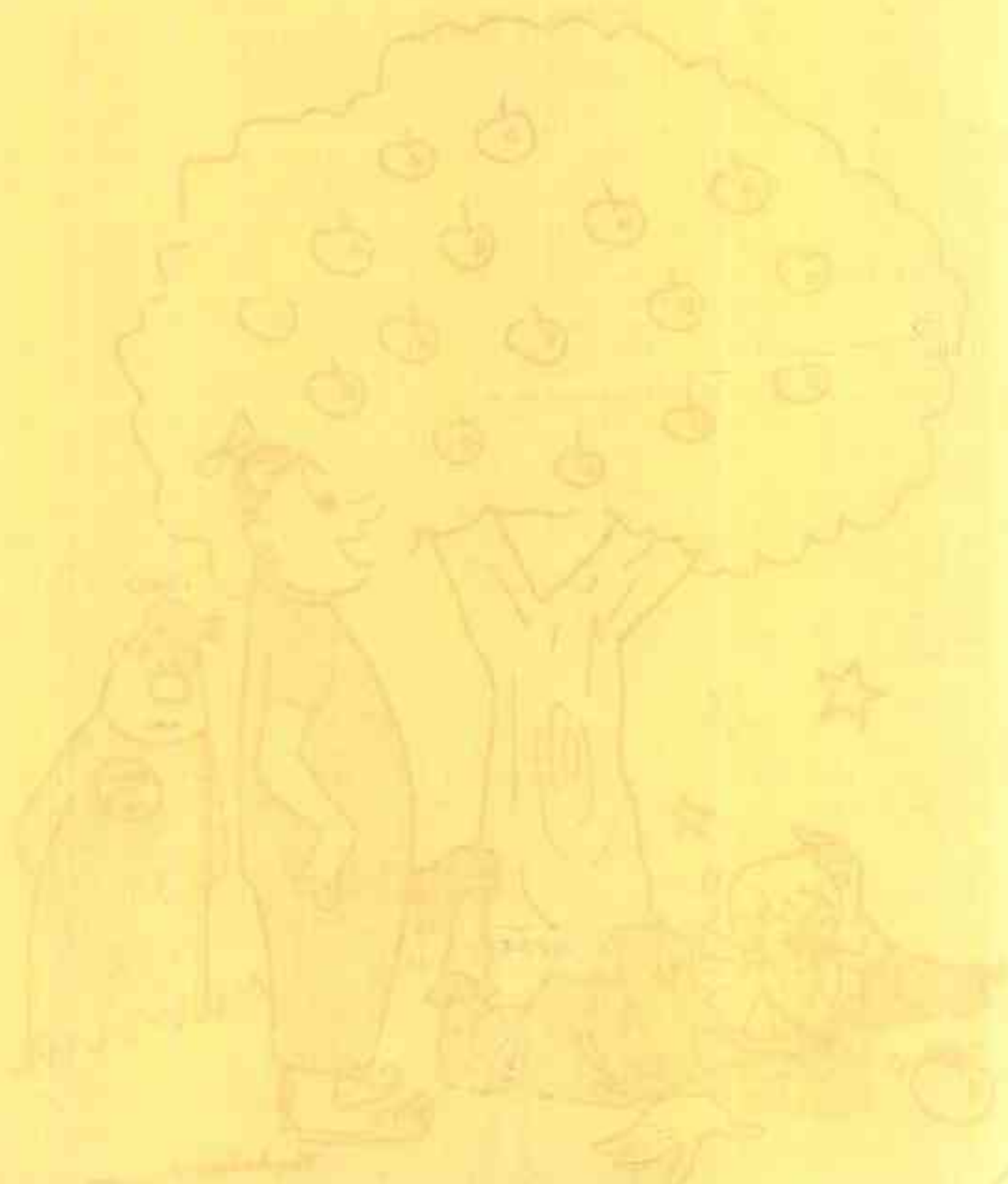


innuendo



"That's Isaac Newton--he's just discovered the sense of wonder."

Christmas



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NOVUS ORDO FANDORUM



Now is come 200th Fandom; the time stream returns upon itself. Gernsback is born anew; born again is Fantasy Magazine. The great months take up their march wherein gafia shall begin to cease, and all unfinished projects shall be consummated, yea even Daugherty projects. Skylark Smith and Buck Rogers will come back with all the sense of wonder that whilom we knew. Nay, we ourselves shall be like our heroes, even ghodlike clears. Do thou, O Laney, what traces of fuggheadedness yet remain, graciously cleanse. Uncranked shall duplicators pour forth their glossy sheets, and these into completed fanzines gather themselves as fast as we push the stapler. Draw nigh to the high honors (even now will the time be come) when mundane magazines glorify us, without their former errors or distortions, telling over all the world the supreme excellencies of scientifictionists, rejoicing in Fantastocracy. Nevertheless there shall linger some few traces of ancient wrong, the occasion for new and greater wars between the ghodlike stefnists. Then shall a second Exclusion Act be, and Wollheim and Sykora stand face to face in Philadelphia again. Burbee shall smite the sercons as of yore, and a plane loaded with true fantasites cleave the skies toward London. A mightier Claude strides across the fanation; Palmer raises his standard for the last time, and is banished by his last publisher. Thereafter, when the reign of harmony comes and all the fandoms intermingle, Dollens and Warner and Boggs shall collaborate on the ultimate fanzine. See the mimeos spew vicolor pages from a single inking, the stencil cut in varitype self-justified on an Olympia portable, with indentations for Rotsler illos. Bok and Finlay shall vie to paint the sweetheart of fankind, chosen from Trudy, Bjo, and hondred other lissom lasses. In the age to come, every apazine will be fully commented upon by all, for Meyers and Higgs are to be names in a book. Willis too shall come again to Fond du Lac; Tucker shall die and live once more. Run even thus, O eras, while mundane is recreated in our image. Behold the earth from outer space, where fen in fragile globes sail to distant worlds. These they shall find provided with BEMs and with Graustarks, as Wells and Burroughs have prophesied. Ah may the latter end of a long life then yet be mine, and leisure to compile Fancyclopedion! Not Ackerman nor Moskowitz shall find me in error, and this Weltanschauung shall be received by all fen as faithfully as erst by Hoffwoman. If Dunkelberger in Fargo contend with me, even Dunkelberger in Fargo shall acknowledge my authority. Begin, neo, to plan th y little subzine, though it never see an annish; of them who have not breathed corflu, never was one knighted to St Fanthony or found fuldillment in Room 770.

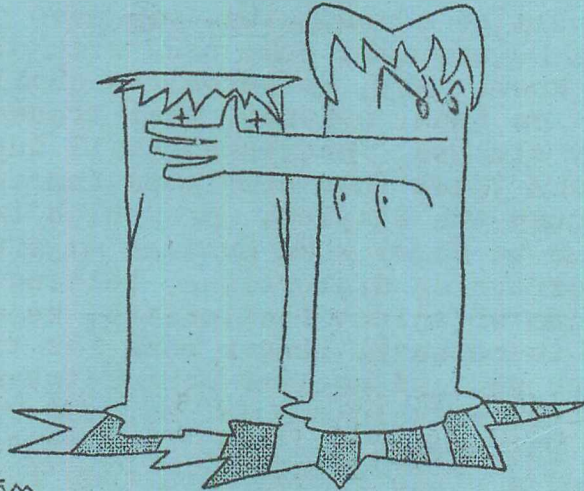
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innuendo

NUMBER 11

DECEMBER 1960



"Close your eyes, Gilbert, I do believe there's one of those disgusting Rotsler women on the opposite page."

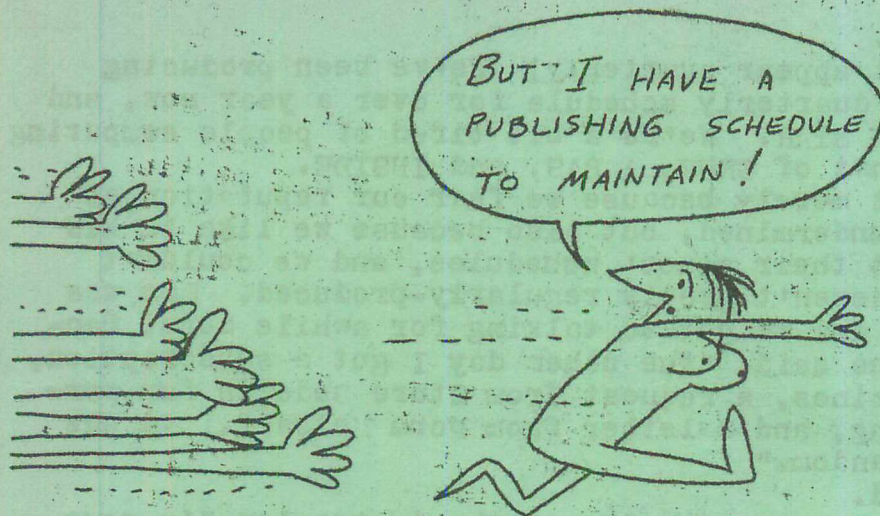
HEREINN:

Cover	Ray Nelson
Novus Ordo Fandorum	Jack Speer
inn a mist	Terry Carr
Fran The Iconoclast	Alva Rogers
Shavings From The Mass	Charles Burbee
FANAC: The Early Days	Ron Ellick
Facts in the Case of Nathaniel Whately	Carl Brandon
Adventures in Fandom #5: Hal'owe'en	Bill Donaho
All our Yesterdays	Harry Warner Jr.
Christmas Cartoons	Bjo & Nelson
innvective	the masses
Mailing wrapper	Trina

Cartoons by Atom, Bjo, Nelson, Rotsler, Trina, and Vip.

This is the last issue of INNUENDO, edited and published by Terry Carr, 1818 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, California. The mimeography is mostly by Miriam Carr, assisted on some pages by Andy Main bem. Andy also typed one of the stencils. Ray Nelson stencilled his own drawing for the heading of "Facts in the Case of Nathaniel Whately".

Beginning in February, INNUENDO will be replaced by DARK STAR, a quarterly fanzine to be published by Miriam and me; it will be distributed through FAPA, to those who contribute or comment, or by subscription at the rate of 25¢ apiece, \$1.00 a year. No trades accepted. Letters of comment on INNUENDO will be published in DARK STAR.



inn a mist

WELL, IT WAS A LONG TWO MONTHS, WASN'T IT? If you have a good memory I suppose you might be able to remember clear back to the last issue of Inn, in February, when I said that bighod this mag was going to come out bimonthly. The plan was to issue the zine in smaller, more frequent chunks, and thereby sidestep the arduous task of assembling big issues.

Well, as soon as I got that 97-page issue on stencil I handed the sheaf of stencils to Ron Ellick, who was doing most all the Berkeley mimeing in those halcyon days, and sent him off groaning and puffing to duplicate them. Then I took off for Seattle and spent a week hiding out with the Busbys, while Ron and Jim Caughran mimeed and assembled the monster, thereby neatly sidestepping a lot of the work. In fact, when we got back I was so pleased with the ease of publishing monstrous issues that I promptly settled down to nine months of joyous meditation on the matter. And somehow in the process Inn's bimonthly schedule kind of slipped.

Actually, I wasn't loafing all the time--in fact, Miri and I spent the year racking up some pretty impressive page-totals with our SAPS and FAPA zines, RAGNAROK and KLEIN BOTTLE; we published more than anyone else in FAPA this year, for instance. And somewhere along the line it occurred to us that those apazines were the only regular zines we seemed able to produce (aside from FANAC, of course)--Miri's Goojie Publications are even more off-schedule than Inn.

So we've decided that both INNUEENDO and Goojie pubs must go. This will be the last issue of Inn, and Miri's next Goojie Pub, Q.E.D. (to be out next month), will be her last. Instead, we're going to combine our fabulous talents and produce one zine between us--a zine which will also replace our FAPAZINE, KLEIN BOTTLE. The title will be DARK STAR, it will be distributed in FAPA and general fandom, and it will continue many of the features of the three zines it is to replace--including the FAPA mailing comments. If you don't dig mailing comments you certainly won't have to read ours in DARK STAR; there'll be enough other stuff to balance the issues. And of course letters of comment on KB, Inn, and Goojie Pubs will appear in DARK STAR. Distribution outside FAPA will be to subscribers and people who comment or contribute; DARK STAR won't be available for trade, because FANAC is the zine we trade with. Sub rates for DS will be 25¢ apiece, \$1.00 a year; the

inn a mist--ii

zine will appear quarterly.

Yes, dammit, it will appear quarterly! We've been producing KLEIN BOTTLE on a reliable quarterly schedule for over a year now, and we'll do the same with DARK STAR. We're a bit tired of people comparing our zines' regularity to that of GRUE, A BAS, and INSIDE.

Actually, that isn't merely because we fear our reputation as Publishing Giants will be undermined, but also because we like to kid people like Ron Smith about their zines' schedules, and we couldn't really do it if our zines weren't pretty regularly-produced. Ron was here a couple of days ago, and we got to talking for awhile about fan-nish things. "You know," he said, "the other day I got a subscription, a book for review, two fanzines, a request from Sture Gedolin for permission to reprint something, and a letter from Norm Metcalf. It was just like I was still in fandom."

"Aren't you?" I said.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "I get the impression I'm some sort of legend from the past in fandom these days. Somebody said recently that he'd been in fandom two years already and he hadn't seen an issue of INSIDE in all that time."

"You haven't published an issue for over two years," I said.

"That's true. But I'll have an issue out soon. It's at the printer's right now, in Australia. It should be ready soon. I'll bet that fan will be surprised when he gets it."

"The shock will be pretty strong," I agreed. "In fact, it might be a good idea if you put out some sort of announcement to warn your subscribers that an issue is coming. It's not wise to shock people too severely, you know."

"I've been thinking of that," he said. "Maybe two or four pages, mimeographed--just an announcement. It wouldn't be too much trouble."

"You could put it out as a rider with FANAC," I said. "That way it would be even less trouble."

"Well, I don't know. How many people on the FANAC mailing list are INSIDE subscribers?" he asked.

That was what I'd been waiting for. "You're right," I said. "There wouldn't be too many on our list who'd know about INSIDE. The FANAC mailing list is composed of a whole new generation of fans."

And that's why I'm so sure DARK STAR will appear regularly. We don't want people kidding us like we kid Ron Smith.



THE APPEARANCE OF THIS ISSUE of Inn isn't all that it might be, I'm afraid. We've been having trouble getting used to our mimeo, the Iron Maiden. It's a fantastic machine--Jerry Knight says it looks vaguely Victorian, but it isn't really that old. It was made in the '20's, and cost about \$900 new. It has enough gadgets to justify the price it had, though. Automatic counter, automatic slipsheet, automatic inking, automatic roller-release... It's an electric-powered job, with four speeds.

Jim Caughran took one look at the automatic-feed mechanism and said it would never work; it was too complicated.

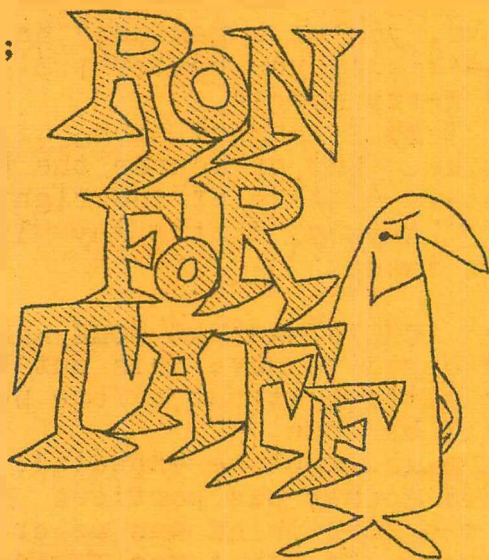
I guess it really does look that way. We've had a lot of fun demonstrating it to visitors. First, you see, you put a stack of paper in the feed-tray, slide the paper-guide up to the back of it and screw it down tight. Then you jack up the feed-tray to exactly the proper

inn a mist--iii

height, using a lever on the side of the machine. When it's at the proper height a little red marker flips up on an indicator. Then you put a stack of slipsheets in the automatic slipsheeter, clamp them in and flip up the lever that engages the roller. Then you set the counter, adjust a knob for vertical placement of the text on the page, set the speed lever for slow, medium-slow, medium-fast, or fast. And finally, you pull out a little catch in the drum-handle to disengage the handle, and press a switch to turn the machine on. (If you forget to disengage the handle it of course spins around as the drum turns, and if you get too close you can get hit by the handle and break a wrist or get yourself emasculated.)

I suppose this all sounds pretty complicated, but I assure you my description is misleading; it's actually much more complicated than that. For instance, I haven't described the inking process or mentioned that in order to start the machine the drum has to be in just exactly the right position; there's a red line painted almost all the way around the drum except for an inch and a half where it's black and says STOP HERE. You have to line this up with an arrow on the carriage; otherwise it won't start.

It's all very confusing and nerve-wracking. Whenever I use the machine I bustle around adjusting all these dials and levers and switches and such, and then just before I turn on the power I always feel a little flutter in the pit of my stomach as I wonder if I've adjusted everything I'm supposed to. It's a disquieting feeling, because the machine looks like the sort of thing that, if its dials and such aren't just right, might start eating the walls or boring to the center of the earth or something.



When we first got it, Miriam insisted that she wanted to learn how to run it, so one day I showed her. I loaded the feed-tray and the slipsheeter and adjusted everything just as I've described it. I said, "Now, watch," and pressed the ON switch. The machine hummed. I waited, but it didn't start; all it would do was hum.

"What do you do to start it?" Miri asked.

"It's supposed to be going now," I said, "but it isn't."

"Is something wrong?"

"Yes, something's probably causing it," I said. So I checked every adjustment I could think of--about twenty--and didn't find anything wrong.

"Maybe the belt from the motor to the drum has slipped," I said. I went and got a screwdriver and opened the back of the machine. But all seemed well inside.

"Maybe it's something serious," said Miri. "We'll probably have to call the repairman."

"Let me look at the insides some more," I said. "I may be able to figure it out." So I sat on the floor and peered here and there and fiddled with this and that for half an hour. I frowned and pursed my lips, and at the proper intervals muttered "Hmmm," or "Ah-hah!" But I really didn't know what the hell I was doing.

So at the end of the half-hour I stood up and wiped my brow and shook my head. "I don't know," I said. "I just don't know."

And about that time Miri noticed something, and said disgustedly "You had the drum in a position with the arrow on the red line. No won-

inn a mist--iv

der it wouldn't start!" And she turned the drum to the correct position and pressed the ON switch, and the machine started up immediately, ka-chung ka-chank, while she looked disgustedly at me.

"From now on I'll run this machine," she said. So I slunk back in to the desk and typed some more stencils while the machine purred along docilely for her.

Half an hour later Ron Ellik (for TAFF) arrived. I could tell it was him before he even got near the door, because he was singing at the top of his voice, "Younger than Henstell are you, /Gayer than Liebscher are you..." I greeted him sourly and told him what had happened with the machine.

"She says I'm incompetent," I concluded, "and she doesn't want me to run the machine any more."

Ron had been chuckling during my description of the hassle with the machine, but now all of a sudden he broke out laughing loudly. "Carr, you're a genius!" he said between bellows of laughter. "If I didn't know you better I might think you hadn't planned that. Sneaky old Terry Carr!"

So I laughed along with him, and admitted that I probably was a genius. But of course the fact is that I'd simply made a stupid, elementary mistake at the right time.

Anyway, that's why Miri has done most of the mimeographing of this issue.

CHRISTMAS HAS COME AND GONE while this issue was in preparation. I'd hoped to have this out by Christmas, but failing that will settle for getting it out before New Year's so that the December date will still be true.

As might be expected, one of the main reasons Inn didn't get finished sooner was parties. Donaho and Curran threw a Christmas party on the 23rd which was as crowded as all Donaho-and-Curran parties are. And crowded as it was I missed hearing several fascinating conversations halfway across the room--like the one Miri had with Art Castillo about his long article in the latest HABAKKUK.

All I heard was Miri saying, "Art, I'm sort of confused about that article. I mean, am I imagining it or was it really all about shit?"

"Yes," said Art. "It was about shit."

"Well, what about shit?" said Miri.

But as I say, I missed the rest of the conversation in the party's general clamour. Miri told me later that Art hadn't been very enlightening on the subject, anyway.

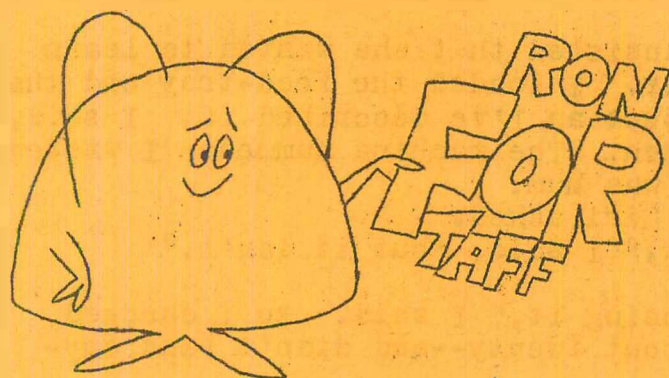
While the subject of Art's HABAKKUK article was going on in one corner of the room, Donaho brought out some letters of comment on the issue to show Ray Nelson the comments on his article therein.

