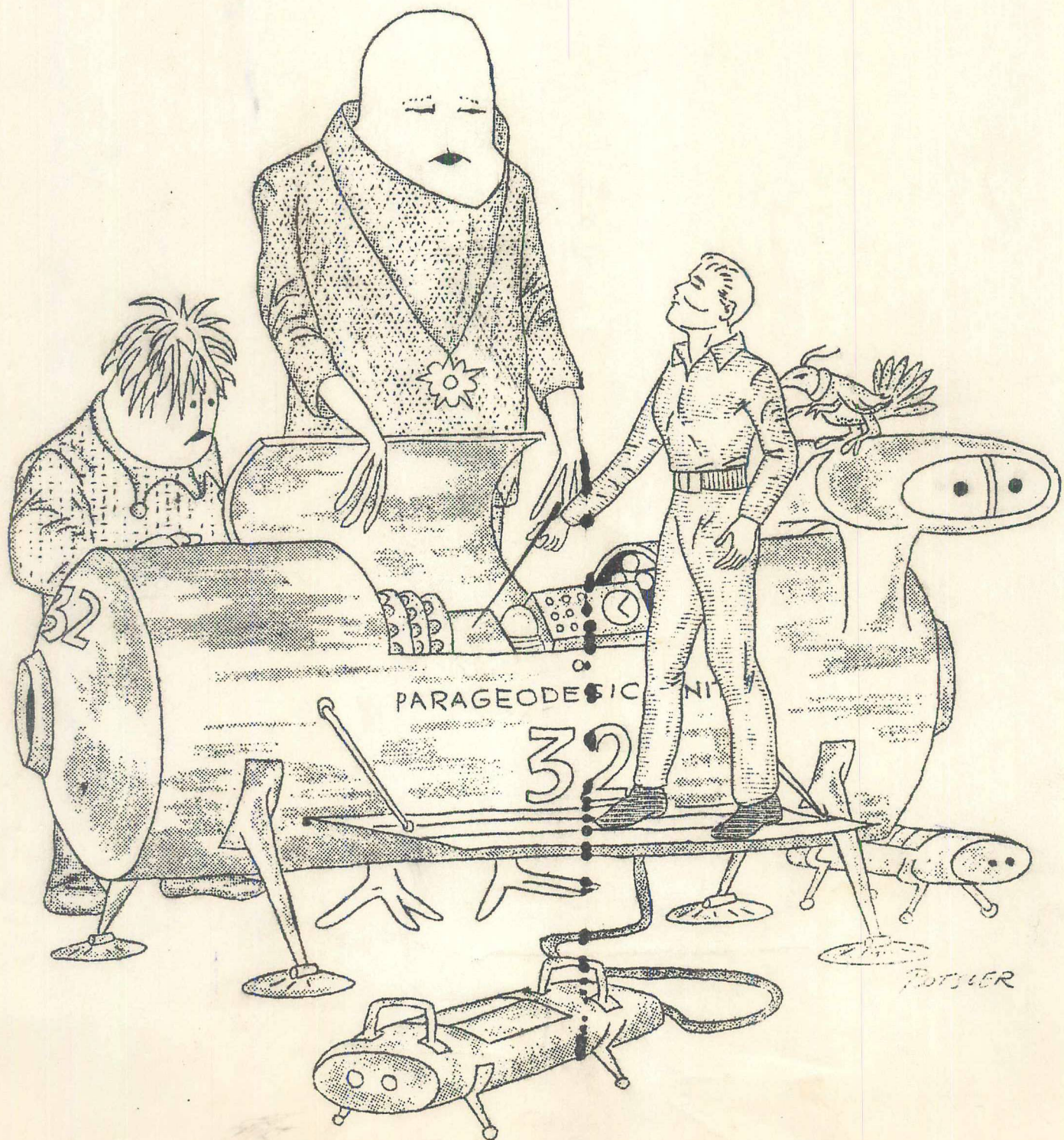


KLEIN BOTTLE

NO. 3, FEB. 1960



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Fapasurvey and Sapsurvey Reports, like Miriam Carr
The Kookie Jar William Rotsler
Like, Man, A Gaggle Of Geese G. Gordon Dewey
Companion Piece Charles Burbee
The Transcendental Skwee Miriam Carr
Comments on Comments on Comments on Terry Carr
Klein Comment lettercolumn

Cover by William Rotsler. Interior illos by Rotsler and Atom.

KLEIN BOTTLE is edited and published quarterly for FAPA by Miriam and Terry Carr, currently at 1906 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California. Some waiting-listers also receive this furlong stan-zine, and their comments are invited, as well as any contributions in the forms of articles or stories. We're friendly.



A WORD OR TWO WITH YOU

Not much to say editorially this issue. Might mention, I guess, that Rotsler's column has been retitled at his request (the title used last time was Miri's idea; Rotsler hadn't as yet decided on a title when our last deadline rolled around). Also might mention that most of the stuff in this issue's Rotslercolumn are a bit dated because somebody on the chain has been holding up Rotsler letters so that they get to us late. Foo to you people: you are doing FAPA a disservice!

The Dewey article was obtained through Burbee. And incidentally, Burb should get a full four pages' credit for his own article; it did run to four full pages in manuscript. Secy-Treas Ron Ellick, The Most Powerful Puppet In Fandom, has seen the manuscript and agrees that the discrepancy between it and its length here is not due to any padding on Burb's part, but to my own crowding.

--Terry

Fapasurvey and Sapsurvey Reports, like--II

There were other reasons given too, for not reading stf, but they mainly boiled down to loss of interest. (See graph at end of report.) Of course, all those who don't read stf at present, used to. Books and magazines are about tied for favour.

The average FAPAN belongs to .80 of a local fanclub, while the figure for SAPS is .70.

FAPAns have been to more cons than SAPS members have, but they've also been in fandom quite awhile longer. FAPA: 2.94 worldcons each, and 5 regional cons each. SAPS: 1.98 worldcons each, and 2.69 regionals. The average FAPAN has been in fandom 12 years, 1½ months, attending an average of .66 cons per year. The average SAP has been in fandom 7 years 11 months, with .60 cons per year.

The average FAPAN has .63 spouse, whereas the average SAP has only .50 spouse. The FAPAN has .70 child (1.1 per married member); the SAP has .56 child (1.13 per married member). These spouse-and-child statistics, by the way, represent an almost 100% sampling of each apa--I went down the rosters and filled in for those that I could, which was most.

"Mr. Average FAPAmember" has 1.47 duplicators, to "Mr. Average SAPS member"'s 1.41. There are 1.72 typers in the possession of the average FAPAN; the average SAP has 1.48.

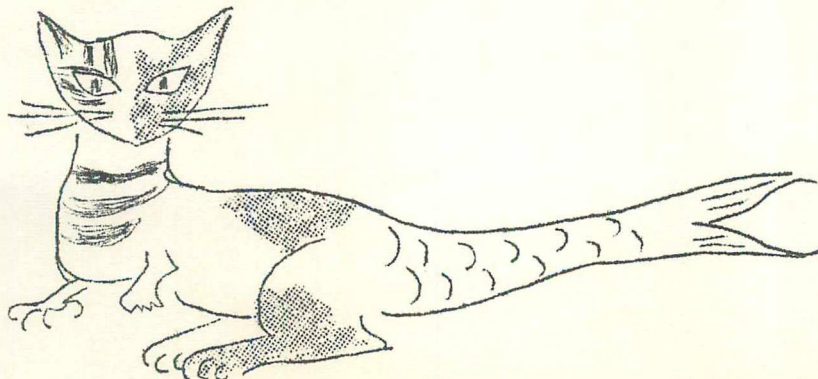
The average FAP goes to 1.78 movies per month. (Hi, Bob.) The average SAP goes to 1.52 per month. (Note here that taking out the number of movies attended by Bob Tucker--who is a movie projectionist--the average movie attendance by FAPAns is .84 times per month.)

The average member of each apa considers himself an actifan outside the group; 83% in FAPA and 97% in SAPS. The average FAPAN pubs .64 of a genzine and the average SAP pubs 1. The average FAPAN is in 172 other apas; the average SAP is in .60 others. Of these biapans in FAPA, 6 prefer FAPA, 4 prefer SAPS, one prefers OMPA, and 4 were undecided or declined to state. In SAPS, 7 of the biapans prefer SAPS, 3 prefer FAPA, one prefers OMPA, and 5 decline to state. In both apas, those who preferred FAPA said it was because FAPA has higher quality material in general and those who preferred SAPS liked that club's friendliness and cohesiveness. Those who preferred OMPA didn't say why.

Musical tastes of the two apas are pretty similar:

- FAPA**
- 1) classical
 - 2) jazz
 - 3) folk music
 - 4) operetta
 - 5) show tunes
 - 6) pops
 - 7) peace and quiet
 - 8) rock and roll

- SAPS**
- 1) classical
 - 2) jazz
 - 3) folk music
 - 4) operetta
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 - 8) peace and quiet

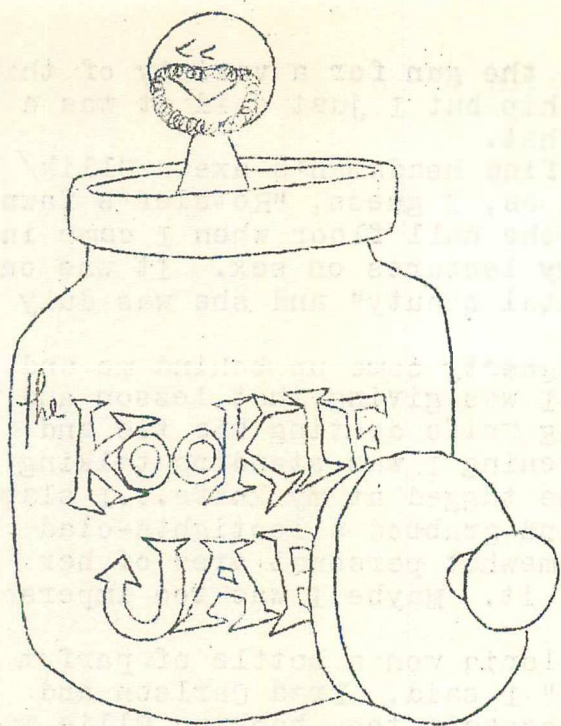


The average FAP has 1.42 pets, the average animal being 32% tropical fish, 23% plain cat, 9% Siamese cat, 4.5% turtle, 4.5% bird, and 27% dog. We call Karen's illo here a "graph" because it's certainly graphic, anyway. (This question was not asked

in S.A.P.S.)

[illegible]

--Miri Carr



BY WILLIAM ROTSCHILD

MY FRIENDS ALWAYS WIN PRIZES

I had a date with Gloria Darren for the LASFS Halloween Party. That evening, I worked on my mask...a mass of pale liquid rubber, string, corn pops, salt over a blue silk handkerchief. This I tucked into the hood of my hooded sweatshirt and wearing thick, heavy rubber gloves decided to go as the God of Fornication from the planet Kteic...or something. Decided to change into something later that I could breath in...change the mask and sweatshirt for a blue cord shirt, a neckerchief and a gunbelt and go as "The Fastest Gun in Fandom". Frank Coe arrived in his Wolfman makeup that was a KNOCKOUT!

We finally got over to Gloria's at 9pm. She wasn't ready, as I suspected. She did come out looking ab-

solutely beautiful, dressed as a Japanese girl. She had gone out and bought oriental slippers, artificial flowers, a fancy pillow for that thing in the back and lots of stuff. Looked Eurasian. But oh so good! (Isn't it nice there are pretty girls in the world? Thank heavens...thank heavens for big girls...)

We got in Frank's old Cadillac (he likes OLD Cads) and got out to Al Lewis' about ten. The party was in full swing. I put on this spaghetti cum corn pops mask that covered my face (I had cut out eyes that I could barely see through the string and gunk) and pulled up the hood so it looked as if my whole head was a soggy mess. I guess that's what it looked like; I couldn't see.

No one recognized me. For one thing they were all looking at Gloria and for the second thing they thought big old Frank Coe was me. I didn't realize until we were sitting in Gloria's that Frank has a real beard. But, though he is a bright blond, he was dark, looking as if he had a black or dark brown beard. He was great! People were calling him Bill, but he didn't "break" and stayed in character and just croutched and snarled.

The people that figured Frank to be me were really confused as to who I was...and the people that either didn't know who I was anyway, were even more in the dark. It was fun. We wended our way through to the kitchen, which was just about as long as I could stand not breathing in the mask, so when someone was being ever so sure about Frank being me I pulled off the plate of old spaghetti and confused them further. Forry really did a double-take.

Then I went out to the car, ripped off the thick gloves, sweat shirt...put on the dark blue cord shirt, gunbelt, neckerchief, badge (the Fastest Gun thing) and returned with a bottle to have fun.

Naturally, there were a few demonstrations requested, but I

The Kookie Jar--II

restrained myself noticeably. I used the gun for a variety of things. Dick Sand called it my manhood at my hip but I just said it was a phallic substitute and let it go at that.

Rick Sneary had a hood and fine headsman's axe. Ellick/Caughran/Steve Tolliver were in mufti as, I guess, "Rotsler's fawning acolytes". They were all sitting on the hall floor when I came in with Gloria to give them another of my lectures on sex. It was on the subject of "Appreciation of Oriental beauty" and she was duly impressed with the adoration.

Incidentally, Walter J. Daugherty came up behind me and lifted my gun out of my holster when I was giving that lesson and I turned around with my Randall Fighting Knife denting his tie and said, Don't do that. Later in the evening I was standing talking to one of my fawning acolytes and someone tugged at my knife...I slapped back at whatever, whoever was there and grabbed a leotights-clad young lady I never saw before in a somewhat personal area of her anatomy. I don't think she cared for it. Maybe I was too impersonal for her. Or too quick.

Let's get to the prizes. Gloria won a bottle of parfum as the "most beautiful". "What else?" I said. Brad Carlson and Trimble, dressed as assassins or an assassin team backing Ellie Turner in black tights, makeup and a skull, won team prize. Bjo won me. (I still don't understand that. Forry announced something about an hour with me being the prize.) Frank Coe, of course, won the Grand Prize.

I loosened my gun in the holster and said. "My friends always win prizes."

Let's see if there were any pertinent sights that stick in my mind. Frank, of course. Gloria uber alles. Brad and John with their muffled faces putting on glasses. I looked at both of them with glasses and said, "Some assassins". Bjo was dressed as a unicorn and there was some conversation I vaguely remember about me saying it was a symbol of virginity and she asked me how I'd know one.



I CAST AN EYE OVER THE AUGUST RAMBLING FAP

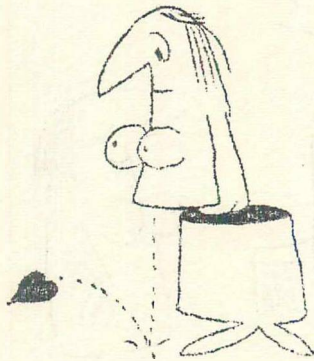
Gregg, those rides down the hills in Santa Monica as a child sound pretty scary. Nothing like that happened to Gerald FitzGerald and myself. We used to take hikes and such. Climb trees. Go running full tilt through pitchblack walnut orchards at night without doing more than brush an occasional leaf. Once we were hiking in the hills and decided to climb down this 45° stone cliff. Two giant boulders the size of a couple of apartment houses. We were going down what amounted to the cleavage of two big breasts, with a foot on each side. Gerald was behind and we were both facing out. He yelped and I looked over my shoulder to see an oversize loaf of frenchbread, maybe 30" long and weighing at least a hundred pounds bouncing down at me. Nowhere to go, noplac to shift. I threw up my legs, balancing on my hands as the rock crashed erratically under me and off the cliff. Pause. Then crash-crash into the stunted oaks at the bottom of the gorge. Whew. Then we found the cliff was so steep we couldn't get back up and had to work around the face to the left.

The Kookie Jar--III

It became vertical and the only reason we could make it was because it was aggregate and rocks had popped out and gave us toe and finger holds. We were so close to the face of the cliff we couldn't change our faces from one side to look the other way without serious danger of falling off. Needless to say, we made it.

