BLEEN

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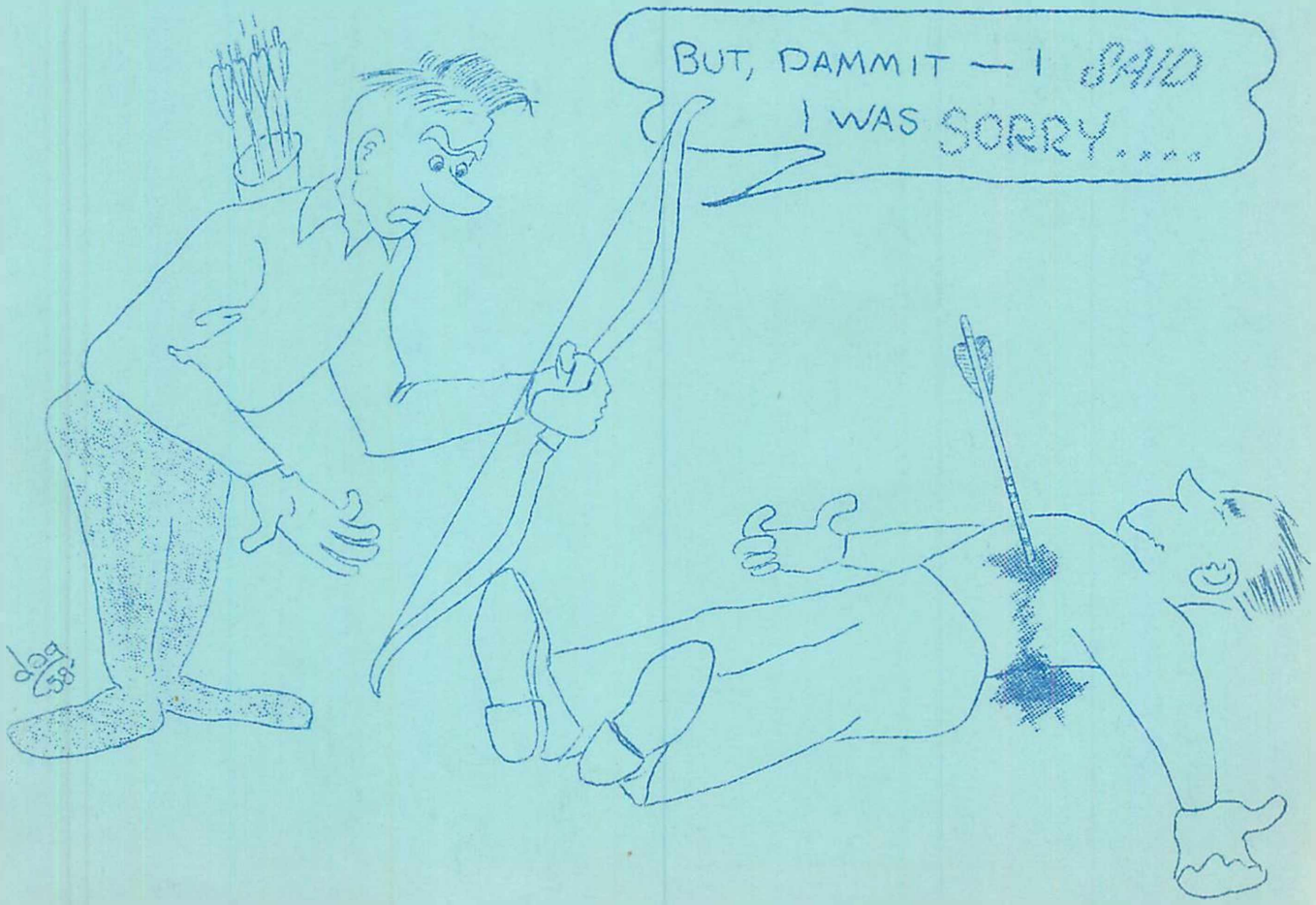
DIJEAN GRENNELL



Hullo, there. Long time no see, huh? Well, as the old Rogers & Hammerstein lyrics go, "My object all sublime,/ Has changed in course of time..." {Sorry, Agberg!} I have fairly well decided that CABAL has relatively little utility as a FAPA outlet and am returning to the Grue/Bleen format of years past. Bleen #6 met an untimely fate and was never formally released. As a matter of sober record, it was buried in a pit of quicklime in the dark of the moon, staples and all. The world is not yet ready for the full story of this and it is a painful subject for me to discuss.

I've often wanted to drop a comment or two on the subject of what I think a fapazine full of mailing comment ought to consist of. For one thing--and I consider this of paramount importance--it ought to bear, plainly upon the cover, the name of the person or persons who is/are commenting inside. Few things fill me so full of frustration as a fanzine of any sort where you don't know who is talking...or find it out only after the most diligent ratiocination. If you publish a letter column, I think the name of the writer should appear at the head of the quoted part, not at the end, so that a person need not peer forward continually to see who is saying what. If the letter is carried over to another page, it is nice to have the writer's name appear inconspicuously at the top of the second page to keep things straight. To paraphrase Korzybski, "For the sake of Sanity, Identify!"

And I think a commentzine should pass another acid test: It should be reasonably readable and understandable to a person who has not seen the mailing in question. It takes no more than a line or so to specify just what it is that you're commenting upon. In many cases--in mine at least--the editor upon whose mag you are commenting has completely forgotten what he said three or four months ago and usually doesn't bother to dig out his file copy and check the reference involved so the seed of your commentary falleth upon barren ground.

And I think that if it isn't mandatory, it's at least highly desireable, when listing the title of the fanzine upon which you are commenting to also list the editor. With members coming and going continually and with many members using a different title each mailing, it takes a better memory than mine to recall, a quarter of a year later, who edited which mag. Here again, even if you know who's talking, it helps to know without undue strain, to whom they're speaking.

These are small things, granted, involving relatively little trouble at the time the comments are written up, but they make a world of difference in the readability of your comment and readability is what you want...isn't it?

Little Willie, full of glee,
Put radium in Grandma's tea.

Now he thinks it quite a lark,
To see her glowing in the dark.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR (Officialdom & Danner) I've been wanting to note that I think Wm's printed headings on these add a great deal to their appearance and utility. When a mailing arrives, I promptly take the FA out and refer to it constantly during the interim till next mailing. It is a valuable source of addresses, data and whatnot...especially if I can find it. {X} I can foresee the day when each of us will have to place a lawyer on a permanent retainer basis (I should like to reserve Speer--okay, Juffus?) in order to keep up with constitutional changes, bylaws and such. Otherwise, one day, you are going to forget that a modification as of August, 1962, inevitably passed since a majority will vote in favor of anything, made it mandatory to have at least three staples in every item submitted for the February mailing under pain of expulsion and you will put out a onesheet with no staples in it and suddenly find yourself at the bottom of a 78-name waiting list. Of course you can always pull a Moskowitz and somehow creak back in. I hope.

CLAUSE (Sandy) Here's with a loud Amen! to Joy Clarke's protest at the high cost of FAPA dues. It is perhaps an erroneous impression that every mailing includes a postcard upon which you are to vote for another 50¢ hike in dues but sometimes it seems that way. I hesitate to enter any discussion on the cost of the US postal rates since I could literally go on for pages and I don't want to devote that much space to it. Suffice to say that the whole matter has undercut deeply into my rock-bedded sympathy for the Republicans as a political party (pause for William Rotsler and Jack Speer to subside). When Joe McCarthy died, Wisconsin surprised many people by electing a Democrat, William Proxmire, to fill out his unexpired term (probably no one was more surprised than Proxmire). Our other senator is a sort of renegade republican, Alexander Wiley, who was jettisoned in a most summary fashion by the gears of the party at the end of his last term and, to the intense chagrin of the gears aforesaid, was roaringly returned to office without their support against their fair-haired boy, Glenn Davis. I confess that I was skeptical about Proxmire but I am now willing to eat humble crow. I think he's doing a damned good job for us. When he comes up for re-election, he's got two more votes he didn't have last time. One of the things he's done, which I approve of whole-heartedly, is to join Senator Douglas of Illinois in attempting to inject a note of sanity into the matter of increased postal rates. I can recall when the rate for a first-class letter went from 2¢ to 3¢--in 1932, as I remember, at the nadir of the depression. Now, right now, in 1958, three cents still covers 97% of the average actual cost to the post office of delivering a first class letter. The post office is floundering in a sea of red ink and they would like to blame it upon their losses with 4th class parcel post--packages, merchandise and the like. But there is an independant outfit called United Parcel Service that accepts parcels from firms they have contracts with, delivering them anywhere within the state. The postoffice, of course, won't handle explosives and certain types of inflammables but UPS will pick up a thousand cartridge primers and a few cans of gunpowder from the wholesaler I buy from in Milwaukee and will deliver it to my door, a day or two quicker than parcel post would reach me, for about 2/3rds the cost of sending an equal weight and bulk of any innocuous material you can name. And they make money in doing it! Digressing for a moment, I once needed some potassium nitrate for mixing up a special chemical used in photography. I went to the prescription window of one of the local drugstores and asked for four ounces of the stuff. Pharmicist says, "I can't give you that without a doctor's prescription." "Hun?" I says. "How come?" "Because," he said, triumphantly, "You could take that and some other stuff and make gunpowder out of it!" Anyhow, as I was saying, the postoffice is asking for a hike to 5¢ on the first-class letters. Where does the money go, you ask? Well, I suppose UPS doesn't have to hire a staff of highly-trained personnel to see that the moral tone of their cargo is of the purest, and they don't have to haul tons of letters free because they are official business--something like 15 to 20 percent of the mail doesn't return a penny, being free for one reason or another. A crushing drain--the main trouble, in all liklihood--is the 2nd-class mail. Care to make a guess as to the magnitude of the difference between what LIFE magazine lays out for postage and what it costs the USPD to deliver all those mags? $9,000,000.00, per year, give or take a bit, is the amount. Willis's delight, the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes the dept. for $6 million, LOOK for about $5 million and the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ("Never Underestimate the Power of a Womans' Magazine to ladle out of the public till.") is co ntent with a mere $3 to 4 million a year. Sen. Proxmire, I thought, acquitted himself superbly well in pointing out in the course of debate that these magazines are among the first to denounce subsidies when paid to farmers. He proposed that subsidies to any magazine be limited to not more than $1,800,000.00 per year but of course the measure was defeated--lobbies for publishers being more articulate, not to say puissant, than are lobbies for the poor bloke who wishes to send a note to Uncle Cuthbert out in Idaho. Joy's point about the haste of increasing the dues in view of the possibility of rising costs opposed to the rate of deficit and amount of cash on hand is very well taken, I think, although I suppose the anglophobes will trumpet and bellow most furious. Much other good stuff here, Sandy, but I gotta go now.

