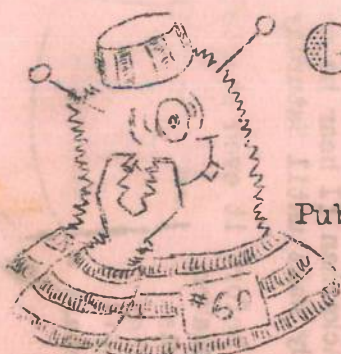


Sept.
5
1959



GRAPEVINE

Published in DETENTION
BY

The Committee for
Philly in '60

The first of three issues of the only conzine mimeoed with used Chianti (it turns black the second time thru and so will you if you're not careful). We print news and filler. If your name was mentioned, it was a mistake! Philly-phans will accept news. Danger-Approach with extreme caution when loaded!

Highlighted this issue is a do-it-yourself letter kit on the back cover. It covers all the usual Con events.
(Copyrighted in Morder by J. Zeitz)



DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER

Words-H. Lynch

Don't tell your mother I'm a monster
When she asks you just pretend you're deaf,
Try to keep it quiet about my reading diet
Don't tell her that I read S F!
Never, never mention spaceships
Avoid the whole darn subject if you can
There's no use worrying your mother
Don't tell her I'm a Science Fiction Fan!

BOOZE IN DETROIT ! The local bars serve up to 2:00 AM, they usually stay open for another half hour or so. On Sunday, only beer and wine may be sold up to midnite, then the hard stuff comes back in season. **PACKAGE GOODS** - Hard liquor is sold around town up to 11:00 PM, none on Sunday. Wine & Beer, practically anytime as long as the stores are open. **LABOR DAY** - Sales are legal but it may be hard to find stores that are open.

.....
A truck driver in the Tiger Bar who claimed he was a Garrett fan said "I read the stuff too but I never heard of a goddam Convention!"

.....
There will be a FAPA meeting at noon on Sunday, room to be announced.

.....
So we arrived on Friday to avoid the rush and everybody else was here first. Avram Davidson, Randy Garrett, John W. (Psionics) Campbell, Harlan (Loved the Army!) Ellison, Dick & Pat Ellington (with FIJAGH but no cats), Dave & Ruth Kyle, Djinn Faine, Bjo Wells (now there was a movie), LE Ackerman (I hear he makes a lousy martini!), Ray & Susie Beam, - - - doesn't anybody wait until Saturday ?

.....
Bruce Henstell, neo from LASFS, has had a full Convention before it even started. Not only has he met dozens of real live pro authors, and shaken the firm editorial hand of John W. Campbell, but when he was without change, and wanted to buy that copy of LIFE with the spaceman on the cover, Randall Garrett lent him real author's money to pay for it. (Randy assures us he was promptly repaid - a tribute to fandom's integrity.)

.....
Martha Cohen, of Brooklyn, came into the hotel Friday seeking somebody to share a room with her. There were numerous volunteers, but the young lady has an inexplicable proclivity for female companionships. Well, the fans showed a gallant willingness to assist, anyway.

.....
Tonight at 7:45, there will be a showing of the fan produced film - "Spacegoats". New, all new. (We didn't show it last Night.) The latest from PSFS Productions.

.....
Those who wish a guided tour of downtown Detroit, complete with colorful tales of the Purple Gang and various crimes and misdemeanors, apply to the Misfit's own Snitzelbanker, Dick Schultz. Just be sure to take somebody along to show our native guide the way back to the hotel.

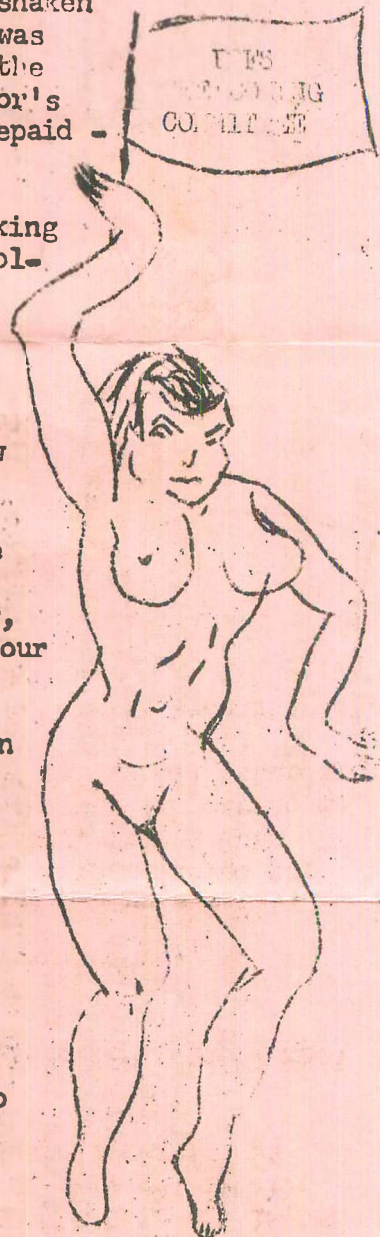
.....
Who's gonna be the first one to get a PSICK OF PSIONICS pin on Campbell? Look out for concealed Hieronymous Machines!

.....
Isaac Asimov arrived this morning complete with pictures of parakeet and children. James Gunn admiring same. Mary Young wants to know how big Lawrence, Kansas is.

.....
The statistics of last night's PittsItParty in 1973:

Whisky (Rye)	22 gallons
Whisky (Bourbon)	15 "
Whiskey (Scotch)	4 "

It is reliably reported that Jack Zeitz was the only one to get a drink without getting a Pittsburgh button.



Pick-Fort Shelby
Detroit, Michigan

Sept. (4 5 6 7 8)

Dear (Folks Sweetheart Thing):

Finally arrived at the (Hotel Huddle)
after only getting lost (2 5 10) times.
The trip out was quite (distressing noth-
ing kocksville) to say the least, that is,
it was the most.

Entered the hotel(?) and found the (liq-
uor store bar water fountain) in (2 5
10) minutes. Place was crawling with fen,
pros, and sotted BEEM's. Succeeded in get-
ting a drink by (crawling to the bar hyp-
nosis teleportation). The place was
drained dry by o'clock. Only Friday and
no booze in sight. Hell of a note!

Got to my room and tossed my junk on the
bed(?). Went out into the hall looking for
a fan with a bottle attached. Fell over
_____ on the ____th floor. (He She
It) told me about a (brawl party orgy)
in room _____. Continued on down the hall
on my knees. Found the mail slot. Damned
thing was jammed with a Martian fleitzig.
Next time they'll listen to a Terran when he
gives them advice (even if his blood is 100
proof). Solved the problem with fannish in-
genuity. Rolled letter in a ball and shoved
it (down thru up) the fleitzig's (thrcat
phyrangio crock) and stamped him. Hope
(he it she they) reaches you in good
shape.

Fantastically yours,
