

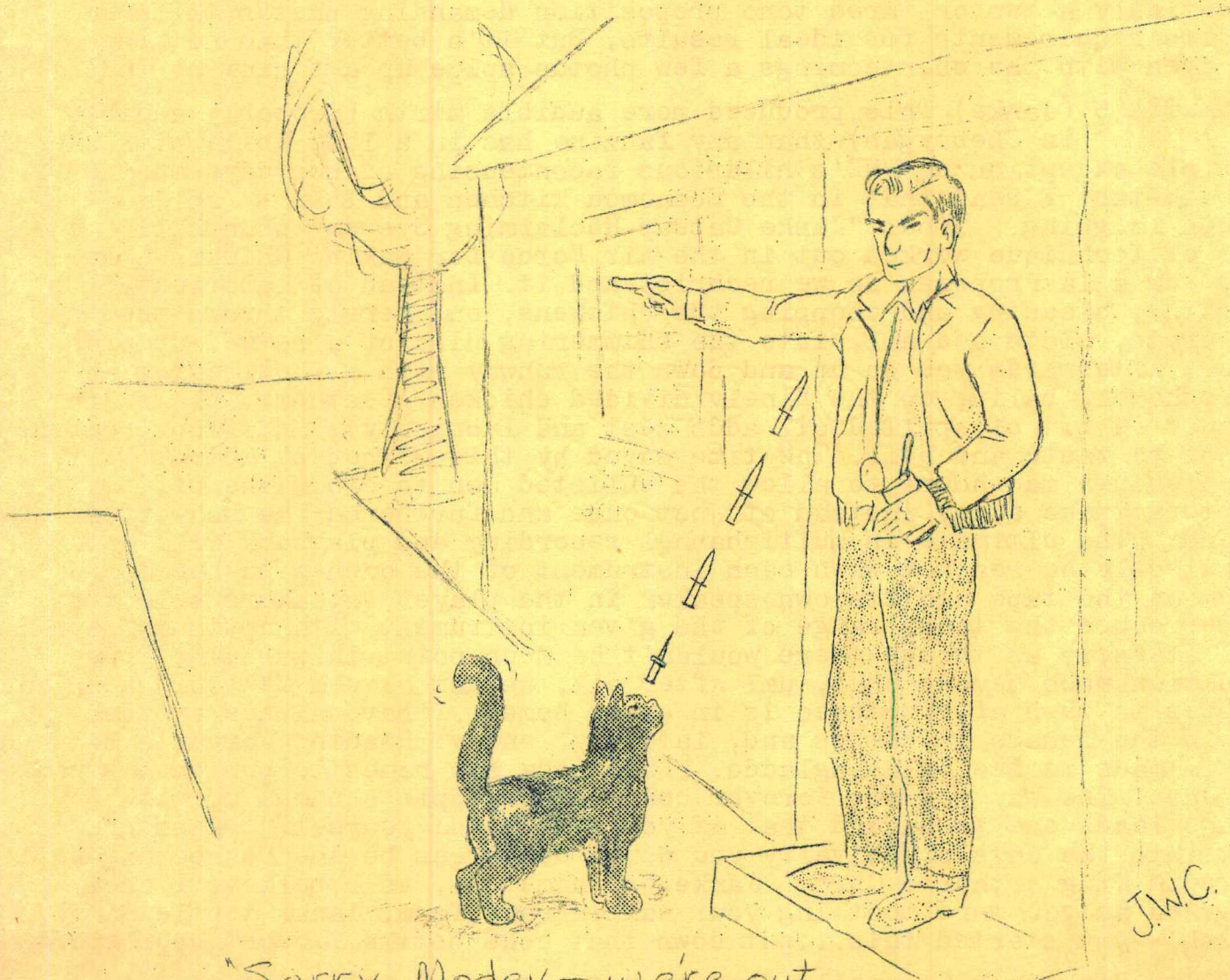
Dup

BLEEN-8

Produced for the 90th FAPA
Mailing (February, 1960) by
Dean A. Grennell and brought
you by the roasters of
Borden's Ice Cream.

Caveat--as we say--Lector.

Cover by Juanita W. Coulson.
Posed by paid professional
tomcats & furnace salesmen.



"Sorry, Modey - we're out
of catfood. Go catch a
pedestrian."

Being comments on the 89th FAPA mailing, in the Bleen manner, in no special order, dealing them off the top of the mailing the way the Youngs stacked them. Every evening ere I come to grips with Morpheus I shall read a few, making indecipherable marks on the nice clean margins that mean no more to me than to anyone else. Later I will try to meld these marks into mailing comments. I find that if I try to read the entire mailing first, then make comments, I'm licked. We'll try it this way. First customer.

AD INTERIM (Ryan) I'm glad you're still a fapan, Dick! Losing a member these days is like having a fellow mountain climber topple off the brink of a 1000-foot precipice...I mean it's a long climb back to the top and many never make it. \$A fellow Civil War buff, um? Glad to hear it. My favorite CW lore is epitomized by Bruce Catton's stuff--I like the accounts of happenings to human beings during what seems to me to be the most drama-drenched epoch of our history to date. I'm not too keen on the tactics and I seldom give more than a passing glance to the maps in CW texts...but I admire people who can follow this sort of thing. \$Only a Young-chile, I fancy, could master the knack of putting small boxes into smaller boxes. \$You're right: the Stenofax process is essentially a two or three tone proposition demanding photos tailored for its requirements for ideal results. But it's better than nothing and even with the shortcomings a few photos spice up a f'zine no end.

INVOLUTIA 5 (Janke) This produced more audible mirth (probably audible in Sheboygan) than any fanzine has in a long while with the possible exception of PHE's hilarious raconteusing of her days in the thee-ah-tah. I read that in the Economou kitchen and like to split a spleen laughing. \$Your "Janke Catsup Reclaiming System" sounds like the sort of technique worked out in the Air Force for making Chicken à la King--or à la Propwash as we rechristened it. Instead of laboriously plucking, cleaning and chopping the chickens, one merely throws them by the crate, slats and all, into the shimmering disc of a revved-up prop-ellor. Afterwards you go up and down the runway with a wheelbarrow and scoopshovel, baling up the finely divided chicken, feathers, slats and whatnot (a bit of spilled oil adds zest and lubricity); add flour, water, season to taste and boil. The time saved by this method by actual test, saved enough man-hours to allow the enlisted men to clean the officer's quarters twice a day instead of just once and furthered the wah-effort no end. \$The ultimate in multichannel recording and playback will undoubtedly be reached when each instrument of the orchestra has its own track on the tape and its own speaker in the player, speakers selected to reproduce the tonal range of the given instrument with optimum fidelity. It seems as though there wouldn't be much point in pursuing true rendition much beyond that, um? After all, wemust have a few things up our sleeves to push after stereo is in every home. \$I have always avoided Dennis the Menace in comics and, latterly, on tv. Reading Warner's bit on him made me feel glaglagladdd. \$Everybody has names to pun on but you? Nonsense! The way you are forever connecting people's names up with things leads one to hazard that if you ever found yourself transmigrated back into the days of chivalry you would doubtless be the Connectingest Janke in King Arthur's Curt. Janke, go home! Or, as I believe I once observed as you were tootling your sax in rare form, Janke tootle dandy. Ah, ah!--you started this...put down that coke bottle...ouch! Spoilsport.