Another time the ranch had discarded an old sheet metal tank and had rolled it into the creek that ran through the ranch. Correction: they put it by the edge and we pushed it in. A little water was running through and we got to playing with it, eventually turning it over and getting under it. It began to sink, going down into the sand, with us underneath. We got a bit frantic when we found we couldn't lift it. Eventually it was elbow deep into the sand and you

know the effort required to lift a tank about eight feet across, much less one sunk in over a foot of wet sand and a full six to eight inches of running water. Finally GCF and I did the usual thing we had been doing all our lives. To hell with it--heave! We made it but we were worried for a time.



A REVIEW OF LARK, AUGUST 1959

Be your neighbor (or whatever) who wants to put on a private showing of old silent movies. Here in Hollywood there is a place called Old Time Movies that shows just about all the old classics sooner or later. Not so many of the BIG ones but they come along now and again. I have seen few of the BIG silent movies and when I do it is often in a censored form. The theater used to be 25¢ but now it is up to 60¢ I think. Music plays and people talk softly but often and it is quite relaxing. Years ago I went in there with an ex-lady-Marine. We were there to see Ricardo Cortez in "The Eagle" or some such pirate movie. I'm very unsure of the title. In walks Cortez (who is Italian or Jewish or something but I suppose over the years has come to know many latins in movies) and Antonio Moreno and Gilbert Roland (this was before his recent upsurge) and another whose name escapes me but was Big. They sit down in front of us and we get a full earful of their comments, given partly in Mexican but much in English. There's another advantage of Silent Movies: eaves-dropping. Anyway, at one point Cortez is swinging through the air on a rope or some such feat and Roland, sitting in front of Bernice Sophie Saltzman, turns to Cortez (sitting in front of me) and says "Ole" softly. Everytime he (the screen Cortez) would do something dashing and daring and mucho cojones they would all turn towards him or lean forward and just look at him. He was having a sterile love-scene with the heroine and Roland turns and says "Ole?"

Another time I was there with Mina, I think, seeing "The Volga Boatman" with William Boyd. This was before the big TV Hoppy thing. The end came and a man stood up and started to go, escorting his family...then the lights came on and we could see it was Boyd himself. The audience started to applaud and it grew to (for that small theater) quite an ovation, a genuine reflection of warm feeling and quite unrehearsed. Boyd was confused, embarrassed or seemed to be embarrassed at being "caught" seeing an old movie of his, then doubly embarrassed at the big response...then deeply and sincerely moved. This was before the TV Hoppy thing had made him so well known. Oh, he had been making the Hoppy films for ages but that was strictly lower case fame. He smiled and waved and it was really a kind of

The Kookie Jar--IV

warm and nice thing. Every time I think of that pompous ass in the black suit I think of the Old Time Movies and the amazed man, delighted and moved to have been recognized in such a fashion.

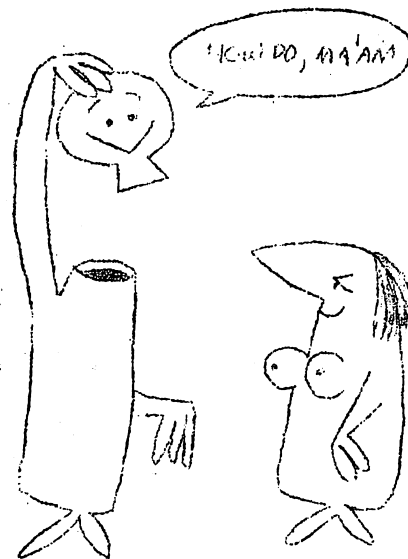
HE'S AN L.A. FAN--I WON'T STEP OUTSIDE WITH HIM...SAID RON ELLIK

I went to Forry Ackerman's house for Djinn Faine's 21st birthday party. It was a ginger-peachy party. Jerry Stier, Bill Ellern, Trimble/Ellik, Ed Cox, the Jacobses, Zeke Leppin, Elmer Perdue (who passed out on the trail of a woman, thereby disgusting Burbee with his inept pursuit..."He's not kept faith with our sex," I said) and the Jack Jardines (nominal hosts) were there. Forry was there and I said, "Forry, I'm having a little party here tomorrow night and I'd like the place cleaned up...this is fandom's party pad, isn't it?" The Burbees and their friend Thos came a bit later. Kris Neville, Jack Harness, a whole clutch of unidentified fans plus some identified ones whose names escape me. LASFSers.

There were many delightful conversations. The William Rotsler Extension Course had a guest lecturer in the form of Charles Burbee, who gave a talk on likker and women to official student Ron Ellik and listeners Ed Cox, Harness and Dick Daniels. Burbee had a funny bit asking for his Bhuddist fan to shut out the sight of a girl named Irene who was sitting in his lap or next to him. Ron Ellik was sitting in the breakfast nook ("That's good--nook for breakfast"--Burbee), reading a science-fiction story...had gone there to be quiet and was set upon by me, then Burbee and Irene and Elmer and Thos and Bjo. Much conversation ensued which somehow never got Marine-trained killer Ronel back to his book.

There were many other nice little bits, all of which escape me now, but it was a very nice party. I must admit I did have the feeling it was more just a fan party than a birthday party for Djinn. Maybe that's because I spent most of the evening with Burbee, Ellik, Bjo, etc and not Djinn. In fact, I hardly saw Djinn. (I told her Djinn was a four-letter word at one point and she disputed me. "The D is silent, isn't it?" I said.)

I got home about 3am after drinking much coke, 7up and Ronel's root beer.



A BEAUTIFUL PARTY

Adrienne Kranz, a good friend of a good friend, was having a very nice all day party a block or two from Pacific Ocean Park and a half block from the beach. It was dusk when I arrived and so beautiful. Sunset, with the lights coming on in strings on the naval cruiser lying just off shore. Balmy night, Sinatra coming out of the house, lights on the ship, merriment in the house and half-heard in the neighborhood, a cold drink in my hand.

The party was delightful and lots of fun. Ken Sullet was there and he and I were going around with small 49-star flags, Alaska having just been admitted. Later we all went down to sit on a low

The Kookie Jar--V

wall on the land side of the beach and watch the beautiful Fourth of July fireworks coming up from a ship out beyond the end of Pacific Ocean Park. There were lots of sparklers and fountain on the beach, too. We all (about a dozen) sang the national anthem but it came out like a drinking song.

Ken and I took a walk down to Pacific Ocean park around 11:00 or 12:00. We were still carrying our flags, only I had a glass of apple wine.

"Very American...a flag in one hand and a glass in the other. Only it should be bourbon."

"Bourbon and branch water," Ken commented.

"Among certain American elements it should be bourbon and holy water," I said, thus inventing a new drink.

MISCELLANY MIASMA

Last night I decided to do a bit of fast draw practice. One must keep in shape, one must. Decided to see if I could outdraw the lads on the TV screen. I lost, twice. But then, they cheat. Editing can make them so much faster. (Did I tell you that "The Rifleman" has the "every other frame removed" technique going to make that superfast firing bit going on their opener?) That, plus judicious editing on angles, cutting, etc can make a medium fast man look VERY fast. If I were shooting "for real" (or even blanks) I'd be slower, more cautious, I know. It's a silly thing, but amusing.

"I can't remember because my head thinks it away," said Lisa today.

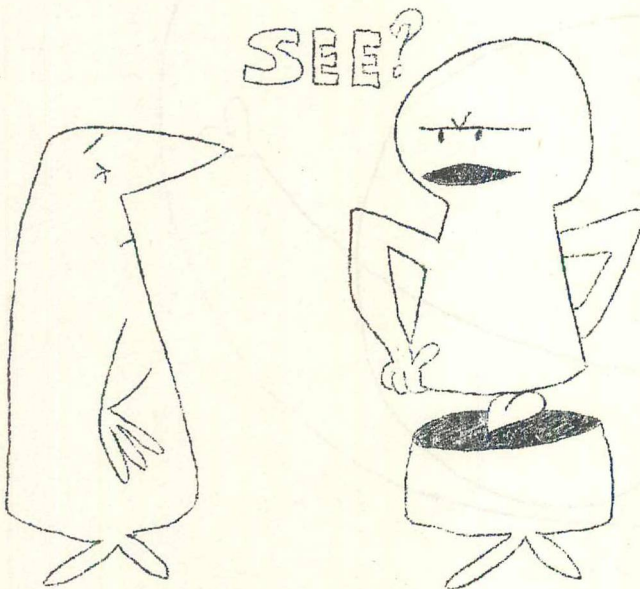
John Trimble and Steve Tolliver came by and took me out to Burbee's. Kris Neville and wife, Mrs. Ellik and a friend were there. Kris and Burb were well oiled. Kris got off on how to weigh breasts and we couldn't think of a good way. Then he told of reading how

(displacement of water) in a book of historical fiction, and deplored not having people like that writing s-f: "We're not able to attract great minds to s-f to find out how to weigh tits."

Lisa was in the kitchen the other day and said there were ants there. Abney asked what they were doing and Lisa said, "Oh, just puttering around."

Chuck Strathmeyer, a friend of Abney's (and mine), was in New York on a business trip recently ...stopped by to visit some mutual friends in a big, elegant, very expensive, modern apartment house ...rang the doorbell...something shorted and the place burned to the ground.

Chuck's wife Nancy is the girl who called last week on the way thru town. She once had a plum tree growing up through her toilet...I, myself, saw it in 1953, leaves, tiny plums and all, there in the water. Nancy also was a great favorite with a certain firm that manufactured shrouds and burial dresses. Nancy was the only



The Kookie Jar--VI

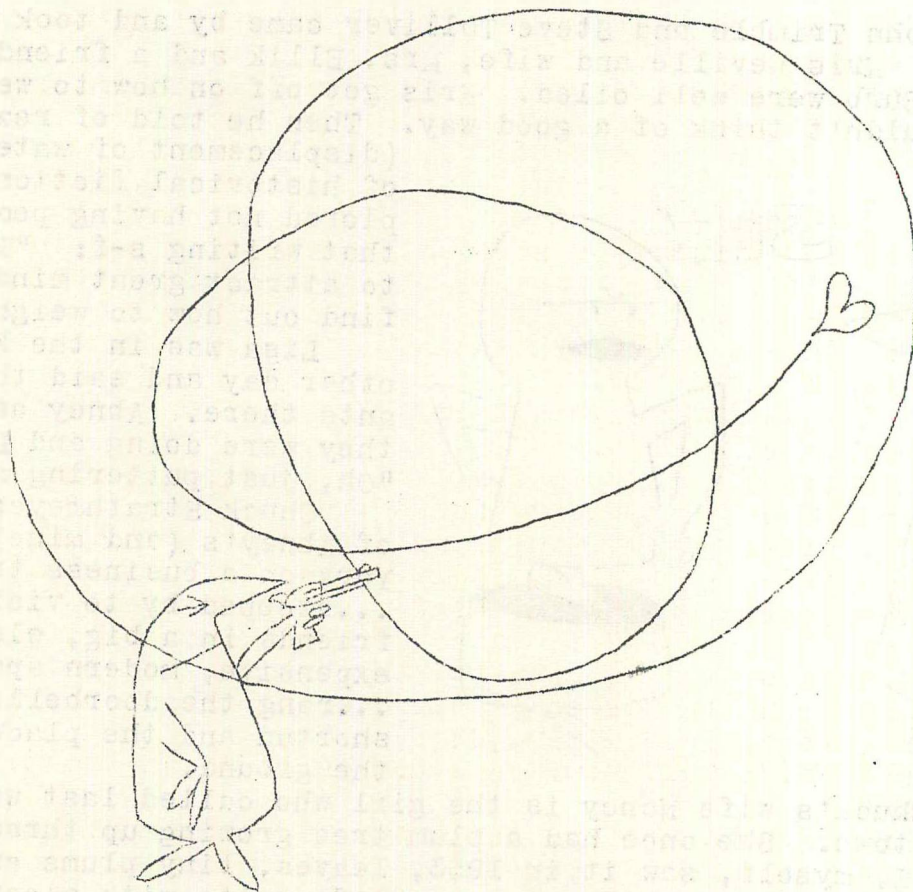
model they could find that looked right and could keep a straight face. They liked her so much they wanted to give her one of the fancy but backless dresses. They posed her in front of a coffin, too...or a casket, as they say now.

I wrote MARTIANS GO HOME! on the back of my dusty car the other day and someone finally drew a few lines thru it, signifying to me that there are some of us who want them here.

Lisa and I were having dinner at the Burbees' and Isabel was devising interesting ways to get Lisa--who eats like a sparrow--to eat something. It was working, which prompted Burb to say, "It's all a matter of presentation. Even Willie didn't like sex until it was presented to him in the form of a woman."

--William Rotsler

What is writing but an attempt to scratch a cerebral itch?--Hayakawa



LIKE, MAN, A GAGGLE OF GEESE



BY G. GORDON DEWEY

I heard them.

I poured cream in my coffee, and stared.

With my ears I heard them. Fan-type voices.

I stirred the cream in my coffee, and stared.

Like a gaggle of geese, I heard them. Fan-type voices, crying to God of the footing. Fan-type feet, uprooting flag-stones and rain-trees.

But big strides were strode, another memorable night, down the very same flight of flag-stones, by That-Little-Man-Whose-Name-We-Never-Mention.

Watch your step, I said. Man could trip and bust his...

He shrugged. Scornfully.

I'm always prepared to fall, said Al Ashley

Shifting on my ashley (the snap-on word), I stirred my coffee, and stared.

There was fan-type noise at the door. Then they were inside--three of finedom's fannest: bringing infra-beer, ultra-booze and supra-butt.

Hi, Dewey, said Bill Rotsler, the boy-artist, speaking thickly through a thicket.

God speaking, Meyer, said Elmer Perdue, with the old-world courtesy of Baxter Street.

N'lo, you lecherous old man, said Tiger Burbee, that man with a batch of biscuit batter for brains.

Hi, Bill, Meyer, Sam, I said, waving them into the Quill Room of Redcliff-on-the-Bias. Come in and set a spell.

They sat, borrowed my beer-can opener from "The Ship of Ishtar" where I was using it as a book-mark, and opened cans of beer.

I went back to coffee-staring.

After awhile Burbee leaned over to help me stare. He said, Looks like coffee, from here. What is it?

Coffee, I told him. But for me it doesn't curdle.

No?

No. For Al Ashley, the cream in coffee curdles. We were playing chess, I told Burbee, a game Al should have won. He showed me where I made the move that let defeat slip into his grasp. You shouldn't have made that move, Al Ashley protested.

I poured coffee. I put cream and sugar in mine, and stirred.

Like, Man, A Gaggle Of Geese--II

Al put cream and sugar in his, and stirred. The cream curdled. In mine, it didn't. Al looked at his, then looked at mine.

What is there about me, asked Al Ashley, that causes cream to curdle?

Ah, yes, said Burbee, laughing in his beer. That immortal little man!

So he told me that same night, I said.

Shake hands, said Al Ashley, sticking out his hand, with the world's only immortal man.

The old tub, Helen, heard that.

How much life insurance do you carry, she asked this immortal little man.

Computing swiftly with both brains, Al said, About three thousand.

Not much of an estate to leave behind you, said Helen.

Oh, I dunno, Al said quickly. It could be built up. He sipped his curdled coffee. I can take out another thousand...

His voice trailed off as his attention returned to the curdled coffee. His minds grappled with the mystery as he sipped the curdled coffee. Presently he spoke--and I felt sure I could see the nimbus, tumid with complacent pride, that he wore so well.

Immortality comes but once, said Al Ashley.

Helen tiptoed softly from the room....

Uncle Al is a good man, said Elmer Perdue.

Bits of the past, like film clips, were running through Burbee's eyes. He touched me with fame, said Charles Burbee. Called me a bastard. You bastard, said Al Ashley. Ah, yes, he cometh and he passeth by.... But speak to me of musicians, Burbee said to me. Where are your piano rolls?

Piano rolls?

Yeah, Burbee, the Collector, said. I need 'bout eight more to tide me over.

I'll tell you about Lady Will Carr, I said.

Does she collect piano rolls, Rotsler asked.

