

Medinet Habu (c.1200 BC)

CHOOOG 2-3
FAPA 79 MAY '57
L. SHAW, LTD.

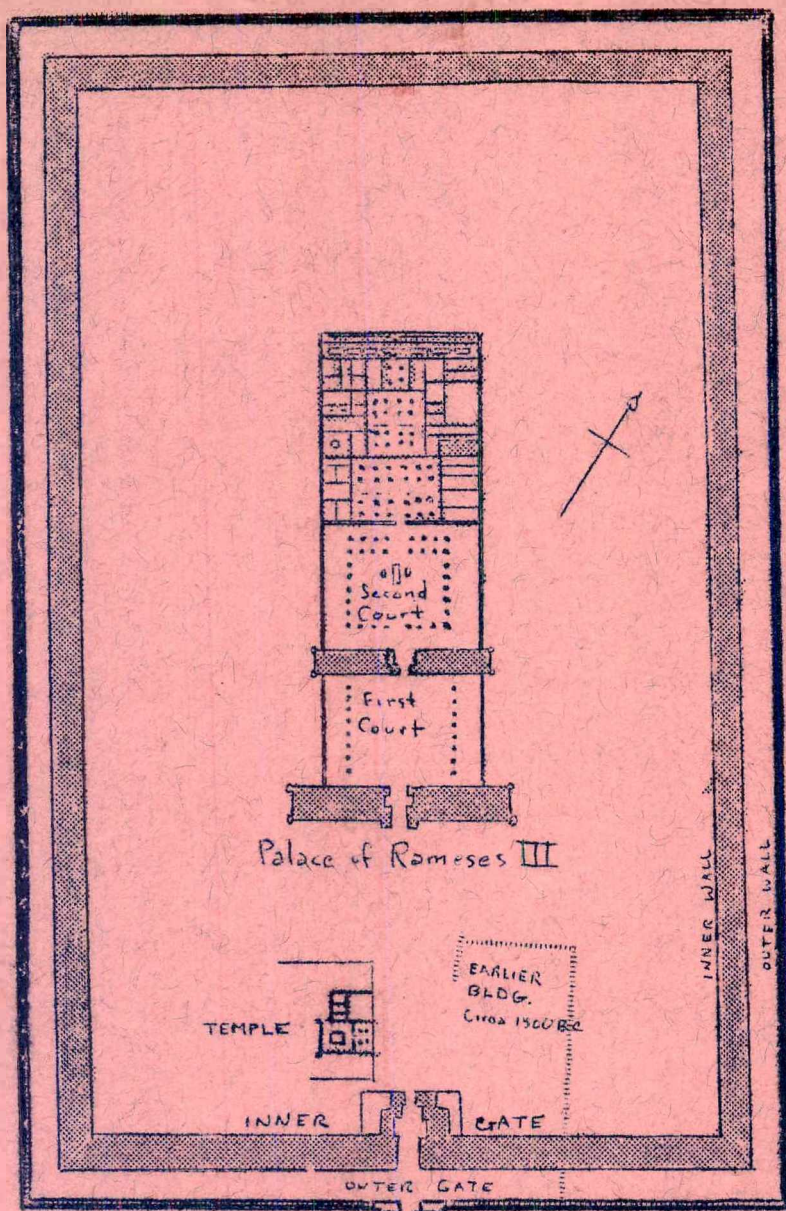
Mailing Chitchat (2)

it must have fallen out of my pocket, for I never saw it again. # Lupoff writes intelligently. # Breaking lines of text with drawing, etc., is bad practice. Unless the text is pretty interesting, I don't bother to read it when it is broken up in such manner. I doubt if many others bother either. #

TORRENTS - Share: "Who wants to read a whole zine filled with old fanstuff." Tsk, the grammar-happy members of the club are gonna be down on that period. But what I started to say here is that I like to read zines filled with old fanstuff. Even when they are old fanzines, like LeZ or the Vamp or Bleery. Some people, like me, are bugs for history in various forms. Speaking of stale, some people have to set modern gluk-flavored store-bought bread out overnight before they consider it fit to eat, and even then it is a poor substitute for bread. Some things are better when aged slightly. Like old movies?? # Bullfighter in Chooog was from a photograph. #

FANALYSIS - Schaffer: Your comments on the time-emotion relationship are most interesting. While you are writing in a semi-stream of consciousness manner and a purely emotional slant, I think you have hit on an idea well worth expanding intellectually. # Big Brother is watching you! # It is not the things which civilization offers man, such as caffeine-less coffee and painless dentistry, which rob man of his self-reliance. More likely, it is his willingness to accept what is easy, and refuse what is difficult. And he had that willingness on the prairie. The mountain man or prairie man or pioneer who worked hard and learned much, had the initiative to do so in the first place. And the modern human with initiative probably has as much opportunity to develop himself as did the man of a hundred or two hundred years ago. It is unfair to compare the superior men of one era with the inferior men of another, as a comparison of the success of the ways of life of the eras involved. If Grandpa had instilled initiative in his son, and he again in his son, the modern man would have as much as Grandfather did. Eh, Eney? # Apparently there has never been a point in our history where man's status was perfect. Or he would have maintained it in that manner. The individual may be content with the status quo, but the race as a whole continues to seek, to redistribute wealth, and power, etc. PERFECTION is the only situation from which progress cannot be made. # Marsh was "disinterested"? Doesn't he know the meanings of the words he uses? # In the home, at least, I have escaped sponsors. Unless you want to think of Leadbelly singing, "The Rock Island line is a mighty good line." as a form of singing commercial. # Most of those "clever cards" are obviously aimed at the same mental age group that the average TV show is aimed at, eh? The one-word jobs usually aren't too bad, but those old tired gags like "Don't go away mad, just go away." are right wearying. #

THE RAMBLING FAP 8 - Calkins: Cover is a joy to behold. # "...deep gopher hole or shallow silver mine..." well put! # Not that you brought it to mind, but I just noticed that CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESER is on TV again...which naturally calls for turning on of the set. C for



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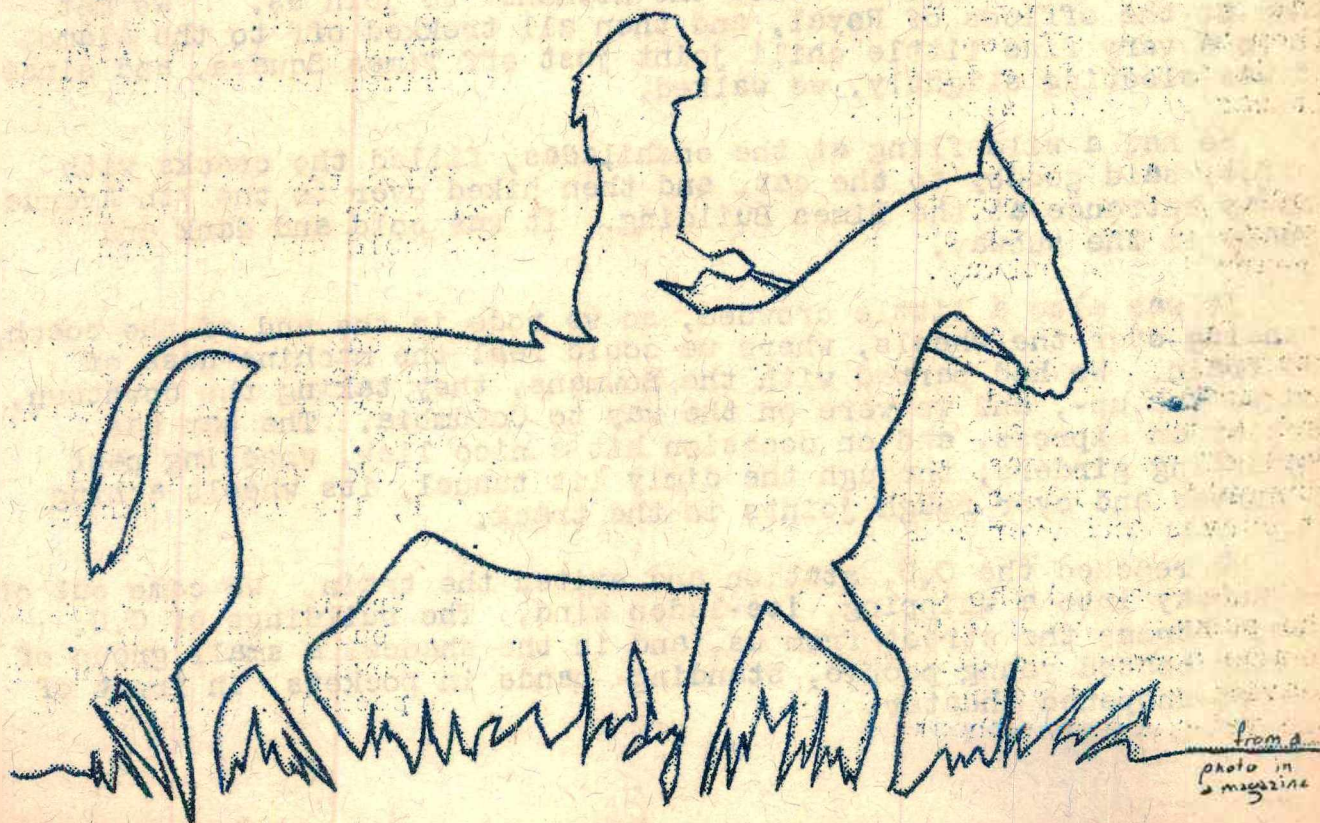
CHOOOG 2-3
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Lee Here