CABAL 4 (Raeburn & Grennell) Glad to get a copy of this since I didn't even have a file copy. Sent the two extra copies to the top two w/listers and by golly both of them turned up in FAPA that mailing! If anyone still puzzles, "au secours!" is French for "HELP!"

THE RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) I don't think I could find the OO's you need and if I could find them I would keep them since I regard the FA as a valuable source of data...but I hope you get them from someone else. §Yeah. I'm trying the Warner-Calkins method this time myself--hope it works. §I don't know much about cars myself although I've probably driven as far (500,000+ miles) in the last 14 years as any fap except maybe Moskowitz and have supervised the oxidation of broad rivers of gasoline and the production of enough carbon monoxide to asphyxiate a city the size of Philadelphia--the inhabitants thereof at any rate--but I don't consider myself an authority on the inner workings of autos. If the car doesn't function I put the case in the hands of people who are supposed to be experts and pay them to worry about it. §My interest in baseball is nil...due probably to the fact that I never learned to hit or catch and my running is slow and geared for distance. §'Tikihozaki,' according to a guy with the unlikely name of Wilbur Fasthorse, a Staff Sergeant I knew at Tonopah, is a term of dubious propriety in one of the Amerindian languages...Sioux, I think. §Thanks for explaining the wet saddle cartoon for me. §Since she torpedoed my friend Willis, I've not only stopped reading Gemzine but likewise reviews of it, thereby saving myself a great deal of time which I now spend composing palindromes in the Mandarin dialect. I understand that she had a ferocious diatribe against the Busbys in a recent issue and I wonder if maybe she didn't do it with kindly intent, knowing full well that nothing she could have done would have settled the Busbys so quickly and firmly into full acceptance by the rest of Fapa. Conversely, had she said welcome to Papa, Buz and Elinor; folks, these are my good friends, please be nice to them, chances are the other 63 members would have regarded them with fear, suspicion and loathing for years. §Put Danner and me down as two other faps who never attend conventions--though in our case, we'd like to but can't. §I can't stand any alcoholic drink mixed with plain water though I like scotch and seltzer or bourbon with same. Rye, particularly Mount Vernon, has the pleasant characteristic that you can imbibe moderate quantities without hangovers and unpleasant aftereffects. I know of only one beer this is true of for me: Heilemann's Special Export...other beers afflict me in several ways, none of them pleasant and their only effect at the time of consumption is to render me torpid and burpy. §I stopped smoking for a couple of years--'56 & '57--and suffered greatly from the stink of other people's tobacco fumes. I still detest the acrid stink of cigars but can tolerate a high concentration of cigaret and pipe smoke again. But it's expensive immunity. §No.19: A surprising number of my friends, including yourself, have birthdays within a week or so of mine...it is enough to make a person wonder if there's a little to this horoscope idiocy after all. §Thanks for Bergeron's current address, duly noted. §Glad to hear you have a .357 though I've heard from several people that Rugers are notorious for leading up the barrel--hope this is not true of yours. As for fast-draw, I lost all interest in that pointless activity during the course of a few memorable milliseconds several years ago when I drew a .45 automatic, fanged back the hammer in one flashing motion and let the darn thing flip out of my hand. Watching that deadly contraption somersaulting gracefully to the earth, wondering which way it would point when it lit, wondering if the sear (which I'd lovingly hairtriggered) would hold or release...it didn't go off but I had a fine view of its gaping 7/16" maw when it landed and, as I say, I sort of lost interest in fast draw work, especially with live ammo. §As for paraffin loads, I've found them wildly inaccurate. Properly, the flash-hole should be drilled out till only enough shoulder remains to hold the primer. Such a case is bad medicine to have around since it would possibly be dangerous if it got

CELEPHAIS (Evans) It isn't inspired by anything in your mag, Bill, but I saw a store today with some cigarets on sale called Régie Turque. I presume this is the same Régie that Philo Vance doted upon? Yeah, I know: you don't even smoke so how would you know? But I've often wondered if there really was or perhaps still is a brand called Sullivans like the ones Raffles and Bunny used to chain smoke. Odd, but I don't recall that The Saint smoked any specific brand...Charteris missed a good bet there. Most any company, I should think, would have been glad to keep him in smokes in exchange for a few clouts in the stories. §Laurel & Hardy appear on afternoon kid tv shows here, but the few I've seen were so disjointed that they make less sense than originally--maybe I have lost my sense of wonder for L&H. §Did you ever hear the somewhat ribald joke about your home town that went through Wisconsin fandom about the time Grace Kelly got married? Bloch can tell you--in fact, he came within an ace of spilling it over his tv show at the time. (It had to do with where Grace was going on her honeymoon, or vice versa). §The BIG record of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" was by the Andrews Sisters, I b'leev and I seem to remember hearing a new version of it by them not long ago, suitably hoiked up for the modern taste with clingcling piano and all. §Trim is a good word and deserves to mean something. §When did you go to school? I don't mean this to sound supercilious; just curious when the period was when you "didn't get a thorough grounding in phonics." §I always enjoy Celephais, Bill--even if I don't always tell you!

