

CONTOUR

FAPA

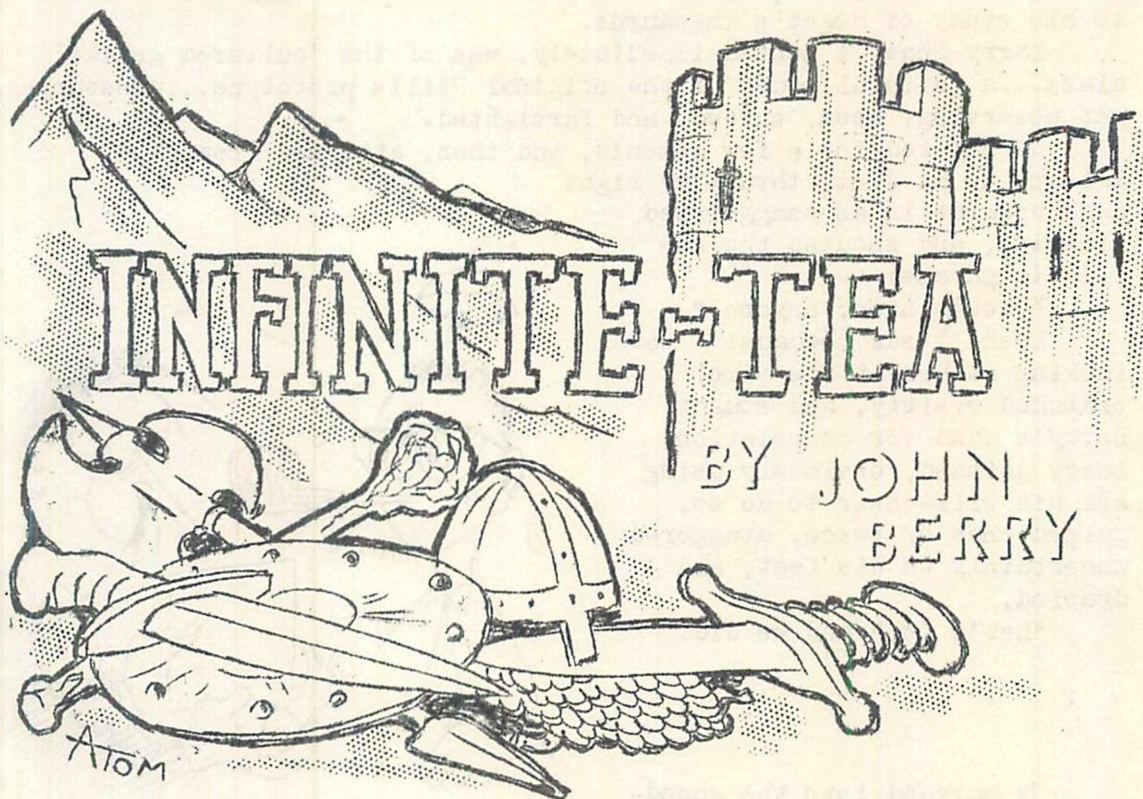


Briggs

c. 1949



This issue got left almost without editorial, publishing data, or much of anything except that most important portion: contents. Even these had to be cut down, and apologies are offered to Nan Share for using only one of her illustrations, to Ed Cox for cutting his column by several pages (the remainder and probably more will appear next issue), to Ron Archer for using his illo only in the FAPA edition, and to anyone else to whom I owe anything. Illustrations are by Briggs (cover), ATOM (Infinite-Tea heading and illustrations), Derry, Share and (FAPA edition only) Archer. ATOM and Archer wisely furnished their drawings on stencil, for which they receive my undying gratitude. My thanks to practically everyone, particularly to the contributors, to Ted White for stencils at a reasonable price, and to Chick Derry for the use of himself and his Gestetner and his (ugh!) coffee. Berry says I should credit Walt Willis for the title and interlineation in his article. This is Contour, Seka (#10), August 1956, produced by Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md. in two editions for FAPA and OMPA and their respective waiting lists. The two editions are identical except for the mailing review section and that little blob of red on the cover.



BY JOHN  
BERRY

For some considerable time I had looked forward with anticipation to meeting Leeh and Larry Shaw. Although I was unable to go to the Convention at Kettering, I consoled myself with the sure knowledge that Walt Willis was going to bring the visitors to Belfast to stay a few days, and so I would have ample opportunity to give these two BNF's their full quota of hero worship.

After all, Walt had practically weaned me on QUANDRY, amongst a selected diet of U.S. fanzines, and I can honestly say that the magic of the name 'Leeh Hoffman' was the force behind my inspiration.

So forgive me if I find it difficult to put down in mere words exactly how I felt as I walked up the pathway of the Willis residence, 170, Upper Newtownards Road, on Sunday afternoon, 8th April 1956. I lingered uncertainly on the doorstep, took a deep breath, and walked in. A delightfully fresh accent floated towards me...an accent familiar to me only through the agency of the cinema screen. This was going to be my first meeting with American fen, and it really meant a lot to me.

And I wasn't disappointed.

Let me sum up those vital first impressions  
(and need I add that the impressions didn't change.)

Leeh Shaw was charming, fresh, intelligent, shy, and obviously still suffering from the after effects of the post-honeymoon jitters. Her frequent loving glances towards Larry injected the atmosphere with a certain undefinable aura of affection. Nothing really tangible, but sufficient to cause Walt to edge his chair closer to Madeleine,





and to make James White pause a moment to peer at Peggy before returning to his study of Roget's Thesaurus.

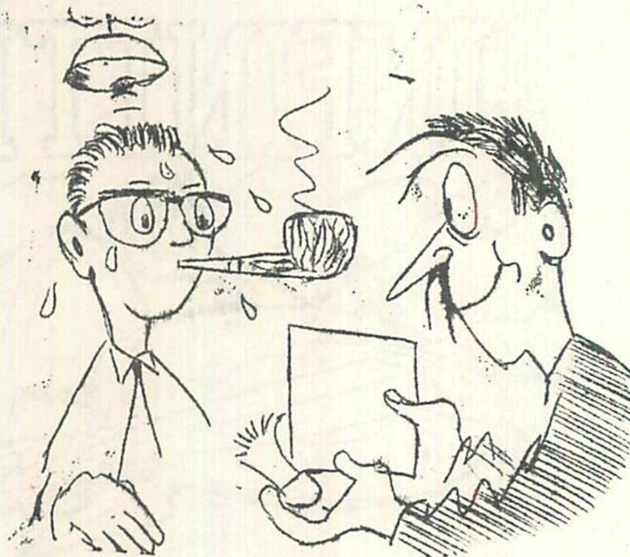
Larry Shaw, I sensed immediately, was of the 'cultured genius' class...a faithful model of the original Willis prototype...unassuming, yet observing, keen, shrewd, and farsighted.

We chatted for a few moments, and then, at a nod from Walt, I leapt to my feet, thrust my right hand upwards in an exaggerated flourish, and shouted the now classic phrase:-

"Ghoodminton, anyone?"

Leeh, I saw (because I was looking at her at the time) blanched visibly, and sought Larry's hand for consolation. Larry grinned, obviously using all his will-power to do so, gulped once or twice, staggered uncertainly to his feet, and drawled,

"Let's go," and we did.



We paraded into the ghoodminton court. I noted with a certain amount of annoyance that Larry completely disregarded the basic ritual to be practiced by all fen about to play ghoodminton. Admittedly, as he was a big-name editor, I didn't exactly expect him to go down on his knees and salaam (as I was doing at the time) but I do consider that, as a visitor, he should have made some token of respect, however slight, to the Marilyn Monroe calendar on the wall.

Walt seated the visitors in a relatively safe corner of the room, and we gave an exhibition game. We played at half speed, freely, and without any venom or animosity, such as is usually present. Admittedly James White broke a chair, and I split two door panels, but I can assure readers that we were restrained.

We turned expectantly, I may say even proudly, to Larry.

"Will you play?" we chorused.

He attempted a weak grin, and gave a muttered reply which we took to be confirmation of our request.

We asked Leeh the same question.

