

Seems as though it's been a long time since I got around to doing any commenting on the Fapa mailings. Various people have pointed this out to me. I'll try to scratch out a few pages here, holding it down to not more than I can mail in an envelope for one ounce.

Grue #28 is coming along slowly---this in answer to a few queries---and if all goes smoothly it should turn up in the August mailing. I could be prejudiced, but it strikes me as a good issue so far.

G M Carr was commenting about paranoia and related topics in a manner I found interesting. Moreover, I have no intention of arguing over anything she said. But it occurred to me that paranoia was one of those things about which I had nebulous impressions but little concrete information. So I dug up a copy of PRINCIPLES OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY by Edmund Smith Conklin (Henry Holt & Co., 1927). Conklin was listed as a professor at the U of Oregon and while the book was not perhaps up to the most recent minute, abnormal behavior hasn't changed a great deal in the past 30 years, I don't think.

On pages 72-73 I found a single long paragraph so startlingly apropos in a couple of places that I thought you might find it interesting if I quoted. Here goes:

Figures on the frequency of paranoiacs are probably misleading because they are of necessity confined to hospital records. There are doubtless many paranoiacs at large who never have and perhaps may never cross the threshold of a hospital and so be recorded for what they are. If the delusions are relatively harmless no protest is made and they continue at large. They are known in their communities as "mildly cracked," a "little bit off," or as "monomaniacs." Some of them are very harmless indeed, their activities merely causing a smile of pity in those who know. Some of them have a little money to spend and regularly flood the mails with mimeographed, sometimes printed, expressions of their wholly worthless opinions on anything and everything. Such are many faddists and cranks. Some are more active and are chronically anti-this or anti-that or ardently pro-the-other-thing. While they are relatively harmless they nevertheless cost society much unnecessary disturbance. In a comparatively recent instance a woman who had been actively speaking and organizing for now one cause and then another, all of a somewhat eccentric nature, proved eventually to be of a long family line of mentally diseased, and she herself eventually developed delusions so bizarre as to be generally recognized for what they were. Another form of delusion results in what is sometimes described as the "querulent paranoiac." These people are a menace, and unfortunately may be for a time difficult of recognition. They chronically bring accusations against worthy people, write lengthy letters of complaint to the authorities or others more likely perhaps to take cognizance of them, and not infrequently sue for damages for large sums. They apparently have no hesitation about the faking of evidence and are often rather clever in so doing. A female querulent may accuse some respectable man of improper relations, charge him with assault, swearing to a most incriminating list of details. The consequence is often very expensive to the accused man, both financially and in public esteem, because unfortunately the public is far too willing to believe such accusations.

Unquote. And did you get the fleeting impression that it was striking uncomfortably close to where you live with that business about the ones with a bit of money who "regularly flood the mails with mimeographed, sometimes printed, expressions of their wholly worthless opinions on anything and everything."? And all this, mind you, was written away back in the Gernsback era, 1926 or 1927. Yuk.

All of which brings up a matter I'd rather not have to discuss but I don't seem to have much choice. I don't regard myself as entirely blameless in the matter since I could have---certainly should have---kept my mouth shut or well reefed down. (p.t.o)

Frequently in the past I've been full of good resolutions about this, swearing I would mind my own business in the future and avoid generating friction with other fans. But the news that George Wetzel was threatening Georgina Ellis with a lawsuit over a fancied slur at him published in her magazine riled me more than somewhat. I guess it's just that I like to think of fandom as a self-contained unit where problems and differences of opinion are settled or discussed without leaving the grounds; without dragging in outside reinforcements.

So I wrote a letter to Ellis about it. No need to go into what I said since it appeared in the issue of WENDIGO circulated in the February mailing. Suffice to say that, having written it in September and not having seen it again till February, I was more than slightly appalled to re-read it. The letter struck me as being rather intemperate and not completely in good taste. If there are any of you who found it offensive for one reason or another, I apologize, sincerely.

Wetzel, not being a Fapa member, got his copy of WENDIGO last October sometime. In fact, his comment on the issue---12 pages of it, I believe---was printed in the issue of GEMZINE which appeared in the February mailing with the issue of WENDIGO under discussion. I can't find either of these issues for exact quotes but Wetzel said something like, "...as for Grennell's letter, I won't say much about that..."

It wasn't till the middle of May that I found out precisely why Wetzel hadn't thought it necessary to say too much about Grennell's letter---not to G M Carr and her readers at any rate.

A man called us on the phone one evening and identified himself as a postal inspector. Both Jean (who answered the phone) and I wondered if perhaps it wasn't some fan who was passing through town, introducing himself in the whimsical fashion so dear to the fraternity. But---fortunately---we played it straight because as it turned out the caller really was a postal inspector.

He asked if I published a magazine named Grue. I admitted I did. He said they had received a complaint that certain things in Grue were obscene and he was investigating. That rocked me rather hard. I have long been extremely circumspect about keeping dubious stuff out of Grue. I had every reason to believe that some copies of every issue received a fairly careful going-over en route to the readers. I'd heard of a case or two where other, less inhibited, publishers had had brushes with the postal authorities and I wanted no part of it.

