



PEALS

July 26, 1959

Produced by those publishing dwarfs, Belle & Frank Dietz, who may be located (in alternate continuums only) at 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York, one of the thirteen original colonies of America.

The following will give you a vague idea of what may be found herein:

(Anything not carrying a by-line is hacked out by Belle)

On the Square. .(females of the world unite - you have nothing to lose but your gall bladders)	Chris Moskowitz. . .	1
The beginning of a series by Dirty Dog Frank Dietz, telling the truth about his pore lil spouse	Frank.	2
All colorblind people please avoid the next - it's a rainbow		3
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One woman's opinions and for those of you who can't make out the heading, it's Tintinnabulations and I know it was spelled wrong, blame Joe Casey who stencilled it		8
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(Apa members will find further pages at the end, since Peals is produced for both OMPA and N'APA - just turn the pages and look for Skimmers' Guide.)

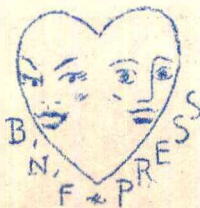
Illustrations

Cover by Elph (guess who?) as well as the baseball-minded elephant on page 1 and the dirty fan on page 4.
Don Studebaker did Alpha-X and Joe Casey stencilled that, p. 6.
Elph did the hungry robot on page 7 via the Casey stylus.
Casey came into his own with the maypole-dancing robots on page 8 and the disgusted femme-fan on page 9.

And, finally, m*o*n*e*y: If after reading the above, any of you mad people, (excluding OMPA & N'APA o'course) would like to have the next issue - it will cost you. But not much, just 3 issues for 50¢. We'll probably be quarterly but the worrying editor is feminine so we don't promise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

And now some personal ego-boo:

This is a product of:



It's been pretty quiet in the New York fandom area, probably due to a combination of the miserable humidity we've been having and the fact that everyone is resting up for the Detention in September. At least I hope so, as it promises to be an interesting occasion. The fight for the '60 con has pretty well boiled down to a battle between Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Washington and I, for one, am backing Pittsburgh since I feel that this city has never had a chance and deserves it. I like the idea of their thinking a year ahead of what they would like to have at their convention.

*

Finally, after five years, I have completed my surgical residency and at last I have had a little spare time on my hands which I promptly used to catch up on my science fiction reading. It seems to me that Astounding Science Fiction had better look to its laurels or Fantasy & Science Fiction is soon going to pass it by - at least in the quality of its material. The general run of stories in ASF, with a few exceptions, seems almost juvenile whereas F&SF has managed to maintain a good adult level and include some intriguing short stories. It might be better if Mr. Campbell paid more attention to his magazine and less to his silly psionics.

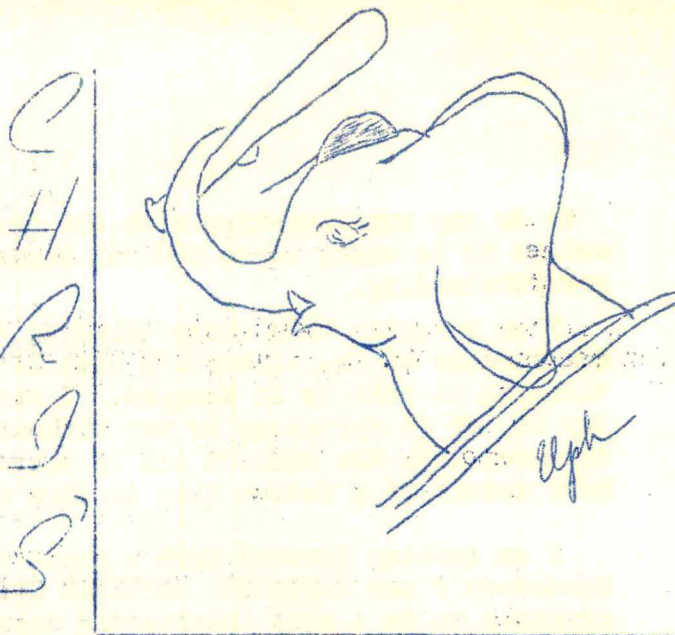
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Besides having caught up on my professional science fiction magazines, I have managed also to peruse some fan magazines, among them Mal Ashworth's ROT*, which contained an account of his experimental experience with the drug Mescaline and in which he also refers to the drug known as Peyote. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the two drugs, Mescal or Mescal Buttons are the flowering tops of *Lophophora Williamsii*, which is a nerve stimulant and an anti-spasmodic. Peyote is produced from the Mexican cactus *Anhalonium* and is also a nerve stimulant. Both these drugs are poisonous alkaloids which are taken habitually by usually the native populations of Mexico and South America to produce a state of intoxication marked by feelings of ecstasy and to produce delusions of color and music. While it is true that the single time use of either of these drugs is not dangerous in itself to a normal, healthy individual, it can lead to habitual use, given the term "Mescalism" and can be likened to the state of alcoholism. This type of drug would be regularly used by the kind of individual who would use alcohol to cover feelings of inadequacy or to drown out facts which such an individual cannot face in reality. The individual, while not dangerous to others, is incapable of functioning in his normal pursuits while under the influence of these drugs. They may also be very dangerous and cause death to an individual suffering from either cardiac or liver diseases and they may result in poor nutrition in the habitual user as he does not eat properly while taking the drug. As a physician, I certainly would not advise anyone

(next page please)

by
Chris
Moskowitz

*distributed thru OMPA, FAPA and in exchange for letters of comment. Mal Ashworth's address is 40 Makin St., Bradford 4, Yorkshire, England.



C O R N E R

to do any experimenting with the drug, such as Mr. Ashworth has carried out, unless he is under close medical supervision, Aldous Huxley to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am bringing this whole thing up because I am a little afraid that some of the fan readers of Mr. Ashworth's article might be tempted to repeat his experiment, thinking it entails no dangers. I sincerely hope they have better sense than to try it, as it certainly is not without its hazards. I intend to do a little more research into the subject and if there is interest, I will go into the matter in more detail at a future time in this column.

*

I am looking forward with a great deal of anticipation to the advent of Hans Stefa Santesson's new FANTASTIC UNIVERSE SCIENCE FICTION magazine. From all reports, it promises to be a most interesting magazine and will perhaps set a new trend in science fiction. The new magazine will be well illustrated and I believe it is to be on slick paper, at least in part, if not wholly. I understand the change is being brought about by the fact that it was purchased by Great American Publications, who also put out several other magazines the size of Popular Mechanics, and this is to be the new size of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. Great American has additionally purchased THE SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE (which Hans also edits). I certainly wish Hans the best of luck with his new format.

