

# LE MINDRE #3

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FAPA Mailing 78

Today is January 18, 1957. That is not the type of remark calculated to make the reader leap with joy. It seems so profound. Well, all right, not profound, but is the way so many things start of now. Portentious beginnings are The Thing these days. You just don't start off saying well gee I was watching television and..... actually a while earlier this evening I was keeping one eye on the news on Tv while reading something, and watched with interest filmed shots of Boston All Buried Under Beastly Blizzard, and thought of the Youngs wading through just lots and lots (as Kirs would say) of snow. We have a mere sprinkling of it here (we don't go in for deep snow, much less blizzards, in this part of the world) but we are sharing in the cold wave which seems to be all over most of the U.S. at the moment. Fortunately we don't get the awsome low temperatures which have been occurring in some parts of New York State, but it has been bad enough. At times like this I envy Cliff Gould, and feel glad I don't live in Wisconsin.

I left things too late to get an entry in the 77th mailing, and so some material in the 76th on which I had intended to comment will go uncommented upon (and that is the sort of sentence structure you wind up with when composing on stencil) but I'll probably squeeze out a few comments on the odd item in the 76th before I plunge into the 77th mailing. It's always the same...the FAPA deadline seems far far away, and then suddenly it looms up so short a time away, and here I am with so many letters to answer and so much to do and so little TIME; but I decided that tonight, instead of doing whatever I would have done (how's that vagueness?) I'd get started on Fapa Activity. So, I have been sitting on my back in one chair, with my feet on a stack of Fapa zines on another, out of pure cussedness listening to a singer whom G.M. Carr doesn't like, and browsing through the 76th mailing. I found that I had missed reading a few of the items, and was most entertained by CONTOUR. A nice job.

I had already read FAPA BOOZE, but that is the sort of thing which can stand re-reading, so I did. Is that really a subdivision you are living in, Bob? Did you see that article in a recent Esquire, The Crack In The Picture Window? A beautiful tearing job on subdivision dwellers. As you are obviously not the typical subdivision dweller as described by the author, I presume you fall into his category of intelligent individuals (emphasis on both words) who stray into subdivisions in error. According to him you are going to regret it. I wonder how long it will be before your neighbors start sneering at you because you don't like Science Fiction Theatre.

Have you come across a movue named Untamed Mistress? Apparently it wandered around Toronto in a few C grade theatres, and then turned up at the Casino Theatre (plus stage show...vaudeville acts plus "exotic dancer") So somebody phones the mayor yelling about this wicked immoral movie, so the mayor hollers bocha and sends the police morality squad off to investigate. According to newspaper reports of this incident, (the film had already been passed by the Ontario Censorship Board) the film contained scenes such as: gorilla and hero fight madly in jungle for the hand of the beautiful Velda, who is cowering around in filmy neglige. Finally the hero is left on the ground, battered and bleeding, and the gorilla carries of the beautiful Velda, while anonymous voice remarks "That is the law of the jungle." Anyway, finally the police morality squad and the Ontario Censorship Board reported that they could see nothing wrong with a movie depicting gorillas making love to women, or vice versa. (some rather good (!) scenes on this line I understand) At the Derelicts' New Years' Eve bash one

of our spies who had caught this gem gave a full report on it, most of which, unfortunately, I can't remember well enough to repeat. She stated that the hero was such that, if she had been in the position of Velda, she would have preferred the gorilla, who was named, incidentally, Lollywog. Regarding the prevalence of the choosing of "mother" as the prettiest word in the English language, have you ever come across the oft repeated assertion that the most beautiful sentence in the English language, or the Bible, or something, is "Jesus wept."? Oh well.

Still on FAPA 76

ISOMER (Graham) Your quotes from the opinion questionnaire most interesting. I often wonder whether a lot of these questionnaires or personality-type etc. quiz things are designed only for rather stupid people. It is so easy to answer so that the results will show whatever you want them to. As with many of the questions in this type of thing, a lot of these questions just cannot be answered with a plain yes or no. I should think that any findings from such things would be most inconclusive.