I arranged to stop in and see the inspector the next morning because I prefer not to discuss such things on the phone. I went down to the postoffice building with the last four copies of Grue, figuring if anyone could find obscenity in Grue I wanted to see it myself. The inspector turned out to be a courteous, pleasant and understanding sort of fellow...which helped somewhat. For me it's a mildly embarrassing experience to have to explain something like fandom, Fapa and Grue to someone who presumably has no previous knowledge of them. Even things like calling your publishing enterprise "Mafia Press" suddenly take on a dark and sinister aspect...in your own mind, if not in the investigator's.

The actuality wasn't as bad as the anticipation. He read me portions of the letter and while it made me out to be one of the blackest sinners yet unhung, the frenetic viciousness of the wording defeated its own purpose. The Postmaster General (to whom it was addressed) must receive a goodly number of crank letters in a year and they should be able to recognize such a vintage specimen for what it is before they've gotten halfway through.

I don't believe the specific charges deserve to be dignified by repetition so

I won't list them here. They were a pack of dirty and venomous lies in the muckiest traditions of the character-assassin. Tritely enough, one of the things he claimed was that I am "of extreme leftist political views, just short of communism." I don't know why he didn't go whole hog and say that I was an actual card-carrying member of the communist party since if you are going to try to lie and perjure someone into trouble you might as well lie a big lie while you are at it.

Do I need to deny that I am a communist? Probably not but I will, lest there be a lingering doubt in some mind. I am not, nor have I ever been, nor will I ever be a communist...with or without a capital C. I have every conceivable reason to want to preserve the status quo and no reason to wish for any radical changes of government. It is true that I once admitted that I do not wholeheartedly approve of every thing that Joe McCarthy does and it is true---though doubtless irrelevant---that I once voted for Estes Kefauver. With these sole exceptions, my views and politics have been monotonously in the stodgiest Republican tradition.

However, it would appear that everyone who gets Wetzel down on them immediately is branded as a commie. This seems to be routine procedure. Whether anything could be made of this in court I don't know and don't greatly care. Possibly I could sue him for what strikes me as a singularly malicious libel or perhaps slander is the term. I don't intend to. For one thing, it would be stooping to his own tactics. For another thing I have the impression that he has neither the proverbial bedroom receptacle nor the window from which to discharge its contents so that there would be no pecuniary gain to be had. The third and probably strongest reason is that I do not care to provoke him further. It is more than a little frightening to have someone hate you with such intensity that they apparently have no compunctions about trying to lie you into a stiff fine or prison. He is a man of commendable discretion who knows when to let lying dogs sleep...I beg your pardon, I meant to say let sleeping dogs lie.

I should like to caution the rest of you about this. There is no way of knowing how many more of you he is laying for (that is a deliberate use of a colloquialism so grammatical purists will please refrain from gleefully quoting). Let me remind you that this investigation in my case stretched from October till May before it finally was brought to my attention. During the interim the local postoffice had maintained what they call a "cover" on my mail. They have a dossier on me that would choke a stegosaurus. It contains the complete names and addresses with such pertinent data as was available on everyone who sent me a letter or a magazine from October till mid-May. That includes very nearly everyone in fandom or at least a sizeable percentage thereof.

I think that was the worst cut of the whole deal. There are a lot of people in fandom whom I regard with a great deal of affection and to see their names listed in the files as if in case they might turn out to be a network of distributors for raw opium or something...I don't mind admitting it got me. When someone puts you in a position like that and---by implication---smears muck on the names of all your friends it is not easy to regard him with kindness.

One person to whom I've mentioned this has wondered why the postoffice spent so much time investigating me and--apparently--didn't bother investigating the writer of such an obvious poison-pen letter. I honestly don't know. Hitchcock mentions seeing him mailing threatening anonymous letters to Ellison. I had the impression that it was unlawful to send threatening letters through the mail.

Sooner or later we've got to face up to one problem: Wetzel is on the waiting list for Fapa. If we take steps to boot him off the list there's no telling what retaliation he may take. If we let him into the organization...well, you've had a fair

sample of what that would be like. You saw the 12 pages of semi-literate mumblings and rantings that GM Carr published. You probably read, next issue, where she told about how, after befriending him by publishing him on such a voluminous scale, he turned on her as well. One might deduce from this that his friends are no safer than his enemies ---or not much safer.

Certainly, I can't quite see why anyone would want someone in Fapa who is so sensitive and unpredictable that the slightest provocation (or lack of it) is apt to set him off in a frenzy of lawsuits, threats of lawsuits, complaints to the authorities, etc.

But we have a tiger by the tail here...or would a rabid skunk make the simile more fitting? Yes, I guess so...we're in trouble if we hang on and also if we let go. I'll confess that a practical solution eludes me.

One specific and urgent request though: to the Fapa members in and around the Baltimore area...somewhere, somehow, Wetzel got his hands on a copy of Grue to look through before he wrote that letter. I've never sent him a copy so he had to borrow it from one of you.

I'd like to ask you, please, not to show him any future copies of Grue and, above all, don't show him a copy of this. I am taking a certain risk in sending this out because I think the rest of you ought to know the facts of the matter. For all we know, he's sent your name in too (remember, he doesn't always need a reason) and it may be only a matter of time before you get a phone call some evening and a voice identifies itself as a postal inspector.

In that case, my advice is to play it straight because there's always the chance that it really is one. It could happen to you.