*

Well, it's still quite hot and humid and I'm growing very tired, so I think I'll stop here. See you all next time. -- Chris

.....

- LIFE - WITH BELLE

by Frank Dietz

Humor in life is a rare and marvellous thing. Millions of dollars/pounds are spent to snare this elusive sprite, and yet most often it is found every day in the most common situations.

Belle comes up with a dilly every now and then, and that is what this is all about. This incident came up a couple months ago, when she received an invitation to a shower for a girl she hadn't seen since her school days. As she has very little in common now with the group she went to school with, naturally she wasn't too interested in going. After she did decide that she would attend, the question of a present naturally came up. Some gift would most likely have to be purchased, which of course I was not too happy about. But Belle solved that problem a couple days later, when she came across a large vase which has been sitting in our closet since we received it as a present for Belle's shower almost three years ago.

However, Belle needed a box in which to wrap the vase if she was going to give it as a shower present. And the size of it made it rather difficult to locate a large enough box. But she came up with an answer to that one too, with the suggestion that she buy some item of a similar size (on our charge account) at Saks Fifth Avenue (THE department store) and have it gift wrapped. She could remove the gift wrappings and use them for the vase, meanwhile returning the purchase the next day for a refund. This was a very practical solution.

The surprise came a couple days later, when she reported that she had gone thru Saks Fifth Avenue on her lunch hour. So I asked her if she had bought something in order to obtain the gift wrappings she wanted.

"No", she said, "everything there is too expensive!"

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ORANGE?

BLACK?

GREEN?

RED?

PURPLE?

BLUE?

BROWN?

YELLOW?

This was the controversy that began after publication of the last PEALS. Both Frank and I (and Walt Cole who is half-owner of the new electric mimeo) were very unhappy about the reproduction we were getting. The offset wasn't too bad but the show-thru was hideous. We decided on one of two solutions - change ink color or get heavier papers. We checked on paper and found that we could indeed get 24 lb. stock but only if we ordered 40 reams at a time. The heck with that!

This left an ink color other than penetrating black. I was all for something Different and Exotic, like brown, red, green or orange. Frank was all for gray while Walt held out steadily and stubbornly for blue, blue, blue. We were also having inking problems and were told we should change the ink pad. Frank insisted we wait until after Ground Zero had been completely mimeoed before changing the pad. I thought he was foolish - after all what other fanzine can claim to be struck off as the most black and blue zine in fandom?

Came a Saturday when, with GØ 3/4 done in black, the mimeo began throwing petulant tantrums (probably was intrigued by my idea of a change to Exotic color). First the pulley belt wore out, then the ink pad almost ceased functioning, then the automatic counter went phut! and stood still, its clock-like face mocking us at jeweler's time (8:20). Frank, the normally stolid, taciturn Frank, let loose a stream of invective which brought me running. He was beginning to disassemble it and I calmly remarked that it must have a screw loose, resulting in the screwdriver following me out of the room but not quite catching me.

After a cooling-off period of five minutes, I peeked around the doorjamb. "Sweetheart", I said, "this would be a wonderful time to change the ink color." But he had stepped completely out of character and merely snarled at me from the bowels of the motor mechanism. "I tell you, dear", I continued, "it would probably act as a wonderful laxative."

Frank's head came out of the motor and he looked at me, pitingly. "NO!"

I scurried out. The door slammed a minute later. Frank had gone to the nearest garage to get a new pulley belt. I gnawed my fingers. How was I going to get around my mule of a husband? Just then a rosy-cheeked angel (name of Walter R. Cole) telephoned from downtown New York (Manhattan to you).

"I was just wandering around book stores and such down here", he said, "and I wondered if there was anything I could bring you."

"Brown mimeo ink", I said swiftly.

"Blue", he replied.

"BROWN, BROWN", I insisted. "The mimeo's all constipated and brown's the right color to relieve it."

He hung up in disgust.

An hour later, with the mimeo reassembled and working reasonably well mechanically but still refusing to ink, Walt arrived with 2 pounds of blue ink. "I had you in my power", he said "and I took advantage of you. If you don't like it, you can always sue me."

"I wanted gray", wailed Frank.

"Brown would have been beautiful", I sniffled unhappily.

"Blue", said Walt, winning the argument, cans down.

Frank shrugged his shoulders, philosophically, and began unscrewing the can tops.

"What the hell are you doing?", I asked, horrified. "You can't just pour the blue ink into the drum - it'll mix with the black and we'll have navy-blue ink!"

Both Walt and Frank regarded me with the amused tolerance all males have for females who try to tell them how to operate equipment. They exchanged glances.

"And what would you suggest?"

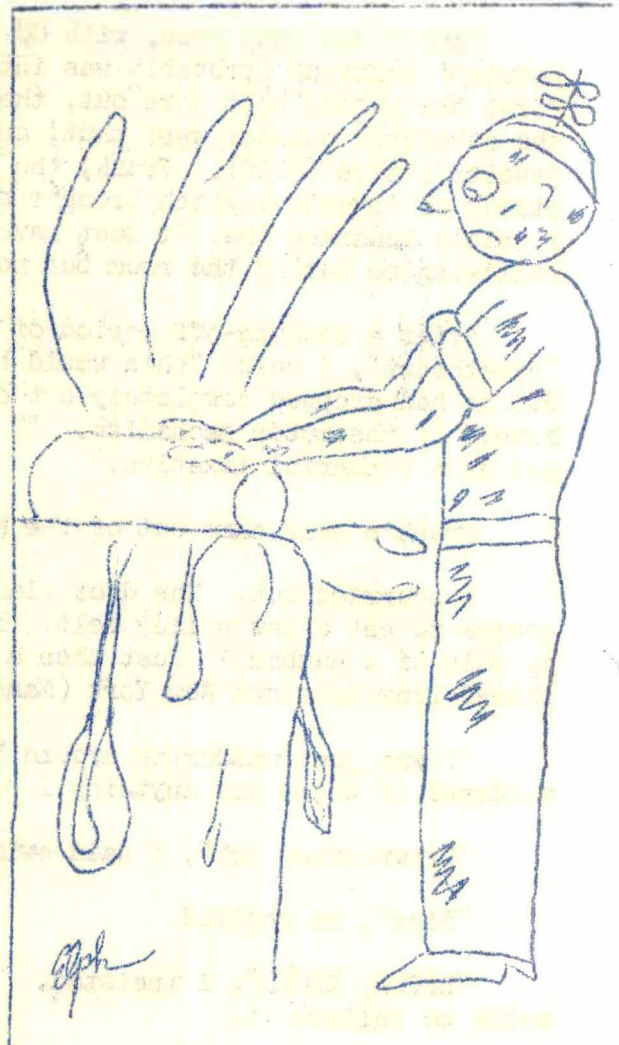
"Why don't we wash out the drum?" I answered. Ear-splitting shrieks of laughter greeted this statement as both men practically rolled on the floor in mirth.