Here it is CHOOOG 2 # 3 already and today is only Febraury 28th, 1957. The fiction department swelled CHOOOG 2 #2 all out of proportion, so it got the block, and here is # 3. I have noted that the stack of FAPAZines for comment is still pretty husky. And there are still a couple of stencils with drawings on them, waiting for typing. And, by Bloch, there are still a couple of months to prepare FAPA zines for the 79th.

Chooog 2 #1 is all mimeoed and half assembled as of this writing, and Chooog 2 #2 is all stencilled, and three pages mimeoed. A mad whirl of fanac. But it will undoubtedly slow down considerably in a short while. I will get back to my guitar, my records, and my horse. And Larry will stick with the prozines he's never been away from.

It is sad, you know, to be sitting here of an evening, banging away at the typer, while Larry casts me envious glances between capt-



Lee (2)

ions for one of the auto mags. Oh, the pity of professionalism! The joy of free, unlimited FANAC!

GOOD MOVIES DEPT: We burnt the midnight Cathode Ray Tube last night, watching the late show on channel something. The movie was THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, which is still as good as it ever was, which is GOOD. I made a tape dub of the sound, but unfortunately I know had one blank tape at hand to do it with, and that was a Soundcraft, so the results were far from adequate.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: In an election, such as the national presidential election, or the annual FAPA affair, or similar choosing of officials to head some organization, it would seem that it is not merely the right, but also the duty, of the electors to vote for the person whom they consider best suited for the office. It is therefore not merely the right, but the duty of a nominee to vote for himself, if he consider himself the best man for the job, or to withdraw from the contest if he thinks one of his competitors can handle the job better. The man who votes for his competition out of some misguided notion of etiquette, is committing a breach of trust, and is not fit for office...

IT WAS ALL WINDY COLD, SLEETY AND MISERABLE OUT LAST NIGHT, so naturally I had to go out. Jean Ritchie was singing up at Columbia University, at a reasonable price in a very nice intimate theater. So I was to meet Larry at the office and we'd had supper out and then traipse up tp Columbia.

Since we were going to eat at the Alamo, which is where we always eat on such occasions, we asked the Bowmans to join us. We met them at the offices of Royal, and then all trekked off to the Alamo. It is a very fine little chili joint just off Times Square, and since it was sleeting slightly, we walked.

We had a wild fling at the enchiladas, filled the cracks with coffee, said goodbye to the cat, and then hiked over to the 7th Avenue Subway entrance at the Times Building. It was cold and dank and dreary in the subway.

It was also a little crowded, so we rode in the end of the coach, standing over the wheels, where we could feel the machine-ness of the train. We had parted with the Bowmans, they taking the downtown, and we the up-, and we were on the way to Columbia. The car was part of an express, and on occasion hit a nice lick, wheeling past supporting girders, through the dimly lit tunnel, its wheels aching at curves and over rough joints in the track.

We reached the C.U. station and exited the train. We came out of the subway into a whipping, ice-laden wind. The buildings of C.U. loomed across the street from us, and in the shadows a small group of heavily coated young people, standing hands in pockets, in front of the yet-unopened theater.

2

Lee (3)

"Coffee?" Larry asked, and I assented. So we stumbled downhill to a Riker's. There was quite a bit of time to be killed before the scheduled curtain time for Jean Ritchie, so we dawdled over our drinks. In fact Larry whipped out the ASF he'd been working on earlier, and tried to finish the story we had been reading. He didn't get to the end of it though; I kept interrupting him to talk.

After a while we went on over to the theater. Seats were unreserved, so when we had gotten out tickets, we went on it and settled in the second row. We were a bit to one side, and quite near the stage. The first row seats were so close that I thought anyone sitting in them could touch the apron, which rose no more than three or four feet above the auditorium floor.

The stage was lit already, the curtains drawn, and in the center was a simple chair and a table. On the table were a guitar and two mountain dulcimers. A young man brought out a tray with a pitcher of water and a glass on it, and set it on the table.

Larry and I whipped out our SF (he the ASF and I the new INFINITY) and went to reading. We both read until we'd finished our stories and then we sat and listened, entertained, to the young man behind us who was discussing his employment situation with some friends. It seems he was completely out of work now, but that he thought he could get a position at Pyramid Books. But on the other hand Simon & Schuster might want him, except that they didn't have a definite opening... Larry considered offering him a recommendation to Scott Meredith, but that idea was quickly squelched.

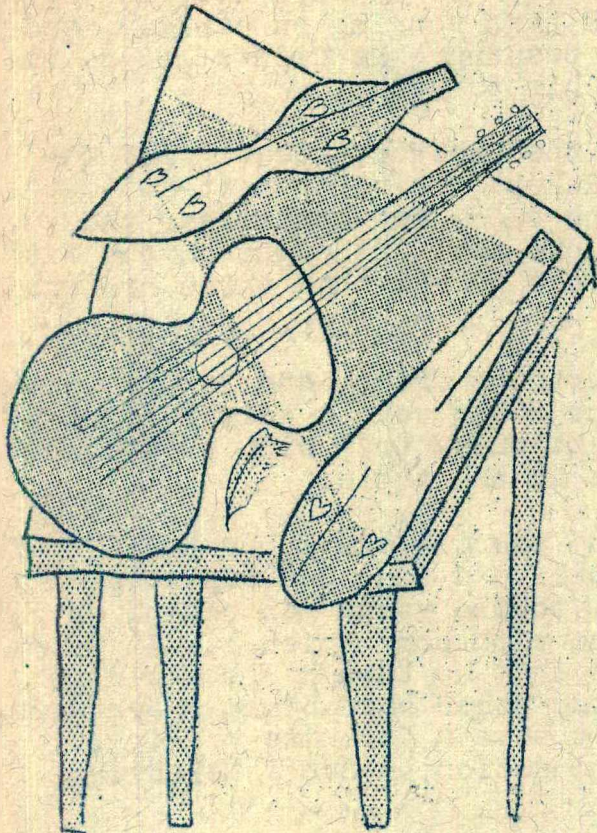
It turned eight-thirty, and we looked stageward, waiting.

A tall, dark, pleasant looking young man came out onto the stage and face down the microphone, to a very scant spattering of applause. He grinned and assured us that he wasn't Jean Ritchie, and that he did not intend to sing. He introduced himself as Oscar Brand and proceeded to give us some background on Jean.