"Ah!" said Ray. "Egoboo! I have to have my fix! Egoboo!"

Ray's wife Kirsten sighed and said to Bill, "You shouldn't have showed him that egoboo."

"Why not?" I asked. "Will he be unbearable for hours now?"

"Hours?" said Kirsten. "Days! Do you know what happened when you wrote about him in the first FANNISH?"



inn a mist--v

"No, I don't," I said. "What did I write?"

"Ah," said Ray. "Tell him what he wrote."

And Kirsten quoted to me. "You said, 'Ray Nelson, making a re-entry into fandom after too many years, appeared primarily only in INNUENDO and FANAC, but his Globly cartoons, symbolic comments on societal themes, served to remind fans that he was one of the truly great talents in fan history.' When he saw that he got in the bathtub and asked for a peanut-butter sandwich and had me read to him what you'd written for three hours."

I was croggled. "He...got in the bathtub...and ate a peanut-butter sandwich, and...and..."

"I like to eat peanut-butter sandwiches while I'm soaking in the tub," Ray said. "It's so sensual!"

"Well, I suppose so," I murmured. "But...you had to read him what I'd written over and over, for three hours?"

"Yes," said Kirsten.

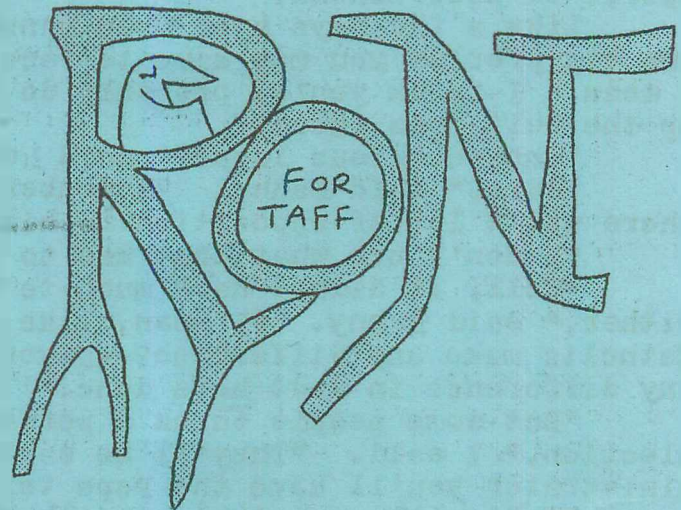
I scratched my head. "Gee, Ray," I said, "I didn't know you were such a fan of mine!"

CARL BRANDON'S "ON THE ROAD" is not in this issue. As I've mentioned in this issue's lettercolumn, the response to it has been less than I'd hoped it would be. I don't know just what's wrong; apparently a lot of people just can't stand Kerouac's style, nor even a parody of it. At any rate, I've substituted a Brandon short story this issue, and I hope the disappointed Brandon fans will be happier with this.

For those of you who have been enjoying "On The Road" I'll mention that the story will probably be completed sometime next year and published in one volume. Watch FANAC for some sort of announcement on this.

THIS YEAR'S TAFF BALLOTS ARE NOW OUT, and we find ourselves with only two candidates: Ron Ellick and Dick Eney. It's a TAFF election of the sort that a lot of us have been wanting for years: two top fanzine fans running with no competition from the convention element. Of course, as is usual, neither Ellick nor Eney is strictly a fanzine fan; they've both attended and been prominent at their share of conventions, and they're both highly active on local-club scenes. But the important thing is that they are both thoroughly acceptable to even the most rabidly insular fanzine fans. It looks like it'll be an enjoyable, friendly TAFF campaign.

We're beginning to enjoy it in Berkeley already. It started with Danny Curran, who for weeks now has been going around making up slogans in support of Eney, just so he can quote them to Ron. Danny is just the sort of person you might expect that from, of course; Bill Donaho for one could undoubtedly write a long article about the way Danny kids him--if he ever paid any attention to it, that is. I remember, for instance, the time at our housewarming party when Bill was holding forth in the kitchen and Danny went up to him and started fumbling around the buttons on Bill's shirt. "Where the hell's the door to this damn refrigerator, anyway?" Danny kept muttering.



FRAN THE ICONOCLAST

by Alva Rogers



†(The accompanying caricature by Virgil Partch is reprinted from Walt Daugherty's FAN #1, which consisted entirely

of Vip caricatures of Los Angeles fans of the early '40's. The drawing was done from a photograph shown to Partch by Torry Ackerman; the cartoonist never met Laney. Nevertheless, Alva says it's an excellent caricature of ftl.)†

Francis T. Laney, The Iconoclast of the LAFS, the Stormy Petrel of fandom during the feuding forties, was to many of his contemporaries a shrill, blasphemous troublemaker with a genius for stirring up discord in the "harmonious" world of fandom; but to me and others he was a good friend and stimulating companion, a man with a crazy sense of humor, and a perceptive (if impatient) understanding of the shortcomings and inconsistencies of fandom and fans, himself included. In fact, he was probably more conscious of his own deficiencies than most of his critics ever were.

Laney and I made the scene at the LAFS at roughly the same time and from the first struck up a relationship that remained firm through all the feuds and shifting alliances that dominated L.A. fandom in the mid-forties; until the last time I saw him during the Pacificon in 1946.

From the very first Laney found it difficult to accept the mores that guided the LASFS at that time and the subtle strictures that he felt were imposed on the fans by what he derisively referred to as the "Ack-ojo bloc" in the club. He believed that most of the fans he found himself associating with in the club were social misfits who found escape from the realities of life not in science fiction per se, but in the club and in the microcosm of fandom, who would shun as they would the plague any mundane pursuit not identifiable with fanac. Fran was quick to magnify any criticism, no matter how mild or well-intentioned, into a personal assault on his right to pursue his mundane pleasures as he saw fit.

That word "mundane" and what it meant for him was of great importance to Laney. It was what separated the men from the boys; it was one of his prime criteria in determining his ultimate opinion of an individual within the circle of L.A. fandom. Of me he said, "He is much more mundane than most other fans I've met, and taken by and large was about my favorite associate until he went completely overboard for the CP in mid-1945." (AH, SWEET IDIOCY!, pg. 39) (Actually, to the best of my recollection, my political proclivities at that time had no noticeable effect on our relationship and were regarded with complete indifference by him.)

The mundane pursuits that Laney held in such high regard were, primarily, wine, women and song. Laney, ghod knows, was not the only fan in L.A. who drank--there were a number of us who could stand up with him slug for slug (in fact, I remember one stomach-churning evening when he and I sat on the floor of my room at 628 So. Bixel, he with a bottle of burgundy and me with one of sherry, and to the accompaniment of, ah, brilliant conversation proceeded to down the contents, after which we staggered up the street to the Tahoe Cafe and put away a pair of greasy hamburgers to top it off; Aunt Dee, my long-suffering landlady, was understandably distressed at the aftermath the next day)--but he was the one who let it become a point at issue between himself and Ackerman. Knowing how Forry felt about drinking, particularly on club premises or in lieu of crifanac, Fran took puckerish delight in boisterously proclaiming the virtues of drink whenever he thought it would discomfit Forry.

Laney, I'm afraid, has exaggerated the amount of homosexuality that prevailed in the LASFS--particularly in 1943-45, the years in which I was actively associated with the club. True, there was one self-acknowledged homosexual active at that time, and one or two possibles, but at no time was homosexuality rampant as he implies in his memoirs. There were some fans who felt that there was an underlying element of defensiveness in Fran's frequent boasting of his cocksman prowess; anyone knowing Fran but slightly might be expected to draw the wrong inferences from his personal appearance, as some did to their dismay. Fran was tall and slight of build, with a vaguely delicate bearing at times. He had a clear complexion, wore glasses and had a generous mouth with rather full and moist lips. He walked with an arm-flapping lope, his shoulders slightly hunched and his hair constantly flying out of place. Fran's obsession with, and denunciation of, homosexuality lent a strange element of prudery to an otherwise hedonistic personality.

The music that figured in Laney's triad of mundane pleasures was

jazz, specifically traditional or "hot" jazz, of which he had an enviably extensive collection. Listening to his records and his accompanying authoritative commentary was always a satisfying experience; there were many nights when Fran and I would desert the world of fandom to seek out the smokey world of jazz in those jazz-lean years of the big bands. To sit by the hour in a murky cellar joint on Main Street listening to Wingy Manone's horn, or in a Hollywood bar where Sidney Bechet would be playing to a half-empty house, provided a much-needed catharsis at times.

Fran's almost-compulsive involvement in the turmoils besetting the LASFS throughout this period, his maneuverings to achieve political dominance in the club, and his activity in the fan world at large were in interesting contrast to his frequent and profane denunciation of such activity for any man with an ounce of virility in his system.

His participation in the political wars of the LASFS was certainly not solely for purposes of egoboo, nor because he was power-mad and intent on bending the club to his will. Fran was an expert in parliamentary procedure, and as long as the club was set up under parliamentary rules, with a constitution and bylaws, he insisted on the same degree of political sophistication from the rest of the membership that he himself possessed. The loose manner in which the club meetings were conducted, the constant constitutional revisions for, as he believed, petty reasons or personal ends were constant sources of irritation to him. Fran honestly believed that the only way he would ever see an adult club operated by adults in an adult manner was for himself to take over the leadership.

Although he always insisted that the chairmanship of the club was a drag and he would rather someone else were in charge, in actual fact he enjoyed the office immensely. Fran knew Roberts' Rules by heart and attempted to conduct his meetings according to prescribed procedure, keeping the business meeting as brief as possible, controlling debate, and in general wielding a firm gavel.

Laney's basic weakness in his relationship with certain of the members was undoubtedly his intolerance of their particular faults and idiosyncracies. An extremely nervous individual, he lacked the patience to let things work out naturally, to let time and possibly cooler heads resolve differences. Being by nature a dominant personality and a persuasive if emotional debater, he inevitably and without any particular design built up around himself a personal following that he could lead wherever he wished, whether it was out of the club into the Khanve group, or within the club in the Outsiders clique. This bloc of fans could almost be regarded as a constant, with, of course, its percentage of defectors who nevertheless could nearly always be counted on to return to the fold eventually. This "Laney bloc" closely equated in strength with the so-called "Ack-ojo-Daugherty bloc" and this equality of strength virtually precluded any permanent resolution of the differences between the two camps. About all that could be hoped for was an armistice for an indeterminate period of time.

I was fortunate in that I never irrevocably became an adherent of either faction and was consequently on generally good terms with all the major disputants of both sides. As a non-combatant I frequently found myself in the position of figuratively having Laney blistering

Fran The Iconoclast--IV

one ear with sulfurous diatribes against Daugherty or Ackerman while in my other Walt would be bitterly denouncing Laney for some heinous insult delivered to himself or Forry.

Overriding all the politiking and name-calling that seemed to go on constantly in the LASFS and around Laney were the times when politics and personal antagonisms were set aside and a bunch of fans would get together for a party, a game of miniature golf (which was almost an after-dinner ritual during the long summer evenings), or just for general fanac in the clubroom. At these times it was not unusual to see Laney at his typer rattling off a letter to VOM while Forry would be just a few feet away stencilling same and Walt would be at the mimeo running off one of his countless one-shots. A visiting fan observing such a scene could understandably be expected to wonder bemusedly where and when all the shooting and throat-cutting he'd heard so much about took place. Of course, at any moment Walt might say or suggest something that would make Fran explode into a thousand pieces and then we'd be off and flying again.

As a party-giver Fran was without peer. His parties were always swinging affairs with lots of booze, girls (he he had anything to say about it), and jazz records played at maximum volume. One of the most memorable of Fran's parties was the night Forry, the champion of teetotalism, in front of witnesses, drank whiskey.

This particular party was on Thanksgiving weekend, 1944, and was being given in honor of A. E. van Vogt, who had just moved to L.A. from Canada. All of local fandom was invited plus a few non-fan girls from the plant where Laney worked.

On Thanksgiving day Sgt. Ackerman invited me to be his guest for Thanksgiving dinner at Fort MacArthur. Being a chronically hungry fan I accepted with unseemly eagerness. This was a typical act of thoughtfulness on the part of the much maligned Ackerman and is only one of the many reasons I have for personally regarding him as a life-long friend.

After a pleasant day spent as a civilian guest of the Army and the worthy sergeant, we boarded the Red car for the return to Los Angeles. As we bucketted along the flatlands between San Pedro and L.A. in the late afternoon, Forry placed his ever-present attache case on his knees and proceeded to open it. Having full knowledge of its major contents, I waited with lascivious anticipation for what I thought was to be a first showing of some new acquisitions. Imagine, if you will, my shock and incredulity when he brought forth--not the photographs I had so confidently expected--but a pint bottle of better than good bonded bourbon!

"Is this a good brand?" he asked me.

I assured him that it was indeed--in fact for an amateur he couldn't have picked a better--and then I asked him who it was for.

For himself, he blandly informed me; to be consumed at Laney's party.

I scoffed at this ridiculous statement, but he firmly insisted

that he had every intention of doing so.

For an explanation for this unheard-of thing he was contemplating, he told me that because of the recent breakup between himself and Tirojo after so many years' close relationship, his entire set of values were suspect. Therefore, he was going to drink at the party--not, as Laney says in *ALL, SEVERE IDIOTCY!* (pg. 101), to prove to himself that he was right in frowning on the use of alcoholic beverages, but to show the world (fandom) that Ackerman was an "okosob" (a term I first heard (Steve Cartmill use, meaning "our kind of son of bitch") and not a slob.

I passed the word to Laney that Perry was bringing to the party a bottle for his own use, and he replied with a whooping laugh of disbelief.

The night of the party came at last, and by this time everyone had heard the news. The anticipation of seeing Perry drink, and just possibly even go so far as to get drunk, almost relegated the debut of van Vogt on the scene to a secondary position. The feeling was that one would probably be able to see van Vogt anytime, but the sight of a drunken Ackerman was a once-in-a-lifetime phenomenon--which is just what it amounted to.

Van Vogt and Mrs. van Vogt--E. Mayne Hull--were dutifully lionized...and Perry, by god, was drinking! His progress through the various stages towards drunkenness was a fascinating thing to watch. He would prowl through the house, from the living room to the dining room to the kitchen and back again, a tall glass filled to the top clutched firmly to his chest. He would approach a group talking, lean forward to listen solemnly to what was being said, smile vacantly and roll off to another group. When he stood still he would weave gently forwards and backwards, his eyes getting glassier by the minute.

When the full impact of the alcohol finally hit him, the results were far more chaotic than Laney relates in his memoirs: there was real pandemonium for awhile. Women screaming, Daugherty yelling for someone to call a doctor or an ambulance, fans milling about in confusion and getting in everyone's way--straight out of the Keystone comedies. Whether or not Ackerman's collapse was deliberately put on as Laney implies is debatable--I always believed otherwise. Perry passed out on Laney's bed, his body so rigid it seemed to vibrate, his hands clenched so tightly they couldn't be loosened and his face as white as the pillowslip his head rested on. His forehead was covered with sweat, his eyes were shut and he moaned in a low, monotonous key. Altogether an admirable performance if it was a sham. Myrtle, despite the coolness existing between her and Perry, threw seven kinds of cat fits and kept frantically massaging the Ackerman's hands in an effort to revive him. Finally, Daugherty and one of the others got Perry to his feet, out to the sidewalk, and walked him up and down the block until he began to show some awareness of his surroundings. After that, everything else that evening was anticlimactic.

As an epilogue to the foregoing historical event: the next day about noon I was sitting in the clubroom, alone, when Ross Rocklyan wandered in. We started talking, and naturally I had to fill him in on

the events of the party which he hadn't attended. He was amazed and amused and found it hard to believe, knowing Forry as he did. Just as we were discussing the probable severity of his hangover, who should walk through the door but Ackerman, a big grin on his face and looking as if he had drunk nothing stronger than orange juice all night long. The recuperative powers of a clean-living young man are absolutely incredible!

Fran's feuding and hating were seldom sustained over any great period of time--he was really incapable of holding a grudge for someone like Ackerman without eventually finding some reason for burying the hatchet. Of course he could revert to an implacable enemy overnight for almost any reason. Laney always insisted that he really liked Forry--he merely disapproved of nearly everything he said or did.

Fran, in his first years in the LACFS, devoted ninety percent of his energy to club politics with a crusader's zeal, a reformer's monomania and a practical politician's savvy. He admits to using the club as an escape from the frustrations he encountered at home and ruefully agreed, when cornered, that this was exactly one of the main criticisms he had of other fans' involvement in club affairs--the difference being that he recognized this weakness in himself, whereas most of the other fans refused to do so.

Laney always felt that fanac was intrinsically a good, stimulating intellectual hobby if balanced by other, so-called normal, healthy pursuits. To let fandom supercede all other interests, to become a way of life, was unrealistic and unhealthy.

Fran was incapable of being a passive participant in club affairs; he had to be actively in the middle of things, slashing and smashing with ridicule, sarcasm, wit and invective. One of the most persistent images I have of Fran after fifteen years is of him hunched over a typewriter, his fingers flying over the keys, his lanky hair disheveled, his eyes gleaming through his thick glasses and a smile of wicked pleasure on his lips as he would rip out a multipaged, close-spaced letter or article demolishing his enemy of the moment.

Laney admittedly drew his writing style from William Cowper Brann, "Brann the Iconoclast" (1855-1898), editor and publisher and, I believe, sole writer of The Iconoclast in Waco, Texas, who was finally shot to death in a duel by a man who had been publicly ridiculed by Brann in the pages of his paper.

Fran attacked anything or anyone he disapproved of or disliked unmercifully, and might have said, to quote Brann:

I have been frequently called an iconoclast, and bad as the title is popularly supposed to be, I trust it is not altogether undeserved. I have striven to shatter false ideals, to hurl unclean gods from their pedestals in the public pantheon. A work of destruction is not, I admit, of a high order. Anybody may destroy; it requires genius to build up... So in the social world a man may be a professional wrecker, without the constructive ability to build a political platform on a piecrate, and still be useful, indispensable...nor is the iconoclast under any

obligation to find a heavenly grace for every false god that falls beneath his hammer, a saint for every sinner he holds up to scorn, a new truth for every falsehood he fells to earth. He may, if he thinks proper, leave that labor to others and go on, with brand and bomb, bludgeon and billhook, wrecking, destroying, playing John the Baptist to a greater to come after.

--Alva Rogers

[illegible]

A scientific quiz set the clubroom abuzz at a recent mtg when Laney & Acky staged an impromptu battle of brains. Bee was Laney's idea & Acky began to suspect it wasn't entirely as extemporaneous as claimed when the Laniac began his blitz with a question like "In what story did the date Feb 1 - 1947 appear projected on the Moon?" "My gosh," responded Ae, "how would U ever expect a guy to remember such an obscure thing as that? 'The Lunar Consul' by Sidney Patzer."

--Forry Ackerman, in SHANGRI-L'AF-
FAIRES #26, circa July '45

APCLOGIZE. MR. VOLLHEIM:

In the recent issue of VERTIGO, Donald A. Wollheim wrote a very stirring, and a very vigorous article concerning the worthlessness of the NFFF.

In the course of this iconoclastic discussion, Mr. Wollheim committed one of journalism's cardinal sins. It is excessively depressing to this columnist to realize that a man such as DAW should have such slipsnood ethics as to quote out of context, to use such a shoddy device as to take part of a person's utterance on a given subject and quote it as the whole--thereby giving a false impression of what the person really said. A professional editor should know better. We quote from VERTIGO: "Ackerman is a firm friend of his. He says, on the subject, '---!'"

To vindicate the name of 4sj, we take pleasure in giving his full views on the NFF: "--- ----- -- --- + ----- --- ----- --

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--anon (probably Laney), in SHANGRI-
L'AFFAIRES #18, Sept. '44

Every time artist Alva Rogers, who would rather starve in a Garrett Serviss novel than work, has to pull his belt a notch tighter & leave go one of his harem, he sells a bk or 2 from his collection, to recoup his financial losses. He has let go many a good item, but his most prized possessions remain: THE OUTSIDER & THE SHIP OF ISHTAR. Here is a fan who literally "devours" his fantasy, and he expects next to "eat up" his collection of FFM & FN.

