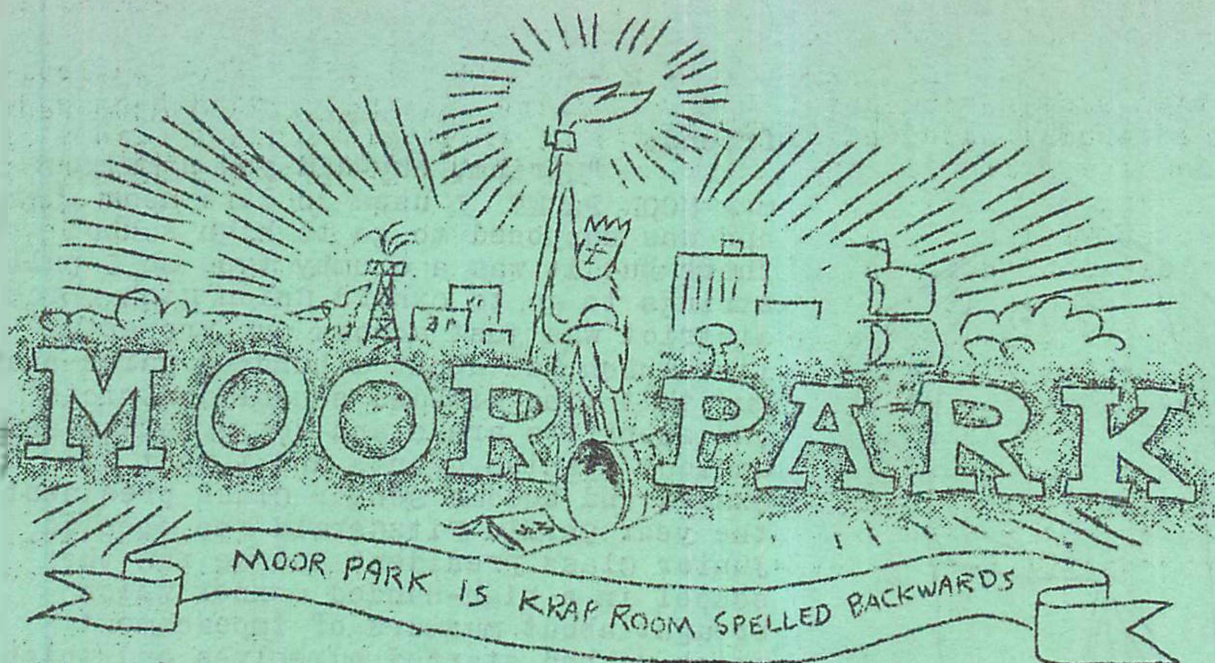


MOOR PARK

Goojie Publication No. 2

November 1958





This is MOOR PARK, Goojie Publication #2. You are on this mailing list because of one of these: a) you contributed to this; b) you contributed to MENTAL MARSHMALLOW; c) you showed an interest in getting my mag; or d) you are being tried out.

Subs are 15¢ per, or 2/25¢. But I'd rather have your fmz in trade, or artistic and/or literary contributions, and/or a suitable letter of comment or a review in yr fmz and prove it. (i.e., send me a copy.)

Published November 1958 by Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St., San Francisco 10, California.

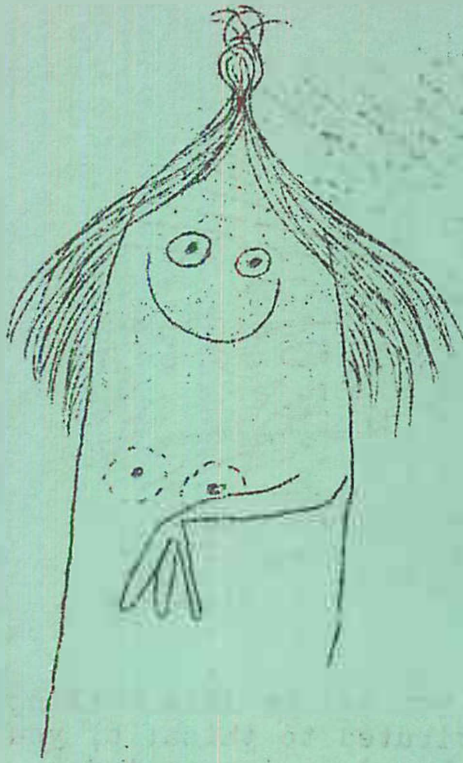
All artwork this issue by Wm. Rotsler.

Voice of the Turtle

Well, dear people, it's taken me two months to get out a second Goojie Publication. More like 2½ months by the time this is all mailed out. Not so good--doesn't speak too well for my living just across the bay from the publishing giants and all. Oh well. But Goojie Publication #3 will be UNEVEN, and should be out by Christmas.

If you read the colophon, you dug the reasons why you received MOOR PARK; I meant what I said! OK! So fandom is just a ghudammed hobby. But publishing is rather expensive, too. And it's only worth it to me if I think it's appreciated. Or at least read. So I can't be bothered with people who aren't interested enuf to let me know that I'm not just sending this to an unopened P.O. box. I really do feel quite strongly about this. Have replies, trades, or contributions for UNEVEN here by December 15. Well, nuff sed.