She is from the Kentucky mountains, the youngest of fourteen children (eleven of them girls), with a very wonderful background of folk music.

When Oscar finished talking, she came onto the stage. She is a red-head, with the complexion, eyebrows and lashes that go with it. She wore a cyan frock trimmed with white ruffles, and simple dark shoes that had not-quite flat heels. And she told us that Oscar had been there to introduce her. It seemed that she had laryngitis, and had been feeling very bad. If she hadn't felt better by curtain time, it was planned that Oscar should kill a half hour or so with the introduction, saving her that much singing time.

She proceeded to reminisce about her childhood, and to sing, accompanying herself on one of the other of the instruments, or sing-



Lee (4)

ing unaccompanied.

My foremost impression of Jean Ritchie is of a very sincere, pleasant, and even shy, girl. She has an excellent voice. It is the kind of voice that the average pop-music fan would usually have to learn to like, but it is meat for the folk music fan. So far I have not heard a female singer who I liked as much.

She showed us her two mountain dulcimers, and explained that, despite their different shapes, they were the same instrument. She used one tuned to a minor, and one to a major, in order to save the time of retuning on stage.

She sang until ten o'clock, and then explained that she couldn't do anymore, since "they" had told her not to sing past ten under any circumstances. So the audience parjured itself with cries that it wasn't ten yet.

Jean allowed that her watch must be fast, and sang three of the audience's requests.

And then it was all over. She took one more curtain call, and the houselights came up, not allowing for another.

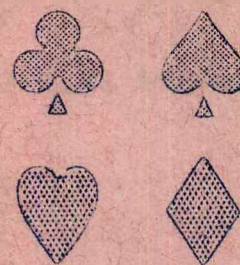
So we left.

We had coffee at Rikers again, and then caught the train to South Ferry, the ferry to Staten Island, the bus to Castleton Corners and came home.

I LIKE JEAN RITCHIE FINE. And I was not in the least disappointed with Oscar Brand. His appearance is not at all at odds with his singing. He will be singing at C.U. soon, we understand. We plan to attend.

LEE H 1 Mar 57

More experimentation with a deck of cards and ESP to be reported on now.



Turn Of The Cards

It was late last night (March 3rd, 1957) and I was still up, tired but not really sleepy, so I decided to turn the cards again. It is one of my theories that this sort of ESP should work better when the mind is slightly dulled in some way; weariness, alcohol or such. Well, these are the results I got:

My guess	the card	correct
JS	3S	Suit
10D	10C	Value
9C	JC	S
4D	4S	V
5S	7C	
AS	10S	S
JC	JD	V
Joker	KD	
10D	6D	S
9S	6H	
4H	QC	
5C	4D	
JD	QH	
10S	3H	
4D	KC	
5C	4C	S
2H	9S	
KD	6S	
QC	AS	
AH	10D	
10S	2S	S
3S	3H	
4H	5C	
3S	3D	
JD	KH	
3D	3D	V&S
4S	9C	
9C	4H	
KC	2H	
AH	5D	
Joker	3C	
3H	5H	S
4c	3H	

For anyone who has noticed it, I will point out that in cases where the same card turns up twice or more, it indicates that part of the stack was checked and re-shuffled into the deck during the experiments. This probably invalidates my conclusion, but not the experiment itself.

My conclusion is as follows: the average person should turn up an average of 1 correct suit and value in 52 cards, 13 correct suits in 52 cards, and 4 correct values in 52 cards, according to the law of averages as I yield it.

I turned up:

1 correct value & suit
12 " suits
4 " values

in 52 turns of the cards.

In defense of my apparently nil psionic ability, I offer the interesting juxtapositions that are indicated with a dotted line.

TURN OF THE CARDS (2)

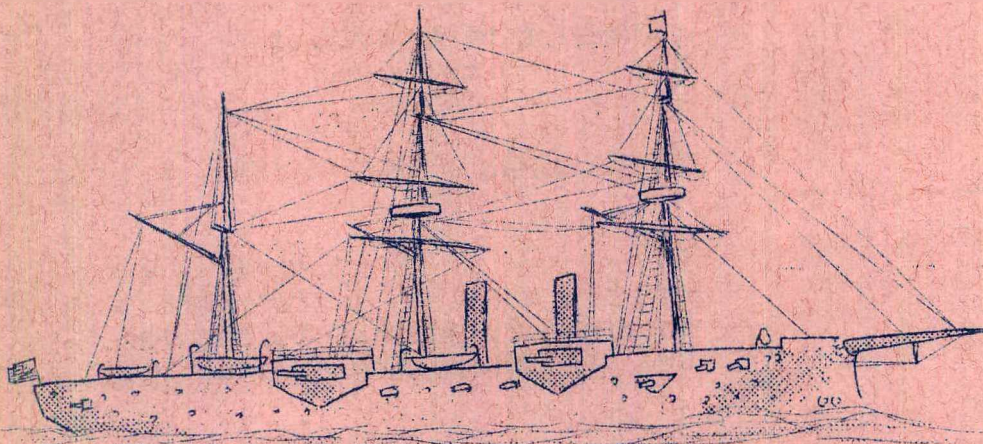
March 3rd experiment results continued

AC	7S	
9S	Joker	
5H	KS	
2C	3C	S
QD	9D	
Joker	QD	
AS	Joker	
10D	7H	
10C	Joker	
8H	Qd	
9S	9D	V
3C	KS	
5H	Joker	
10C	7S	
QH	3H	S
KS	5H	
10S	3C	
4D	5D	S

I would also like to point out the number of good guesses near the beginning of the list. These cards were turned quickly and guessed at in terms of the mental "first impression". By times I'd turned half a dozen or so cards my mind was getting cluttered with debris of previous guesses and awareness of repetitions, which would easily interfere with free telepathic response.

Mr Eney: Your comments on ESP-eriments have inspired me to the extent that I am faunching to read some of the literature of the field. And I wish I had some data of value with which I might compate notes.

---LeeH



USS CHICAGO

THE TELEPATHETIC FAN:

Further esp experiments on March 4th yield the following results. I spare you details of the turning of the cards and inform you simply that I came up with the suit right 16 times, the value right three times, and both right none of the time, in a fifty two card turn. There was one juxtaposition, though.

IT WAS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO WIPE THE CHEESE FROM MY KNIFE: Larry and I decided some months ago that stainless steel tablewear had more practical aspects than sterling or silver plate. So we went to Hoffritz' and bought a set of moderately expensive German-made stainless which featured, instead of regular table knives, a clutch of fine dagger-like implements. Admittedly, they resembled steak knives, and there were individual butter-knives with the set, but we prefer to think of them as dining daggers.

So we ate with them. We used the stainless for everyday and for kitchen use as well as to set our occasionally festive board. (Fancomapny we have fed include: Jean Young & Very, Larry Stark III, Harlan Ellison and A.J. Budrys.)

So here I was a couple of days ago, preparing to prepare a mess of frozen Welsh rarebit for a quick supper. I had laid out the chunk of frozen rarebit and had set the bottom of the double-boiler on the fire to boil. I addressed the rarebit with a stainless steel able-knife (or dining dagger), and thrust! My blade sunk easily into the soft cold form of the cheese. But what ho! A thing had happened that set me a-back. My blade had snapped off in that cold body.

Right across the blade, the dining dagger had snapped in two. And the cheese wasn't all that hard. It had been but the work of a moment to drive the knife into it. But it snapped....

I wouldn't have thought I'd have had the strength to snap it off, no matter how tightly the point was held. I am shocked. And short one dining dagger.

A SURPRISE FOR HARLAN ELLISON: If Harlan seemed unusually subdued that afternoon it was because he had Things On His Mind. Mostly he was concerned with the government's mad desire to conscript him. Larry had talked to him on the phone, on Saturday, and we were supposed to meet him at his apartment Sunday around noon, to take him "some where". Exactly where was a little vague, and exactly why was even vaguer.

