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FAPA BOOZE No.
1
from the jug of bob tucker

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WHY I STOPPED WATCHING TV

Not that I ever really started. But once in a long while I would find myself in front of the big eye and Lo! there would be a picture on it. So I would look for varying lengths of time. All that is changed now. I have seen "Science Fiction Theater."

The family called my attention to it and so I dropped my paint brush, pushed someone out of the best chair, and sat down to watch what HAD to be an epic. Mr. Basil Rathbone, an accomplished actor, was the star. He was a scientist and also something of a detective. The story was entitled "The Stones Began to Roll" or something of that nature. The first commercial had hardly faded from view before I spoiled the show for myself by picking the plot to pieces. The picture opens with a haunted scientist walking along the waterfront, pursued by loud, menacing footsteps. Nobody bothered to explain why that poor scientist was meandering along the waterfront, and I HATE loud, menacing footsteps in any sort of melodrama. They sound as though an elephant with shoes was stomping around in a wooden box.

This unfortunate scientist had just made a Great Discovery and was itching to tell his fellows about it, before the footsteps caught up with him. Nobody explained why he didn't make a phone call or mail a letter from his office --- no, he had to go meandering along the dangerous waterfront hugging this precious Discovery close to his old bosom and asking for trouble. He did try to make a call from a public booth, but some obstacle prevented it -- the line was busy, or he didn't have a dime, or something. Next he visited a penny arcade and attempted to reveal the secret by making a recording. The cheap little records you can "mail home to a friend." He deliberately wasted valuable time with useless preamble, and just as he launched into the beginnings of the Great Secret -- ping!--- a mysterious shot lays him low. I first saw that used in "The Public Enemy," circa 1930.

Enter, the police and the accomplished Mr. Rathbone.

They accomplish nothing but talk.

Mr. Rathbone then visits the scientist's attractive widow. She knows the answer to everything but refuses to spill it. She just can't spill it yet, you must understand, because the program has only begun -- and anyway it's time for the second commercial. So she runs away, and leaves the baffled Mr. Rathbone in the dark.

After learning the latest discoveries in hair tonic, or toothpaste, or whatever it was, we return to the distinguished Mr. Rathbone as he Tracks Down Clues. It develops that the poor dead scientist had only recently returned from Egypt, where he had stumbled upon an amazing discovery. He learned the secret of building the pyramids without modern devices such as cranes. They nullified gravity, you see. And how was this accomplished? Well, it seems those wily old Egyptians had some precious stones which held the power of null-G locked within them. The stones also made flashlight batteries burn brighter, which is how the inquisitive Mr. Rathbone discovered their hiding place. He transports the gems and the statue of an Egyptian cat to his laboratory where he has a radio-carbon dater. Yes kindly friends, here it comes.

The gems were originally the eyes of the cat, of course, but they had been stolen and replaced with ordinary glass. Mr. Rathbone places the statue in his machine, fiddles with the dials, and announces in a loud, clear voice that the stone beast is 3000 years old. None of this nonsense about plus or minus anything. It was 3000 years old. Next the fraudulent glass eyes were placed in the machine. They proved to be a mere five years old.

Truly, the C-14 method of dating is a wonderful thing.

In due time the poor scientist's widow turns up and reveals all -- reveals everything she should have revealed twenty minutes ago, to put a stop to this hogwash. And in due time the villain is unmasked --- guess who? A dirty old Egyptian who wanted the amazing gems for himself. The dirty old Egyptian is outsmarted though; the ever-resourceful Mr. Rathbone turns his attention by a ruse ("The police are outside the door at this very moment") and slaps the gun from his hand. Presto, it is done.

Why do you television fans watch this crap?

SANS SANS-SERIF

Beginning on page five, a change has been made. The change is dedicated to Mildew, a discerning gentleman whose eyesight deserves a better break. Like Mildew, and a few others in the fannish cosmos, I too at last grew weary of the sans-serif type face and Did Something About It. The act of Doing Something About It is costing me fifty dollars and I hope to hell Mildew appreciates that. There ain't many faaans I'd shell out fifty bucks for to please and what happened to my grammatical construction there? I'm having Pica type installed on the machine; the one being used here is merely a loaner until my own can be returned.