She replied.

I shall always remember that moment. Leeh, a clear resonant speaker, gave us an unrivaled oral exhibition of clarity and eloquence. The slight tilt of her head, the proud flash of her eyes had the dignity and hauteur of Grace Kelly. Leeh showed us a dramatic curl of the lips, a meaning flutter of her hands. The sheer superlative brilliance of her demeanour left us spellbound. And, as I said, solemn of tone, through arched lips, with her beautiful and cultured American accent, she gave us her sensitive reply:-

"NO."

We consoled ourselves, however. There was still Larry.

I was quite flattered that he chose me as his partner. I liked the way he stripped down to his red corduroy jerkin. He picked up a bat ... flexed it, gave it a half-hearted flick, turned, and gazed nostalgically into Leeh's big eyes for a few tense seconds, then, grim of visage, strode forward to meet us, like Gary Cooper in the climax of High Noon.

Larry, whilst watching us, had realised the horrible implications of the game, but more, had worked it all out. For a beginner such as himself, he obviously thought, it would be impossible to reach our standard of play in the time available. More important, however, was the fact that the entire prestige of American fandom rested on his shoulders. If he played poorly or made an insipid exhibition of himself, it would take years for American fen to even consider themselves on the same fannish plane as we on this side of the Atlantic.

Breathe freely again, folks.

LARRY DID NOT LET YOU DOWN.

He evolved an idea completely new in the realm of active ghoddminton... an idea so compelling that I myself am storing up hormone tablets and hope to try it out fairly soon. It consists of turning one's self into a sort of human dynamo, and whipping round one's own side of the court keeping the bat moving at many hundreds of revolutions per minute, making it, indeed, a blur of whirling cardboard. The immediate effect is to create a local area of great pressure which needs extra brute force for the opponent to force the shuttlecock through it. Also, referring to the Law of Averages, the shuttle is bound to hit the cardboard sometime, as Larry proved.

Walt and James were our opponents, and I must place on record that after a particularly gruelling game, Larry and I lost the game, the final score being 21-19, a very good score considering an absolute novice was playing.

This boy acquitted himself extremely well, and I told him as much as I helped James carry him back to Leeh.

.....  
.....The bought Courtney's sword?.....

After a rest, Leeh and Larry went out of the room, and returned a few moments afterwards armed to the teeth with an array of historic weapons. The most lethal instrument was a razor sharp curved sword, which Leeh proudly slashed through the air, whilst Larry flaunted a wicked-looking handmade dagger dating from the late 14th century. For one horrible moment I thought they were going to challenge us to another game of ghoddminton on their own terms, but Madeleine, who had also suddenly turned white, suggested a cup of tea, and we trooped downstairs.

Conversation, as usual, was brilliant, the visitors making their fair share of witticisms.

Leeh described a visit to an antique dealer in Belfast, where she and Larry had purchased the weapons:-

"...and on the floor were dozens of swords, and shields, and all sorts of funny things. One specimen in particular was a horrible looking thing with teeth...."

"The proprietor, I presume," leered Willis. He was probably quite correct. He had been there with them both.



We concluded the cup of tea, and retired to the Drawing Room. George Charters sat happily sucking the clay pipe presented to him by Leeh. Peggy White was warming up for one of her brainwashing sessions (it requires extreme mental effort to keep up with the diverse facets of her conversational dexterity) and I think Walt noticed this, and saved the situation by announcing that he had obtained a new tape recorder, and was going to play over a tape he had just received from Dean Grennell.

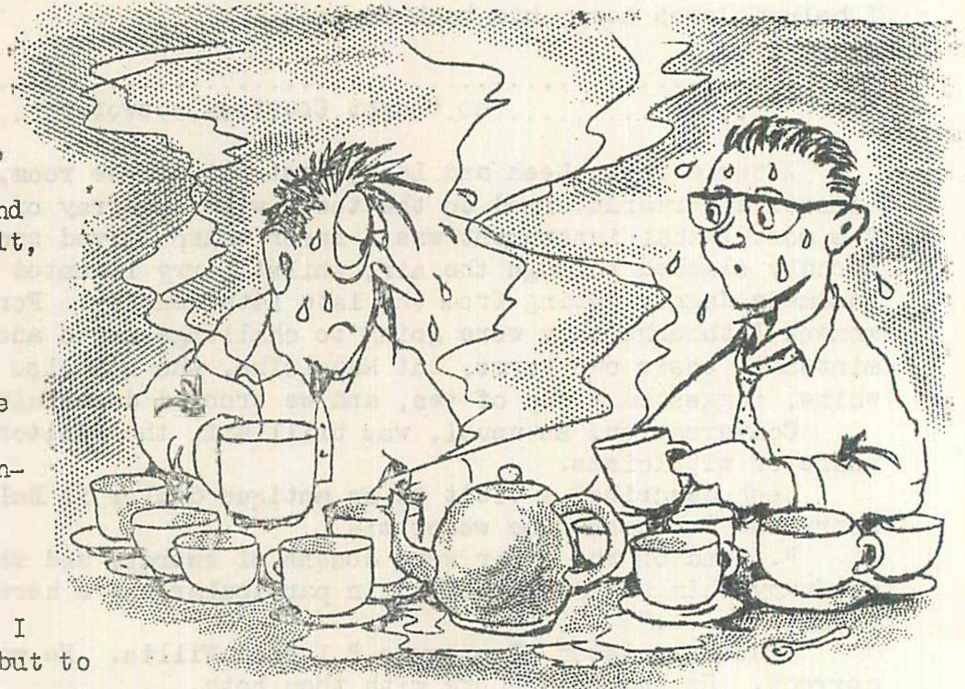
For the record, it was nice to hear the voice of such a Good Man, and we laughed heartily as Dean persuaded Bob Bloch to recount his experiences at the Cleveland Con. This seemed to bring back happy memories to Leeh and Larry, after all, they met at Cleveland....

Time passed quickly, and all was ready for the evening meal, and I think all past visitors to Oblique House will agree that when Walt and Madeleine (in this case assisted by James and Peggy) prepare a meal, no expense is spared to provide the guests with the choicest delectables obtainable. The repast on this occasion was no exception, in fact, I would say they excelled their previous best. It was obvious that Walt wanted the meal to be well remembered, and considered it so important that he had refrained from including one of his own home-baked ginger cakes.

The Shaws (Leeh and Larry) were seated opposite me, and as we progressed through all the dishes, I happened to modestly mention that I held the esteemed honour of being Champeen Tea-drinker in excelsis of Irish Fandom. Larry politely inquired what my score was, and I told him it was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  cups, my having beaten Bob Shaw by half a cup. Larry squared his shoulders, shuddered, and challenged me to a tea-drinking duel. It was a gesture that we much appreciated, because Larry in effect was trying to prove he was a better tea-drinker than Bob Shaw. (I should add that Bob had already drunk nine cups before our challenge match commenced during December 55, which explains his surprising low score.)

Madeleine and Peggy produced the special  $4\frac{1}{2}$  gallon Irish Fandom Teapot, brought in an extra quart of milk, a bag of sugar, two pieces of string, and at a signal from Walt, we began.

I immediately sank four cups in about one minute, aiming to discourage Larry, and at the same time gain a winning lead. Larry, in rather a more genteel manner than myself, swallowed four cups also, and I had no alternative but to gulp down three more cups in thirty seconds.





Before continuing any further with this factual narrative, I want to include here a special notice for the attention of the U.S. Defense Dept: "Take a note of this name...LARRY SHAW...I would respectfully recommend that immediately upon the commencement of hostilities with a foreign power, Mr. Shaw should be made a four star general and put in charge of the Department of Propaganda."

Thank you.

Never in all my extensive tea-drinking career (competitive tea-drinking, of course) have I witnessed such a superb display of bluff and intrigue by a losing opponent.