Lady Will Carr, I told them, plays piano. Like Art Tatum, sort of...

Did I tell you what Art Tatum said to the hospital orderly who was fumbling with his pudendum, Burbee asked. Ah, he was a sly one, Art was. Burbee laughed, shook his head, then said, speak to me of musicians.

Lady Will Carr, I said, plays fine piano. Sings, too.

She's a lovely person, Perdue said. Kiss her lightly, Meyer, for me. I would like it to be on the left cheek.

You know how it goes, I told them. Long time no see; so I called her one night.

Hi, Lady Will, I said.

Then my ear was filled with the husky-sweet vibrance of her voice. Hi, Dewey, she said. Where ya been, Man? This is too much.

Too far from you, too long, I told her. Got to thinkin' about you, thought I'd call, give my ears a treat...

Glad you paid youah phone bill, Man, Lady Will said.

Be nice to hear you making fine notes again, I said. Inking any bookings?

The gold is no-wheah, Lady Will said.

I know. So you're doing something else, maybe?

Like, Man, A Gaggle Of Geese--III

The streets are cold, Lady Will said.

I said, Like to come out and have some drinks? Laugh it up a little?

Life ain't all jokes, Dewey, Lady Will said; and the sadness of her race seemed to mute her voice. Somehow, there just didn't seem to be anything more we could say.

That's a fine tale, Uncle Dewey, Perdue said, reaching for another can of beer.

I'll draw it for you, Rotsler said. I'll call it jokes in a Jugular Vein.

While I lit a cigaret, he drew it--a wondrous mish-mash of geometric noodlings.

Like, Man, a clowder of wild-cats, I said. Which one is me?

Depends on who's looking at it, Rotsler said. Gotta see with the eye of an artist. Gotta abstract. Interpret.

Burbee said, Speak to me of musicians.

I'll tell you about Harry Oliver, I said. Trumpet man. Man with the seventeen-quart bladder--I counted. Blows fine bugle.

Does he collect piano rolls, Burbee asked.

He's a good man, Uncle Harry is, said E. Perdue as he reached for another can of beer.

Perdue surprised me once by knowing my old viper buddy, Billy Miles. He could do it again.

Do you know Harry Oliver, I asked.

No, Meyer, Perdue said. But he's a good man.

Speak to me of musicians, Burbee said.

I'll tell you about Harry Oliver and Freddy Fisher, I said.

Burbee said, Like--Freddy Fisher?

Like who else, I spake.

He's a good man, Perdue said, reaching for another can of beer.

The Freddy Fisher who, Burbee said, pulls wings off flies?

Like what other, I said.

The Freddy Fisher, Burbee cried, who broke wind in the crowded elevator in Davenport and ducked out to leave you holding an evil-smelling bag?

Like one and the same, I said. I'll tell you about him and Harry Oliver.

He's a good man, Uncle Freddy is, Perdue said, reaching for another can of beer.

Harry and I, I told them, worked together on this band. One day he packed up his horn. Whadda ya gonna do, Man, blow? I asked him. Not another goddam note, Harry said. So he took off for California. Vic Servoss, that once-great slip-horn man, went along with him instead of going to breakfast--just as he stood, leaving clothes, horn and everything behind.

I found Harry, some years later, managing a hardware store in Pomona. He was busy when I came in. He told me later he'd kept his eyes on "that long, lanky, sneaky-looking bastard" so I wouldn't fill my pockets and blow, like Mississippi Six style--those fabulous cats of ecto-scrotal renown.

We talked of musicians, and sex; of music, and carnies, and the bump-and-grind nudies at the Kasson, Minnesota County Fair; of jobs, and bands; of the Mississippi Six, the Blackhawk Hotel and Eldora, Iowa; of musicians and sex; of Freddy Fisher.

Like, Man, A Gaggle of Geese--IV

Have you, I asked that good man, Harry Oliver, seen Freddy Fisher? Had a band a while back--Schnickelfritz and His Kernels of Korn--they got'em all skinned!

Like he was blasting C above high-C, Harry got all over red in the face.

Have I seen Freddy Fisher! Harry said. Yes, Dewey, I have seen Freddy Fisher. In this store, I have seen Freddy Fisher.

Tell me about how you saw Freddy Fisher, Harry.

So Harry told me, speaking to me of Freddy Fisher.

He said, there was these three old bags; see? They simpered an' dithered. I was waitin' on 'em. Three simpering old bags. We just can't make up our minds, they told me, them three simpering old bags. I didn't see anyone else come in--them old bags was swarming me, ya know, like a bucket of worms. Like they always swarm ya, the simpering ones.

Then there was this loud voice behind me, yelling clear across the store. You know--loud, real loud; and raspy--like a mule pissin' on a spade.

Yeah, Harry, I know, I told him.

So you ask me have I seen Freddy Fisher. Man, I wanted to crawl under a showcase an' hide. Like there I was, waitin' on them three simpering old bags, swarming me like a bucket of worms. They simper, always they swarm ya.

Then I heard this loud-mouthed character, yellin' like some First-of-May son-of-a-bitch the first time he sees a cooch show. Sure, it was Freddy Fisher, all right. Yellin' like a yokel when some cooch-dancer bumps him in the puss.

I said, Freddy Fisher, hunh?

You're four-forty, Man, Harry said. Freddy Fisher, drivin' from the wrong end. Whadda ya think this half-assed bastard yelled over at me where I was waitin' on them three old bags who was swarming me?

From Freddy, I said, something outa the wrong end of the horn.

I'll tell you what Freddy Fisher yelled at me, Harry Oliver said; yellin' like some yokel bastard with his puss caught in a cooch-dancer's grind.

Hey! Freddy Fisher yelled at Harry Oliver, over to where Harry was being swarmed by the three old bags.

Hey! Do you sell piss-pots in here?

Yeah, Harry told me, that was Freddy Fisher. I knew he was in California.

My boy Freddy is a mighty good man, Perdue said, reaching for another can of beer.

Rotsler squinted at his picture of Freddy Fisher, then tore it up.

Nobody'd ever believe it, he muttered.

Tiger Burbee laughed, and roared; whacked his knees, and laughed; leaped slowly and painfully to his feet, stomped my Quill Room floor, and laughed; flopped on the couch, and laughed; and swiped at tears.

Then he said, Speak to me of musicians, Dewey.

So I told them about the Mississippi Six and Stick Leins, who wrote Pecker Blues; of how the banquet came to Corie; of the chick who fed me a cream-puff; of how we held the Elk's dingus in South Dakota; and about certain other fabulous characters of those

Like, Man, A Gaggle Of Geese--V

fabulous times, and we drank infra-beer and ultra-booze for the good of our fine minds, and after awhile they left--my three fan-type visitors, Bill, Meyer and Sam.

Just before, unprepared to fall, they started down the tilted lawn, Perdue in his God-valence said, reaching for another can of beer, Harry and Freddie were good men, Meyer. Mighty good men.

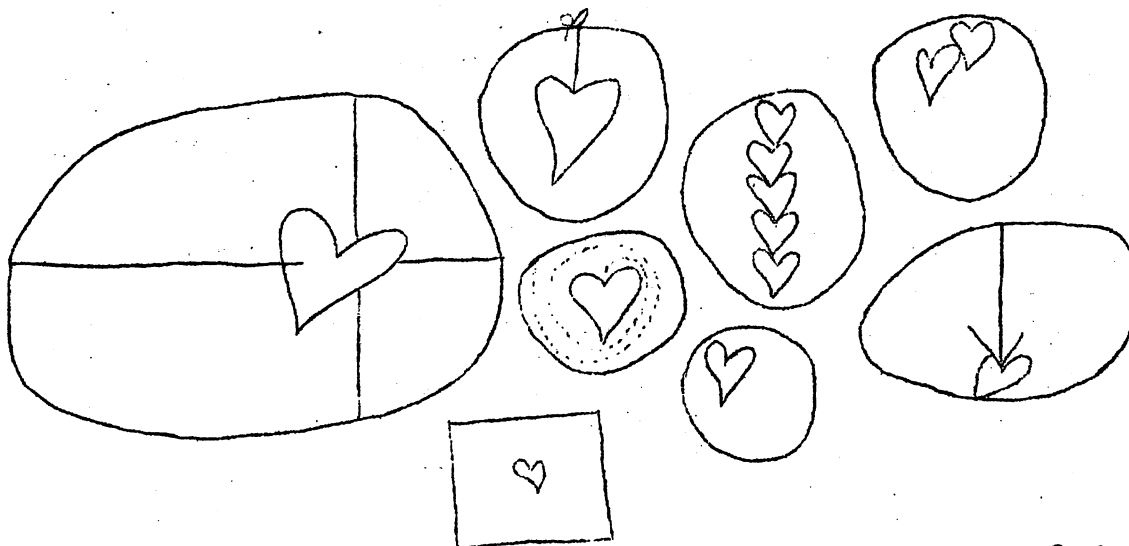
Then they were gone.

I heard them.

Like a barren of mules, they were gone.

Sans spades.

--G. Gordon Dewey

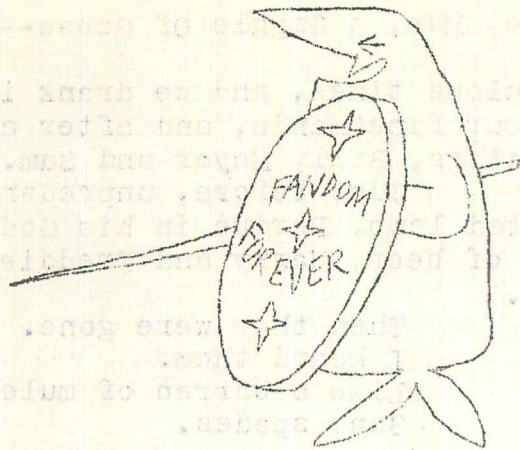


EACH OF US LIVES ALONE

RUTGERS

COMPANION PIECE

BY CHARLES BURBEE



Well, Dewey kind of tricked me. In a nice way. He called me the other night and read me the first draft of "Like, Man, A Gaggle Of Geese," and of course I laughed like crazy. I loved it. In fact I said at once I would write a companion piece for it, and this is it. Trouble was, I based my piece on an incident suggested by a paragraph in the first draft, and it was written out of the final draft. So I asked him for the first draft and he sent it along and I will reproduce it here so I can go into my own act:

"That man, Tiger Burbee, goes all in a bunch and kind of chuggy at the mere thought of a piano roll. Gets a gleam in his eyes like when he originates the script for some concupiscent lad who doesn't dig the finer points of coaxing into bed with him a girl who'd jump in first if he'd just play it cool. Or when he expounds on the scientific method of determining the closing times of strange bookstores."

Fact is, something glowingly wonderful does come over me at the thought of a piano roll but it is not about those fine things I preach tonight. And I won't expound on that coaxing-into-bed thing either. That, by the way, is a fine story but it goes much better when told verbally on account of the rhythm of the verbs. You must remind me of it when I see you some time. I tell it better when full of good beer. Please do not try to tempt me with Coke, because I frown at soft drinks. They're debilitating. The thing I want to talk about is the scientific method of determining the closing times of strange bookstores.

Elmer Perdue and I (the story began) now and then will head toward some city beyond the horizon looking for books and phonograph records and player piano rolls. We usually set aside some Saturday for this trip and take off early and arrive home late. The day is studded with joyful stops for beer and still more stops necessitated by the beer and whether we arrive home with books or records or piano rolls sometimes seems of secondary importance.

We do not always go alone. Once Bjo accompanied us, taking along her sketch book, but I do not believe she picked up anything useful from either of us.

The time of which I am about to speak occurred about eighteen or twenty months ago. It was some lovely month, May or like that, and Santa Barbara was our goal. Elmer had gotten hold of two bookstore addresses there which he said were excellent sources. Santa Barbara is a mission city about seventy miles from Elmer's house, which in its turn is some fifteen miles from my place. I

Companion Piece--II

drove there one Saturday morning and around 9:00 p.m. was ringing his doorbell. Elmer swung the door wide open and stood there in what I suppose he fondly believes is a pose of grandeur. He was clad in a white shirt and black bow tie. And when I say white shirt and black bow tie I do not mean you to mentally include such accessories as socks or shorts or headgear.

I do not know if it has been mentioned elsewhere, but this is Elmer's favorite morning dress. That damned bow tie gives him a feeling of elan, I think. The white shirt sets off his black tie and shiny face and would swirl out grandly behind him if he ever walked fast, but he never walks fast.

I do not know why Elmer does not walk fast unless it is that his heavy belly requires too much energy to start rolling. And too much energy to stop. It might be that he feels, in his lofty moodiness, that no place toward which he is headed is really important to a godlike mentality and if he doesn't like it when he gets there he will pass a minor miracle and make it unto his own liking.

Part of passing a minor miracle requires the drinking of a vast amount of Angelica wine.

Before long, Audrey Clinton arrived on the scene. Elmer by this time was dressed. For that matter we were all dressed. Oh, we were a platonic group that May morning.

Elmer turned to me and smiling an Angelica smile (a smile engendered by Angelica wine) said: Honeychild has consented to go with us.

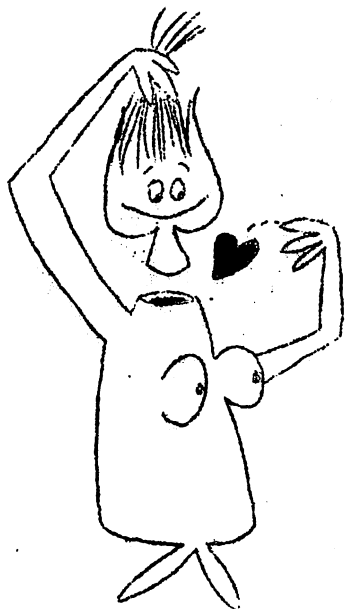
I was consterned--consternated?--how is that word used? I'm no semanticist. I write from the heart, letting the syntax fall where it might, and those goddam words clog the aorta at times.

I was croggled, I mean. I thought he meant Honeybelle, his dog. I neglected to mention that Honeybelle heard me coming and barked like crazy because she thought I was a mailman. By now she was silent, of course, and had turned her great sad eyes on Elmer's face, which she no doubt regards as little short of divine.

As I said, I thought he meant Honeybelle the dog and I remember thinking to myself: Good Lord, has Elmer at last taken leave of his senses? Yes, I said to myself, he has, or he would not say that this half-wild dog had consented to accompany us.

Then it struck me that the word Honeychild referred to Audrey, who was standing there staring at me as though she were saying to herself: Has Burbee taken leave of his senses, acting so full of consternation? (See, other people know how to use that word and I don't.)

Oh, I said. My golly, I said. I stared closer at Audrey. I had never up to this time seen a woman who would willingly closet herself in a small automobile for hours with such a bizarre and lecherous pair. I said something about the horrors of bookhunting. Do you realize, I said, that we will be traversing on foot the seediest parts of the towns we stop in? Do you know that we wander in and out of musty second-hand stores, breathing the evil-smelling atmospheres thereof and getting our hands grimy on their wares and it all is a sort of odd way to pass the hours, considering that at



Companion Piece--III

no time does a floorshow start or a scantily-clad girl come up to tell you the house wants to buy you a drink?

I said a few more things but it quickly came to me that this young lady was not paying much attention to me. In fact she had ears mostly for her own utterances. In fact as the day wore on she paid less and less attention. At one point, as a matter of fact, she was asleep, though I attribute this more to the hypnotic effect of steady carspeed than any soporific qualities in my speech.

We did go rather steadily up the coast, through Oxnard, which is famous because it is near Camarillo, which Rotsler made famous, and through other cities, but I think we stopped in Ventura for a bit. In Santa Barbara we poked around quite happily in the various places which were just as musty as we thought they'd be. We wandered leisurely around till about 3:00 in the afternoon, at which time Audrey declared she would go no farther till she had eaten.

It developed that neither of these people had eaten any breakfast and had been up half the night. As a matter of fact, they'd been together in some joint somewhere, arguing about the fact that they had nothing to argue about.