Sandy's notation that CLAUSE is "made in Britain by Brit Fen" puts me in mind of various efforts we--my brother Ralph and I--carried out to spoof the "Made in Texas by Texans" labels on the Fords made in Taik-sus. Ralph has a fancy sign-painting kit so he made up a big sign saying MADE IN THE SEMIGLADES BY EVERNOLES which I carried around in the back window of the Olds for several months. The net result was very very nearly nil. I was forced to spend endless hours in explanation to people with a rare reward of a feeble grin. A librarian in Fort Mudge (or Atkinson as it says on Wisconsin maps) became quite broke up over it but she was about the only one outside of ourselves. So I finally gave up and took it out, putting it up on the wall here in the basement instead because the screening process that goes on makes most of the people that see it more likely to appreciate it. We abandoned plans for further signs saying Made in the Bowels of the Earth by Kobolds; --Under a bridge by Trolls; --in der Voodvork by Gnurrs; --in Africa by Giant Ants; --in Wisconsin by Badgers; --on a Flying Saucer by Venusians; and several others. Steaffens, so far as I know, gave up the idea of putting one in the back of his Buick saying Made in Haste by Idiots. The public simply doesn't appreciate the finer things. Foof.

I was going to note, too, that I agree with Sandy--so does Jean Young--that anyone whose taste embraces only one select kind of music is missing a great deal. We--Jean and I--don't necessarily like every single thing musical (or alledged to be musical) but we like certain things out of nearly every category. Sometime, Sandy, we will cut a tape to give you an idea of the variety this covers.

THE FANTASY ARMATURE (Eney-san) Speaking of Jo Carr, when 'she' was still extant, I made some chance remark about being a 'Practical JoCarr' and didn't understand till much later why this threw her into such a tizzy of mirth. At the time I didn't think it was <u>that</u> funny. Later, I could see how it was. I wonder if Sandy ever figured out the source of that poctsarcd from Joan, with a reasonably accurate facsimile of her sprawling greenink signature that mysteriously popped up after the hoax and all had blown up. A friend of ours was visiting some relations in Athens (Greece, not Jaw'jah) and I prepared the card for her to take along and mail from there. I liked to picture Sandy getting it and sitting there for a moment of stark disbelief and little spiders with cold feet slithered up his spine. #So you have now joined the SAPS alumni, hmm? Welcome.

HORIZONS (Harry Warner, Jr.) Well, this appears to be of a vintage superior to the Bryan Place lot--or at least equal to the best from there--so I guess we have some consolation for having to memorize a new address for you. Gleeps--first the Youngs, now you and Willie Rotsler--what can I do with all these addresses once so firmly etched in memory. Does anybody know if there are potentially fannish folk still living at 10 Sumner Road or 303 Bryan Pl? And how about 2215 Benjamin? One of the fellows from a furnace company we deal with was around recently and he had a converter to plug into his cigaret lighter which would then deliver 50 watts of 110v ac current out the other end (or 105-115-125 or whatever you choose to consider it). I toyed with buying it since he said he didn't use it any more and he let me bring it home to see how it operated the tape recorder--the appliance I was specially interested in. But it made a very nasty 60 cycle buzz and I am inordinately bugged by a 60c buzz, for some reason it reminds me of once when I was a kid and had a strep throat infection and they gave me nitrous oxide to lance it and as I was going under I heard this great buzzing growing and growing in my ears until finally it swallowed up the whole world and even today when I hear a 60c buzz it puts me in mind of the lonely horror of that moment and so I reluctantly shelved further thoughts of how nice it would be to have my taper play for me through the long miles. I didn't feel like paying $29 just for the sake of being able to use my electric shaver in the car and 50 watts wouldn't power anything else very useful that I could think of. True, I could have installed the converter back under the rear deck but the buzz came through the speaker. So...no dice.

(Still to Warner) The State Police have recently taken to stopping the people who clutter up superhighways at low speeds in heavy traffic and either giving them a ticket for obstructing traffic or warning them to take a back road. Frequently one sees aggrieved letters by the stoppee in the Milwaukee Journal protesting because, after all, they pay taxes just the same as those speed demons (who, after all, would drive as fast as 65mph if some sensible, more mature, person didn't retard them). I have long honed to write a reply to one of these but--as is usually the case with fanning--I simply can't find the time. I notice, however, that, while they presumably pay the taxes that help to maintain their county fairgrounds, they don't insist on the right to clutter up the dirt track thereof during auto races. Nor do they figure that their taxes grant them the right to pitch a tent in the middle of a busy highway. One of our big headaches here is the frequent encounters with non-automotive highway users. One must be 16 or older to get a driver's license but farmers will let their kids drive tractors on the roads starting at incredibly early ages. I have floorboarded the brakes many a time to keep from mangling myself and some apple-cheeked 8-year-old who happily came barreling out in front of me on a big tractor. Then, too, they will drive herds of cattle in front of you in the twinkle of an eye. Common practice is to build the house on one side of a road and the barn on the other and between these two cows, sheep, hogs, dogs, horses, kids, chickens, ducks, geese and other farmyard fauna ply their way in blissful sansouciance and the watchword is caveat driver. Hitting a hog in a car is about the same thing as bashing into a concrete barrier. I once caught a hen pheasant in the pocket between the hood of the '49 Olds and the headlight at about 75mph (in those days we had no speed limit here) and it put a dent of awesome proportions there. Another time I was moseying along at a placid 85 with the window down and my elbow on the ledge when a grasshopper spattered to glory on my elbow. The head of the thing was driven an eighth of an inch under the skin and it hurt like sixty. Deer are another problem. Twice within a year I hit deer with the '55 Olds. Fortunately, neither did any great damage to the car since both times I was going 30 to 35 although one deer was killed and the other thoroughly shook up. I'm not sure what prompted this dissertation in your comments unless it started with your comments to Gertrude re school buses and parochial schools, to which I append a ringing amen. I flush with pleasure at your obs about my talking the way I write and v-v. At least I hope I am not in error in taking it as a compliment. Actually, as I once pointed out in a fondly remembered bull-session with Speer (with Rotsler listening in via taper), I make my living through extemporaneous speaking and the training makes a natural for this sort of writing. But the parallel isn't perfect. My typing is punctuated by frequent long stretches of blackly frowning at the paper or stencil and these gaps are not usually present in my speaking. But in answer to your implied question, yes, I've gone to some effort to cultivate a writing style that closely simulates my speaking style. The sole semi-formal education I've had in writing in the last 18 years consisted of reading Robert Gunning's book "The Technique of Clear Writing." In it, he stresses, among other things, "Write as you would speak." Sometime when you've nothing better to do, try transcribing samples of the various people's speech on the FATE tape onto paper to see how it falls into sentences. ##Sailing ships: Yes, they could have been made more efficient and they have been. Designing a sailboat for optimum performance requires a very high degree of know-how on the part of the naval architect. Loosely speaking, the top speed possible for a sailing craft is a function of its length at the waterline. Since most sailboats today are pleasure craft, built for either casual lolloping about --where speed isn't too important compared to comfort and ease of handling--for racing or for a combination of the two, there is a rigid prescription of design and dimension in the various racing classes and designers are ever seeking some new loophole whereby a boat can meet the specs but still be substantially faster than others in the class. A case in point is the yawl. This is, classically, a two-masted fore-and-after with the rear mast stepped into the hull abaft the stern waterline. If the rear mast were located ahead of where the hull leaves the water that would make it a ketch--unless of course its rear mast were taller than the front mast in which case it would be a schooner. Now the handicapping allowance for a yawl in an equalized race with other types is