--Torry Ackerman, in SHANGRI L'AF-FAIRES #23, Feb. '45

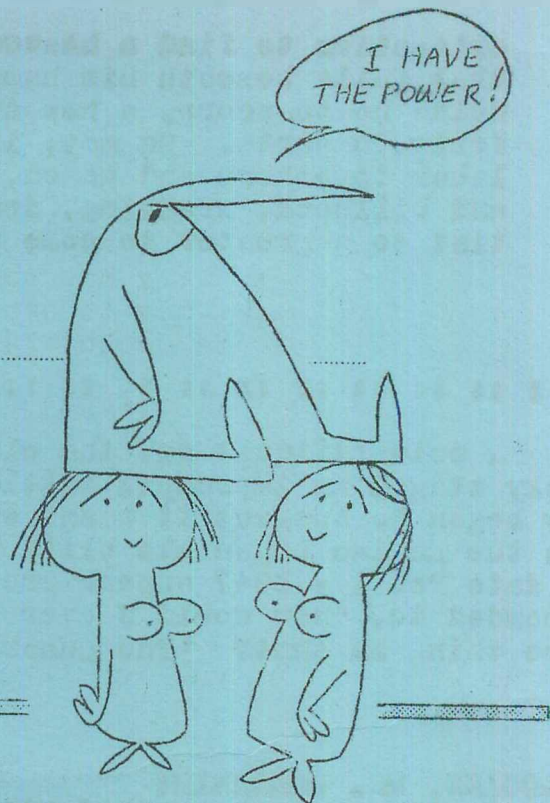
"Write something funny and fannish," Claude told me. Hah! I should live so long. What does he think I am, a humorist, just because I used to be on the N3F Directorate?

--Art Rapp, in MUZZY #2

SHAVINGS FROM THE MASS #2

(MORE ABOUT F. TOWNER LANEY)

BY
CHARLES
BURBEE



"UNUSUAL YOUNG MAN, 35, interested in jazz, literature, philosophy, and Dianetics on the Second Dynamic Level, wishes to meet lady 30 to 40, to share his pursuits of these subjects. Box 31."

That is a rough-memory draft of the ad Laney put in The Los Angeles Mirror-News sometime in late 1950 or early 1951. It appeared in a section of the classified advertising pages titled STRICTLY PERSONAL. This department's prime purpose seemed to be to help men and women meet each other for whatever purpose men and women like to meet each other--no doubt some extension of a divine plan. Perhaps some lonely people used it seeking for companionship but one is always led to wonder about people who have to advertise for love or friendship.

Laney meant his ad to bring him SEX. He had a lot of success. He worked at this new project with all the boundless drive he was noted for. The same drive that made ACOLYTE the #1 Fanzine now served to make him the #1 Lover Boy.

The world of love quickly engulfed him.

Since we worked in the same shop at this time I saw him each day and he kept me up to date on his activities. Matter of fact, I work in this shop still. Laney, if his enemies are to be believed, is laboring away in some subterranean shop under very hot conditions.

He would very enthusiastically describe to me his latest stack of letters and show me pictures that some of the women sent. Now and then he'd receive some rather amazing snaps.

He told me how he'd worked out a system. At first he'd gone to

see the women in person but found it terribly time-consuming. So he developed a phone pitch that could tell him in the first 30 seconds if he had a live one. If the prospect showed promise, he'd show up in person. Oh he had a happy time laying his way through stacks of letters.

Several times he'd say to me, with a pleased smirk on his face: "You see, modern society has now reached a state where a young man who wishes to screw has only to announce this wish in the public prints, and immediately he is mobbed by many ladies who also wish to screw."

He sure sounded pleased with the state of modern society.

When the replies to the first ad, which ran a week, began to fall off, he very carefully framed a second ad, having learned a lot from the first one. That one also ran a week. Then, indeed, he found himself snowed under. He told me that he had grossly miscalculated the delayed-action pulling power of the first ad. Now, some weeks after its appearance, it was pulling in a second wave of replies. And ad #2 was also pulling replies. He was swamped by a tsunami of amorous females.

He was almost worried. He grouched a little about it for a time till a brilliant idea struck him. He would divert the surplus women to me! But I had seen some of his Body Exchange Pigs. Besides, I was married.

Around this time I visited his house one Saturday afternoon. I think we were going to record some wire. His mother was complaining to me that she never saw him. She was keeping house for him now that #3 wife Cele was dead. She said he came home from work, cleaned up and changed, bolted his food and rushed away, not rolling in till 2:00 a.m. and later. She said he'd been doing this for 50 or 60 consecutive days and she was worried about his health.

Well, I admitted he was getting to be sort of gray in the face, but it was a happy sort of gray, I thought.

He'd shuffle in to work in the morning, and as he punched in he'd peer dead-faced about and say, "Is it quitting time yet?"

He was almost completely uncommunicative for the first two hours of the day until he fully woke up. Often he would stand at his bench, staring down at a stack of orders, saying, "Naow---naow," very briskly, trying to give the impression of a wide-awake man who any second now was going to fly off at great speed--oh yes, any second now.

He told me many anecdotes about this period. I liked the one about the young lady who was entertaining him in her room in the boarding house and her bed collapsed under the strain. Half an hour later the landlady, a knowing smile on her face, came up to check. She had a sort of gleam in her eye so a night or two later he was checking out her bed.

He met a lady who claimed that every normal woman had a minimum of five orgasms a day. She had a different man for each night of the

Shavings From The Mass--III

week. Her ex-husband had Tuesdays and Laney had Wednesdays. So he heard a lot about the ex-husband. I suppose the Thursday man heard Laney stories. This lady made him a hand-painted tie which he never wore.

Then he met the woman who was to be wife #4 and he stopped his frantic chasing.

Since I work with eight people who knew Laney, I am now and then treated to a Laney story that I've never heard or have forgotten. The other day I heard one of doubtful authenticity from Chow the Chinese machinist. He said that he and ftl had gone uptown on the lunch hour and while they were standing on a street corner waiting for the light to change, some drunk came up and tried to scratch a match on Laney. He turned and said "What the hell," and according to Chow the drunk very politely said: "Excuse me, sir, I thought you were a telephone pole."

Not long ago one of the shop girls I drive home said suddenly, "Look, in that car ahead! Doesn't that look just like Laney?" Slicked-down hair and stick-out ears--yes, it did look like Laney.

This same girl picked up a filthy white rag off the floor and held it up for us to see. "Look," she hollered, "Laney's handkerchief!" His handkerchiefs were always a subject for remark. He was a hayfever sufferer and was constantly sneezing and blowing his nose. He'd pull out a large filthy handkerchief and turn it over looking for a clean spot to wipe his nose on.

One anecdote I get a kick out of concerns the time the foreman went around asking the employees if they'd favor going from a one-hour lunch period to a half-hour. He wanted a simple yes or no answer. When I mentioned it to Laney he said he hadn't been asked. Then he began to get mad. By God, he was a man who liked hot meals and he didn't care for dry old sandwiches like people brought in paper sacks, and why hadn't they asked him? I said, "Well, Mac just wanted a simple yes or no in less than 20 minutes, so he skipped you." Laney was taken aback for a moment, but he did smile and shake his head and say, "Huh!"

For one who loved to play jokes on others, he could be taken in quite easily. Laney's jokes were somewhat on the heavy side, like letting air out of your tires--but anyhow, as I said, he could get outraged over very little. Once a girl at work he didn't like happened to get her paycheck half an hour earlier than usual. We made a big thing of this, telling Laney that here was an example of favoritism. He was angry about it for weeks.

We liked that one so well that next payday we hadn't been paid by noon, but we told Laney that this girl had got her check at eleven o'clock and was going to the bank at noon to cash it. She was going to the bank, but for some other purpose--he actually followed her to the bank to check up on her. It was almost absurd, the way he could flare up at any reasonable-sounding rumor we cared to start. I called him on it once, pointing out to him that this latest story was obviously a lie. It was then that he gave forth with a line that is still quoted in the shop: "If it's chickenshit and involves the management and

One day someone said to him, "Laney, you always eat eggs. Why don't you try something else?"

Wonderingly, the fellow shook his head. "Tell me, Laney, why do you like eggs?"

--Charles Burbee

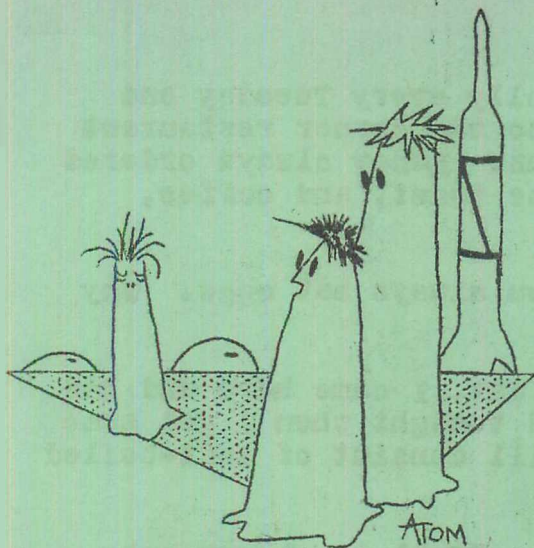
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--Jim Kepner, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
#24, March '45

--George Ebey, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
#17, August '44

Ah, what a lofty aim! The abolition of delinquency through the fostering of hobbies!

--F. Towner Laney, in FAN DANGO #18,
Summer '48



FANAC:

THE EARLY DAYS

BY RON ELLIK



"He was going to be the first man in space until they found he had connections with FANAC."

In the middle of February, 1958, Terry Carr and I made a trip to Long Beach in Jerge, a 1958 Pontiac that could by itself be the subject of a long article. We spent part of the weekend in Long Beach and, Saturday night, headed back north; on the first leg of our journey we visited Rick Sneary in South Gate and Charles Burbee in Whittier, and between these visits we decided to publish a weekly fanzine.

I think it was Carr's idea, but it might have been mine. If it was mine, I meant it as a joke to liven the trip, and the whole thing is Carr's responsibility for taking me seriously. I want you to know this, because anybody knows that somebody who would seriously suggest publishing a weekly fanzine is off his rocker.

It started with our exaggerated contempt for the Solacon committee's publicity department, anyway. When we visited Sneary, he explained some of the problems being encountered by the committee in circulating publicity to the fanzine-reading public, and he told us many of the new developments in the program, which we hadn't heard about; the upshot of the evening was that we promised him to circulate this information as widely as we conveniently could, to help recruit memberships. We even said we might publish a one-shot newsrelease about it.

On the way over to Burbee's, one of us suggested making this a weekly news-distributing fanzine. Not a newszine as it has developed, but a sort of correspondence-substitute, since we were both lazy, which would answer and print parts of letters and, of course, disseminate Solacon news. This wasn't so fantastic as it might seem--we were already publishing a weekly, mimeographed, 200-plus circulation house newspaper (THE BARRINGTON BULL) which differed very little from our projected effort. We discussed a name, but couldn't come to an agreement.

We told Burbee about it, and he laughed at us. We told him we

FANAC: The Early Days--II

only intended to publish until the Solacon, and he considered that that might not be impossible--he cited Speer's STIFNEWS, which had been begun with the intent of weekly publication for exactly one year and had fulfilled that intent. Burb allowed we might carry it off--but he laughed at our wild plans, anyhow.

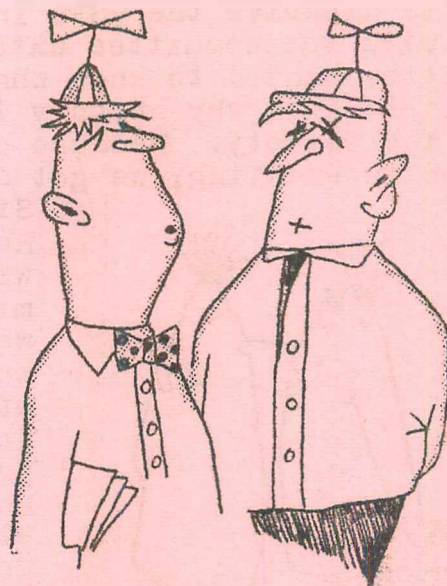
On the way back to Berkeley, we agreed on a sort of policy (which was always amorphous and never codified) and a name. FANAC had been under consideration as a name for hours before we gave up on the alternates and chose it. We had misgivings about the name because Tom Reamy was at the time publishing a fanzine called CRIFANAC and we didn't want people to get the zines confused. I wonder what-ever happened to Tom Reamy?

The next evening we published, and within seventy-two hours of his laugh Charles Burbee held a copy of the first issue of FANAC in his hands.

It was announced to be published "frequently" and we asked for news and comment. Besides our names and address, that was all the colophon we needed in those days. When people began receiving this "frequent" fanzine every week, they began to get the idea--and with the fourth issue we broke down and admitted in the colophon that it would be published weekly. (We hadn't said so at first simply because we wanted first to prove to ourselves that a weekly fanzine wasn't beyond our abilities; by that fourth issue we were pretty sure of ourselves.) Interest caught hold, and our original mailing list of 73 (selected from our correspondents, FAPA and Cult membership lists, and the FATHED and INNUEENDO mailing lists) jumped shortly to over 100. We began to find it more work and expense than we had bargained for, so we set a subscription rate to cut out the freeloaders. With the ninth issue we announced that subs would go at 6/25¢, through us or through Archie Mercer (who had volunteered to be our sterling agent, which he has always been since)...but this didn't cut down the circulation.

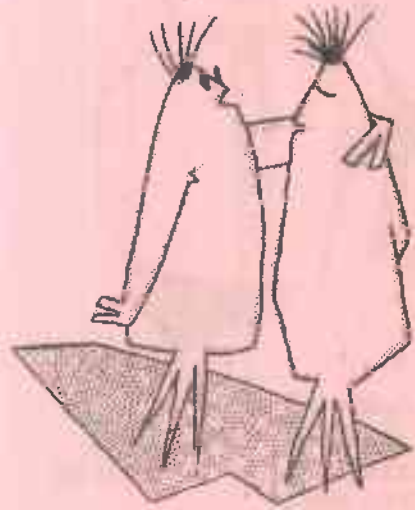
We started off fast and furious--Terry had copied notes that I had scribbled, and we thus mis-reported the price of the Solacon banquet in the first issue. Right after that we printed a correction, with a sort of flip remark, and we started getting letters from Los Angeles that seemed to be very mad. We couldn't understand this; but it set the tone for FANAC, and from then until the convention itself, we were engaged in a running battle with the committee. It led to long letters trying to establish facts, conversations in person and through other people, and a special trip by Terry and me to Downey to visit the committee at Len Hoffatt's house, to find out why we were fighting. It eventually led to a fairly regular column in FANAC written by one or another committeeman, called "Solaconac"; as a compromise solution it was eminently workable.

Besides fighting with the committee, we got involved in the move-



"I will pub it for six months, then vanish into the fannish limbo a living legend."

ment to dissolve the WSFS Inc, with our second issue. After that, our feud with the committee extended to this battleground also--for the committee wanted to know what was wrong with the WSFS Inc, and we wanted to know why anybody in their right minds would work hand in hand with the Society. Because of our habit of printing most anything that seemed interesting, we got a reputation as the back fence of fandom.



Since we spent a lot of time at the home of Rog and Honey Graham (two committee-members with whom we never fought) some of the committee in southern California thought they were passing us gossip and secrets, and warned them not to talk to "that back fence of fandom, FANAC." Rog thought it called for the founding of a club--The Elves', Gnomes', and Leaky Mouths' Chitter-Chatter, Mumbling, and Gossip Society. We even elected officers; Rog was the Big Drip, and Honey was the Little Drip. Joe and Robbie Gibson were Trickles, and Terry and I were Little Dribbles. Honey thought this called for a celebration, so she brought a DNG letter for everybody to read.

"Remember, this is just between you, me, and FANAC."

About this time, Torry Ackerman began his Famous Monsters of Filmland magazine, and Dick Lupoff, among others, wrote sharply critical letters concerning it, which we

published. This sparked a speech by Ackerman at a LASFES meeting in his own defense, and several rebuttals from the Los Angeles area in our pages. This sort of thing helped establish us as--well, whatever we were. It's hard to say what fandom thought of us in those days, but there was usually some sort of fight going on in our pages, frequently on the front page.

Other frequently-appearing names in those early issues were Rotsler, Perdue, Bjo, Metzger, Burbee, Bourne, Ellington, and Bennett. We were backing Ron Bennett for TAFF as early as Christmas of 1957 that I can recall, and almost every issue of FANAC in those days carried a blurb for him or for South Gate.

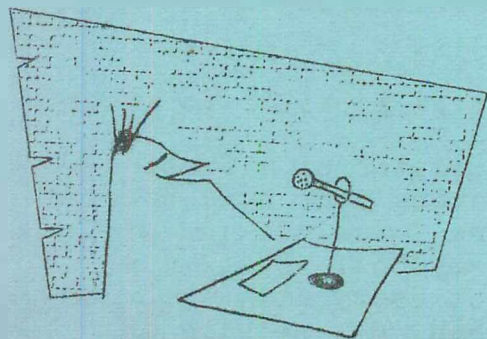
But our regular correspondence and visits didn't supply all our news, and from time to time big stories (compared to usual fan news) hit our "offices" and gradually developed our front page towards the more newspaperlike format now used. It was those big stories you will notice if you flip through a file of FANAC, because the squabbles and changes of address and the bulk of the other material was seldom presented spectacularly; you will notice the deaths of Cyril Kornbluth, Vernon L. McCain, and Francis T. Laney (the latter two within days of each other); the censorship of Ray Nelson's fanzine by the then-new De Gaulle regime; the jaw-dropping \$25,000 lawsuit in the WSFS Inc hassle, followed by a raise to \$35,000; Dallas dropping its bid for the '59 worldcon, leaving Detroit and Chicago all alone, pitted against each other (and incidentally making pointless some excellent Ray Nelson cartoons in Detroit propaganda published shortly thereafter); and the dropping of Bob Bloch's "Pandora's Box" from the pages of Imagination. By Solacon time we were accustomed to preparing our biggest story for front-page display, with occasional padding to make it last most of

the front page, and a lettering-guided or all-cap headline.

With the third issue we began printing a cartoon at the top of the front page, a thing that has become a habit with us. The cartoon, the logo, the ~~-----~~ divider, and the changes-of-address section are probably the FANAC features that stuck around the longest over the years. We didn't start with the idea of featuring a cartoon each issue; for several issues (#'s 3 through 11) we were simply using ornamental-type cartoons by Rotsler, Metzger, and Bjo. One of them, the one on the 7th issue, was the first Bjo squirrel cartoon, which she drew in a bar in Hermosa Beach on Terry's request ("Can you imagine how Ron would look if he were a squirrel?--draw it for me!") and he stencilled at my home in Long Beach without benefit of mimeoscope. The stencilling was so poor that it's surprising that squirrel jokes didn't die aborning--in fact, one of my favorite daydreams is of an alternate universe in which they did. (Actually, that wasn't the first squirrel cartoon; that dubious honor goes to the 6th issue of INNUENDO, published in late 1957, which featured a squirrel cartoon by Dave Rike on the cover.)

FANAC developed slowly, and cost us a lot of time and work; after we published THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE in April, FANAC became our principal fannish occupation. In fact, during that period we experimented with two- and three-color mimeography for several issues, and once featured a thermofaxed cover, a tower-to-the-moon cartoon by Tom Reamy which we reproduced direct from VEHMGERICHT #1. Pete Graham deserves credit for the thermofaxing, but it was Terry and I who underwent the tortures of trying to mimeograph the FANAC logo on the ultra-slick thermofax paper. But don't think it all wasn't fun--there were times when publishing a newszine was more entertaining than any other fannish pursuit could be. For instance, there was the first Silly Season.

Newspapers recognize a periodic Silly Season, but we didn't think of FANAC as a newspaper at first, and we didn't expect it when it hit shortly after Easter of 1958. It started in April, when we got a fir tree through the mail (from Lars Bourne--it was an Oregon Fir seedling); we chuckled and Terry duly reported it in FANAC, and we planted it outside Barrington and forgot about it. (It grew for awhile, but during summer vacation, while Barrington was closed and nobody watered anything, it died.) But then in May we received, simultaneously, a radio-ham message from Lee Jacobs telling us Tom Lehrer was appearing in Los Angeles, and an envelope labelled Fan Kit full of marvelous junk from Don Thompson, James Cooper, and Jim Broschart of State College, Pennsylvania. It seems, in retrospect, as though our mailboxes were full of nonsense mail at that time...so Terry wrote an editorial about it, which remains one of the less-topical and better things in FANAC. And a week later we began getting envelope after envelope full of obscene ads and hygiene booklets from Bob Tucker; Walt Liebscher tells us that Tucker was just cleaning out his desk, an old Slan Shack trick which completely befuddles the recipient.



"Today is July 6th, 2010,
and this is your FANAC
daily newscast...."

Facts in the case of Nathaniel Whately

BY CARL BRANDON



On a dark October night during ___th Fandom I chanced to find myself in the immediate vicinity of the small township of _____, home of Nathaniel Whately, who was known to me as a member of a certain apa of which I too am a member. The deadline for the next mailing being then almost nigh, and my membership being in peril, I therefore resolved to pay a visit to this gentleman, my object being to request that he join me in a one-shot session or, failing that, to allow me to make use of his typewriter and duplicating equipment so that I might produce my minimum activity by myself.

A perusal of a map of the area, and a conversation with a gentleman of the township's police force, served to inform me that Whately's residence was considerably outside the small cluster of wood-and-brick buildings which comprised the community itself. Having left my means of transportation in the trustworthy hands of a local mechanic for repairs, I placed myself on the road leading to Whately's residence and mused to myself, as I walked, upon the strange expression which had crossed the countenance of the policeman of whom I had enquired directions, and the guarded manner in which he spoke of the good Mr. Whately. Concluding at length that his odd manner was

Facts in the Case of Nathaniel Whately--II

natural for a nonfan speaking of one of our calling, I walked somewhat more briskly, and soon found myself nearing the Whately property.