I have here a letter from Wm. Rotsler, faned's best



friend:

"Miriam, why did you name your mag MOOR PARK? I used to live near there and was supposed to go to high school there but it was a crumby type so I pulled strings to go to Oxnard Union High which district was just across our property line which was about a hundred yards away and that line divided school districts and sheriff's areas and voting areas and ancient spanish grants and I went to Oxnard and became Senior Class president the year Gerald Fitzgerald was elected Junior Class president and we ran the school in a high-handed manner which brought about murmurs of impeachment which we had started ourselves and which came to naught, even zero, also never happened because we were firmly entrenched in the minds if not the hearts of two classes and didn't give a goddamn for anyone there, except Gerald had an idiot redhead he later fell in and out of love

with and whose father owned a dairy called GOLDEN TOP and who had a ranch near Moor Park and in those days I was going with a young lady with a mature bosom but we were deplorably chaste about it all and Gerald C. Fitzgerald was even more so but that didn't bother us because this changed as the years passed ("Sex overlaps as all things must.") and we left Oxnard Union High School wiser and older children (nothing to do with the school, of course) and in much later years Gerald's sister Geraldine (yes, silly, isn't it?) became Dean of Women and Gerald was sleeping with an English teacher and I, I was sowing and reaping, and we looked back in anger at all the raids on lockers that in our day disclosed dirty comic books of Flash Gordon and Tilly the Toiler and soiled gym socks and discarded history book dust jackets and phonograph records of the Andrews Sisters and in these later days disclosed chains, knives, sharpened beer can openers, tire irons, dope, beer and dirty pictures ("Dirty pictures of the signing of the Magna Charta, meester?") and it made us sad and Moor Park was the place with the old movie house where we used to go and they would ALWAYS break the film, or blow a fuse, or blow a bulb or put the wrong reel in, and it was here that an 83 yr old doctor was going to cut off my thumb pad rather than sew it up because his eyes were shot and it was here etc. etc."

Oh, Bill, my old heart grieves me to read that you do not remember from whence came the beautiful observation, "Moor Park is krap room spelled backwards". How could you have forgotten the party that Walt Leibscher threw at his friend Bob Stevens' mansion?

Well, Walt played the piano in his own inimitable style and Bob gave a perfectly hysterical monologue called "Shaking the Gourd at Lourdes". My title came from that.

Oh yes, I do collect my titles in some unusual ways.

Hmmmm, my fanzines & I support these causes: Terry Carr for TAEF in '60. Detention! and let's bring Berry to the good

ol' Detention while we're at it. And Pucon in '61. And Washington in '60. And the Seattle Westercon in '59. And Dave Kyle is right, right, right! And I'd like to state right here that we should one and all rise together to defend Dave from the mad dogs who have kneed him in the groin.

As I was wending my way Berkeley-ward this afternoon, I had visions of running into Room 104 at Barrington Hall where good ol' Terry Carr was running this mag off, and screaming, "Stop the presses!! I have here a missive from Burbee!!" However, this is not exactly how it happened. It would have been fun, but quite impossible. You see, the mimeo that TGC has at his disposal isn't in his room. (If you've ever seen Terry's room, you know that nothing bigger than a breadbox would fit.) Also, I had to look around for awhile to find Terry, and I had come to my senses somewhat by the time I did. But I had interrupted operations on the running off. As Ron Ellick turned to me I expected him to say something nasty, for my effrontery in stopping the march of progress for a mere postcard, but he said, "Why I'd stop the presses any day for a postcard from Burbee."

Anyway, I had a card from Chas. E. Burbee Jr. (who is even more fabulous than Dick Sands):

"My dear fiancée: Yes, it is quite possible that I will write something for your frontwards-spelled backward fanzine. Fact is only last night I banged out four pages for Djinn because yes it is true that Shangri-L'Affaires is being revived and I am cohabiting I mean coediting it with Djinn. I met her in bed, you know. I was in the hospital and she came with Bjo and Willie. Mentioned she was new ed of Shangri-La. I said (with only one lung, mind you) that if she called it Shangri-L'Affaires #39 I'd write an editorial. She took me up on this so I wrote the editorial and somehow slopped over onto three more pages and the end is not yet. One of the items mentions TCarr many times. I am bound to have enough material to send to you and everybody else who wants any. And if I don't write you something (after all that mouth) you can always publish this card. Burb."

Since things are good and interrupted at the moment, I'm taking this opportunity to natter on. I guess everybody knows that feeling of "I shoulda said," but this, for me anyway, is a rare opportunity to get in those edgeways words.

HEE, HEE - YOU'RE ON A
PEDESTAL!



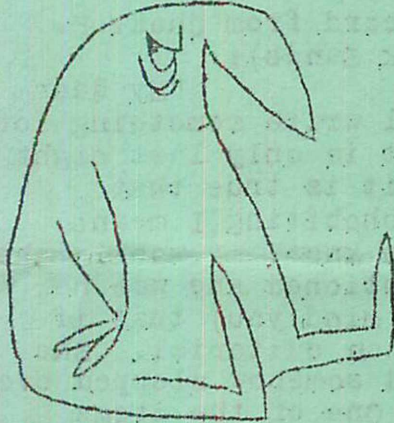
Like the other day, J. G. Newkom said to me, "Miriam, when you get the con reports be sure and show 'em to me. Like I want to dig what the fans thought of our Beach Scene...the bongos, cungas, sixes and all." I tried to explain to

J.G. that most of the fen are aware in only a vague, uninformed, misinformed, and in many cases uninterested way of the Beat Generation, North Beach Bohemia, and the symptoms, hallmarks, etc. thereof. I feel certain that this was beyond friend Newkom's comprehension, for he started talking about the Philosophy of Cool in a very distracted

way. Terry tried to cheer him up by suggesting that when Mrs. Carr puts out her next GEMZINE that she might very well give a sociological dissertation on "Today's Youth" and explaining the Beat Generation to FAPA. Because now she had seen with her own eyes some real, honest-to-god BEATNIKS. J.G. cringed a little when Terry used the term "beatnik," but was cheered considerably.

Our conversation drifted to talk of the North Beach Scene, the Telegraph Avenue Scene (or the Avenue Scene, as the locals refer to that Beat street in Berkeley) and finally we were discussing "On the Road," which we had all read avidly. We were reciting to each other favourite lines and parts of the book. Kinda throwing them around.

I THINK THEY'RE
PLOTTING SOMETHING...



Terry didn't get a chance to get a word in at all, tho, because J.G. had memorized whole paragraphs. (Like I memorized catechism when I was in Catholic school.)