(still Warner) most generous so that you will often see a "yawl" on which there is a mainsail of heroic size with the merest hanky of a sail hoisted on the stern to make it a yawl. This little sail "doesn't pull much for wind but she sure pulls hell for handicap." There have been experimental ships using a section of airplane wing for sails, others using vertical cylinders, either fixed or rotating, and a very efficient system whereby the actual mast is an airfoil which can be pivoted a few degrees to add materially to the effort of the sail---the wood merging with the canvas and functioning as one. But don't make the common mistake of thinking that a sail is nothing but a triangular piece of flat cloth. A good sail is cut with consummate skill and sewed together as skillfully as an aircraft manufacturer might work out the shape of an airplane's wing. One Swedish designer a few years ago brought a two-ply sail onto the market that was free-footed--ie. had no boom at the bottom--the idea being that when you were reaching (sailing at 90° to the wind) or tacking into the wind the sail's two halves stayed together in the conventional manner but when you got ready to run before the wind you opened up both halves, put one to port and the other to starboard and had twice the normal area. The real trickery, though, comes in hull design. As I said, the length at waterline determines pretty much how fast it will go and designers plot things out so that as soon as the thing heels a bit over it dips more of the overhang fore and aft into the water, thus increasing the effective length at waterline (length, for purposes of handicap, is computed with the vessel at even keel in still water) and giving a bit more speed. Then, of course, you have the sailing catamaran, which is really two hulls side by side and the length might be, for example, 16 feet while the potential speed might approach that of a 32-footer. Too, there are the so-called "planing hulls" designed to slap along atop the waves instead of doggedly plowing through them. These can also make a dent in the hard-and-fast formulae. I hope I've not said anything here to cause derision among the more knowing skippers in FAPA such as the She-Shaw or Helen Wesson. ##I am enthralled by the thought of a street which is so located in relation to other one-way streets that it is impossible to drive a car on it. Fond du Lac has been steadily over the last several years, trying to make all the drivers here seel their cars. They have added parking meters ("We'll use the revenue to provide free off-street parking," they promised. What they did was to use the revenue to buy still more meters to put on the (free) off-street parking lots. Later they added a host of no-left-turn signs on and around Main Street. Now they've added a few experimental one-way streets. The first time I encountered one of these, it took me several swearing minutes to discover a route by which I could get from the east side of Main to the west side. I was beginning to seriously consider driving all the way around Lake Winnebago and coming in on the so-and-sos from the rear when I chanced upon a convenient time-warp which flipped me (after a horrid moment of twisting nausea) two blocks across Main, running in reverse on the left side of the street. The worst part of this method was that it also lands you out in 1981 and all the bystanders laugh at you for driving around in that funny old car. Since then I've found the secret passage that permits me to whip from one side of town to the other on land all the way but I hear the city planners are trying to do something about it. Fout. ##Speaking of amateur correspondents, a friend of mine at Tonopah was from El Campo, Texas. He received his weekly hometown paper, the El Campo Times. The Wharton county sherrif, one "Buckshot" Lane, wrote a regular weekly column in this, covering about half a page. Many of us used to look forward eagerly to each weekly installment of Buckshot's adventures. It was a prose equivalent of Grandma Moses and was full of the innocent joy of the true primitive. Years after the war, I was surprised to see a lengthy writeup on Sherrif Lane in Life. His nickname, if you wonder, didn't derive from any heroic combat work with shotguns; it came from his beady little eyes, which, by golly, did resemble a pair of double-ought buckshot. I enjoyed this issue very much, Harry.

TARGET: FAPA! (Eney's Fault) Your Austin-Helium gag croggled me. I suppose you didn't catch the recent speculation on the FATE tape that Italian Racing Red was a sort of Austin-Heliotrope? I abominate McCahill (feeling may be mutual).

(Still talking Eneyward) Was it during the All Fool's Con when you were here or at a later visit that Boggs observed that the world's most conceited man might well be one who was born in Texas, had been educated at Harvard and had served in the Marines? I can't help asking, all innocent-eyed, if the fact that Delcie Austin, "a quasi-occult faaan who once fed me drugs which induce homicidal mania;" disappeared from FAPA on account of this risky experiment. Or was it just that she was a quasi-mixed-up kid? ##Of course, by pre-arrangement, all FAPA could get together (par'm me while I stifle a giggle) and put out one mailing entirely on legallength and then JeanY's llength artwork wouldn't have to be folded... Once in a while the mania surges over me and I fetch home the typer from the office with the wide carriage and type crosswise on 8½ x14 paper. The effect is gharstly...as Juffus can doubtless testify. For all I know, with a frown of intense concentration clouding his bright blue eyes, he may still be doggedly tracing lines across that letter with a fingertip. At least I've not heard from the good man since...no, that wasn't the idea: I thought he could wrap it around in front of his face and pretend it was in Todd-AO.

LARK (W. Montgolfier Danner) Does the fact that you now have the printery all in one location and thus don't have to lug forms back upstairs, portend that there will be no more "flids" in Tank, I hope? Last installment, I noted, was wonderfully free of typo's. Of course, it would rob us of some fascinating new words that were occasionally created that way. I still think it would be nice to create a fanzine by the name of Flid. Quick, Henry, the Flid... A mild controversy has been slowly raging in one program on our state radio net: Did the phrase, "Mind your p's and q's," originate with tally-boards in early taverns where pints and quarts were marked up and persons in the early or middle stages of inebriation were admonished thus (the barmaid would simply mark down a p for a pint (horrors--what will Martinez make of that?) and a q for a quart)...or did it start as a printer's warning to his apprentice since a p looks like a q in type and vice-versa? I should think if the latter were true, it would have been as appropriate to say mind your b's and d's since they are equally subject to confusion. In fact, unless I take care to watch the little notches on the pieces, I can even confuse all four since a b in type looks like either a d or an upside-down p--or a q if you remember to reverse. I know it's cheating but when I was fooling with that type a few years ago I used to proof-read it upside-down in a mirror. ##My name has got on some sort of sucker list again. Anyhow I recently got an ad marked "Personal" which was. A while back I sent off for a lot of different catalogs, prices, samples and stuff for the photo department and, in idle fancy, I made up a different name for each one. I wish I had kept track of which name I used to whom because I've been getting all sorts of secondary radiation under the divers noms-de-plume. Whoever it was I wrote to as "Logan W. Brommitch" must have really spread the word because hardly a month goes by but he gets something here. ##No, oddly enough, there <u>is</u> another Boyd Raeburn quite apart from and unrelated to the Sage of Glenvalley Drive. He is some sort of orchestra leader and every once in a while I will be listening to the radio with half an ear and be jolted to hear "That was Boyd Raeburn and his orchestra." I don't believe I've ever had advance warning so I could listen to what sort of music they play. It could be GMCarr-type jass for all I know (the first s was a typo but I let it stand and added another on grounds that I could always claim it was the original spelling, which, indeed, it is. ##Milwaukee once had a burlesque theatre called the Empress, which is now a parking lot, I think. And I have a photo of a 2nd-hand store in Green Bay with a sign in the window, a quietly disquieting sign which states simply, "This place is now Hank's resale shop next door." ##The only US Smith I can think of who might compare at all with Fred would be H. Allen Smith. ##By now, I hope, you're in receipt of the FATE tape and have heard that we are currently driving a station wagon. We like it. The smaller kids love to ride in the flat space about four feet square in the rear, sitting cross-legged on the floor or (more usually) brawling on the floor itself and making faces through the back window at people coming up from the rear (Yes, Youngs, yes, Eney, people <u>do</u> come from the rear now and then. I am getting old and conservative). ##I never used a Goerz Dagor unless it was in the AAF

