

Dear Vernon,

2-16-55

Received REVIEW #12 and enjoyed your comments about Bob Tucker's use of fan names in his story. I agree with your opinion that it doesn't matter if he uses them or not except in the degree of egoboo to persons concerned and those cognizant of their use. Very egobooish indeed to run across a name and connect it up with esoteric fanchatter....I personally hope he keeps it up. He might get around to using mine some day!

But speaking of getting a kick out of Adelightful works of art operat(ing) simultaneously on more than one plane" -- I just ran across a hardcover volume of "Barnaby" by Crockett Johnson published by Henry Holt and Company, New York, covering 1942-1943 cartoons. Ticked me no end to run across references to the Elves, Leprechauns, and Little Men's Chowder & Marching Society's extensive reference library, and to see Mr. O'Malley engrossed in a copy of "WEIRD FICTION"... I suppose the California "Little Men" copied their name from Barnaby because it would be too utterly wild and wonderful to think that Crockett copied his ideas from them. Still, the knowledge that there actually IS a group known as the "Elves, Leprechauns, and Little Men's Chowder & Marching Society" of whom practically everything Mr. O'Malley said could be taken as truth adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of the cartoons themselves. I wonder if there were any more of these cartoons bound in hard covers, have you run across them?

All of which adds up to nothing except the hope that Bob Tucker doesn't allow himself to be intimidated out of incorporating his fannish jests into his professional projects. If he wants to turn out a character known as G.M.Carr that's all right with me -- if he makes it a female-type ~~with a hat~~ so much the better....but then, as you well know I soak up egoboo like a cellulose sponge.~~and~~

And speaking of egoboo -- I've got such a bad case of gafia that even large doses of said egoboo don't seem to tempt me into resuming publication of the currently half-typed GEMZINE. I've got about a half dozen pages mimeo'd, perhaps a dozen more stencilled and a portion of the review column typed in rough draft. But here I sit, gazing blankly at my desk, unable to work up sufficient interest in fanning even to finish reviewing the fanzines piled high in a corner. In fact, about the best I can do is what I am doing here -- read a few pages, hurriedly type a letter of comment, and hope I don't gafiate before I get the stamp on the envelope. (Which has happened a few times already.) Alas, all fanning....

Last night I garnered another volume of Martha Finlay's "Elsie" series at the same place I found the Barnaby cartoons. These books are probably the most insipid trash that any female novelist ever unloosed upon generations of helpless children, yet they continue to be collectors' items and are snapped up like crazy. I suspect it is because they provide such a psychiatrists' romping grounds -- even for amateur psychologists like myself. She innocently prattles on, weaving the most incredible pattern of Freudian symbolism in a gushingly spinsterish sweetness. She calmly describes her ideals of good conduct, good sociology, high manners and creme de la creme all the while she is describing appalling frustrations and psychological tortures. Her ideal of womanly charm and virtue is, alas, a semi-moron; but some of her other characters are as unpleasantly real as anyone could wish to find. I sometimes wonder just how accurately she does reflect the social mores of her day.....

Well, gafia got me again...think I'll go across the street and get a cuppa cawfee..