At one point, I interrupted enthusiastically with my recitation. I prefaced it by saying that the lines I was about to report were probably milestones of preposterousness, and that I wished the people who'd said them were real. The first was Dean Moriarty's farewell to his various wives, mistresses, etc. after each assassination. "I'll be back in exactly one hour," he'd say, looking at his watch, as he ran off to the next girl.

"My other favourite line," I said, "is this: 'To Slim Gaillard the whole world was just one big orooni.'"

"If only that were a real person," I sighed. J.G. agreed.

All of a sudden, Terry snapped to. He had been somewhat left out of the conversation for awhile. Now he had something to contribute. "Omigod, Slim Gaillard is real!" he said, pulling the file card out of his memory. "I have a record of Dizzy Gillespie's with a band on it called 'Slim's Jam'. Let's look."

Well, we looked, we found the record, and sure enuf, most of the sides were recorded with Slim Gaillard. We were quite excited, and when Terry played "Slim's Jam" we heard some fine old bop with Slim talking away like the guys were sitting around in some night club at 4:00 in the morning jamming like hell. Here is my transcription of Slim's patter:

"Well looka here, here's Tiny on the bass, and Dodo on the keys {(Tiny Brown and Dodo Marmaroso)}...looks like we'll have us a fiine jam session here...and here comes Zootie in the door with his brushes here {(Zuttie Singleton)}...but you know, papa, we got no drum...well, here's a suitcase, that's killin', beat on that ...here's Jack Mac Voutie {(Jack McVea)} with his tenor...how's 'bout blowin' somethin'?...say, you better bring me a double order of reekie-bauties, with a little hot sauce on it, that'll just about fix it...well lookit here comes Charlie Yaaardbirdorooni...oh, everything is mellow, man...look, he's got his horn...got a little reed

trouble?...well, MacYoutie's got a reed, trim it down a little, man ...you got it?...well, blow, man!...bring me a orange soda, cat."
"--Orange soda?" "Yah, man, orange soda, that'll just about get it ...well, here's Diz MacSkibbin Bounceorooni, with his trumpet there ...got to cut out, man?...take a chorus before you go...that's killin' ...take another, papa...hey, bring me a biig bowl o' avacado seed soup there, while we nail the seeds to the roof, and that'll fix it...you gotta make another gig, man?...well, set a riff on the next chorus and we'll bring it on out...I gotta get up early in the mornin' my own self, man..."

Somehow I feel, from my limited knowledge of the man (I've heard only this one lp, and read of him only in Chapter 11 of "On the Road") that Kerouac's words were one of the best one-sentence analyses of a man that I've ever heard. "To Slim Gaillard the whole world was just one big orooni."

In a nationally syndicated Sunday supplement magazine called This Week, they have a regular column called "Quiz 'Em," in which they have a storehouse of useless knowledge. Like, "The U. S. exported so-and-so many million tons of h.s. in 19suchandsuch. Well, one question they had last week was, "If, out of all history, you had your choice of any three people you could invite to your home, who would it be?" The Gallup Poll reported that the average American chose F.D.R., President Eisenhower, and Abraham Lincoln.

"Ghood Ghod!" I said to myself. Sure, I guess those would be interesting choices, but...out of all history? Why heck, if one must confine it to American presidents, why not George Washington (a real hero), or that madman Teddy Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson, or Grover Cleveland, or Andrew Johnson (who must have quite a story), or gee whiz, Harry Truman, or U. S. Grant, or Andy Jackson.

Or if the list were limited to Americans, you could choose Wyatt Earp, or Doc Holliday, or Jesse James, or Joseph Smith (the founder of the Mormon religion), or Al Smith (unsuccessful presidential candidate), or Dred Scott or John Brown or Sacco and Vanzetti, for goshsake. Or how 'bout Joe Hill, Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein, Theob. Durant, Anne Hutchinson, Alice B. Toklas, Ernie Bushmiller, Wm. Knowland (what does make Billy run?)? And then there's: Lotta Crabtree, Buddy Bolden and Bix, Red McKenzie, Charlie Schulz, Mort Sahl, Herb Caen, Stanton Delaplane, Abigail Van Buren, Florence Foster Jenkins, and Don Marquis. It is obvious that the list of fascinating Americans isn't limited to presidents.

But in any case, the question gave you your choice of anybody out of all history. So how would you like to talk to these people?: Cor-

tez, Montezuma, Cleopatra, Attila the Hun, or Confucius? Or mebbe Mo Tzu or Gautama Buddha or Dante. And wouldn't it be nice to know if Homer were a real person or if he was a hoax perpetrated by the ancient Greeks? More fascinating people: Chaucer, Boccaccio,



Plato, Socrates, Thucydides, Plutarch, Lord Byron or Julius Caesar. Then there's Isaac Newton and Francis Bacon, Nero, Calpurnia, Kit Marlowe, Martin Luther, Brutus, Cassius, and Ben Jonson.

The Average American according to the Gallup Poll surely isn't very imaginative, is he? He could have chosen: Céline or Picasso, the Shelleys, Dreyfus, Emile Zola, Catherine the Great, Beethoven, or Moses. I would like to know: Alexander of Macedon, and Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Albert Schweitzer, Queen Esther, Rudolph Hesse and Robert Graves, wouldn't you?

Hitler, Göring, Quisling, Judas Iscariot, William Shakespeare, and Gilgamesh would have been interesting choices, too.