Still on typewriters, I learned of a man in New York who is a typewriter detective --- he knows them inside and out, all makes, all models, all years. The police often call on him for detection, evidence, testimony and so forth. The man is also a specialist of sorts and can make special type faces for you, for a considerable fee. One mystery story writer has a skull-and-crossbones dingus on one key.

Some of our more peculiar fans could have phallic symbols installed.

I GAVE MY ALL TO "MONITOR," YES I DID

I found it a strange coincidence that some of you people should be discussing NBC's "Monitor" one month, and I should be blabbing my All on it the next. Well, not quite my All, but I've fallen into Rotsler's habit of employing catch headlines-- and you don't mind being swindled, do you? Anyway it happened, and me and fandom have been immortalized.

Again.

It was about Friday noon, at the Cleveland convention, when Noreen Falasca rushed up to me and gasped, "Guess what, you're going to be on the air, now stay right here, don't you dare leave this room!" And so, like a dutiful faaan eager to be of service to ghod and country, I stayed right there. No microphones were to be seen. I stayed there quite a spell. After awhile Tony Boucher drifted along and it developed that he too was waiting for the air. We fell into a discussion of the mystery business, and I told him of the time I almost immortalized him; I had made him a character in one of my books but the unpredictable publisher had rejected that one just to keep me in my place. Tony was saddened by the news but delighted with his near-brush with fame, and offered to introduce me to his managing editor, Robert Mills. It seems that Mills was launching a new mystery magazine and was in the market for novels.

Pretty soon Isaac Asimov happened along, and he too was waiting to be aired. Isaac also mentioned being booked onto a television program that evening. Having rounded up the three of us, Noreen announced that her husband would take us over to the studio about two o'clock; we were not actually going on the air that day, but would instead cut a tape which would be broadcast the following day, Saturday. The tape was to be spliced into the "Monitor" program. Oh gee whiz, great gobs of national publicity! Tony beamed, Isaac beamed, I beamed. So that afternoon Nick Falasca walked us over to the studio, past the burlesque theater.

I had been looking forward to the studio visit, eager to see the Big Time in action. I've had several previous experiences with a local station but it wasn't Big Time. And too, I had read a lot of books about radio and TV big shots, and huckstering and everything, so I wanted to see if it were all true. It was. Just from the minute glimpse we had, it was. The receptionist was a sexy wench who greeted us as if we were Laine, Sinatra and Como, and after due inquiries passed us along to the Big Bhoj upstairs. The Big Bhoj was a chief news commentator or something; he sat in the inner office of the newsroom suite and snapped orders in a soft, modulated voice. His name was Edward R. Something-or-other and it was neatly lettered on the door. He too had a sexy secretary, and two or three guys in the outer office who trembled at his beck and call. I ogled the sexy secretary. The two or three guys bustled around as if they were very busy indeed, and when the Big Bhoj found it necessary to call one of them down (he killed a local news filler), the lad took it with a tear in his eye, ever loyal to old NBC.

I woudn't have lasted there five minutes.

Ed Something-or-other had stacks of our books piled on his desk. Library copies. He had sent his secretary out for them that very day, I have no doubt. I think those books were the catalyst. Tony and Isaac spent the afternoon making small talk about television, which annoyed Ed no end; I slipped in a few gentle criticisms of "Monitor" --they weren't my own criticisms but remarks I'd picked up from you fellows in the

previous mailing. Ed shrugged away the criticism as though he too was aware of the faults but didn't want to admit them. So we wasted the afternoon. It developed that we were to be Dave Garroway's "guests" --- each of us would have a $2\frac{1}{2}$ minute interview with Ed, who in turn would chat with Garroway and then introduce us. Each chat was to be taped separately so that they could be scattered through the day or over many days. It required nearly three hours to set up those tapes.