A Volkswagen may honk at a Cadillac.

a aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Attention: Crouch, Danner, Hoffman, et. al. Tell me something, you people who understand the mysterious glassy guts of radios, tv's and such. Why isn't that no radio is ever worth the U-235 to blow it to hell after its first trip to the repair shop? The only way I can enjoy decent radio reception in a car, for instance, is to buy a new car. Every 2-3 years when the car of the moment is new the radio works like a million-dollar watch but the first time it stops working and has to be fixed the damn thing might just about as well be thrown away. From then on as I beat my way up and down the state, I can no longer get stations as far as I could before and the quality of the reception is way down. Same with house radios. We have had countless radios of all price ranges, all of which played superbly when new and lousily after the first fixing. The only ones that continued to perform were the two "Halliscratchers"--the S-38 I bought, used for seven years and traded for my present H. tuner-amp without ever having a shred of trouble with it. The FM/AM tuner-amp has worked well for upwards of two years now: once blew two tubes but I foiled them by replacing them

KLEIN BOTTLE No.2 (Tiri & Miri Carr) \$Well, you fooled me--I thought the
 ATomillo was by Gestafax! Good job. \$Nice to see that
 someone is giving WR wider circulation though I confess I still feel that
 he is too good for the masses (You know the old gag about Marie Antoin-
 ette on her wedding night: "Do the poor people do this too?" Louis the
 Umpteenth: "Yes, pet, they do." MA."It's too good for them!"). The
 "Mother Tigress" episode (sic, I guess) is one that I had missed, through
 some batch of carbonalia getting up-gehung and later references to it
 confused me. Tnx for updating. William, next time a courier is passing
 through from here to there (Hi, Eney! Hi, Bjo!), I will send you some of
 the legendary Earth Eradicator Loads of the BDSA...and, having done so,
 will never venture farther west than Salt Lake City, at least until a
 couple of their halflives have passed. \$On the knife episode, I'd most
 likely have done the same as you (only dropping the knife) and would felt
 at least as silly afterwards. \$Things are reaching the point where it
 will soon take as long to fill in the ?aires as to review the mailing.
 \$Yes, here's another fapan who's lost his asterisk and is faintly reliev-
 ed that MZB doesn't have that title in this mailing--or maybe she does,
 I'm reviewing as I go and resisting the temptation to peek ahead. Maybe
 she'd settle for "DAY+STAR? DAY+STAR? At least how many fapans can type
 MZB with a script M? \$Since it contained my only hope of egoboo this
 mailing, I'm amazed at the number of people who review just about every
 thing else but STEFANTASY.

[illegible]

LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT (Buz) And the moral of that is when you undertake a fancy breakline on a crazy typer, don't keep your eye on the keys. I forgot the "ß" is in lowercase with the virgule above it. I wonder if anyone still remains in fandom who was an active believer in the Shaver razmataz. I don't know how seriously fandom took Shaver at the time although I read the hocpla in AMAZING's letterpages and one of the guys in my barracks at Tonopah was frightfully frothed up about it. He Believed. No, I didn't. I've lost count of the number of times I've met cars blithely barreling along against the current on divided highways but it always chills me to the marrow. Wisconsin has recently added a number of cloverleaf intersections and elderly German ladies in Ramblers can sometimes be seen threading their way jauntily around and around the darn things, always contra-flowage, glaring back at other drivers who honk their horns as they are forced off the roadways. Usually the out of step one solves things by driving across the sodded embankments and getting onto some main channel by driving through a ditch. If you continue to watch, you will usually see them drive a mile or so up the road, decide it isn't the way they want to go, make a U-turn and come back down the same lane and enter the pattern again, leaving chaos and shaken nerves in their ample wakes. Cloverleafs can be confusing---unless you want to cheat by reading the signs.

EYE-TRACKS (Coslet) You're right, of course: Ananias Jr (excuse the euphemism but his name, as far as I'm concerned, is the filthiest obscenity I know of and you, of all fapans, should be able to connect the reference, being steeped in biblical lore and all) would have no

trouble in getting at least two sponsors for membership. Janke, poor innocent, made a stakeless bet with me that the amendment would be passed without opposition. I assured him that the one immutable thing in this universe was that 100% of FAPA would never be in complete agreement on ANYthing. Further, I said, if this planet (Sol III) were about to go supernova and the only thing that could stop it would be a unanimous vote against it by the FAPA membership then, alas, it would behoove us to lock to our asbestos underwear. The principle is covered by Fzot's First Law of Human Behavior: There is at least one fugghead in every group. If Judas Iscariot, Nero, Josef Göbbels, Liberace and Joe McCarthy were available, they could count on at least two--and probably five--members who would oppose any effort to keep them out. The same sort of nephocephalic philosophy leads some people to try to make pets out of rattlesnakes: "Because they won't hurt You unless you hurt them First!" Pah.

HUGO GERNSBACK (Sam Moskowitz) This is an excellent thing you have done.

I hope it gets the recognition it deserves. I wonder if MODERN ELECTRICS might have been the first stfzine I ever read. When'd it cease publication--no, I think SCIENCE AND INVENTION sounds more like it. I found an old coverless copy in the woodshed of our little country school in the fall of 1929 and read at least one story in it...the details are hazy now but I faintly recall it was something about flying to the moon and running short of air en route. §Is/was Philip Francis Nowlan the same as the Phil Nolan who wrote Buck Rogers and had a story in a prewar ASF? §This is one for the old-and-rare shelf, Sam--I mean that.

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"I like all music, only none of it very much."

--Larry T. Shaw

There. I have just committed major surgery on the Deutschgesprächen Olivetti here. No doubt you'd noticed that I had trouble with words running together toward the right end of the line. Also I had to put a governor on my speed to allow the last letter time to get out from under the next one. Finally I could put up with it no longer so I upended the beast with stencil still flapping in my eyes and put about six more turns of tension on the spring-driven drum that pulls the carriage to the left as it writes. I am pleased to announce that I can now go whomping joyously along in my accustomed manner with (cross fingers) no more trouble. If there were only a carriage release on the left now and the backspace as well, all would be perfect.

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SAND IN THE BEER (Rapp) Ah, it's good to see Rappoetry in a fapamailing again! Hell, I'd even be willing to convert to the Roscoist creed to entice him back into FAPA. Let's have more of this, hear?

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE (Stark) I liked all of the Haiku verse, would enjoy more. It's a shame about Dave English and me: our periodic spurts of activity are always out of phase. Anytime one of us gets fanned to a fierce flame of fannish fervor and writes to the other the letter always catches him in the glades f gafia. §I like John Beck ever so much better than I ever did Calvin Thomas Beck--more soon? §We may be the only surviving souls that, clear up to the summer of 1959, made our own home-brewed root-beer.

IBIDEM (Lyons) Your cover is gorgeous--but I didn't spot the point of it all (the playing card) till after I heard it mentioned inside. I am in no rush for the installment about magician detectives since that will come out in No. 31 or 32 (30 will discuss Doc Savage) and at the present rate, the deadline on those is some ways down the time-stream.