FANALYSIS - Schaffer. I struggled through at least part of Drinking, Delinquency, and the Teenager, but can't remember if I managed to finish it. It is so long since I read it, I am now rather vague as to its main point, if any, and don't feel inclined to go through it again to find out. When people go into solemn discussion regarding Why Teenagers Drink, they advance all sorts of possible reasons - insecurity, release from tensions, etc. etc. etc. - but they never seem to consider that some teenagers may drink because they happen to like the taste of alcoholic beverages. # I asked you to explain what you meant by "all men are created equal" to see if you were one of these persons who believe that all men are created equal in all things, and, by damn, they gotta stay that way or it just ain't democratic. Apparently this is a view held by quite a few schoolteachers, who seem to have the attitude that it is undemocratic for some schoolchildren to excel, and that the bright child has to be battered down to the level of the dullard....this isn't just an impression I have dragged out of thin air...there has been quite a bit of hoocha in print lately regarding this sort of thing. # I really would like you to satisfy my curiosity on a point. I have never seen a satisfactory explanation for the existence of the N3F. Why should the N3F be kept in existence? What are its aims and purposes. In case you are going to try to answer with that old gobbledegook about "introducing people to fandom" please explain what sort of fandom: fanzine fandom, collecting fandom, politicizing fandom, et.c etc. or the N3F type fandom...in which case it would seem that the N3F exists to get members for the N3F so that the N3F can exist to get members for the N3F so that..... And if you mean fandom as most of the members of FAPA know it, how does the N3F propose to introduce people to it? But here I go raising all sorts of objections to replies you mightn't even make. Anyway, over to you. It would be something new for somebody to make a good case for the existence of the N3F.

FAPANACEA - Ellis. "Are you tired of reading long erudite fanzines discussing all sorts deep questions like religion...and all like that? Then read FAPANacea and give your mind a rest." So what takes up practically all of FAPANacea? Religion. I don't mind though...I just don't bother to read it. I did enjoy your non-religion stuff though. # Regarding people changing names, I saw one change of name notice in the newspaper a while ago, where a guy was changing his name from Alcock to Alcott. My company has a customer whose name is Cockburn, but he prefers that it be pronounced Coburn. # I have been panting in anticipation of further episodes of Ellis Discovers America, but so far they are not forthcoming. Please don't get tired and leave us in the air like this.

That is the end of my comments on the 76th mailing. I greatly enjoyed a lot of material which I haven't mentioned, but I just don't feel like delving back into the 76th mailing any more. This stencil is being cut a week after the preceding stuff, and in the interim I too have been cut. In fact, I have been carved. A few days ago I felt as though I would never be able to walk again (I just felt that way - I knew damn well I'd be o.k.) but I have been hobbling around with the aid of a handle from a hockey stick (so Canadian) and feeling like a character out of Oedipus Rex (directed by Tyrone Guthrie) and am now able to get around fairly well. Today I have been able to walk more or less normally, putting one foot in front of the other and like that, whereas yesterday I could only shuffle sideways like a crab - a sight which Lyons seemed to find most amusing. Oh well. But I am weak weak weak, and can't build up all sorts strength and energy by loading up on nourishing foods for the reason that my lower jaw is tightly bound up with the result that I can only open my mouth  $\frac{1}{2}$ " and thus can only eat whatever I can get through such a space and then only things that don't need chewing and I am sick of soup. Sick sick sick. But enough chattering about my temporary infirmities. By the time this mailing is distributed I shall be bounding about all full of health and energy and so on. While I think of it - if I go making all sorts typos and getting snarled up in sentence structure in this, put it down to the fact that I am full to the gills of phenacetin and codein and stuff to dull agonizing pain and gee aren't I brave and all that?

So now for a look at the 77th mailing.