"Wash out the drum, wash out the drum", they repeated to one another, between gusts of hysteria. "What with?"

Nothing daunted, I was already in the kitchen, removing the cover from the washtub. "That depends on the composition of the black ink", I called. "If it's water-based, plain soap and water, and if it's oil-based (and it smells fishy to me), we'll use detergent!"

The boys sobered. "You can't be serious?" they asked me. I didn't even bother to answer this, being busily engaged in thoroughly cleaning the washtub out.

I will say this for them. They know when they're licked. I finished the tub and found them glumly draining out the black ink from the drum, with many sighs and rolled eyes at me. I ignored them and whisked away the funnel they were using to channel the ink back into a can. In the kitchen I began trying out various household preparations to see which would flush away the black ink without scrubbing, since it was obvious we couldn't get inside the drum. (By the way, for those



of you who are mystified by it all, the drum on our electric mimeo is a completely closed one and can be snapped out of the rest of the machine.) I found two things that would do it - new green Spic & Span with Germ-Fite (a trisodium phosphate and dodecyl benzene sulfonate compound with other cleaners in it) and a liquid detergent used for dishwashing (Glim). We tried the Spic & Span first, filling up the tub with a solution of it dissolved in water and dunking the drum, much like a too-hard doughnut in a cup of coffee. Everything in the immediate vicinity turned gray or black, including Walt and Frank.

I took one look at them and it was my turn to peal with laughter. Naturally, both idiots hadn't thought to put on anything so unmasculine as my aprons and both were wearing nice white shirts.

"Aha!", I said, "tattle-tale gray", and was narrowly missed by a wet sponge.

The rest of the scene blurs in a succession of filling and emptying the tub and dunk, dunk, dunking the drum. Two hours and about 12 tubs later (the last two using Glim instead of Spic & Span), we had to admit that the drum was as free of black ink as it would ever be. The ink turned out to be very oily and all the stuff we used didn't dissolve it - they merely detached it from the drum and it was up to the dunker to flush it away before it settled back on the drum. This necessitated much swishing up and down, splashing and general mess.

By this time, it was 8:30 at night. I was terribly impatient to see a page done with blue ink. "Let's pour in the blue", I said, eagerly.

Walt and Frank regarded me with weltschmerz in their eyes. They sighed. "We have to wait until the drum dries out", Frank replied, slowly and patiently.

"But why?" I queried.

"Because I don't think it would do the ink any good to have water mixed in with it", he said, enunciating carefully, his hands clenching and unclenching.

"I don't understand", I said, "the ink is oily and I always thought oil and water didn't mix!"

Too tired even to look around for something to throw at me, both men put their hands in their heads. Two and a half hours later I began nagging. "It must be dry by now; let's put in the blue ink and run off a page."

"Belle, are you crazy?" asked Walt. "It's 11:00 p.m. and this is an apartment building with neighbors all around. You can't run the mimeo at this hour of the night!"

"Yes, yes, YES," I replied, "and if you two won't do it, I'll do it myself!"

"Women!", said Walt, "saaave me from them."

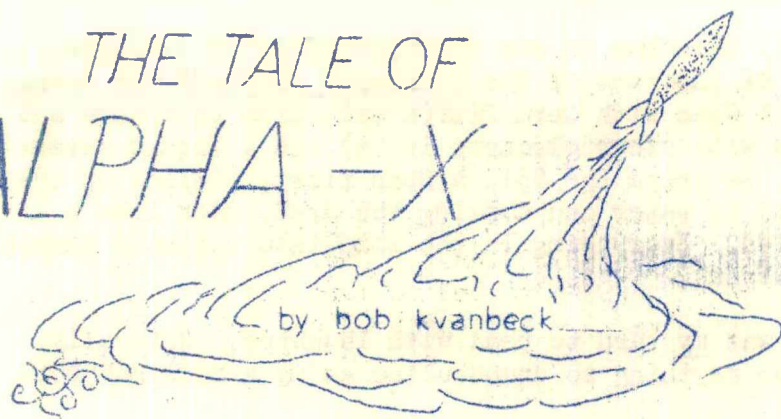
"A blue page", I threatened, unscrewing the blue ink can. Frank moved quickly and took it away from me. All right, all right, he said, giving up, "but let me do it".

At midnight, after many spoiled pages and much brushwork on the outside of the new ink pad, I finally held in my hands our first good blue page. "Gee", I sighed, "midnight blue".

And how do you like it?

.....

THE TALE OF ALPHA - X



A silver ship in poise for flight
Against the backdrop of the night
A blast of flame, a puff of air
The men are gone that once were there

Through altered time and empty space
Far outward in their questing race
Against the starlight's feeble glow
What they are seeking, none can know

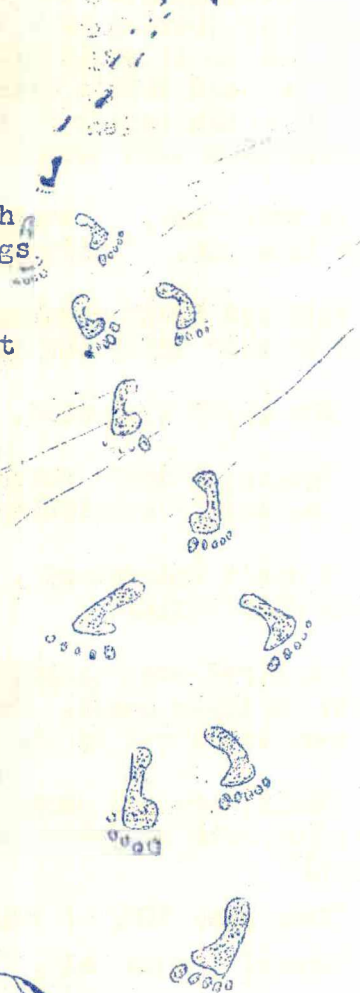
Like pebbles spread upon a beach
Are stretching far as sight can reach
The planets, stars, and...other things
Within the reach of man's new wings