As I approached I noticed with mounting curiosity that the trees which lined either side of the road were becoming more and more bent and twisted, the bark more and more aged and covered with dark mosses. It was almost as though I were entering an area accursed of Roscoe, damned by Ghu and all the dark gods. There was--I do not know how to express it. It was almost a tangible night-shadow, a feeling in the air of intense nonfannishness--which is even more loathsome to me than the smell of presence of sea-creatures. But at length I shrugged this off, reflecting that such ancient, dried and twisted timbers as here surrounded me would indeed be very poor fodder for a paper-mill and that this, coupled with a feeling of exhaustion from my day's travels, accounted for the weird feeling of nonfannishness which I seemed to sense.

Arriving at the gate of Whately's residence, I found it to be a spacious estate, with a gravel footpath leading from the gate to the door. I made note of Whately's name on the mailbox to be sure that this was indeed his estate, and noticed also the enormous size of the receptacle. It was fully six feet long, over two feet wide, and nearly two feet from top to bottom. Truly a mailbox worthy of a fan, I reflected, though I could not stifle the irrelevant thought that it was also adequately large for a funeral casket.

Unlatching the gate, I made my way slowly up the walkway to Whately's door and pounded the knocker thrice upon it. In a moment I heard from within the sound of footsteps approaching, and in due time the door opened and a dark man of amazing stature confronted me, peering silently down at my five-foot-nine height with eyes that seemed almost to burn in deep-set sockets beneath thin eyebrows which jutted out from his forehead.

I was taken aback for a moment, but recovered my composure sufficiently to announce my name and request to be escorted into the presence of Mr. Whately. Imagine my surprise when this imposing individual informed me that he was Nathaniel Whately--and imagine my further surprise when he clapped me heavily on the back and said, "Come in, come in! I've some beer in the pantry--we'll sit and talk about fandom!"

It was only when he turned without further words and led me into the library that I noticed the small red beanie perched atop the closely-cropped black hair of his massive, prominently-boned head, and realized with something akin to a start that the peculiar odour which I had noticed subconsciously and had half imagined to be the smell of decaying corpses, was in reality produced by home-brewed beer fermenting.

Whately took my overcoat and ushered me to a seat, then went off to fetch beer for the two of us, leaving me to examine his collection, which rested neatly in bookshelves all along two walls of the room. On one wall was his books-and-magazines collection, consisting of complete runs of Weird Tales, Strange Tales, and publications of a similar nature, together with the usual hard-bound books from Arkham House and F.P.C.I. and Prime Press and the like. His files of Amazing, Astounding

Facts in the Case of Nathaniel Whately--III

and such seemed to be in near-mint condition, much better than the fantasy items, and I wondered briefly if this was because he prized the science fiction more highly or if he simply had not read those items as thoroughly as the fantasy.

Along the other wall was his collection of fanzines, many sets bound or boxed. It was a collection which might well be prized by many a fanzine collector, numbering among its treasures complete sets of FANTASY MAGAZINE, THE TIME TRAVELLER, THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET and others. A complete boxed set of Pogo Comics was also there, and a bound file of the significant portions of Animal Comics.

I was interrupted in my perusal of these delights by the return of my host with two glasses of beer and a massive container which he placed in the center of the stand-table between our chairs and from which he informed me I might replenish my supply as I chose. The preliminaries accomplished, we settled back and began to get acquainted.

I informed him first of my reason for calling to visit, or my immediate need of activity credit, and he agreed to join me in the production of a one-shot later in the evening. We then fell to talking of fandom and science fiction and fantasy, exchanging views and bits of news as is typical among followers of these fields. Whately seemed interested primarily in the field of fantasy, and specifically horror-fantasy of the H. P. Lovecraft school. His interest in this aspect of our genre was deep, and his knowledge of it amazing, but for my part I had to confess, albeit politely, rather a disinterest in such stories, for I find the style of writing so commonly employed therein to be exceedingly dull, lifeless, and unwieldy. But Whately and I nonetheless managed to conduct a lively conversation, and got on quite famously.

At length, by the time we had emptied the large container of home brew, I began to feel decidedly strange, almost as though I had been drugged. The room seemed to swim about me in an outre, kaleidoscopic way, with the only stationary object in it upon which I could focus being Whately's eyes, which seemed to bore into me with a white-hot penetrating force, as his voice droned on speaking of something or other--I was no longer sure exactly what. I have the impression that he was speaking of the contributions Lovecraft had had printed in early fan magazines. All I can remember clearly is the intensity of Whately's gaze, and the confusion in my mind as I fought the effects of whatever ingredients I had been drinking and stared fixedly back at Whately, trying to equate the burning eyes, the sharp, aquiline nose, the thin lips, sunken cheeks and prominent cheekbones with my conception of a sensitive fannish face.

It must have been shortly after midnight when Whately abruptly stood up and announced that the time had come for us to adjourn to his den and produce the one-shot of which we had been speaking earlier. I stood with him, fearfully, and followed him uncertainly into the hall and up an immense flight of steps while he spoke over his shoulder of his interest in the ancient, the forgotten arts. His voice came echoing back from the walls, sounding hollow and mocking, and I shuddered in spite of myself.

At the head of the stairs was a large oak-panelled door, strongly bolted, and as he mounted the last step Whately produced from the folds

Facts in the Case of Nathaniel Whately--IV

of his clothes a chain of keys, from which he selected one of curious design and workmanship and began to unlock the door. Over his shoulder, with a thin-lipped smile, he explained that it would never do for any of the children of the area, who sometimes crept into the house at night, to stumble into this room by accident, and he laughed shortly and, it seemed to me, conspiratorially at this remark.

By this time I was at the head of the stairs myself, standing weakly and supporting myself determinedly against the top of the banister. My stomach suddenly was feeling decidedly queasy, and as I watched Whately fumble with the locks and bolts of that massive door and heard his laugh, somehow I knew instinctively that I would rather not view what was inside the room. I looked behind me and saw the staircase stretching out dizzily below me to the front door--and suddenly I longed to leave that house and that man who cackled as he unlocked the heavy door at the head of the stairs, beyond which door was--I couldn't think of it.

And abruptly, behind me, the last lock clicked, Whately let out a held breath, and the door to the room swung open, revealing to my horrified gaze all that I had feared, in the back of my mind. Drugged as I was, I screamed and ran tumbling down the stairs, picked myself up at the bottom and, ignoring Whately's loud cries from above, bolted into the night. Nor did I halt my flight till I had covered almost the entire distance back to the cluster of houses that comprised the township of . I was still trembling and pale when I retrieved my automobile and drove off into the night.

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I have often thought back to that horrible evening in while reading further mailings of the amateur press group of which both Whately and I are members. I managed to save my membership by stopping off at another member's home two days later, and I am a member to this day. And so, for that matter, is Whately.

But his contributions to the mailings never fail to arouse a strong remembrance of the evening I spent with him, and of the blood-curdling sight I saw behind the door at the top of the stairs. I hold his magazines in my hands, and the very feel of them--cold and clammy, like some sea-thing--reminds me. For behind that door, in the room where Whately claimed, he produced all his fanzines, I saw very clearly and distinctly, waiting for me, a flatbed hektograph.

--(Terry Carr)

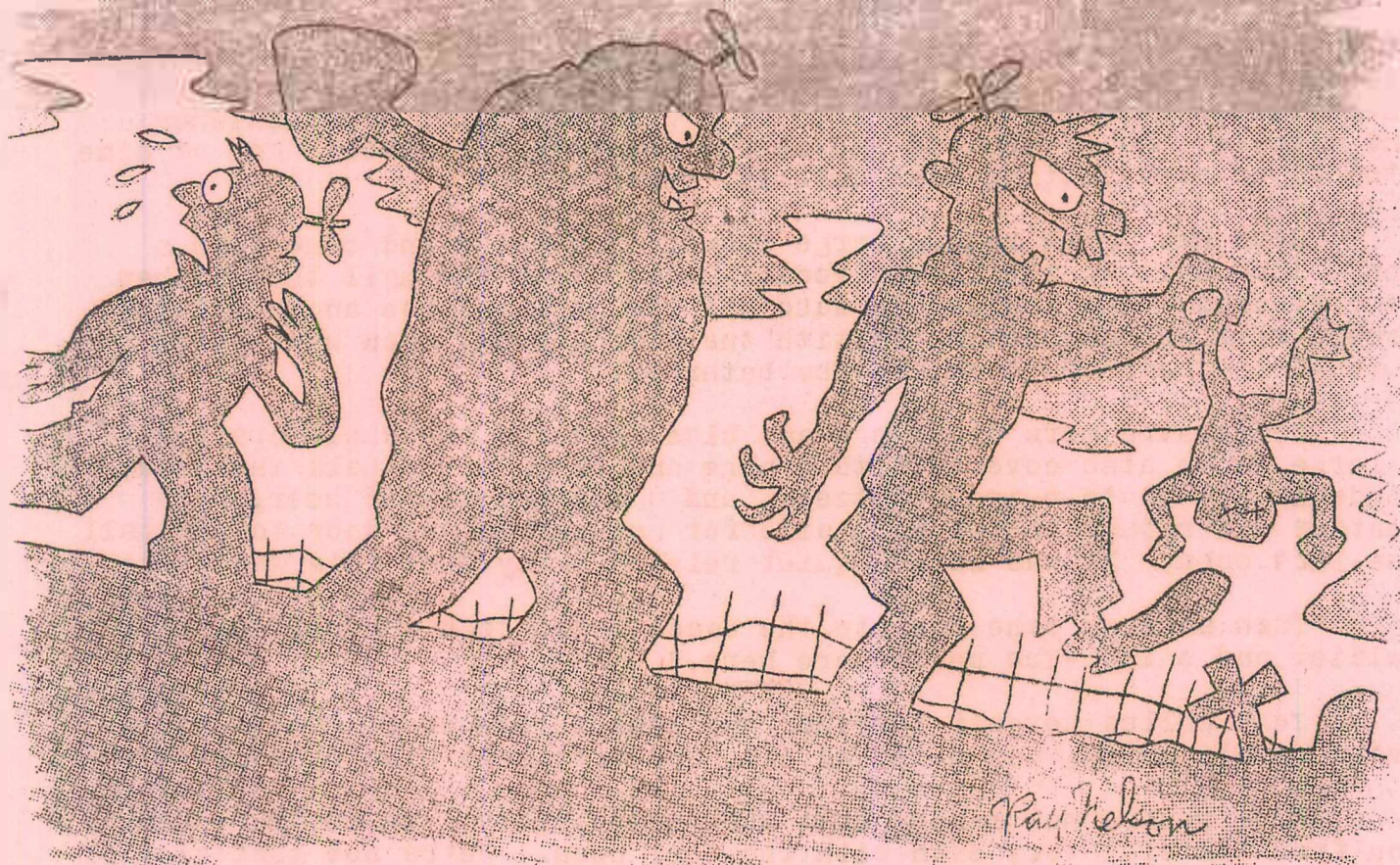
{(Reprinted from S--- #4, SAPS mailing number 50, January 1960.)}

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Another nice miserable day, fit only for doing a stencil or two of mailing comments. Mailman stopped today, for a change...put a note in the box telling me to relocate it. If he doesn't do better in the future I'm going to start taking my mail from someone else.

--Wrai Ballard, in OUTSIDERS #22,
December '55

I'm an old-time fan. I remember the vanguardists of Seventh Fandom. --Richard Bergeron, in WARHOON #5, Summer '54



Adventures in Fandom, no. 5: _____

HALLOWE'EN

by Bill Donaho

The procession of weirdly-clad figures slithered down the stairs from Toad Hall. McKenna carried the dead toad. At least Lin Carter claimed he was dead. Joe Schaumberger said that he saw it move, but no one paid any attention to him. It was nearing midnight on All Hallows Eve and Toad Hall's beloved mascot was going to be buried with all honors and ceremony, even if he were still alive.

The procession moved across the street and on into Riverside Park singing mournfully, "Poor Toad Is Dead". It was an awesome and bloodcurdling sound, particularly as no one was quite sure of the words or of the right tune to "Poor Jud Is Dead"--not that any of them could have carried the tune even if they had known it. The dirge continued as poor Toad was interred with all the proper rites and then the fans looked around for new fields to conquer. Lin wanted to hold a black mass, but we couldn't locate any virgins to sacrifice. Awfully improvident of the New York fans to run through their virgins that way...

So we decided to get drunk instead. As the wine flowed freely we began to talk of other times and of other Hallowe'ens, of the good old days. There was the time at Jean Carroll's, for instance...

Adventures in Fandom--II

It was just a quiet, ordinary-type party. Everyone was sitting around talking and drinking, mostly soda. A few of us had beer, but there was no hard liquor at all. Jean had made piles of sandwiches and everyone had pitched in and helped decorate the place. Now at nine o'clock we were sitting back quietly, relaxing.

Jean has three rather large rooms. You enter and come down a long, long hall to the living room. Midway down the hall the kitchen is concealed. The bedroom is also off the hall and has another large, arched entrance connecting it with the living room. You have to go through the bedroom to get to the bathroom.

Crepe streamers of orange and black covered the whole apartment. A large table also covered with orange and black crepe held the soda, sandwiches, potato chips, pretzels, and a few bottles of beer. The weather was rather on the warm side for October so the door to the hall was left open. It was such a quiet relaxed party that this was possible.

Then someone came over to the couch where Jean was necking with a soldier and said, "The police are here."

Jean pulled herself together and went to the door. "But say, we're hardly making any noise at all, and it's only nine o'clock--"

"On, you're not making that much noise, lady. We couldn't hear you from the elevator, even with the door open. We're not that kind of police anyhow. We're from the Vice Squad."

Jean was slightly startled. "What kind of vice are you looking for?"

The cop was even more startled. "Oh, just any you happen to have around," he said confusedly.

"Well, come on in and look for yourself." The cops came in and seemed startled at the living room full of fully clothed people. No one was even in the bedroom. Or the bathroom. They looked through the various magazines. The fanzines seemed to fascinate them, but they at last put them down.

George Nims Raybin was about to have a heart attack. He had his bar exams the next day and didn't think that the examiners would look too kindly on a candidate arrested in a vice raid, no matter how innocently. He had a glazed expression in his eyes.

"Is this all there is to the apartment?"

"There's the kitchen down the hall."

One cop went into the kitchen to investigate. He came back with a disgusted look. "They're popping popcorn in the kitchen." This was the last straw. The earlier suspicious manner of the Vice Squad had vanished completely and they began talking freely. Someone had phoned in a tip that there was going to be a wild orgy at Jean's on the previous night. The cops had come up to her apartment several times, but no one had been at home. Jean had been out and hadn't got back until 6:00 a.m.

The Vice Squad left, muttering that they wished to hell they knew who had phoned in the false lead. So did we all. Intense speculation as to whodunnit finally settled on Calvin Thomas Beck and parent. It seemed that Mrs. Beck and her son were angry with Jean and had been known to do this sort of thing before.



I had not met the duo at this time and listened with interest to the stories told about them. No one had ever seen Calvin without his mother. One guy went over to spend an evening with the Becks once and as he was leaving Calvin apologized for not walking with him to the bus, "but it's late and Mother is too tired to walk that far." At the retrocon Calvin was in the men's john and his parent decided he had been in there long enough. She walked over and pounded on the door. "Calvin, you've been in there long enough. Come out! Calvin!" Calvin popped right out. (He was about 25 at the time.)

The party went on its sedate pace without any sex orgies taking place (sob, sob). We later learned of another interesting development. One of the fans thought that he was a friend of Calvin's; the next time he saw Mrs. Beck and son he pointed out that such behavior as this was not in the best possible taste. They turned him in to the FBI as a Communist spy. After a two-weeks intensive investigation the FBI was satisfied that he wasn't, but in the meantime he had lost his job and had to move because of the many, many inquiries made at his rooming house and job.

But there were other parties. The year that Dave Mason and Katie MacLean got married they threw a big Halloween party. This was the week after we moved into the Dive. We had spent the entire week working like hell, unpacking, fixing up, etc., and felt we needed a little relaxation. The five of us set out with bright, expectant faces.

Six floors up. Groan. Shudder. Puff, puff. Through a long, dark hall and out into two small, arch-connected rooms where the party was swirling madly. There were so many pros bobbing around that you'd think it was a world con. The booze was flowing freely and naturally we started lapping.

This was the famous party at which Harlan Ellison had fixed Mike Wilson up with a date with the cousin of his girl friend. After they arrived at the party Harlan decided he preferred the cousin. More fun, more people killed, more blood, etc.

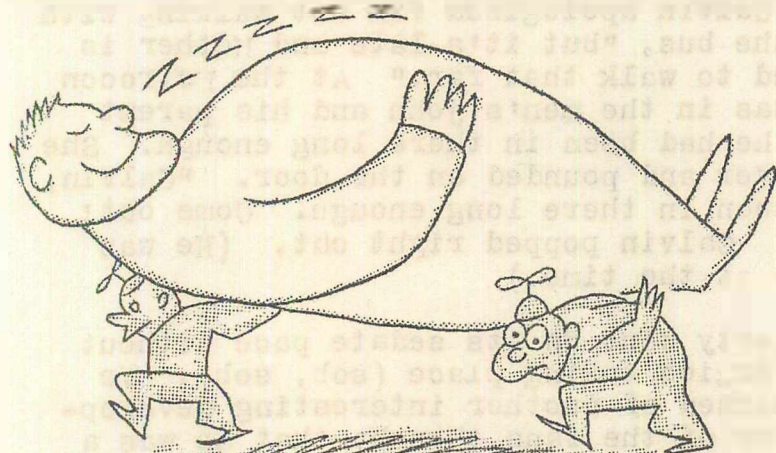
In the midst of it all Harlan firmly established himself in one room and, displaying his wares, was holding forth stunning everyone within sound of his voice. Haunted refugees ran for cover to the other room. Have you ever noticed that as the evening wears on Harlan's stories get more and more incredible? Yet he seems so hurt if you don't believe every word.

In spite of the six flights people wandered in and out and the party went on and on. Towards morning we started a nickle-dime poker

game (the pros couldn't afford higher stakes). About this time everything becomes confused-like. I'm not quite sure what happened at this party and what happened at Mason's equally alcoholic Christmas one.

Anyhow, at one of them Curran passed out and Ellington and I started to carry him home. After sort of using him for a bettering ram (head first--the Irish are thick-headed) to open two doors, we decided it really might be better to leave him on the couch. Preudenthal was also "resting his eyes" in a chair. We picked up Saha and fell over each other to the nearest Riker's, where we had coffee for several hours. We then taxied home to the Dive where we found Quagliano asleep

on the doorstep. He had stopped up early in the evening and decided to have a few drinks from the bottle he'd brought with him before going on.



At the other party I was almost out and Dick and Darry were drunk enough to try to carry me home. One of them under each shoulder, we moved ponderously down the street. Everything went fine until someone up and whomped me with this subway station.

Here I was minding my own business... Picking ourselves up, we proceeded on our way again. Fortunately, the Dive was in an elevator building, so there were no stairs to try to get me up. And so to bed.

The next year we decided to give a real large Halloween party, one worthy of the Dive. We firmly told everyone that no one would be admitted without a costume. You can imagine our surprise when everyone came in costume. Such a thing had never been known to happen before.

While we were cleaning up for the party I straightened out the hall closet. Among the rubbish I found a quarter of a bottle of pure corn whiskey. Wheels began clicking. It was Deretchin's, left over from the New Year's party. That bastard!--he hadn't put it in the blog!

On New Year's Eve we had dragged out an eight-gallon crock and made a punch of wine, gin, and fruit juice. Whenever anyone brought in any wine or hard stuff, of whatever nature, we poured it into the crock. As we had somewhere between a hundred and a hundred-fifty people at the party and most of them brought something, the crock was almost always full and contained a great variety of beverages. For some odd reason, though, the blog tasted exactly the same all evening. Perhaps the first sip paralyzed the taste buds or something. Or maybe it was the kitten. Shithead had some half-grown kittens and some joker was trying to scare one by holding it over the blog. The kitten scared so well that it clawed hell out of his hand and he dropped it. Splash! The kitten was hastily rescued, dried off and spirited away. Fortunately, it happened fairly late in the evening and anyhow we didn't tell anybody until the blog was all gone.

Dick's brother-in-law, Fred Werner, was in a difficult mood that day. In the afternoon he wandered up to the roof, climbed over the

parapet and hung down off it by one arm, yelling at us to attract our attention. People looked out of our windows (we were on the 11th floor) and sort of closed their eyes. Dave pollard has a thing on heights and gets nervous if people even sit on window ledges. He has never been the same since.

After Fred had got tired of hanging by one arm he came back in. Later on he tried to get other people to join him in a repeat. Karl Olsen was very drunk and agreed to. They went up to the roof and Karl put one leg over the edge. He sobered up quite rapidly and came down shaking.

People began arriving for the party. Some of them brought costumes in bags and changed after arriving, but most just wore their costumes on the subway. You can do anything in New York. One summer day a naked man got on the subway and nobody even noticed him for several stops. If he had done it in rush hour he would probably have got away with it.