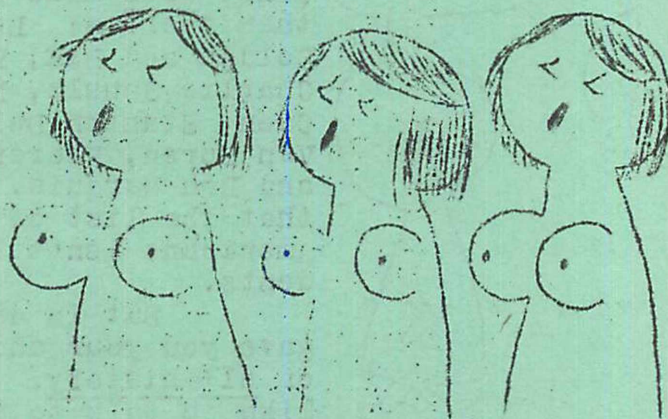
When first I thought about this challenging question, I made these choices: Herman Melville (I consider "Hoby Dick" to be the Great American Novel), Herodotus (because that famous Greek roving reporter was such a cat!), and Jesus Christ (because I'd like to get the straight scoop on that story). I still like these choices.

Who

would you have chosen?

Mini

JESUS WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM, CLÉ!



Letter to a TAFF Winner

by Robert Bloch

Dear Sir (or Madame, as the case may be--and incidentally, if you don't know you'd better find out or you may miss half the fun of your trip):

So you have been named winner of the TAFF and you're going to England for the convention. Perhaps you plan a cruise on the Queen Elizabeth. Then again, you might build a raft like Walt Willis did, and pocket the money.

At any rate, you're terribly thrilled and terribly excited. You're anxious to meet all your English cousins and see how they feel about ~~themselves~~ even closer relationships.

But let's face it.

Just what do you actually know about England?

Chances are, practically nothing. Chances are you know practically nothing about anything--because if you did, you'd have at times expressed your opinions on subjects in fanzines, and if you did express an opinion then most of fandom would have hated you and you'd never have been given any TAFF votes in the first place.

So let's assume, charitably, that you are just an ignorant lout. Or loutess, as the case may be.

As such, you must realize that you're in for a shock from the very start. Once you get to England you won't be a lout any more. No indeed. You will be a "clot". Or perhaps even a "bloody clot".

You see, things are different in England. Right off the bat (which, by the way, is also probably called something else in England: maybe "wicket" or "crumpet," depending on whether you are playing Rugby or polo) you lose your sense of identity.

Shortly thereafter you will lose your sanity...unless, that is, you have somebody to fill you in with a few facts about England and English fandom.

That is why I am writing this little letter of information. It is based upon long, painful years of experience in reading English fanzines, letters from English fans, and meeting English TAFF representatives in person.

I hope you appreciate that this has indeed been a harrowing experience. ("Harrow" is the name of a school of England, by the way, or is it a necktie?)

Reading English fanzines is a little bit like attempting to decipher the Rosetta Stone without the aid of a Champollion. First of all, English fanzines seem to be uniformly printed on paper which was once used as a serving-wrapper for fish-and-chips. A second handicap to reading ease is the fact that all English fanzines are illegible. Even if this difficulty is surmounted (by telepathy, perhaps) the fact remains that no American can understand the language.

The English, for example, never say "party". They say "do". Or "bash". Ridiculous, isn't it? Can you imagine somebody identifying his political beliefs by saying, "I am a member of the Republican Do"? Or getting up a legal brief and referring to "the bash of the first part"?

I could go on and on (and probably will). The English never say "body". They say "bod". This is important to know, because then, when you attend your first "bash" at the convention and somebody says "I am enamoured of your fair white bod," you'll understand what they're getting at.

On the telephone, the English never say, "Hello," or "This is Winston Churchill speaking". They pick up the receiver and say "Winnie here." By the way, almost all Englishmen have nicknames like "Chuch" (for "Chuckles" Harris) or "Hal" (for "Hal de Mer Ashworth") or "Vince" (for "St. Vincent's Angina" Clarke). This is all you need to know, because practically every other Englishman you meet will be named James, Eric, or Brian. There is an Englishman named Bert, but you wouldn't want to meet him. And if you happen to be female, you will avoid him as you would the plague (otherwise known as Ted Tubb).

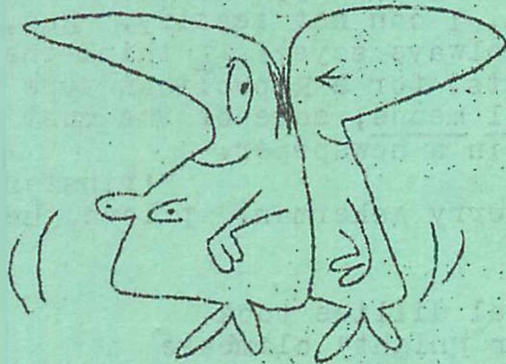
Englishmen live in the damndest places. This I gather from my years of reading fan-letters. First of all, opening these letters is a problem that would tax the ingenuity of an Eric Bentcliffe. And when you consider that Eric Bentcliffe has so little ingenuity he doesn't normally have to pay any tax on it, you know what I mean. (I don't.) At any rate, all English mail comes in the form of air-letters, sealed so that it is impossible to cut them open without the aid of the College of Surgeons. Since I only wish to cut the edges, I generally employ a rabbi.

But I was telling you that Englishmen live in the damndest places--such as England. To be more specific, they have weird addresses. Over here, of course, half of us live on streets and the other half of us live in boxes. But that's much too sensible for your Englishman. Will he live on a street like the rest of us? Not him. He's much too swanky. He has to have a posh arrangement and live on two streets at the same time. Such as "40, Makin Street, Tong Street". And his supplementary address is always some place you can't find on the map. Now I happen to have a very good map of the British Isles. It isn't the newest map in the world, but it was good enough for King Philip of Spain when he used it to direct the course of the Spanish Armada. In other words, this map has been tested in actual use. And nowhere on it can I find any of these weird supplementary addresses, like "Yorks.," or "Herts.," or "Lancs." Frankly, I don't think there are any such places at all--and if you get to England, I advise you not to waste your time looking for them.