The dust they scuffle with their feet
And leave a set of tracks so neat
Then suddenly they disappear
I guess they are not wanted here

Above, the purple moon drifts by
Against the greenish-yellow sky
It seems that I can hear a scream
Perhaps they do not like chlorine

The men who trampled through the sky
Have, one by one, laid down to die
The race is gone and this machine
Is left to tell the things it's seen

A mindless mind, a brainless brain
A man's creation, all in vain
A record of man's history
And yet there's no one here but me.



behind the DIETZ DOORBELLE

26th Lunarian Meeting

.....came along and I was surprised to note for the first time the change in direction of club members as they enter the apartment. It used to be that they would head for the kitchen first to see what was for the club dinner. Now, however, they head for the bedroom and the fanzine basket. Since we've become more and more fannishly active, we've been getting more and more fanzines in trade, on sub, etc. So the fanzine basket is lately always full to overflowing and we are apparently keeping quite a few New York fen in touch with fanzine fandom.

The German Measles

.....made their unwelcome appearance in these here premises, striking down first Frank, and two weeks to the day later, me. It's a rather mild illness for most people and Frank, outside of a leopardish appearance, suffered no great discomfort. In fact, he got in 3 lovely days of bed rest and sf reading. He didn't even itch! Ah, but I made up for him. Not only did I itch madly and turn violently red with darker red spots but my temperature slid up and down the thermometer like a horn student practicing scales and, as I was approaching the end of my five days, I began to develop sniffles and came down with a full scale, roaring cold on top of all. Nobody can ever say that Belle Dietz doesn't do things in a Big Way.

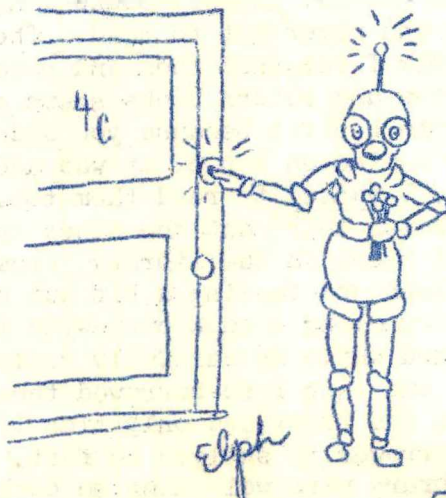
27th Lunarian Meeting

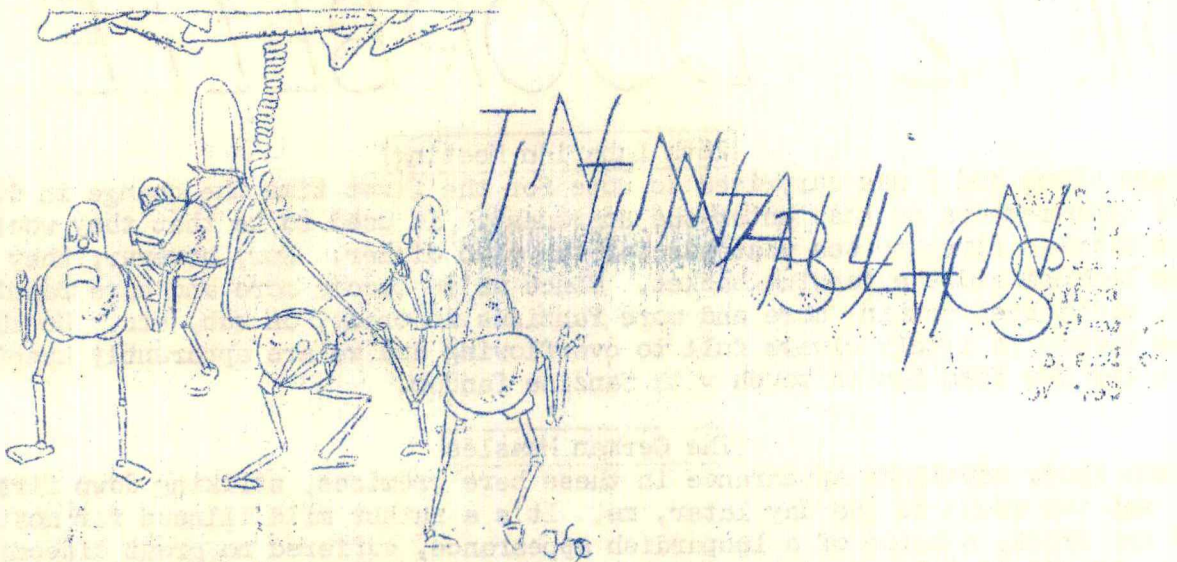
.....arrived hectically and was a rather large meeting with lots of people showing up for the dinner. Tried to foist our newest cat acquisition off on the Silverbergs but Bob was too smart for me. Al Lewis (the East Aurora, New York Al Lewis) telephoned in the middle and got invited to hurry up and attend and Alex Bratmon of SoCaliforniafandom unexpectedly got time off from the army and presented his own smiling face. Except for the actual business portion, Lunarian meetings are like parties and if almost all the members attend, it makes one heck of a whing-ding. Thank goodness they decided to adjourn for the hot New York summer!

One hot May Saturday

.....George Nims Raybin arrived unexpectedly, complete with a bicycle which he proceeded to bring right up into our apartment! (If my surprise sounds odd, remember I live in ultra-sophisticated New York City, where adults on bicycles are almost as rare as dodos.) I seized the opportunity to give him a sales talk about wearing a costume along with a group of us for the fancy dress ball at the Detention, but he's too chicken. Since I want it to be a surprise, I won't say what the costumes will be, but the more people we get, the merrier. I guess the rest of us (including, so far, Frank and I, Sam and Chris Moskowitz, Mary Dziechowski, Alma Hill and Barbara Silverberg - Bob chickened out too) will have to go on without him. Just then, Max and Elaine Phillips (who can't make the Detention) walked in with their small son, Lewis, who then spent most of his time chasing after the new kitten. We call the kitten "Atlas" and you know, this makes the fourth cat we've had with a missile-type name. We still have Jupiter and Juno and we once had a Titan.

We'll be ringing you.....