(to Danner) before I became brand-conscious about lenses. Goerz must either have a good lens or a damned good publicity man because the Dagors you see are always priced way out of sight for their f-speed and focal length. I have a 203mm f7.7 Ektar which is almost painfully sharp--you can take a photo which includes a page of pica typing eight or ten feet away and you'll be able to read what the typing says off the negative with a good magnifying glass. I have always wanted to get an Exacta--no, that's Exakta, isn't it?--or something of the sort and hook the Ektar to it for tele work. ##I don't think a Buick is too greatly different as to brakes from an Olds and I got 59,000 miles on the first set of brake linings on the '55, which had power brakes, and about 68,000 on the '52 which had foot-powered ones. I don't think that is too dreadful. Both cars had hydramatic. Olds went to their so-called "Jetaway" hydramatic in '56. The idea was that it was smmother and you couldn't feel the separate jerks between gears that sometimes occurred when a pre-'56 hm was out of adjustment or inexpertly handled. It may be smoother--I question if it is--but it seems a lot less efficient to me, requiring more revs of the motor to get under way. I had made a firm resolution that this time I was going to order what I wanted and wait for it but as always they had it on hand--one of the last of the '57 wagons--and made us a helluvan offer on the trade so we took it. Cripes, after driving the '55 something like 78,000 miles we were allowed within $300 of what it cost new. At first the gas mileage was not good--around 11.5 on the average--but the garage installed a 2-barrel '58 carburetor and it is doing better now: 15.3 over the last 2000 miles on regular. This isn't too bad considering that it weighs a half ton more than the '55 did and has a steeper gear ratio (3.68:1, I think, against 3.08:1 on the other). It came with 14x8.60 tires (white-sidewall US Royals, of course--almost standard on GMs) but I had them switched to blackwall 14x9.00's, figuring the extra inch of circumference would flatten out the ratio a bit. It makes an extra mile covered out of every 20--at least a point on the road to Sheboygan that was precisely 20.0 miles from our driveway on the '55 shows up as 19.05 miles on this'n's odometer. I keep 32# in the front tires and 30# in the back which makes for a bumpy ride but better mileage and does not, contrary to expectation, make the centers wear out faster. It weighs 5145# with an average load and me at the wheel and it's the first car I've ever driven that can go faster than I care to travel; I've never even had the gas pedal all the way down on it. ##ChucH and I once had a long discussion as to what a "shrimp" is in England and the US and, much as I love shrimp, I'd have qualms about ordering something called a "Gravesend Sweetmeat." I have a hazy recollection that a "sweetbread" is some part of slaughtered animals but I forget which--anybody know? My impression is that it's the pancreas but that doesn't sound right. ##If there are any hi-fi-ists reading this within range of Chicago's NBC outlet (WMAQ--about 650kc), there is a program called "Magazine of the Air" or something, from about 5:15 pm to 5:45 (CST) and their theme used in signing on and off carries some of the by-damndest bass notes I have ever encountered on the air. Even with the tone control of the car radio set at the highest treble setting, it savages its poor old oval speaker mercilessly, making it emit wild and discordant honks, rattling the very dashboard in a manner that must be seen to be believed. I'm not even sure, in my pit of musical ignorance, just what instrument it is they use--a string bass up close to the mike, I suspect.Chicago's CBS station (WBBM--about 820kc) has a marvelous late evening program sponsored by American Airlines. It is conducted by a dulcet-voiced chap named Jay Andre, plays nothing but classics, show tunes and the less raucous pops. It comes on at 11:30, about the time we usually turn in, and we usually just turn it on and leave it on all night. At 6:00 am an insufferable slob named Paul Gibson comes on with a line of preposterous balderdash ("At the bottom of a glacier," he once said, "the pressure is so great that a single cubic foot of snow may weigh as much as 350 pounds." I'd like to see him take one of those cubic feet of snow and melt it down into five cubic feet of water, which would weigh about 312.5 pounds). Within a few minutes after Gibson comes on, I begin to have nightmares where, no matter where I go, they have radios tuned to Paul Gibson and I run frantically from place to place trying to escape that nasal mumble of his until finally I wake up and snap off the radio with a feral snarl.

AMATEUR JOURNAL--no, sorry, AMATEUR'S JOURNAL (Chick--or Chuck--Derry) As I told you, I got five or six copies of this in my bundle and while I firmly believe that it is the best first FAPA issue to come along in ages, I am not going to give one review for each copy. In fact, good as it is, getting six copies--all with the same words--seems slightly supererogatory. If I didn't spell that right, I beg forgiveness. I am stenciling in a motel in Menominee, Michigan (hey!--does this make me a member of Michi-fandom??) and while I studiously brought along the unportable Underwood, a box of stencils, the mailing, and a bottle of corflu, I neglected to bring my dictionary--actually, it is Jean's dictionary. Inasmuch as I am wont to make a grab for this three or four times in the course of an average stencil, I miss it sorely. Of course, I could have said superfluious... The Metzger illo's were marvelously in keeping with the spirit of the mag...sort of remind one of Bob Kellogg (who used to illo for Geis) and of the old MAD (which used to be a good magazine a long time ago). Berry's story was very good indeed. Actually, I believe this dodge--parking a car labelled "BILL COLLECTOR" in front of a person's house--has actually been used over here. I suppose it is because more people are debtors than creditors that bill collectors are looked down upon as much as they seem to be. Life or the Post--forget which--once had a long article on how to beat bill collectors, in all seriousness. Some aggrieved bloke wrote a letter which they later published, asking when he could expect to see a similar article on how to steal hub-caps, how to set yourself up in kidnapping, etc. McLean's, a Canadian mag vaguely analagous to the Post, once ran an article explaining that plumbers weren't really morons, but highly skilled artisans who play a vital role in protecting the public health, etc., and people should stop pointing to plumbers as overcharging ninnies who always forget their tools and like that there. Couple issues later, there was a spate of letters from people saying that as far as they were concerned, plumbers were still morons. Snatch a cub from a she-bear if you must, but never try to wrench a beloved misconception from the public (American, Canadian or what-have-you) else you will know real peril. ##I could have told you that a Smith-Corona portable does not cut stencils for sour mash. I've tried every conceivable combination of back-sheets, cushions, films, and whatnot on mine with no luck at all--no better than you had. I tried the wide-carriage S-C office model on a few stencils in Grue (the story by Dave Jenrette was cut on it) because it is pica and I like to toss in a bit of pica for swash. But, besides being miserably sluggish of action, probably due to the wide carriage, it chopped up the stencils horribly, even with the lightest touch I could give. You're right, of course, in saying that the Gestetner's feed is their weakest link. Too, their ink is quite erratic. The tube I just finished was quite thin and soaked through and offset very badly. I finished that and opened a fresh tube and found to my delight that it was so stiff I could just barely squeeze it from the tube but it soaked little and offset less. I finally took my courage in my hand and cranked off the last several pages of Grue just lickety-wham without slipsheeting or anything and the offset was negligable even by Mafia Press standards. Doubtless the people in the adjoining units of the motel here, while cursing the chattering Underwood, are wondering why there was a cyclone of giggles out of #8 a few minutes ago. What it was was me re-reading the account of the guy who turned on the electric ABDick with the cap off the drum. Oh lordy! In furnaces, too, some silly things occur. One dealer upstate had a no-heat service call which he diagnosed as a faulty primary control so he changed it for a new one. Still no fire. He swore, went back to the shop, got another control. Still no dice. He went back, loaded all the primaries he had into the truck, tried them all, in vain, went around, borrowed all the primaries from the stocks of other dealers, tried them, no go. He got on the phone and called the Minneapolis-Honeywell man (they made the relays, or primary controls as I started out calling them). He spilled his tale of woe to him and asked him to bring up some more controls. This guy, a little red-haired fellow named Don Love, about whom could be told many fascinating tales, got in his car with one control, drove up to the dealer's place, some 180 miles away, went with him to the customer's basement, checked and found, as he had

suspected, that it wasn't in the relay at all. As it turned out, the reason there was no fire was because the oil tank had run dry. As gently as possible he broke the news to the dealer. The dealer waved a hand toward a heap containing around 20 perfectly good M-H #RA-817A primaries, selling for around $40 each, wholesale, which were now, to all intents, used controls. "But what should I do with all these controls?" he wailed. Love sighed, softly. "I shall refrain," he said, "from making a very obvious suggestion." With that, he drove the 180 miles back home. And then there was the dealer who sold a stoker to a lady. Stokers are largely passe around here any more but he clinched the sale by mentioning that she'd be able to burn her garbage if she had a stoker. What he meant, of course, was that she could open the door of the furnace and throw the garbage in on top of the bed of coals and the forced draft from the stoker would rapidly consume it whereas in a hand-fed, natural draft furnace it would most likely smother the fire. Well, he got a service call sometime around the end of June. Her stoker wouldn't work she said. He went out and found the worst mess of his entire career. Taking him at his word, she had been dumping the garbage into the hopper of the stoker. This is a large-ish bin holding perhaps 300 pounds of coal, which is fed out the bottom through a spiral doohickey in a tube abo ut six feet long and four inches in diameter. The firepot of the furnace was full of pulverised garbage about half way up the feed door. The tuyeres--the slotted castiron head of the stoker--were thoroughly caked and jammed with it. The feed screw was solid full and the hopper was so full the door wouldn't close...potato peelings, egg shells, coffee grounds, watermelon rinds, table scraps...all accumulating for weeks in a hot, damp basement...all having to be plucked and scraped and washed from a mechanism previously impregnated with coal-dust...and you think you got troubles! #If you made any mistakes in spelling, I didn't notice them so they couldn't've been too heinous. So feel free to compose on stencil any time and welcome to the club (of onstencilers as well as FAPA)! You realize, I hope, that this review contains about 20% as much wordage as your whole magazine? For all I know, this might even be a record.