SHLAGOOM - Ellis. Sorry, but I'm going to keep the "meat and blood" for A BAS, and Le Moindre comes second. There are 39 people on the latest FAPA membership list who don't get A BAS - if they want it they know how to get it - and if over half the membership isn't interested in this "meat & blood" why should I bother putting it in FAPA, when the interested members see it anyway? So I'm just tossing a few crumbs into the mailings so I can extract from them the gems from the lodeveins of Weyauwega, Fond du Lac, Hagerstown etc.? Oh knock it off. Look through this mailing, and see how many entries you consider lodeveins, and how many crumbs, by your definition. If you're going to start pointing fingers, don't be so discriminatory. If I were just hanging on in FAPA to mine these lodeveins I wouldn't put in more than my annual activity requirements, and you know damn well that I put in more than eight pages a year. Sure, one of the reasons I am in FAPA is because these lodeveins exist (damn it, I'm getting a little tired of this metaphor of yours) but I also enjoy a lot of the lower grade ore (now you have me doing it) and enjoy exchanging comments with the members and putting in the occasional item which isn't just comments on comments on comments. It's all very well to be a lodevein, but at least one of the lodeveiners gets a little tired of distributing his largesse to certain members... oh to hell with it. Is Toronto really an ugly city, compared with others? Offhand I can't think of any cities in North America that have a reputation for being beautiful as a whole. Sky, have you ever been in Toronto? You seem to have some weird ideas about it. Sure, a few streets have cobblestones around the streetcar tracks, but how many streets have trolley tracks on them? And what on earth is all this guff about dead end lanes? You're really struggling when you have to resort to complaining that the streets have names instead of numbers. Hoo boy. That really is a switch. But I see that really you yearn for all the things that Toronto has to offer (tell me, what has Calgary to offer apart from the Stampede with its accompanying piles of ordure?). You didn't mention live theatre amongst your yearnings (maybe living in Calgary you have never heard of such) but if you want it, there is plenty of it here. Toronto is next to New York in the amount of live theatre available in North America. (Toronto is the third largest TV production centre, Toronto is the third largest jazz centre, Toronto is....) In the twenties or thirties or something, legitimate theatres were converted to movie theatres all over the country. Here, in the last three years, three movie theatres have been converted to legitimate theatres, which maybe indicates something.

Two more days have passed, and I'm going to have to hurry if I am to get this issue to Eney in time for the mailing.

There are minor compensations in being incapacitated, I have found. It is pleasant to get up just when I feel like it, and sit around reading and listening to the radio or records (I have found the CBC plays some very nice music in the afternoons with a minimum of chatter and no commercials) instead of getting up at 8 am to go to work, but I'm hungry. Jeez, I'm hungry. Not starving, just sort of empty all the time. It is such an effort to ingest even a little food that after a while I get tired of the struggle and just give up. Tried eating some baked beans for lunch today, and after spending some time working two or three beans at a time into my mouth, and laboriously crushing them with my tongue before swallowing, I gave up with the plate about three quarters full. Oh well, only a few days before I get unstrapped permanently, I hope. My body is all bound up with elastoplast and adhesive tape to hold me together, and now and then I itch under the stuff, and it just doesn't do much good to scratch the tape. Urgh. I shudder to think what it is going to feel like as all this stuff is removed. Oh well. On to more comments.

NULL-F 5 - White. Found your hiking experiences interesting, Ellik. Did quite a bit of hiking myself once, and fully understand that feeling of frustration as you stand and stand while car after car goes whizzing past. Even worse, as you noted, is to stand on a deserted highway with a car coming along only very occasionally, and then not picking you up. Apparently you didn't strike the thing which used to bug me. You get a lift from a farmer or some such, and suddenly find yourself dumped out in the middle of nowhere...come to think of it, this happened fairly often, but what brought it to mind was the occasion when I was dumped out on a main highway (ha) which wound for miles through the burning blistered arid-desert type foothills of a range of mountains - blazing sun beating down and no shade and no cars and no nothing.