Whilst I was sitting back in great discomfort after my ninth cup, attempting to focus my eyes on my opponent, I saw Larry rapidly passing cups to Madeleine for refuelling. I knew of course that the cups belonged to Leeh, Peggy, Walt, etc., but a percentage belonged to Larry...but I didn't know how many were his. This left me no alternative but to keep passing my cup too. Another magnificent ploy, which I really admired, was his vigorous sugar stirring. What superb spoon control that boy displayed. The effect was twofold. First of all, the rapid spooning created friction, thus converting at least 20% of his tea to steam, which evaporated round him like a cloud. Secondly, the whirlpool of tea slopped over the rim of his cup into his saucer, thus decreasing his liquid consumption per cup...a great advantage, you'll agree.

By continually passing other people's cups, as I have explained, Larry caused the Willis supply of milk to dry up, and after my eleventh cup, and Larry's eighth, the contest was declared finished, because of lack of fuel. I like to think I won, but of course the contest was inconclusive. Larry seemed quite composed, and seemed to be in a position to continue indefinitely, whereas I was rapidly losing my last vestige of self-control.

However, later that evening, Larry and I had occasion to pass each other on the stairs quite a considerable number of times, and we promised to have a return contest at some future date.

.....

Monday 9<sup>th</sup> April 56.

During the day, Walt had driven Leeh and Larry round some interesting parts of County Down. Also, Leeh told me, he took them to a farm where he had arranged to obtain the services of a horse, and so Leeh was able to gallop round the countryside at leisure, which she seemed to appreciate. Besides having an interest in antique weapons, and rusty armour, the visitors professed a desire to examine historic buildings. I returned to Oblique House that evening, and met Leeh and Larry returning from the trip with their arms full of jagged lumps of rock from the turrets of various castles they had visited during the day on the Willis organised sight-seeing tour.

After tea, Leeh confessed that they had again scoured Belfast junk shops for swords and things, and after a little prompting, produced their captures. The collection now included a Persian helmet, with bits of metal hanging down the back like a Venetian blind, two highly decorative shin-guards from India, and a horrible looking thing of unusual shape which Leeh flourished about with reckless abandon.

Walt tried to organise ghoominton, but Larry said he was tired after his excavations during the afternoon, and Leeh murmured something about saddle-soreness.

I cannot understand why people seem so reluctant to play our National Sport.

.....

Tuesday 10th April 56.

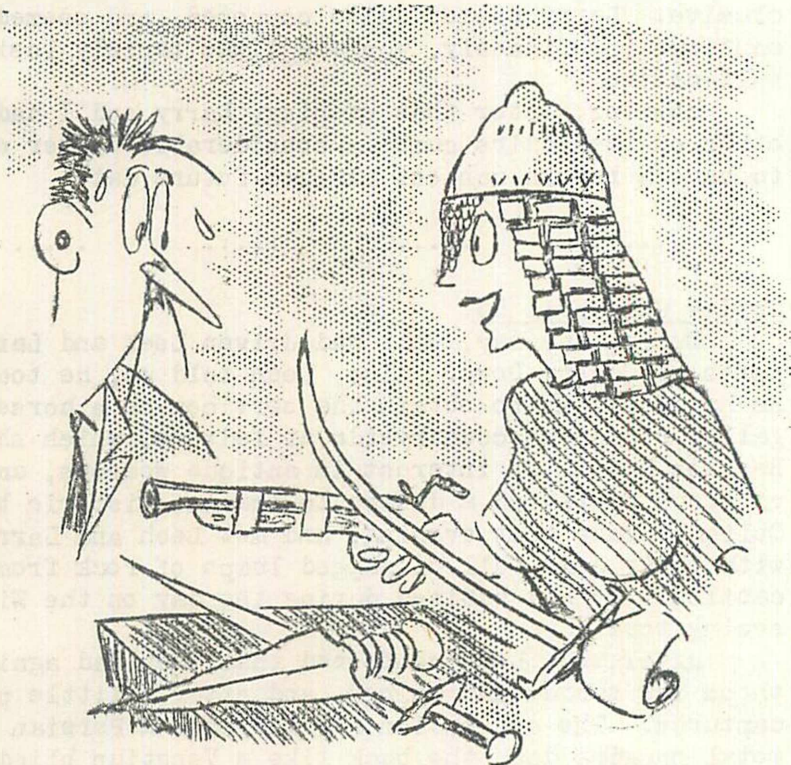
Walt had again arranged a tour in his car, this time a drive through lovely County Antrim, where castles abound. I was invited to go along with them, but in my mundane occupation as a humble member of the constabulary, I was detailed for extra duty in Belfast during the day, on the lookout for two strangely dressed characters reported as having acted suspiciously in the vicinity of antique shops and junk stores, in the city centre.

Notwithstanding, I made my way as quickly as possible to Oblique House. Tuesday is our meeting night, and everyone was present...George Charters, James and Peggy White, the Shaws, Walt, Madeleine and myself.

Once again Leeh and Larry produced numerous barbaric weapons they had purchased that day, including a curved sword complete with a beautifully decorated scabbard, which I admired very much, and decided was the best item in the growing collection. After examining this and other fine things we witnessed the novel sight of Leeh parading round the room attired in jumper, slacks and Persian helmet. I suggested ghoominton.

At this juncture, Larry whipped out of his waistband an ancient muzzle loading flintlock, and intimated, with a certain amount of oozing menace, that it still worked. I didn't doubt it for a moment, and picked up an engraved chunk of Turkish armour, just in case.

I may have written too much about ghoominton. We at 170 play it so much that to even refrain from mentioning it on one page is not portraying a true picture of the sequence of events. Let me say that on this Tuesday night, Larry once again played, giving his all, despite protests from Leeh as he gradually sank lower and lower to the splintered floorboards. As I said





before, this boy was game, and a few stray red corpuscles dripping here and there did nothing to dampen his efforts to show us a few brilliant if unorthodox strokes. We asked him if he would return to America as a fully qualified ghoddminton instructor, and spread the gospel throughout the States, but he slumped onto Leeh's lap, and said the game wouldn't be the same if played elsewhere.

He may have a point.

.....

Wednesday 11th April 56.

I carefully drew the curtain at the rear of my living room, completely shutting out the sordid panorama of my uncultivated back garden, which I felt might tend to give the visitors a bad impression of my capabilities. For they had agreed to visit my house. I had hoped that my budgerigar would give a recitation, but he complained of a sore throat, although he promised to say Marilyn Monroe if Larry asked him nicely.

With a tortured groan from the gear box, the Willis car drew up outside my house, and 'MON DEBRIS', as Chuck Harris had named it, was open to the good ol' U.S.A.

After preliminary introduction to my wife Diane, and my little two year old daughter, Leeh expressed a desire to see my .45 Webley revolver. I was pleased to oblige, but had reckoned without James White. James, falsely labelled as a sex-fiend, is one of the nicest chaps I know. His one eccentricity, if I may call it that, is a desire to emulate the American-type gangsters seen on his cinema trips. Without an apology, James grabbed the .45 from Leeh's experienced grasp, and was completely transformed. The innocent look in his eyes was replaced by a gleam of fanatical sadism, and he leered aggressively at us in turn. I thought it best to humour James and let him play with the .45 for some hours, and never have I seen him so gloriously happy. He swaggered repeatedly round the room like a poor man's Dillinger, and occasionally spat out of the corner of his mouth. James was currently working hard on chapter 17 of his novel, and I fear, as Larry confided to me, that James was concentrating just a little too much. James said that a man in his story had a .45, and he, James, wanted to be able to portray the correct feeling of security and superiority that the revolver gave. This seemed to satisfy everyone. Me, I want to read the story first.

Before they had a chance to test my budgerigar, I asked the guests if they would like to assist me to assemble the second issue of my fanzine RETRIBUTION. ((This is not a plug.)) I was somewhat disappointed with Larry's enthusiastic reply, which tended to prove he had never heard of RETRIBUTION, but I produced the 44 pages, and asked Walt to take charge.