The party got off to a fine start and people went around inspecting each other's costumes and making admiring noises. Most of them were good, and there were some damn fine ones. Trina--hoo ha!

Liquor flowed freely.

Mike Wilson brought a beautiful Canadian girl that the wolf pack clustered around.

Ian Macauley was trying to make out with another quite beautiful girl. She was indifferent to Ian's charms and was casting sheep's eyes at tall, dark and handsome Eddie. Eddie was trying to make Ian. All three were stretched out on the couch and nobody was getting anyplace. Sad.

Marty Jukovsky got drunk for the first time since Christmas '54 and got into the shower with all his clothes on again. Trina and McKenna definitely and finally broke up after two years. Jerry Lewis danced out one window, five feet along the outside ledge and in another one; he was restrained. Joe and Robbie Gibson's housewarming present of Spookey Foods (alligator soup, fried worms, dried grasshoppers, etc.) was dragged out and eaten.

Fred got drunker and drunker and more and more violent. We stripped off his clothes and gave him a cold shower. He then seemed rational, so we left him. He wandered out into the apartment stark naked and kicked out Zaha's window. I finally had to hold him down. It took him three hours to pass out. Damn. Damn. Damn! So much of



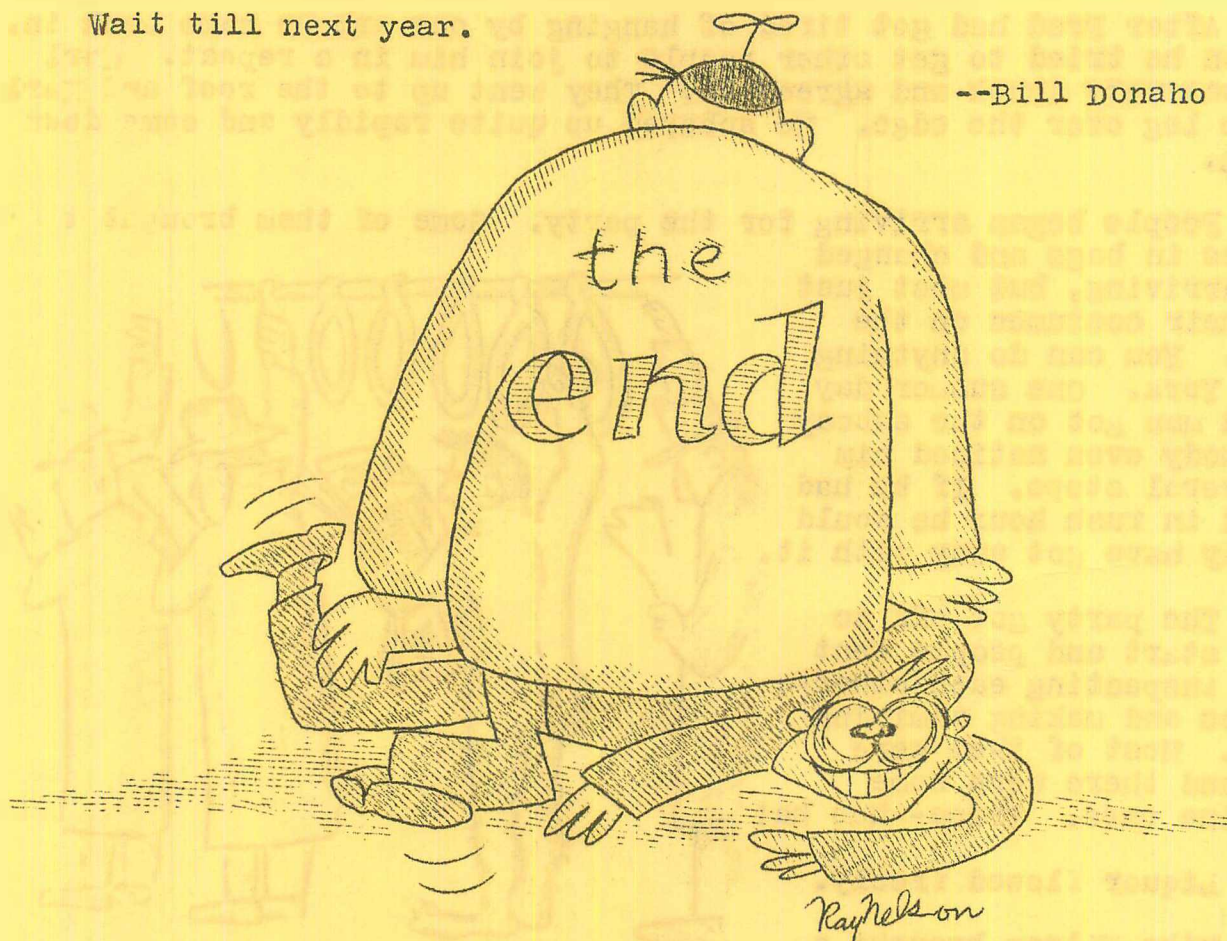
Ray Nelson

Adventures in Fandom--VI

the party... When I got back into the swing of things, only the hard core was left. We kept whooping it up until 9:00 a.m., at which point everyone more or less collapsed. But it was a party.

Wait till next year.

--Bill Donaho

[illegible]

Athens, that immortal city, is a symphony in blue and white; white buildings in clear sunshine and one of the bluest skies I have ever seen. Here it is unusual for the sun not to shine at least once during every day--so different from Manchester. I often wonder, when buying the current copy of ASF under the shadow of the Acropolis, what Plato would have thought of Ray Bradbury.

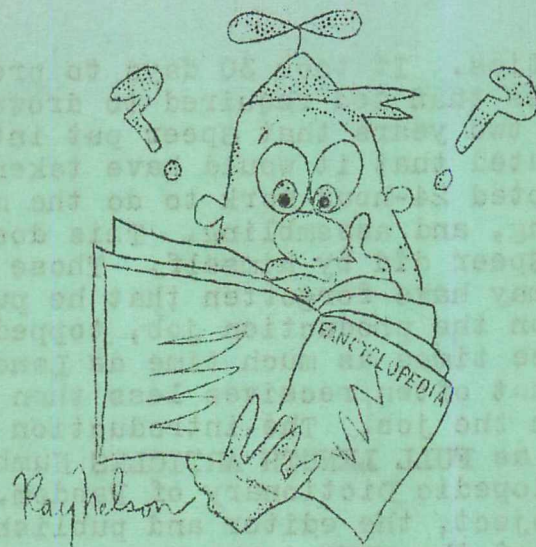
--George Whiting, in "A Fan's Life
in Greece," ORION #4, June '54

There's little news. Catherine started a Northwest Smith yarn, but hasn't finished it yet. I sold Unknown a couple of new ones, "A Gnome There Was" and "The Devil We Know". But both of us would much prefer to wander into Clifton's and see Russ hurling his gavel at Bradbury, Fred reading his Bible, and Mr. Ackerman reclining drunkenly under the table.

--Henry Kuttner, in VOM #14, May '41

Can you imagine it--Cyrus B. Condra has the Laney Memoirs in his front room bookcase, sandwiched in between The Outsider and Beyond The Wall Of Sleep. Lovecraft must be spinning like a turbine.

--F. T. Laney, in EGO BEAST #3,
November '48



all our yesterdays

BY
HARRY WARNER

All fandom was plunged into war in a very real sense in 1944, when scores of prominent fans were in the service, many others were too busy at high-paying jobs to do much fanning, and nobody could be sure that the end of the conflict was only a year in the future. It was the least likely of all times for the biggest fannish research project up to then to come into existence: the FANCYCLOPEDIA, in its original version.

The FANCYCLOPEDIA II has received much attention during the nine months since its release. But few fans who are active today possess copies of that original Fancycle. It might be instructive to recall some of the facts about the publication.

The vital statistics, first of all, because the Fancycle II does not define itself and it's hard to dig up the facts about the original volume without owning a copy: It contained 97 pages of definitions, not counting the title page, the introductory page, a final page that was devoted to errata and credits, or the covers. The covers consisted of one wraparound sheet of some type of heavy, pebbled and quite flexible substance. Mine was red, with silver stamping bearing a startling combination of names: John Bristol (Speer's first two names), NFFF, LASFS, and Forrest J Ackerman. The pages in my copy are a dark buff hue, and those to the front of the book have either faded into a strangulation blue tinge or didn't match the rest of the pages to begin with.

The people who put out this first FANCYCLOPEDIA were so impressed by the magnitude of their own accomplishment that they put down all

All Our Yesterdays--II

sorts of little statistics. It took 30 days to produce the publication, only ten days less than God required to drown the world, but that doesn't count the two years that Speer put into research and writing. It was estimated that it would have taken one tireless fan five days of uninterrupted 24-hour work to do the mimeographing, slipsheeting, deslipping, and assembling. This doesn't count the stenciling job, which Speer did by himself. Those who speak lightly of Daugherty projects may have forgotten that he put in the third highest total of time on the production job, topped only by Ackerman and Morojo, nearly three times as much time as Laney devoted to the work. Another group that often receives less than solemn emotions, the NFFF, had a hand in the job. The introduction explains: "This was originally planned as **FULL LENGTH ARTICLES** Number Three: Some Beginnings on an Encyclopedic Dictionary of Fandom. In its present form it was an NFFF project, the editor and publisher being brought together thru the agency of the NFFF. The manuscript was prepared by John A Bristol and submitted to the Futurians, Ackerman, Rothman, and Tucker for corrections and additions; it was then returned to Bristol who stenciled it, incorporating many of the suggested changes, and bringing the information down to the end of 1943."

The original **FANCYCLOPEDIA** had an edition of 250 copies, compared with the 450 copies that are cited on the first page of Eney's later work. And it had justified right margins throughout, the only challenge that Eney ran away from when putting out his modern version of the work.

I've always felt that the finest thing that happened to the original **FANCYCLOPEDIA** was Speer's decision to make it a Johnsonian type of reference volume, one that frankly and deliberately sets out to reflect the writer's own outlook on life instead of pretending to be a publication that has just rolled down the mountain after being completed by some impartial deity with his head in the clouds. The prejudices and interests that the Speer personality manifests are there without apology or efforts to represent some kind of cosmically significant statements. Better yet, Speer has always been a much finer humorist than he's given credit for being. This first Fancycle is boobytrapped with wonderful remarks that the casual or careless reader often runs right past without realizing how brilliant they are. Under correspondence, for instance, we read: "Unless he is a regular correspondent and knows that you take longer to reply, a fan's letter should be answered or at least acknowledged by postcard within two months." A dutiful but humorless approach to the **FANCYCLOPEDIA** could have resulted in a volume so dry and grim that nobody would have remembered it long enough to update it fifteen years later.

And it's a curious thing about this distinctive **FANCYCLOPEDIA** style. Speer said somewhere recently that he doesn't believe himself capable of doing that particular type of writing nowadays. But by some empathy that reached out over the years, aided no doubt by frequent reference to the Speer volume, Eney caught the knack of writing in exactly this vein. As a result, it's remarkably hard to be sure where Speer stops and Eney starts in the second edition. In the definition of drinking, for instance, it's almost all Speer in the second edition, yet the single sentence that Eney added fits im-

All Our Yesterdays--III

perceptively into the rhythm and general style: "Central states favor the amber nectar of the grain, such as Grain Belt premium, the official brew of the old MFS; inhabitants of the decadent cities of the coast also favor the grape." Occasionally, I think that Eney has done a better job of choosing the mot juste. In the aforementioned article on correspondence, the use of Splfrsk as a complimentary close to a letter was termed by Juffus an amazing goodbye; Eney altered that for the better to exotic goodbye. However, I imagine that the score is just about even. Many of Speer's delightful sentences were so perfect that Eney didn't disturb them. The definition of quibbling remains unchanged, as "What you accuse your opponent of doing when it's you that's doing it."

Elsewhere, in an article intended for publication by Lynn Hickman, I have pointed out the regret that I feel because some things in the original FANCYCLOPEDIA were dropped in the Eney volume, to keep the latter down to workable size. So I won't go into that again, except to point out that there is a small never-never land between the two volumes covered by neither. The Khanves, for instance, will be found in neither the first nor second Fancycle. I think they came too late for Speer, and Eney was producing the second edition by the time that I informed him how the absentmindedness of a fan using a lettering guide caused the name to come into being.

There was one major deficiency in the Speer volume which Eney couldn't have been expected to rectify in the second edition of the Fancycle, without Speer's own research notes. I think that Juffus could have made his project more valuable in several ways, by listing source materials. A few lines after each major entry, to tell where you can read more about that matter, would have served several purposes. It would have enabled future historians to locate the publications from which much of Speer's own information must have come, for amplification or verification of more extended writings about these phases of fandom. It might have encouraged the very slow market for old fanzines. There's comparatively little buying and selling in the back-issue fanzine mart, and this may be caused to some extent by the fact that no reference works show which issues of what fanzines contain material of permanent worth. And it would have enabled us today to distinguish between the statements in the Fancycle which came to Juffus through conversation or correspondence, and those that he took from printed sources. I don't imagine that much can be done about the situation at this late date. Speer is hardly likely to have retained his notes, nobody has been brave enough to try to index fanzines by subject matter, and since 1944 it has become almost impossible to find someone who has a fairly complete set of really early fanzines for sale.

One other apparent defect of the fancyclopedia's original form was undoubtedly intentional on Speer's part, to prevent it from turning into a dictionary instead of a reference book. It failed to contain the full listings of pseudonyms, pet names, and nicknames that the ideal fan reference volume should possess. It did a more thorough job with pet names and pseudonyms than the second edition, partly I imagine because its two-column format encouraged the inclusion of extremely brief entries. But fandom is badly in need of such a compilation. Determining who wrote what in the older fanzines is increasingly difficult; leafing through old issues of **SPACEWAYS**

All Our Yesterdays--IV

recently, I found myself unable to remember the identity of the real author of several items which I was certain were not printed under the true author's name. Some fan with a bit of spare time could do worse than to go through the original FANCYCLOPEDIA and cull out all the listings of this sort that were omitted from the second edition, and perhaps publish them after asking politely for permission from Speer, since the thing is still covered by copyright. It would be a start, although much work would remain. Neither Speer nor Eney has a listing under Main-iac, for instance, although this is a title which has descended from one fan to another, from Avery through Cox to Hamlin.

The most curious thing about the FANCYCLOPEDIA and its success, in my opinion, is this: Nobody seems to have even thought about doing the logical thing, and issuing a PROCYCLOPEDIA. Speer occasionally inserted an item with next to no relation to fandom, such as a definition of Golden Atom tales, for no apparent reason. It's going to be another decade at least before we need a completely new edition of the FANCYCLOPEDIA. Anyone who wants to share the glory of the egoboo that went to Speer as a pioneer research publisher could do worse than to produce a reference book about the prozines and related types of commercial fantasy and science fiction. If someone tries to do something about the idea, I hope that the result is as amusing, literate and well-balanced as the FANCYCLOPEDIA.

--Harry Warner Jr.

Daugherty said he was sick of having a sloppy, lightweight magazine put out in a big edition of 250 copies most of which just lay around the club and weren't appreciated. The new SHANGRI LA, of which WJD is editor--but just for one issue, mind you--will have four lithographs and even edges and impeccable layout and wonderful mimeography and it will not be distributed by hand even to club members but mailed flat so it won't be rumpled and so they can't lay their copy down in the club and then claim they never got it because this is a wonderful magazine and it has already cost over \$50.00 just for one issue and a lot of it is out of his own pocket and goshwowboyoboy.

"It sounds so much like a bond issue that you ought to number every copy," I said in my sarcastic way.

--F. T. Laney, in PRIMAL #2,
Winter 1949

In Rouen the other day I went into a bookstore run by a Comte d'Erlette or something like that, and he took me into a back room and showed me his complete file of French WT, dating back to 1867. The first five volumes were bound in human skin. There was a large freckle right in the center of the cover to Volume 1, though, which spoiled the effect.

--Bob Hoffman, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
#27 (June 1945?)

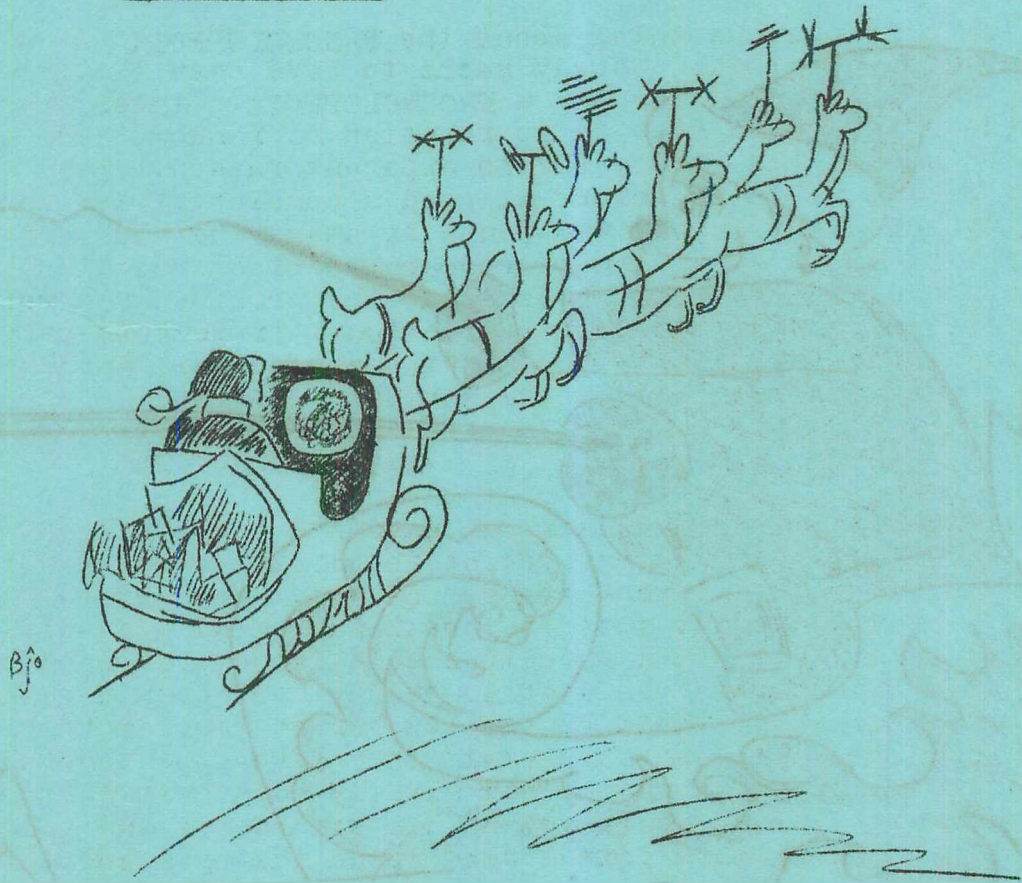
Oh, yes, I must apologise to Richard S. Shaver. A few days ago I wrote him that he had no sense of humor. I was wrong. He has, as is shown by his method of retaliation for some of my remarks about him.

He's put me on the mailing list of the Shaver Mystery Club.

--Art Rapp, in SPACEWARP #17,
August 1948

CHRISTMAS CARTOONS

by Bjo and Nelson



On Friday, November 25, Bjo and John Trimble showed up in Berkeley for a few days, and in typical Berkeley fashion a party was called at Joe and Robbie Gibson's place. One of the attendees was Ray Nelson, and thus two of the finest cartoonists in fandom met for the first time.

INNUEENDO's crack editorial staff (me) was on the scene, and promptly inveigled them into turning out a series of cartoons in an extemporaneous cartoon jam-session. Here are the best of the batch.

--tgo



"On Donner and Blitzen! Up Cupid and Comet! Go Dancer
and Prancer and...and... Where'd that bushy tail up
there come from?..."

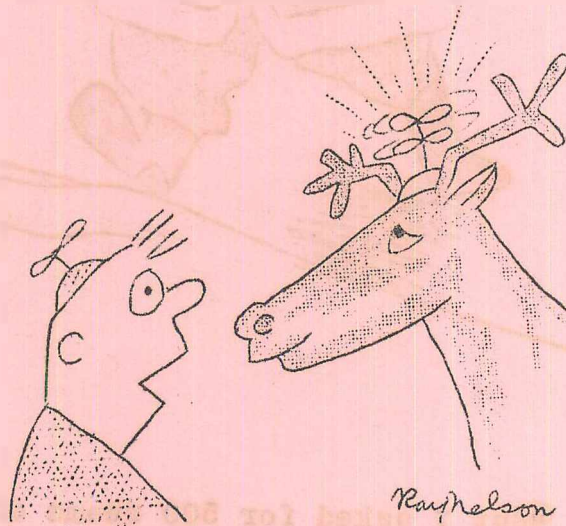


Ray Nelson

"But I asked for 500 reams of mimeo paper!"



"Gee--just what I wanted.
A whole box of acorns
for my very own."