I suppose you could say that this is "chronically bringing accusations against worthy people," ... "writing lengthy letters of complaint to the authorities or others more likely perhaps to take cognizance of them." ... I mean this letter here---do you suppose it's me that has the delusions of persecution and stuff? I'm just glad I don't "flood the mails with mimeographed, sometimes printed, expressions of my wholly worthless opinions." Thank goodness I use a Gestetner.

The best method of dealing with the problem that I've been able to figure out up till now is a sort of excommunication---not a ceremonious one with bell, book and candle---I mean to merely pass the word around in a quiet sort of way that this mug Wetzel is best left scrupulously alone. Don't answer his letters, don't send him your magazine if you publish one, don't attempt to argue with him or demolish him by the force of your sarcasm. Above all, do nothing to further enrage him. Even if you like to include a lot of controversy in your magazine for the sake of reader interest, it is still not advisable to deal with him...what you'll get is several pages of typostudded creakle which you'll have to stencil and after that (to judge from past performances) comes the threats, the slander, the lawsuits, the lying accusations to such authorities as he thinks may listen, etc. It just plain ain't worth it.

The Fapa constitution has no provisions for the jettisoning of undesirable personnel through constitutional proceedings. Ordinarily such provisions aren't required. Would there, I wonder, be much protest if the Sec-Treas were to just quietly drop Wetzel's name from the waiting list? If I were Wilson, I think I'd give it a try and hope it wouldn't result in Fapa's turning up on the Attorney-General's list of subversive organizations or something.

Enough on this singularly unpleasant topic.

LATER---QUITE A BIT LATER...26 AUGUST, 1956, TO BE EXACT

And this is the day, according to the last reports I heard, when Silverberg is due to wed the former Miss Barbara Brown. Even at this very moment, the married men are in the process of gaining a majority in the WO3W.

The 76th mailing is at hand---arrived the 23rd, I think---and comments of a loose-ordered sort are about to follow. I shall not pretend to attempt a formal review of every publication therein...partly because of a white-hot pitch of lassitude, partly because so many of the members, in writing their own reviews, are seemingly able to ignore various publications of mine own in the blandest manner imaginable. Fout.

I have been sitting on the previous four stencils for quite a while now, debating whether to use them or not. I am still more than slightly uncertain about it. I think it would be a vastly better thing if Wetzle could simply be dropped for failure to respond to the FA, as per Wilson's commendable new rule. I should prefer that no full-scale effort be made to vote him out by the membership except as a last resort.

My reasons for this follow. First, let me stress that I don't advocate exclusion of Wetzle from FAPA solely as a matter of grudge and because I don't like him. That can hardly be called valid reason and it wouldn't be by most. In considering the matter, I have tried to collate the behaviors of the less predictable fapans in the past and to extrapolate what their probable behavior in this matter might be. I figure that there will be an average of between 4.7 and 9.2 fapans who will reason somewhat along the lines of, "Who the hell does Grennell think he is to go around trying to get a waiting lister scratched just because of personal spite, etc.?" A smaller percentage will complain that it "simply isn't fair" to condemn George without giving him a chance to defend himself and they will, perhaps, throw open the pages of their magazine to him for another one of those inexhaustible, indecipherable harrangues of his.

I can save you a little trouble there. Jack Speer and I recently saw a letter that GW had written to Bloch who was---presumably---one of the people for whom GW had the highest regard. At any rate, GW has been frantically flaunting his, GW's, affection for Bloch as proof plupositive of his, GW's, total lack of racio-religious prejudice. His precise chain of reason in this matter is anything but clear, nonetheless, Wetzle's openly-espoused regard for Bloch is a matter of public record.

So he sends, to a friend, a letter which could only be construed as a threat veiled in but the sheerest gossamer. Bloch, said Wetzle, had once written a letter in FEON calling for more discussion of Communism in fandom. Bloch is at a loss to recall any such reference anywhere but no matter...people like GW have no trouble in inventing references if needed. Now, then, says Wetzle, all these commie-lovers (Ellis, Gould, GM Carr, etc.,) have closed their pages to him (clean, crusading, GW) on acco<sub>u</sub>nt of his fearless fight against communism.

Therefore, it is up to Bloch, he says, to bring pressure to bear on these people to make them print his stuff again otherwise Bloch will lay himself open to suspicion of merely advocating pro-communistic propaganda in fandom rather than a free discussion of it.

In other words, the way George sees it, Wetzle is anti-communist. Anyone who is anti-Wetzle is, ipso facto, a communist: You can take it from there.

I am not overly concerned for myself in this matter. If, despite everything, the ##### ... fellow ... gets into Fapa, I for one intend to quietly drop out of the organization to found a smaller offshoot on the lines of the Kteic circle and the rest of you can stay or come along as you choose. Need I point out that your only alternatives, as co-fapans with Wetzle, are abject adulation of his every word or else to be turned in to the FBI as communists? It makes a rosy picture.

Conversely, if you do manage to vote him out, if he finds out about it he will almost certainly condemn Fapa as a pro-communist-front organization in an accusatory letter to the FBI, Postmaster General and possibly to the police departments in your home towns. Believe me, you simply cannot deal with this lad as you might with a normal, sane individual. Here speaks the voice of experience, and mournfully.

