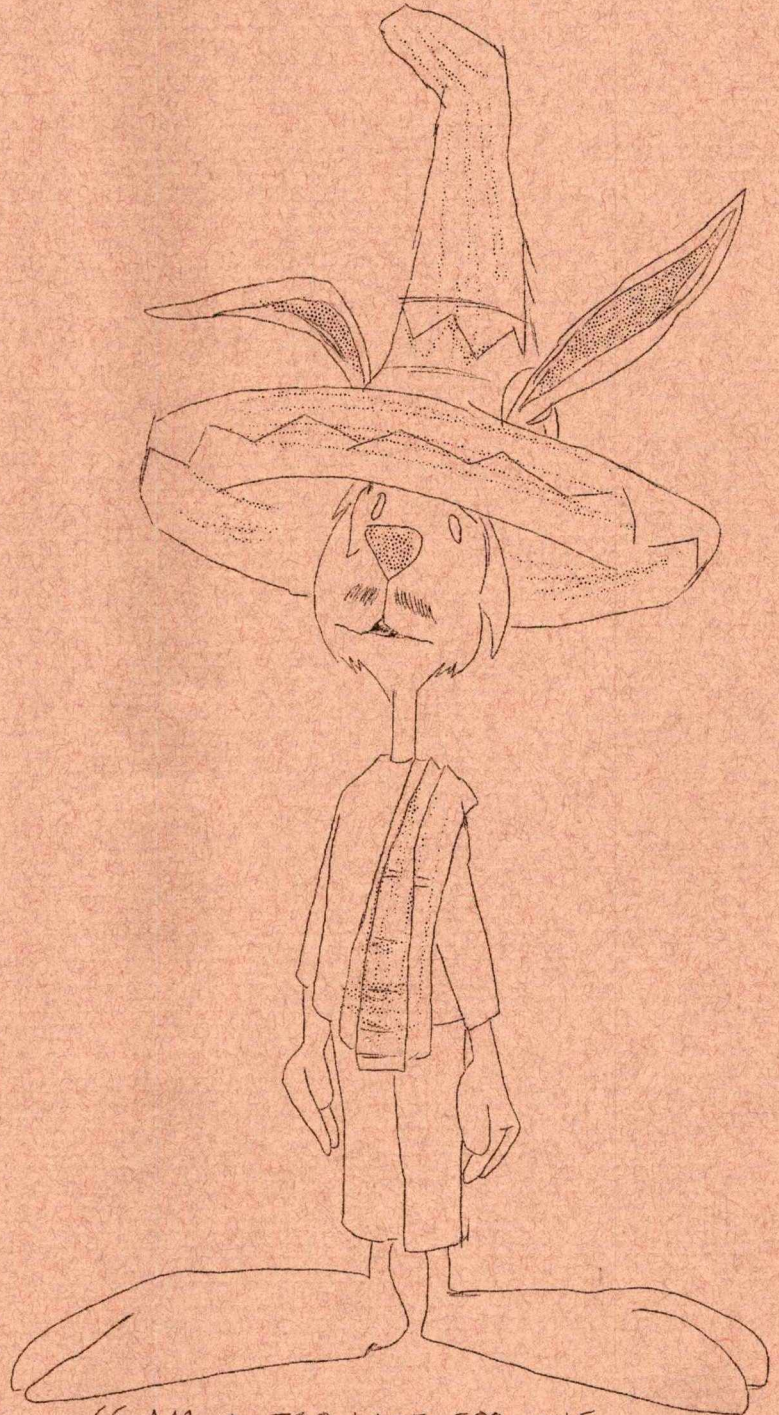


MELANGE<sub>2</sub>



"AM I TOO LATE FOR THE  
OLE' CHAVELA PARTY?"

J. Bunbee



## THE LEATHERN OMNIBUS

Welcome once again to MELANGE. Cover is by Johnnie Durbie. When Bjo mentioned that we were going to use it, a gleam came into ol' Durb's eye. But I pointed out that father-son dual memberships are illegal in FAPA, and the gleam died. You're just going to have to write an article for us, Durb, I told him. Like, six pages. A look of agony came over his face, and he quaffed a mug of home brew, muttering something about "Sneary... Senior FAPA... pages...."

Other artwork this time is by Bjo, Bernie Zuber, and...

GOOD OL' SCRIBE DEPT: Good ol' Scribe JH. You see, the typers on which this issue of MELANGE has been cut belong to Jack. They are Smith-Corona electric portables. Both elite; one standard, and the other this script. And a very readable script it is, too, me thinks. I refer you to Budrys' dubious #2 for more Good Thoughts re S-C electric portables.