Walt was suffering from pre-HYPHEN gafia, and snapped into concerted action. He placed the pile of pages in their correct order in a semi-circle round the room...on tables, arm chairs, budgerigar cages, anything that happened to be in the way. He organised a single file of fen, and when satisfied that all was ready, gave the order to trudge forward. You suckers who possess a copy of RETRIBUTION, and haven't already thrown it away, please treat it carefully. No other fanzine has ever been assembled by such a bevy of BNF's. I took particular pride in watching Larry stacking the copies neatly into place. It is not often a big-name editor ((INFINITY - This is a plug)) assembles a fanzine...especially RETRIBUTION. I hope his reputation will not suffer if his business associates get to hear of it.

After supper, when the hour approached for our visitors to leave, Leeh announced a desire to see for herself the dreaded Shaw-Berry typer, complete



with the original Berry Patent power unit. I found a couple of tins of baked beans in the kitchen (the original tin of peaches having been eaten at Christmas) and dragged the machine downstairs. Although professing admiration for my engineering skill in using the beans (attached to the roller with wire) to make the machine function, Leeh said, after some moments meditation, that she would make the machine work by itself.

This interested me, for besides making sure that my family would eat the next day, it also meant that my work would be made much easier. Leeh, ignoring the rust and dirty oil that clogged the mysterious innards of the wreck, proceeded to make many mechanical alterations and structural adjustments. The roller moved freely without the beans, the paper feed left the paper in virgin condition, instead of screwing it up in a ragged ball, the --- oh, much more. The only thing that baffled Leeh was trying to make the bell work (she had just uncovered it for the first time) when the end of the line had been reached.

Leeh, Larry and Walt (James had gone home because I took the .45 from him) had a conference about the non-ringing bell. They looked rather grim, and after a whispered conversation, Walt announced that he was going to operate. He wrapped a handkerchief over his nostrils, adjusted my wife's rubber gloves, turned the machine upside down, peered inside, and waved an impatient finger.

"Screw driver," he mouthed.

"Screw driver," I repeated, handing it to him.

"Piece of twisted wire," he said, rather louder.

"Piece of twisted wire," I panted, giving him one of my wife's hair grips that I bent a few times.

"Paper clip," he shouted, rather nastily.

"Paper clip," I gasped. Silence.

I could almost smell the anaesthetic.

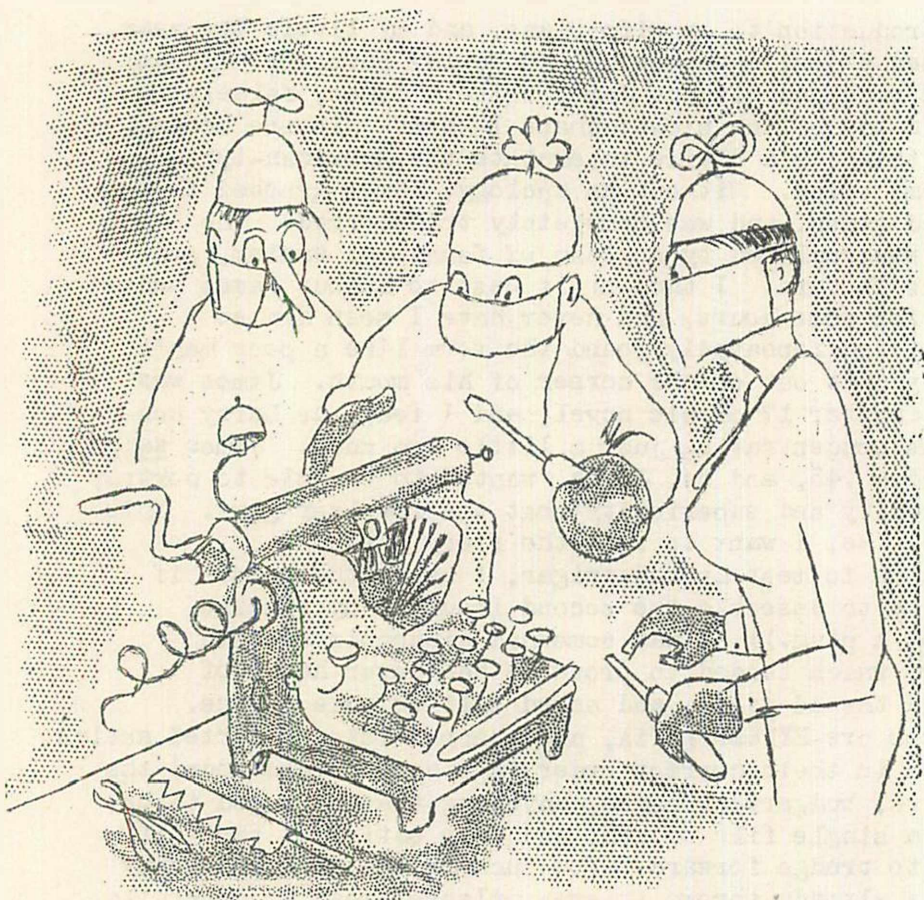
"Knitting needle," he sobbed.

"Knitting needle," I whimpered. Silence.

"Hammer," he screamed.

I decided Walt was getting too technical, and led him away to a glass of water.

It was long after midnight when they left. I was sorry to see them go. I wish they could have stayed longer - much longer. I have seldom met such nice folks as Leeh and Larry - two American fen whom we shall long remember over here for their charm, their interest in all things fannish (not forgetting antiques and castles) and the way they impressed us all with their sincerity and enthusiasm.....and the undoubted affection they obviously hold for each other.





# GOD AND THE FCC

## BY

### A ELSO M. GRIGGS

Some time ago it was my duty to cover, as a representative of the press and radio, a congressional hearing. McCarthy had not yet thrust himself upon the public consciousness, and sessions of this nature were usually pretty lacking in public appeal. But this particular go-around held peculiar fascination for me, as it affected my medium, radio, and thus, indirectly, my livelihood. The committee had a specific task, by direction of Congress, and was formally titled: "Select Committee to Investigate the Federal Communications Commission."

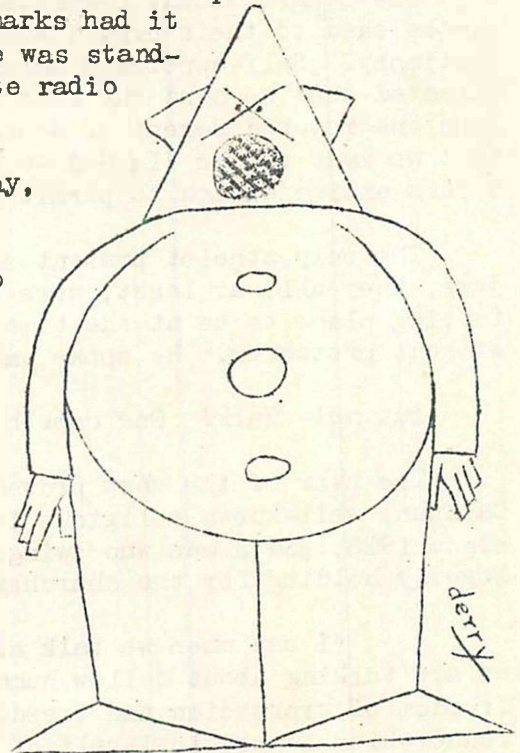
What had happened was this: an over-zealous priest, deviating from the canon and overcome by the passion of his pulpit, had made some uncomplimentary remarks about atheists, atheism, and its allegedly deleterious effects upon the human soul. No notice would have been taken of these remarks had it not been for the coincidental fact that the acolyte was standing before the microphone of an upper New York State radio station at the time.

Sifting his sallies, the listener heard him say, quote:

"If the godlessness, the irreligion of so many dozens of millions of our people (sic) continues to grow, our greatness is doomed and our future is damned. We cannot separate God from government or godliness from national life and expect to survive, to say nothing of to preserve our greatness....We are battling against... atheism."

Again I say, no more than the usual tiredness would have attended his tirade had not he numbered among his listeners an avowed and orthodox Atheist. This man, a firm believer in the truth, felt that he must rise up. The usual boundaries of good taste had been overstepped, he felt, and the tacit agreement amongst men of the cloth in regard to attacking one another's business had been violated. An examination of the padre's text will show a credo discredited, and the right of the believer to disbelieve questioned.