So the best tactics, it looks like, would be to tiptoe off into the darkness as he sits, mumbling to himself and hope that he attaches to some other interest and forgets about us. Any attempt to referendum him out of FAPA will probably fail, though by a narrow margin. Too many fapans are simply too tightly gripped in the bonds of inertia to ever sign petitions and mail them back. They'd rather let George do it.

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"I suggested to Mr. Wetzel that I doubted having written such a "letter" to PEON and would like to see an exact quote: I further informed him that I did not share his opinion that he is the only anti-communist around, but that if such is the case he has already gone emphatically on record as to his views. And that I most certainly would ask no fanzine editor to print anything except what he or she pleased. I further suggested to George that if he is so all-fired hot to expound, why doesn't he solve all his problems by printing his own fanzine. (Talk about loaded revolvers for idiot children! --dag)

"Now I'm sitting back and waiting for the Postal Inspectors."

--Robert Bloch

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### SPEER WAS HERE

The first time I ever saw Jack Speer, he was standing on the cranky neighbor's grass. The WO3W members in the audience will understand and will be convulsed thereby. When he called to say he was in town (en route back to Washington from the Demo convention in Chicago) I told him how to find the place only I stressed that the house had the brickwork on the front partially painted. He must have misunderstood about that because he made for the house nearby which is all of brick...never mind who their names are, I've grown chary of giving too much details in fanzines since the Wetzel incident. Suffice to say, the people have a fetish about their grass. They have no children and seem to have sublimated their pat/maternal instincts onto their lawn. They are out there, tenderly watering it, fertilizing it, combing it, brushing it, mowing it, raking it, manicuring it, shampooing it, and for all I know, sensuously stroking it every spare minute of the day. How Jack managed to find them at a moment when neither was with their Grass, I'll never know. Suffice to say, let anyone around the neighborhood so much as step onto the Grass and Old Lady ----- is at the door; screaming like a fishwife bit by barracudas, foaming at the mouth, quivering with fury, spitting maledictions like sparks from a forest fire, in a word: Mad.

I had been expecting Jack and I saw the red-and-black Nash cruising down the street as if the driver were peering at house numbers. The "402" is down for the aforesaid painting and I saw him slide past. I darted out onto the lawn, ludicrously clad in my film-developing suit of bermuda shorts and sponge-rubber-soled slippers, and frantically but softly whistled to gain the attention of the chap who was standing in ignorant unconcern upon the verboten turf, peering about in all innocence. At any moment I expected to hear the twin-barrelled blast of a 12-bore and to see Juffus The Grammarian cut in half, amoebawise; before my horrified eyes. But I caught his eye and beckoned pre-emptorily, not to say, frantically. He got back in the Nash and in a moment was safely out of range although I didn't feel completely at ease till we were down in the basement, safe from anything short of a direct hit from an aitch-bomb. For more on his visit to Fond du Lac and Weyauwega, see the issue of QABAL in next mailing. We were originally going to put

this out as the Weyauwega Times-Pestilence but there are several fannish visitors coming up in the near future and there should be material enow and to spare for another QABAL so we'll do it that way. By the way, would someone please point out for me where all these people keep seeing a "u" in QABAL?? The yoo in QABAL, like the second aye in QUANDRY, is not only silent but invisible. Remember that.

I did so like the cover on the FA this time. I might softly note that I'm glad to hear that Elmer Perdue wasn't read out. For my own part, I don't care greatly if he finds fun in skirting the outer limits of activity. I find his yearly mite far from the least interesting material to appear in the output of the memship-at-large. Moreover, as long as Wetzel's name is inching inexorably up the waiting list, I shall feel extremely reluctant to lose any present member. Better 65 Perdues in Fapa, say I, than a single Wetzel. #I favor the idea of having the waiting listers respond to each issue of the FA, or at periodic intervals or whatever. It should help winnow out some of the chaff in the roster, if any. ##I fail to see why the complexion of Carl Brandon should be of concern to anyone except himself. As for myself, I reserve the right to like him or dislike him purely on his own individual characteristics as evidenced from his contributions when he becomes a member. As far as I'm concerned, his being a negro doesn't count against him; neither does it count for him. The only fapan o ffenses I recognize are either extreme insipidity of material or demonstrated anti-social traits such as Wetzel's. Wetzel, by t he way, is the only person I know of among the membership or waiting-list who might be upset at all. It's been all but impossible these last several months to read many fapazines or general fanzines without encountering at least a few of Lying George's nauseous little essays on race-hatred, etc. ##I am glad to hear that the Sanderson/Carr matter was safely resolved and I snorted to see where, true to my prediction, GM Carr refuses to believe that Joan Carr was/is a hoax and thinks that Sanderson is the hoax. I absolutely don't see any defensible reason why a husband-wife team, sharing a membership, should pay more dues than a single member so long as they only receive one bundle, get one vote, etc. One bundle, one dues, one vote---that seems pellucidly self-apparent to me. I can't quite see, for instance, a large group of people all operating under a single membership. For instance, I wouldn't advocate letting The Nameless Ones ride on GM Carr's membership (nor, I'm sure, would GM!). But I certainly wouldn't object to the co-listing of Mr. Carr with her name on the roster if they should wish it so. ##The sign, "Yuggoth Saves! etc.;" on the backpage reminds me that when Bill Stavdal was here we drove past a sign someone had put up reminding people that "JESUS SAVES." Bill remarked that in British Columbia, beneath a similar sign, some iconoclastic individual had appended another sign reading, simply, "BEER BOTTLES." Tssk.