TELEPHONE FANDOI DEPT: Phone fandom is going great guns. All us Fan Hillton types use Mr. Bell's invention quite a bit, and Ed Cox is positive that I've got a telephone growing on me on something.

Les Hirenberg, I notice, will give a life-time sub to QUE PESADOI for a phone call. Like, this telephone bit seems to swing, kinda. And, fans being fans, some of the most peculiar things seem to happen when they get phoneitus.

One day, at 6 a.m., in the summer of 1960, our telephone rang. Bjo didn't stir, and since the damned thing was nearest me anyway, I answered... after a fashion; I'm not too lucid at that hour.

"Is Bjo there?" an unfamiliar voice asked.

"Mmmphmpf," I affirmed, and handed the instrument over to my wife. "Ouch!" She rubbed the bruise from the falling phone, and said hello.

I decided that I might as well get up and get ready for work. And twenty minutes later, when I was pouring us each a cup of coffee, Bjo was still on the phone. I'd finished my coffee and english

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This is MELANGE Number 2, February, 1961, entered in the 94rd mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. MELANGE is the sole responsibility of Bjo & John Trimble, 2790 West 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, California.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of one-hundred copies of the FAPazine will be run off on the LASFStetner. Sixty-eight of these will go into FAPA. A number of others will be sent to the Shadow FAPate producing zines for Chauvenet's mailing. Of those remaining, a number will go to you who commented on the last MELANGE. More than likely, there will be a few copies remaining. Aside from a couple of file copies, these'll go up for grabs. Yes, we'll send sample copies, but the only way a non-FAPAN may get copies is to write a letter of comment. We consider Shadow FAPazines letters in this sense.