Nor will Englishmen live in boxes, the snobs. Boxes are good enough for hardy old fans like Bob Tucker and myself--but not for your toff friends across the pond. Oh no, they have to live in places with names. "Carolyn" or "Tresco" or "Prothing-at-the-Mouth". I can't for the life of me imagine what kind of places these might be. "221-B Baker Street" was good enough for Sherlock Holmes: he didn't put on any side, but a simple honest address isn't good enough for Pamela Bulmer. But then, she's dodging the bailiffs.

That's another thing. We don't have bailiffs over here, nor barris-

ters, nor solicitors. But England is full of them, and you might as well know it now. You're quite likely to meet up with them personally as the aftermath of a Convention party.



Well, there's a lot more you ought to know, but much of it you can find out for yourself. particularly if you attend one of those Convention parties.

As to English folk I have met, there is little to say. Most of the men have beards. Most of the women don't.

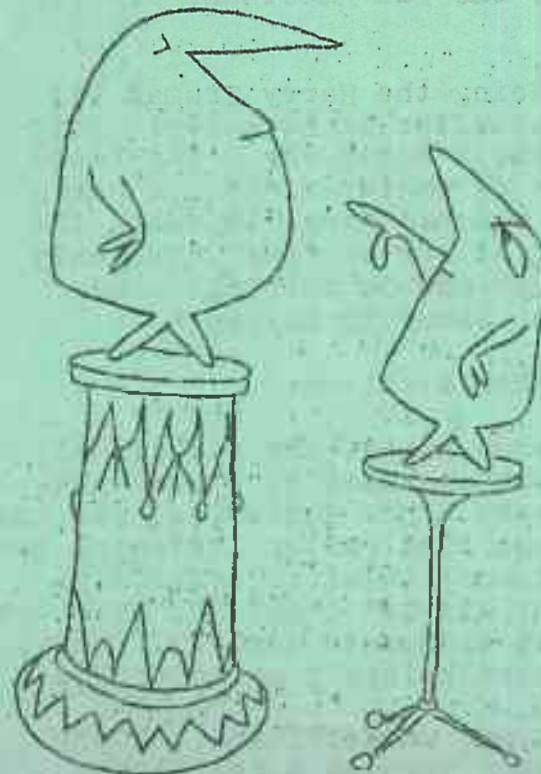
From there on, you're on your own. I can only warn you that the water-pistol is a feature of every Convention--your Englishman doesn't flirt; he squirts. All Englishwomen are known as "popsies"; just what this term means you'll have to find out for yourself.

I only wish to bloody hell I were going and could do the same.

Have fun,

Robert Bloch

P.S.: In England, fun is called "snogging". Actually, you can throw away the rest of this letter--this is all you really have to know. --RB.



YOU SHOW
ME, YOU'RE
THE SMART
GUY

I Love the Chronicle

David Rike once described the (San Francisco) Chronicle to me as "the best bourgeois press west of the Mississippi". As to the truth of that glittering generalization, I can not testify. But, "I say this" (as our Beloved President always says): I think the Chronicle has some of the best columnists, for a Republican type sheet the best news coverage, and by all means, some of the most hysterical news stories I've ever seen in a newspaper.

Herb Caen is sort of the journalist's Torry Ackerman. I love the guy. Here are some pre-election notes:

ADD INSIDERS: Couple of real dillies took place at the "All-Americans for Knight" clambake at The Village last Thurs. night. Among the 30-odd ex-football heroes who stood up for the Senatorial hopeful was Tommy Harmon, Michigan's all-time great, who joined with Goodie in blasting Those People who don't like football. "It takes more than brains to be successful," intoned Goodie. "It takes heart and drive. Why, I've never seen a Communist who was a football player!" Cheers, applause, followed by a question from a newsman: "How about Paul Robeson???" ... (Harrumph) ... Few minutes later, Harmon said he'd run into Bob Crosby, who asked: "Hey, you know what the new Pope's first words were? Vote No on Proposition 18!" Giggles and titters from the ex-heroes, followed by Knight nudging Harmon and whispering, "It's Proposition 16, not 18." Harmon: "Oh, yeah. Well, I don't follow politics much!" Nevertheless, the All-Americans are for Knight. Harrumph.

...Goodie Knight doing the Harry Truman bit at Larry Blake's Rathskeller in Berkeley: joining House Pianist Howlett Smith for a two-faced four-handed rendition of "Whispering" ... Harry Bridges, campaigning against Prop. 18 among the phone girls, snapping at one of 'em: "The only thing you gals can hope for is marriage--and that's a lousy form of security anyway!"

And these, I feel, are rather timeless:

NOTES & QUOTES: Lenny Bruce, the diabolical comic at Fack's II, was awakened at 9 a.m. the other day--9 a.m.???--by a Mr. Schreiber, who invited him to dinner and then (after listening to Lenny's grunts and groans) inquired anxiously: "I didn't wake you up, did I?" "Oh, no, NO," the Bruce assured him with elaborate sarcasm. "Why, I ALWAYS get up 12 hours before I go to work!"

SIGHTS: At Fifth and Market Thurs., a cop on a three-wheeler going through a red light,

screeching to a halt in the middle of the pedestrians, shaking his head, pulling out his book--and writing himself a ticket! The mob loved it.

...Funnee, the warning tag sewn in those Superman costumes for kids: "This costume does not mean that you can fly. Only Superman himself can fly." So get down off that rooftop, Buster.

And then, in the Nov. 5th paper:

C'EST LA VIE: Well, the election is over, but nothing REALLY important has been solved. Such as what to do with old sack dresses, how to disguise the Embarcadero Freeway (grow ivy up the sides?), ways and means of giving Pigeon Square back to the people, why Park-Presidio Blvd. is so littered with debris, how Trader Vic makes those crazy daiquiris, and what made Billy Knowland run in the first place. We leave these problems to posterity--which, if you can believe the Democrats, is right around the corner.