IT SEEMS TO ME that when you've been ill or away from a place for a while and you return, everything is somehow different and the small changes you normally would notice only subconsciously suddenly leap out at you. I found this to be once again true when I was laid up for a week with the German measles and finally went back to work. Rockefeller Center (which I must pass as I tromp along the streets to my office building) was gaily flower-bedecked; the ice skating rink had disappeared, having been smothered with cement for summer and the rink-side tables were encroaching upon the newly available space. The flowers were my favorite shade of violet (being a city gal I know not their species but they were real purty) and the air, which had carried a nip when I went home ill, now seemed balmy, summery and welcoming. Later in the afternoon a military band marched out on the rink, drew up chairs and played lovely tunes for about two hours. My office window overlooks the Center and so I was delightfully entertained. Everything looked altered - softer somehow and I got the feeling that the composite IT of New York was saying "sorry you were ill but hi! - and welcome back". If this be soft-hearted nonsense, you are all herewith informed that I am a sentimental fool and you might as well get used to it right now.

SOME THINGS HAD BEEN NEGLECTED, OF COURSE, such as the two library books I had borrowed, left at my office and never got to read. They were overdue by then and sadly I returned them and paid the fine. Making trips to borrow and return books seems so wasteful when you derive no benefit because you didn't read them, but having to pay a fine on top of it was adding insult to injury. Dammit, I wanted to read them too. One was Blish's "The Frozen Year" and the other Andre Norton's "Star Gate". I stood there in the library, browsing through the scant shelves and feeling a bit put upon, when along came a boy trundling a book cart with freshly returned books. I watched while he carefully replaced the Blish and the Norton and then I re-borrowed them and checked them out. This is the first and only time I've ever seen books go from borrower to shelves so fast. I felt as though even the library were welcoming me back. It was nice.

I GOT SOME COMMENTS ON INDOOR PLUMBING because of my remark to Bobbie Wild in NimBel (TWONCE) about where did she hear that 51% of

U.S. homes were without same. I was reminded of an incident I'd almost forgotten and I think I'll share it with you. It happened while Frank and I were in Europe in 1957 after the London Worldcon. We were taking a driving trip thru as many countries as we could cover in company with a Dutch couple, friends of ours. One afternoon we stopped in a small French town on our way to Paris and had lunch. Nature called me. We inquired as to where the ladies' room was but this was one of those we-don't-speak-any-English places and we had a problem explaining to the waitress. Finally we got thru and she pointed. A sign arrowed me into the next room and I found myself in the kitchen. "Good grief", I thought, "not in the kitchen, surely!" The cooks understood immediately. They pointed. I kept walking. I found myself in the storeroom. No john in sight. I was about to give up in disgust when I saw another sign with an arrow pointing that-a-way. I walked. I now found myself in the alley and a right turn brought me into the street. I stared about me puzzledly. Was this the French idea of a joke? Then I saw IT. A minute later I smelled IT. I backed away but my curiosity got the better of me. IT was a niche in the wall, with a door that came down to your calves and up to your shoulders - the top and bottom were charmingly open to view. I opened the door and the, uh, "scent" assailed me with the force of a physical blow. IT was equipped with 1) a hole in the floor; 2) a pull chain; and 3) two raised steps, footprint-shaped. You were obviously supposed to go in, close the door (no lock of course), turn around and face the door, step up on the footsteps and squat.

BY THIS TIME I HAD

decided to skip the whole thing, but Nature said nothing doing. So I used IT. Because by now it's a habit to flush a john, I automatically reached for the pull chain. The whole floor of IT flooded with water and I hurriedly got out to keep my shoes from getting wet! What an experience! I made my way back to our table. The Dutch gal said she would go now and how was the john? "Oh it works", I answered, "you go that way". Two minutes later she was back, her face bright red. "NEVER", she said. "I'd rather die first. We'll find some nice deserted bushes later on. Anything's better than that!" At this point the whole thing finally got to my sense of humor and I began to laugh hysterically. The men stared at me. The Dutch gal joined in laughing and soon we were both practically rolling on the floor, while the men and the restaurant personnel stared and stared and stared. I can still see the restaurant in my mind's eye.

A LETTER FROM HANNES BOK sparked me off on an investigation of the toy department of the nearest five-and-dime store. During the year that he and Frank lived across the street from one another, they used to have a fun contest about discovering the latest sf type toys. Naturally this was pre-Sputnik and such toys were scarce then. They did manage to find some very nice plastic replicas of prehistoric monsters, but there was very little else. When I looked recently, what a variety I found! There were the inevitable rocket ships and space ships and missiles. I even saw one set of three in a package, labeled Bomarc, Atlas and Jupiter.

I WAS FASCINATED BY a do-it-yourself assembly kit, called the Monogram Space Age Hobby Kit. It caught my eye because it said "Willy Ley Space Models". I looked closer and saw that it purported to be designed by Willy Ley and was one of four models. I had the Space Taxi but it came in the T.V. Orbiter, the Orbital Rocket and the Passenger Rocket. There was a picture of Willy on the front demonstrating the assembled model to two children. I'm glad to see Willy coming into his own like this - he's certainly worked hard enough for it and he's always very nice to the sf clubs in New York when he can spare the time from his fantastically busy schedule.

I FOUND OTHER TOYS TOO, such as a robot type space dog, all armored and with rolling and sparkling eyes (Robby, the Robot's best friend?) and then there was an absolutely marvellous one. It was a pair of "space mikes". (Little plastic things shaped like mikes with red cord connecting them.) Two children are supposed to use them to talk together. Considering the fact that the linking cord was only 15 feet in length, it wouldn't surprise me if they were actually able to hear one another. That is, unless they whispered.

THEN, NOT PARTICULARLY SCIENCE FICTIONY, there was a jim-dandy kit of a human skelton 12 inches high which you are supposed to assemble yourself, following the supplied diagrams. Rather gruesome a toy but not nearly as much as as the "bonus" included. This was a set of plastic organs to go with the skelton; you know, bright red heart and kidneys and liver and ugh! I was repelled but curious about one point and moved in timorously for a closer look at the wrapper. No luck. They were all up and down female organs.

Most of you probably don't know what my husband, Frank, does for a living. He works for Western Union, servicing their teletype machines and other electronic equipment. When he is testing a teletype machine, he sends a sentence over and over to see whether the TT is working properly. Apparently, the Western Union men have quite a bit of leeway in what test sentence they can use. I found a piece of test-tape on Frank's desk the other day. It said CAUTION - BE SURE BRAIN IS ENGAGED BEFORE PUTTING MOUTH INTO GEAR.