THE BULL MOOSE or WHAT? ANOTHER BLASTED NEO? (House of Morse) And let me say that I think the House of Morse can give cards and spades to the Desk of Wilfried Myers and still have the edge. With new blood like you and Derry, FAPA ought to pick up very nicely. Perhaps I ought to have said the "Grey House of Morse," eh? ##Paul Blanshard wrote a pretty good book called "The Right to Read" which GMCarr ought to read but probably never will and probably would refute if she did. In it, regarding comic books, I think, he quoted that bit about "Reading maketh a full man..." (Bacon, wasn't it?) and wondered, "Full of what?" ##My own hearing is pretty soft in the left ear so we could get along quite well, you and I. I figure it's probably due to having sat onthe immediate right of a brace of bellowing caliber .50 Brownings for several months on my range position at Tonopah. It doesn't bother me greatly except, as you say, with quiet-voiced people in noisy places. One of my customers speaks softly in his noisy shop and I tend to rotate to put my right ear next to him but he likes to stand full face to a person so he sidesteps to stay in front of me and we stand there, slowly going round and round in a kind of cockeyed minuet. I've tried telling him a time or two but he always forgets by the next call so I said to heck with it, let the so and so spin. ##The noun/verb "prang," used in the RAF and RCAF as a synonym for crash is almost unknown here in that usage or any other. Bill Stavdal added it to my vocabulary when he was in the RCAF. He and a friend stopped in here en route from Ontario to Moose Jaw (this is on the picturesque southern route) and shortly after leaving here some farmer came out of a driveway and --as Bill said, Stavdal, that is--"pranged" Eric's car. ##One thing I'd like to ask, not in heat but merest curiosity: I didn't get into fandom till the waning days of the Truman administration and I've often wondered if the British people were as teed-off at Dean Acheson as they currently are at Dulles. Anybody remember? Charles Wilson has been dumped--even Arthur Godfrey doesn't go hunting with him any more--and I doubt if he'll be back. Dulles always reminds me of John W. Campbell, Jr. Dunno why, just does.

JOSHINGS (Carl Brandon) Welcome to another notable newcomer! Rike's cover is a gem, tho I can't quite picture it on GEMZINE. I am sorry if the BDSA's appropriation of your name--preappropriation, really--has caused you any mental anguish. However, in your case, we can offer a special Honourary (with a "u" yet!) Membership. Provided you accept, you may consider it in force as of the time you read this. Of course, at any future time you can enter into full and unconditional membership by appearing on the grounds and submitting your person to the fierce rigors of initiation. Full details cannot, of course, be given in a public document such as this but I can testify that there is an indescribeable elan--or is it eclat? eclair?--to being a full member. On that day we might, if a quorum is present, vote to change it to the CBDSA. Just think... ##Maybe you're Joe Semenovich? Snarly Seibel?? Dave Ish??? #I sympathize with anyone who has to sweat out the waiting list these days but at least you were able to read Rike's mailings and keep yourself au courant with things. The value of this is obvious by the smooth way you slip into things with your first publication; there is a fine air of justrightness about this.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT (Martin Alger) I found your guntalk interesting, as always, and I for one say fout to the people who gnash because they haven't the taste to appreciate the finer things in life. Like guns. I am also deeply impressed by the excellence of your draftsmanship. I remember reading a story from BLUEBOOK'S memorable "Arms and Men" series, maybe around the late 30s, dealing with the guy who invented fulminate primers. He was challenged to fight a duel and he managed to slip a primer containing fulminate of gold into his opponent's gun--I'm hazy on the exact plotline--anyhow the inference was that Au fulminate is hellishly more potent than Hg fulminate and it blew the guy's gun and arm to smithereens. You ever read this, or know anything about the other metallic fulminates? Fulminate of mercury is quite simple to prepare, I'm told, though I've never tried inasmuch as it is also quite dangerous. Do you happen to know the nature of the ingredient currently used in non-mercuric, non-corrosive primers? I think it's lead azide but would like to check. #Glad to hear you've sold some more stuff to the AMERICAN RIFLEMAN. Did you know that the managing editor of GUNsport is that most excellent person and fellow fapan name of Larry T. ("The Hermit, Look For The Big Red Letters On The Cave") Shaw? Why don't you try them with a few mss?

LE MOINDRE (The Boyd Raeburn) Well, yes, I know what you mean about newspaper inaccuracies. A couple years ago, as I was making a right turn into the Olds garage's driveway, with my turn signals blinking merrily, a Greyhound bus attempted to pass me on the right ("I thought you meant to turn left and had pushed the lever the wrong way" he later said.) and clipped the car on the right front door hard enough so that it needed a new door. The local paper said "A car driven by Dean Grennell collided with a Greyhound bus at the South Main Limits." In this provincial little place everybody, but everybody, reads the accident reports and I was driven to a high state of grotch for months afterward by people who said "I seen in the paper you rammed into a bus. Whassamatter wit' you?" Grr. ##A while back they told how another guy had struck a group of high school students at an intersection. I saw his car and the front was all bashed in. I asked the guy in the garage how fast the driver had been going, knowing that it took a lot of speed for a frail human carcass to cave in a car that way. He said he'd only been doing about 20 mph but the damage had been caused by the fact that the h.s. students had been enclosed in a late model Ford, which the paper had neglected to mention. ##I had a wrangle with a YMCA clerk once over renting a room but I believe I told you about this on a recent visit. The gist of it was that I refused to list my religious affiliation, feeling, as I still do, that it is nobody's business but my own (usually I just write "Druid" and let it go at that but I felt a bit stormy that day). Also I couldn't see why I had to list three reputable character references just to stay for one night in a room (it was midwinter and I craved a swim in their pool which was why I went there instead of to my usual motel). He said

(Raeburn) they were the only place that would offer a room to the kids recently released from the local reformatory. I asked who vouched for them and he said usually the warden and the chaplain out there. I said then put them down for me too! He said you ever been in the reformatory and I said no, I didn't know it was a prerequisite for staying at the Y. He said we even take the colored ones, most places don't. I said I thought it was quite noble of them and equally irrelevant to the situation under discussion. He said you still gotta have references. I asked for cat's sake, why? because I've never had to give references and I've stayed in places where they wouldn't use this place for the janitor to store his brooms. Well, he said, we got a lot of young boys here. Thanks awfully, I said, but that sort of thing doesn't interest me and I stomped off leaving him an interesting shade of purple. ##Did I ever show you the collection of Flook strips that Sandy sends me? I think I did. In addition to Morty Meekle, whom I like much, there is also one called "Beetle Bailey" that ribs hell out of the Army to my intense delight. Ever seen this? ##Well, next time you're down, remind me to see if I can still find the censored stencil about unions. #"Bratwurst" is, I think, translatable to "bread-sausage," and I think it is extended with breadcrumbs or something. The "a" is sounded about like the "o" in "not" and it is common to refer to them as "Brats" (pronounced "brottz"). Some years ago we happened upon a butcher shop in Plymouth with a sign in the window saying "Brats 35¢ a pound" and duly took a picture of it so that if the kids ever asked about where they came from we could produce it and claim we bought them from the butcher's.

THE HAIRY BEAST (Ger StewarD) I wisht I had a Hiary Beast like your's...especially to run uptown in on weekends. It is a bit disconcerting, or was to me, to have kids on bicycles towering high in the air over your head. I think I told you about the bunch of them that clotted up in front of me as the light turned green and refused to move, merely hurling remarks like "Canuck, go home!" at me--they were basing this on your license plate--and I suggest that you scout about in junkyards until you can find a small cow-catcher off an old narrowgauge locomotive which you could add to the front below those distinctive spotlights, making it even more distinctive. The station-waggle is painted a screaming scarlet, about the color of the background on a Coca-Cola sign, making it really too distinctive for my taste. Not that I'm conservative but there times in the furnace rac--uh, profession--when you could use a bit of anonymity. #I still think baseball is a Badness. As regards GASP #13, I have the impression that the heft of most metal used in auto bodies in no more than 20 gauge or lighter. At any rate, one of the furnaces we sell makes much of the fact that its casings are made of 20-gauge automotive steel. #The thesis that modern American autos are all bad in every respect and getting rapidly badder seems to me to be not in all directions supportable. I started on Model T and Model A Fords and I feel personally that I would hate to have to cover my average 35,000 miles a year in either one of these and I don't give a friendly freckleface damn what anyone, including even Bill Danner, says to the contrary. I have heard, although I cannot support this with unimpeachable documentary evidence, that the worst year for auto fatalities on a miles-driven basis, was 1937 here in the USA. Certainly there are more cars, being driven more miles each year and Wisconsin, for one, has shown a steady decline in fatal accidents for the past three or four years that I know of. Some of this is undoubtedly due to more stringent law enforcement but I like to think that some of it may also be due to improvement in cars and drivers. I firmly believe that an auto that can pass another with reasonable celerity is at least potentially safer to drive in than one that gets out in the other lane and dawdles interminably before it finally groans past. It sometimes becomes necessary, or at least desireable, to pass another car and I prefer to be able to do it with dispatch and what I still consider to be safety, both for myself and the other drivers. I will concede that there is validity in some if not all of your criticisms but I feel, as I think I've told you at some length, that the Olds has several of these faults to a lesser degree than many other makes. I think we agree as an only car would be unsuited to my needs. Right? But I <u>still</u> faunch for a 300SL!