Believing that atheism is a legitimate tenet to be firmly held by him who so chooses, the listener sprang into action. Holding his personal philosophy to be his "God"-given right, he felt a "God"-directed duty to resist actively this attack thereupon. Atheism had been spelt with a small a in the priestly script; capitalization seemed to be in order.





Accordingly, he made a formal demand upon the management of the radio station for equal free time to answer in kind the assault of the church upon his intellectual privacy. The broadcaster, like most of his kind, was of a suspicious nature, and the slave of his sponsors. Acting in the true conservative spirit, he had no choice but to reject this weirdy's demand as "not being in the public interest," and hope the whole thing would blow over.

It didn't. The listener, knowing his rights, complained to the FCC that religious prejudice was in progress on the air, and that unfair practices were taking place in the preaching trade.

The FCC, caught in the middle, didn't quite know what to do, but the little it did do seemed to be an error in the right direction. It questioned the right of the broadcaster to a renewal of his license should he actively prevent both sides of a "controversial" question to be aired.

Response was immediate. Zealots called by the fistful; God-reps rebelled, and the stink was heard as far as the Mormon Temple.

A Congressional Committee was called to investigate the audacity of a government agency in holding that a non-believer had any rights at all.

The Congressional Committee was composed largely of Southern Baptists, and it can be said to their credit that they listened politely to a lot of fervid Roman testimony. Self-appointed ambassadors of Heaven proclaimed long and loudly, and directed that no hand but that of God must be at the helm of the Ship of State. Even the revered Regent of Georgetown University (God rest his soul!) declaimed that we must remove "In God We Trust" from the coin of the realm should we ever become unwise enough to permit infidels the public ear.

The only atheist present seemed to be alone. The romans, the baptists, the jews, they all, at least, were lined up on the side of the Almighty, a most comforting place to be at the time. The poor defenseless atheist was without champion, without protector. He spoke valiantly, but in vain.

But no! Hark! One cometh forth to speak for the underdog!

The star of the show proved to be a Congregationalist, Dr. Robert Lowry Calhoun, well-known religious leader, professor of historical theology at Yale since 1923, and a man who swings considerable weight in religious circles. Allegedly holding for the churchly, his remarks include the following:

"I say when we talk about religious folk and when we talk about atheists we are talking about fellow human beings, and it appears to me desirable that freedom of expression and freedom of discussion shall somehow be assured. An issue which is not in itself of the sort which would commonly be spoken of as a controversial public issue may become so on the occasion of a public attack upon one or a group which holds one or other of the views concerned. I tend to be a little more generous toward the folk whom I should regard as holding the "wrong side" of the debatable question concerning the reality of God and the importance of belief in God for the well-being of a nation like our own.

"There are atheist, I say, who are committed as fully as Christians---ordinarily are committed---to the inescapability of moral order, and yet those folk believe that moral order can be affirmed in these terms without reference to the

overarching presence of God. I believe they are wrong, but, at all events, I find that as regards their conception of human responsibility and human right and human value, they are folk who must be admired; they are folk who must be regarded as desirable neighbors. And I find myself unable to say they should be denied the chance to express freely their view with respect to the nature and destiny of man and their right, if they can, to persuade others to believe that their view is a more adequate basis for human progress than that which they oppose."

The reverend doctor split the meeting wide open. Further witnesses were heard, but not very attentively, and the hearing rapidly deteriorated into confusion. Finally, the committee members were dismissed and never again called into session.

Some months later the committee issued a brief report, stating merely that the question was declared to be not controversial, and therefore worthy of no further consideration.

But on that day and date, at least, August 31, 1948, God was truly on the side of the atheists.

---

#### Kick that Bloch

---

Recently, in comment on Ragatzy in ALPHA, and in comment on authors in general on radio, I've heard the opinion expressed that it isn't the man that counts, but what the man has to say. I agree that the latter is the most important point. But fandom is not a thing, it's the people in it. Personally, I like to know what these fans whose work I enjoy look like, what they do, where their interests lie, whether they are married or single, how they came to be fans and how long they have been fans, and a million and one other things. For that reason, I want to devote just a few lines to Nelson Griggs.

Nelson is one of my favorite people. I would really like, some day, to plumb the depths of his interests. At his home, I have seen the press he built and used in connection with his project to rebind some books he owned which were burned in a fire. I've glanced through a portion of his library, and noted the titles on many of the books he owns, a fair percentage of which are nineteenth century astronomy texts. I have observed in his yard the empty oil drums which he is having welded into a telescope tube that he and other people are donating (along with the mounting plate and other necessary items) to some group that wants a telescope. Nelson has come to meetings of the Washington SF Association dressed in the outfit he wears in connection with his Civil Air Patrol (I think) extra-hours work. I have listened to a few of his radio broadcasts, and expect shortly to get a look at his amateur radio equipment.

When I asked Nelson for a short article for this issue, and assured him that he could write on any subject whatsoever, I knew that I would get something well worth printing, which I did. I hope and expect to obtain more. Attempting to interest Nelson in fanzines, and specifically in FAPA and OMPA, has been a labor of love; the extent to which I have succeeded can be measured by the presence or absence of his name from future issues.

For the sake of absolute truth, Contour is not the first fanzine to feature Nelson Griggs. OMPA members will note that I mention the Washington one-shot BILGEWARP in Derry's GALLERY. Nelson contributed not less than a dozen interlineations to BILGEWARP. He's been Gafia ever since. He's really a trufan at heart, if only he can be convinced of this!



# PLINTH LE COX INSTALLMENT

I'll warn you right now. After you've been reading this awhile, it'll seem that you're reading ESDACYOS except that you are really reading CONTOUR. Well, yes. Bob Pavlat has generously ((hah!)) opened the pages of his magazine to my effusive meanderings. Don't just thank Bob. Send him money! ((On the contrary, thank Ed Cox or send him money!))

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

Usually, right over there at the left, I'd put one of those little something-or-other DEPT: things. But this next topic, being titled DEPT. OF RELIGIOUS MANIFESTATION would be sort of cumbersome so I won't do it. But religion has been hitting me square on the eye-ball quite a bit lately.

One morning, a month or so back, I walked briskly (well, that's a lie considering the hour...) out the front door on my way to work. First thing I saw as I looked ahead was "AT THE END OF THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE LIES GOD" or something similar to that. Then I perceived that it was a sign in the side window of a 1950 Ford parked in front of the house. Wondering whether this meant I should drive carefully or not, I got into my car and pulled out into the street. This gave a view of the Ford's rear-window which had another sign which was very familiar. "JESUS SAVES."

I'd seen this on flourescent banners on car bumpers, on signs by the road, in newspapers and, most strikingly, on the top of one of the larger buildings in downtown LA. Right next to the Sunkist sign, on this side of the Richfield Tower, blazes JESUS SAVES in the night sky. Maybe I read it in a FAPazine somewhere or mentioned it to somebody myself, but I often am tempted to ask: "WHAT? Dammit!"

I'm going to ask Howard Miller, or some graphic arts student at the college, to draw me up a big sign to put in my car window. I wonder what the guy will think when he comes out some morning and sees my car sporting a big sign saying, "YUGGOTH SAVES! MORE!!".

THOT FOR THE  
WEEK DEPT:

How drunk do skunks get?

A while back, during noon break at work, a bunch of the guys were gathered round in the usual yak session. The usual bantering and such was being carried on. One guy grabbed up an odd shaped valve-switch and holding it gun-wise, gestured at his friend and said, "Pow!" A different guy who'd been sitting quietly, not saying much, suddenly says, "ZAP!"

I quietly left.

Lyons' IBIDEM: First silk screen cover I've seen in a looong time. And the cleanness of reproduction sends me. " Almost all auto carriers I've ever seen carry the cars facing forward, i.e., they drive on and back off. Once or twice I have seen light trucks and station wagons tail end first. Now, why did Pat want to know? " I have previously considered the fact that if everyone in the U.S. sent one person one cent, that person would be a millionaire (before taxes, of course.) It makes you stop and think--if that happened daily, we'd have 365 new millionaires yearly. Statistically, my turn should come about--hm, that is a long wait, isn't it!