That is what they said. They repeated it a couple of times to be sure I got it right. I got it word for word, all right. I had the feeling they thought it was clever. So I have repeated it here in the hope that somebody else might read it and write in and tell me that it is clever and real modern and possibly even cool, like.

But while Audrey's belly was burbling for want of food, as was apparent from her speech, it was also quite apparent that we still had two big bookstores to visit and here it was around 3:00 in the afternoon.

So I said: I think we ought to check the closing times of these stores so we can arrange our schedule to fit. It would be a hell of a thing if these two stores, which are the ones we came to see, were to be closed when we finally got to them.

Elmer thought I was right.

But Audrey said there was no use checking because she knew they stayed open till 9:00 or 10:00, or even later, as long as they had customers.

Elmer thought she was right.

But I declared: Wait. Elmer and I were in San Bernardino some months ago and there were two bookstores just as close together as these two. We didn't bother to check closing time and went lazily through one of them. When we arrived at the other it was closed. So we checked, too late, and found that one closed at 5:00 and the other at 5:30. If we'd known that, we could have rearranged



Companion Piece--IV

our schedule and visited both.

Audrey said that was San Bernardino and she knew it was different here. She looked at Elmer.

That is correct, darling, said Elmer.
I am merely being scientific, I said.
These things want careful study, do they not, Meyer?

That is correct, Meyer, said Elmer.

Basing my prediction on careful samplings taken from the past performances of bookstores, I say that the first of the stores into which we go will close at 5:00 and the second at 5:30.

Audrey's mouth set in a sort of tight line but she walked along with us.

At the first store Elmer stood twenty feet from the clerk and inquired as to the closing time.

Five o'clock, said the clerk.

Check one, I said, grandiosely. And what will this next place tell us? Ob-

vious, I think.

Again Elmer stood proudly twenty feet from the proprietor and asked about closing time.

Five-thirty, said this man.

On the way out I began to sum up the situation: There we have it. Once again validation of the scientific method. I knew it would happen that way, for it was set in the immutable channels of this time-track. It could happen no other way. Based on--

Oh shut your goddam mouth! Audrey's voice cut in. It had gone up an octave or a tenth (I'm no more a musician than a semanticist) as she went on: You goddam fan. You think you're so smart--

She went on for awhile, but mostly it was the same sort of stuff I get at home with no original touches to liven it up so I didn't listen very closely.

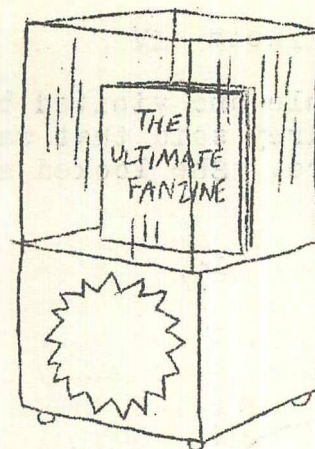
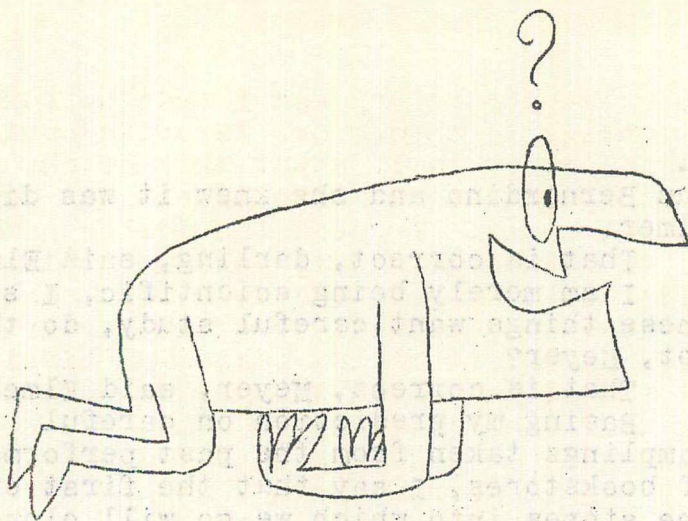
--Charles Burbee

All knowledge is contained in fanzines. --Burbee

A NOTE FROM BURBEE

"'Like, Man, A Gaggles of Geese' is kind of a first run or trial run of a book Dewey is thinking of working on. About musicians. He was a traveling musician and is full of stories, as this article indicates. What he wants is six or seven copies of the mag in which it appears. The idea there is to send copies to the old musicians he used to associate with, in the hope of stirring up old memories. He wants to jar them loose from anecdotes he can use in his book. He says he'd like to bang them out in fanzine article form first, and then gather them all together and make a book out of them.

burb"



THE TRANSCENDENTAL SKWEE

comments on the 89th FAPA mailing, by Miriam Carr

A FANZINE FOR etc (Hoffman)

I'll be maudlin right along with you, Lee, and kick around the subject of pre-fannish journalism. In the 9th grade, my only year of junior high school, we had a club period every day, and the choices were quite varied. One semester I ventured into La Torre Club. Right from the start the teacher, Miss Black, and I were at loggerheads. I wanted to be a reporter, and she wanted me to be an editor. Everything I wanted to do, she wanted me to do something else. I was finally kicked out of the club for writing something which evidently had an obscene double entendre. I hadn't meant to write anything dirty, and I never did find out what I'd said. Needless to say, the article never saw print, and as I can't remember it I'll never know what I did.

The next day Miss Black merely told the class that I wasn't journalism material.

From that club I went to Props and Cues Club, which I'll discuss elsewhere in these mailing comments.

By the time I got to my senior year of high school I'd already gotten so many of my solids out of the way that I had time to take several fluff courses. One of the ones I elected was Journalism. When I first entered the class I told Mr. Crook, or "Daddy" as we affectionately referred to him, that my only recommendation to the course was that I was fairly literate and that Miss Black had said that I simply wasn't Journalism material. Undaunted by this, he made me Social Editor of The Tiger, though by all rights a first-semester Journalism student should be a cub reporter. This time it suited me fine to be an editor, as everyone was perfectly happy to tell me where they'd been with whom and wore what, and I got to write my whole half-page a week with the barest minimum of effort. Even though the sports writers and I only got half-credit for our work, the Sports Editor was the only one at the end of the year with more column-inches than me.

Approximately half of the stuff I wrote was a column called "Personals" which said nothing but "Seen at the football game Friday night: Maureen Moore and Mike Lanhan, etcet". When I wasn't horribly

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busy churning out such inanity, a sophomore boy and I read horror comics and improvised our own stories to them. Our favorite comic, which was I believe an E.C., had a story in it about this witch, see, who made this doll, like, and it would become alive if she got just the right pair of blue eyes to put in it. I guess the doll's name was Madeline, because she used to follow her nasty ancient trolls and gnomes around, screaming, "Kill! Kill! We need the eyes for Madeline!" My sophomore buddy Steve and I would occasionally get quite carried away with such evocative phrases and start making faces and hissing them. It would not only upset the class, which thought we were both nuts for sure, but Daddy Crook would get quite up in arms. We never got into trouble, though, and he gave me a B-plus in the course, so he couldn't have thought that I wasn't Journalism material.

I hated "Downtown Local". It drives someone crazy.

GALLERY (Derry)

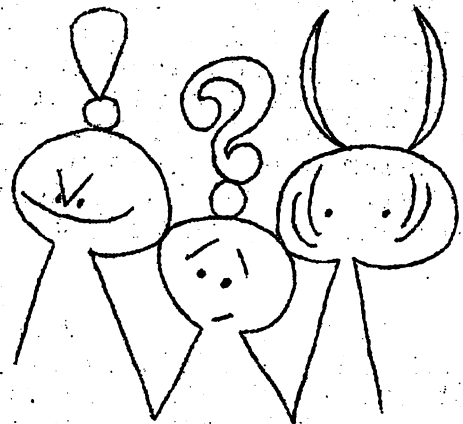
I must say, Chick, that I didn't like anything in the issue except "Bread, Stf, and Embalming Fluid". Everything else showed lots of promise and then fell sad-deningly flat. 'Twas all very frustrating.

Dean, I was fascinated to read the phrase "starving Armenian". My mother used to say it all the time, and I picked it up from her--but I don't really understand it. As far as I know, Indians and Chinese and all are much more starving than Europeans. It gives me a picture in my mind of my mother as a teenager (very blonde) ringing doorbells, with a tambourine and wearing some sort of Gypsy garb, saying, "Geev to the starving Armenians." I can't imagine why, though. Was there ever such a thing as an Armenian War Relief or somesuch? (By the way, all the Armenians I know are rich.)

I really don't know whether or not calcium propionate is in embalming fluid, but it sure as hell is in most athlete's foot preparations--being, of course, a mold-killer. It isn't good for you internally. I don't know whether or not it has cumulative effects; there sure isn't much in a loaf of bread. I don't even know why they bother to put it in bread, as it seems to me that anyone who didn't use up a loaf of bread in two or three days would put it in the refrigerator or the freezer to keep it from spoiling. I'm agin the stuff, but most of the bread we buy does contain it, as you pay a premium price for bread without preservatives.

FAPATHY (Silverberg)

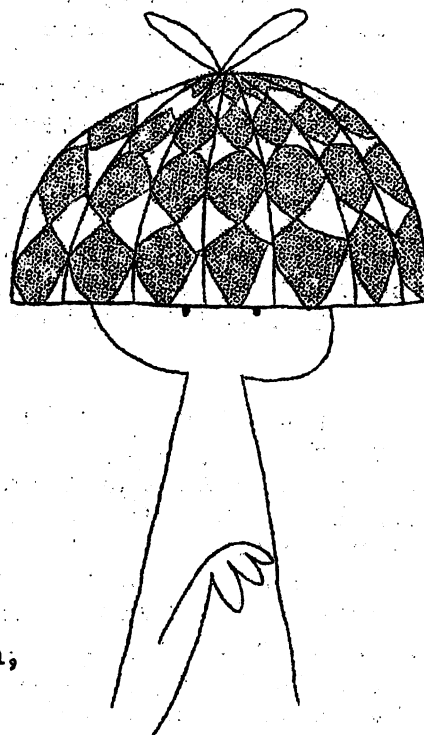
Your troubles in mixing up Italian and Spanish I can sympathize with easily. My final grade in first year Latin was a D, so my counselor tentatively scheduled me for both second year Latin and first year Spanish for the next year, depending on whether or not I made up the Latin grade satisfactorily in summer school. As it turned out, I made up my Latin grade quite satisfactorily but my schedule of classes wasn't amended accordingly. It was a couple of days before I realized my problem in scheduling, and by that time I'd found myself quite interested in the Spanish class and loathed to give up all that



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work in Latin. So I took the classes simultaneously. I found the Spanish course much more interesting, and liked the teacher better than the Latin teacher also, and also, because of the many Romance roots I'd learned from Latin, Spanish was infinitely more easy for me. I did get the two languages confused quite a bit, the most confusing thing for me being translating from English to Latin. All I could ever think of were the Spanish words.

My Spanish teacher was really a good egg, and had some very good ideas, in my opinion. She taught grammar and all, but it was basically conversational Spanish, with emphasis put on Latin American and Mexican pronunciation and usage. Up until a year or so ago I could converse quite decently with the Latin Americans and Mexicans I knew. I never have met anyone from Spain yet, and I'm not likely to go there, at least not nearly as likely as I am to go to Mexico, so I don't know how well I could do with Spanish Spanish. But my Latin American Spanish was once quite decent, so if I could get in practice again maybe I'd do all right. It's funny that my confusion doesn't extend from Latin to Spanish, only vice-versa--but I don't care much about Latin anymore, anyhow.



HORIZONS (Warner)

Just so that everyone can set their mind at ease, I just checked in an old SPACEWAYS (Vol. 3, No. 4, Harry) and discovered therein that Dr. Swisher's wife was Frances Nevada.

Right in our own neighborhood we have a store which specializes in player pianos and rolls. They also sell sheet music, banjos, and like that, but their main traffic seems to be in piano rolls. Besides having great quantities of used rolls from five cents to fifty cents, they have lots of new ones, including popular music (current)--which always stuns me, because to me piano rolls should either play ragtime or such stuff as airs from Wagnerian operas, Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, and Indian Love Call. You can imagine my shock when I saw Erroll Garner piano rolls.

While everyone's talking about favorite authors of our youths, I may as well add a bit of data and some of my opinions. I disagree with you, Harry, on your contention that the Penrod books are the only ones of Tarkington's that are still good reading today. For one thing, Tarkington (whose real first name was Newton--Booth was his middle name) didn't die until 1946, and he kept right on writing till 1945--all his works couldn't be so terribly out of date. Our encyclopedia says that his most notable achievements were "Penrod" (1914), "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1918), and "Alice Adams" (1921). He got Pulitzer Prizes for the latter two, which I'd never heard of before reading about them in the encyclopedia. My favorite among the ten or so Tarkington books I've read is his first novel, "Monsieur Beaucaire". Did any of you know that he served a term in the Indiana House of Representatives (1902-03)? Tarkington was awarded the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Sciences in 1933. "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Seventeen" remain with me as cherished reading

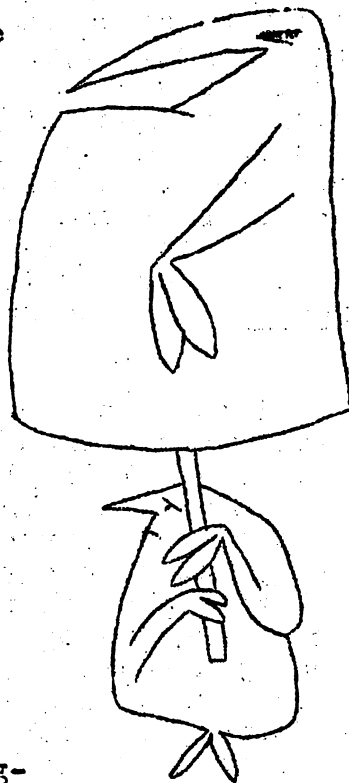
The Transcendental Skwee--IV

matter, though I don't know if I'd care to reread "Seventeen" very often, because I'm still haunted by that nasty little girl and her "Ickle Boy Batster".

Terhune was one of my favorite authors up till I was about fourteen, I guess. He did write quite a few non-dog-books, none of which I can remember having read. It's surprising that so much of his work was dog stories, considering the varied and interesting experiences he had. Why, in the 1890's he travelled on horseback through Syria, lived among Bedouins, investigated leper colonies, etc., and later was on the staff of the New York Evening World for 26 years, was an authority on physical culture, and collaborated with his mother (Mary Virginia Hawes Terhune) on quite a few serious pieces of fiction. My favorite things by Terhune are "His Dog," "Lochinvar Luck," "Treve," "Lad: A Dog," "Bruce," "Buff: A Collie," and "Lad of Sunnybank". Come to think of it, I think that's all of his dog stories, but I loved them all and reread them many times.

Another reason why I'll always be grateful to Terhune is that he introduced me to the works of James Thurber. When I'd exhausted our library's supply of Terhune novels, the librarian gave me an anthology of dog stories which not only contained a couple of Terhune pieces but also the story "The Dog That Bit People" by Thurber. It was a swell introduction to a writer of whom I'm still a great fan.

Speaking of Thurber, I inadvertantly shocked some rather conservative acquaintances of ours recently by using some peculiar Dizzy Dean type phrase in their presence. I think what I said was "tearing up the peapatch". They both howled what did you say? what do you mean? etcet., and the Goldstones, who were there, recognized and understood the expression but identified it as being Thurberese because of his story "The Catbird Seat". That evening, I was relating the story to Terry and a visiting girlfriend of mine, and she said she wasn't familiar with James Thurber, so I read "The Night The Bed Fell" to them. So I guess I passed on the good deed that Terhune did for me, because she howled all the way through it, and Thurber has a new fan. (For those of you who are unfortunate enough not to have heard Dizzy Dean's baseball broadcasts and also haven't read "The Catbird Seat," tearing-up-the-peapatch means going-on-a-rampage.)