Of course, Abigail Van Buren is nationally syndicated, and I imagine most of you read her column. But just in case you aren't familiar with her daily question/answer advice, or if you missed this one, here is a treasure:

DEAR ABBY: Every morning when I drive my son to school I pass a certain house and I see a man come out to get the morning paper in his pajamas. This is not all. He is barefoot but he wears a hat. He recognizes me by my car and he always waves and tips his hat. I am so embarrassed for my little boy that I nearly lose control of the car. Do you think a man who wears a hat when he goes out to get the morning paper in his pajamas and bare feet is quite right in the head? Should I report him, ignore him or what?

--SHOCKED DRIVER

DEAR SHOCKED: His attire is a little startling, I admit, but it doesn't indicate there is anything the matter with his head (he's protecting it, anyway). If this shocks you, take another route.

Ah yes--blazoned forever in the printed world we have headlines and articles about nekkid femmes riding busses, impossible rapes atop flagpoles, and The Great Potato Robbery:

NUDE (WITH GLASSES) RIDES BUS
TORONTO, Nov. 4 (AP)--Wearing a pair of glasses and nothing else, a woman boarded a bus in Toronto's East End last night, rode a dozen blocks without a word and got off.

The driver told police the woman appeared to be about 35 and completely at ease. She paid no atten-

tion to his look of surprise.

Police were unable to find the woman. The temperature was 40 degrees.

RAPE ON A 62-FOOT FLAGPOLE

EL PASO, Tex., Oct. 21 (UPI)--Flagpole sitter William H. Pettit today was charged with the statutory rape of a 15-year old girl atop a 62-foot flagpole.

The charge said the incident occurred more than a month ago when Pettit, 33, sat atop the pole on a four-by-five foot platform for 65 days for an advertising stunt.

There was no ladder, and apparently the girl would have been raised to the platform via a rope Pettit used to haul up food.

SUSPECT COLLARED IN BIG POTATO THEFT

The long arm of the law, with a neat assist by coincidence, reached out yesterday and nabbed Ronald Arnold, 31, chief suspect in the Great Potato Robbery of Silver Springs, Nev.

John Armstrong, owner of the Toll Ranch in Silver Springs, told police that three weeks ago he sent Arnold, one of his trusted employees, off to market with a truckload of potatoes.

He said he hadn't seen truck, potatoes or Arnold since and he was getting a mite worried about them.

Armstrong, here in cowboy hat and boots to take in the Grand National Livestock Exposition, was walking down Jones street yesterday when whom should he run into but Arnold, truckless and potatoless.

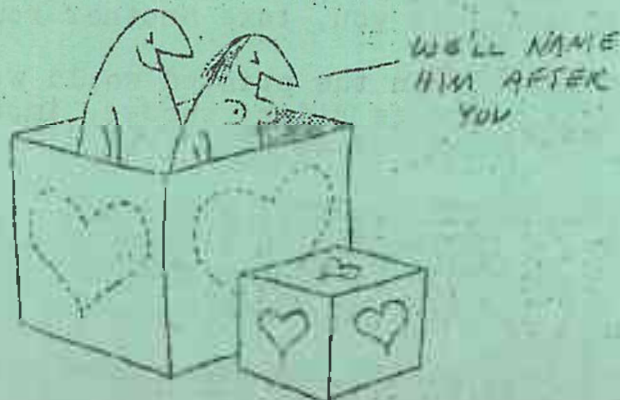
"And where," Armstrong made so bold as to inquire while holding Arnold by the scruff of the neck, "are my potatoes?"

Arnold allowed as he had followed instructions and sold the potatoes. He said he had gone one step further and sold the truck, too, his boss reported.

Armstrong turned Arnold over to local police.

It is for things like this, which I am immortalizing (she sed modestly) by presenting to Fandom, that I Love the Chronicle.

--Miri



Merryground

by Ted Johnstone

Last Saturday night, as has been our habit for a couple of years now, we all congregated at George Fields'. I got there a little later than usual, and he and Milo Mason were gaily watching the Miss America contest. As soon as the thing was over, we started talking about drinks. We all howled for Thunderbird, of course, and George told us we were clods. "Milo," he asked, "how much does champagne cost?" Well, the idea struck us right off. After adding up our finances, we decided we would all chip in a dollar, and Milo would buy us a bottle of champagne. We did, and he did. It came to \$4.25, but it was pink. (Domestic, but good. I told him we should have gotten chamported impagne, but he said it was 'way too expensive.) So we got the bottle, got back to the house, and then tried to open it.

I told Milo that a properly applied strong pressure of the thumbs would do it, but he did it the hard way. First he unwound the paper. Then he untwisted the wires and pulled them off. Then he pulled off the metal foil around the cork. Then he tried to pull the cork. It wouldn't pull. He got George's bottle opener and screwed it in a little way. He pulled, and a piece of cork tore off. Then he did it again and got rid of another piece of cork.

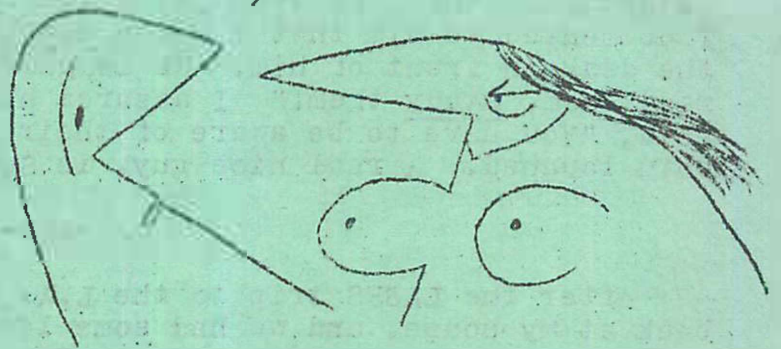
Finally he took the corkscrew and began winding it down in. He pushed. He twisted. Finally, just as the handle was almost in contact with the cork, the inevitable happened. The corkscrew broke. It sheared neatly, right below the handle. Milo swore.