10 And with that tidbit I go - before you throw me out.

FUTURE passed

by Leslie Gerber

This column will attempt to serve the same purpose as Bob Leman's fine but all-too-infrequent column "The Oculerantologist's Bookshelf" in THE VINEGAR WORM; that is, to introduce the readers to books of the past which they may have missed or which may have been published before they became interested in science fiction or fantasy. Suggestions for books to review will always be welcome; I scrounge up a lot of good oldies, but I can't get them all.

There aren't many people who can read and enjoy out-dated books. Although the s-f reader must adjust himself to accepting many things which may or may not be true, he usually balks at a fantasy where something happens which he knows is not true, and may find it impossible to read something in which the obsolete material runs almost directly contrary to fact.

Nevertheless, I strongly recommend "Shadow on the Hearth" by Judith Merril (277 pp., Doubleday, 1950) to the reader who enjoys a fine novel and is able to accept what in 1950 wasn't even speculation - the use of atomic bombs in warfare, and the consequences thereof. This book would be extremely hard to modernize, especially since one of the most important parts of the plot involves the limited range of the destruction of an A-Bomb. But the story itself is timeless; a woman, frightened for her husband, yet having to carry on with the necessities of life and caring for her children in the midst of difficult circumstances. While the plot is fine, this is not a story of plot; it is a story of character. And it's a fine story and a fine novel, in fact, it's probably one of the best novels in a literary sense produced by the science-fiction field.

You hear very often that a book is "not for the Captain Future" fan or that it is "recommended to those whose taste goes beyond Perry Mason". That's what I'd say about this book and I mean it as a warning. For while the reader capable of appreciating it will find this novel engrossing, the space opera fan will find himself bored by the way the action is drawn out. I found this novel very rewarding; if you enjoyed "A Case of Conscience", you will also enjoy this.

I was guided to Michael Fessier's "Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind" (Knopf, 1935, Lion 1954) by Anthony Boucher's mention in an introduction to one of Fessier's short stories in F&SF and then seeing it in a second-hand paperback rack. This little fantasy novella (no more than an hour or an hour-and-a-half's reading) is a fine fantasy in (although predating) the UNKNOWN manner, with one of the most fascinating (and annoying) creatures to appear in modern fantasy. This novella will leave you bewildered, ecstatic, amused, annoyed...but it certainly won't leave you bored.

Al Capp's "Bald Iggle" (64 pp., Simon & Schuster, 1956) is a satiric fantasy (aha! Another meaning for s-f!) of a quality not found in comic strip form anywhere outside the comic book MAD and perhaps not even there. In the space of 62 comic strip pages of no more than 4 panels to the page, you will be amused, exposed, entertained, forced to laugh your head off, and then, at the end, you may very well break down and cry. This is a masterpiece of satiric writing, in itself enough to justify the comic strip as an art form. This is a must for all fans, and it should be a must for everyone.

...Leo...

SKIMMERS' GUIDE

"For whosoever shall puteth the cart
before the horse and readeth the
comments before the articles, yea,
verily, he shall doeth so at his own
risk. Beware O ye seeker of egoboo.
Forsaketh thy evil ways - puteth Satan
behind thee and TURN TO THE FRONT!"

.....from "Nevermore", house organ of the
Intern'l Ass'n of Egoboo-Hunters,
Reform Division.

Ashworth.....	page 14, also see Chris' Corner
Buckmaster.....	page 15
Burn.....	page 14
Clarke.....	pages 15, 16
Ellington.....	page 16
Eney.....	page 13
Gerding.....	page 13
Harris.....	page 15
Hayes.....	page 13
Hickman.....	page 13
Jeeves.....	page 13
Linwood.....	page 15
Mercer.....	page 13
Mills.....	page 15
Rattigan.....	pages 14, 17
Roles.....	pages 14, 15
Sanderson.....	pages 16, 17
Wild.....	page 17
Young.....	page 14

Ostrich Brigade - please note!
Avoid reading these pages: 14, 16, 17.

INTRODUCTION TO
SYNERGETICS and
MARSOLO
(Hayes)

Although I was very interested in the explanation of just what Synergetics is, I'm afraid I can't go for its theories. I'm better at dealing with practical things than abstract ones, so I can't pin my objections down but it struck me as slightly dotty (if you'll pardon me, Art). Anyway, you haven't said (correct me if I'm wrong) that you believe in Synergetics. I wish you'd get Dr. Coulter to give some specific case histories next time.

ERG
(Jeeves)

I liked this very, very much and found particularly fascinating the table on satellites. The scale drawing must have been a tremendous amount of work and was very much appreciated also. Your "Kornan The Bold" had me in tears; oh, what mixed metaphors, what korny korn! Anyway, it was funny, if painful, to read. I love your little no-necked monsters and their timeless appearances. You're a happy combo - artist-writer, both halves good.

ARCHIVE QOS
(Mercer)

What, no comments on my answer to your Wesfes pome?///You know what I'd like to see, if you can draw, Archie? A floor-plan of your caravan. I'm fascinated by trailer-dwellers (trailer is Amer. for caravan) and can't possibly see how they manage. You know, where do you keep your bookshelves and where's the duplicator. Will you?

NANTZ
(Gertz)

I absolutely agree with you on those IBM tests. I've taken a few myself and they are terrible time-wasters and very confusing if anything goes wrong with the key, as you said. What are you majoring in, Nan?

JD/ARGASSY
#43
(Hickman)

This was missing from my 20th mailing. Lynn, can I please have a copy?

PHENOTYPE
(Eney)

does not require comment except why, oh why such small, eye-ruining type? ///You know, Dick, your "Pinuptype" which I had to be told was a hoax had me going there for a while. I read it over carefully, together with your final comment about a different timeline. I still couldn't get it to make sense to me so I decided that you'd been overworking and the best thing would be to say something frothy and light.

You know, h*u*m*o*r you. Count me among the ones who were completely taken in. Ah well, I shall console myself by writing 100 times on the blackboard, "IT'S ENEY'S FAULT!!!"



This is
a
portrait
of
Hickman
by
Plato
Jones

PEBBLES IN THE
DRINK (Young)

More, more of these gurgle verses, pliz.