In "Where Did You Eat? Out. etcet." you evoked many images of the girl who could have been me on the other side of the counter from you. For a year or so I waitressed in various medium-small lunch-counters in various smallish California cities. Only one place I ever worked long enough to get to know the steady customers, and that was an ice cream parlour cum sandwich place in South Pasadena. I really liked the job quite a bit, as I had an ideal shift (from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.), therefore it interfered not one bit with my night school and social life. We had a great number of steady customers, because Fosselman's, the eatery, was in the heart of the small business district. Harry, you said that the girls seemed to get a bellyfull of idle smalltalk with the customers. I sure didn't, for a lot of

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reasons. First of all, I made some acquaintances that I rather cherish by being friendly; secondly, it's the friendly, pleasant waitress who usually gets the tip (but this can backfire on you--many people feel it would be degrading to tip a chum of theirs); but the main reason why I was always glad to chat with my customers was that I often learned things from what they told me.

I enjoyed HORIZONS very much, and I wish I had more brilliant and laudatory things to say.

INVOLUTIA (Janke)

Your comments to Marion Bradley on The Great Max Pohlen Mystery remind me of a bit that was running in the Chronicle last time I looked.

(We stopped subbing awhile back.)

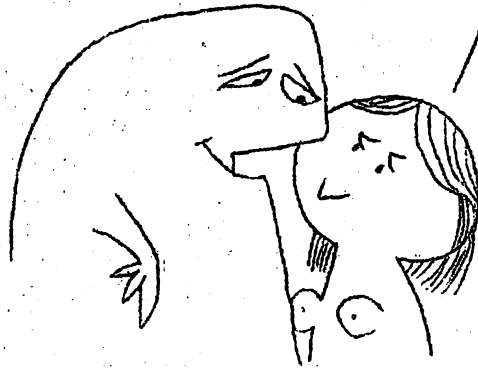
This ad started out in the Personals,

"Human head for sale. Rare neuro specimen, \$500 or make offer."

There was also a phone number, of course. This started out several months back, and it got people real excited and curious. Herb Caen wrote an item on the man in his daily column, saying that he was an old man who needed money for a mortgage or something and had no capital, so he was selling his head, collection to be after his death, of course. Last time I looked, the ad said \$9080 or make offer, so I

guess people really are bidding on his head, though I can't imagine why, and I wonder if this isn't just some sort of hoax that the Chronicle dreamed up to advertise their classified section.

-AND YOU'LL WRITE A
REGULAR COLUMN FOR
MY FANZINE, MR. BLOCH?



PHLOTSAM (Economou)

I thought "Ah, Sweet Thespis!" was a real delight to read, especially since when I was a kid I thought that an acting career was my destiny. I'll give you an outline of my thespian career.

When I was about nine years old I played Meg in "Little Women" at one of the playgrounds in Los Angeles. I was pretty unmemorable as Meg, but no one who saw me will ever forget me as Roderigo in the little play that Jo wrote (the play-within-the-play). The main bulk of the dialogue was this: Hugo, the villain, says, "Aha, fair blade, you shall soon taste blood, blood, blood, heeheehee." Esmerelda, our fair heroine, whimpers, "No, Hugo, no!" Hugo: "You are doomed, Esmerelda--call for your Roderigo now!" Esmerelda: "Roderigo, Roderigo, save me, save me!" Enter Roderigo, carrying a cup of poison: "I come, Esmerelda, I come! And as for you, Hugo, drink!--drink until you die!" Roderigo, at this time, has been forcing Hugo to drink the poison with one hand and claspng fair Esmerelda to him with the other. Hugo then staggers to the floor, gasping, "Oh, what pain, what pain! I die, I die!" Isn't that swell?

When I was in junior high school I belonged to the Props and Cues Club, and was in both the productions that this drama group put on. In both of these, by the way, I played opposite Jon Jory, son of movie actor Victor Jory. In the Christmas play I played this creepy old lady who was really the Christ child in disguise. The play was called "Why The Chimes Rang," and it was about how these poor

The Transcendental Skwee--VI

little peasant boys gave some porridge and stuff to this creepy old lady who must surely have been the Christ child in disguise, because later on in the play the Angel Gabriel (played by Jeannette Amadooni, who was quite chesty for her age) came out on the stage and said "Lo!" and a bunch of stuff like that. And the chimes rang in the church, which they hadn't done for several hundred years, and Mary and Joseph and the Baby Jesus and the shepherds and the wise men --in fact, practically everybody in the ninth grade--came out on the stage, and it certainly was a wonderful thing.

I'M THE
KING OF
FANDOM!



That spring, the club put on the annual spring show. It was often an original play, and it was also often a talent review. I wrote most of the script, but I can't remember the name of the damn thing or too much about what it was about. See, it was the 25th anniversary of the junior high, and we decided that for some reason these 1928 kids came back to visit SPJHS, and from there on there was this musical review. It all made sense in the context of the script, but for the life of me I can't fill you in. Anyway, I was the head spokesman of these 1928 people, and I wore this absolutely beautiful formal of my grandmother's from the era. It was a pretty dumb play, but the outstanding thing about it in my mind is that I got egoboo in being written up in the South Pasadena Review (a biweekly newspaper).

My drama career came abruptly to an end when I entered high school--until my senior year, that is. Because in my sophomore and junior years, I was in the A Capella Choir, which took up a great deal of my time. The choir did a lot of performances outside of school and all that, but the only really dramatic thing we did was to perform "Down in The Valley," an operetta by Kurt Weill. The story is about the South during the 19th century, I believe, and we performed what I thought was an awfully nice performance in costume. Besides being in the choir, I played the part of "First Woman," and had a one-line singing solo and two lines of speech--no business at all.

In the second semester of my senior year I had all kinds of free units and I enrolled in the Drama class. Mr. Tewksbury, our teacher, appointed various kids in the class as Student Directors, assigned them plays, and let them cast from the class. It was really a riot, but I can remember only two of the plays I was in. The first was "Farewell to the Clown," and it was really quite a moving little story about a little girl who imagined that a clown came to play with her at bedtime each night, only the bit was that a clown really did come. The mother was a widow and extremely upset, feeling that she had failed as a parent and that her child was neurotic, if not psychotic. The mother, played by me, and the brother explained finally to the child that the clown didn't exist and so forth--so the last night the clown appeared he gave the child a very loving and tender speech about imagination and love and so forth and said that he could never come again. (I'm afraid I haven't made it clear that the clown really was imaginary all along and was more or less a projection of

The Transcendental Skwee--VII

the child's clown doll.) It was a downbeat but nice little fantasy, and I felt the part of the mother was really quite a challenge. The only other thing about the play is that the child and the clown had long scenes to themselves and so my friend John Meader, who played my brother, when we grew tired of long waits in the wings, began passing the time by me teaching him how to bop; and my bopping was very much out of style and John wasn't particularly a good dancer. Later on that year we went to a dance together and we were goofing around and decided to bop (this was the first time we'd ever had music). We were having a gay old time and weren't paying any attention to anybody and flapping our elbows around and all, when all of a sudden we looked up and found that everyone else had stopped dancing and had grouped in a circle around us. John thought it was hysterical, but I was mortified, and haven't bopped in public since.

Meanwhile, back in Drama class, the school tramp, Arlene Billings, was given the directorship of the most godawful farce-comedy of all time, "The Jinx From Alabama". She chose me to play the colored maid, and I had such tremendous lines to deliver as "Lawzy me, lawzy muzzy, jes' lookit what I done done" and I had to call everybody Miss Nancy and Mister John and so forth--it was utterly chauvenistic and degrading; I hated it. During the final performance, Arlene all of a sudden decided to tell me how she was really in love with Johnny but she only did it with Bill because...and so forth. She made me miss my cue, an important one where I was supposed to break into the middle of an argument the two characters on stage were having. Well, I didn't enter and didn't enter, and the gal had to cover up for me, so she was just making stuff up, and by the time I finally got free of Arlene I was hearing stuff I'd never heard before and I was standing there looking helpless and couldn't imagine where to come in. So the other gal very brightly said, "What does the maid want?" and then I had to make up lines, because I was supposed to burst in and all. The three of us got kind of carried away with the whole thing and kept on making stuff up; I made myself a slightly brighter character than the playrite had. By the time the other characters came in we'd completely gone afieled from the original play, and so the whole ending was changed. The audience just loved it; they all thought we were wonderful actors because of the way we interrupted each other and so forth. Mr. Tewksbury was appalled. The whole cast got D's and I got an F.

The review of my dramatic career hasn't been anything like as startling or scintillating as yours, Phyl, but I'm glad you reminded me of all this--because even if it doesn't make the world's greatest reading, it's been extremely pleasant reminiscing.

ANYTHING BOX (Bradley)

I enjoyed your zine a great deal, Marion, but the only checkmark I have is in your Bean Recipe section. It brought to mind the Fannie Merritt Farmer Cookbook's recipe for Boston Baked Beans. It's really quite an amazing cookbook, in that they'll go into the minutest details about some things and other times just say, "Select



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some nice potatoes" or "Cut up a handful of beans" or "Cook a pot-roast". You can see that such directions aren't much help, especially to a novice cook.

The recipe for Boston Baked Beans, however, is one of the elaborate ones, and different people's opinions on the relative heat of the oven and different kinds of beans which may be used and whether or not to use a crockery pot or a five-pound lard bucket and other such things are really explored thoroughly. The gentle reader is told that she can tell when the beans are ready to have something-or-other done to them by selecting a bean and blowing on it. If the skin bursts, they are ready. "However, beans tested in this manner must of course be thrown away." We are also warned that the water the beans have been cooking in must be thrown outdoors when we're through with it, never in the sink--and no explanation is given for this.

One day Ron Ellick was over and I was cooking a spaghetti dinner. Ron told me that I should throw a piece of spaghetti against the wall to see if it were ready, the deal being that if it sticks the spaghetti's ready. Terry popped into the kitchen at that moment and announced, "Spaghetti tested in this manner must of course be thrown away."

Thanks for the good reading, Marion, and also for the recipes.

HUGO GERNSBACK, FATHER OF SCIENCE FICTION (Moskowitz)

Your booklet was very informative and interesting, Sam; thanks for putting it through the FAPA. Your telling of how Hugo Gernsback discovered science fiction utterly delighted me, and set forth all sorts of images in my mind. I immediately imagined little Hugo, aged nine, writhing in delirium, shouting "Martian" and "Spaceman" and "Rain on Venus" and like that. Except the only head I could imagine on Hugo was his present-day one, which is really a pretty hilarious vision; try it on sometime.

Speaking of Hugo Gernsback, last November Forry Ackerman, in San Francisco, visiting Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, spoke at a combined meeting of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, renamed the Yerba Buena Leprechauns, and Berkeley's Little Men. He told that while in New York last he had lunch with the two Great Old Men of science fiction, Hugo Gernsback and Frank R. Paul. Forry was delighted to get a chance to see these two ideals of his, especially when he had them to himself and wasn't sharing them with a whole convention. The luncheon turned out to be a great disappointment for Forry, however--though not due to any flaws in these men, but because they chose this particular afternoon to discuss, not stf, not science, nor even fantasy, but restaurants they had eaten at in their travels.

LOVE

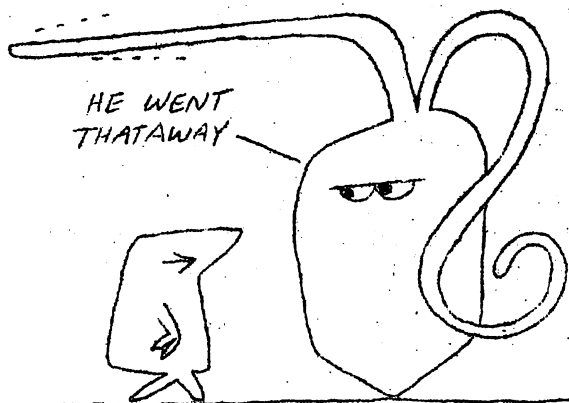
WHAT'S
THAT?

I DUNNO--
SOME NEW
KIND OF EMOTIONAL
DEODORANT, I
THINK.

DRIFTWOOD (Kidd)

"David Glick, of Skokie, a flag decorator, answered intelligently. He averred, 'They should have a hall for them. Give 'em some education. The city should buy a hall or whatever is needed. It would be the best thing for them. I'm handicapped myself. They should have halls for them in different neighborhoods throughout the city and the suburbs. They need places where they can play and stay out of trouble.'" Mr. Glick's intelligent opinions on the beatniks have come true in San Francisco. Beat Congregational minister, Pierre Delattre, has taken or gotten money from the Congregational church and made a nice clubhouse for the beatniks in the most picturesque part of San Francisco's North Beach area. The Bread And Wine Mission

(at Grant and Greenwich Sts.) preaches no Christian theology, but has free suppers, poetry readings, arts & crafts classes, folk sings, and like that. Pierre is a very sweet guy, and will talk religion, but only if someone else brings it up. He's very open-minded. He dresses in levi's, a hooded sweat-shirt (commonly called Zen jackets in his area), and wears a beautiful silver cross around his neck with a crown of thorns going around the joint of the cross. I asked him about this once, and asked him if it were hand-made.



He told me that it was hand-made indeed, that it was made by Sylvester the Crucifix Maker, who steals silverware from leading Republicans (I think he's a part-time caterer) and makes religious jewelery, which he sells at very low prices.

The purpose of the Mission is merely to channel the beatniks' energy and to keep them off the street. The latter purpose is a darned good one, as anyone on North Beach streets who doesn't look completely and utterly respectable (i.e., square) is quite likely to be hauled in by the police "for questioning".

DRIFTWOOD was dandy, Sally. Let's have lots more, and more Robert Sward would be a joy to read.

LARK (Danner)

Your mention of Harold Lloyd's single talkie being "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" has me a mite confused. I saw a very long Harold Lloyd talkie, also about Diddlebock, called "Mad Wednesday". I saw it as a premier in an uncut version and never heard of it playing anywhere after that. Seems to me it was about two and a half hours long, and at least an hour of it was excerpts from silent Diddlebock films. I saw this at the Washington Theater in Pasadena in 1952, I think. Harold Lloyd was there, and so was Art Linkletter, and a couple of other celebrities, and we also saw a double feature of "The Story of Three Loves" and another film whose title I can't remember. There were also six cartoons, Bingo, and ghod knows what-all else, and the whole thing cost 35¢. We were there from about 5:00 to about midnight. The main thing about "Mad Wednesday," the talkie part, was that Harold drank some unbelievable drink that was about two feet tall and foamed like from dry ice, and maybe he drank even more, and went on an utter rampage. This was Tuesday night; he lost Wednesday completely and Thursday he found himself married to a beautiful

The Transcendental Skwee--X

girl whom he didn't know from Eve, and the possessor of two enormous African lions who loved him to death but scared him out onto the windowledges of the inevitable twentieth storey. Is this the same movie as "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock"?

Speaking of comic strip characters growing, as you were elsewhere, don't forget that once upon a time Alexander Bumstead, Blondie and Dagwood's son, was "Baby Dumpling". I don't remember how he grew, but he's now about fourteen or fifteen, I'd say, and it seems to me he has been for quite awhile.

My brother told me once that he'd read or heard an interview with Chic Young, who draws the strip, and that he'd been asked why Dagwood wears those stupid shirts with just one button. Young replied that he just couldn't be bothered drawing a lot of little buttons in, and that now that detail has become a trademark of the strip. By the way, has anyone ever noticed and/or could they explain to me why Blondie and her lady friends are still dressed in WWII fashions?

In your comments to Juanita you mention approving of women who don't make a fetish of housekeeping. I'm in hearty agreement, as I certainly don't have that vice, but I am frequently embarrassed by our cat, who wanders out from under things when we have company, covered with little dust-people.