Isaac's interview dealt with the theme of his forthcoming novel, Tony's with the general background and history of science fiction, and my performance was faaandom -- what made it tick. I used facts (?) and figures from the 1948 Survey of Fandom, carefully omitting all mention that the survey was seven years old. Ed Something-or-other was most curious about the ages of Joe Fann, the occupations, and his break-thru into science fiction and fandom. Later, listening to a playback of the tapes, it developed that something had gone wrong with Isaac's, and the ripping noise of a machine gun overrode Ed's introductory remarks. Good old Ed promised to fix this, and bid us adieu. We hastened back to the convention and lost ourselves in the merrymaking. I guess.

Was anyone listening to "Monitor" that week-end?

Dean Grennell told me later that he heard me, late Saturday morning. Dean, being a true fan, dashed to the basement to capture my words on tape, but by that time the $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes were lost forever. I'm still wondering if Isaac, Tony and the machine gun made it.

I HAD DINNER WITH ANGELA LANSBURY

Still riding the Rotsler headline gimmick, let me report that many years ago I had dinner with Miss Lansbury --- who, at the time, was in high favor on the silver screen. She was somewhat noted for singing "Goodbye, Little Yellow Bird" in (I think) THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. So anyway, I was in New York and staying at the Algonquin Hotel, and I made the mistake of going into the hotel dining room for dinner. She was eating there. I ate there. About three other tables separated us. The mistake was brought home to me when I saw the price of the dinner.

I RODE DOWN IN AN ELEVATOR WITH SINCLAIR LEWIS

Same hotel, same time. We didn't speak.

SOME NOTES ON RANDOM

This may be the proper place to point out that of all the Big and Little Names I've happened across, Sinclair Lewis is the only one I honestly regard as famous. I believe he earned that label, while all the rest may be infamous, notorious, lens lice or what have you. I am no respecter of Big Names and tend to regard them with disdain -- or worse. Angela Lansbury and the actor with her were curiosities and ogle-bait. I thought the same of all those actors and actresses I met while employed by the Fox studio. Politicians, no matter how big, are baloney. That goes for two former presidents I "met" in whistle-stop campaigns, plus a present-day senator who posed with me for a newspaper picture. He posed with me, not vice versa, and I knew exactly why he did it. But a few people -- genuine people -- like Sinclair Lewis win my admiration and I am willing to agree with popular opinion they are "famous".

I felt the same of Haile Selassie (sp-?), of Robert Knox, and hell, there must be somebody else in the world.

THE TURN OF THE COIN

Speaking of frauds, quacks and charlatans, as I was on the previous page, one of the nicest and most lovable old reprobates I have ever known was a local, small time Billy Sunday. A hellfire-and-brimstone man who for many years operated a "Rescue Mission" on Bloomington's own skid row. "How Long Since You Wrote to Mother?" asked a large sign hung across the face of the mission. "Come In, Be Washed in the Blood of The Lamb" proclaimed another. Once a year this poor man's Billy Graham threw a tremendous feast for the poor and downtrodden, but the doors were also open to anyone who cared to drop by and eat. You would usually find a scattering of politicians, social workers, friends and do-gooders breaking bread elbow-to-elbow with the derelicts. On the remaining 364 days of the year it was necessary to write a letter to mother and sing for your supper. Incidentally, this man's given name was also Billy.

I had known Billy since my childhood because he and my father were close friends; they had traveled together in circuses, wild-west shows and such in their youth. My dad was an advance advertising agent and Billy was a flyer's catcher. Old Billy preached at my father's funeral and wormed his way into my secret heart forever; the rest of the family were horror stricken, but I came to look upon Billy as a master showman. Billy strode down the chapel aisle, threw his arms across the casket as if to embrace the body, and peered into its interior. "Ah, Jimmy, Jimmy," he cried out passionately, "the days we've had, the days we've had! Goodbye, old friend, goodbye!"

I put my hand to my mouth and coughed to keep from laughing aloud. The rest of the family pulled their eyeballs back into place and assumed grim, shocked expressions. For a number of years I've had it in the back of my mind to do a modern "religious" novel built around a character such as Billy; some preliminary work has been done and a plot-sketch worked out. I may finish the thing someday.

Old Billy was a complete character right down to his obituary and the probate court report some months later. A good many citizens of the town blinked with disbelief when they read the probate report. Good old Billy had amassed (at whose expense?) a larger fortune than many of them would ever earn.