ROT
(Ashworth)

I liked best Gibberings from the Gibbet - some of the quotes were absolutely precious.///I was very much interested in your experiment with Mescaline but repelled at the same time. There must be something hideously normal in me - I have absolutely no desire to try out ways of hi-fi-ing my emotions since I have enough trouble coping with the low-fi I've got now. And I don't quite believe that Mescaline or Peyote is as harmless as you say; I wouldn't do that too often if I were you,

SIZAR & MEET
(Burn)

The tale of how you met Roger Horrocks at the train station and the problems in recognizing a fan you'd never seen before reminded me of the time I first went to meet Alma Hill on a New York street. I tried to recognize her from the description she gave me over the telephone which went as follows: "I am wearing a black and yellow coat, a savage expression and am carrying a copy of "Nightmare" which nobody else in N.Y. has because it was never published". What happened was - she finally had to recognize me!

SATAN'S CHILD
(Ratigan)

So the subject's closed, is it? I'm sure you wouldn't consider such a thing closed if your husband were still being sued for \$35,000. If you're so insistent on having the subject closed, why not write to Kyle and tell him so, since he is the only one who can close it? His charming latest is to offer to drop his lawsuit against Frank and George if we'll pay him several hundred dollars and he has graciously offered to allow us to pay it out in installments! Since we won't pay, he's going to continue his suit and probably try to get a trial and this whole mess may hang over our heads for 3 or 4 more years. Is that what you call a closed subject? Cheer up, Dorothy, you can always join the Ostrich Brigade.



MORPH
(Roles)

It must be a sign of unusual and interesting ability at writing on your part because I risked eyestrain headaches to read this.///What you don't like cats! You probably don't know them very well. I find them independent but very warm-hearted and cooperative, PROVIDED you take no nonsense from them. I know cat owners who allow their cats to rule them; not so with us Dietzes. We swat
(next page, please)

Still on
MORPH
(Roles)

when necessary and keep it firmly fixed in our minds that they live with us, not vice versa. If you ever get Stateside, visit us and we'll introduce you to our feline foursome, out of which I guarantee you'll find at least one you'll like.

UR
(Mills)

was thoroughly enjoyed, particularly the Leman article on popular music, the proclamation on fire, Sid Birchby's column and the English highway signs. I see you're another fan who's using the same (or at least parts of the same) fanzine for two apas. The N3F has just given birth to an apa (N'APA) and I'm using PEALS for that as well as OMPA, merely changing the mailing comments. I feel a bit guilty about this; the trufaaan pubs separate zines entirely, but I can't do that and still keep my sanity. The fact that you're using the same zine makes me feel much better.

52ND STREET
(Linwood)

I'm afraid I don't know enough about jazz to know what "traditional" and "modern" jazz are and so some of the subtleties of this were undoubtedly lost on me. However, I found the whole thing engrossing; it made for very good reading. I'd like to see more jazz book reviews - you almost got me to the point where I'd go and read one.

SWAN SONG

Happy to see some sort of agreement on TAFF; it took courage to say you felt you were wrong in some respects, Chuck. Good for you, you have my deep admiration.///Also happy to hear the news about your getting married. To my highly prejudiced mind, there just ain't no other way to live. Congrats and all that and may we hear more about the gal?

ESPRIT
(Buckmaster)

I was absolutely entranced at the lecture by the so-called witch. Sounds like one of the California cults, instead of the good old fashioned honest-to-Satan evil types witches have always meant to me. Love the way the 'priestess' played down the sex angle. Bet it's more important to them there critters than she pretends. But calling witchcraft a religion - why that's almost blasphemous! And the ending about the political tool was so inconsistent with the rest of the 'priestess' lecture that it made me gasp. And now, what's your own opinion?

THE LESSER FLEA
(Clarke)

We were shot for putting illos in the middle of the page in Ground Zero by a number of commenters and so we promise faithfully never, never t'do't agin.///If enough Anglofen want to see the Alan E. Nourse "Born of Man & Woman" film, we could borrow it and send it with the TAFF candidate. Can you poll them, Joy and find out?///Thanx awfully for the recipes; I'm going to try them all. I must say tho they have some horrible names. "Toad-In-The-Hole"! "Cock-a-leekie"! Brrr. The latter should really go into my dictionary of American-English terms. It has a dirty meaning in American slang. (Awright, awright, so I have an evil mind!)//I've never heard anything about the collection of recipes you were going to pub. Wonderful idea. Put me down for a copy. Gee, two collections of fannish recipes! I'm a cookbook collector - there can't be too many for me. Will you be limiting yours to English recipes? (next page please)

Still on
THE LESSER FLEA
(Clarke)

Thank you for your well-put statements to the Ostrich Brigade in the Kyle matter and your compliments on our restraint. However, it seems to be impossible to please all fans, no matter how you try. Pat Ellington complained to me recently that she doesn't like my "quietly insulting manner". Is there such a thing as cynical restraint?///I don't know from Grangerizing but hollanderizing is a dyeing process on furs.
Re: kibitz. Yes, this is an American word of Jewish derivation. What must confuse you is that people conjugate it in the English language, viz., I kibitz, he kibitzes, you kibitz, who's kibitzing and you're all being kibitzed. It has no connection with kibbutz which is a communal town in Israel. There are quite a few Jewish words which have crept into English language usage. Some examples:

- 1) Oy! - an expression similar to "oh, my God!" but with heavy emphasis on the woe, woe theme. (F'rinstance, "I hear Ellington will have some answers to PEALS #2 in the 21st mailing. Oy!")
- 2) Nosh - which is a between-meals snack and encompasses everything you could possibly nibble at between regular meals. Can be used as a verb ("What have we got in the house to nosh?") or a noun ("That's not food - it's just a nosh!")
- 3) Hoo hah! - with emphasis on the hah! and has a meaning similar to "biig deal!" or "izzat so?" - usually both together. (F'rinstance, "Ellington says his answers will be very friendly. Hoo hah!")
- 4) Mashuga - means absolutely stark raving crazy, mad, insane, nutty. (F'rinstance, "... no, I'd better not)

Re: Chris. She says to tell you no, she never did meet Bert Campbell, but she likes to see faces not fuzzes. Also beards aren't very sanitary. (Put down that axe, Vinç!) Sam is still in good voice, although working awfully hard, she reports, and she has taken the big step and is setting up a private office of her own in New Jersey as a surgeon. All cutting-up done reasonably. Operations, anyone?///And thanks again, muchly, for the recipes and the dedication. I intend to reciprocate in the 22nd mailing with some of my own specialties.