To Les Crutch, particular apologies. I wanted to get out a Bleen to co<sub>ver</sub> the mailing in which all the lights (pardonez moi!) LIGHTS appeared last spring so that I could comment thereon. Really, Les, I enjoyed them and next time, I hope to be more active when you are.

I am continually impressed with the amount of doubling amongst the memship. Witness, for instance, the way both Dick Ryan and Jack Speer have reproduced the little sign one sees so frequently about these days; PLAN AHEAD. I admire Dick's choice of poems to quote...another archy-lover...small world.

One thing for which I'd like to enter an impassioned plea. Modesty may be a sovereign virtue and all that but I can't see it as so great when it comes to marking your fapazines. Personally, I appreciate having the producer's name fairly prominently displayed on the front page. It may not be necessary with some regularly appearing title like, for example, SKYHOOK but for these people who produce a different title every time. For reasons which I'm not sure I can adequately defend, it sometimes seems as important to know who is talking as what they are saying. This applies also to identifying the speaker within the magazine when someone other than the editor is talking. Identification is important and no one is going to look down on you for it. Name them names!

By an odd (tarnation take a typer that is forever skipping spaces after the o!) coincidence, the day after the mailing came and I read Phyllis's reprint of the clipping about the hoax-turned-book called "I, LIBERTINE," darned if the same news item didn't turn up in the Milwaukee JOURNAL. So you'll be glad to hear, Phyll, that PHLOTSAM has scooped the JOURNAL. #Your note about the WRAC (and such a pity we can't check with Jo Carr on this!) reminds one of the wartime joke about the notice that got put up on the WRAC bulletin boards to the effect that "WRAC personnel, on demand, must show their pink slips (some sort of ID card) to the Military Police." Some high-echelon brass noticed this and, fearing mis-interpretation, changed it to pink form. A corollary concerned the directive to conserve scarce girdles which said "To assure long service, girdles are best removed by a strong yank." This too was hastily changed to "strong jerk." Hohum. We saw "Wages of Fear" Phyllis, at the Downer in Milwaukee (we are launching for the day when the Economus will be taking in movies at the Downer with us!) and I guess it must have been the version with the happy ending we saw...anyhow it ended with the hero driving off a bluff in his truck and getting killed. It was interesting to see ourselves as others see us...yankee oil-workers around a conference table, ostentatiously sucking on bottles of coke and all. Let me add my recommendation to yours.

I remember seeing that first issue of TIME magazine---had Harding's picture on the cover, didn't it?---but not when it first came out...I hadn't quite been born yet at the time. They reprinted their first edition and included it in some anniversary edition while I was in high school. I think it might have been around 1938 or 39. Here's another coincidence as you'll see when you get to reading Miscellania in Grue 28.

Aside: I regret that Ellick misunderstood that Grue 29 was promised for the mailing. For one thing, the next one on the skids is 28; for another, I would have been mad to to promise delivery on either 28 or 29. All that's required to complete 28 is to stencil and run the FFW and Rear Visiplate departments. Number 29 is started but won't be ready for quite a while yet. I am not at all sure if either will be distributed through FAPA. I think they will be but can't say for sure. Grue 26, incidentally, was not a FAPA mailing. I still have a few copies (it was entirely made up of letters) if anyone didn't get it and really is hurting for a copy.

I remember my folks talking about how it had been against the law to sell cigarettes in Kansas. As usual, the public's sympathy was against the idea and circumvention was the rule of the day. Possession was legal (the law against possession sagged and failed) and there could be no prosecution for stealing cigarettes unless the merchant signed a complaint. So it was the usual procedure for the weed-fiend to say, "Lem, by crackly, I a-gone-ta steal a packa ciggereets offen you." and he would lay the coins ostentatiously on the counter, sidle over to the shelf, pocket a pack and exit whistling merrily. The state of Kansas, like the city of Boston, is a smug isle of complacent blue-rosery and it's glad I am that my folks moved to Wisconsin just about the time I was becoming house-broken. I've been back a couple of times since and feehhhh.

Steve Allen sometimes, for laughs, points his tv camera out the door of the studio at the sidewalk outside and, for a short while---the time it takes for people watching the show on sets at the neighboring bistros to get there---he gets some amusing candid shots of nightlife in NY. Once there was a convertible at the curb and some lanky juvenelinqent type was loping back and forth past, nervously as Steve speculated, sotto voce, into the microphone as to whether or not he was going to slash the top of the convertible with some umpteen million witnesses looking on. Steve Allen is interesting, I think, in moderate doses. From whence comes the nifty little lino about "The professor is under the bed in a box. He is blue..."? I like.

One frequently sees items in the newspaper where some householder is suing the Holland Furnace Company for fraudulent practice, misrepresentation and so forth so I guess Bill Danner wouldn't have been taking undue chances in printing the name in that article.



I loved your frank admission that you are a Republican and intend to be a Capitalist. Vous et moi aussi! I suppose it's possible to be a Demo and a Capitalist tho---look at Ave Harriman.