NIKE - Speer. I think perhaps you misunderstand me a little. I think an expression such as "square" is quite valid, for there is no other word which can carry its precise meaning. What I was saying to Anderson was that I didn't give a damn what the current catchphrases happened to be among teenagers in his area. There is a difference between slang (argot? cant? - not sure which word should be used here) terms which have been in use for a number of years, and catchphrases or expressions which last only for a few months or a year or so. I saw Kind Hearts & Coronets in Canada, in U.S., and one other country. Only in the version I saw in U.S. was the warden shown discovering the memoirs. In the other versions the audiences were left hanging, which I feel made a better ending.

LARK - Danner. According to an article on the Hindenburg burning, which I read recently, there was no broadcast of this landing. The article gave a lot of details regarding a recording of the landing being made and which was continued after the Hindenburg caught fire. The comment was made that this recording was broadcast the next day (I think) and was thought by a lot of listeners to be a direct broadcast from the scene. That was probably what you heard.

HORIZONS - Warner. "Sports cars have merits which bear no relation to today's streets and highways: the cornering ability, pickup and such are simply not useful under actual driving conditions." I quoted that in order to comment on it, but on looking it over again, I wish I had left it for Steward to reply to. Such outright (put your own word there) leaves me rather flabbergasted. You consider the ability to take a corner at a reasonable degree of speed, and safely and efficiently is not useful under actual driving conditions? I could go on and on, but it would seem to be a waste of time. I would like you, though, to produce a little support of your contention that "sports cars are sheer death traps in case of accident." That sounds rather like an idea you pulled out of the air, with nothing whatever to back it up.

SPELLER - Harness. On the basis of a hasty scanning, the stories seem to be pretty good imitations of the usual Stellar stories, but, the Stellar type story being so deadly dull, the imitations can't help be the same. The editorial material was rather amusing.

THE TRUE FAN - Higgs. N3F has actually produced the proposed Newyorcon Memory Book? This seems incredible, unless it is a memory book of the first NYCon. I am almost tempted to send a buck out of curiosity, but I'm afraid I don't have that much faith in the N3F.

PHLOTSAM - Economou. Yes, Edco, we dig Peanuts the most. The strip only started up here a year ago, and I wish it hadn't been so slow in coming. Does Lucy remind you rather strongly, in some of her aspects, of a certain female west coast Fapan? # Sorry I can't think of any sparkling comments, Phyllis, but it was a delightful issue anyway.

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY - Loesh. What can I say but magnificent? This deserves all sorts praise and comment, but I'm not much good at eulogies.

I have just heard on the radio the first side of Leonard Bernstein's LP, "What Is Jazz" - I think it is issued by Columbia. If any Fapa members are still plaintively repeating the title of the record, they should listen to it if they want to find out. Even those who aren't asking, but just blithely running off at the mouth on a subject of which they are ignorant, should listen to this before babbling more. Of course, it isn't the last word on the subject, but is the clearest exposition I have heard.

GEMZINE 4:12 - GMCarr. O.K. so I'll concede that many people do pronounce 'Mary', 'merry' and 'marry' all the same way. I guess that a lot of people are just sloppy enunciators. No, I don't pronounce the words in the weird manner you hypothecate - just the normal 'correct' way, as given in any dictionary. Here are the phonetic pronunciations, as given by the dictionary. Mary: mē .ə .r i  
merry: mē .r i            marry: mæ .r i