We got to the Ellison abode a little after noon. Rog Sims met us at the door. He let us in, took our coats, and staggered off wearily. He was recuperating from a housewarming someone had given the night (and morning) before down in the Village, and was not in a particularly sociable mood.

A SURPRISE FOR HARLAN ELLISON (2)

Charlotte, looking considerably more presentable than Rog, greeted us and informed us that Harlan was still in the shower. We all seated ourselves and commenced small talk, and in a moment, Harlan dashed, dripping, from the shower and swaddled in a towel, into the hallway. He shouted, "I've got a great story idea!", ran into the bedroom. After a few moments we heard him growling to himself and finally he shouted his problem to us. "I can't find the part in my hair!" He moaned and wailed about this for a while, and then cried out, "Roger, come help me!"

Rog ran off to see if he could help.

Shortly Harlan emerged from the bedroom wearing chinos, a black turtle-neck sweater and a fatigue cap which Bill Bowman had given him (so he could practice soldiering). He wanted to know where we were going.

"To the station," Larry replied.

"Which station?" Harlan enquired.

"Hurry up," Larry told him, "Or we'll be late."

With complaints at Larry's obscurity, Harlan hurried, and soon we three were walking down some Avenue. As we strolled, Harlan thrust a hand into a pocket (his pocket) and there was a wild jingling. Pennies, nickels, dimes and even quarters cascaded onto the sidewalk. Harlan had a hole in his pocket.

We gathered up the coins, fighting off spectators who thought it was raining money and finders-keepers. At last Harlan had most, if not all, of his change. So we proceeded onward, toward Larry-only-knew.

And then we stopped for coffee. Harlan protested that he thought we had been in a hurry. Larry replied that it wasn't that much of a hurry. So Larry and I had French toast, and Harlan had a steak. And we talked about fanzines and A.J. Budrys and Cordwainer Byrd and such things. And finally we left.

We took the subway, and while waiting for the downtown IRT, Larry whipped out a NYC timetable and began perusing it for a likely train to meet. There was one around 3 O'clock, which seemed like the most convenient time for us to meet a train, so he decided on it.

"Who are we meeting?" Harlan asked, and got another of Larry's markedly evasive answers.

"We'll walk over from Times Square," Larry said.

"Where are we going?" Harlan asked again. He finally wormed it out of Larry; we were going to Grand Central to meet a train.

A SURPRISE FOR HARLAN ELLISON (3)

But his main question, namely "Why?" went unanswered.

We struggled off the train at Times Square and pushed into a small, crowded bookshop where I looked for a HAMLET (I had left my regular one at 143 Sullivan), Harlan looked for EYE IN THE SKY (which wasn't on the stands yet) and Larry looked for that nameless and elusive book that he is always searching bookstalls for. (It wasn't there either.)

Sans books, we continued, walking through the chilly streets of Manhattan. I wanted to walk past the Weapons Shop and see if it were still in this dimension. It was.

We passed an ABC remote TV truck, and a couple of cops breaking into a parked car, and the Mansfield Hotel, and the Royal Publications office building, and arrived at Grand Central. We proceeded into the G.C. Drug Store which has a magnificent display of paperback books. I got my Hamlet there and Harlan picked up a copy of WISE BLOOD by Flannery O'Connor.

Larry checked on the train and reported to us that it was late, so we went into the Oyster Bar for sodas. We ended up with plain ice cream, even though there was an 'R' in the month. Then Larry deserted us again.

Harlan and I wandered out, into the lower level of Grand Central and observed an MG spinning about on a turntable. In a fit of super-human strength, Harlan leaned over the rail, caught hold of the MG's rear bumper, and tried to stop its turning. He succeeded in slowing it considerably before the sharp edge of the bumper on his fingers decided him to give up. I pointed out to him that the railing was unstable, and that if I hadn't been standing on the base of one of the supports, the turntable would have whirled him headlong into the MG.

Then we sought out Larry or vice versa and he told us that the train was late again. So we killed some more time, and finally it was almost four o'clock and we could go home. So Larry sought out a train unloading on the lower level, shouted, "That's it!" and we met the train.

"Who are we meeting?" Harlan asked.

"Pick somebody," Larry offered.

We waited, watching the people come off the train. And finally Larry broke down and told Harlan, "We were supposed to meet Magnus!"

Harlan was jubilant. Hooboy, Magnus! But then Magnus wasn't on the train. What could have happened to him? Suppose he came in ~~xx~~ to Pennsylvania Station instead? Maybe. If he came in and

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Ellison's surprise (4)

we missed him somehow, he'd probably go to the Ellison apartment, where he had oftentimes been before. So we would return to the apartment to look/wait for John Magnus.

Harlan questioned deeper, when we were in the taxi on the way back. Why hadn't Magnus told him, he was coming? Well, it was a surprise. And then Larry really looped Harlan by telling him, "Magnus is getting married."

"What?" Harlan screamed, "Without my premission?"

So Larry explained that Magnus was bringing the girl with him.

And we had one wild taxi ride back to Harlan's place.

Weary from an afternoon of wild waiting, we proceeded onto the elevator, and up to the fourth floor. There, we knocked on the Ellison door, and it was opened to us. Harlan stepped in and was confronted (not by Magnus but...) by a vast group of his friends, who had been brought together in order to give Harlan a surprise going-away party.

I couldn't begin to recount all the people that were there. It was a pleasant group, even if a bunch of the men did (as usual) end up in a corner talking business. (Never invite writers, editors and agents all to the same party.)

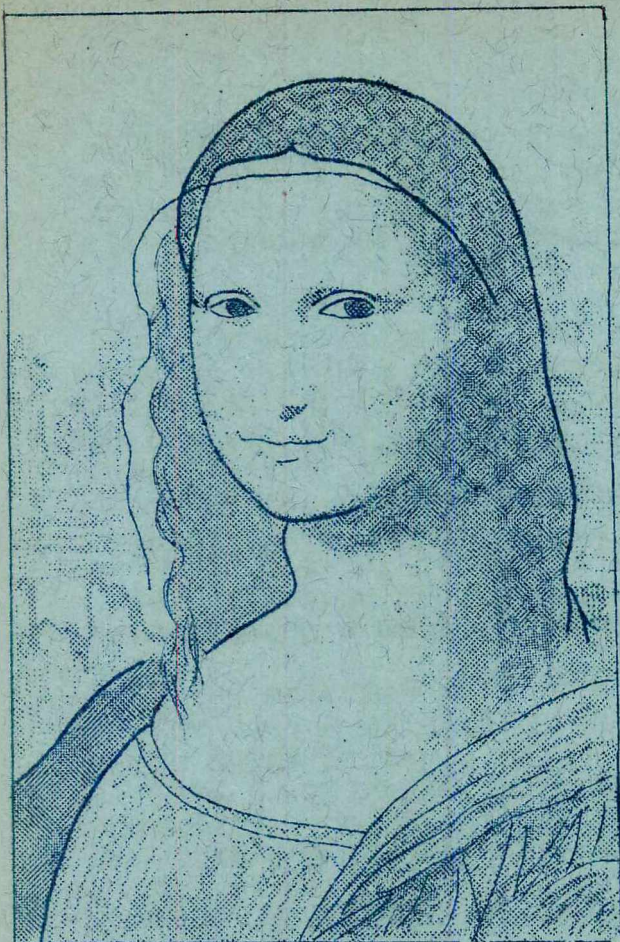
Things broke up in the early evening and after most of the guests were gone, Harlan entertained those of us remaining by accompanying a banjo record with his new bongo drums.

Since Harlan had an engagement he couldn't join us, but Charlotte came and so did Bowmans, and we went to a Chinese restaurant in the neighborhood for supper. It was a terrific meal, and a fine evening.

Afterwards we went up to the Ellison apartment and watched DAWN PATROL on TV.

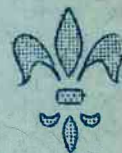
All around, one enjoyable day, although Larry and I were both bushed bytimes the ferry had brought us again to the Staten Island shores.