(Lyons:) §Purple papal heater is a splendid gag. §Your Vauxhall mileage is exactly opposite of what I get: 13-15 on the highway and 6-8 around town. What eats it up around town is drousing along behind some dawdlebug at 6 mph when you can't get the automatic shift out of low and driving with a cold motor when the choke is sloshing raw gas through the carb. I ruptured my muffler today (1 Dec) backing into a dealer's driveway to deliver some freight, ran one wheel off the culvert. Now when I give it a spot of gas it makes a great raspy snarl of untamed brutal power. It might be a good idea to leave it that way since it reminds me to keep a gentle foot on the gas pedal. §Rotsler will enshrine the name of Helen Clapsattle Shugg in the horny fastnesses of his heart. §Kincannon put my name on a sucker mailing list like that once--I detailed the horrors of it in an old issue of OOPSLA!. §I think they have adjusted the inequality of foreign postage vs. domestic postage now by giving a mad boost to the overseas rates as well. §Excuse me--I'm not fearfully sharp on my history but I thought that China was at war with Japan along around 1937 and had not signed a peace treaty or anything at the time of WW2. I may be wrong --often am--but this is my hazy impression. §If you'd sent me the mss. of "STORV" I'd've cheerfully published it. This I like. It has a ring of gargantuan madness reminiscent of Silverberg's "And The Moon Be Still As Cheddar"--still, I think, my favorite item of all the things ever published in Grue. The Lyons Roar is fondly remembered too.

à propos du barean (CAUGHRAN & ELLIK) I'd be interested in hearing any suggestions as to how we can preserve Linard's membership until that happy, faunched-for day when he's ready, willing and able to publish again. I'd suggest that maybe he could be indefinitely suspended from the active rolls with the proviso that when he had his health back he would be placed on active status as though he were number 1 on the waiting list. In the meantime, maybe someone who doesn't keep their mailings when they've finished reading...Bloch for example...could send them to him so he'd be kept up to date. If a few of Linard's friends in FAPA would ante up a few odd coins each mailing to defray Bloch's postage it could perhaps be handled without anyone's feeling called upon to make a federal case of it. I'll try to get a discussion going on this prior to the mailing though since whatever is done had best be done promptly. §Thanks for the info on Grendel Briarton...now when people come around accusing me I'll know what to tell them. Incidentally, I had a letter from someone accusing me of being "Leslie Nirenberg" because the letters g-r-e-n-n-e-l-l can be found by writing his name backwards and x-ing out the b-e-r-i-i-s-e. Despite all this, I am not Leslie Nirenberg. §But if you will read backwards through some of the issues of the early 40s, you will find that publishers of pb books would have had no trouble at all in finding justification for putting nudes on their cover if they chose to reprint the old stories about the Shadow. Practically every story used to have at least one scene where the heroine (or ingénue or whatever they were) would peel to the buff and cavort about a bit. One of the yarns dealing with the infamous Shiwan Khan had a white girl dye herself all over yellow in a bathtub so's she could spy on the arch-villain. She'd been picked for the job because, having been raised in China, she thought in Chinese and Shiwan Khan was a mind-reader. §If memory serves, Milt Gross also did a comic strip at one time, didn't he, Speer?

ANYTHING+BOX (Marion Zimmer Bradley) Just took a picture of the new cat reviewing this--at least she was pawing at the keys. If it turns out well, I'll have to send you a copy. §After reading on the cover that "there might even be something by you--yes, YOU--or about you, in here," I was still astonished to find out that there was.

(Bradley) Jean--whose memory is much better than mine--says that the missing section contained, among other things, Mrs. Kidder's recipe for tomato soup cake (much tastier than it sounds, really), Raeburn's recipe for beef Stroganoff (which we've yet to try but some day mean to) and the delectable formula for cheesecake used by Marion ~~Zinner~~ Bloch. I'd be tempted to give them here but the way some people grouch if I devote a word or two to guns, I shudder to think of the outburst if I started going on recipes. I should mention though (à propos the bread discussion in GALLERY) that we've been baking our own bread for some time now using a recipe of my mother's. I have written this up to interminable length for Bjo, who plans to publish a bunch of recipes around the end of the year. Despite the fact that I have no consuming interest in music, despite the fact that I care for opera even less, I do like some of it and I did find quite a bit of interesting stuff in your discussion musical. When I was a kid the folks bought an ancient Columbia Gramophone at an auction with a batch of old records. We didn't buy any more records for years but I played the few we had over and over. That would have been around 1935, I guess and, as I think I've mentioned, we didn't get a radio till 1940 when a neighbor had his farm wired for electricity and gave us his old battery-powered Philco. Anyway, there were several of those huge old 12" 78 rpm ("SP?") records including several operatic numbers. The only one of these that left any impression on me was the sextette from Lucia (I, of course pronounced it "loosia" instead of "lew-cheeia"), which I came to really enjoy (my folks never did) and I still do although I don't own any record of it now. I've come to enjoy some of the music from Carmen and Aida (with all the silly symbols on this typer, there's no double-dot "i" so while I can face up to gemütlich, I avoid naïveté). I even went to see the movie of Aida and found it tedious only in scattered parts (I was startled at the point where Aida sees Amonasfo behind the bushes and barks "Ha! Mi padre!"...I did a double-take and thought hey, that was Italian and I understood it!). I especially like the ballet music and the triumphal march although the latter always strikes me as having faint undertones of "The Old Gray Mare" (just as a cultured man is said to be one who can hear the Wm. Tell overture without being reminded of the Lone Ranger). I really enjoyed your "First Aid for Aida" very much and will argue for weeks with anyone who says the writer of that has no sense of humor!

LE MOINDRE 17 (RAEBURN) I was glad to get this since I've been meaning to write you but lost the change-of-address card you so kindly sent us. Let me, since I didn't get the chance last mailing, say I hugely enjoyed "When Cigaretts Were Banned." I agree about the stark horror of the top-forty stations...like Leman, we're forced to hear some of this bilge and it sickens me the same way it used to sicken my dad in 1940 when I listened to those grand old songs of that era (!) on the Hit Parade--I recall he especially groused at one called "So You're the One." I'm glad to notice that most jukeboxes now take dimes instead of nickels so that the ninnies who disturb the peace in restaurants have to pay twice as much. Nothing would please me more than seeing them set at fifty cents per play--though I suppose there would be superninies who'd still play them. I heard The Weavers on a local (well, Chicago, actually--the local local station, KFIZ, is for skinning...polkas, top-forty, endless inept commercials--I can't even stand ept commercials--and every so often they read the rosary for half an hour or so at a clip) station and they were every bit as atrocious as you had led me to imagine. This seems to be a time when mediocrity and immaturity are prized above all else. The local ciné palace recently had an offering called, so-h'ep-me, "TEEN-AGERS FROM OUTER SPACE." More on this may be found on next page.