THE BAIT IN THAT BAIT BOX

Some of you Fapish gentlemen (and occasionally a stray lady or two) never fail to amaze and amuse me by your quaint ways. I sometimes suspect you are naive. Ever and again you will bite deep and hard on some tempting morsel of bait Gertrude has dangled before you; ever and again I seem to see her sitting back and chuckling devilishly at the new consternation she has wrought. Perhaps even "Mr. Carr" joins in the merriment. Can't you picture their sinister plotting?

"Well, what next?" Mr. Carr will ask one evening. "They seem to be losing all their steam on (and here he rises to salute) Mr. McCarthy."

"Wild dreams?" Gertrude will suggest, nodding at McCarthy's shade. "Or those dirty extracted foreigners intruding into one-hundred-and-one percent true blue and wholesome American politics? The doings of that creature in Mudville? The Church?" She pauses in her knitting to glance across at Mr. Carr playing Mah Jongg alone.

"No-o-o," he responds thoughtfully. "We need a really rabble-rousing subject. Something that will cause at least half of them to leap to their feet, hurling insults and counter-charges. Eureka! I have it! Throw them something about the noble functions of sex. That should provide entertainment enough for two or three mailings."

But in one respect, you bait-biters disappointed me. Bitterly disappointed me.

So far as I can determine, you allowed to go unchallenged and unnoticed the most (or so I supposed) controversial statement Gertrude has been known to make in our ranks. Several mailings ago she said something to this effect: "Fortunately, I know Christ would be on McCarthy's side if He were alive today."

Come, come, gentlemen -- were you asleep? Or are you all too young to remember that at the beginning of World War I, Kaiser Wilhelm declared God was on his side?

* * *

STROLLING AROUND B.C.

I can't remember just how or when I got started on this Gilgamesh kick. I've always had a mild interest in archeology --the more ancient the better-- but it was never like this. In my earliest fan days it was astronomy, but that has slowly faded to the point where I now read about new discoveries and file the matter away for future use ... if ever. Several years ago, in some unremembered manner, something lit my fuse and I'm still riding hell for leather, hot on the trail of Gilgamesh and the swashbuckling days of 3000-5000 B.C.

I pumped Ollie Saari's wife of everything she knew about Mr. G., went through my own and the library encyclopedias, found an English book about him, and then discovered the University of Chicago Press. Subsequently I learned there is a comparatively large body of literature on Mr. G., but I haven't bought it all. Yet. Getting a copy of the unabridged translation of the G-Epic was a thing of joy forever, and I spent sleepless nights studying it, hoping to find some new revelation or catch the experts napping. I didn't, but they (the experts) added untold wealth to my very small storehouse of knowledge. The side-issues and personalities turned up while on the trail of Mr. G. make the trouble and expenditure of funds worthwhile.

Whether or no Gilgamesh actually existed is a matter of high conjecture. Being an incurable romantic, I prefer to believe that he did despite the internal evidence indicating he was a figment of several imaginations. His physical dimensions have certainly grown in the numerous re-tellings. By 2000 B.C. he had become a semi-god who stood about eighteen feet high, wore his hair long like a woman, and had a penchant for despoiling virgins. Considering his height and proportionate weight, I feel a bit sorry for those virgins.

When and where Mr. G. originated no one seems to know, including the scribes of 2000 B.C. About a thousand years earlier he suddenly appeared at the city of Uruk, and in some unexplained manner promptly became its king. Gilgamesh was a talkative and rapacious sort of rascal and his beloved subjects were never able to make up their minds about him. He carried information on Life and the world before the Flood, indicating that he was then several thousand years old and had lived through the deluge; his mother was a goddess who had ... ah, carnally known a sheep herder or somebody and so while he was not truly immortal, he did live longer than most. He ruled Uruk for about 125 years, and raised hell with the town and its citizens, the countryside and some of the gods themselves. And as was his kingly right, he insisted on having first whack at all new brides. (This, mind you, when he wasn't busy with virgins.)