(from a photo)

Mailing Comments



Section Three

STEFANTASY - Danner: "each aging in their own iron pan"...? (if there were italics in that quote they would be mine.) # Clementine is at her best here. # The quotes from Dickens are excellent. Not to change the subject too far, if I remember and stay in the mood, I'll do a short lecture on the capture of Acre (military aspect) later in this. # Partial History of GRK 27 is good. I muchly enjoy this kind of item. # Gee, the SDB

is quite a technical achievement. # I mentioned the Oldsmobile in Grand Central station already. It is the only '57 I've really looked at. It saddened me. There are small poorly crafted models of jet planes on the front fenders, all chromed over. The simulated air-scoops (on the model planes) are made in such a manner as to serve as sockets for stilleto-like blades used in heavy pedestrian traffic. This is undoubtedly the most functional aspect of this particular '57.
#

FAFHRD - Ellik: I never saw 'o's drop out of a stencil so magnificently before. # The ~~XXXX~~ November '56 issue seems to have gotten into the February '57 mailing. # Anybody else in FAPA besides me pronounce both the 'r's in February? # My husband is ranting something about us making and playing a game of Interplanetary. So far I have managed to look as if I am ignoring him. Couldn't the board be made of posterboard, or the backsides of old cardboard cartons? # I carried a slide rule for a while, but one day when I was out bicycling

Mailing Chitchat (2)

it must have fallen out of my pocket, for I never saw it again. #
Lupoff writes intelligently. # Breaking lines of text with drawing, etc., is bad practice. Unless the text is pretty interesting, I don't bother to read it when it is broken up in such manner. I doubt if many others bother either. #

TORRENTS - Share: "Who wants to read a whole zine filled with old fanstuff." Tsk, the grammar-happy members of the club are gonna be down on that period. But what I started to say here is that I like to read zines filled with old fanstuff. Even when they are old fanzines, like LeZ or the Vamp or Bleery. Some people, like me, are bugs for history in various forms. Speaking of stale, some people have to set modern gluk-flavored store-bought bread out overnight before they consider it fit to eat, and even then it is a poor substitute for bread. Some things are better when aged slightly. # Like old movies?? # Bullfighter in Chooog was from a photograph. #

FANALYSIS - Schaffer: Your comments on the time-emotion relationship are most interesting. While you are writing in a semi-stream of consciousness manner and a purely emotional slant, I think you have hit on an idea well worth expanding intellectually. # Big Brother is watching you! # It is not the things which civilization offers man, such as caffeine-less coffee and painless dentistry, which rob man of his self-reliance. More likely, it is his willingness to accept what is easy, and refuse what is difficult. And he had that willingness on the prairie. The mountain man or prairie man or pioneer who worked hard and learned much, had the initiative to do so in the first place. And the modern human with initiative probably has as much opportunity to develop himself as did the man of a hundred or two hundred years ago. It is unfair to compare the superior men of one era with the inferior men of another, as a comparison of the success of the ways of life of the eras involved. If Grandpa had instilled initiative in his son, and he again in his son, the modern man would have as much as Grandfather did. Eh, Eney? # Apparently there has never been a point in our history where man's status was perfect. Or he would have maintained it in that manner. The individual may be content with the status quo, but the race as a whole continues to seek, to redistribute wealth, and power, etc. PERFECTION is the only situation from which progress cannot be made. # Marsh was "disinterested"? Doesn't he know the meanings of the words he uses? # In the home, at least, I have escaped sponsors. Unless you want to think of Leadbelly singing, "The Rock Island line is a mighty good line." as a form of singing commercial. ## Most of those "clever cards" are obviously aimed at the same mental age group that the average TV show is aimed at, eh? The one-word jobs usually aren't too bad, but those old tired gags like "Don't go away mad, just go away." are right wearying. #

THE RAMBLING FAP 8 - Calkins: Cover is a joy to behold. # "...deep gopher hole or shallow silver mine..." well put! # Not that you brought it to mind, but I just noticed that CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESER is on TV again...which naturally calls for turning on of the set. C for

Comments (3)

is one of the funniest, most entertaining, etc., movies ever made. I glee to see it on the TV circuit. I highly recommend it. Even if it does end unhappily..i.e., with TV still in full force. # Tape on the spines of SFFY wasn't much bother for a fivd-yearly, but I wudden do it on anything more frequent. # I was born in Chicago, Illinois, and at the age of six, moved to Lake Worth, Florida, and ~~later~~ ^{back to Savannah,} Savannah, Georgia. Thence to Miami Co., Kansas, and then to New York. Thanks to some kind geographer I am still living in N.Y., and not New Jersey as I might, if Staten Island weren't on the good side of the line. Of course, if S.I. were in N.J. we prob'ly wouldn't even have considered moving here.

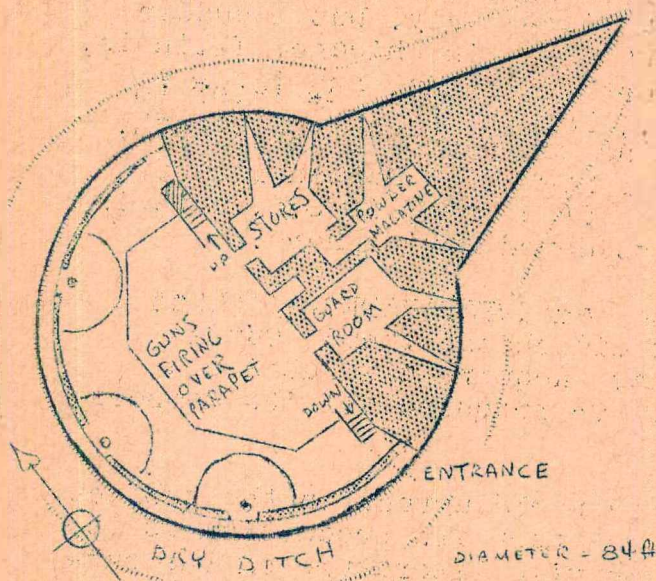
TRUFAN - Higgs: What, another fanzine named FAPARADE? # What would FAPA do with these colors if it did choose them? Outfit its football team in suitable uniforms? Require all submitted zines to be duplicated pink-on-white? Or rrequire all its members to be pink-and-white?

LIGHT - Croutch: Seems as if the outer world agrees on the subject of a good movie being as good ten years after its production as it was when it eas new. According to some vile literature on the subject of TV shows, the old movies are drawing much higher ratings that the crud prepared especially for TV. I long since got sick silly of the psychological study of the cowboy-type gunfighter who was old, tired and wanted to retire. Gregory Peck's rendition of this character in the movie THE GUNFIGHTER covered the subject pretty well. TV has managed to make a cliché out of it. # I can remember seeing DE CYCLOPS when I was a child, prob'ly in '40 or '41 when it was new. I would faunch to see it again. Really faunch. # When RICHARD III was shown for TV here, some of the more bloody scenes were cut. #

PHANTASY PRESS _ McPhail: Regarding trading stamps, we save'm because they give them to us when we shop. We shop at two stores in particular. One in the Ferry terminal, where Larry occasionally picks up odds and ends, and the other two blocks up the street from the apartment. We did shop at the A&P which does not give trading stamps, but because of the poor service, umpleasant shopping conditions, etc. we quit them. The ACME, where we spend our wages now, give green stamps and sells much the same stuff as the A&P does, at much the same prices. T@ the extent that we have noticed, there is no difference in the prices on brand items that both carry. So we save green stamps. # Have you never noticed the source of QWERTYUIOP? It is in the FANCYCLOPEDIA, under qwerty-u-i-op. # sorry much for PP was illegible. # Gee, Dan, you are a real science-fiction fan. Of the old school, and not just because you've been a fan for a long time either. You think like a fan of the old school. #

WRAITH - Ballard: You say you are fanning to music. I seem to recall you had a 45rpm phono and 78 rpm records or vice versa. Still?