Let us say, for example, that these "teen-agers" came from as far out as Saturn. Their year would be, quite naturally, one rotation of their planet around the sun. Now Saturn, as we all have known since childhood, makes a circuit every 29.46 of our earth-type years which means that a Saturnian would become eligible to wear the sacred title of Teen-ager at (13×29.46) 382.98 earth-years and could continue to rejoice in that exalted state until just before his 20th birthday (hatchday, whatever) and at that time, by Terran standards, he would be 589.2 years old. Picture a world, if you can, where after nearly six of our centuries the teenagers are still scautching about blubbering that they aren't understood and being proud young rebels in a world they never made. Maybe I should have gone to see that...it should have been good for a bit of beaumontia if I could have brought my sanity through it. Your Canadian Schick blades outshave the US Schick blades 2-to-1 on the average, hukum? Thanks for'm.

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SUDDENLY IT'S 1960!

There. I've wanted to use that somewhere. The material up to here was typed last December or so when there was all the time in the world. As our programs continue, it is 10:45 PM (CST) 5 February 1960 and late-late-late. I really can't say where the time went but the calendar calims it's gone. I'd hoped to get another project into this mailing but now must drop everything and crowd out this issue of Bleen since that's already better than half done. Tomorrow is about the last day something can be got off to Cambridge with a fair chance of getting there in time. If you don't read this in February you'll know it didn't.

I did take the trouble to read what had gone before to keep from repeating myself and I can say now that Eney assures me that Linard's membership has been covered adequately so we needn't worry about that. The sad news comes from Bloch who says he's reluctantly decided he has to drop from FAPA due to the urgent press of other affairs. I sorrow at this but can- perhaps, understand it better than some of the other members might. We faunch for your return, Bob, if you ever feel you can carry the extra load again.

FANMARK GREETING CARDS (Caughran, Trimble, Bjo) This is fabulous. My favorite is the "Welcome to the Elite of Fandom."

AMATEUR'S JOURNAL (Derry) This is more interesting than collections of outdated boxing tickets. I'm a bit surprised to see that penicillin in milk is a baadness and find it a bit odd that the inspectors don't carry jiffy test-kits for Strontium 90 also. Lee, Bjo, Rotsler--can you remember when strontium was only a kind of dirty greenish-yellow pigment that you had in your oil kit and hardly ever used?

VANDY 5 (Coulsons) Sir Ronald Fisher must have been reading Heinlein's old story titled "Jerry is a Man." Well, I used to know a barber in Tuscaloosa who hunted Kodiaks in Alaska with a .25 Colt automatic. He didn't get many bear either, possibly because he never left Tuscaloosa. And don't you love the crunchy goodness of number 6 shot when you're eating those rabbits? A gun dealer in Oshkosh (Hi, Agberg!) told me this week that one of his biggest troubles comes from customers sticking their sweaty fingers into the ends of gun barrels and putting them back on the rack to rust. Says it's as great a compulsion as kicking tires in a car lot, and as pointless. I told him it was all psychologically symbolic but didn't elaborate. I've captioned the pic on page 9 "SO! You don't like Folk-Music?" "Crispy, crunchy brandy was

10 (Coulsons)

the definition given in the "True Bar Guide" for a horror called Crème de Celeri. }and when we were returning from the east in 1954 we stopped at Napoleon, Ohio (looking for Hickman who wasn't home that day) and ate at a restaurant with lofty ideals and lousy food. While we were there they turned out a sizeable family because a daughter, aged maybe 10 or 11, was wearing shorts. We left a penny tip for the waitress who left off serving us to boot them out. Temperature outside was around 90. Hah! At last someone else who thinks "The Lovers" was bluuuh.

DRIFTWOOD (Sally) What an odd way to spell phlotsam. No, I didn't see the August ROGUE. I almost never even freescan this off the stands. }Someone must have distracted you between the bottom of p.5 and the top of p.6--on page 8, "spolen" is a good word. }More soon, mm?

FARATHY (Agberg) Welcome back--somebody bring in the falf (I mean the catted one). }The gun you fired in '55 was a Colt .25 automatic which I had at the time and have long since swapped away. It is the gun traditionally carried by ladies in their handbags or other suitable places. I'd've given much for a chance to photograph Harlan's expression immediately after blowing a hole in the wall with the elephant gun. }You misunderstood the intent of Janke's question, I think. He has no delusions about the creep's undesirability but, as I do, questions the need of reprinting all this incoherent ranting although I suppose even some of that was necessary. At any rate, we can all speak of pleasanter things now (such as organic fertilizer) and let this revolting topic drop for a while, one hopes forever.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) The reviews of the old mailings fascinate me. Any of the hecto/ditto processes are extremely fugitive when exposed to light. I recently turned up a FA from not many years ago whose ditto'd list of the mailing contents on the first page was nearly faded away. }One hopes that Folly will be represented in PPress one of these issues. And we hope your mother's examination turned out all right. Yes, that was TNT and congratz on being one of the very few brave enough to slog through the whole titles! }Hevelin's title, if I may hazard a guess, is doubtless*is laundry mark from the service and is composed of his last initial plus the last four digits of his serial number. I still find a few handkerchiefs now and then with "G-1815" stamped on them. }Rory Faulkner will doubtless be rcary indeed if she sees that superfluous a in her front name--actually's short for Dorothy. Your repro is fine this issue, Don. }DDairy59 is fine and we anticipate next installment. Marion, do they still have that horrible-tasting water at Wichita Falls? I spent 5-6 weeks at Sheppard Field in the hot part of 1943 and will never forget the ghastly fluid that sprang malodorously from the water bubblers there. Maybe that's why some of the coffee tasted so foul?

PHLOTSAM (La Economou) I'll make you a deal: you make some home brew and I will try it next time I'm down thataway. }But why didn't they say "potatoes au glatin"? }Even if I read Fantastic Universe I doubt if I'd've read a story by Ellison so thanks for bringing this hilarious gem to my attention. Quite apart from its championship prolixity, it contains more boobos to the inch than any account of gunplay I've ever seen in sf. Anyone who shoots a .30-'06 (which is what he probably means by 30.06) with his "cheek welded down tight to the metal behind the sight" is going to shortly require stitches. Them things kick, don't they Calkins? }As you may have suspected when you and Arthur and Jean cowered in the basement with Brinker, hands and paws over ears as I was reading it, I found your Taspian bit downright humorous. Finefinefine.