Lyons' PETITION: Are your thirteen names the creme de la creme? I thought Rotsler had that market all sewn up.

Raeburn's LE MOINDRE: Recently I read an article, possibly in Escapade, which was speaking of jazz on the west coast circa 1940. It said: "And then, there was Boyd Raeburn." Was you dere, Chollie? " I agree heartily with your comment on Detroit bustlemobiles where you say "The pity of it all is, they could be so much better, and still retain the certain advantages they have for certain purposes." " Your comment on TYKE makes me pause and reflect. Harness is a personable enough chap, and I've generally found his material amusing and informative. At times, both in reading and in talking with him, I suddenly find myself miles from shore, with no boat under me. I wonder who's at fault here, me for not shifting my mental gears rapidly, or Harness for not pushing in the clutch. " Your mailing comments are among the best in FAPA.

Carr's DIASPAR: "The worst of Wetzell? Well, one would certainly have a plentitude of material to select from.

Ellik's A NOTE FROM ELLIK: Yep.

Ellik's FAFHRD: I did not expect to see this. " Miller still does the best headings in FAPA. Helander was interesting; it's peculiar how fandom will suddenly catch on in a country, as it is doing in the northern countries right now.

Andy Young's PCO. At times, I wish I'd been alive during Seventh Fandom. At other times, I'm glad I wasn't--the whole thing sounds too much like the more recently seen half-assedness of Texas Fandom. " Your statement that it's improper to ask a scientist "Why can't a spaceship go faster than the speed of light?" (underscoring mine) irritates me. Questions are sensible, or good, or stupid, or uninformed, or fuggheaded, but the ONLY improper ones I know of are those a man sometimes asks a woman. " You do a lucid, if unintentional job of pointing out that a theory is only a theory. " I'll not repeat the questions I raised in my letter, since I hope to make this the last page of mailing comments. However, I hope you will clear up those questions I raised regarding your figures on page 7.

Jean Young's SUNDANCE: You get a maximum of 10 lines of comment Jean. " I probably wouldn't credit this to Andy were I Sec-Treas, since dual memberships and transference of credit aren't allowed for in the constitution. Unless Andy needed the credit. You see, I think Andy is a good FAPA member. It's a point, though,-- should FAPA allow registration of a husband and wife team as one member, as the Shaws? I think it's preferable to OMPA's system, where two husband and wife teams have four memberships. As Jean says, what would she and Andy do with another mailing? " It looks like you'll have to settle for nine lines of comment. " Jean, I like your fanzines.



Cox's ESDACYOS: Fans other than EdCo can see that I like his material from the amount published in Comy. Ed already knows I like it.

Chappell's NITE CRY: More fannish lore for my files.

FAPA's THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Ed Cox points out some very good reasons to vote against the requirement that 78 copies be submitted to the OE--too much extra word with no gain to FAPA. As to the amendment which would require that no page credit be given to postmailings after a member's fourth mailing, I'm agin it. First of all, I'm basically in favor of postmailings. Some of the best fanzines I've received have been postmailed, and some of these have saved a membership. Also, situations can happen which make a postmailing the only way available (short of the petition) to save a membership. I would be in favor of an amendment which would require people like Perdue, who save their membership with a postmailed magazine after their fourth mailing, to submit eight pages by the second mailing of their new term, and a total of 16 pages for the year. Someone else can propose this if they want, I tried it once before and apparently my wording was fuzzy, since it came out from the constitutional revision committee in garbled form. The amendment which requires that all members be notified of election results is essential, since tellers have not followed the policy of doing this on a common sense approach. As to the dues increase, I guess it's necessary. 'Nuff said. " I regret the decision that damon knight cannot take over Larry Shaw's place on the waiting list. I'm also heartily in favor of it. You officials can do no wrong. " As stated elsewhere, I'm also in favor of Don's requirement that waiting-listers be required to "renew" their status as waiting listers after every mailing by dropping the Sec-Treas a note of some sort.

There were a number of postmailings. It seems to me that both FANJAN and THIS GOON FOR HIRE should be considered part of this, the 75th mailing. Both were received here after receipt of the 75th mailing, THIS GOON quite a bit later. However, if they are part of the 74th mailing, I'll merely say that I enjoyed them and go on to the rest of the postmailings.

Danner's STEFANTASY: This I received before the 75th mailing, but only by a day or two. " I hate magazines which are extremely good and yet do not move me to comment.

Wells's FIENDETTA: It is evident that you did not get to attend language school. I hope, at least, that you have better luck with your convention attendance plans. " Your article on Unitarianism was well done. Sounds like it (the religion, not the article) is possibly an extension of the Quaker faith--hm, I note you mention the similarity in informality of meetings. " In your cryptograms, I wish you'd double space between lines to save me from some copy work. Your cryptogram in the previous issue was much too simple, this one stumped me for the two hours I was willing to spend on it. It appears that all vowels have their own values, and that possibly only every other letter is significant. Maybe, later, I'll try again on this. Keep them coming. " Your eye troubles in the Air Farce (in re your TARGET: FAPA comment) bring my own Army troubles to mind. In 1944, when the bazooka was still quite new, you had to wear a gas mask on the range when firing it, to protect the face in case of flare-back after the rocket left the tube. I got out there in my gas mask, which had not been fitted with corrective lenses, and was told to "Shoot at that tank over there." I looked, and sure enough, there was a brownish blur off in that direction. I pointed the bazooka vaguely in that direction, and then the lieutenant caught onto the fact that I could hardly see. "Raise it" he said, "a little more, now left a little, fire." Hit the tank with the cleanest hit of the day--but only the lieutenant and I knew who had done the shooting.

have had a field day with George! " I must be getting old. I used to be annoyed by reviews of one apa in another, but such goings on no longer bother me in the slightest. However, you could save postage if you wanted to by publishing separate FAPA and OMPA editions, as I'm doing, keeping the copies identical except for necessary identifying information and mailing reviews. " The best was to clean any mimeograph drum, I've heard, is by boiling it out. Many solvents don't work well, or at all, on dried mimeograph ink. Maybe one could take the drum to an auto repair shop and get it steam cleaned.

McCain's BIRDSMITH: In your FANHISTORY review you state that you don't read the local paper, reading instead the Seattle Times, chiefly because your favorite newspaper, the Portland Oregonian, is not locally available. I call this a fine reason for reading the Seattle Times, but I'm darned if I can see what it has to do with not reading the Wenatchee Gazette or whatever the local paper is called. " The "franking" system seems to be something that should be left to each individual OE and/or Sec-Treas. Let's not be hasty in assuming that we'll always have a waiting list of considerable size. During dull seasons in FAPA, "franked" fanzines have added sparkle to otherwise listless mailings. During the present heyday, the officers might well consider not permitting "franked" fanzines to be mailed with the bundle, or might intimate that a contribution to the FAPA treasury might be in order so that FAPA's treasury would not suffer. " Enjoyed your comments on record collecting fandom. I wouldn't be surprised if stamp collecting fandom, which can hardly be called a fandom any more, didn't start in the same fashion.

White's DOUBLE-WHAMMY: I omit Magnus from the credit line since I assume he failed to pay his FAPA dues. " The three-story-on-one-theme idea was a complete flop.

Speer's DY AUS: This really brings back memories of SusPro, and is the most Speer-like item I've seen since Evans lent me his file of SusPro, Mopsy, FLA's, and your other items back in 1950. " If fans feel that there is little left to discover in the area of astronomy, they simply are not aware of new developments. It is possible that the current apparent disinterest stems from the current complexity of the subject, and the fact that it cuts across the several fields of physics, chemistry, mathematics and electronics. I also think the now accepted idea of the limiting velocity of light has done much to discourage fannish interest in the subject--"Why worry about Sirius's dwarf companion if you can't ever go there?" " I'm trying to finish up these mailing reviews Jack, and will try to carry on the "money" question via letter, rather than by comment here.

White's GO D.C. After all, Ted, you did do all the work on it. " But none of us live in the District of Columbia. However, I concur in the slate of candidates.