Where was the item I saw somewhere in the mailing to the effect that Lee Jacobs was going to Denmark and does this mean what it sounds like it means and if so my gosh Lee, aren't there any limits to what you'll do to live up to the traditions of your first name??

And I'm not even faintly surprised to note that Phyll has picked up (esp I'm sure) my habit of referring to the newest darling of the squeal set as "Pelvis Presley." Did you, Phyll, hear Henry Morgan's sage observation that crickets don't really sing by rubbing their legs together---the only animal that does that being Elvis---beggya podden---Pelvis Presley. Take what consolation you can from the reflection that he is but a link in a chain. Last year (approximately) it was Johnny Ray, than whom no one is nowadays dead. Next year it will be someone different and---I dourly predict---worse. Non't ask me how they can be worse...you'll find out. Television wears out idols at a frightening pace. Liberace seems to have reached oblivion already (that epic stinker of a movie helped, plus a few fat flops like the one at Las Vegas). Just grit your teeth, hold your breath and repeat over and over, "This too shall pass."

And what's so remarkable in Chappell's saying that, at age 29, he'd been a sf fan for 20 years? Daughter Pat was a sf fan at 9, as for me, I was reading the stuff, if not as a hardened aficionado at least as an interested spectator at the age of just-turned-six...fall of 1929, that were. By the time I was 9, fall of '32, I'd read quite a few WONDER STORIES, some WEIRDS, a good portion of all the Zane Grey and Clarence Mulford westerns, copies of CLUES and THE SHADOW (I'm sure of the CLUES---THE SHADOW may have come a year later) and was on my way to being a confirmed addict. You, starting school at four, could just as easily have been an oldtime fan at nine and weren't, prob'ly, only because of lack of opportunity. I see you have also lightly foreshadowed the final item in Miscellania with your commentary quotes on the impossibility of life one other worlds. This serves me right for not getting Grue into the mailing. Now everyone will think I copied it from PHLOTSAM. Hereafter, kindly stop picking my pretty pink brains! As for where Redd got the word "invaginated," it's right there in the dictionary for anyone who wants it. Means, "to insert, as in a sheath; cause to infold so that an outer becomes an inner surface. verb intransitive---To have one portion (of a hollow organ) drawn back within another; undergo invagination. adjective---Showing invagination." It stems from a Latin word which originally meant sheath or scabbard. The drawer was singular and made of wood, if you follow me, and I wasn't wearing it at the time. It came out of our dresser, having first stuck and then treacherously released at a hard pull. The nicest typo, I thought, was the girl who tumbled, "raid-drenched," into the spooky house. I remember seeing "The Cat and the Canary" with Goddard and Hope and, later, buying the issue of ASF with Rocklyne's TIME WANTS A SKELETON in it. Does that help to date things? I liked the movie and the story too. That would have been a bit before June 1941. #Jean Courtois vanished into approximately the same limbo as Joan W. Carr--didn't you know?

Thanks for reminding me to thank Helen Wesson for the peek at the pictures. I, too, liked. And ther thing I wanted to comment upon was Howie Lyons' wry query as to whether we poor benighted yanks really pronounced Mary, merry and marry to sound the same. To whatever extent one can assign homogeneity to 150 or 160 million people, I'd say hell yes. I know what prompts the surprise: I've heard how 'merry' is apt to come out of some British larynxes, with a startling and somewhat (to us) inexplicable brace of d's in the centre, thus: "Meddy". Meddie Chrussmuss tuhawl. Also, certain of the British can make a four-syllable production number out of saying 'Mary', sort of "Muh-aye-uh-reeh." And marry, as often as not comes out rhyming with starry. But we, blissfully wallowing in our stupidity, pronounce these three and also the adjective meaning 'like a mare' and the word for the office of mayor corresponding to presidency and also the New Zealand aborigine, Maori, all pretty much indistinguishably and if you don't like it you know what you can do.

"If everyone pronounces a word wrong and if everyone pronounces it the same then it must follow that everyone is pronouncing it correctly." --Universal Law Number 4793

The front page of FAPANACEA appears to contain some of the worst mimeography and some of the cleverest humour to appear in FAPA in full many and many a coon's age. The bit about TICKLE BLOCH FOR HILARITY fair rends me apart with both envy and choked howls of laughter. I haven't felt so furious at myself for missing one since Howie Lyons came up with "And the Bleen grass Grue all around." Did you ever, Dutch, watch a nurse or doctor making a big thing of pinching a fold of skin, drawing back the needle like a dart and plunging it home to the hilt and wonder if they ever misjudge and pin their own finger to their victim's anatomy? I have. Must ask Eney about that some time. "Fan in the ironic MASQUE"---there's another superb bit. You were in rare form on this, gal, but wot the blinkin' blazes was wrong with the mimeo?? I find myself pretty closely agreeing with GM Carr on the subject of Theodore Sturgeon. He seldom seems as much fun as he used to in such fondly remembered numbers as DERM FOOL and SHOTTLE BOP. There is one school of thought which holds that a perfectly happy, placid and peaceful individual does not produce stories, nor paintings, nor poems nor anything else except perhaps enough low-stress work to keep him from starving. But I don't have censure for Sturgeon in this respect; only sympathy. We simply can't call back our former selves, GM. Even the DAG of 1953, who wrote fan-fiction by the ream for SPACESHIP and SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN and the rest is as far gone as the Sturgeon who wrote DERM FOOL or the H L Gold who wrote TROUBLE WITH WATER. I do not, mind you, say gone to the same place---just gone as far! ##I, for one, wish to applaud the ELLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA serial and I hope to see more of it. It is strange, Dutch, for all the (interesting) talking that you do, how very little information you've ever let drop about yourself. I would have given a great deal--say, at least, 25¢ in Canadian money---to have seen the face of Robert A. Low, B.A., LL.B., as he received and read a wire saying STUFF YOUR OLE TYPER STOP AM ON WAY TO MEXICO. Jaize. ##You missed one possibility in reforming FAPA tho: How about electing Jan Jansen Secy-Treas and Helen Wesson as Official Editress?? That should fix things up fine. Parcel post rate to Japan, I figure, would mean that you'd have to mail off stuff for the November mailing in about February.