(PHE)

This is an insidious thing to encounter when you're racing against a deadline to review the rest of the mailing. Sitting here looking through it I wound up reading the whole blooming issue for anyhow the fourth time. A polite word for the caudal areas? Well, there's always the French "derrière." "Hardly anybody can be Grennell"--I can assure you that even I don't always find it easy. "Go-cars," more usually go-karts are little tiny racing cars driven by one or two tiny engines behind the driver. I won't go into it further lest Arthur might catch the bug before he finishes his airplane. Yeh, I've also experienced this distortion of time-sense tho perhaps not as violently as you describe. For you and Boyd and my fellow staunch friends of the farmer, I ran across a cartoon in an old issue of "True" the other night showing two farmers; one, pointing at three silos, said, "The government filled the biggest one with money in case of a real hard winter." Delightful? In view of your platform, the temptation to observe that the cards weren't all that was stacked against Eney is well-nigh overpowering but I shall be staunch and power it.

S (Evans) This is a noble work, Bill, and if I can't seem to muster the appreciation to which it is rightfully entitled, blame it on the fact that the span it covers ends almost on the very day I innocently wandered upon the fannish scene.

WILD FUMBLES (Youngs, Tucker, Eney) Enjoyabobble reading, no special comment but glad (some of) you got here. JeanY, Eney, did I tell you that weird batch of lights in the sky that night turned out to be aureora borealis mit delusions von grandeur? Well, it was.

COOLONG (Favlat) Your title is obviously either derived from a species of Formosan tea or an adjective specifying what kind of way it is to Tipperary. Sorry I credited Evans back there with doing the index, I should have recognized your typeface.

MORSELETTER (WRM) Subtitle The WRM Turns. Let me be one, maybe the only one, who didn't gripe about the repro in last Bull Moose. We faunch for seeing Maria's column. By "we" I mean Jean and me. A cute squib in a recent issue of "Life" suggested the only person legitimately entitled to use the editorial "we" would be a writer with a tapeworm.

A FANZINE FOR many fapans (Hoffman) Thanks for the nice letter, photos data which, by the time you read this, I hope I will have answered. I saw a guy with a two-motored kart buzzing about a track in Hartford, Wis., a month or so back and stopped to watch a little while, thinking so that's the latest Hoffmania. Looks like fun. Oh, foosh, FORGET about Mrs. Carr! Don't read her mag, nor other's reviews of it and she won't bother you in the slightest. This is called The Danner Method. Well, strictly speaking, Rotsler isn't married any more and, at latest report he had even shaved off his beard...and Warner of course is now using picture covers...do you get the impression that the world is a big glob of Jello about to melt? Recently heard a young couple worrying which kind of detergent to buy at the s'market and, after much discussion over one and the other they wound up with Mr Clean. I think these ads are retchmaking. But they must have impact for some people. Some survey lady dropped by the office a few weeks ago and had me go thru an issue of Life indicating which ads I'd remembered. I said at the start that the only one was the LHCL ad but that wasn't in that particular issue. This is twice now my opinion has been tapped by National Organizations and each time I get a sense of maad power to think of the helpless segment of unquizzed peoples who, willynilly, have my opinion saddled onto them. Yack. Downtown Local's FIIINE!

A FZ FOR GER STEWARD (Hoffman) Really good layout and makeup, excellent sketches, interesting copy. Beyond that, though, no special additional comment.

SHIPSIDE (USS J.T.) What I said, I think, was that it is a policy of dubious wisdom to publish remarks from people saying to the effect that "I sure hope wotzizname doesn't do thus-and-so or he could cause me a lot of trouble." Because one has got to make any comment or statement with the implicit realization that it may someday get back to Old Snotclot and printing stuff like that is like standing on the rim of Grand Canyon and saying to a person of known instability, "Don't give me even a little push or I'll fall to my death thousands of feet below." I'd say there's a better than fair chance that he'll try to make trouble again and if you want to make like a bullseye I suppose you have that privilege but not the privilege of holding up other people too. I'm about 53% certain I know who at least one of the members is who dutifully passed along relevant material to the guy but I won't divulge this in any way whatever, not even if I should accumulate the other 47% of evidence. Odd thing is, it was one of the last I'd have suspected. But if you have any schemes to clobber his clockwork, I certainly wish you much success. §Perdue's Big Brother article was most enjoyable and so were the Bjo story and pix. You put out a good mag.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL (Shaws & others) Seconda' motion!

THETA (Harness) The Bjo bacover was tremenderific and stuplossal. I'm reminded--page 1--of a gag at the IllWisCon in '58, unchronicled till now as I know of. Somebody saying, "I'm sodom drunk." and someone else saying, "Yeah, you'll cry gommorah." §Perhaps one of the (many) reasons I've never made it to a Nat'l convention is that I'd never be able to think of a costume for the masquerade. §Good clear thru, this.

RAITH (Ballard) Better not let your supply of black powder get too low, as I keep hearing rumors that eventually it will be illegal to ship it by any carrier whatsoever--except private conveyance, suitably marked, of course--and then it will get scarce and disappear from the market. I sold the last of my stock and no longer keep it around, having been struck cautious in my old age. BP is too treacherous, even worse than Burb's home brew. Over the course of the winter I'm accumulating another shotgun (a 20ga bolt besides the 12ga auto riot) and paraphernalia for loading as well as a trap--the cock-and-trip type--and supply of birds. Come spring, I expect to have my own portable trap-shooting rig with provisions to take a few friends or some of the kids along. §I saw (by the way, ballistophobes can go fold their nose: Wrai and I will be talking guns for a few more lines yet) one of the copies of the .36 Colt Navy now on the market for 89.95 and it is really a well-made weapon...manufactured in Italy, of all places. ("Eh, cumpari, you slap the leather one time, eh?"). Couldn't get a firm answer if it would digest smokeless or not. Wrote the company and offered to review it in the column if they wanted to ship me one but no answer for some time now...not even the info I requested. Only the veriest noncoompip would buy one by mistake for a Colt tho--as the collectors have been crying about. Collector's clubs are petitioning stores not to handle them, for fear of deflating prices--at 90 bucks a throw?? §Guy in Delafield has a .56 Burnside carbine...wants around 75 for it. Looks cute but not for me, I think. After faunching for one for years I never even fire my .45-70 carbine. §You have one of those pesky typors that makos its e's and its o's almost indotocibly the same so that it is hard to somotimos make out what you are saying the first time. See what I mean?

FAPHELION (Buz) I think I awreddy tole you how much I like the comer.