Then he decided to try it the other way, as a last resort before breaking the neck of the bottle off against the sink. He set it down on the floor, squatted beside it, and fitted his thumbs around the neck in a professional strangler's grip. He pushed. He twisted. I hid behind George, and Rich hid behind me. Looking over the nearest shoulder, I supplied the countdown. On zero--nothing happened. Milo pushed. He twisted. Suddenly there was a loud POP! and the cork described a somewhat awkward parabola across the room, followed closely by a shower of bubbles surrounded by champagne. Milo cleverly stopped the flow by inserting the neck of the bottle in his mouth. And he left it there till we took it away from him and poured the remains into our glasses.

About this time, two friends of Milo's came over. They volunteered to trade us some beer for an equal amount of champagne. We refused. Later we found out that George hadn't especially liked it, and had slipped some to them before they left.

After the four of us finished the quart, we decided to get some Thun-

BUT LADY, I PROMISED
MY M*O*T*H*E*R?

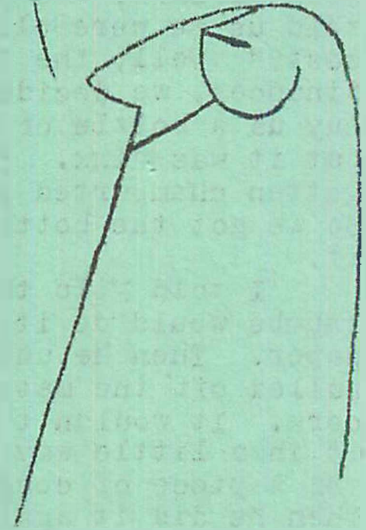


derbird anyway. So we went down to the liquor store and got a quart of it. And we drank it. I can't remember too much after that. But I was pleased to notice that none of us commented that the champagne tickled our nose. I'm glad we're above such things. Drunk we may get, but clichéd, never. And Milo seemed more peaceful this time than he usually is. He only threatened us with a knife once, instead of all evening, as he has done on occasion. Maybe he's learning to live with his problems.

YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE,
THAT I AM DOING WHAT I
THINK IS BEST FOR ALL
OF US.

-oOo-

Last Sunday I saw Charlie Schulz (Peanuts) on Cavalcade of Books, talking about his latest collection, titled "Snoopy". They mentioned that Monday, between 12 and 1 pm, he would be appearing in the book department at the Broadway Downtown, and giving autographs. Well, the next day, which was Monday, I took my two books and a bus downtown. I got there about 11:30, so I was fairly close to the head of the line. While I was waiting, I bought the rest of the books, so I had a complete set, and I got a couple extra copies of Snoopy to either sell to devotees or give for Christmas presents. When Schulz autographed them, he even put a little sketch in the front of each. I commented to him that I had a complete set, as I stacked them on the desk in front of him. He laughed, and said, "Now don't just read them, study them." I assured him I knew the books well, and he said, "You have to be aware of their Deeper Significance." And we both laughed. A real nice guy, is Schulz.



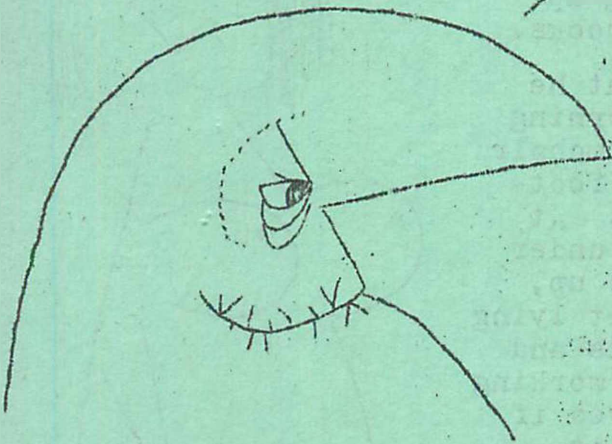
-oOo-

After the LASFS trip to the L.A. County Fair, everybody collected back at my house, and we had some long intellectual discussions, sent out for food, had a game or two of chess, and of course Milo brought some Thunderbird. Some of us drank and some of us didn't. Milo, I am afraid, did rather more than the rest of us...put together. About 2:00, people started to drift out and by 3:00 everybody was gone except Milo and George.

Milo stretched out on the sofa and dozed off. Well, George wanted to go home, so we said, "Get up." He said, "Just give me five more minutes," so we waited. After ten minutes we tried again to rouse him, and he wouldn't rouse. We tried all sorts of things, including rolling him off the couch, going through his pockets, and taking his car keys so George could drive home alone. We were sure he was faking, because every now and then we'd say something funny and he'd giggle a little, but he still wouldn't rouse. When we rolled him off the sofa, he would lie on the floor awhile, then sort of crawl back up onto it. I thought of waving some ammonia under his nose, but we didn't have any ammonia, so I used Ajax cleanser. But that didn't help; in fact, he rather

seemed to like it. George tried telling him, "Think of your nice warm bed at home," but apparently Milo thought about it, imagined he was in it, and went deeper asleep.

MONEY IS NO OBJECT, MY DEAR



When an icecube on his neck and up his back didn't do any good, we thought of pouring water over him, but my mother firmly vetoed this, saying it would ruin the slipcover. So we rolled him onto the floor, George took his arms, I took his feet, and we managed to carry him out the door onto the front lawn. We put him down and George got the hose. I turned it on, just a trickle, and George let it drip on his head. We took his watch off so it wouldn't get wet. Well, we let it drip for a while, and no reaction. Then I began to worry. He was lying on his

face, and a puddle was forming under his nose, so we rolled him over on his back. A couple of very frightened black beetles scurried out from where he had been lying, and even our loud comments on these failed to rouse him.

By this time, a light had gone on in the house next door, and an inquisitive face was looking out the kitchen window. I waved to her, and she ducked out of sight.