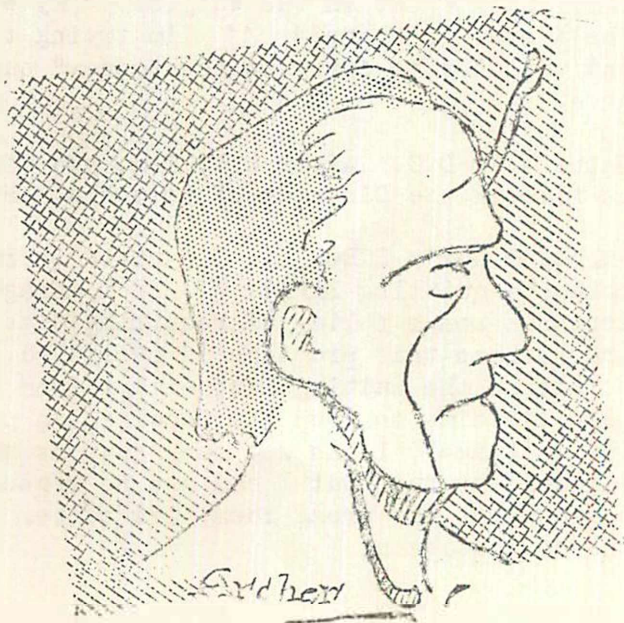
Wilson & Cox's SCROOGE: The title is familiar Don--didn't you publish #1 just prior to quitting FAPA? " If I manage to get the Sec-Treas post, I intend to continue Don's policy of requiring that waiting-listers write in after every mailing, unless this practice is overruled. I'll not accept requests that a person be put on the waiting list except from the person concerned. If he can't even take the time to drop the Sec-Treas a postcard, how can he possibly contribute to the mailings? I can see many reasons to stretch a point or two to retain a valuable member, but I can see no reason to bottle-feed a waiting lister. Lest someone get the wrong idea, I'd better add that I will act in accordance with the constitution.



with God in a person's behalf, which implies that God is not directly available to the supplicant, or that he finds himself too busy to bother with minor details of an individual person; insipid cloying prayers ("O loving, O clement, O sweet Virgin Mary"); use of physical devices (the hypnotist's spinning disc?) as devotional (mental) props; formalized and therefore largely automatic and unthinking prayers; and others. I have a personal concept of God which is in agreement with the basic teachings of most churches, although perhaps Christian Science (no relation to Christian Science Fiction) comes nearest to defining it succinctly: God is Love. He is personally concerned with every living thing, and the non-living as well. Man can make himself more aware of God, he cannot make God more aware of him. " I must admit that I enjoy the day-to-day company of Roman Catholics more than that of the majority of protestants, so long as they aren't the deeply religious ones. This specifically includes women which surprisingly leads to another reason I dislike Roman Catholicism--the morals of the church are so emphatically not the morals of the church members. I'm glad this is so, but it says nothing good for the people who so hypocritically preach what they won't practice. " I'm glad Mr. Carr is appearing in GEMZINE. I find that I enjoy reading him, and certainly hope he will continue to appear regularly. " Your comment on LIGHT makes me think you missed Les's obvious point: the church in the woods (or the individual chapel) is not needed. You wish to have organized religion for the masses. I say religion is as personal as I am, and my way is the right way for me. You and all the other yous in the world will have to work out your own right way. I wish you wouldn't assume that because you find a mental bottle (your rosary and your church building) necessary, that others need the same sort of stimulus. " Derry an oversea ENF indeed! Eased into FAPA indeed! However, I've noticed myself that I may see a fan's name for one or two years before I wake up to the realization that here, indeed, is a real live fan, and frantically scratch my memory only to find that the name is familiar, but there is no face. I was this way about Charles Wells for almost five years; finally he's a person to me. Currently some English fans are giving me fits trying to tie their names down to the person behind the name. One of the best things about conventions is that they make me more aware of who's who, not in the concept of who's important, but by enabling me to remember Grant as the man with the movie camera, Ellington as a Jack Daniel drinker, and that the most probable place to find Tucker is under a table. " I regret that there is still some bitterness about TAFF. Maybe fandom didn't benefit from TAFF, but some individual fans (obviously Ken Bulmer, more indirectly Pamela Bulmer, and only coincidentally the persons they met) had a remarkably fine return for the mere money invested. I can only hope that all TAFF selections are as fine as Ken.

McPhail's PHANTASY PRESS: I'm pleased to have both Archer and ATOM present in this issue of Conny. " I like your harking back to the old days, with reprints, reproductions, and passing comment.

White's NOLL T. Well, Ted, wonder if I can finally give one of your fanzines a fitting review; as you know, I never have before. " Your cover, as you know, is not up to your usual standards. " Too bad nice people like Larry Stark get enmeshed in mad rantings like Wetzels--incidentally, the second draft of your article was a decided improvement over the first. My, though, wouldn't Laney



a close look at it. I believe that either 6 or eight were actually built and sold, but I don't believe any had Tucker's "pancake" motor.

Wesson's GINZA GAZETTE: Aha, going esoteric on us: TWAPC, SCW, ROWENA. I guess SCW would be Sheldon, and Rowena must be VAM's wife, but who is Pam? Nice pics. You're a lovely girl Helen.

Ellik's MALIGNANT: Thanks for the Wollheim reprint.

Pavlat's BOBOLINGS and THE PERDUE BY-LAW: I did it and I'm glad.

Bradley's DAY STAR: The situation described in "The Fantasy Blues" could happen. It could happen practically anywhere, with any group of young people. And the people would mostly react stupidly. Fans are like people, in that respect.

Ellis's MOONCALF: I probably should have something to say. It's obvious that I don't.

Boggs's QABAL: Eney and Janke looked familiar, I remember Boggs somewhat differently. "Perhaps Eney told you that you omitted the bitters from the fizzes, possibly accounting for the feeling expressed by Eney that they were missing something. I wonder if this doesn't also apply to the fizzes mixed by Lyons and company. (And yes, you can use vodka in place of gin.) " One shots are one shots unless Grennell or Burbee or their respective crews participate. Then they're readable and mayhap even enjoyable. I chuckled somewhat." I challenge the ability of anyone to type accurately under the influence of five fizzes, with or without bitters. Boggs perhaps could, but he's the only living man who ever described the fizz as a pick-me-up. As far as I'm concerned, the pick-me-up action of the fizz is somewhat different, meaning that I need a helping hand after having sampled too many.

Anderson's HEATHEN. Sorry, but my page size had to be changed. " These all-comment zines sometimes leave little to say.

Harness's TYKE MAGAZINE: But, Jack, I thought Scientologists were aware enough to accept any "true" credo, regardless of source, and without prejudice blotting out their perceptivity. You show many strong prejudices. " I like your quotes. It seems we read the same articles in the paper, and react about the same way, particularly in the case of the segregationist's view of the benefits of space travel.

Coslet's BASANOIS: There's probably something here, but damned if I'm going to re-read green on yellow just to find out. I sympathise with your troubles with the Wolber; since you realize your own duplication troubles, you might at least give the reader a fighting chance to read what you've written. " Your back page reminds me of my Rabbit Cookies page, which also came from a preprinted master; I liked mine much better.

Martin's GROTESQUE: Far be it from me to wish you any bad luck, but I enjoyed your story of your operation far more than this.

Carr's GEMZINE: I shy over getting even vaguely into the theological discussions currently rampant in FAPA. Your Rosary article gave me more concrete information on the subject than I'd had previously, for which my thanks. It expresses so beautifully many of the particulars of the Roman Catholic faith which turn my stomach: the concept of the trinity, the concept that the saints can interpose



# hypodermic

## REVIEWS OF THE 75th FAPA MAILING

White's ZIP (three issues) and MINI: Mercer's OMPA comment that there was almost enough material here to make one smallish fanzine could hardly be improved upon. " You printed the Hoffman piece elsewhere, I think. I'm glad Leeh' a FAPA member too. " I'm discovering, Ted, that your typewriters apparently have a great deal to do with the excellence of your mimeography.