You will discover relevant comment about a third of the way down page 3 (and you'll come to find that I'm a devious devil, planting egoboo in the unlikeliest places to thwart the skimmer). Outside of suffering from marginal obesity and emmetropia, I tend to regard myself as relatively unhandicapped, and thus an exception to Jack's theory (that fans are in fandom because of a handicap of some sort). I've met a number of fans and there are several who appear healthy as so many Clydesdales in every respect detectable to a casual layman's examination. It's true that perhaps a slight percentage more fans wear glasses (usually hornrimmed) than an equal number might if culled from another of my layers of acquaintances and some of them are disfigured by unsightly growths on their faces although these go away with proper treatment (Hi, Rotsler!) but in the main, I can't see a basis for building a theory that most people are in fandom because of a handicap. It is true that I have a mental handicap: I think fans are fascinating, and that might be citeable if not defensible. Brussels sprouts may be defined as unborn cabbage. Ahhh, Captain Morgan Dark Rum...sigh, slurp. Ever try it with Dr. Pepper? S'delicious. I've a photo here somewhere of a Seabee amphib...there were a few around here years ago. You guys who decry spraying polish on the rag have obviously never tipped over and spilled as many dollar's worth of polish as I have or you'd see the wisdom of those cans, if not their money's worth. And why not build the Tucker Hotel at the old Ozark Love-Camp??? There is a store in Appleton called the "Pope Paint Company." A nice respectable business, I suppose, but a precarious living, withal. After all, how often does one of those need painting? Much green wordage here, all good.

FAPREHENSIVE (Elinor B) I chuckled over your having "naked studs" in your house and it will occasion hilarity on N. Genesee St., doubtless. I have many placed checked here but can't recall what I may have meant to say at any of them and my mind is a blank now. Maybe I should go to bed (it's 3:20 AM). I thought up a nice lino as I neared the end of Buz's section up there and meant to include it between you but it slid out of my head and appears lost for ever...and those kind, I find, always seem the funniest in retrospect. You ro Buz, one or the other, were mentioning that you belonged to the thin minority of fapans with pets other than cats...members, if I may be permitted the observation, of the Doggy Doggy Few.

LARK (WMD) Well, "brisant" is pronounced about like BREE-zohn, being from the French, meaning the ability to shatter things into small and sharp-cornered peices and it refers specifically to the quality that makes a high explosive high which in turn is different from the quality that makes a high priest high or the quality that makes high prices high, etc. It's in my li'l ole Webster's Collegiate and Webster's Unabridged also lists brisance but the Century has neither. It's one of the words I look up when checking out a dictionary I'm seeing for the first time. Agree with the rating you give the human voice as a musical instrument. P.7: Youse is a dispot. They used to have jillions of gun cameras--16mm movie jobs mounted parallel with the machine guns in aircraft and running whenever the guns fired to preserve a record of the targets. I've often wondered what became of these since I've never seen any offered at surplus. In the golden days of the Harris/Grennell correspondence, we sometimes used to write a letter, get a reply and send off another reply within slightly less than a week. There's a noxious lout who occasionally calls up here trying to sell something. I don't know what. I've never listened long enough. Maybe mimeo paper at 75c a ream? How did she get your unlisted phone number?

POC (AYoung) Well, I suppose that polydactylic cats might run at least as high as a fraction of a per cent anyhow. §How can anyone tell if you are wearing a tie or not? §Yuh. Here's another who doesn't especial-recall his childhood as a Golden Era. §What, I wonder, was the highest a non-member ever placed in the poll? §I urp at Sinatara. §Agree with your observations on the unsatisfactoriness of newspaper egoboo. §The latest bit among the junkies of Milwaukee, according to a late news story, is to flip over codeine cough syrup...they guzzle it a bottle at a time...wughh!

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) Exception taken to the statement that SOS is "quite good." Perhaps GI cooks found it difficult to render hamburger inedible but they accepted it as a challenge and came through magnificently...at least the ones in my experience did...there was a pervasive impression that the stuff had been eaten once before, at least. §Even yet, after nearly four years, every time I happen to go ~~over~~ toward Elkhart Lake, which I don't often, I think of that time in 1956 when you were riding with me and the roads were sheathed in ice. Correct me if I'm wrong but I b'leev Eney is the only faan ever to drive one of the Jazzy-Belles, writer excepted. §I'm just finishing a book called "Hawaii," by Michener...it came accidentally from the BOM club but I'm glad it did. Most fas'nating, think you'd like it.

BINDLE-STIFF 88½ (Mme. Bradley) So your corflu has "thickened in the bottle"--and patht away? No matter how hard you tighten the cap on corflu, I find, some of the ether leaks out. I discover this when I pack my fanning gear for overnight trips. When I open the box with the corflu in, the fumes near put me under. §I agree on the bit of Playboy being less damaging to the tender mind than True Story tho some of the men's mags strike me as sicksicksick (ref. my comments in Skeptic Tank in the upcoming Stefantasy). §I think I have two copies of the last issue of Ugly Bird, want one back if I can find it? Sixty should be reasonably safe on Texas highways but you won't feel quite so safe after you encountered a couple situations where you have to stop right now. Sixty is about the velocity at which you'd hit the sidewalk if you dove off an eight-story building and it's four times as hard to stop as if you were going thirty, not twice as hard as a person might think. Kinetic energy varies directly in proportion to velocity squared. Twice now I've had deer, the Wisconsin white-tail variety, weighing about 180 pounds, bound in front of the car when I was doing 30-35...the car ~~suffered~~ no damage either time tho you couldn't say as much for the deer. And collisions, even at a barely-moving 15 mph, can raise hob with fenders, as I can testify. §As a one-time triapan, I dropped from all but one because they imposed an impossible strain on my time and I simply couldn't encompass three or even two mailings a quarter. §But I like your mailing comments and the thought that contributions might displace some of this would tend to keep me from contributing. BINDLE-STIFF 88½ Re divers comments on the price of paper, it was a stunning shock to find where prices had gone since last I published. The Green Bay ABDick office socked me 1.60 a ream for 20-lb tan mimeotone where it used to be 1.05 and my old standby, Ta-Non-Ka is now 1.55 by ten reams in the 20-lb white. But I got two reams of tan m'tone from a dealer of mine, who has bought a luvverly big old press for 100 bucks (now this is a gumbled sentence!)-§I'll start again: He got a bunch of mimeotone ABD at around 85c a ream and I bought two reams for a buck apiece. Whether I can get any more at that figure remains to be seen but it won't be many, I fancy. §Yeah, discipline is no great problem here. Some people we know never interfere with their brats in the slightest because, "We want them to grow up Leaders, not Followers." Ech. §I stuck with the

(Bradley)