PAMPHREY (Walter A. Willis) Last time I was in Watertown I saw a guy driving about in an old truck with his name painted on the doors, his address on the bottom and in between the word GOD in huge letters. I wanted to chase him down and get a photo (when he wasn't around!) to send to you types but I didn't manage it. I suppose he sells turf and would be dismayed to learn of its British connotations. ##One can be burned by molton lead, believe me! Every bullet casting session leaves me with a liberal sprinkling of blisters where the stuff spatters. One I dumped a whole frying-pan full of the stuff--20 or 30 pounds--down the front of some good trousers (from my then-best suit). It sprayed around the kitchen like shrapnel, splashing onto doors and woodwork and pitting the paint. Fortunately, I wasn't especially burned since it didn't fill up my shoes but the pants looked hopeless. I peeled off the lead after it'd hardened and took the trousers to my dry-cleaner (waiting-lister Joe Rupp, Jr.). He pulled a minor miracle and restored them--they were solid color, dark-brown worsted--to practically their original appearance. Although my eyes are still 20/20, I have a pair of glasses that I got years ago in hopes that they'd help my migraine headaches which bothered me at the time (they didn't). I always wear these when casting or shooting, not so much because they sharpen my slightly myopic orbs to an aquiline 20/10 but for the protection. There was an article in TRUE a few months back about some guy who claims that he can stick his hand in molton steel without burning it...showed him touching his tongue to a white-hot poker, supposedly without discomfort. Some people have the darndest hobbies. #Page 2: You can fairly well stand up for yourself, I think, but one thing puzzles me: What are we going to do with all that mincemeat?? Rowrbazzle.

BOBOLINGS (Bob Pavlat) Funny thing, but after I'd sent off Sputnik, it finally came to me what "YHOS" had to stand for but I'm still glad I asked. It padded out my mailing comment in several places. If one rated fapazines by the total number of page-inches they received in mailing comments, GMC would be an easy winner, I suspect. The moral, I suppose, is be nice to people and get noplace. ##Check me on this and please don't sneer if I'm wrong. As I understand it, IQ, for Intelligence Quotient, means the subject's score on a standard test (usually the Stanford-Binet?) as compared to the average for subjects of his own age. Thus, if his score is above average it would be a figure over 100, less if under. Wouldn't this make for a fluctuation in IQ if a person was initially rather precocious but perhaps became bored with learning at some point and let his lead over others of his age-group dwindle? Couldn't concentrated training in the various branches of knowledge hit by the test result in a better score--you know, figuring out which way the end gear turns, how many blocks in the picture, defining words, etc? It's always seemed to me that IQ by itself is a rather empty figure, showing no correlation to ambition, initiative, adaptability and several other traits needed in realizing much good from IQ. It is vaguely comparable to an auto with a 300-hp motor, a transmission o ut of adjustment and two flat tires...it still won't be able to cover much ground. Not even if you put on a supercharger and boost the hp to 375. It's not nearly so much what your IQ amounts to as what you amount to--an indefinite "you" is meant here, not you, Bob Pavlat--it isn't what you have, it's what you do with it that counts, I think. ##FANZINE INDEX...this would be more interesting to me if it didn't stop with such miraculous precision at the exact moment I first became enmeshed in fandom. However, thanks anyhow.

IONCONFIDENTIAL (Harris, Old Bwana Sahib) Speaking of shaking the hand of Foriac, Gerry Kincannon often used to shake hands ceremoniously, then stick the hand inside his shirt (his hand, not the shakee's), solemnly declaring "I'll never wash that hand again!" #Liked the bit about EFR being "scared only of the ghost of Charles Fort." #Speaking of Walt's connoisseuring the Medoc, I liked a line of Audrey Hepburn's from the movie, "Love in the Afternoon." The movie takes place in Paris and when Gary Cooper turned up with a bad hangover, she solemnly said, "That's what you get for drinking that domestic champagne." #I am tempted to be fiendish and ask, aghast, "You don't mean to say you don't know what Buskers means in the US?!" but I haven't the heart for it. ##Horrors! You say "most Anglofen have a liking for

(Harris) American brands of cigarettes..."! Boyd Raeburn will grotch because only a couple mags back in the reviews here he was saying that the only reason Europeans smoked the nasty things was because of the shortage during the war...you call this solidarity of Empire?? You'll be shocked to hear, Chucko mio, that I've gone back to smoking again. The reasons, if any, are too bulky to go into with my stock of stencils fast vanishing. But I find in my two year layoff, a vast change has come over the selection one must choose from. There are I-don't-know-how-many kinds of filter-tips now where once was only Viceroy and Parliament. When I first started, I used to occasionally splurge on a pack of Doublets at 25¢ a box. These came ten each in two flat metal boxes which made fine cigaret cases when empty (and filled again of course--I s'pose it was illegal to refill them but by now I trust I'm covered by the statute of limitations). In those days, Luckies and such were 15¢ and Marvels, Avalons, Twenty Grand and Wings were a dime. Of the cheapies, only Marvels survive today. Dunhills, my old standby, are not advertised any longer and are so seldom bought that dealer's stocks are like excelsior, needing to be aged for several days in airtight cans with moistening agents --I prefer a dab of Kleenex soaked in brandy--before they can be smoked without flaying the throat. Few tobacconists make a pretense of keeping all brands because there must be forty or more and many, like Old Gold, come in short, long and filter-tip, with further complication in that others can be had in either crush-proof boxes or the conventional limp paper packet. So far I've not found any brand I can stick with for a steady thing. I used to like Pall Malls in a pinch but something horrid has happened to them. For sheer smoking horror, though, there's nothing to compare to the Mexican cigarets some of the boys used to buy along the border in Texas, ghahh! #It must be a Proud & Lonely Thing, being a Knight of St. Fanthony. #If Hepzibah Snoopwhistle isn't the winner of "Best Poet" in next year's Egoboo Poll, I for one, shall scream "FOUL!"

LAUNDRY (I&LShaw) Calling this "The Magazine of Apartness" reminds me I've been wanting to huzzah you for subtitling the recent INF, "The Magazine of Tomorrowness." Clever li'l tads, youse is. #This whole damn thing is sheer delight. #How sweet! How nice! They still publish FROM DER VOODVORK OUT in times like these! And I am of a sudden smote to realize that even rank neofan I have been in FAPA for more than half as long as Old Agberg...just barely though but now the margin will grow. #Is Fred Pojl any relation to Frqnk Robinson? #One trusts that Bob will have read this far and duly marveled to see that there <u>is</u> a mailing comment pertaining to him for once. #The Budrys lino croggled me. #Have you got authorization to publish the tired dragon pic from copyright-owner A Young? Fine! Fine. Fine.

DRIFTWOOD (GFD:nut) When you make French onion soup, do you make it up from scratch out of real onions (I believe I already used up the gag about making Campbell soup and using real Campbells--that's the hell of it, I've forgotten which linos I've used and don't feel like going through the archives to check) or do you do as we do: use the stuff Lipton's puts up in envelopes? #Later on, when you read a piece of fiction I have upcoming in another fapamag (about August) please try to believe I did not swipe the idea from one of your interlineations. I have witnesses to prove I started it way last December. ##Hmm. I musta' used that raw zebra lino too, eh? Did I define a hangover as "when the brew of the night meets the cold of the day?" #I covet thy Olympia, lady. If my present po'tabobble didn't have such a nice zippy touch and if it weren't that I've become accustomed to her keyboard (crazy thing with " and ' in high and low gear both and such), I would swap it for a nOlympia too. As it is, I have to either lug the big Underwood about in the car to stencil on nights out or try with the li'l G-C, which does it jes' plain porely. #Zounds! For months I mooned about trying to get up nerve (&$) to try a Heathkit and finally wound up buying a G-78A Hallicrafters tuner-amp (list: $89) which a dealer in GB bought for some dentist who decided after it came he didn't want it. He knocked it down for a fast 50 and I'm happy with it. Superwoman!

THE DIRECTORY OF 1957 OF FANDOM (Bennett) Hearty apllause for this invaluable publication, Ron. In fact, it is so invaluable that I couldn't leave it with the rest of the mailing and now I can't find it although I recall noticing that it didn't list Bob Leman's address. Outside of that, it is an excellent job and you deserve all sorts of kudos. Nothing like kudos, I always say, expecially (sic) if you fricassees 'em.

Digressing for a moment, I defoutly hope that old dw, otherwise the Wilson called Don, elects to stay with us. I was just thinking that it has been lo!, aeons, since last anything of his turned up here and I checked the OO and saw that the Mayling is where he makes it or drops it. I shall burn a kingsize joss to Foo-Foo with appropriate cabalistic (or shd I say Qabalistic?) incantations.