STUFF YOUR OLE POLL STOP AM ON WAY TO GAFIA

If it makes any difference, I did not get a copy of BLORK! but, to compensate, I have two copies of LeMOINDRE. If anyone is short a LeM, holler. I don't need a BLORK! tho. I got BLORK!s to throw at the rabbits.

Having seen the weird mandibular fungus which is spreading across the fine fannish face of one Andrew Young like scum across the placid surface of a stagnant pond, I can well appreciate the agitation displayed by the Yobber on the cover of FOO #6. It makes you, old cockleburr, look a little like a benevolent John Wilkes Booth and somewhat like an abstaining Edgar Allen Poe. If this goes on, I shall start a fund-raising drive to buy razor-blades for Andy Young. It could be the biggest thing since Bricks For Tucker. There would be nothing unduly hard about drinking a toast from a Klein bottle but it would certainly be messy as all get out as it would be apt to dribble around and off your chin. And I've been meaning to tell you but this place seems as good as any that there are two different frozen-custard stands a few blocks apart on Capitol Drive in Milwaukee named, respectively, Andy's Drive-in and Young's Frozen Custard. If you look at a trailerload of cars going past, you are quite apt to see them facing both ways. There is no set rule on this although the majority probably faces forward, having been driven on and to be backed off. The final solution in processing Ektachrome color film is the dye stabilizer whose active ingredient is formaldehyde with some sort of wetting agent added to prevent streaks (I mean it doesn't prevent streaks but it's supposed to). I re-discovered, if, indeed, I ever knew, that formaldehyde smells exactly like the offensive breath of one who has been long drunk on cheap liquor. ##Running my eyes lightly over a page full of math formulæ, mathophobe (?) that I am, is comparable to running a finger lightly along a barbed-wire fence. I don't dig you. No, for the love of Foo-Foo, don't explain!

I am reminded that Damon Knight, in a recent letter asked if I knew how to make a Hebrew martini and (correctly) assuming that I didn't, answered, "You put an aleph in it." It is similar to the one Agberg related (I think he said it was one of Randy Garrett's) about the guy wanting to go to the brewery to see the brewmaster; or Jewish coffin: "He brews beer." (Okay, for the benefit of the lady in the back row, "Hebrew's Bier" and don't feel bad--he had to draw me a picture too!). #I've said it before and I'll say it again: The ideal means of fanish communication; the ultimate tops would be a network of teletypers. Then you would have instant response, plus a permanent record. Ideally, it should be set up so that you could cut in others at will (but not so that they could tap in on you without your knowledge and desire). One of the funniest things I have ever seen is a chunk of teletype paper that Bill Stavdal sent once when the Port Alberni (B.C.) t-typer went berserk. Bill kept saying that he was getting gibberish and it kept spouting more gibberish in a hauntingly consistent manner. As Bill pointed out, it sounded uncommonly like Tahitian. By gar, I teenk I print you a leekle. Voila. (I'll forbear, in the interests of avoiding blank space to reproduce the vertical spacing. Much of the alien ramblings of the teletyper are done at the rate of one letter to the line. Can't have that!):

OTAV AVULUVO TAMUOUTAMAOUO ("It")

WHASSAT ??? (Stavdal)

KZKTTI AMUOTO KLTLTV UMUMACKTIUTUTUTLOVAOAM (It)

(Stavdal) DUNNO IF YOU CAN READ ME, BUT ALL I  
I GET FROM YOU IS GIBBERISH,  
LIK MUTUT T B

TAC T K T K TKOTKT OTUM KM UO (It)

(Stav) CAN'T READ A THING RING THREE  
TIMES IF YOU CAN READ THIS

T ULT UM KOLOV KAUM UT TUTO EVT (Sputtering furiously)

ULOVKMOTC UTKT T TIL UOUOKI M K

TKVUTTCLOVUO UV UO UB UV UOKTTVLQV KV UV T K KO

UMACTUOTAB KOACTUOTUZ MAOT K KVOVUTKT

Egads--fair gives you the creeps to read it. Imagine being in a lonely newspaper office in the middle of the night with that hammering in at you! By the way, I was surprised to find that it only took that much space to put down all of the sample he sent. Even with the high-losing Burroughs, it boiled down nicely.