GEMZINE 4:13 - GMCarr. The term "jive artist" is meaningless. # I did not tell any joke about a Jehovah's Witness and St. Peter. It may have been Georgina Ellis who told it. # Thanks for your explanation of "being saved" and "believing in/on Jesus" Very clear. What I am wondering now is what causes people to undergo this emotional reorientation. I can see how emotionally unstable persons could be so caught up in the mass emotion (sometimes almost hysteria) of an evangelical meeting as to undergo this transformation, but not all people are "saved" at these emotional orgies. That is ambiguous. I meant that some people who are "saved" get into this state more or less privately. I presume that in the view of the evangelist types, people who are unable to undergo this emotional switchover are forever damned. (They have Hardened Their Hearts) # Hey, Andy Young, don't you know you should be all respectful of your elders and not venture opinions until you have been in Fapa several years? Young upstart! You should be all panting and eager to welcome to Fapa with great cries of joy the idiot child from the south west (I think) who is hovering on the verge (original, huh?) of Fapa membership. # You assumed too much. Primaries (U.S. style) are a deep dark mystery to other peoples...not only to other peoples, but to some U.S. types, it would seem. Recently I read Presidential Year, and in desperation was driven to the Encyclopedia where I read enough to be able to vaguely follow some of the intricacies of the plot.

ISOMER - Graham. But this remark is in reply to Terry Carr. Canada is not a republic, and therefore does not have a President. Canada is a monarchy, and therefore the big noise is the Prime Minister. As is the case with all members of the Commonwealth, Canada is a free, independent sovereign nation, and is not under any control from any country,

# HOLLYWOOD LIFE # 3

Marie (The Body) McDonald has a powerful effect on me, and it's not the one you have in mind, either. Marie re-enacted her night of horror for a color-action film by a police cameraman, and as I read the details of this production, it was all I could do to keep myself from breaking down and boo-hoo-hooing all over the place.

Poignant is the word for Marie. The poor kid is just as poignant as all get-out. And I'll bet the 11 police officials and two dozen reporters who were present when the epic was being filmed felt just the same way. There was something about the whole business that sort of tugged at your heart strings.

Let's see now. Let's make sure we can identify all the characters. There's Marie herself, of course, who claims she was abducted from her bed. Marie used to be married to Harry Karl, a shoe manufacturer, and her current love is Michael Wilding, who used to be married to Elizabeth Taylor, who is going to be married to Michael Todd, who used to be married to Joan Blondell, who used to be married to Dick Powell.

Anyway, Marie (The Body, that is) agreed after great persuasion (35 seconds hard persuading) to re-enact her ordeal for the movie to be made by the police department of Encino, Calif. And why the police department considered all this would be helpful to it in solving the crime is easily explained. It's because it's a California police department, of course.

Well, I found the actions of the Encino policemen pretty inspiring as far as they went, and I thought they did a fine job the way they turned Marie's bedroom into an amateur movie set and kept everybody happy by hollering information about what was going on to those massed outside who couldn't see.

But the real star, of course, was Marie herself. Sweet Marie, the Wronged Woman, that is. I liked the way, the simple unaffected way, she explained the whole affair to the policemen and newspapermen and photographers who gathered in her living room after the movies had been taken and she had re-enacted her night of horror.

"I want," she said, "to thank all of my friends and the many others who have been so kind as to write letters to me since this all happened. I want to say this is definitely not a hoax. And least of all, it's no publicity stunt."

That's what I've been needing from Marie on that point - reassurance.

"Why," Marie added, "I've had enough publicity and, anyway, this is apt to ruin my career."

Oh, dear me, I hope not. When she said that, I got all misty-eyed again. Because, whether you believe it or not, malicious people have been saying that Marie's career was just about finished anyhow, what with her not making a picture for the past six years and all that.

And when I say "and all that" what I mean is that newer and shapelier candidates for the title of The Body have appeared on the California scene in the past few years, namely Gina Lollobrigida and Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe.

But most of all I was affected by the simple dignity of her closing line. Turning to Michael Wilding when the tumult and the shouting had died down, she said:

"Pour Baby a drink." What could be more appropriate than that?

Baby has had her publicity and now Baby deserves a drink.

- Frank Tumpane

Hey, Steward, how come you missed Guy Lombardo? Or did you think that would be too much? (Too Much? That's a record by Ee Elvis. eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek!!!)