The townspeople can only put up with this sort of hooliganism for so long, and at last they petition the gods for relief. A wild man, a Tarzan-type character, is created to destroy Mr. G., but first it is necessary to lure the wild man into town. At this point, to my everlasting frustration and annoyance, my translation lapses into Latin -- forcing me to get a Latin dictionary and laborously translate each word. The story continues piecemeal. A temple whore, a priestess, is staked out at the water hole and disrobed. She makes enticing gestures. Tarzan comes a-roaring in and samples her wares. He evidently likes it for they remain by the water hole six nights and seven days, practicing what comes naturally. Finally the priestess tires and they

move indoors, into a shepherd's hut where the business continues after food, drink and a bit of rest. This Tarzan fellow was something of a virgin himself, you understand, and was making up for lost time.

Travelers are now streaming by the door, enroute to the city. One of them imparts the news that a marriage ceremony is about to take place in the great public house there, and as usual Mr. G. will be on hand to deflower the bride. Everybody is going in to see the show. For some unexplained reason this enrages Tarzan, and he goes to the city determined to have it out with Mr. G. They meet at the public house and have one hell of a rassing match, bringing down the building upon themselves. Mr. G. finally realizes that Tarzan is indeed a remarkable fellow, the only man in the land a decent match for himself, and clasps him to his chest as a bloodbrother. Thereafter the two of them knock around together in such a fashion that the suspicious reader is inclined to believe a homosexual affair is in progress.

Gilgamesh and Tarzan get into a fight with a tremendous bull and slay it in short order. The bull had been sent to polish off Mr. G. because he spurned the love of the goddess Ishtar. Tarzan, a fun-loving lad, cuts off the bull's penis and flings it in Ishtar's face, which makes her somewhat unhappy. Afterward the two pals go off to a foreign country and chop down a sacred tree, incidentally killing the ogre who owned the tree and the surrounding forest. Things have come to a sad state of affairs and the gods decide Something Must Be Done. Tarzan comes down with the crud, a fatal disease contracted (it is hinted) from the temple whore. Mr. G. carries on like a mad woman, wailing and crying over the victim and later the corpse. After some days he realizes it will not come back to life, and goes roaring off into the desert to live the life of a hermit, existing on wild animals he captures and kills.

After a length of time spent pondering the question of life and death, he goes hunting a legendary old man named Ut-napishtim who is said to be immortal. Arriving at the shore of a vast sea, he promptly seduces a young lady living there and she introduces him to a boatman who will carry him across the sea --- the only boatman, by the way, who knows the way and is permitted to cross the sea. Off they go, punting their way through the waters of death, and at last Mr. G. meets up with Ut-napishtim. Old Ut is indeed immortal, as is his wife and the boatman; the gods had granted them this boon (?) for their services to mankind. What services, Gilgamesh demands? And in flashback form he gets the answer.

Ut-napishtim, numberless thousands of years before, learned in advance of a great storm brewing. He built a monstrous boat, and into the boat he crammed his wife, his close friends and relatives, and two of every kind of all the animals that walked the earth and birds that flew in the air. The boat sailed the steadily rising waters for an unspecified number of weeks or months, while all around them the world was drowned. After awhile Ut sends out a bird, and then another, and then another; this third and last bird brings back evidence of emerging land, and the boat grounds on a mountain top. Ut releases his cargo to the four winds, offers up a sacrifice to the gods, and settles down on his pension. Mr. G. is properly impressed with the story and asks for the secret of immortality. He is put to a test but muffs it by falling off to sleep. Sent home, he is given one more chance: he must dive to the bottom of the sea and pluck the fruit (?) of life growing there. He snatches off a branch of the tree well enough, but a dirty snake steals it and slithers away. Disconsolate, Mr. G. returns to the city of Uruk to take up his kingly duties, and in between virgins he realizes that immortality is not for him so he may as well enjoy life.

* * *

The translation I have was made just previous to 1945, and for the most part was taken from tablets inscribed about 2000 B.C. The translator points out that at that late date (2000 B.C.) the story had already gotten out of hand and does not agree

with certain fragments of still older tablets. Unfortunately, there aren't enough of those older tablets available to compile the original. (THE GILGAMESH EPIC AND THE OLD TESTAMENT PARALLELS, Alexander Heidel, University of Chicago Press, 1954.) The translator also engages in some amusing guessing games as to which came first --- the Gilgamesh version of the Flood, or the Bible version. Both agree on general outlines but vary widely in the particulars. While the Bible version ascribes a Godly reason to it all and coats the tale in moral tones, the other versions play it high, wide and handsome and the devil take the hindermost. The translator very cautiously advances the belief that neither story came first -- they were both borrowed from a still older (and still lost) original of thousands of years ago.