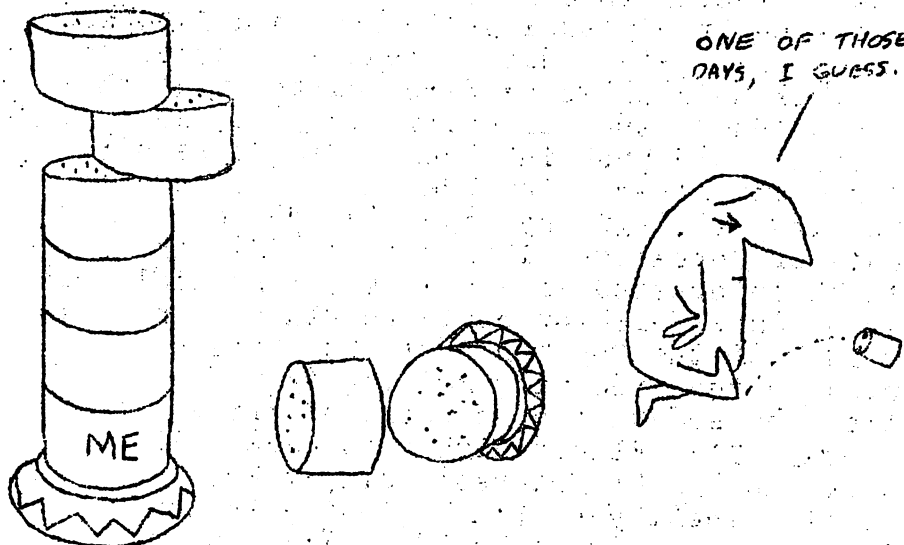
Your comments to NGW were extremely astute.

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To those of you that I didn't write mailing comments to whom, which, or whatever: I'm real sorry. I did read the whole mailing, and enjoyed almost all of it, but I've been sick lately and this was all I could do. I felt that it was better to comment at some length on a few mags than merely to give capsule reviews to all; I'll try to do better next time.

It was a fabulous mailing.

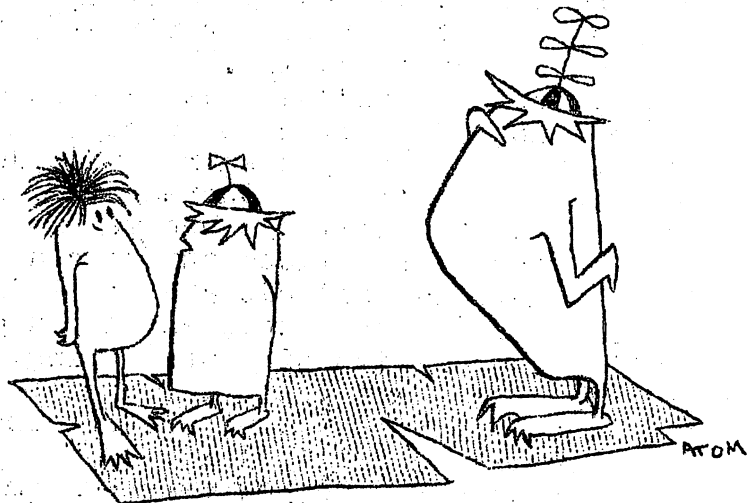
-- Miri





COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON

Terry here



"Stick around--all the signs point to him saying something deathless any moment now."

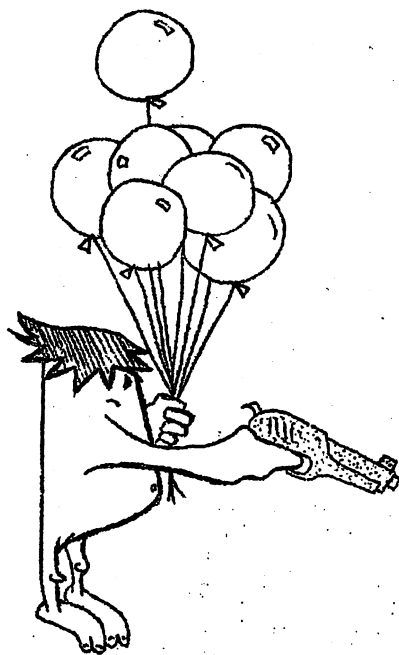
Gad but the 89th mailing was a fine one! Offhand I can't remember a better mailing in the seven years since I joined. Leafing through the mailing upon receipt I was struck immediately by the large proportion of Fine Contributors represented this time: Hoffman, Bradley, Ballard, Dunn, Economou, Silverberg, Grennell, Ryan, and the fine regulars like Calkins, Raeburn, Warner, Danner, and all. Those who were missing seem to have made the mailing last time (Ashworth, Sneary, Boggs, Graham, etc.). Verily, FAPA is a Good Thing.

In fact, this mailing was so good that it's fired our Fapish spirits so that even though we haven't done a thing for our January SAP3zine we're already busily at work on a FAPazine for February.

I'm beginning to wonder if there's any correlation between the fact that this mailing is so fine and the fact that the FAPA Egoboo Poll is going out with this mailing. Like, do many Faps intentionally give a little extra push in November in hopes of snagging egoboo? I wish I had more than a few back mailings here to check (we haven't moved them in yet). If anybody wants to do a chart showing relative page-counts of November mailings to the average page-counts for each year, I'd be interested in seeing it. Especially if some quality-as-opposed-to-quantity factor could be plugged in to the statistics. And, how many of the Top Ten or twenty Faps on the poll results were represented in the preceding mailing (Nov.)?

It's been somewhat of a point of pride with me that ever since I entered FAPA I've placed higher on each poll than any other local FAPAN (excluding Karen Anderson, simply because we haven't had much contact until recently). I'm beginning to wonder and mistrust the statistics, though: my membership comes due each November, which tends to make me have a mag in the November mailing in years of lean FAPproductivity for me. Pete Graham's falls due in August, Dave Rike's

## Comments on comments on comments on--II



in February. But a quick check shows that Ron Ellik's mailing is November, too. For that matter, I wouldn't be in the least surprised to see Ron beat me easily on the poll this year.

Well, I was supposed to be writing mailing comments here, wasn't I? I suppose you can consider the foregoing as commentary on THE FANTASY AMATEUR. On that sterling o-o I have only one other comment: Miri and I filled out our poll by making our choices separately and then putting our votes together, working out the top places by a point-system. In most cases of ties my choice went onto the poll, by right of FAPA seniority. It was fun working it out.

Harry Warner took first place on our poll easily, which wasn't a bit surprising. Out of the total possible 50 points, he got 25 on our ballot. No wonder he wins year after year.

(Miri says that for Warner there were only 47 possible points--he didn't have a chance to place as Favorite Unsung Fapan.)

### A PROPOS DU BAREAN (Ellik & Caughran)

"Peter J. Gynt" might make a fine brandonization of "Peer Gynt," but before you decide on it irrevocably, how about considering "Publishing Gynt"?

I'm inclined to suspect that George Barr is a "mystery man" in NYC--especially since he lives in Salt Lake City. Even in SLC he's somewhat of a mystery-man, though, Shadow variety: he and Larry Windham visited Calkins once, and Gregg didn't remember ever having met him. Maybe his mind was clouded or something. I think Gregg and Barr have met since, and that Gregg would recognize him now. It was Windham who discovered him to fandom--a discovery so efficacious that Windham apparently never got over it--ever since then he's been trying to convert every single artist or cartoonist he runs into. For awhile there it was a Dead Week when we didn't get a letter from Larry Windham enclosing samples of artwork from some nonfan he'd discovered. So far Barr seems to be the only one he's hooked, though.

The two best lines in this mag were Jim's comments on BULL MOOSE ("If this were less interesting, it would be illegible") and REASON ("Wansborough mumbles when he mimeographs"). Nice.

### FAPHELION (FM Busby)

Your idea for a short campaigning-and-election period for TAPP followed by a medium-long period of fund-raising sounds real good.

Agreed; "a childhood spent in moving from place to place is a great aid in spotting events chronologically" later on. We moved from Oregon to S.F. when I was four and found a permanent home within a few months. Considering that I have only a few memories before the age of four, that puts most of my childhood memories into the SanFran period--and I can only guess at the chronology by what school I was attending at the time, who my closest friends were, etc. I can seldom get very precise.

Not many comments on this, but I enjoyed it.



LARK (Danner)

All the grotching this mailing about the Fine Fashion in which TEW matriculated from his OE post merely prompts me, as one who missed the last mailing anyhow and hence didn't get burned, to remark smugly that more Fapans should have voted for Carl Brandon for OE. So what if Brandon didn't exist?--BerkSanFran fandom would have got the mailings out without a hitch anyhow.

Which train of thought reminds me that it was I who, single-handedly and without the aid of Walter J. Daugherty, elected Ted White to the post of FAPA Official Editor. Yes I did, actually and literally. When I filled in my ballot, I voted for Brandon for OE, then had second thoughts and figured that running Carl for the post was really just a gag and Ted would probably make a fine OE--so I changed my vote from Brandon to White. And Ted White beat out Brandon for the position by two votes--the difference caused by my change of vote. Of course, Brandon was officially ruled ineligible to run by the FAPA President (who was Ted White at the time), but it might have been a bit sticky to make such a ruling had Brandon won the election rather than been a close runner-up.

I kind of hate to kid Ted like this, in view of the animosity evident in this mailing toward him, and particularly in view of the fact that he's been having Troubles lately in Mundane--but really, Ted, I'm only kidding. You're used to that by now, surely.

And speaking of kidding, Bill Danner, I note that you spend quite some amount of space here and there in this issue asking people what their typos mean. Okay then--what on earth is a higway?

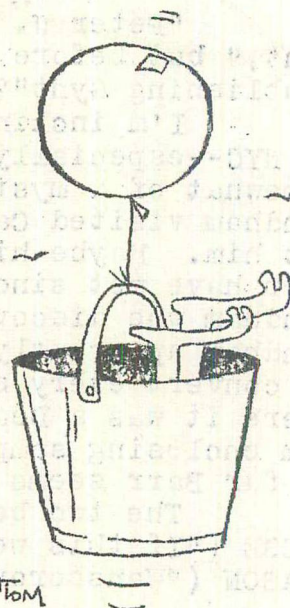
IBIDEM (Lyons)

Bloch quite obviously was and still is impressed by Laney's ACOLYTE, but Laney himself found the zine unbearable in his later fan-years, according to Boggs. Redd too says he thought the zine dull, and counters Ploch's contention that THE ACOLYTE "served as a model for the serious stfsy-centered fanzines of later years" by saying that SKYHOOK certainly wasn't modelled on THE ACOLYTE.

Your discarded idea for publishing a fanzine with material by Bloch, Tucker, Grennell and so on, all under phony names, reminds me of a discarded idea of my own which was sort of the opposite: a fanzine entirely written by me, but using the names of Bloch, Burbee, et al. I think I could maybe imitate several of the top fanwriters' styles well enough to make it pass, but I gave it up when I thought of the work involved. Like, maybe I could write like Bloch or Burbee, but it would take w-o-r-k.

No, I guess we haven't had a world war at that--and I hope we never do, of course. Interesting to note that Harold Lamb, in his "Alexander of Macedon," refers to a couple of Greek overseas wars as World Wars I and II. I mean, like the Trojan wars.

Your idea for a Short Snorter Ms. was very similar to a bit that was pulled in the Cult with a Rich Brown manuscript--hell, come to think of it, you're in the Cult. In fact, I think you were the first FReditor to reject the thing and send it on to the next FRed. I wonder, did that ever make the whole circuit of 13 and get sent back to Rich?





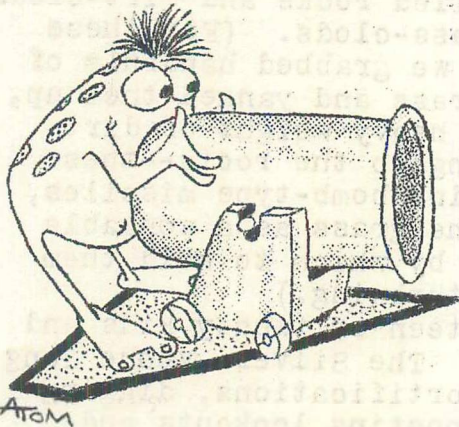
SHIPSIDE (Trimble)

I'm afraid I don't have a thing to say about this except that it was nice to see something from Elmer again, and that both Bjo's cover and her story were excellent. I trust we'll get more of both.

LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT (FM Busby)

Sure, I remember Royal Drummond. He was a real bright spot in the mailings when I was a neoFap, and as you no doubt recall I later reprinted in INUENDO his article on being bitten by a deer. Too bad he can't make time for fanac these days, but I hope you can squeeze an article out of him one of these days, as you suggest.

It really isn't too gawdawfully hard to correct typos on ditto masters. Just strike over 'em and then go back later when you've got the master out of the typer, take a razor blade (used) to 'em and scratch away the mistyped portions, leaving the strikeovers. Honest, it's a lot easier than it sounds. I've done it successfully with whole lines of strikeovers.



WRAITH (Ballard)

Your talk about pb's reminds me to ask if somebody in FAPA will fill me in on the Armed Services Editions. I have a couple which I prize highly both for collector's purposes and as good reading. They have a prohibition against resale printed on them, but they're often seen in second-hand mag stores, so either that prohibition wasn't too serious in the first place or it lost effect after the War (WWII). They must have issued a whole lot of good stuff in many fields, because I even have one of the early Arkham House books (Derleth's horror collection "Sleep No More") in an AS edition. Anybody know who did the choosing of books, the number of copies printed of each, etc.? The subject fascinates me.

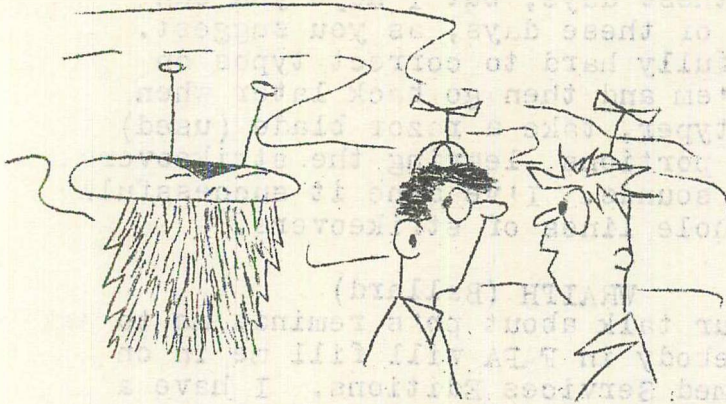
I don't know who it was who said that if the fanzine fans didn't like the way TAFF was being run they should start their own organization, but whoever it was put his foot in his mouth. TAFF was started by fanzine fans--Willis, Bulmer, AVClarke, Harris, etc. Ford was the only convention-fan importantly connected with its founding, and he wasn't in on the original brainstorming session. If the convention fans had founded TAFF I doubt that there'd be much grotching on the part of fanzine fans. As I type this (Dec. 3) I don't know the results of this year's election, as you will by the time you read it, but I have a feeling that the results will be some sort of turning point for TAFF--for better or for worse, as somebody said to me this year, and I'm not exactly sure whose election would be better or worse. It's a tangled situation at present.

The closest thing we ever did as kids to your Warfare was rock-fights. These varied from goodnatured battles with soft dirt clods to gang-warfare with sharp stones (naturally, to the subsequent horror of our parents). I remember clearly The Day The Silver Avenue Gang Attacked. Rumors started spreading that morning that one of the kids on our block had got into a scrape with one of the kids from around Silver Ave., and the Silver Avenue Gang (which we hadn't known existed until that time) was going to pay our neighborhood a visit to square matters that afternoon. All morning was spent in recruiting



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defenders, warning them that the Silver Avenue Gang had quite a few big guys (nine or ten years old). I must have been about seven then, because we began to build fortifications in the large lot on Cambridge St. which a year or two later was covered by a housing development. (That's another point of reference timewise in my childhood,



"He gave Ellik a lift for the last thirty miles--so Ron invited him up to the con."

Bux.) Our fortifications were elaborate; we tried to set up defenses comparable to the Maginot Line or something. We dug trenches two or three feet deep, almost shoulder-high in some places, piled clay like sandbags in front of them, and stockpiled rocks and dirt-clods and grass-clods. (For these latter we grabbed handfuls of long grass and yanked them up, with a heavy weight of dirt clinging to the roots--these made fine bomb-type missiles, with the grass as a workable handle by which to hold them while throwing.)

By early afternoon we'd collected fifteen or twenty kids and had our fortifications pretty well built up. The Silver Avenue Gang not being in evidence yet, we expanded our fortifications, digging more trenches, stockpiling more ammunition, posting lookouts and dirt-clod snipers here and there. We meant business: we were defending our neighborhood.