-----A Mathom House Publication  
~~~~~

muffins, tied my tie, and was pouring a second cup of coffee when Bjo said good-bye and hung up.

"Someone named Owen Harriker," she said. "He wanted information about the PittCon Art Show, and Dince told him to contact me."

"So he called, huh? Seems he could've picked a more decent time of day."

"Well, it seems that it's after nine in Vermont, and he didn't...."

"Vermont!" I shouted, quietly, spilling my coffee on the cat. "But you talked for over half an hour to someone in Vermont. That's a cross-country call, and it costs...."

"I know," she said, "but he didn't seem to mind, and kept bringing up stuff when I'd try to end the call. And he lives in Curlington, Vermont," she said, as if that made a difference.

When I got to work, I told Ed Cox about the incident. His face lit up in a sense of wonderish way. "Gee," he said, "there are others like you, aren't there?"

He got away before I could commit mayhem.

I think Owen called at least once more before PittCon, and he's called a couple of times since. And once, when our phone at White Knoll had been disconnected and service here at the Fan Hillton hadn't been started yet, he called Ted Johnstone and talked for half an hour or so.

Bjo suggested that taping would cut down phone expenses, so he sent us a tape...and called to tell us he'd sent it.

-00-

I was beginning to formulate a theory about neo-fannish enthusiasm and telephoning, when the cold facts of the matter began to occur to me. I thought of how Bill Donaho and Dan Curren, and the Berkeley crowd would telephone us every now and then last spring and summer. And of how EdCo, when pursuing his favorite hobby--beerophillic research--would telephone various of his friends and natter drunkenly on for long periods of time.

My theories weren't ringing true.

Recently, however, they received two blows that shattered them to fragments. Sometime before Christmas, Durbee called to ask if we had any news of Redd Loggs' arrival on these shores.

"He was supposed to be here on the fourth," Durbee said, "and I figured that he might have got in now...especially since it's the sixth or thereabouts. And, after all, aren't you people the nerve-center of fandom these days?"

"No, Durb," I said, "we haven't heard a thing. You might try calling Jim Harmon; he'd probably be the most

likely one to know anything about Redd." "Yeah, I guess I'll do that. Elmer and I are up at his place, surrounding some beer," he added. "Say hi to Uncle Elmer," I said, "and tell him that I found that article I was going to use in FAPA pretty soon."

Burb talked a bit off-phone. "Elmer wants to know what article that is," he said to me.

"The one about streetcars." "Something about streetcars," again off-phone. To me: "He says he has a correction... give me the correction department." "Speaking."

"Humph, Elmer can't find the correction... give me the mis-placed correction department." "Just a second," I said... "okay, Mis-Placed Correction Department on."

"I was just talking to the USS Trimble down there, and... Elmer just found that correction...!"

And on we went in that manner. Ah, sweet idiocy. After fifteen minutes or so, he hung up.

It was dinnertime, and after we'd finished eating and cleared the table, the phone rang. It was EdCo, half-shot, and having a ball.

"We've just discovered a marvellous invention, known for only a hundred years or so," he said. "It's called a dry martini. They're great. Only, after we'd mixed up a batch, my friend said he didn't like 'em, and I've had to finish the whole works, and..." there was some inane chuckling here... "then he discovered that he didn't like Manhattan, either, so I've had to drink that batch, too...."

We rambled on for a while and then Ed hung up so that he could call some blonde who lives in The Valley, or something.

"Jus' followin' mah fav'rut hobby," he said, "callin' my friends...." I hung up, and the phone rang. It was Durbee.

"Well, I found out about Redd Doggs," he said, "Elmer and I just talked to him."

"Is he in town?" I asked. "No," Burb said, "we called him in Minneapolis. Elmer kept his stop watch out so we wouldn't talk too long, but we found out why he's postponed the trip, and...."

I was aghast... "even Durbee?" I thought.

-oOo-

And then came New Years, and we had a helluva party here at the Fan Hillton. Midnight came, and we did the customary welcoming and so on. And Les Gerber phoned to wish everyone a Happy New Year, and chatted for a while. From New York! This got



us phone minded, and something snapped.