If you should chance to get this book, take the precaution of borrowing or begging a Latin dictionary as well. The translator is chicken, for some of the passages read like stag cartoon books. Wow! The kind men like!

* * *

LANDOWNER AND SQUIRE

Last May I made the down-payment. All summer long I worked at it, doing those many things I had agreed to do, to save dollars. Many, many hundreds of dollars. In turn, I painted, carpentered, floored, painted again, insulated, lawned, oh hell ... I did it. Worked my fingerbones right down to the nubbin. So in August it was ready to move into, and we moved into it. And kept right on working, of course, because it was far from finished. I'm still working (at this writing), finishing it up before cold weather comes. Anyway, by damn, we have a new house. First one in my life.

It is not in Bloomington, but some ten or twelve miles in the country outside of town. I have no intention of broadcasting the address, because I've been plagued by visiting fans since 1934, and this is my chance for peace and contentment. Some of you know where I am, so kindly keep your mouths shut. Anti-social kind of bastard ... ain't I? My mail address has not changed; Box 702 continues as before.

Country squire, that's me. Beware of the ferocious kitten!

OH, THAT RESEARCH!

An advertisement popped into my mailbox the other day; advertisements are always popping in, but this was a little unusual. I read it and saved it. Inasmuch as some Faps may be suffering from a maladjusted sex life, I'm reprinting the circular:

Announcing "Satisfactory Sex"

There are many books available today that tell one what our society THINKS about sex. But nowhere in this array of brilliant works does one find the answers as to what sex IS. Few are the organizations that advise their students how to have the most complete sexual union possible. No where does one find information as to the corrective positions that can, or should, be used when the male is larger than the female or when the female is larger than the male. Nor does one find in our literature the basic factors that influence the acceptability (sic) of one partner by the other.

The research conducted here at Human Engineering, Inc., (a non-profit educational and research organization) into sexual matters has revealed a number of startling conclusions that can be seen in action as soon as one knows of their existence. (Sic, by damn!) Marital harmony is often wrecked upon the unaligned opinions of uninformed persons. Our research monograph is written with the needs of the average man in mind. We have used plain everyday language so that everyone could understand it without having to learn all the technical terms. But, along with the plain language

we have used the highest of decorum and good taste in the presentation.

The topics covered in this monograph are:

- 1- Acceptance and love (what they REALLY ARE)
- 2- What SEX IS
- 3- Mental concentration in sex and its effects
- 4- Masturbation is not a problem
- 5- Impotence, frigidity and their correction
- 6- Courting relations factors (and sex act preliminaries)
- 7- The sex act and frequency for mutual harmony
- 8- Everyday living in marriage
- 9- The why of Homosexuality
- 10- Sexual fallacies
- 11- (Corrective) positions in sex (Unusual suggestions)
- 12- How sex is learned and why
- 13- Method for determining perfect sexual harmony and relations
- 14- How and why sex us used for greater family harmony

If your sex life is already perfect or if you already know why sex exists and all about it, we ask that you pass this announcement along to someone whom you feel it will interest. It is our knowledge that everyone can achieve a rational and perfect sex life through the use of this material. Our research has uncovered much that previously has not been recognized. The answers we've found will surprise you.

(end of quote)

If I didn't know better, I'd say Claude was the guiding genius behind Human Engineering, Inc., (a non-profit educational and research organization.)