The Silver Avenue Gang still hadn't shown up by the time supertime was nigh, but one of our lookouts spotted a guy from their area walking by a block away. We snuck up on him and captured him, and wrested from him information on the whereabouts of the gang. Seemed there was no Silver Avenue Gang as such, just a bunch of guys who'd formed a softball team or something, and they didn't know about any attack they were supposed to be planning. So we told the guy that his gang was supposed to attack us and if they weren't chicken they'd be there tomorrow, and we'd be waiting for 'em. He took a wide-eyed look at how many of us there were, surveyed our defenses, and said he'd tell the guys, yessir.

They didn't show up the next day, though we massed and waited for them (skirmishing among ourselves when the tension of waiting made us irritable). We sent a message calling them chicken and went home. The day after that a few of us got together and hopefully manned the defenses in the morning, but when they didn't show up by noon we went off somewhere else. That afternoon four or five big guys from Silver Ave. came by, found nobody around, grumbled a little, filled in our trenches and scattered our ammunition, and went home.

It was a great battle while it lasted, though.

HORIZONS (Warner)

You're right: "Madness lies ahead if we try to figure out specific terms for various types of fanzines." What's been bothering me lately is, what term do you use when you want to denote a fanzine distributed through general fandom, rather than an apa or restricted mailing list? The only two terms I know, genzine and subzine, are wholly inadequate; the first sometimes means a fanzine with a non-

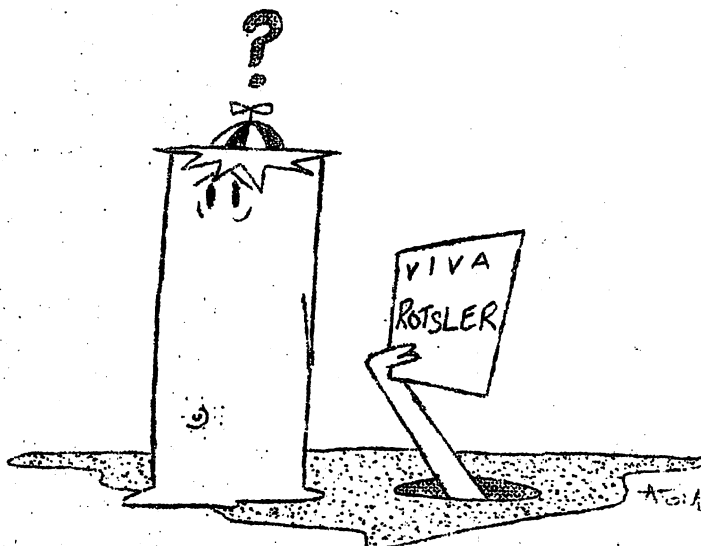
restrictive policy on types of material, and the second (which used to be pretty good for the purpose) just doesn't work in this day of tradezines, correspondence-substitutes, and Bheercan Tower Funds.

PHLOTSAM (Economou)

That sample of Ellison's padding technique was amusing, and reminded me of one of the standing jokes we used to have in local fandom. There was (and still is, sometimes) a guy named Frank McElroy, whose anecdotal style in conversation was a burden upon the listener. He just couldn't seem to tell a story without digressing into details of absolutely no importance--the time of day ("Let's see, was it three o'clock or four? No, it must have been before three, because Eddie came by around then to borrow a pocketknife--or was it a sander? Well, it wasn't any later than three-thirty, anyhow, because--") some address ("Do you know where Carrie Street is?--well, it's right near Shorty's place, sort of, only further west--"), and so forth. Finally, one day, Boob Stewart interrupted one of his monologs to ask quietly, "Were there flyspecks on the ceiling, Frank?" Frank stopped short, got the point, and laughed. For weeks after that whenever he started digressing we'd ask him about the flyspecks, until we got through his habit-patterns enough to cause him to catch himself, smile apologetically, and say, "Oh yeah, and there were flyspecks on the ceiling, too. Well, anyway--"

That bit where the gun wouldn't go off at a critical moment onstage reminds me of an incident at the only highschool play I ever attended. (We only went to that one because one of our group had a part. At one point he was standing at the very front of the stage, shading his eyes and supposedly looking out across a prairie in the role of a look-out man. But we gave him a bad time by continually calling out, "Hey, Ron--hey, here we are... hey, we came, Ron...don't worry, we'll clap for you...hey, Ron!" and such teenagerish things. Well, so much for the flyspecks, I guess.)

Anyhow, the play was an adaptation of "Annie Get Your Gun" without music, which probably sounds odd and maybe a little pointless, and was, too. In the shooting-match scene, Annie's gun failed to go off. Actually, what happened was that the stage-crew was handling sound effects, and they had a disturbance backstage at that point and missed their cue. Annie looked a little flustered, fiddled with the rifle, and raised it again. "WELL, I'LL TRY IT AGAIN," she said. She pulled the trigger and again nothing happened, except that by this time half of the stage crew was alert and a clay pigeon fell onto the stage just as if shot. Well, the star of the show was Clyde Hatton, a fellow who wanted to go on into radio or tv work and who had a lot of stage-presence. At this point he said, "What've you got on that thing, a silencer?" Annie tried again, got no gunshot, and was becoming distraught. Clyde traded guns with her. "Here, try mine. If nothing





Comments on comments on comments on--VII

else, we'll use it on a stagehand later." Annie tried again; another clay pigeon fell and as the two stared hopelessly at it a belated shot rang out from backstage. "I hope they got him," said Clyde, and with the stage-crew back on their toes they went on through the act.

The author of the Tom Swift books was Victor Appleton, as I recall. It was a house-name. The Tom Swift, Jr. series is written by Victor Appleton II--also a house-name, of course. But not the same writer(s) behind it, no.

Your reference to lemmings casting themselves into the sea brought to mind that a couple weeks ago Mimi and I got to talking about lemmings with a friend of ours, and we looked them up in the encyclopedia. Found out, to no one's utter dismay, that lemmings do not commit mass suicide in the sea. They do tend to make mass-migrations, though, and are too stupid to realize that they can't wade across rivers and various bodies of water. A few such instances are undoubtedly what started the Lemming Legend.

Side-thought: I remember reading a rather classic story concerning lemmings, in which a philosopher stood and watched a group of them casting themselves into the sea, became puzzled, and drew one aside to ask him why lemmings commit such mass suicide. The lemming replied, "What I can't understand is why you humans don't," and ran off and plunged in. A delightful bit, and I wish I could remember who wrote it, the title, and where it appeared. I think I read it around 1950 in a sf/sf mag or anthology--it may have been a reprint. Can anybody help me? Seems like a Collier piece, or maybe Saki or Dunsany.

RAMBLING FAPS (Calkins)

Wetzel could show a lot of "proof of interest in fantasy amateur activity". He was contributing to fanzines as long ago as the early '40's. A few years ago there was a rash of Wetzel articles in fanzines, on Fortean and Lovecraftian themes. He wrote a series of articles for John Hitchcock's

UMBRA, for instance, excerpting news items from Baltimore newspapers of the latter half of the last century concerning fire falling from the sky and fish in Baltimore waterpipes and so forth. Deadly dull stuff. He was also a heavy contributor to Sam Johnson's zine UNDER-TAKINGS, and for the last several issues did the mimeographing for Johnson--quite excellently, incidentally. I've only heard of one fanzine of his own that he ever published, though, and I didn't get a copy of that. It was apparently a circa-six-page zine titled THE CONSERVATIVE, distributed to give his side of whatever feuds he was mixed up in at the time.

That brief rundown on the Ewing-Donn theory was fascinating. Reminds me, obliquely, of Weinbaum's "Shifting Seas," in which things start out with the entire chain of dormant volcanos clear up and down the west coasts of North and South America suddenly erupting at once due to a tremendous disturbance in the Fault (of which the San Andreas is only a part). Wellsir, Central America sinks due to the upheaval, the Gulf Stream is diverted, and England and Northern Europe consequently find their latitude uncomfortably cold--almost polar, in fact. A great migration, mostly to the United States, begins. And the story





goes on from there. Fascinating.

We used to have a game we played on bikes. Actually, there were only two of us--Jim Davis and me. (The Very Same Jim Davis Who.) We invented it and were the only ones who ever played it. We called it Bike-O-Ball, and it was based loosely on polo. We rode bikes instead of horses, used golf clubs (irons), and a tennis ball. We played in the street, with two telephone poles for goal lines. Object, of course, was to outplay the other guy and get the ball over the goal. No fair kicking it or touching it with any part of the body. And you couldn't let your feet touch ground; you had to be riding at all times. This last rule made it particularly interesting when the ball ended up under a parked car, as it so often did, usually behind a wheel. You had to ride by slo-o-o-owly and dig it out with the golf club. Or if it was inaccessible under the car the only thing that could be done was to lean over while riding and fling the club under, hoping it would knock the ball out from under. Truly, a game of skill and frustration. And a lot of fun.

#### BUNDLE-STIFFs (Bradley)

I was never frightened by high speeds or erratic drivers until



I started learning to drive myself; now I spend most of my time when in cars with a knot in the pit of my stomach. Before I knew anything about driving except theoretically I paid no attention to possible dangers like drivers cutting in and sharp curves banked poorly and like that, but now I'm acutely aware of each one. Coming back from Oregon this year I was practically scared to death when my brother was driving at 75 down a winding highway on a steep downgrade at night. And I can seldom sleep in cars on trips. I think the last time I did I was just falling asleep on a trip to L.A. with Ronel when I heard gravel beneath the tires. Sat up with a jerk as Ron braked hurriedly. We stopped and Ron said, "That's it; you drive for awhile. I was falling asleep." I was wide awake suddenly and drove the rest of the way, maybe 100 miles, while Ron sacked out. (Come to think of it, that wasn't the last time I slept in a car--last time was on a later trip back

from L.A. when Jim Caughran and I slept on opposite shoulders of Bjo, making tired quips for awhile about "seeded shoulders" and "vote for Bjo--she's got soft shoulders".)

The bit above about Ron almost falling asleep at the wheel reminds me of another trip to L.A., when Ron, Dave Rike and I all hitch-hiked down. We got a ride the whole way with this oldish Negro who looked just like Jelly Roll Morton but wasn't, and he was drunk and had been driving without stop clear from Seattle. So through various stratagems we got him to sack out while Ron took over the driving. Awhile later Dave and I decided to see if we could get some sleep. But I couldn't sleep, and when a few minutes later Dave moved a little, I said without opening my eyes, "You still awake, Dave?" He mumbled, "Yeah...hey, Ron, you awake?" Ron snored at us.

Fortunately, he was kidding that time.



## Comments on comments on comments on--IX

Good heavens, Marion, nobody would be mad if you joined another apa too! "Cherished empty spaces" on apa rosters goes to them as can stay on waiting lists long enough to get 'em, with some envy but no jealousy on the part of fans waiting to get in. And the apas are always glad to get a member who can and will contribute in quantity and quality as you do. Though perhaps if you joined H'APA and/or SAPS you'd be spreading your production a bit thin and might turn into a minimum-activity publisher, in which case you might well get a cool reaction. Miri and I are in SAPS too, and we publish in that apa with about the same quantity&quality as in FAPA, and have received a nice welcome and friendly comments.

My first memory dates back to maybe age three--certainly no further. It's very vague, and I wouldn't have retained it at all if I hadn't purposely done so. Seems my folks tore down the chicken coop at our place in Oregon, and I was furious because I used to love to play there or something. I remember standing next to where the chicken coop had been on that day, clenching my fists and thinking, "I'll remember this, by gosh. I'll never forget it--they'll see!" And I've never forgotten it, though I ceased to be furious about it years ago.

Please continue your mailing comments, Marion. You're an interesting, friendly person, and it helps us to get to know you better.

### FANZINE REVIEW (Madle)

It's kind of amusing that you say, in your review of SKYRACK, "Note: this publication is not to be confused with a filthy imitator, called SKYHACK," just five lines after having confused the two yourself.

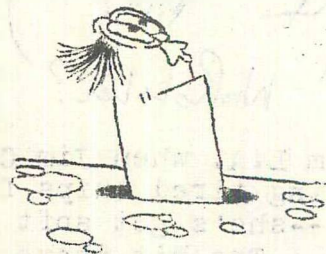
Yes, I guess FANCYCLOPEDIA II is the largest publication ever issued in fandom, though there have been some other behemoths. The ASFO Press hardbound version of "The Immortal Storm" ran over 270 pages, but that begins to border into the ranks of professional publication, I guess. EYE #3, published a few years ago, is probably the largest issue of a regular fanzine ever published: something like 165 pages. (They weren't numbered, and every time I count them I get a little lost.) That EYE broke a record (I think) set just a year before that by an issue of BRENNSCHLUSS, which was maybe 130 pages. Both the EYE and BRENNSCHLUSS monsters were special Christmas issues.

### INVOLUTIA (Janke)

Yes, one could write mailing comments consisting of clever things thought of in the three months since last mailing, with no necessary relationship to the mags supposedly being commented on. I once considered doing just that, and seeing if anybody would notice. I really doubt that many (if any) Fapans go back to check on what's being commented on.

Your attitude toward mailing comments ("If I'm going to do mailing comments I'm going to do them, not just piddle at it.") and many other things make me think you oughtta be in SAPS. You remind me forcibly of Burnett R. Toskey, who is a Pillar of SAPS, and currently OE. How 'bout it, Buz and Elinor, do you notice the similarities?

Agreed; the addition of a sax to a Dixie combo is usually un-



"Egads! Here come those crazy Earthmen at last!"

necessary and even detrimental: "...there just isn't anything for it to do. Three lines going at once are all that anyone needs." In performances of trad. jazz which I've liked with saxes the trombone has usually been omitted. And then, of course, there's the case of Sidney Bechet, whose soprano sax at various times takes the part of clarinet, trombone, or even trumpet lead--the man was really a virtuoso.

No, I'm afraid we've really seen the last of Chuch Harris. He apparently didn't quit fandom so much in disgust or protest as because of nonfannish pursuits. Like, word is that he's courting quite seriously and considers it a bit more important than fandom.

Coswal's fanzine wasn't so hard to read as Carl Brandon's first Cultzine, which Rike ran off when half-asleep or Under The Influence or something. The pages were totally out-of-order--like, page 5 followed by page 12 followed by 7, then 15, 6, 2, 11, 14, and like that.

It caused quite a stir in the Cult, and would have brought down retribution on Brandon's nonexistent head if the pages hadn't been numbered.

Hey, how large do you think Berkeley is, Curt? I mean, I could keep silent when you kept referring to Bjo as a Berkeleyite (she's from Los Angeles, a mere 400 miles from here), but when you start lumping Pete Graham's zine, published in Chicago, in with Berkeley publishing--wow! Pete used to be in Berkeley, sure, but he's been in Chicago for a year or more and won't be back for at least two more years, so I'm afraid we can't claim him right now.



#### THE SHAW RETORT (Pavlat)

Enjoyed immensely, of course, but the only comment I have noted is that I particularly liked your observation that in fandom "science fiction is much more frequently the catalyst than the subject".

I might mention that these titles are getting confusing as to who published what. What comes next, THE LAST RETORT?

#### SAND IN THE BEER (Eney)

All of a sudden Art Rapp's poetry is popping up everywhere: Rapp is reprinting old stuff and writing new stuff in SAPS, Lichtman reprints one in PSI PHI, and you reprint some here. Damn, and after I stencilled up four pages of reprinted Rappoetry for the next INN! I figured it had been too long since much of Art's poetry had been seen; apparently several others got the same idea.