After awhile we went back in the house and discussed what to do. It seemed that Milo had completely checked out for the nite, and there wasn't anything we could do about it, so George called home and told them he was going to spend the night at my place. We dragged Milo back in and laid him out on the floor. I set George up on the sofa with a blanket and a pillow, and draped another blanket over the body on the floor, being careful to pull it up over the face out of respect for the living. I still think he would have looked more natural with a lily.

But this wasn't the end of it all, no indeed. He wouldn't stay dead. First it was his hand. He lay on his face on the floor, with his right forearm sticking upright, and the hand hanging limply, parallel with the floor. And it bothered me, just hanging there like that. So I pulled it down. It stayed down for a while, then slowly, like a hydraulic lift, rose to its original position. Then I tried propping one of the sofa pillows under it, to give it a roost. It lay there, looking uncomfortable, for awhile, then, rather like The Beast With Five Fingers, it crawled off the edge of the pillow and dangled again. It may have been my imagination, but I had the distinct feeling it was watching me...

Then Milo broke out with a coughing fit. There wasn't much we could do; he would rise up a little, then break into a terrible hacking cough for a few seconds, and then sink down again. I brought him a glass of water, and we propped him upright, guided his hand toward the glass, and he knocked it on the floor. So we decided to let him die of whatever his problem was.

Then he started to roll. Not quickly; he would lie still awhile, then sort of heave a little, shift his weight on his elbows and turn over. Then he got to the bookcase, he began kicking in my neatly arranged row of Astounding. We bundled him up in his blanket and placed him on the far side of the room, and in about five minutes he was back to the bookcase. At last we left him there, lying on his back and somnolently reaching up and pulling out the lower shelf of books.

Apparently, sometime during the night he came to briefly, because the next morning we found him stretched out in our armchair with his feet dangling out over the footstool and the blanket over his head. At first you couldn't even tell he was under it. My mother thought, when she got up, that he had gone and left the blanket lying on the chair. Then she saw his shoes and glasses (which we had removed while working him over the nite before) and wondered if he were under the blanket. And, as it turned out, he was. George and I got up about 12:30, and the first faint stirrings of life came from under the blanket about 1:15, with the bleary eyes coming out to greet the glad morning about 1:30.



Later, he swore he didn't remember a thing after the first time he crawled back up onto the sofa. Well, if he was faking, he was doing an awfully good job, especially with the beetles, which he loathes, crawling under him out on the lawn. He said he wouldn't have beleived us, but for the fact that my mother bore out everything we said.

-o0o-

By the way: a rumor has drifted past my open ears to the effect that Terry Carr and Ron Ellik are married. This came as somewhat of a relief, as I had thought they were living in sin.

-o0o-

Fritz Leiber came to LASFS last Thursday. Now that he's settling in the area, he's going to come regularly. It looks as if the West Coast is rising out of its obscurity and heading up for another Golden Age, like five or six years ago. And of course when ZAP! starts coming out regularly, we will become the leaders of--what the hell is it anyway? Eighth or ninth fandom? Well, whatever it is, we'll lead it. Not just thee and me, dear heart, but all ten of the contemporary trufannish geniuses on the West Coast.

-o0o-

On October 18, the Bay Players (this little drama group in Santa Monica that Barney Bernard treasurizes for) were having a party, at a dollar a person, to help recover some of the losses they'd suffered

on their last production, "Arms and the Man". Barney announced this at LASFS, along with the note that the first people to arrive would get parts in the play that was to be put on that evening--just a small thing, carrying your script around with you. So Bjo and Steve Tolliver, Djinn Faine, Ernie Wheatley and I went out to Santa Monica that evening, got lost, and arrived at 8:15. We'd been planning to arrive about 7:30. But it turned out the party wasn't supposed to start until about 8:30, so we were practically the first ones there. Barney was there ahead of us, of course, to take our money. Well, people kept drifting in all evening, and the director arrived about 10:00 with the plays. He had three, and we did all three of them. I got parts in all of 'em, and so did Djinn.

I can't remember the name of the first one, but it was a comedy, and I got the part of a Chermann Prrrofesor, vrom der University, yah, with plenty of comic-opera accent. The second one was "Toast To Tomorrow," sort of SF, and I had a bit part as a truck driver in a basement bar, complaining about life to the bartender and watching a wrestling match on the TV.

I got lucky in the last one, "Guardians of My Son," and got the part of Joey. A real tense role, one I could really set my teeth into and drag up and down the floor. I was a young man whose older brother had been killed in Korea, and whose father was a stiff-necked militarist; I hated him and all he stood for, namely war, and now I've just gotten my draft notice. So I've stolen \$2000, a couple bottles of whiskey, and his revolver from his safe, and I'm running away where "They can't find me to put me in a brown uniform and have me shot!" The part is full of emotion, and sickeningly descriptive phrases about getting killed. In the end, of course, the police come. I get backed up against the bedroom door, snap the trigger at one of them, and get shot. I just have time for a great little death scene to say first that the gun wasn't even loaded--I'd never be able to shoot anybody; and then, as I lie there in my girlfriend's arms, coughing up blood and giving an occasional death rattle, I gasp out my last line, "They didn't have any right to kill me--I wasn't wearing a brown uniform." Then I twitch and die, the girl dissolves into sobs, the cops look grim, and the curtain falls while the audience goes wild and I am miraculously resurrected to take a dozen or so curtain calls. Great fun.

Incidentally, my portrayal was greatly aided by the fact that I was sitting directly in a draft from the open door on a cold night and didn't have a jacket on. So my dramatically shaking voice was actually caused by being filtered through my chattering teeth.

I'm sending this because:

- ☒ trade
- ☒ comment
- ☒ review
- ☒ contribution
- ☐ no reason special
- ☒ one of us is crazy!
- ☐ (you won't get next ish if I don't hear from you)

Terry Carr for TAFF in '60!

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