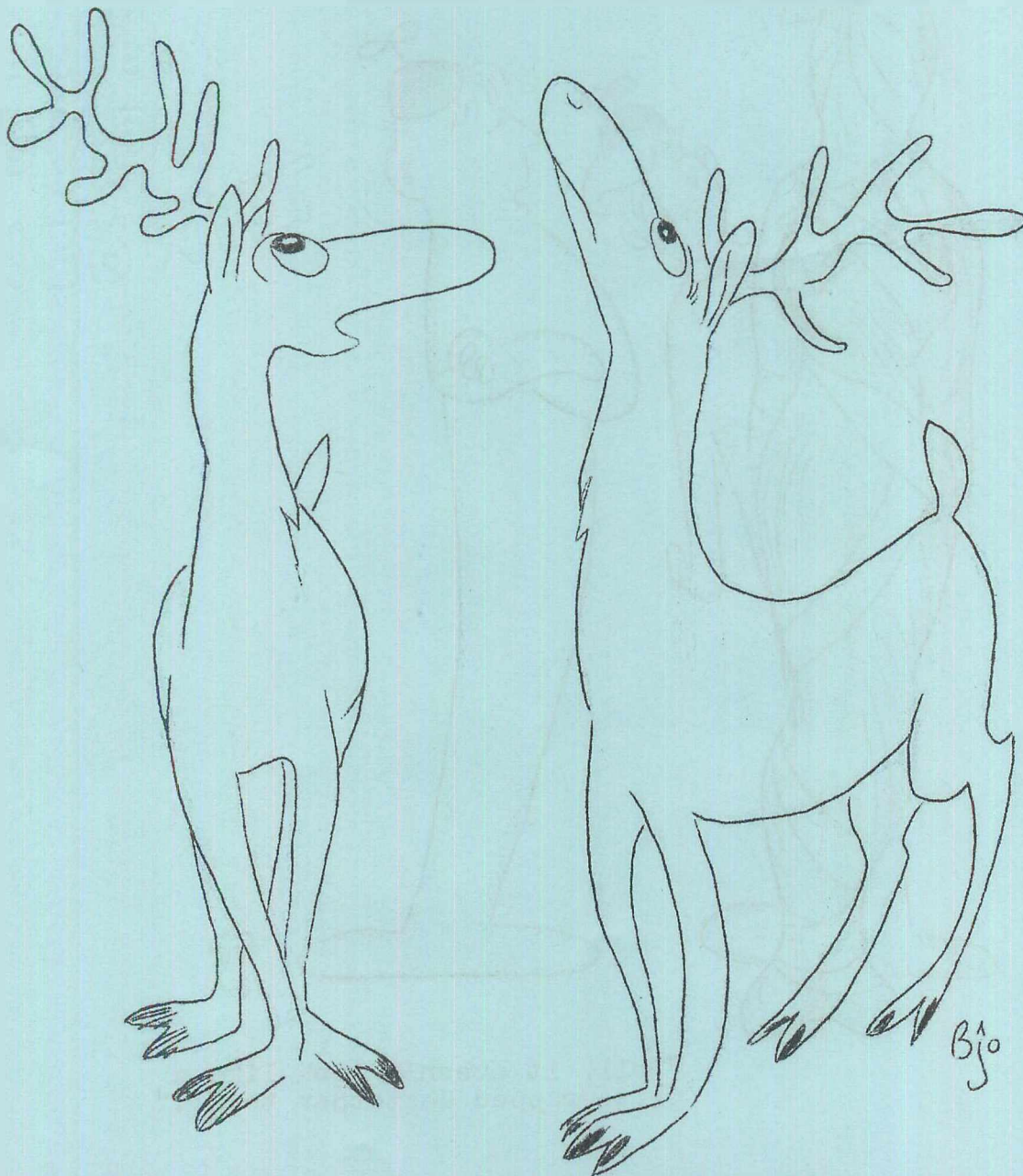


"So that's how you deer
fly through the air!"



B^g

"Well, it doesn't look like a gift-wrapped Gestetner to me!"



"It's hard to believe--he yelled 'FAMAC!'...
and zingo! a flying squirrel!"

"No CHRISTmas for me.
I'm a Roscoe worshipper."

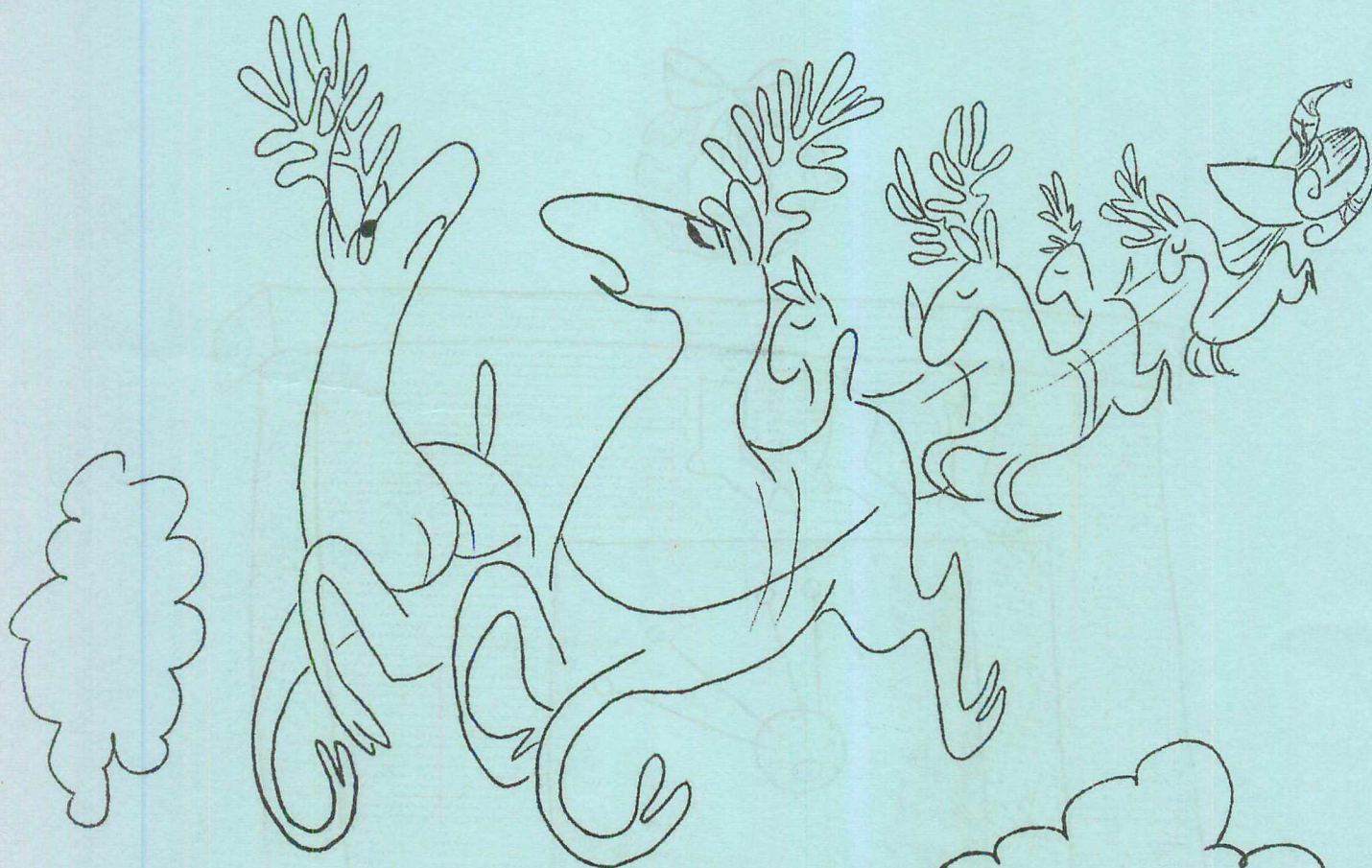
Ray Nelson



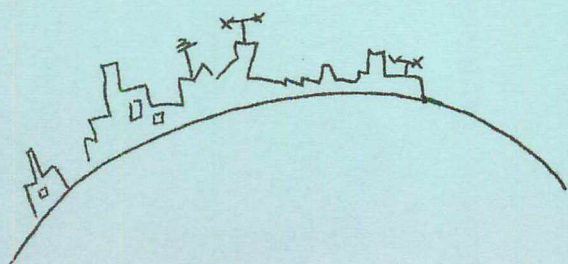
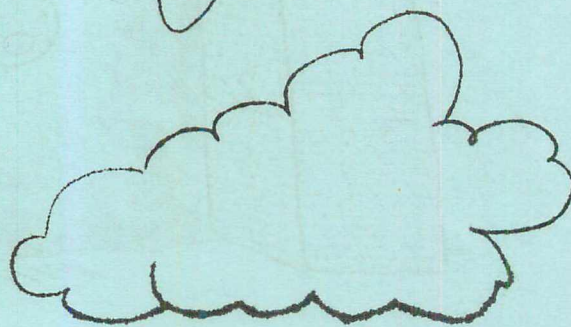
"Okay, kids, you can
come down now."



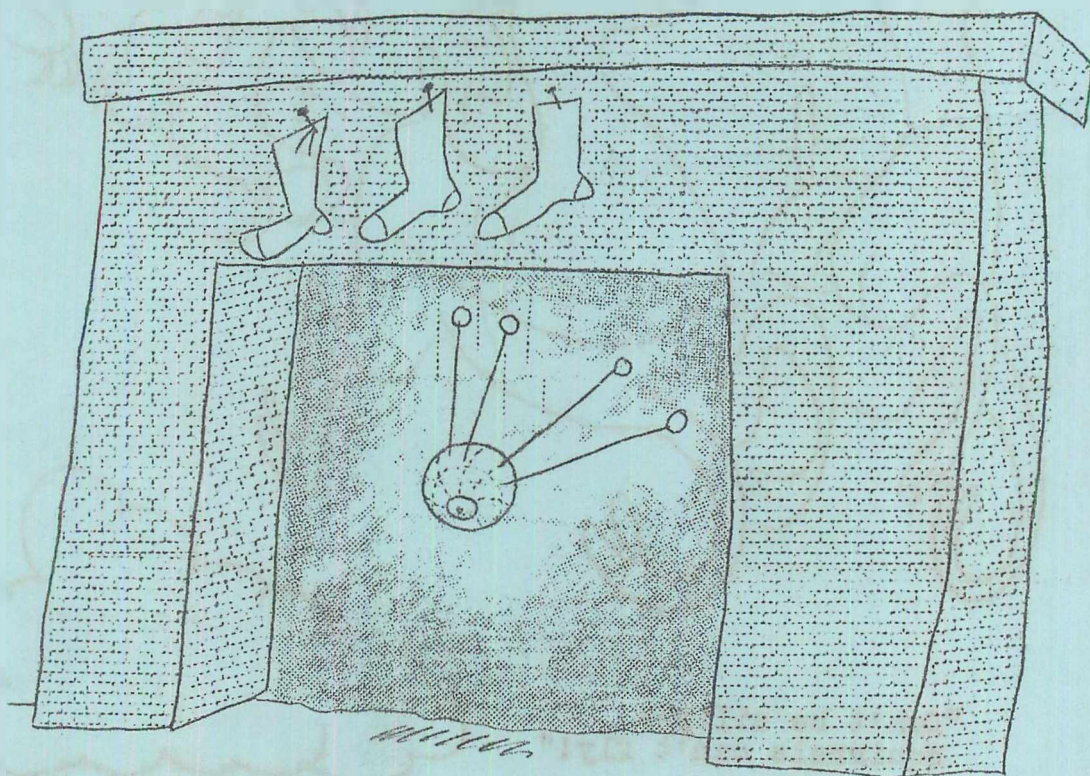
Ray Nelson



"Don't be silly--
squirrels can't fly!"



Bjo



Ray Nelson

the lettercolumn, with
comments on the INNISH III,
which was dated Dec. 1959
but actually pubbed Feb. 1960

INNVECTIVE

heading cartoon by nelson
others herein by trina

JACK SPEER, Snoqualmie, Wash.

I am submitting the enclosed imitation of Vergil to you because it was inspired by dag's remark about the Second Coming of Willis in the Innish III. I suppose it owes much to Harry Warner too, not only for a discussion which directed attention to the Fourth Eclogue, but also for "When the last fanzine has been printed", which prefaced some bibliographical work. {(Jack's piece is the frontispiece of this issue.)}

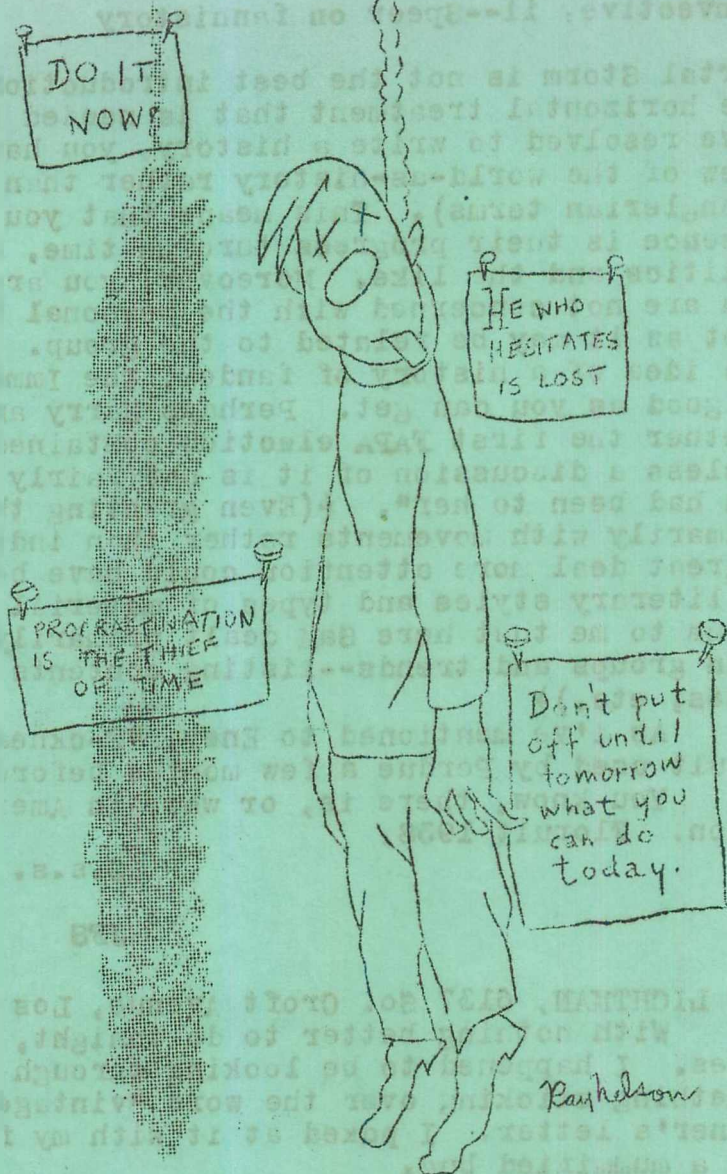
How does Rotsler decide when to draw roundheads and when to use longnoses?

I can't cite chapter and verse, but I disagree about the concept of fandom as a hobby being scarcely known in the thirties. I'd say it was the prevailing view.

The Raybin Story was very good. I hope before the script's written the research department will weed out a couple of errors: That oftmentioned Sep 37 Amazing wasn't Gernsback's magazine. And Kyle was not one of those who was excluded from the Nycon, though he was on their side. I also have some doubt about the appropriateness of the term "ultra vires" to what the Solacon did to the WSFS. If the WSFS had tried to do something to the Solacon, that might have been ultra vires.

Grennell is, as nearly always, extremely good. I think perhaps we especially enjoy hearing about his happy times in s-f because we sense a background of frustration in his mundane life. {(You ole Jack Speer you.)}

I don't agree with Harry that LA meant more to fandom in the late thirties than New York. Of course part of the difficulty is that mentioned in the wellknown Sneary remark: They had no one to chronicle them. ' ' Sam errs in saying the Washington Outsiders were "subsequently" to 1939 discovered. I contacted them as soon as I got to Washington in the fall of 1938, and Wollheim had described them in one of his columns a year or so earlier. ' ' I think the nub of Warner's criticism stems from the fact that something like The Im-



innvective, ii--Speer on fanhistory

mortal Storm is not the best introduction to fandom. It doesn't give the horizontal treatment that is needed to orient the neo. Once you have resolved to write a history, you have committed yourself to a view of the world-as-history rather than the world-as-nature (to use Spenglerian terms). This means that you are looking for events whose essence is their progress through time, and necessarily you emphasize politics and the like. Moreover, you are looking for group movements; you are not concerned with the personal history of individuals, except as it may be related to the group. Within the limitations of the idea of a history of fandom, The Immortal Storm seems to be about as good as you can get. Perhaps Harry and most readers don't care whether the first FAPA election contained any irregularities; nevertheless a discussion of it is not fairly comparable to "They told me you had been to her". (Even granting that a fanhistory must deal primarily with movements rather than individuals, it seems to me that a great deal more attention could have been paid in TIS to such things as literary styles and types of material in fanzines, for instance. Seems to me that here Sam dealt primarily with individuals rather than groups and trends--listing contents of various issues of fanzines, etc.)

As i've mentioned to Eney, "F-ckhead" was originally a genial insult used by Perdue a few months before Laney moved to LA.

You know, there is, or was, an American Amateur Press Association. Floruit 1938.

S.S.S.,

JFS

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

With nothing better to do tonight, I was sorting out my fanzines. I happened to be looking through INNUENDO #9 when I noticed something sticking over the word "vintage-year" in the last line of Warner's letter. I poked at it with my finger and it fell off. It was a mummified bug.

I am enclosing it in this envelope safely sealed within a cellophane envelope.

Is this significant?

Best,

Bob

←(Undoubtedly. Check your horoscope immediately.)→

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

I liked this issue much better than usual. I was particularly taken by Eney's "Detention Revisited," the "Aside from that, Harlan, why do you want a short beer" cartoon, and Leman's "Higgelty, Piggelty" and "This is the zine that Jack pubbed" verses. All of these will rate among the funniest fan material of 1960. (I liked the rest of the Leman verses and the sick cartoon devoted to Wetzel, but not as well as the first-mentioned items.) The remaining sick cartoons suffered from being somewhat old jokes, around here, anyway.

I agree wholeheartedly with Warner, at least in his major thesis. You may be right in that the emphasis on politicking was a natural outgrowth of early fandom, but there should definitely be less emphasis on fan politics in future fan histories, because fan politics have become progressively less important. And there is

innvective, iii--Coulson on the danger of Moskowitz

quite a danger that any future historian would follow Sam slavishly, not the least because "The Immortal Storm" was pretty well written. One item Harry neglected to mention, though: future histories should be published in type that's easier to read. I've taken the book up to re-read more than once, only to put it down because I didn't feel like plowing my way through that abominable type (and those atrocious types).

I can't understand why Franson thought that just because INN is too fannish for me, that it would be too fannish for him. He's a helluva lot fannisher than I am. (In a nice way, though.)

Cheerio.

Buck

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California

If I'm not mistaken (I'm too ~~xxx~~ tired to get up and check), Shaggy is using your page numbering system too. I prefer the old fashioned method, but then I'm just an old fashioned fan, and have no objection to the page numbering within each article method when used by others.

I can't decide who got the most laughs from me, Willis or Bloch. These are items which can be re-read in years to come when one feels the need of ribtickling entertainment. ((INN is edited with an eye to making it of lasting interest. I read a lot of old fanzines, and am impressed strongly with those that still seem outstanding when taken out of their own time-context. And besides...er...with a fanzine published on INN's schedule, one has to have an Eye To The Ages.))

I agree with Warner that it would be nice to have a comprehensive or definitive history of fandom, written completely without prejudice --but where are you going to find such a completely unprejudiced fan writer? And someone outside of fandom would not be capable of doing the job in a manner which would appeal to fans... ((As you know, since last issue Harry himself has taken up the fanhistory-writing torch. He'll do a superb job, I'm sure.))

Donaho writes the damndest articles. I do believe he could (should) write a book, sort of semi-autobiographical. I suspect the mundane, everyday joe would enjoy reading about the adventures and misadventures of a man who has--as the saying goes--"been around"...

Gratefully,

Len

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California

INNUENDO #10 is fat only because you use fat paper, like the old Amazing. There are fewer than 100 pages in this; yet it is a 16th of an inch thicker than the CRY tenth annish, which is over 100 pages.

I thought that Willis, though well-written and unusual, was rather unfannish. Let's forget the WSFS squabble, say I.

Warner talking about bringing fan history up to date suggests the best man for the job--Warner himself. ((Indeed.))

Yours,

Donald Franson

EOB SILVERBERG, 915 West End Ave., New York 25, New York

Thanks for INNUENDO #10. It's an awesomely good job; I didn't hardly think they made fanzines like that no more! But I'm saddened to see you labelling this an anniversary issue. Don't you know it's

innvective, iv--Silverberg explains fansmanship to me

much more impressive when you whomp out an issue that big and that good and don't give it any special designation? (Back to Fansmanship I for you, boy!) ((Do I have to turn in my Pogo buttons?))

Choicest item in the issue was easily "The Baylin Story" by Willis--a wildly funny item that is one of the half dozen best items I've ever seen in a fanzine. This ought to become a fanzine classic.