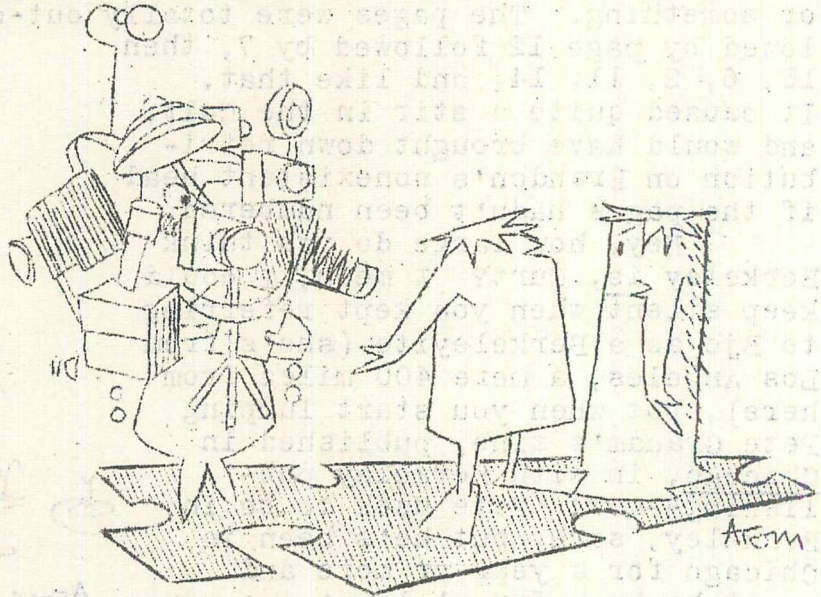
It's kind of amusing that twice now Rappoetry has been used to lampoon poetry leaflets in FAPA. There were the GAFIA POETRY LEAFLETS of Boggs', and Rapp's GOOFIA NOT-POETRY LEAFLET, and now PEBBLES IN THE DRINK and this. I think I'm in favor of poetry leaflets in FAPA, if they occasion the publication of Rappoetry.

I forgot to mention in the INVOLUTIA mailing comments that in this house our definition of "compromise" is, "That's when you do it my way anyhow."



ANYTHING BOX (Bradley)

My only comment on this is on the recipe section, but fear not, I'm not going to get domestic. Just wanted to mention that Miri has a sort of a Thing about chopping onions. Holding them under running water while chopping, onion choppers, etc. just don't seem to help--she cries bitter and voluminous (?) tears anyhow. In fact, it's not merely a physical reaction; the crying actually gets to her emotionally. Many's the time I've been sitting there reading or something while she was fixing dinner, and then heard her weeping and sobbing over onions. "What's wrong?" I ask, before thinking. "Oh, it's so-o-o sad!" Miri wails. "It's so sad about onions! Boo-hoo!" Once or twice I've tried to convince her that onions are no more inherently sad than pigeons are alas, but she just weeps and shakes her head and says I don't understand, and boo-hoo's and says once more that it's so sad about onions. But she can't explain what's so sad about them until after she's finished, when she can stop crying and calm down; then she explains quite sensibly that the sad thing about onions is that they hurt someone's eyes and make them cry. Oh well. We don't eat too many foods that require chopped onions now.



"I don't think you've met Willie Rotsler."

CELEPHAIS (Evans)

Cheers for your attitude toward folk-singers. We too get pretty tired of mere ethnicism. Coupla months ago a new folk-music program came on our favorite radio station, KPFA, and we tuned it in to see how it was. We were disappointed. It was a monotone announcer talking very seriously and culturally and like that about all the records he was playing. Neither of us recognized him by name (Ed Cray), but from hearing him talk Miri commented that he probably sang at some little L.A. coffee-house (the program originated in L.A.), which struck me as a nice terse put-down. He kept going on and on about ethnicism; in fact, that evening's program was devoted to recordings of folk-blues and such of the "East Exas flatlands Negroes". He kept talking about the "East Texas flatlands Negroes". He played an early Odetta recording, marvelling over it (it was nice, of course), then said he was going to play another recording by Odetta of the same song, made just recently. "This forthcoming record demonstrates the lengths to which even such an authentic voice on the East Exas flatlands Negro scene as Odetta must go in the pursuit of success. Commerciality is the word today, and on this recording Odetta is joined by what amounts to a mass ensemble." It turned out that she was accompanied by string bass and drums, in addition to, as usual, her own guitar. "Massed ensemble"--hah! The later recording of the piece



Comments on comments on comments on--XII

really turned out to be the better one, since Odetta had in the intervening years learned a bit more about diction and voice control and like that. But of course Cray muttered about how she no longer pronounced "four" to rhyme with "hoe" and acted like she'd sold out to the rock&rollers or something because of this. And then he went back to muttering about the "East Texas flatlands Negroes" for awhile.

A coupla days later we were overjoyed when Bill Donaho pointed out that there are no East Texas flatlands--it's all marshes and such in that area. Ethnicism, bah!

I don't think too many fans missed the Kuttners' "Earth's Last Citadel," Bill--it appeared in Fantastic Novels in the early '50's.

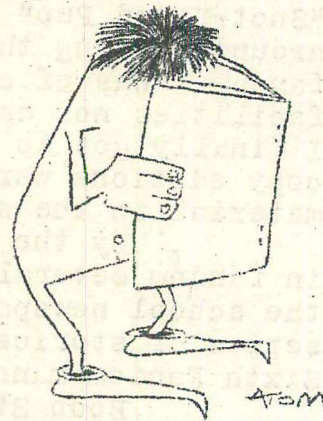
Your old Remington portable had the carriage return lever on the right side? So does this machine I'm using now; it's an old Remington too, though it's a standard. The Tabulator and Back Spacer are also on opposite sides of the keyboard from the usual. A local fan who was trying to stencil something on this and kept groping blindly in empty air for the carriage-return and hitting the Tab when he wanted the Back Spacer finally threw a fit and shouted, "God damn you, Carr!--you and your goddam left-handed typewriter!"

Yeah, the vocal on "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" was by Martha Tilton. The band was Goodman's, not Dorsey's.

FAPREHENSIVE (Elinor Busby)

Re the death of Paul Freehafer: I guess it's fairly well-known by now that an annual achievement award has been started called the Freehafer-Evans Award (and that Bob Bloch got the first, at the Detention), but it's slightly less-known that--in theory, at least--anyplace where the LASFS meets is Freehafer Hall. Wonder how many current LASFS members even know that?

I found out that I needed glasses one day at a hischool football game, during one of those typical let-me-look-through-your-glasses routines. I tried on someone's glasses and was amazed to find that I could follow the action on the field absolutely clearly, and even read the numbers of the players. So I got glasses to wear for distance-viewing, though I never wear them in-doors except when watching tv.



VANDY (Coulsons)

yes, and that public demand for "truth" is not only the cause of True Confessions, True Detective, and Savage Raw True Men's Adventures, but also of Merrill anthologies with "Special Fact Section"s and even the forthcoming Analog Science Fact Fiction, I guess. Who knows, maybe the next couple of years will give us Fantastic Fact Universe, True Amazing Stories, Galaxy Confidential, and maybe even Confidential True Fantastic Facts. Hell, maybe the "fact" craze will even enter fandom, presenting us with such things as REAL LIFE GRUE, AUTHENTICATED HYPHEN, A BAS VRAIMENT, UNQUESTIONABLE HORIZONS, and HONEST-TO-GOD STEF-ANTASY.

IBIDEM (Lyons)

I knew right away you'd snatched that cover from the Magic edition of IBIDEM. If it'd been intended for a fanzine, that card on the ceiling would have been the ten of clubs.

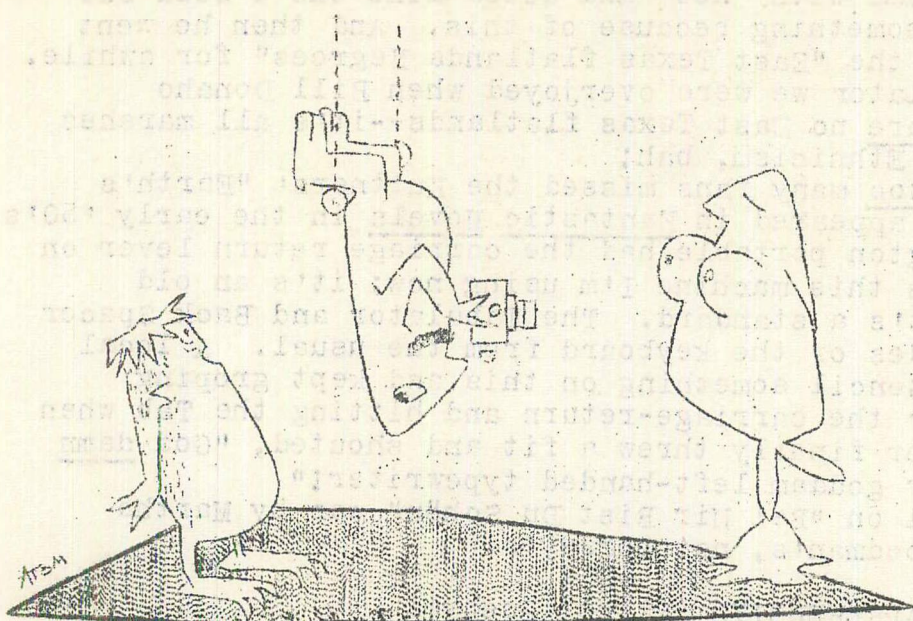


A FANZINE FOR lots of people (Hoffman)

Yes, Miri and I have seen a couple of those Japanese s-f horror films--we get a kick out of 'em. They're obviously produced for export to this

for export to this country, as witness the U.S. stereotypes: Earnest Young Scientist, Delicate Heroine, White-Haired Expert who uses a wall chart, etc. We especially got a kick out of "The Mysterians," at the end of which it turns out that the Alien Invaders were humanoid, but Japanese. Very refreshing stuff.

On this pre-fandom journalism bit: about all I did was form a comic-book company with a friend of mine when we were in grammar school. We both were nuts about car-



"Not the Willie Rotsler!"

tooning, and we used to draw up comic books ("Justic Rabbit," "Sherlock the Dog," etcet, including one my friend did which was titled "Snot-Nosed Pup" and was drawn quite graphically) and often would go around selling them to neighbors. After getting into contact with fandom I was of course dying to publish a fanzine, but had neither facilities nor cash--but I did up two one-copy issues of VULCAN before I finally got to publish it as a regular-type fanzine. Those one-copy editions were never sent to any other fans, but most all the material in the second one later got printed in one fanzine or another.

By the time I got into his school and journalism class I'd been in fandom several years already. I introduced my Face Critturs to the school newspaper and they were a big hit there. Also wrote a series of stories that name-dropped and pun-dropped in a distinctly Sixth Fandom manner.

Boob Stewart and Keith Joseph, two local fen of the early '50's (tho Keith has been back on the scene once or twice of late), both started printing up neighborhood newspapers about the time they entered fandom. They were both thirteen or so, as I recall. During that brief period they got into a fight once, and a coupla days later Boob's dopesneet ("The Arlington St. Snooper" or some such thing) came out with a Confidential column composed of a story something like: "FLASH! What boy (initials: K.J.) was seen at 1:00 a.m. last night urinating against one wall of the Super X Market?" Both their papers were distributed free, left on people's doorsteps, so they didn't worry about what they put in very much. They carried on quite a feud there for a few days, right in the pages of their neighborhood dope-sheets.

TARGET: FAPA (Enemy)

TARGET: FAPA (Eney)  
The fiction is a much better version than the one you had in SAPS recently, Rich.



## Comments on comments on comments on--XIV

That cover of mine on PHANTASY PRESS a coupla mailings ago wasn't really so hard to stencil, Dick. I did use three or four overlays of shading-plate on the night-sky, but the stencil was far from disintegrated. That totally black sky was all the work of McPhail himself, who painstakingly inked heavily and slipsheeted and got a beautiful effect, really. Dan really seems to be getting control over his mimeo these days.

AD INTERIM (Ryan)

AD INTERIM (Ryan)  
Your Besterisms in the writeup of Andy and Jean Young's visit reminded me of a Carl Brandon story that Boob Stewart was going to write once, and even started, I think. Takeoff on "Demolished Man," with things like

G  
just A goddam hobby  
F holy cause

sense  
of  
wonder

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A s  
o  
neveragain  
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n a f d l d e r i

ioninterlineationinterlineationinterlineationinterlineationinterlineat  
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h

...well, what he had done was better stuff than that, but you get the idea. Boob was really the Original Carl Brandon, having written the first several CB-style stories. He was also once planning to do a Brandon version of "Gunner Cade," but all I remember from his beginning of that was the line, "The beanie protects the fannish headbone from unfannish thoughts," which he paraphrased from a recurrent line in "Gunner Cade". The "beanie protects..." line later found its way into Brandon's "BNF of IZ," which Ronel and I wrote years afterward.

FAPATHY (Silverberg)

FAPATHY (Silverberg)  
Yeah, I guess the foreign-language stf field is chaotic and hard to check out. I remember once seeing an issue of the Mexican Plagiarizing Giants' mag, Los Cuentos Fantásticos, with a full-page illo notated in the bottom right corner, "NFFF Manuscript Bureau". It was a Grossman illo, I think.

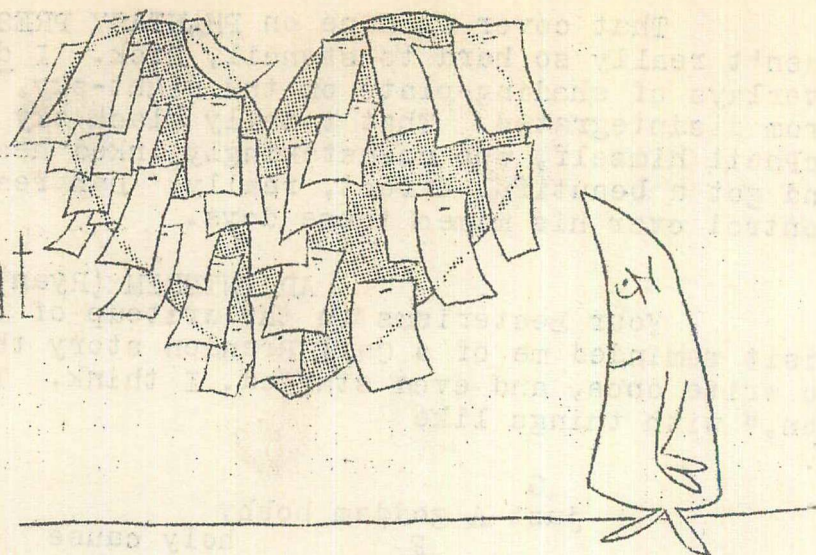
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Thus endeth my mailing comments at last. Quite a bit of time has elapsed since I started these--it's now January 15. In case you're wondering, the big gap is between pages 10 and 11 of the comments. That gap of time was spent mostly in two things: a trip to Los Angeles over New Year's, and getting ready a SAPSzine.

- Terry



# klein comment



(We send each issue of KLEIN BOTTLE to as many promising people on the waiting-list as we can, both as a way of introducing FAPA and FAPA commentary to the waitinglisters and as an invitation to them to write us a letter or an article or something and thereby introduce themselves to FAPA. Well, one person seems to have got the idea:)

MARTY FLEISCHMAN  
90-09 153rd Ave.  
Howard Beach 14, New York

Dear Ter & Miri--

No time to write more than a note but I want to say thanx for KLEIN BOTTLE. What IS a klein bottle, by the way? It is something stfnal--right?--, and it is something I should know--right?-- but I just don't. So what is it already??? {(It should be in any dictionary, or at least in an encyclopedia.)}

I got a huge charge out of one LOOKING BACKWARD I read, particularly Graham's reference to Burbee: "You can be darn good, Chas., when you're not hopped on women." I split a gut, like. And on the cover was Burbee's pencilled notation: "Of course I'm hopped up on women; also magnetic recorders, player pianos, and home brew." On second thot, that's not a quasi-quote--that's a direct quote! Well, it struck me funny at the time... (Got a kick also out of another notation of Burbee's, this one on the cover of Norm Browne's ~~DAWN~~: "This 7th Fandom stuff--I don't get it.")

The most interesting thing in the issue was the stuff under PAVLAT REPORT. Why am I in fandom, why do I remain in it? I don't really know; it certainly isn't an interest in science fiction since I rarely read it, and it certainly isn't vast numbers of friends since I've never really known any particular fan. So I dunno--mebbe I just like to receive and read and comment on fanzines (and accumulate large numbers, and occasionally write for them.) Quien sabe?

Season's best to you,

Marty