I sort of smiled at your sort of smiling at McPhail for his "neon sign green." It is true that neon glows only red. You say "the green signs are fluorescent." True, but so are the neon ones. I have the impression that the colors other than red are made by using the various other inert gaseous elements, eg, xenon, argon, krypton and helium, in various combinations. Argon, I'm almost sure, fluoresces a bright powder blue and they coat the tubes with a yellow translucent pigment through which the blue glow comes as green. But the fact remains that McPhail's use of the term was perfectly valid. He meant to convey a thought and it would have come through perfectly clear to me and to most other people. You see, those glowing tubes are "neon signs" to the general citizenry regardless of content, just as kodak, frigidaire, victrola and other words are commonly misused. If he had said "argon sign blue" most of the readers would not have had as clear an idea of what he meant. The road is now wide open for any one who wishes to start a paragraph to me with "I sort of smiled at your sort of smiling at Andy Young sort of..." We agree on Perdue.

No really cultured person ever spells 'asinine' with more than one s.

Aside to BOB PAVLAT. Is it my imagination, or are you really a lot more active than you were, say, a year or two ago? In any case, I approve.

Still Pavlat. Yes, now that you mentioned it, we didn't use bitters in the NFs the night of the Eastercon (or Allfoolscon, as Redd and I say). I suggested we could make do with Tabasco sauce but Eney gave me a pained look. The strange thing is that nobody during the entire affair became detectably affected by either the fizzes nor by the VPs I mixed after our gin gave out. The VP is a capable concoction of fruit juices and rum, very palatable. For that matter, the Fizzes were tasty, bitters or no. CONTOUR is a helluva fine magazine and I enjoyed every scrap of it. Excellent duplication and thank Foo you used up (I hope?) the last of that oddsize newsprint!

"Your version contains a couple of redundant letters and at least one redundant dog."WMD

Danner: It is hard to reconcile an elite typer with the spirit ditto process. The thicker lines make the characters hard to distinguish. Point is, though, when people write like Speer or Ellis, almost any effort to decipher it is repaid by the content. #I had a bet with myself that you would comment on White's spelling, saving me the trouble. I won.Tnx. Ditto the same on Rotsler's red-on-pink printing. Someday I shall do one blue-on-black, expetchyly for you. Rowrbazzle.

SPEER: I note that the guy they just picked up for kidnapping that baby in NY gave as his reason the hard need to raise money to pay for a refrigerator and some aluminum storm windows. The latter are one of the latest items that the high-pressure boys are working on. The commission on these is precisely 50%. A set of windows which costs you \$450 in uneasy payments at exorbitant interest could have been bot for \$225 had you been able to deal direct with the installer. They are sticking people right and left with these things. Some people, it seems, will buy anything. #I had a chemcraft set once, about 1937, a very rudimentary one, and it had phenolphthalein in it along with maybe four or five other things which I've forgotten. "Phenolphthalein acts as a very good laxative, producing frequent soft stools with little griping. It increases peristalsis and prevents absorption of fluids, thus causing bowel movements. It increases the flow of bile."--Materia Medica, pl98, 1931 ed., (I knew someday I'd find a use for that!). It is used as a testing material since it turns red when an alkali is added to it. It is the active ingredient in "Feen-A-Mint" and several similar proprietary laxatives. But it isn't poison, no. A lino type sets up the matrices for words and then space-bars, wedge-shaped, are forced between the words to drive them to the margins, forming a tight seal to prevent the molten type metal from leaking out. Very ingenious, invented by an Irish feller name of Morganthaler. Horace Gold contributed a quote from an acquaintance of his who said that his wife "went to church religiously." She also told her husband, "Well, if you can't be nice, don't be at all!" I wonder how many remember in this distant age that "Stappers will get you, or be you slanduch?" comes from BARRIER, Anthony Boucher, ASF Sept42, pps 9-33, Kolliker, and that "stappers" was a predicted corruption of Gestapo (portmanteau word from Geheime Staats polizei, German for secret state police and if it is not hairline precise to call it a portmanteau word (properly a combination of two words), it is at least roughly appropriate). "Slanduch," likewise, comes from Auslands-deutsche, "the Germans who existed {...} cut off from the main body of their culture." I like your adaptation, no matter what you say. Etymology, anyone? And I forgot that I've always wanted to ask you: How come you say fone but don't say foto? Hnaah??

HWarner: It isn't Sanderson who's imaginary. He's real. Joan W. Carr is the phantasm. A NOTE ABOUT DANNER'S 20 IMPORTANT SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS: You can't really get the finest flavor of this without the inspiring material, a for-real Yogi pamphlet that Greg Benford sent around as a quote-card. I read the two side-by-side and nearly perished from this earth.

I'd made up my mind to chop it at the bottom of this page so hasty regrets to the several other mags I appreciated muchly and notes: GEMZINE 4:12, Mr Carr speaks for me on the saucer business. I agree. Rest of this was good also. ENEYZINE: These brought back many happy memories and, of course, the memory of you playing (feh) Tennessee Oinie Ford. But Phyll didn't snub out her cigarette ere you shot the pic. She's still holding it on my print and it was worth being cut by falling drawers to get it, he swore gallantly! Last but by no means least on the stack of must-reviews is CORRECTION FLUID 368, which I found very good. I enjoyed the rest o\_f the mailing but no special comments. All best, --dag