Rotsler's MASQUE: Robert Bloch is a good man, and so is almost everyone else except the gremlin that inspired you to follow the fad by printing red on red. " And what would you do with a man with the first name Howerl who names his daughter Chewerl? S'help me, I can prove it. " I like your back cover.

Warner's HORIZONS: For a moment, I thought the fingerprint was a stenofax job run on Grennell's Gestetner. Further contemplation and my own trials convince me that you did it the same way I did my experimenting--finger and blue stamp pad. Messy, ain't it? " For shame, Harry, this is the first of your issues to use color since you stopped using hecto. Must Horizons continue to have these radical changes every two years or so? " True, many times there is only one possible word to express a meaning you wish to convey. However, there are many word substitutions possible in our language, and judicious choice of alternates can sometimes help drag a boorish piece of writing up to the intelligible level. Mind that I say judicious choice--the word "intelligible" was not a judicious one. " Read a letter in some prozine recently from a fan in Hagerstown. And when I called you, remember I informed you I'd ridden up with Derry, who was in Hagerstown on business? The business was a job with Hagerstown Book Binding, and he got the job, and will soon be moving there. " I'm truly amazed and impressed with your accounts of the Hagerstown area, which came out in "No Common Vineyard" and "Dull, Small Towns I Have Known." I could live in a small town forever, and not learn one-half of what you know about your area and its people. " Your review of the other LIGHT, concerning built in coffins, brings to mind one of Derry's friends, Ray Long. As you know, soldiers in Europe in WW II used any building whatsoever for living quarters when they could. The outfit Derry and Long were with spent a couple of weeks in a small French town, and picked the mortuary as living quarters. Long prepared his bed in the fanciest of the available caskets, and slept there regularly (and, he says, soundly) during their stay.

Eney's IT ISN'T ALTOGETHER ENEY'S FAULT: Sorry, Sam, I was typing too rapidly and forgot to include you. You do the cleanest job of spirit duplicating in fandom. One shots, however, are one shots.

Danner's LARK. Latest CORONET, according to my brother, had a statement that women sometimes dream in color. The implication was that men do not. Regardless, I theorize that anyone can dream in color (providing they have seen color, of course), but normally the color is unimportant to the dream, and accordingly the mind just doesn't bother to include it. I can recall several dreams I've had wherein color played a role, one very recently where a man was wearing two belts, one brown and one blue. The color was important, because I had to find my belt, and it was blue. I can't recall that any other part of the dream was in color, although it might have been. In another more recent dream, a man walked into the room where I was standing, and was wearing a suit so garish that it literally shocked me--I remember the main color components were orange and green. " The Speed-O-Print Model L is gone. Most, if not all of this will be done on Derry's Gestetner. " I saw a Tucker car for sale in a used car showroom in San Francisco in 1952. Considering the recent discussion, I wish I'd dropped in to take

his. Hearing excess clinkage in the kitchen, he asks, as I hand his to him, did I put vodka in it!? Sure, I tell him. So he drinks it uncomplainingly. Not until maybe an hour later does he ask, "Did you really put vodka in that orange juice?"

When I tell him I did, he turns green and starts walking into walls and things. He blames the vodka, which he swears he couldn't taste, of course. All the beer he drank since had nothing to do with it, of course. Lee Jacobs, dpof indeed. ((Note to OMPA: DPOF means Drunken President of FAPA. See, how the other half lives!?!))

GENUINE TYPE                Richard M. Sneary, known as "Rick" in the fan-world, has come out of self-exile in the Nevada desert (near an oasis name of Las Vegas). This however is not too much of import in itself. NEWSNOTE DEPT:            But he has joined in an effort which will produce a fanzine from the South Gate area and is (by the time you read this) Director of the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society. He is making a desperate attempt to keep the thing from dying which has been precipitated by the imminent loss of their club-room.

How do I, innocent by-stander type fan, Ed Cox, know this? I? Well, I've been thinking about writing an expose type article for Keyhole or The Flash entitled "My Apartment Was A Smoke-filled Room," except nobody smoked.

Last Sunday Rick drapped in for a wee bit of talk and such and suddenly Ron Ellik, Bill Courval and Paul Turner (remnants of some fandom or other from Long Beach-San Diego) also dropped in. This by the way was much better than the previous night when they, with another LB fan, dropped in after I'd hit the rack. There promptly ensued pre-election wheels-within-wheels type machinations that portended vast movements and events, like galazies wheeling ponderously through the universe, which would rock the LASFS like...

...well, my spine. You see, lately I've been conducting a one-man experiment in control of senses other than the usual five. Like when I indulge in my most significant experiment. That of trying to hit the wall light button in one spear-ing jab. I have other lights on, of course, but happen to want to turn the over-head light on, or off. So without walking over to the wall and switching it, I walk rapidly toward it, mentally zeroing in, and swift-like-a-tiger, sizzle my right index finger unerringly to the button. Shooting from the hip, as it were. All my weight is behind this hawk-like stab and, forsooth, usually (in fact, always!) my finger misses and my spine is shaken (to say nothing of the finger) by the impact, and pictures, pots and whatever else hangs on walls, rattle and vibrate and clang as the shock wave travels along the building.

I'm thinking of giving up the experiment.

Oh, about the LASFS...well, it isn't too important anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*

This has been produced in a small apartment in a dingy-white (tattle-tale gray almost) apartment house entitled "The Gainsborough" under the auspices of Plagism House and the assistance of Pabst Blue Ribbon. And remember, no matter what them other guys say:

Y U G G O T H   S A V E S !   M O R E !

--continued next issue--



NEW NOTES ON THE GLORY OF In the last issue ((of ESDACYOS)) I regaled the  
APARTMENT LIVING DEPT: mirthful membership with a jolly account of my beach  
living days. Since then, mid-December, I've been  
living in the famed apartment house ~~demoralized~~ immortalized by Lee Jacobs, ex-  
drunken-president, etc. Life here has been all right, considering.

At first it was sort of rough on my car because of the pigeons. They liked to roost on the wires and utility pole right where I used to park my car. At least, I thought they used it for a roost. By the looks of my car in the morning, I think they considered it a different part of a domicile. I always did want a polka-dot paint job on a car of mine, but not quite in that way. However, the land-lady was aware of the problem and was trying to get the pigeons out of the area. She discouraged feeding them and even scattered crumbs and stuff well down the street. I suggested arsenic or something, but she frowned on that idea. It worked out pretty well except for one kind old lady who lived in a downstairs front apartment. She bootlegged bread-crumbs out to them right on the lawn.

But they're gone now. So is one of the little old ladies who used to live in one of the apartments adjacent to me. Real odd, too. She'd been there for eight years or more, I guess, but shortly after I got my hi-fi system, she left. The other one in the apartment on the other side is still holding out. But nobody has ever said a word. Not even the two new occupants, who go real heavy for strict western-hillbilly stuff. I wonder if they ever notice the simultaneous eruption of loud jazz or classical music from my side of the wall every time they turn up their radio or tv set?

But things are pretty normal here. But not always too much so. One day just last week a knock knuckled on my door. I answered to find my land-lord there. He's got a hearing aid which doesn't help too much but I did make it clear that, no, there was no fire in my place! He told me the neighborhood was gull of firemen looking for a fire.

THE DRUNKENNESS OF Some members of FAPA living in  
the Washington, D.C. area, and  
L. JACOBS, DPOF, ex: around San Francisco, will be  
happy to know that old Lee  
Jacobs is the same as ever  
since leaving our fair fellowship. Like when he  
has something to do (such as unpacking after moving)  
he suddenly decides to take a trip or go somewhere.  
Do anything except what he has to. Which, I guess,  
usually involves an accomplice on whom to blame the  
whole thing.

I think this too often is me. On a week-end when I am happily luxuriating in the fact that I'm still in the rack after nine o'clock, Jacobs bangs on my door, dragging me back to cold reality and the necessity of getting something for breakfast. Usually, he has been up for hours, but always accepts a glass of orange juice. As is my wont, I pour a good slug of vodka into my orange juice. Being a good host, I do likewise for