A LETTER FROM HOFFMAN

"I have been meditating on the subject of anarchy, and since you are my favorite anarchist, I've decided to write. As a matter of fact, I was thinking about you when I saw the moving picture that started this train of thought. The film was DESTRY, the Audie Murphy remake of the old Jimmy Stewart hit, DESTRY RIDES AGAIN. Perhaps you've seen? And it opened in a whing-ding saloon scene where a bunch of ripsnortin' roarers come galloping up the main street shootin' off their guns and bustin' loose all over the place, and one --of course-- rides into the saloon and out again. It is a helluva place, all shoutin', shootin' and hard-livin'. Upstairs a bunch of dirty four-flushing, double-dealing gamblers are taking an innocent rancher by tempting him into gambling his ranch on the ace he has in the hole (and of course when he turns it up it is not an ace but a deuce).

"Well, into this genteel garden spot comes the hero and by hook and crook he cleans up the town, gets everybody dishonest killed off, and makes it a Fit Place for Honest Folks To Live and Raise Their Children. Maybe this is all find and good. But I know I liked the Old Restful (that was the name of the town). As an open town she was a ripsnorter. Same way with Dodge City and Deadwood, Abilene and San Francisco.

"Somebody gets a good thing going. A town is wide open and everybody is having fun, getting killed or being buried. But always there is the discontented little core of Honest Peaceful Folk like dogs in the manger. They don't want any wild living, so they don't want anyone else to have any either. They're afraid to walk down the streets, so instead of doing the polite thing and moving to some other town, they have to clean things up. I say, let them as wants wild livin' have it. Always they make the desperados and loose women move out. Why not make the Honest Peaceable Folks move for a change?

(continued)

"So why must the loose-livers be driven out of their happy little Sodom? Why not drive out the do-goods? Always when they run off the loose women and desperados, they just go somewhere else, or infiltrate and go underground. Wouldn't it be better to set up a line and say "This side for Peaceful Do-Goods, and this side for the Wild Ones. Pick you side and stick to it"? ((The truce would last only until the following Sunday, Lee. You don't need three guesses why.))

"The other picture on the bill was I SHOT JESSE JAMES, which contrariwise to what you might think was an excellent film. Bob Ford was played by John Ireland as a rather nice guy, pretty ordinary, and quite sympathetic, who shot his best friend in the back, and was not all hero or badman but an unhappy mixture of both. Preston Foster who got top billing and Ford's girl, was Ed Kelly, whom he played to the hilt as a hero type and who gave Ford the first shot in the climax. ((Did it hurt?))

"That was a heart-warming scene for Charles Addams fans. There was Bob Ford who had killed his best friend for amnesty because the girl he loved wouldn't have him as a hunted man. And now he was very miserable with folks singing about "the dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard ..." "...ate Jesse's bread and slept in Jesse's bed..." etc. And he is fanatically in love with this girl, and she feels sorry for him but she really loved Ed Kelly. So Frank James tells Bob how things are with his girl, and Bob goes gunning for Ed.

"Ed, being Honest and Upright as a piano and as Pure as the Driven Snow, is walking in the street and by some chance carrying a loaded double-barrelled shotgun. And Bob comes up and Ed turns his back to him. Bob, even in his jealous rage is too much of a man to shoot anybody except best friends in the back, so he walks up to within five feet of Ed. Ed finally turns around with some protest about talking to Bob. Bob draws, fires, and --damme!-- misses.

"Well, there's nothing left for Ed to do but trigger both barrels into Bob's belly. At that range he manages to hit his target. Nonetheless, Bob managed to live long enough to say a few last words to his girl before he shuffled off to meet Jesse wherever good desperados go. Which all goes to prove my contention that a good desperado is worth a fistful of Peaceful Law-abiding Folks in a pinch."

-LeeH

A POSTSCRIPT

Several months ago in her fanzine, FEMIZINE, Joan Carr asked how-come Cowboy & Indian pictures always showed the 7th Cavalry dashing over the hill to the rescue? Why was it always the 7th, she asked, in all the many pictures? My answer, based on partial knowledge: the 7th was charged with keeping order in certain parts of the West; they were assigned to that territory ... not that much of it surely, but then Holly'wd finds it cheaper to use the old 7th flags than buy new ones.

For your information: these ten pages were written and published by Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. For the FAPA. It will also be circulated to those on the waiting list, and to those trusting fan editors who keep on sending me their fanzines, hoping to get something in return. Printed by Dean Grennell on the dreaded Mafia Press, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. A good man.