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royal-blue-on-white format for a long time but it seems to have become more popular in recent years and today the chances are odds-against that a blue&white mag is not mine. I'd like to get some paper in either cream or pale chartreuse to print on in RBlue ink but I can't find those colors around here. I liked the appearance of RBlue on the tangerine cover of so-called Qabal-5 (I goofed horribly on numbering and now have two Q4s and two Q5s). And I've thought of making a nice rich navy-blue out of Royal Blue and Black gestink. §See my remarks on p.13 re dogs & cats in FAPA households. §Men have, perhaps to a lesser extent, the same trouble with dictated fashion that women have. F'exampl, I like dark, bottle-green gabardine slacks but only twice in the last 10-12 years have I been able to get any--once as bottle green and once, during the charcoal craze, as "Charcoal Green." Last time I bought two pair while I was at it but they both wore out and once again I'm waiting for the day some faroff dictator says very well, let the poor dopes have a few pairs of green ones again. No, custom tailoring isn't even the answer...I checked with several and the only green swatches in their books are a faded, bilious shade of sage. §Janke will, I'm sure, comment on your Scientologist comments. §I bought a bug-bomb a couple years back to rout flies out of the car with--I hate the little critters buzzing across the windshield when I'm driving--but it left the car, for 1 to 3 days afterward, smelling the way you might imagine it would smell in a cutrate house of illfame. §So double your Russian vocabulary: the word for yes is "DA."

GALLERY (Derry) Well, heck, I'd rather have a Gallery that came out, no matter how rarely, than no Gallery at all. If Grue can get away with it--and it has so far, somehow, then Gallery can also. Hear? All items enjoyed...lots of good fanfiction this mailing.

FANZINE REVIEW. No. 1 (Madle) I wonder if I ever told you how you were, without knowing it, of considerable help to me once. At the time our lovable ex-waitinglister was trying to perjure me into trouble with the postoffice, the inspector showed me a clipping sent him by a postal employee in--I think he said--Milwaukee. The guy had appended a note saying I understand you have a case involving this guy and thought you'd like to see this. The clipping was one of your reviews of Grue from ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION STORIES or SFQ (I forget which mag carried your reviews in mid-1956) and it spoke of Grue in the most glowing and kindly terms, bless youse, sir. I still think that that review went a long ways toward getting me off the hook with the postoffice and I shall remain grateful to you until at least the second Tuesday after doomsday. And if I've never mentioned the matter to you before, I do so now with humble and heartfelt thanks. If you ever need a right arm or something, whistle. §A popular tradition has built up to the effect that fapans are anti-sciencefiction and anti-science. I think you will find as you read the mailings that this is not borne out by facts or at least that it's been magnified out of proportion. For my own part, I still enjoy sciencefiction and read as much of it as I can steal time for. And I've had more complaints that I write on subjects too deep than too trivial. §Your line about "...John Berry (a regular Ape)" moved me to howls. §The preponderant evidence at hand now indicates that Leslie Nirenberg is an actual, existing person, not a hoax. I prefer to hope this is correct. §I hope you stick around for many, many mailings this time, Bob.

8 PAGER (Quagliano) I know that military life is supposed to provide prime material for writing about but the humdrum of routine garrison existence made very dull fare...or so I always found. While I have occasionally drawn on an experience here & there, as literary inspiration it was pretty much a bust. Odd, come to think of it, that

16 (Quag)

there have been so few good humorous books about the Army and Air Force and so damned many about the Navy. True, there was Pvt. Hargrove and No Time for Sgts., and a ghastly fizzle called Something about a Soldier but every few weeks, even yet, brings out another Life-Was-A-Scream-In-The-Navy book--e.g., Don't Go Near the Water, Operation Petticoat, etc. And these usually wind up as movies. Seems out of proportion, somehow. §One of the car makers--Ford?--has whelped still another kompakt kar. I forget what it's called and don't really care. §A good conversation disrupter is Ravel's Bolero, started fairly loud and creeping ever up and up. After a dozen passes or so, the talkers suddenly find themselves yelling at their lungs' top...that should be lungs' top, no? §Tnx for the word on Moxie

THE SHAW REPORT (Pavlat) Surprised, somehow, to hear that Budrys has ever heard of me. I look forward to his entry into the ranks not necessarily for that reason. §JeanY's Agberg cartoon is marvelous and so are Agberg's comments. I bet I could guess who the fanturned-pro who now despises faans is. And you're right, Bob, in saying that I've little burning desire to sell sf stories. There is so much more money to be had at the expenditure of so much less effort in so many other fields, including other branches of writing. And incidentally, Bob, I've now passed the pro's milestone where I wouldn't be able to figure out how many sales I've made without a lot of checking and counting. I, too, earn my living by churning out words, verbally, it's true and sometimes on paper and I've encountered what you speak of here: there are times when the mere thought of making up a lot of words and putting them onto paper is highly repellant. §This and the first report make an inspired series and kudos for all hands, a double ration.

HORIZONS (Warner) I saved this for dessert. I agree it's a shame that a new car should depreciate about 50% in three years, no matter how much or little it's been driven. Especially since a car three years newer is by no means necessarily twice as good. I've never had a car since that had anywhere near the pep that the '52 Olds had and the '60 wagon isn't nearly as well designed for frequently getting in and out of as was the '57 though I find it more restful to drive for long distances and the anti-spin differential is worth its weight in most any valuable commodity. §You slice me to the quick and beyond with your remark about Grennell and his glory days, especially since I can't argue with you on it. §I'm still launching for the Warnerian non-FAPA publication. §There is a collection of the Penrod books, all three bound together, only with some of the best episodes taken out. I could loan you a copy of Penrod but haven't an extra copy just now. Terhune was, like so many writers, a one-plot man and while the first few of his stories you read were enjoyable he quickly became cloying if you gorged on him. All his people were either dog-lovers and utterly benign or non-doglovers and utterly evil, evil, evil. I could use a dozen pages talking about greasy spoon restaurants with you but I think the worst thing about restaurants, even worse than the food and the smell of cheap cigarbutts is the Foo-forsaken, blarsted jukeboxes. Which is why I often just get a few rolls and a deck of coldcuts from a grocery and eat in the car at noon. At least you (think you) know what you're eating and it's reasonably peaceful. My own ogre is parsley. This was one of your best efforts and belated appreciation for the article on making oboe reeds which I unaccountably enjoyed. §I regret I'll never be able to enlighten you on the Miss Agnes hit unless we meet face-to-face some day since it's highly unmailable but the whole line is, "My god, Miss Agnes, you is done buried the wrong horse!" §Jean, a prolific motto-mangler, one time observed, "Spare the Horse and Feed the Dollar." I like that. --dag