FORT FINCASTLE, Nassau An artillery emplacement of the late 18th Century



comments (4)

Agree with you, Wrai, about the FA being one of the best mags in the club. # You get a good solid black area in your mimeoing of the Rotsler drawings. Most interesting. I admire good black area in plain old hand-stencilled drawings. That is, when they are intentional. # You answer the TAFF controversy just the way I'd like to have answered it and in much better, clearer terms. Bless you. # Y'know, living in the Northern Wilderness the way you do, sometimes you impress me as being in a land more foreign to us than do a lot of the overseas fans. Your 20-30 below zero weather, for instance, seems pretty alien to me. Shocking. # For just plain interesting stuff this is one of the best mags in the mailing. Nothing gaudy, no wierdly beautiful duplicating, just legible, interesting reading matter. Wrai, you are a Good Man. # Re taping TV, we do have

two tapers, but only one is here. The other is on loan to the Bowmans. Editing a tape by scissors is right difficult if it is a two-track tape, with both sides recorded. Nigh on to impossible. # I think actively in verbalizations and passively in vague visualizations, most of the time. # Speaking of forbidden language on TV recently George Gobel adlibbed what sounded very much like an improper word, during a show. Surprised me. Of course, Gobel has done a lot of surprising things lately, like trading in the subtle, quiet humor and characterization that made him popular, for the stereotype TV comic role. Odd. Shame he chucked/lost Hal Kantor. If anyone know what Kantor is doing nowadays, I'd be right curious to find out. # Talking about bullfights, I left the TV on and someone on it is telling the plot of a movie called THE BRAVE ONE, or something of that sort, about a li'l boy and a bull. Ghuugggggh! #

FANTASIA - Wesson: Great fun and fascinating reading. # I prefer dungarees to skirts, partly because of childhood associations, I suppose. For a kid, dungarees meant freedom, dresses meant keep clean until some ordeal, like church or the doctor's or school, is over. Now, dungarees mean freedom, the right to sit on the floor, or the front steps, or astride a horse. Skirts mean stockings and attendant paraphenalia, whoch is nothing more than a nuisance. Be suspicious of me if you want to...#

GASP! - Steward: If a person could buy as many TAFF ballots as he wanted to, at 50¢ each, it would simply mean that the candidate with the most monied friends would make the trip. Or the candidate could buy his own way over, and the glory of winning TAFF as well. Seems to me to be ethically wrong. Not the same thing as voting for Miss Beerhead of 1957 with one label from a bottle of Headybeer accompanying each vote. # I've seen some pretty bad acting on the American screen, but right off, it is hard to remember just who was worst. I didn't see Liverache or Elvis, either one, in the films. In fact I've only seen Elvis once; LT and I watched part of a number he did on the Ed Sullivan show one night, just to see what all the fuss was about. We didn't see it. "Love Me Tender" is bad grammar. FAPA is glutted with bad grammar nowadays. Tsk. Tsk. All us fans talk bad, don't we? # I think I agree with you, Ger, about Elvis. Not with Mr Gilmour, but with you. I am, if I may be excused the use of the word, disinterested in Mr Presley. # Boyd is a good man. Next to Eney, who is more of a fan's fan, I would like to see Boyd win TAFF. I am sorry two such good men are running against each other, as it is difficult for me to take a stand and hold it, on the subject of which one. But Richard is more of a "fan" than Boyd, and that is a consideration.

LE MOINDRE - Raeburn: I hope all is well with you, Boyd, or will be shortly. Gee, bytimes this thing gets to you, all had better be well. # Why are gorillas always raping women? Do men ever rape female gorillas? # As sound goes, I think "Jesus wept." is rather an unpleasant combination. I always like the sound of the phrase from the old song that went, "...a chunk a Lackawana coal." "Mother" has all the sound appeal of a calf mooing. Even "lollywog" has more sound appeal than "mother". # When I entered college, I took a combination interest-aptitude test that was given to all the new fish. I took honors in mechanics, and flunked out in journalism, with only social work rating lower. I answered the questions the way I felt about them. # Right! "All men are created equal" is an unfortunate statement, and a fallacy on which an unfortunate number of things are based. # I'm not putting everything I publish into FAPA nowadays either. # When I saw KIND HEARTS & CORONETS in a theater, it included the closing scene you mention, where the memoirs are discovered. But when I saw it recently on NY TV it ended, leaving the audience hanging, as in your description of the Canada version. # Reading various of Larry's literature on hot rods, custom cars, etc., I am off on a new kick for functionality in automobiles. I advocate customizing only when it adds to, or does not detract from the functionality of a car. For highway operation, I can go along with a car that has quite a few features of the hot rod, some features of the custom, and almost no features (aside from wheels) of the Detroit (even the wheels should prob'ly be different). So I come to the conclusion that, as ready-mades go, the sports car can have a lot of advantages. For NHRA approval, a rod with an open top and/or body modifications must have a quick-release type safety belt in good condition, roll bars, shatterproof windshields allowing unobstructed view ahead and to both sides, body surrounding the driver and extending to the firewall, of flameproof material extending at

Comments (6)

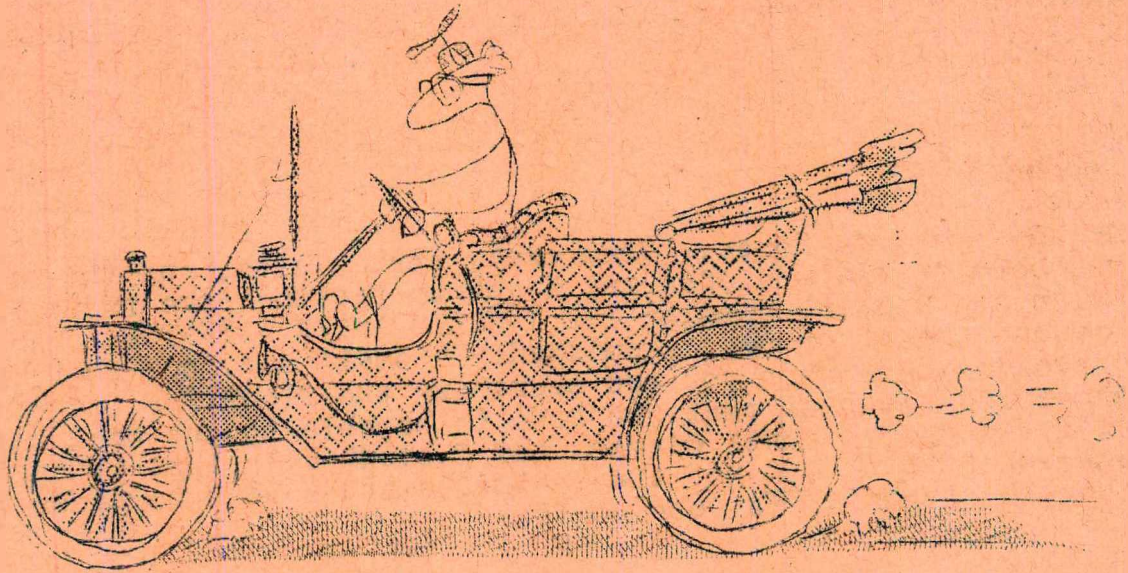
least waist high and surrounding the driver in such a manner that he is protected by it in case of a spin-out, upset or collision, flame-proof firewalls extending from side to side of the body and from top of the engine compartment to bottom of the floor and/or bellypan. The firewall must provide a bulkhead between the engine and the driver, with no unnecessary openings in it. There must be a hood of fireproof material, securely fastened and as wide as the driver's compartment cowl, must cover the engine and carbs must be covered. And there are quite a few more safety regulations...too many for me to go on listing...but all important to the competition driver. And it seems to me that some of them could be pretty interesting to the road driver too. Come to think of it, NHRA-type competition dragging may be the safest form of driving being done by amateur drivers nowadays. Unless you count operating the electric bumper-cars at amusement parks. Customs, on the other hand, are often worse monstrosities than the Detroit kiddie cars. And the attitude I encountered in a customizer not long ago was a saddening one. He didn't care how he gutted the engine, transmission, etc., because he could always drop another one in, but he had to watch out for denting all that expensive lead work on the body. And he hadn't even done the leading himself. Paid a shop to do it. Sad. Nothing in common with the rodder who chromed his own parts on the grounds that a professional job prob'ly wouldn't be precise enough. # The rod stuff is not directed at you, Boyd, but at FAPA in general. At least those who are interested. # Theoretically I pronounce Mary and merry differently, but in practice I'm usually too lazy to differentiate. But as to marry, that pronunciation is distinctly different. # "Do you know what makes sunshine? Sunbeams! Millions of them." That assnity is a direct quote from the TV which is still operating, despite the fact that CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR was over an hour ago. I guess the sponser sought me out after all. # Gee, you and GMC both feel the same way about X Lucy in PEANUTS. I mean you both relate her to the same member of FAPA. # Why is the term "jive artist" meaningless? # Lawrence Welk, I have heard. And Guy Lombardo I am familiar with. Alas. # Of course, you* prob'ly don't dig Woody Guthrie or Cisco Houston, or Bessie Lomax, so who am I to make cracks about Liverache? *Not "you, Boyd", but "you, general readership". #