Ily best to Hiri, whom I love madly in a detached and Olympian way.

Bob

JOHN BERRY, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, North Ireland

This massive work INNUENDO number 10 reached me today. The postman gasped at the front door and asked for a drink of water. It wasn't only the weight of INNUENDO; he had the latest S/PS mailing with him too...

I must place on record my appreciation of all this wonderful fanac and FANAC which is coming from this fabulous Berkeley...even Donaho has got into the act (in a most gratifying way).

I mean, this INNUENDO, you can show it to anyone and say, "This is a fanzine". ((In the final analysis, yes.)) It is proud and thick, and I humbly hang my head and blush modestly when I add (as I will), "...and, funny thing, there's a couple stories about me in it, too."

I've always admired you for the fervour in which you go about your fanac (and FANAC), and surely this INNUENDO and the wonderful FANNISH II are not merely stepping stones on your way to ultimate top BNFdom, but foundations on which you could gaffiate tomorrow and still be remembered with awe. Please don't gaffiate tomorrow, though.

I cannot see how anyone can maintain this fantastic schedule of publishing...and I follow your career from this point on with even greater fascination, because, like I said, it's almost humanly impossible to do it. Even with the dedicated band of enthusiasts you have around you, flesh and blood cannot stand the strain. Of course, Donaho is in Berkeley too; he is all MAN, but the way he's pubbing his HABAKKUK like the blazes, he may possibly overtake you. This should eventually prove to be a classic contest, but don't bother about a referee...let the rest of us in fandom bask in the results of this frenzied crank thumping.

Kindest regards,

John

((The egoboo is lavish, sirrah, but even your silver Irish tongue can't talk me into trying to compete with Bill Donaho!))

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

INN #10 is so enjoyable that I've been up half the night reading it; as much as I like sleep INN seems preferable to it. And this can't be said for many prozines--in fact, to steal a line from Bloch, "prozines have been putting me to sleep for years".

And on the contents page it says this ish contains 94 pages, on the bacover it says 95, while I continue to count 97 pages. Apparently the influence of Carl Brandon still hovers over Berkeley, producing hoax pages which are very substantial.

The cartoon on page IV of White's piece is miscaptioned. First, Ed's name is Meskys, and second, the proper title should be Marvel

innvective, v--seems I mixed my Marvels

Science Stories which had the sex and not Marvel Tales, which was Crawford's semi-prozine. ((You're right, of course. Dammit, how can I keep insisting that Inn's slogan is "All the world's an allusion" if I'm going to goof up the allusions?))

Well, I see Robert Barbour Johnson's article in NEW FRONTIERS has had some effect on fandom. Sex Torture Tales makes it into INN. Will have to let Johnson know of this. ((Isn't that a real title? Nobody seems to have heard of it. I think my universe will seem a little less sparkling and bright if there never really was a mag named Sex Torture Tales.)

Warner is very good and makes some good points. For further info I'd have to check with Squires, Hunt, Peterson and some of the rest of Eo and First Fandom who are still around. But what they've mentioned to me previously suggests that Moskowitz did a very good job of covering what he did cover and omitted much of great interest to the majority of fandom. And this seems to be the only major criticism of the book.

Best,

Norm

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia

The only coherent thought I could salvage after breaking up and rolling on the floor--I was, naturally, reading Walt Willis' piece in INNUENDO--was a slightly irrelevant one:

Has anybody else noticed how much the pictures of Hugo Gernsback resemble Konrad Adenauer?

I leave you to make what you can of the coincidence.

You know, those Bjo'toons don't look noticeably like Dean Grennell--nor, indeed, like Jean Young or me. The John Berry is at least identifiable, but that's about all. Solves a great puzzle for me; I knew Ron Ellick didn't look much like Bjo's drawings of him, and now I find that's all right--almost nobody does. (Well, make that "cartoons," not "drawings"; when she actually goes at it with intent to produce likeness, as on a recent QABAL cover, the people are recognizable.)

Best & all,

WA

((Bjo's work, whether seriously intended to look like the subject or not, varies in effectiveness. She can caricature such people as Rotsler, Trimble, Honey Wood etc. to perfection, but with other people she's helpless--she can't draw me at all recognizably, for instance. And some of her drawings of Ronel in Shaggy have looked exactly like him, while her squirrel cartoons of him have occasioned quite a bit of good-natured controversy in Berkeley: some people insist they look more like Ron than he does himself, while others agree with Mimi that they just look like "teddy-bears with ostrich feathers in their asses". I prefer to think that this just means some people like squirrel cartoons more than others do, rather than that Ron really looks like a teddy-bear with...oh well.))

BOB BLOCH, who is hidden somewhere in the wilds of Los Angeles

Please excuse any spelling errors in this letter and also any grammar but now that I am here in Hollywood writing for the Television it has changed my style. I know what I will do, I will take a fast fix that's what I'll do, and may be I can write in gooder English like I

innvective, vi--Grampa Bloch's age begins to show

use to insted of like a Telvision writer or Rick Sneary.

INNUENDO is magnificent, utterly magnificent. There is scarcely anything in the issue which doesn't deserve extended comment and praise, but I'll just mention a few items which particularly impressed me:

Like Willis' very funny bit, and Dean's warm account of his meeting with Berry, and Donaho's fine bit of Americana, and Leman's charming versification. And Harry Warner's very shrewd and constructive analysis of IMMORTAL STORM with which I find myself in agreement; incidentally, there is probably no one as well-equipped to write a continuation of fan-history as Harry himself--with assists, from the mid-

fifties on, from one Terry Carr. {(I'm pleased that you consider me a good choice for a fan-historian, Bob, and of course I'll help Warner all I can if he needs any help, but two characteristics of mine would hold me back from ever doing a thorough job of fanhistory compiling myself: 1) I'm a perfectionist; 2) I'm lazy. But Harry is of course the perfect fan to do it.)}

And I must say that for some reason or other, Trina's heading for "On The Road" impresses me as utterly delightful --even though, of course, its perceptivity is all too self-revelatory. Trina's social specialty, in a large gathering, is the naivete bit; however, I've long been under the impression that this gal is actually just about as naive as the late Petronius Arbiter. Tell her if she wants to maintain the facade of wide-eyed engenuousness she'd better stop using her drawing-pen as a scalpel. The sort of thing she did on my little Feep piece is okay for the masquerade, but the inherent satire in this "On The Road" heading all too obviously emanates from a gal with a high degree of awareness.

Over and above all, Terry, I want to thank you for an exceptionally fine issue. You should be proud of the results: it's one of the best things you've made since Miriam. {(Sir!)}
As always,

Bob



STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, New York

Of all the Not-Poetry, "Ode to a Snooty Stationery Seller" seemed most personal to me; I've had experiences with those types. Once I had decided I had to get a ditto shading plate, so I picked up the yellow pages, found the addresses of eight ditto suppliers--and not one of them had them. Approximately five hadn't even heard of them.

Another time was last Saturday. I had to get five ditto master units for illos for Andy Main. The conversation between the clerk and I went like this:

innvective, vii--Stiles vs. the fuzzleheads

Me: "I'd like five ditto master units, please."

He: "Why not twelve?"

(much later:)

He: "Hey Hoe, get five hekto carbons, with yong"

About this time I almost strangled with indignation.

Best,

Steve Stiles

SAM MOSKOWITZ, 340 7th Ave. West, Newark 7, New Jersey

I must thank you for sending me INNUENDO #10, which is a job to be proud of. You have sustained for 95 pages the type of fun interest that Joe Kennedy used to muster in his VAMPIRE. Light reading, entertaining, yet spotlighted on true fandom without digressions to out-of-the-field interests which fans are sometimes prone to dwell on at such length and at such ignorance. I just hope it won't take you six months to get out the next issue. {(...sigh...)}
Best,

I would like to say that your own opinions regarding The Immortal Storm possess a high degree of validity. A group of predominantly idealistic youngsters growing up amidst the blackest depression in our nation's history, escaping into the world of science fiction to emerge with the knowledge that these fantasies could become real. Bound together by the common interest in the literature and tortured by the riddle of whether there was more to it than a pleasant hobby. It invites the investigation of at least a psychologist.

Best regards

Sam Moskowitz

{(Sam's approving comments above are not by any means the entirety of the correspondence between us since the last Inn; most of the rest of his letters to me, dealing with a dispute we had over an article he sent for Inn in rebuttal of Warner's column lastish, were not couched in such approving terms. Sam's article in reply to Warner appeared eventually in an issue of S F TIMES.)}

MAL ASHWORTH, 14, Westgate, Ecclesnill, Bradford 2, Yorks., England

Well...you know what you've done, of course, don't you? You've croggled me.

Actually, to be strictly accurate it wasn't you personally that croggled me, but your crogglesome emanation, INNUENDO. Of course, I could take the easy way out and tell you that it is marvellous, magnificent, excellent, and fantastically good--so I will. It is marvellous, magnificent, excellent, and fantastically good. Then comes the long drawn out process of telling you that virtually every item in the magazine was terrific. I just can't see any way round this because virtually every item in the magazine was terrific. The three things which spring first to mind when I think of this issue of INNUENDO are Ray Nelson's cartoons (Ray Nelson is one of the few true geniuses in our midst, I am convinced), the Wrai Ballard reprint about the anthill and the gophers which was a perfect little cameo and one I would dearly love to have written myself, and Bill Donaho heaving that hood out of his seat at that homo party. This only goes to show, I guess, that one just can't absorb the whole of such a gift package with equal impact since the Willistuff was wonderful and Bloch was you-know-what, and Harry Warner was...I am running out of words to describe Harry Warner's writing. It is eternally interesting, always balanced and fair, sedate and reliable. I enjoy his material immensely.

innvective, viii--Ashworth's egoboo is overwhelming

And then what does that leave me to say about the Eney photo-section, and the excellent Rappoetry, the letter section (with those delightful Trina illos), the Leman Nursery Rhymes, and all the rest? Next to nothing, I'm afraid. I'm afraid you'll just have to be content to know that it is one of the very best issues of any fanzine I have ever seen, and I hope to see many more like it. So there. ((Uncle!))

As ever,

BOB LEMAN, 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming

As I think I've told you before, "On The Road" seems to me to be a wretchedly bad novel (if that's what it is); Kerouac writes in a clumsy, hasty, semi-literate style that causes this reader, at least, acute discomfort and boredom. Carl Brandon is wasting his talents on reworking a production that wasn't worth the reading in the first place. "The Wizard of Oz" has a firm place in the affections of a lot of people, and "My Fair Lady" was a fine musical comedy with one of the best plots in the world, and "The Catcher in the Rye" is a well-carpentered work by a good minor writer; these works were probably worth your toil in reworking. At any rate, I enjoyed the hell out of reading your reworkings. But "On the Road" isn't worth the effort. In your version you've done a beautiful job--if you've erred it's in the direction of knowing the meanings of words better than Kerouac does--but on the whole this affects me much as would a Sturgeon story reworking a Shaver atrocity: why the hell, I say to myself, is all this talent wasted on this miserable object? ((I'm brandonizing "On The Road" because I thought Kerouac's book had many very good things about it, and that these good things could be applied to a story about fans which would have the effects I wanted. I still think so; however, with the returns now in on the first three installments, I now realize that the majority doesn't agree with me. This doesn't change my opinion of Kerouac's book nor detract much from my satisfaction with the brandonization--it just makes me a bit sad that so many people can't see what I see in the pieces.))

But I see that as usual I've let myself run on about the things that displease me, and haven't said how really good I think INSUMEDO number ten is. So I'll say how good I think it is: I think this is the best single issue of a fannish fanzine that's been produced in my time in fandom.

Best,

Bob

PHIM LINWOOD, 10 Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Nottingham, England

I have here a letter from Bob Lichtman, who denies being influenced by IM. Norman G. Wansborough denies it also, so there!

"The Raybin Story" curled me over. I think a few of the actors were miscast, tho. Suggestions: Campbell, Peter Lorre; Dave Kyle, Van Johnson; Ron Bennett, an emaciated Groucho Marx...and for good measure throw in parts for Gary Cooper (as Don Ford) and Fabian (as Harlan Ellison).

Ted White reveals that Paul Quinichette played at the Munnery party for Berry--Ghod, why wasn't this headlined in FANAC or SKYRACK, like, "Famous Jazzman Plays Free Gig For Goon"?

Oddly enough, most of the points Harry Warner raised against

innvective, ix--Linwood disagrees with Warner

"The Immortal Storm" were to me in its favour.

Bill Donaho's piece gassed me. His style resembles that of another Bill--Bill Burroughs.

Cheers,

Jim Linwood

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

Well, the threatened parcel of INNUENDOES finally arrove {(I had been planning to send all copies of Inn for British distribution to Archie, for him to mail with postage money from overseas FANAC subs)}, but when I got it open I found to my surprise that it was only one copy. I suppose they couldn't find a big enough ship for you to carry out your original scheme? {(No...I found that mailing a big package of Inns to you would cost almost as much as mailing each Inn separately, so I did the latter.)}

Anyway, I borrowed a perambulator and carted the thing into town and stood around outside a jeweller's. Then the police arrested me for loitering with Inn 10. However, the magistrates accepted my plea that I only wanted to look innuendo. {(LASFS would have fined you 10%.)}

Well, dammit, if each of the other nine had been the same size, and you'd kept them all, you might have reached the moon by now, and kept sober in the process.

Neither Willis nor Bloch is above having his off-moments, of course, and it could be said that if anybody has earned the right to have his off-moments it's those two. However, having their respective off-moments right next together like that comes as a bit of a shock. And in INNUENDO at that--is this possibly a record? {(You just don't live right.)}

The issue picks up with the reports on Berry. I preferred Dean's writeup to Ted White's, but it was all worthy. Then Bruce's verse--I observe that he places the accent of "Grennell" on the second syllable. Myself, I've always thought of it as rhyming with "ken-nel". {(No.)} This Pelz verse was good too, by the way.

The "I don't care how much research you did" cartoon is sort of sneaky. First of all I just glanced at it and passed on. Later I scanned it again, and passed on as before. It wasn't until I noticed that it specified Baltimore waterpipes that I began to pay attention --now it makes me howl. Like now. (Howlhowlhowl.) It's just about perfect. I've been trying, since, to visualise just how an article on Jewish Negroes in Baltimore waterpipes might possibly read. It defeats me. Except that unless Baltimore has unusually large waterpipes, presumably it couldn't be ordinary common-or-garden Jewish Negroes such as one sees on every street corner (in Baltimore)--it would have to be midget Jewish Negroes.

Merc as ever

Archie

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N. Y.

I suspect the editorial this time was rushed, or that at least you didn't take the pains you have with recent past editorials. It doesn't seem worthy of you to be bragging quite so much, especially when some of these features you claim were inspired by Inn aren't original to Inn. Like, the page-numbering bit has been for a long time a feature of OOPSLA, and using cartoons that illustrate the text was a common practice with HYPHEN and other zines before Inn. Even

innvective, x--Ted White takes me seriously

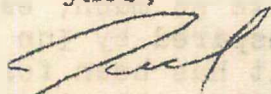
the filler-reprint idea isn't that new. If you want, brag about how you combined these previously disparate elements into one fine zine, but, please, Inn is not a direct cause for all which is fine in other fanzines... (That editorial bit wasn't quite as serious as you assume, Ted. I wonder why some people apparently assume that I'm not satirizing myself when I write things like that?--gnod knows I'm willing to satirize everybody else, so why doesn't it occur to people that I might enjoy satirizing myself too? At any rate, you're quite right that many of Inn's features and stylistic quirks are borrowed from other fanzines. The page-numbering-within-articles is taken straight from QUANDRY, for instance, and the signatures in the lettercolumn from CONFUSION. I don't really think Inn is the direct cause for all which is fine in other fanzines, Ted...the only fine stuff in other zines for which Inn is a direct cause are the fine reviews of Inn which occasionally appear. Egoboo is always highclass material.))

"The Raybin Story" didn't seem very pointed, or maybe I missed the point. I was chortling over how Atom reproduced an actual cover scene on the second page until I realized that he'd reproduced it from, I think, a Wonder instead of Amazing. (Yes, I checked my handy Jim Dandy Hugo Gernsback Booklet, and I see it was from the November 1929 Science Wonder Stories. How's that for a keen mind and ready research?) (Excellent--it pleases me no end, really, when readers are interested enough in little details like that to check on them. Incidentally, Atom had drawn a bem-bum-babe cover there; it was me who changed it to an authentic Paul. Too bad the most authentic-looking Paul cover I had in my collection at the time was from Science Wonder, though.))

Speaking about introducing fanspeak to The Masses, I am trying to use "faunch," "fugghead," and "gafia" in my jazz writing, wherever appropriate. Between Bbob and I, we'll have the jazz hip using them, anyway. I tried coining a phrase a year or two back: "He's (I've) been there," for "he's hip on the subject". I used this a good deal in speech without much result, and after a while let it wear off, but recently I've discovered Tom Condit (who travels in fairly hip circles) uses this phrase. Now: did I really start something, or did the phrase spontaneously develop, or was I maybe subconsciously influenced by hearing it somewhere else? ...Like the development of Ellison's "Kook-a-boo" (or however he spelled it) into "Kook" and "Kookie".

Knowing you, you'll trim this letter into a few choice phrases by judicious editing, which will only barely fill three or so lines, when (and if) you print it. So I'll stop here. Surely somewhere in this morass of stuff there are three quotable lines...?

yhos,



(I didn't cut it too bad, now did I? It was two pages, elite-typed, when you sent it.))




innvective, xi--Bennett is kind

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

Many thanks for INNUENDO 10 which arrived here about three weeks ago. It's a lousy magazine and not worth the paper it's printed on and that makes me fandom's biggest liar for years.

The general material was, of course, first rate, as I expect you'll have been told by now, and there was much about the issue that I enjoyed probably more than the usual 100% enjoyment I get from reading fanzines. Like, whereas items such as those from Willis and Bloch were enjoyed, little throw-out bits like the contents page Nelson cartoon were appreciated even more. Why the heck you don't leave the newszine business to those who know something about how to run ~~it~~ a newszine and turn your fannish talents to producing more INNUENDOS, I just don't know.

Very best,



HARRY WARNER Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

You mean that's all one fanzine? I admit the evidence of my eyes, but it's pretty hard to believe that one could be so consistently good. Even the anniversary CRY had some shorter items that were a trifle on the weak side, but there's nothing in this INNUENDO that I'd rate as poor, just a few items that dealt with matters that are outside my field of interest and so didn't interest me too much.

You are correct about the effect that Inn is having on other fanzines. At the same time, it would be fascinating to trace back the origin of other items in Inn which you either derived from some source or independently discovered after someone else had already introduced them. The use of signatures in the letter column was probably invented by Dickie for Madge, but I wonder who was the first fanzine publisher to illustrate consistently fan-slanted stuff with fannish cartoons? Lee Hoffman, possibly, but this started during the years when I wasn't receiving many general fanzines and it might have been someone else. (It's a difficult question to answer, I think, mainly because it seems to be a practice which developed gradually. I suppose Joe Kennedy was the first to do it with very much consistence, in VAMPIRE and his various apazines. Ray Nelson and I were discussing, a while back, the history of fannish cartooning; we couldn't quite settle on a definite starting point for it; it just sort of developed gradually, with either Rotsler or Kennedy probably being the first and Nelson himself the first to make a name for himself through the medium.)†

I think that "The Fan's Mother Goose" is the very best of the fine humor that Leman has been creating. Fandom should have a new indoor sport, for the next few weeks, trying to figure out which is the last line that Bob omitted and you and Pelz had to compose. My own guess would be Curly-locks, but I couldn't give any logical grounds for that theory. (I'm afraid you're wrong, anyhow.)†-

Greg Benford's idea for a really extensive coverage of the best old fanzines is tempting, but it has practical drawbacks: it sounds as if it would take a dozen pages for each issue under consideration. It might be just as evocative of the past and only slightly more work if some enterprising fan began to issue a series of facsimile reprints of typical issues of vintage fanzines. Most of them were fairly small in number of pages and simple in artwork. It wouldn't be too hard to find typewriters that have typefaces resembling those used for the originals--yours looks remarkably like the one on which Burb produced

innvective, xii--how can anyone cut a Warner letter?

most of his best publications--and ditto work can counterfeit hectographing pretty well. Of course, that would make it necessary to shy away from the few outstanding printed fanzines of the past, but it would be very easy to counterfeit LE ZOMBIES and QUANDRYS. ((Your words were prophetic: ~~between the time you wrote this and the time~~ I printed it Bob Lichtman went and produced a facsimile copy of the first issue of SPACEWARP, using ditto to counterfeit hekto. Now if only he or someone else will take up your idea and start cranking out issues of old fanzines. Think of the fascination there'd be in someone's getting ahold of a complete set of newszines from the early '40's, say, and producing facsimile copies of each issue in order, one every week or two. Does anyone want to do this as a rider with FANAC?))