ALIF 4 (KKAnderson) I think it was damon knight who asked if I knew how you make a Hebrew martini and said you put an aleph in it. Is Alif cognate with Aleph? I think--I confuse these sources--that it was Agberg, during their 1955 visit, who innocently (too innocently) asked to be taken to a brewery so he could see the Jewish coffin. Jewish coffin? I asked; yeah, you know: the brewmaster; huhh?...yeah...he brews beer. I still shudder when I think of that'n. #I like to think that on some planet with a gentle gravity and a thick blanket of air (if this is theoretically possible) pegasusoid creatures do exist. There is something noble and satisfying in the concept of a winged horse. Obviously they do not exist presently on earth else otherwise Lee Shaw would have one. QED. My idea of a real monster would be a cocker spaniel as big as a Clydesdale. I don't know of any other animal--ferret, mongoose, wolverine, weasel, or Bosman's potto --that carries as much sheer bloodlusting ferocity for its weight, the while masking it under a cloak of wagglytailed, wetnosed, popeyed appeal. There are exceptions, of c'ose --I am thinking specifically of the cheerful little rascal that infests Curt Janke's house--but in the main I firmly feel that cocker spaniels are a Badness. #Unlike Joan Carr, KKAnderson/ Is not a pseudofanne pseudonym of Sanderson./ She cooks the meals and brews the mocha/ For one of the guys who created the Hoka. #I can offer the following with the condition that I'm not satisfied with it: There was a young fellow named Green/ Whose mind was extremely obscene./ His composure showed ripples/ At plumbing-pipe nipples/ And {he} sniggered at words like "between." I'm sure Eney could do bettern that and it seems there ought to be a better terminus than between. #Last winter we invented a game called "Cardette" which is played with a board like roulette only you turn cards over and bet on red/black, suits, spots, any-face-card and suchlike. My aim was to produce a game which several could play at with a sense of common triumph or commiseration instead of this eternal I-wanna-win-so-it's-tough-but-you-gotta-lose spirit which pervades and spoils most games...to my mind. Jean displayed a staggering aptitude for it, piling up chips till she simply neglected to collect the winnings otherwise it'd've broke the bank and stopped the game for the rest of us. Some day we'll move to Las Vegas and I'll let her support me in the manner to which I'd love to become accustomed. #I am still faunching for the 2-vol set of Funk & Wagnall's {steady, WAW} Standard Dictionary of Folklore and some day I mean to save up $20 and buy them. Do you folks have this? #A quiet amen to the Kuttner memorial sheet.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (Evans) This continues to be one of the nicest thing in the mailing, Bill and I take this chance to say I extraspecially enjoyed the reprint of the article by JWCJr in a former issue on what he wanted for ASF. Speaking of Wollheim, there is a Grinnell-Hoffman Co., (HiaLee!) which manufactures plumbing supplies and I have here on the desk a little celluloid advertising ruler of their's that I picked up one time. It says in big letters: GRINNELL STEEL PIPE NIPPLES. If I ever get the time I mean to fashion this into a quote-card to send to Bob Tucker. The nomenclature of plumbing ware is oddly Freudian-sounding to the unaccustomed ear and there are frequent moments of red-faced confusion when plumbing firms have to break in a new office-girl. One can see the foreshadow of UNKNOWN in this 1937 bit of Kuttner's, can't one?

CELEPHAIS (Evans) The secret of working up lengthy reviews on material you can't argue with, I think, is to sort of resonate to it: "Speaking of three-toed sloths reminds me of a little incident in Timbuctou in '83. It seems there was this..." You can go on for pages like that and I have trouble in not doing so. #I play my OMSLBS album quite a bit and wouldn't sell it for $4.98 if I couldn't get another. As a matter of fact, I got mine for $1.33 since I have a source for records at wholesale. Not for much longer though, I fear, since my brother is getting tired of kids who play Presley records, listen to them (doing His motions unless they're some place they shouldn't) and go off without buying anything. He contemplates going back to welding for the sake of the nice green money. #I don't know how you can ever dig up a listing on Grue since I don't even have a complete file of them myself. I've been trying to wheedle a loan of #1 since I'd like to sentimentally reproduce the cover illo of it sometime. So far no soap.

WRAITH (Ballard) Go! You, too, keep typing "sotry" for story, mm? I wonder if this is a constant phenomenon among gunbugs and if so, does Martin Alger have the same trouble. I'll bet "sotry" has cost me a quart of corflu in the last ½decade. How about you other people? Don't say "I liked Bleen but can't think of anything to say about it." See if you can list your commonest typo's. I have at least one other but I can't recall which it is now that I'm trying to. #I guess Riddle is still in OMPA or was the last I heard. I believe he's officially dropped Peon but hope I'm wrong. Peon was one of those mags that I always heartily enjoyed but couldn't have written for had my life hung on doing it. Oftentimes I've thought it would be nice for fandom to endow a University and name it in honor of Riddles defunct subzine. #I have supervised and legal access, as a CD Auxiliary Policeman (D'ye ken John Berry at the break of day ...), to a pre-war Thompson subgun--one of those with the pistol grip in front too--and a policeman friend and I plan, first chance, to load up some .45 ACPs with black powder and lay down a smoke barrage in the best Doc Savage manner with the old chopper. What will be rough will be choking our way to the door (indoor range) and then cleaning the cinders out of it. One of the cops just bought a new .357 Colt Python and I loaded up some nice rippy loads for him...about 200 fps faster than today's factory .357s...and I learn tonight that in tryingit out he dimpled hell out of the police range's backstop. You might say I'm boring from within. It's hard to keep from loving a pistol capable of putting sizeable dents in ¼ oh fooh 1/4" boilerplate. #Yeah, and what has become of the FATE tape? I hear that Rotsler has seceded from it till he gets access to a taper again. He'll be sore missed in this quarter. #It is hard to work up a good argument against your observation, "The longer you can put off being personally squashed, the better," and I think I shan't try. Jean interrupts at this point to quote from a book she is reading: "Vanished Cities" by Hermann and Georg Schreiber, Alfred A. Knopf, 1957, $5.75--from the chapter "A Pipeline for Wine," page 263, "The tableware of the rich was of silver in other places besides Sybaris. But Sybaris boasted a peculiar custom of its own: every dinner guest had his own chamber pot. This could not even be considered shocking; respectable women did not take part in these banquets, and as a great many liquids were drunk, the idea was to save the diners the trouble of leaving the room frequently." Now <u>that's</u> what I call considerate hostsmanship...no wonder the dictionary supplies as a synonym for Sybaritic, "luxurious."

PHANTASY PRESS #18 (McPhail) But Dan, you won't have to wait till 2907 for the next issue of SCIENCE FICTION FIFTY-YEARLY. I make it due in 2007 but admit I am no whiz on math. That reminds me of an order I recently received from a police department for "1000-.38 Special reloads at $5.00 per hundred -- $500.00." The margin of profit looked good but I sighed and sent the order back for revision. I suspect I'd have had a fight collecting it and them with 1000 rounds of ammo to fight back with, too. I think your cover photo is plumb scrumptious and wish there was more photo stuff in FAPA. Once, long ago--oh, not as <u>you</u> measure time, but as I do--in 1953, I made something like 200 prints, 5x7, for a SPACESHIP cover and it gave both Agberg and myself a trauma in re further photofanning. But I keep hoping that, some day...

BURBLINGS C/W ELMURMURINGS (Burb & Perdue) Me, I would much like a copy of any ragtime fanzine you put out. When it comes to ragtime, I may not be recondite but I can appreciate like fury. #Speaking of the 88-note piano roll in your toolbox setting you off from other machinists, I'll never forget the time I went on a service call with a dealer, went in the house carrying the little caliber .50 ammo box I use for a toolkit. Sat it down next to the burner, flipped up the lid and there on top for all to see was a .45 automatic I'd forgotten I'd left there. I'll never forget the look on the homeowner's face. #I enjoyed reading Audrey Mae Clinton's section herein although it was a bit disjointing in one respect. You see, the wide spacing lead me to assume that it was Perdue talking and then I came to the part about "I like boys. I am a girl," and I thought to myself, What the hell? Perdue is a girl? This is the biggest thing since the Hoffman Hoax...but I thought it was Lee Jacobs who was going to Denmark? And then I riffled ahead several pages and finally found a name put to it and settled back to re-read it with this fresh orientation. It was even better the second time but you shouldn't ought to startle me thataway. The more I see of people, to paraphrase Bill Danner, the less I like dogs. We had a Springer Spaniel once, name of Pepper and he was a nice dog but he suffered from chronic peristalsis. Feed the damned critter one 5 pound sack of dogfood and you could figure on filling a whole washtub off of the garage floor. I still wonder how he did it. We finally had to give him away because the neighbors kept yawping about his barking. So what did the neighbors do then? They turned around and bought a bitch Weimaraner for a fabulous amount of money and the weird looking thing sundered the welkin into splinters 24 hours a day. Finally, through a concatenation of events I would love to set down here but reluctantly refrain from because it would take six pages, they got rid of the Weim but they are frequently visited by some kid-in-law combo which owns a nasty yapping little mutt of some indeterminate breed. Not only that but their cat makes free use of the kids' sand box (a practice which, I predict, may one day cost him 10 lives) and prowls across the freshly waxed hood of the car with muddy feet. Some day we will get another dog--a collie this time--and train it to swallow their fauna entire. #The space and a half typing reads very easily--much moreso than these pages which must appear rather warnerian to anyone who didn't write them. That is some deal of a keyboard there. #Elmer--if you're reading this and fout on you if you aren't--Martin Alger recently wrote that he's got a line on a ton or so of old YOUTH'S COMPANIONs dating back to about 1888 and up to about 1928...for 4 or 5¢ apiece. #Sometime around 1924, Burb, Douglas Fairbanks Sr starred in a screenplay (as they were called in those days but of course that was before your time) based on a book by some bloke called McCully or McCruller or something. Anyhow, title was "The Mark of Zorro." Same book has recently been issued in pb but I haven't read it yet. Zorro, tnx to W Disney, is a big big thing these days. Kids make a cult of writing ZORRO with their fingertip on any dusty car they can find and car owners hone to write the same on the kids' butts with a branding iron. Son Charles Edward (good name, don't you think?) is a white-hot Zorro faan and may some day bore his peers in FAPA with reminiscing of how his sense of wonder waxed under the influence of Zorro in the good old days of 1958. #The Doc Savage book in hard covers you couldn't recall was "Quest of the Spider," I b'leev. That's the one I'm missing. Had it once but suspect I must have sold it to get money. #If Elmer ever uses up his match combinations, I will send him a few crates (air express collect) of my personally imprinted advertising matches which are double width. That ought to see him out, no? It is a fine mellow feeling to have egoboo on bookmatches. I like Elmurmurings, I don't care what people say (copyright 1843, Phyllis H. Economou) and I think one infrequent issue is worth an infinite number of long tons of certain other peoples'. I wistfully suppose we'll never hear how he made out on that exam though. This slightly elongated commentary is sheepishly offered in lieu (that's a goood word, lieu) of the birthday felicitations I forgot to send you. Happy last birthday, you old Burbee, you.