Shawzines noted and comments made in person to the editors involved. Comments pertinent to the membership are either included in small talk by LeeH or something (dunno what yet) by Larry.

And that brings us to the bottom of the pile, which is

SUNDANCE • Young

and which gets big type because it is sort of special. One reason it



Comments (7)

contains a clutch of pretty pictures, all done up nice.. But the main reason is because it is good, GOOD, GOOD! Cover is lovely, and the tree is one with which I can feel in complete accord. # I don't speak french to go along with the Rotsler cat, alas. # Like your dating of stuff. I meant to date everything in these Chooogs but kept forgetting. " Case I forget again, today is March 6, and all the mailing comments in thish were done today. # To intrude here a moment, EXCELSIOR is selling like hotcakes (it is selling all buttery with syrup on top). I'm averaging a subscription a day, this week. Not bad for a new zine. # My brother used to maintain that he could always put his candidate into office...by voting for the other fellow.# THE WIND FROM THE OTHER WAY is good stuff. # NATURE LORE is also good stuff. The illos are magnificent. I was going to go through it and point out the particularly clever bits of humor, but this would call for an almost word-for-word quote of the article. # I would like to go through the whole mag in that way, but the results would be the same. # Have faith. Someday you'll have a binaural phono. # Songs: YOU, YOU, YOU is from my first trip to a ranch, and the early fall days, riding into the hills alone. Finding the skeleton of a horse up in the brush. Watching the men haying in the meadow far away. DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL's BEST FRIEND is the time we did THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET in the Elayhouse. I stage-managed, which included changing daylight to moonlight and back between various scenes and supplying life savers (the candy kind) to various members of the cast. And watching girls in real hoop skirts struggle up and down the circular fire-escape-type stairs to the dressingroom. TIL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU is my horse-buying song. It was popular on the radio the same time I was planning

Comments (8)

to buy my first horse. When early spring hits, and the days are soft and begging to be ridden in, I get to feeling like riding/buying a horse and I start humming TIL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU. # I found a diamond the other day. Admittedly a small one, but what can you expect to turn when you are searching the floor for pieces of a shattered figurine that you hope to be able to put back together? It was a very # small diamond and I eventually lost it again (the smae night). I did get the statuette stuck back together though. # Again, SUNDANCE is Good Stuff.

---LeeH 6 March 57



GOSHWOWBOYOBOY! New records! The latest additions to the collection are as follows:

BOUND FOR GLORY	Woody Guthrie	Folkways
SHIVAREE	Ritchie & Brand & Co.	Esoteric
SATURDAY NIGHT & SUNDAY TOO	Ritchie	Riverside
WHALING SONGS	Paul Clayton	Tradition
LOVE SONGS FOR FRIENDS AND FOES	Pete Seeger	Folkways
SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN HOEDOWNS	Guthrie & Houston	Stinson
MORE SONGS	Guthrie & Houston	Stinson
THIS LAND 'IS MINE	Guthrie, Houston, Eskin, Leadbelly, Seeger, McClintock, Bonyon,	Folkways

The album, SHIVAREE, is an interesting piece of production work. It is handled in playlet form with Jean Ritchie as the bride, Oscar Brand as the groom, Tom Paley as the best man, and Harry and Jeanie West as the old married couple. As the record opens the wedding is just over, and a party is in progress. All are singing Cripple Creek. The song finishes, there is a banging of pots and pans and laughing of the group, and the newlyweds try to excuse themselves, but the group insists on a song from the bride. She sings, and then the groom says that they have got to be going. Not before the groom sings, the group insists. He is forced into it, and when he finishes he protests that he is tired and wants to get home. The best man is

Shivaree (2)

shattered. He wants to sing his song. So he does. Then the groom tries to excuse himself and bride, but the whole group begins to sing. The render three songs, against the groom's protests. Finally they are finished, and the newlyweds start to go. But the old married couple insist that they be heard. Then, despite the groom's pleadings, the best man sings again. The groom wants to go, but the group demands a song from him and the bride. Then the bride is required to sing with the group. The groom protests, but he has to follow his wife with the song demanded, I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN. On this note the record must be turned over.

On the other side, we find the groom still pleading with the party to let him take his wife and leave. But no...

The best man wants to sing again, and does so.

The groom protests his desire to leave, with his wife.

The wife is required to sing.

The groom wants to take his wife and go.

The groom is made to sing.

The groom wants to leave in the company of his new wife.

The old married couple sing.

The groom tries to take his wife and get away.

The best man insists on being heard.

The groom protests, but he and the bride are required to sing together. He protests again and is required to sing with the best man.

Then, as the entire group gathers in song, the groom whispers a few words to his new bride. And as all voices are realised in song the two of them sneak off.

Once they are well out of sight, the others follow after, with plans for what we expect will be a far more violent portion of the shivaree than singing.

Great fun, especially for us hillbillies.

NO BATTLE OF ACRE this ish. Sorry. Maybe next time.



-----H 7-3-57
(British-type date)

11 March 57

NIGHT PEOPLE DEPARTMENT:

Those of you who are uncommonly attentative may remember last mailing, I mentioned a few words I'd written about Jean Shepard, and then apparently lost. I couldn't find or remember where they had been published. Well, that's because they weren't. Today I found them.

They were back in the corner, under the mimeograph, with a half can of overturned ink.

I managed to salvage the stencils, but I couldn't do much with the ink. Oh, I could scrape it up alright, but I was having a devil of a time trying to get it back into the can. So I gave up on that and contented myself with running the cut stencils on the subject of Shepard.

Addenda is in the form of a comment to the effect that Shepard seems to be on NY radio regularly again, but only weekly and then not at the fine old midnight hour. Instead he's got an early night-show on Sundays, alas.

I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT, DEPT.

Mister Lindbergh is back. At least, it looks like he is. The Ryan NX 211 is parked over in New York. There right in the middle of Times Square, is the monoplane THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

It seems to me he could have picked an easier place to land.

17 March 57

WE WENT INTO NEW YORK YESTERDAY, or last night to be more precise. For a festive evening on the town, sort of. We were wandering around the Village like a pair of tourists, instead of ex-natives, and who should we run into but Ken Beale (who used to be Ken BeAle...that's a Null-A, in case you've forgotten). He was full of fabulous fannish news all of which I seem to have forgotten. I also seem to have forgotten whether Ken was ever a member of our illustrious organization. I guess this just isn't my day.

MY DAY would be more like a Saturday. This is a Sunday afternoon, and we didn't get home from New York until sometime after three this morning. And I don't seem to be in condition for such convention-ish hours anymore. I grow old, I grow old. I shall wear my dungarees rolled...

A FAN LOOKS AT JEAN SHEPARD

or BEANIES BEHIND THE BARRICADES

You could say that the Wanamaker fire was a vital part of it, although if there hadn't been a fire, it would have taken place somewhere else.