BLUNT
(Sanderson)

#10 with the activity lists very interesting - particularly to someone new to apas. Gee, 96 pages last year, Sandy. Like, wow! Awfully sorry about Vinç's resigning. Why can't OMPA have the same regulations as FAPA - that a husband and wife can be one member? After all, Frank's doing that now, really, because he's too busy to join and do another 16 pages a year from B'n'F Press (new name for our pubbing activities - succeeds the short-lived Belfrank Enterprises which lasted until someone thought up B'n'F.)

(next page please)

16

Still on
BLUNT
(Sanderson)

Your open letter to Dorothy Rattigan was so beautifully phrased and covered the situation so excellently that I find I have very little to add. Except, of course, a last word, as any woman insists upon having. Although covered with bruises, your poor chin is still held proudly out. By way of a Band-aid or two, thank you very, very much and if Dot Rattigan doesn't have the grace to admit her mistake, I'll help you clobber her again. Frankly tho, it strikes me as being slightly ludicrous - the sight of someone vehemently declaring that a certain subject is not her business and therefore should not be yours either.

FAPA's loss is OMPA's gain. These were the first OMPA-zines I've seen by you since I became a member. Although it's not considered polite to be pleased at someone's misfortune (in this case FAPA's), this big smile on my face is because we'll now have more Sandy in OMPA, yes?

OFF-TRAIL
(00)

OMPA officers seems to me to be ~~like~~ a game of musical chairs but then I'm still fairly new. I'll get it sorted out. ///For shame, Bobbie Wild! You were the one who asked me for peace and quiet and a truce and all like that. You're not setting me a very good example, girl.///Nevertheless, kindly note that except for a little kibitzing, I do intend to keep the truce, as I promised, one-sidedly, if necessary - and it may become necessary, too.

AND THAT COVERS THE 20TH MAILING. NEXT MAILING IS THE COMING-OF-AGE,
N'EST PAS?

SEE

YOU

ANON,

PIPPLE,

Bella

17

TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND (TAFF) VOTING FORM

Candidates

TERRY CARR

DON FORD

BJO WELLS

Votes must be mailed to reach Robert A. Madle,
3608 Caroline Avenue, Indianapolis 18, Indiana,
no later than December 31, 1959.

Please write below your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice
of a candidate to be sent to the British Science
Fiction Convention, to be held in April or May,
1960.

All candidates have
signed a statement
to the effect that
if elected, God Will-
ing, he or she will
go to the British
Convention, to be
held in April or May,
1960. Should the
winner be unable to
go through reasons
beyond his or her con-
trol, the second will
be offered the oppor-
tunity, and then the
third, provided he
obtained more than 25%
of the votes. If no-
one goes, or if there
is not sufficient
money, the cash on hand
will be held over until
the following year.

Details of voting are
kept secret.

Reproductions of this
form are authorized
(in fact, encouraged)
provided an exact copy
is made.

No proxy votes are al-
lowed. Each voting fan
must sign his own
ballot.

First Choice

Second Choice.

Third Choice

(Note: Your first choice will receive 3 points,
your second will receive 2 points, and your
third will receive 1 point. You may vote for
any one candidate once only. If you wish to
cast all your support for one candidate, you may
place his or her name as first choice only,
leaving second and third blank. Under no
circumstances will more than 3 points be allowed
any one candidate on any one ballot.

Write-in votes are permitted.

To be eligible to vote you must contribute a
minimum of 50¢ (2/6d) to the fund and have been
active in any phase of science fiction fandom
prior to January, 1959. Contributions in excess
of 50¢ or 2/6d gratefully accepted. If you are
not a known fan, please give here the name and
address of a fan or science fiction club to
whom reference may be made.

Overseas fans may send money and ballots to
Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harro-
gate, Yorkshire, England

I enclose the sum of as a contribution to
the Transatlantic Fan Fund.

Name

Address.

.

TERRY CARR

Terry Carr is a Good Fan. This is obvious to anyone who has read INNUENDO, or any of his material which is appearing at an ever-increasing rate. Terry Carr is also, in his own words, "about 80% of Carl Brandon." And Carl Brandon was Fabulous. Terry was, in a large part, responsible for such faaanish pieces as "My Fair FemmeFan," "The Cacher of the Rye," and "The BNF of Iz." Terry has also been called "Seventh Fandom's Charles Burbee," but he insists this is not true. He insists that he dates back to Sixth Fandom. And he does for Terry Carr has been on the scene for over eight years. In person he is as fabulous as he is in print, and in the same quietly humorous manner. What more could you ask?

Nominated by: Ted E. White, Charles Burbee, William Rotsler, Walter A. Willis, Bob Shaw.

DON FORD

Don Ford began reading science fiction in 1930, and still reads it. He attended the Toronto Convention in 1948. The following year he became known as "Mr. Cinvention" due to his activity with the 1949 Cinvention. He was a founder of the first Midwestcon so that those who could not make Portland that year could still meet and talk with fans. Don read Wm. H. Crawford's Marvel Tales in 1935 and has been a fanzine addict ever since, even to the extent of publishing his own. Don was the first USA administrator for TAFF. For four years he worked to help put TAFF over. He has entertained and is a friend of the British delegates to American conventions, and also corresponds with many other British fans. He is well known in England and the USA. Don will make a good representative of U. S. Fandom and can be counted on to follow through with a written account of the TAFF trip.

Nominated by: C. L. Barrett, M.D., Lynn A. Hickman, Daniel L. McPhail, Ted Carnell, Norman G. Ashfield.

BJO WELLS

Bjo (short for Betty-Jo) is an xlint Bette for the Anglicon of '60! Bjo first showed up at the Chicon II in 1952. Nexthing she was at the Worldcon in San Francisco, and then one day she was in LA --- and Things Began to Happen. They elected her Director of LASFS....she originated and energized thru to success the Futuristic Fashion Sho....she became a potent publisher with her whamzine Mimsy....her cartoons and artwork have graced fanzines the world over. A good reason cd be given for every freckle she's got why Bjo shd go to England as TAFF representative, but the main thing is how much our British brethren wd enjoy Bjo.

Imagine a girl who knows how to snog in the SMOG. When she hits London there'll be a riotous run in the Fog Banks!

Seriously, Bjo wd be just the Anglofans' cup of tea.

Nominated by: Forrest J. Ackerman, Ernie Wheatley, Lillian Field, John Berry, Jean Linard.