INTERPLANETARY (Evans) This sounds fabulously fannish and complex but I doubt that I'll ever take it up since my taste runs but little toward complex games. Even poker bores me stiff, doubtless because I always lose.

NANGEL 1 (Ia Gerding) Welcome back, old girl! We've missed your happy prattling and I wonder for the jillionth time hukkum Roscoe carries a trowel in his right paw. One would think, meseemeth, that a critter (if you and the Roscoists will forgive the blasphemy) equipped with such a fine spatulate tail would need a trowel the way a mackerel needs an outboard motor. "Propiety" is a good word and I'm trying to recall that other word you typo-coined in SAPS once---wait, I got it: "bovious." I think you had obvious in mind but bovious always struck me as such a nice meaningful-sounding adjective. I wish my typos fell into such noble sounds as yours do. And I wonder what significance lies in your carefully specifying that you'd finished your 34th year of earth-life? How many years of Mars life did you have--or aren't you allowed to tell us? I'm still working on my 34th year of earth-life but those 174 years of Jupiter-life...aye gavolte, mein aching feet! #Check with John Magnus for some more Rotsler illos. He wrote and asked for some once so I sent him a bunch which he's never used so far as I know. #Grappa is some sort of hooch, Italian brandy, I'd say at a guess. #Hear about the two fapans shipwrecked on a desert island? Thought they'd both starve at first till one hit on the solution: they built a fire and roasted their franks over it... #Jean will get in touch with you direct re the esperiments and'll probably tell you why she never got the other set done. Lately she's been collecting coins and I've discovered a sort of latent quasi-esp on my part. As I stuff pennies in parking meters and things, I often glance at the dates to see if it is one she's looking for (they don't have to be old: the plain 1954 penny is very scarce, in looking over several thousand she's only found two). Often, if I can do it without trying, I can look at the obverse of a dime and know what the mint-mark will be on the reverse. But if I try, it lapses back to random pattern. Frustrating. If Jean can esp like she can call the card in Cardette, she'll pop your eyes out.

RUNE (Wansborough) In answer to your question, "I can't very well sit up at home and read a page containing a nude, can I?": No, I don't suppose you could. The Shaws, in making it possible for the readers to see what it is you've been saying, are not exactly performing the favour you might think. Fehh.

OFF THE CUFF FOR GERTRUDE (Chuck Harris) This made for lively reading but I find I don't have anything cogent to add to the discussion and--sensible for once--shall keep my big mouth firmly zippered on the subject. The way hassles keep flaring up over TAFF, even to mention it in one's magazine strikes me as about like trying to chisel a bust out of nitrogen iodide. By bust I mean the sculptured head and shoulders of a person. By nitrogen iodide I mean what you get when you form a dark grey precipitate by mixing a solution of iodine flakes in alcohol with a strong ammonia solution. If you make some of this and allow the stuff to dry and so much as stroke it with the tip of a feather the point of my simile will burst upon you. This is cited for the benefit of Marion Zimmer Bradley who feels sf faans should take an interest in science. Happy landing!

CAN SCIENTIFIC MAN SURVIVE (White's Frank) Odd to see Russell turn up in FAPA--say, there's a guy I'd like to see on the w/l!--but he makes interesting reading as always. I'd surmise from this that you will get on well with the Gestnerator, Ted-boy. Ah, those sharp, clear letters! NULL-F 11: People should avoid fanzine titles with hyphens in them or grow accustomed to majuscule rendition with asterisks where the hyphen should be..or standardize it like in DAY*STAR. If you successfully switch to 16# paper you should be entitled to a rebate on your dues since you'll burn less postage per page, no? #I can straighten the print on the #120 I use with greatest ease but I've never used a 160. #Speaking of circulating odd non-fan printing, I could pass out dozens of reams of obsolete catalog pages but I wonder how long they'd stand for it. Oddly, they might not be so bad--the girls in the office produce some of the most hilarious typos you ever saw. I shall never forget the page that was in force for several months with "fusible links" spelled in a startling way and the way that the name of a guy named Forslin came out on a list of dealer names.

This gotta be the end because it's the last stencil besides being 2:00 am straight-up.

(White) NULL-F 10: You say "When Eney quoted your comment on NULL-F, he substituted Pavlat's name for his. What price modesty?" At this date I can't recall what my comment on NULL-F was nor indeed even if it was my comment or Phyllis's and I've not the foggiest notion where last mailing reposes so I couldn't look it up even though goaded by insatiable curiosity. If the price one pays for 20 more points of iq (sorry, the uppercase q doesn't print wurf a darn here) is to begin to sound like Harness and to think like Harness and to wrangle endlessly and incoherently like Harness, then I for one will cling contentedly to my medest 67 points and try to happy it out. It isn't that I have got anything against Harness, it's just that I'd rather stay me. There must be well over a billion people in, on and over the world to whom Eney is not well-known. Thanks to the powers that be, I'm not one of them. #Yeah, you're right about Nydahl and Ian having a joint one-shot in FAPA. In fact, it sported a dag bem on the cover. I should have remembered.

SNOOZE (Myers) Harking back a moment to the clerihews in Alif, I got one for you, viz.:

Wilfried Myers
Stirs up fyers
By publishing Snooze
But never clerihooze

The rules to live by are cute in a wry sort of way...convincing proof that saying so doesn't necessarily make it so. If --as rarely happens--I come up with a poem I happily embalm it for the next following ish of Grue wherein I publish it under the weirdest pseudonym I can concoct. But please don't ask why I do this. I've often wondered myself. The NBC poem in Snooze 10 is cute aussi. Once I knew a wild version of this--not dirty, just crazy--but all I recall any more is the bit about, "Away to the window I tore like a flash/ Ripped open the shutters and threw up the hash." But that's enough to remember. Pity to deprive that student of credit since it's quite likely the only time they'll ever appear in FAPA. Salud.

DIS AND DAT (Higgs) You know, it occurs to me that, with all the oddball interests of FAPA and fandom, I've never heard of a faan who admitted to being a practicing nudist (me, I'm a Botulist: I practice Botulism). Nor, for that matter, do we have any motorcycle addicts that I know of though you could go to any con and, in 15 minutes, kill a dozen sport car fans with a club. The cover-girl shows the fatted-calf influence of George Petty...I suppose Wansborough won't get inside to review it but what will you have lost, I mean really? It seems I can't think of any good fanfiction I've seen with fannish names since the days when Jacobs used to do those "Cactus Kid" yarns for Ballard to publish in SAPS. Reminiscing about my biapan days, did anyone ever find out who the Masked Marvel was? Or why he/she was? The glossary of fanicknames stirs of old memories but there're several you forgot: Agberg, for one; WR for another (heck, he's even got that in italic caps on his new typer!)and...oh, scads more.

GEMZINE (Frank Carr) My brother has an 8mm Mauser which he picked up for a song "as issued," re-stocked and decided to keep as a pet. He fired a few shots--reloads, of course--into a high sandbank from close up to recover the slugs for examination and I was appalled at the way the shock wave shook dust up from the sand for about 20 feet in all directions. Appears to deliver a lot of shock, that gun. The .308 is a likely-looking load; I've never tried one but would like to some day. I tried deer-hunting in 1951 but didn't care much for it, somehow--maybe because I didn't so much as get a shot and nothing but a scurfy Christmas tree to show for 500 miles of driving and three days of time. Wisconsin likes to think of itself as a hunter's paradise but it's <u>such</u> a paradise (they say) that there are so many hunters that it isn't...if you follow what I mean. Hunting ducks, geese, pheasants, etc., is an endless wrangle between hunters as to whom of several that shot really brought down the bird. I don't even own a shotgun any more and haven't bought a hunting license in years. Tell Mrs. Carr, please, that I didn't start this precedent of only listing and addressing one contributor to a jointly published magazine. Best to all of you, --dag