I almost forgot to comment on your comments on my comments on "The Immortal Storm". However, basically my position is simply that which I expressed in "All Our Yesterdays": that the fandom of the late '30's has been grossly misrepresented by the political nature which SAM emphasized and by the fact that the major historians of that time--Moskowitz and Speer--happened to be in the small minority that did view fandom as a sort of battle for supremacy. It was a phenomenon of the times, just as Claude Degler's superfan movement was a phenomenon of fandom of the 1940's and as G. M. Carr's commotions have been a phenomenon of the 1950's. They existed, they occupied a lot of space in some fanzines, but they didn't represent the thinking or principal occupation of the great majority of fandom. If a Philadelphian or a Los Angeleno had assumed the chronicling tasks that Speer and Moskowitz took over, I think we'd think of early fandom in quite different ways today. Most of the best fanzines of the day--IMAGINATION!, SCIENTI-SNAPS, FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, and so on--ignored the dozen of squabblers in the New York area pretty consistently; THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN was the only influential publication that gave much space to their nonsense, which was carried on mostly by one-shots and special publications, remarkably like the broadsides that Claude later issued to present his feuds to the world.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

It took me a full day (with interruptions) to eyetrack through the entire INNISH III. Whew! It's a shame that there won't be any more Monster Issues (to crib from the prozines) of Inn. Part of its charm was, I think, the fact that one wasn't always afraid of missing the deadline. ((No one but me, anyway.))

What a contents page line-up: Wheew! TCarr, Willis, Bloch, Grennell, Eney, White, Warner, Leman, Rapp, Pelz, Atom, Bjo, Rotsler, Nelson... About the only top names in fan writing that are missing are Tucker, Berry and Weber. It seems strange to be seeing a faanish fanzine without a Berry story. ((Berry sent a story for Inn a couple years ago, but I rejected it; Tucker sent one for this issue, but we printed it in our FAPAazine instead. Weber's never sent anything--a pity, that.))

Willis proves again that he is a master writer and a compelling comedian. A really fine product of a ~~happy~~ fine fan. Like--cheers! My favorite paragraph was the one describing the various newsreel shots to be used for Con flashes. I imagine that the '36 Flint G.M. sit-down, the '37 Cleveland Fisher Body and the Battle of the Ford Overpass would be among those used. Gee! Imagine!--Sam Moskowitz

innvective, xiii--Schultz is getting hysterical

a Company Goon! Wonder if they'd use Reuther (at the Ford Overpass) to stand in for Wollheim, and title it the X Document Squabble?

Fred Prophet would probably never have seen that photo in "The Detention Revisited" if I hadn't shown it to him. Like--he bellowed out loud, with laughter. So did the rest of the Detroit MiSFits at their regular Tuesday night bowling meet.

It's Meskys, not Meskis, by the way. He changed one cartoon that I sent him because I used God-damned in it. Had to change it to Ghod-damned. Big deal.

And now we come to a very interesting article--a critique of "The Immortal Storm" by one who was around then. Warner does a penetrating analysis of this necessary piece of any trufan's collection. One of these days I must get a copy. Have heard previously that "The Immortal Storm"'s major faults were its absorption with politics, the New York area, and fanzine fandom to the near exclusion of all else. But the reasons why, and its other faults, had never previously been outlined, to my knowledge.

After viewing "The Fan's Mother Goose" I'd guess that thee and Pelz are responsible for "Shot rats in the dumps, a most gruesome affair." { (Right! How'd you figure it out?) }

Ol' Michifan Wolverine Insurgent type Ray Nelson isn't at his stand at Cadillac any more, but there'll always be a soft spot in the MiSFits heart for Ray. (There should be--he cut it out himself, back in '50 when he and Rapp blasted Young and crew.) No, really, I do like Ray's cartoons. And "On The Beat" is no exception. He's a supreme humanist in his work, as opposed to a graphicist, or literal representativist. For some reason, he reminds me of Schulz' "Peanuts," though they are not alike. Gee! Imagine Ray's "Beanie-fan" being compared to Charlie Brown!

Yours, the amiable annamese,

Dick Schultz

{ (Perhaps a few more words are in order on the matter of the Tucker and Berry items that were submitted to Inn but didn't appear here. When Tucker sent his piece he didn't include a note or anything, and both Miri and I were in a quandary as to where we should publish it--we had each separately asked him for material. So rather than fight betwixt ourselves, we compromised by putting it into our jointly-produced FAPazine, KLEIN BOTTLE. This also got it into print sooner. And besides, as we pointed out in KB, that way we could both say we'd rejected a Tucker article, and still have the pleasure of publishing it! }

{ (The piece Berry sent was about three years ago; after I'd sent it back he rewrote it and it later appeared in an issue of Benford's VOID--the rewrite was so good that I wished he'd sent it back to me, but it was too late then. John hasn't submitted anything to Inn since then, though we were corresponding seriously several months ago about doing some stories in collaboration; some would have appeared in Inn and some in Ret, no doubt. But so far nothing has come of it beyond a few plot-outlines.) }

KEN POTTER, Roydon Hill Caravan Centre, Roydon, Essex, England

You louse. You know what you have done, don't you, by your unyielding and heartless insistence that I should write to you about your fanzine. Well, I will tell you, and I wish I could see your face go white with horror when I do. You have ruined a fine old fannish tradition.

innvective, xiv--a fine old tradition dies, or sobers up, or something

I set up this tradition single handed, and you knocked it down. Power has gone to your head, because you are a Publishing Giant.

The tradition was this: I was only to write to you when drunk. I am now, as you have no doubt guessed from the deadly and telling phrases which I am so effectively employing, and from the unwonted lack of typos, stone cold sober. {(But you misspelled Publishing Giant just a few lines back.)} Now that I live in London {(well, he was living there when he wrote this letter)}, I am drunk less often. The cause of that is the fact that I am forced to keep company with the straight-laced tea-drinking upright types who compose Metropolitan fandom. Consequently, when I do get drunk, I get stinking, and quite incapable of writing to you or anybody else. I was going to buy a dinky little half or quarter bottle of whiskey, and get out the typer, and lock myself in solitary confinement. Then, repeating over and over again "I am going to write to Terry Carr" I was going to gulp down the whiskey at one fell swoop, and then knock out another unintelligible and goofy type letter, of the sort that you and your readers seem to have liked so much. I was only waiting till I could afford the whiskey. I was saving up for it, it wouldn't have taken me more than about five years, and you would have got the drunken letter of comment of your life, on Inn No. 35. {(What in the world makes you think this zine would have reached No. 35 in only five more years?)} But that isn't good enough for you, you power drunk wretch. You must needs have a letter immediately. Well, damn you, here you are. Only I am sober, and I am afraid you will be disappointed. You can't expect everything. You have murdered a tradition, as explained above, and you don't deserve anything.

Well, INNUEENDO 10 was quite an interesting little effort. Actually, of course, I enjoyed it immensely, but I am being patronizing in the hope of offending you, and making you hate my guts. I always think fandom is not quite the same unless somebody hates your guts, and since you have wrecked my beloved tradition, I have a valid excuse to pick a fight with you.

What is the use of my commenting on your fanzine now. Since I have sworn undying enmity, you will not take my comments seriously. When I say that I found it somewhat disappointing, you will think I am just being nasty. Well, I am, but nevertheless, I did. It wasn't bad, you understand, but it did not merit the colossal fanfare of trumpets with which you introduced it. Even Walt I found less brilliant than usual. Of course, you still have a very fine letter column, topped this time by Mal Ashworth, and those genuine Detention photographs by Dick Eney were Very Good Indeed. I particularly liked Bob Leman's rhymes. But still, I have a damn good mind to write you something myself, and elevate the tone of your magazine.

Yes, I think I will do that. Since you have obviously decided on the spur of the moment to hold up publication of Inn 11 till I get round to it, I suggest you occupy your time improving your tower. Nobody can be stupid enough to believe it possible to make a tower of ordinary beer cans to the moon. In spite of all your endeavours, it would fall down. Betchya.

The only reasonable course open to you, therefore, is the following. You should run a campaign to get magnetic beer cans. You can rig a few phoney experiments to convince the manufacturers that magnetised cans make more volatile beer. Stick at it, lad, you can do it.

Exhausted

{(So okay, I held up this issue for you. Where's your article?)}

innvective, xv--Benford writes to say Dammit

GREG BENFORD, 204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma

Dammit, I find that the quotations lifted from past magazines are more amusing and arouse more comment than the actual articles. Which is a pity, for the articles are, upon first reading, more entertaining.

Warner's Yesterdays seems to confirm my point made in this issue as (sorry) {(s'okay)} lettercolumn--perhaps fandom in the '30's wasn't as politically-oriented as I thought, but "The Immortal Storm" certainly makes it seem that way. My point was that fans nowadays tend to think of the '30's as dull and rather uninteresting because of the slant of Moskowitz' writing in the Storm. That bit about a modern history done in the Storm manner is pretty terrifying, all right. I can imagine breathless accounts of the fight for TAFF votes, and the world-shaking Solacon session. Goshwow, gang!

Overall, Inn is the best fmz to appear this year. Next year it'll get my vote for number one fanzine.

All best,



JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York

Taking a glance at the frightful pile of fmz left to comment on, I observe with a note of despair that Inn is at the top of it. Oh, heavens. For Inn is a marvellous fanzine, and that means difficult to comment on. With a poor fanmag, there are things to destroy, attack, blast, and generally have a hell of a time with. With an excellent fanbit, nothing can be said but endless praise which makes one sound like a Hamling-creature. (I was once, actually--I had a couple of letters in Imaginative Tales.)

"Inn a Hiss," with a little variation, would sound like a conceited slob tooting his own horn. However, you have kept it within the ranks of ghod taste without going over the edge.


"The Raybin Story" was Willis all the way thru, really thoroughbred. Fabulous. And I would consider it one of the best movies ever made. Willis should write more, not pay attention to stenciling letters from fuzzleheads for lettercols.

I haven't a copy of "The Immortal Storm," but I can see HW's arguments from what I've heard of it. What Harry says should be done for the next I.S., would be wonderful--and he is doing it. Will turn out to be one of the most monumental fanjobs in fanhistory.

Leman is Leman--a high form of flattery, indeed. The one I'd say you had to supply the line to was the one on Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been? {(You guessed it right too. How'd you figure it out?)}

MiGhod! Do you mean that Bbob Stewart and Boob Stewart are different people? {(Yes, of course.)} POP! There goes another sweetly-cherished childhood illusion...

Best,



ANDY MAIN bem, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, California

Re your comments on Warner's article: it's interesting how fandoms seem to follow definite patterns. British fandom seems to be in a period corresponding to the late forties or early fifties in US fandom, depending on what segment of Brifandom you look at. German fandom is in the position that US fandom was in in the thirties and

innegative, xvi--Gerrfandom seems like a fannish-alternate universe

early forties; Gerrfandom is a flawed, very sf-centered fandom. I have been corresponding with a German neo by name of Rüdiger Goss-jacob, and he wanted to know just who this "Binbee" mentioned in my trip report in BHISHILLAH was. I told him to the best of my ability, also explaining about modern fandom here in the US, the general fujah attitude, etc. It was interesting to read what he said in reply. I quote: "You also said that you are sure that all Eurofandom (not only the British) will develop itself to a more fannish than a sf-interested fandom. I must say I don't fear that. Look at the Australian fandom/ It is more than 20 years old now and is still interested in sf and not in general flummery. And you can't convince me that a development from sf to a prate about this and that is a positive one. You see, fans in Germany are a bit proud that they are not like the mass, that they are somehow outstanding. And they really are a bit outstanding because they understand more than the common people on the street; their horizon is a bit more far than that of the others, if you understand what I mean, and this only depends on sf. Why then should they sink on a lower degree and read or write articles or fanfiction or what you call it like Dot Hartwell or Jeff Vanshel present them in BHISHILLAH?"

German fandom seems ripe for a pegler,

((It's questionable whether or not Gerrfandom will develop into a fannish fandom, Andy. I think it's pretty well accepted by now (and pretty true, too) that these feelings of superiority on the part of fans during the thirties and forties were actually a defense mechanism, a reaction against the sneers and misunderstanding they received from nonfans. S-f in this country, while certainly not generally considered Completely All Right, is no longer looked down upon quite so much--and it is this that has contributed most largely to the development of fannishness and non-sercon attitudes in fandom, I think. Certainly it seems more than coincidence that fannishness started booming as soon as the atomic bomb so devastatingly underscored the sensibility of some of s-f's prophecies and jolted nonfans' opinions of those crazy super-weapon stories. But of course, in Germany the s-f movement is still small as far as prozipes go; the German public hasn't had time to become aware of just what s-f is, probably. Until Germany has an s-f market large enough to support enough magazines to be prominent enough on the newsstands to attract a fair amount of attention from German nonfans--until German nonfans begin to think a little about s-f, in other words--German fandom itself will probably remain comparatively sercon. At least that's my appraisal of the situation.))

"Barry in New York" was entertaining at least, except for the suggestive passages on jazz, which I did not read.

The DAG bits funny, entertaining, and good. What else can a poor lil over-awed neo say? One difference: I detect a typo, sir! Ecchhh. Oh well, I guess even Berkeley fan can't be perfect. Sigh. (I hope to-be a Berkeley fan in another year.)

Now for "innegative": I agree with Ryan about the proz fnz review coils. I came into fandom thru the coils in Madge, SPA, and the Columbia mags. Such columns are Good Things. First fnz I got was the Sept. '58 YANDRO.

Metcalfe probe deeper deeper deeper, and you will realize that all existence is a figment of the fabulous imagination of our fabulous faanish dhog Jeremiah Immanuel Pussyfoot Kant Main.

Famous Last Words: "Inn will be pubbed more regularly in the future."

Hail Friends, et vallete,

Andy Main beam

innvective, xvii--heresy from Rotsler

WILLIAM ROTSLER, 1131 1/2 No. Genessee, Hollywood 46, California

I lost interest in "The Raybin Story" because I just can't get interested in that whole Kyle-Raybin mess. Fooey on it. I felt the same way about Harry's article on "The Immortal Storm". I suppose it is Significant and Real Fannish History but from all reports (from people whose opinions I trust) it, "The Immortal Storm," is a lot of stale cake. I can't be bothered. Sorry, Harry.

"Berry in New York" was standard fan fare. The same sort of happening, handled by Grennell in "Detention Backwash," shows what a more interesting writer can do. The idea of years/months/whatever in an Irish jail over the possession of a single empty cartridge case makes me glad to be where I am. And without trial yet. Aaaaargh.

Donaho's "The Gay Village" was interesting. Quite realistic, too, by the way. I've known too many gay young fellows not to recognize the earmarks of true reporting. Of course, I did wonder why he kept going back...

Ray Nelson's "On The Beat" was best cartoon fare. I add Nelson to the Bjo&Atom list of people who should produce a big fat book of just their own stuff.

The Big Fat Letter Section was good reading. I read it at Schwab's this morning, sitting next to a gangster, and later, on a hard wooden bench in a laundromat with a drunken lady wino at my feet as I stretched out. ((You ole Rotsler you.))

Am looking forward to future Inns. Youse is a Good Man, Terry Carr, and I don't need Miriam's confirmation sent in a plain sealed envelope. You need more Burbee, tho. But then, everyone needs more Burbee.

Bill Rotsler

BOB LIGHTMAN again, still
6137 So. Croft Ave., Los
Angeles 56, California

It took me two weeks but I finally read through that damned INNISH III. I tell you true, when you get a zine so fine as this it's too hard to read it all at once. So I read one item at a time and it took two weeks.

Now I'm going to file it away in its own little hole, with the other telephone books fans are fond of perpetrating from time to time.

You didn't expect me to comment on everything, did you? I never could stand to hand out that much egoboo at one time.

That's all I have to say. Now that I'm filing this away, my stack of fmz left to comment on is



innvective, xviii--Bob Lichtman, last-line-wise

cut in half--pagecount-wise, that is.

See you in the yellow pages,

Bl

SANDY SANDERSON, c/o Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx 53, New York

Got INNUEENDO the other day--haven't had time to really study it properly yet but I'm afraid that my first impression is one of disappointment. Sorry, but there you are. Main point, I think, is that one was led to expect too much--too big a build-up before it actually appeared. The pre-publicity you had turned out to be too much to live up to. Come to think of it, the post-publicity too--I saw several "reviews" before the zine turned up, and again they led me to expect too much. Odd, really, because there's good material in it--the Eney photo-captions in particular. Very similar to the sort of thing that made him one of the best originators of quote-cards when they were all the rage.

On the other hand, there's just too much "beat/sick-sick-sick" stuff in the thing. This affects me just as if it were padding in an article. I don't like the amount of beat-influence in fandom. Not that I mean you are beat, of course, nor Donaho--but it gets too damn much space.

S.

MIKE GATES, The Envoy Apartments, 2144 California St. N.W., Apt. 410, Washington, D. C.

After many months of travel in God knows what lands the weighty (and by this time yellowed with age) volume of INNUEENDO 10 found me in Washington where I thought that I would be safe from fannish intrusion. Alas, there is no sanctuary from the determined, pressing waves of fannish spirit that seeks its own. After over three years of complete silence I was moved to answer your heavily documented thoughts.

Reading through Inn really made me feel the ol' pang of regret that I had not stuck around fandom. After the Loncon of 1957 I really went Gafia. I haven't written a fannish letter, answered a zine, or contributed in any way to fandom for over three years. I am forever receiving letters and zines from people who never seem to learn that when a fan does not answer for three years he is dead, Gafia, or drunk. The final blow that stirred my weary bones to move the typewriter keys was when Inn 10 arrived. I really should thank you--though I may eventually be cursing you for moving me out of my peaceful state of lethargy.

I really liked Inn. I have always liked Inn and I will probably always like Inn. I can't really say what it is about it that I like, but I can say that the variety of fresh, inntertaining (ech) humor really sends me. (Here I sound like Joe Neofan; must be my inexorable youth again.)

The editorial by you was somewhat typical of what I had expected. I have read many of your editorials and must say that they are somewhat uniform and breezy. I was astounded at the number of names that I did not recognize from the old days. Of course many of the old timers are still around, but when I last was in fandom, Carl Brandon was a real Neo. I read some of the first stuff that he wrote and really liked it then, but his "On The Road" is really good.

The part of the zine that I liked the most is, of course, the letter column. I guess that I am not the only one who reads zines for the pleasure of the letters. I had hoped to see the Benford name ap-

pear somewhere in the pages of the column, but I guess that they are probably in college and fairly well Gafia.



This is, of all things, a letter about INNUENDO #10. (A fanzine you once published.) Through the slow march of gafia time, the issue has moved forward in the "answer at Once" stack.. It has looked at me like a starving, motherless child, all these months. And now, at last, the Stars are in the right ascendancy; the Fates smile; and my personal volt meter registers enough energy to start the task...

There are, unfortunately, fans who seem to lead as pointless lives as your Dallas fans in "On The Road". I've met a regrettably large number (two would be too many) fans of seeming talent, who never amounted to anything.. Bright young men in 1945, who looked to have as much on the ball as Speer or Tucker, who are today still wandering around, rather lost.. With all the clods in the world, it always seems awast to have one mind of more than average power not used to the fullest, because of lack of direction.

Yours,

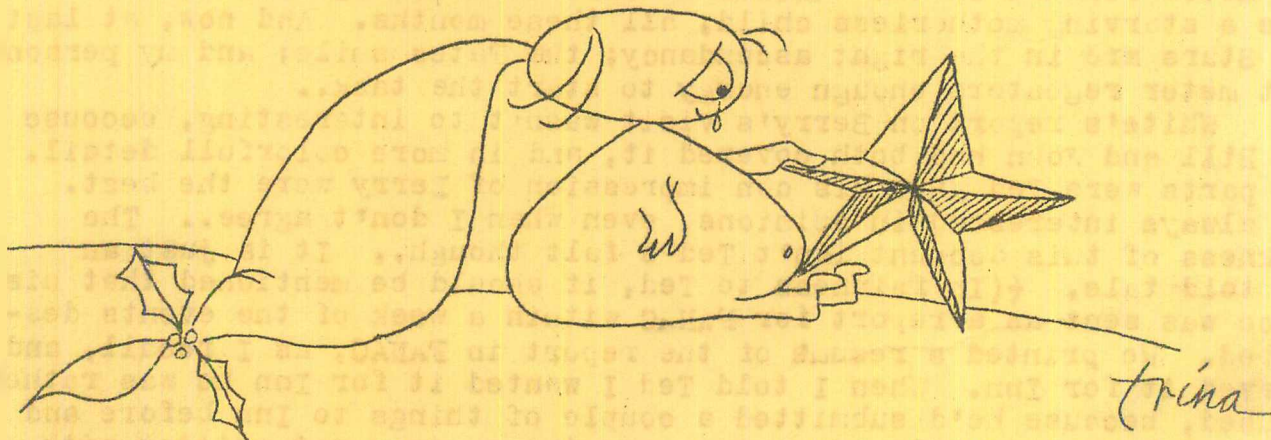
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And who knows?--maybe a sheaf of egobooful and eminently print-worthy letters will make it impossible for me to keep from publishing a zine like INFUENDO for long.

--Terry

The poo would like to wish Season's Greetings and
the best of all things in the coming year to all
her friends, if she had any friends...



INNUENDO

from
Terry Carr
1818 Grove St.
Berkeley 9, Calif.

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Gen Anna Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.