It began simply enough with rumors, and snatches of conversation mentioning the "Night People", "Cookie Fergus", and a book called "I, Libertine" by Fredrick R. Ewing, which was said to be quite a best seller, but which none of the NY bookstores could supply, despite the many requests for it.

It continued at Dave Mason's where Larry and I blundered one Saturday (I'm certain) evening and heard Jean's next-to-the-last show. All of us being Night People, those vague disorganized people who prowls after dark, struggle against the 9 to 5, oppose Exurbanism, and stay up to listen to after-midnight disk jockeys, we heard with great interest his (Jean's) proposal voice a mild protest against his being fired, by holding a rally (a "show of non-strength" he called it). It was to be a general disorganized meeting, mostly a milling of disorganized people, with shouting, and a few fist-fights on the edges of the group.

He took suggestions from his listeners, by phone, as to where this monster rally should be held and finally, partly it was convenient to the Village which is a stronghold of Night-People-ism (Watch out for Creeping Meatballism!) and mostly because it reeked of subtle significance, he announced that the rally would take place around sunset, at the barricades in front of the burnt-out shell of the Wanamaker building. Sundown Sunday, that is.

So we went.

We were mildly late, but then so was everyone else, so it didn't matter much. We did miss getting chased by the police though.

It seems that the police disapprove of large groups of people (especially Night People) standing around in the middle of Manhattan streets at sundown, loitering. Well, it looked like loitering to them. They explained, the cops advised them to move along, and so they drifted in a disorganized mass to the nearest corner, from which they were shortly evicted, only to return to the barricade. Finally in a fit of desperation, the police located a convenient and empty parking lot, and herded the Night People there to wait for Jean.

A Fan Looks (2)

We milled aimlessly, as per instructions, and shortly a five-piece jazz combo appeared from out of nowhere (Nick's) and began to play in the middle of the parking lot. Real, lovable Night People, they had come over to entertain us disorganized mobs.

And suddenly someone discovered Shep. He was wandering unnoticed through the masses. In the hands of his identifiers he was promoted to a high place (the horizontal phone pole that was used for a bumper in the parking lot) and called upon to speak.

He spoke rather quietly, and shortly stopped, shocked to realize that there was a tall young man in the front row of the audience taking notes. He demanded rather shyly to know whuffo notes, and the young man identified himself as a reporter for the NY Times, and added that he, too, despite his occupation, was a Night People.

So Shep continued, mainly just answering the questions flung at him, and telling us about I, Libertine. He asked how many had gone into bookstores and asked for copies, and there was a powerful sgow of hands. He mentioned various things, and at what I thought was an opportune moment I asked him if he were planning to attend the Science Fiction Convention. (Well, Night People sound like true Fan-types.) He said no. (I assumed that through Sturgeon, etc, he'd be at least conversant with the concept of S-F).

The rally broke up eventually, and Jean fled in a Porsche, clutching a painting about 1½'x3' which had been presented him in lieu of a gold watch, and two boxes of corn flakes (very esoteric).

He had told us we would meet again. "At Liggett's," he had said, "We'll have a party! When the book comes out!"

We saw him again. At Liggetts', the night the book came out.

We got the word somehow; I still don't know how. And we went.

Liggett's was jammed. Its free wall space was ornately decorated with the book cover fold, showing the Kelley Freas painting, and a photo of Mr Fredrick R. Ewing, who bore a striking resemblance to Jean.

Shep and Ted Sturgeon were ensconced on a platform of some sort on the far side of the room, and somewhere they were selling copies of the book, and the two co-authors were autographing it with the signature of Fredrick R. Ewing. Larry and I, wanting a copy, stood in a line, thinking that at the end of it we could buy one. We found that we couldn't so, in disgust at Liggett's sloppy handling of the whole affair, we went across the street, bought a copy, went back and got in the line to have it autographed. (I'd like to insert here that a lot of the people in NYC are nice. The ones we encountered working in Liggetts that night weren't. I don't really blame them.)

A Fan (3)

Once we got up to the front of the line, Ted recognized us and greeted us cheerily. He turned and introduced us to Shep, who responded by telling us that he did intend to attend the SFCon after all.

Pleased, we left.

We saw Shep no more, until the con, where we encountered him, in Ted's tow. He greeted us, and shortly was presented to the fans assembled at the masquerade.

He spoke shortly on I, Libertine, explaining that most of it was actually Ted's work. He was obviously not at ease in front of us, probably because he knew only a small number of us could possibly be listeners of his, and that he doubted his reception.

But the audience responded quite happily to him, and his speech.

Later Ted drew me aside and told me that they had been quite uncertain about putting him up on the platform. They were afraid they'd be intruding. But fans generally (despite the rumors prevalent in fandom) are fairly nice, decent people. And they did seem to have enjoyed it all.

Ted and Shep were both quite happy.

Later, I encountered Shep again. I was in my masquerade costume, which included a number of small cards with mottos, one of which was Excelsior! (A Night-People byword). Shep read this, and told me "I'm one of you!"

I haven't seen him since.

But the soap business, well, that is a story in itself.

It seems the NYTimes man spoke quite highly of Shep in his item. Such a fair, unmocking item, it was, that I wished he could have covered the convention, too. And somewhere in the item, he said that Shep was very popular with the listeners but couldn't dig up enough sponsors. The phrase he used was "couldn't sell soap."

So on his last show, in a fit of injured pride, Shep asked all his listeners to rush out and buy soap. He mentioned a brand name, and found himself cut off the air. That, we supposed, was the end.

Then shortly later, I heard on the radio (the same station) a call for Jean Shepard. The announcer asked if anyone knew how to get in touch with Shep to let them know, as a large soap company wanted to sponsor him.

I don't know what happened then. I do know that as of this typing, Jean is not on NY radio.

-----LeeH

JOLLY JACK AND THE MARTIANS:

It began with the sky ripe with thunderheads, and a booming voice out of nowhere. The booming voice boomed, "Super serial!" and as the film camera cut off, a live camera came on, and there was Jolly Jack.

Jack, when he was visible, was a light-(gray-?) haired man in a business suit, who stood behind a bank of small, exotic devices like the control panel of a space-ship. He usually opened with "Hello, boys and girls..." and from there went into a spiel about his friends, the Martians. One day he re-transmitted a music broadcast from Mars. Other times he had various messages from Mars. And on occasion he had commercials, although those were rare. Probably too rare, for one day Jolly Jack disappeared.

He was there in plain view with the Bridymurpheyometer in his hands one day, and the next day (or at least the next time I saw the program) he was gone, Bridymurphyometer and all. And in his place was Felix the Cat.

When Jolly was around, he'd chat a while and then, with the aid of the Bridymurphyometer -- a device for a sort of time travel involving twenty year old movies-- he would run fine old serials, with people in them like Harry Carey.

Then he disappeared. His voice is still there, but the live camera popped its orthicon or something because there isn't anymore live portion to the program, and a chunk of JJ's time is devoted to running a wretched old cartoon, while JJ narrates.

JJ, whose real name I understand to be Jack Gleason, makes the best he can of all this, occasionally sounding too desperate to go on, and at other times seeming almost happy and somewhat amused by the whole furshlugginer mess. He occasionally owns to being a fan of Jean Shephard and Ernie Kovaks. All in all, he is relatively entertaining, and it is a shame he disappeared. There aren't many people left who can contact the Martians at will.

He always signs off with BRLFSK! (I'm not positive about that spelling, even though the word did show up in MAD one issue.) Brlfsk! is Martian for "now and forever"! It is a good motto. The salute that went with it whe JJ was visible was good too. It consisted of the index finger of the right hand extended horizontally under the nose and thrust away from the face.

BRLFSK!

brlfsk! BRLFSK! brlfsk!
BRLFSK! BRLFSK! BRLFSK!
BRLFSK! BRLFSK! BRLFSK!
Brlfsk!