"Let's phone Walt Willis!" I shouted. And cries of agreement came from all around. And offers to chip in on the cost. So I picked up the telephone, and dialed. "Operator, I'd like to place a trans-Atlantic call. Yes, I want to call Walter A Willis, yes, W-i-l-l-i-s; at 170 Upper Newtownards Road (had to do that three times), in Belfast, Northern Ireland."

There came the usual sounds of a long-distance call being placed, and then something new. "Over-seas operator," I heard through the crackle and hum. "Yes, I have a call to Walter A Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast... Belfast where?"

"Belfast where?" I thought.

"Ireland," the operator was told. And in a few seconds, there was the sound of a phone ringing.

"Mighod," I thought, "I am sitting here in my living room in Los Angeles, California, and I'm making a telephone ring in Belfast, Northern Ireland, halfway around the world. Gee, what a fabulous feeling. Power, that's what it is; a feeling of power. "There's something to this telephoning business after all," I thought.

But no one answered, so we cancelled the call. Where were you, Walt Willis, at 9 a.m., Belfast time, on New Years Day, 1961?

-oOo-

Later in the evening, tho, the feeling of power got a little cracked. Bjo suggested that we pull a reversal, and call Owen Harrifen.

So she got on the up-stairs extension, while I was on the downstairs phone, and placed the call. I made a couple of remarks about the kookiness of calling cross-country, neatly ignoring my earlier adventure. "Don't pay any attention to the male voice on this line," Bjo told the operator, "I'm placing this call."

"Surely," the operator said. "Do you want this to be person-to-person, on a station call?" With visions of the telephone bill dancing in my li'l pea-brain, I shouted, "Station-to-station..."

"We'd better make it person-to-person," Al Lewis advised. "Make sure we don't call in vain."

"Person-to-person," Bjo said. "Station-to-station," I shouted.

The crisp voice of the operator came on: "I'm not to pay any attention to the male voice on this line," she said. Sigh. But, still, I had made a phone ring, half-way around the world.

Gee.

Next year, now...

-oOo-

PUBLISHING  
GIANTS DEPT:

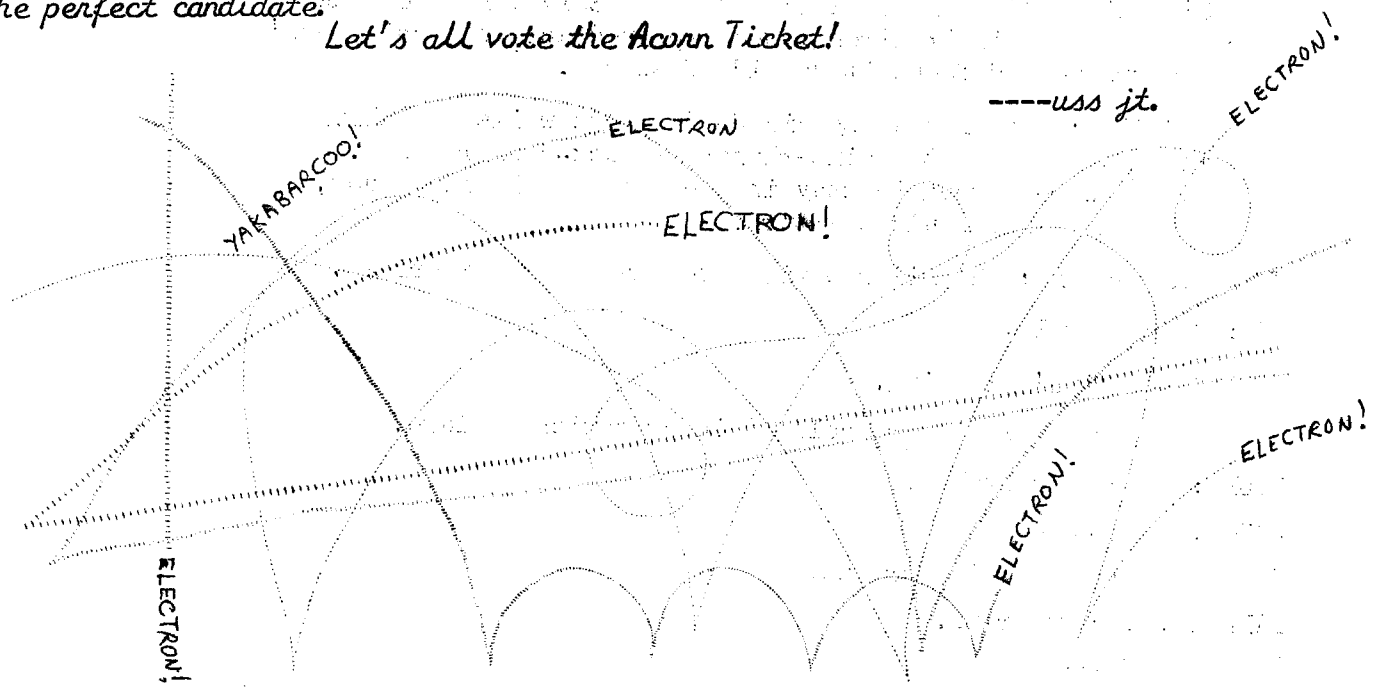
Earlier today (29 Jan 61), Ron Ellik strolled about the lower floor at the Fan Hilton, and noticed Ernie Wheatley and I both cutting stencils. And in Freehafer Hall, Bruce Pelz, Bob Lichtman, and Jerry Knight were slaving over hot typers, too, while Jack Harness was putting an illo on ditto master. "Gee, five typers going all at once," he said, "and we thought we were the fan-publishing center of the universe in Berkeley when we were turning out THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE and FAF-IRD, using three typers." "Huh," I said. "If Dillern hadn't borrowed my big Royal picc, we'd probably have six typers going. Happens all the time." He wandered off, mumbling.

-oOo-

R. E. FOR  
TAFF DEPT:

We're firmly behind the candidacy of RON ELLIK for TAFF. Ljo was one of his nominators, and that platform on the back of the TAFF ballot isn't really kidding, you know. And aside from all that, I've known Ron for over six years now, and while there have been times during that span when I could have kicked him, it was invariably for some trivial matter...as calling me a busdriver, while I was in Uncle Sugar's Birdman Corps, and like that. During that six years, I have never seen Ronel fail to get along with groups of fans. In fact, it is hard to bring to mind any time when he was not a definite asset to a party or bull-session. And I've seen the care he's taken with F.P.'s records and traditions as both Sec-Treas and Veep of this noble organization, which leads me to believe that he'd be a fine TAFF Administrator. In fact, from any point of view, it seems to me that Ron Ellik is the perfect candidate.

Let's all vote the Acorn Ticket!



# NIRENBERG'S GLOSSARY of JASS

Much has been said recently of the language which is used by musicians and jazz aficionados. This is an inside language which enables the user to join the secret ranks of those "who understand". In order to bring this new ~~idiom~~ idiom of expression to the public a great amount of research was necessary. This reporter has spent long hours poring over many volumes, and in conference with members of the American Legion and DAR in an effort to arrive at the origin of this new language. We have listed a number of these new words with their proper explanations. At last all confusion can be dispelled, the long awaited true translations are here.

HEP: This is a contraction of the word "help". It is believed to have been invented by Amos n Andy.

REEFER: Brought from the antipodes by the Australian Jazz Quartet, this word describes the Australian bushman who makes his living scraping the Great Barrier Reef and rolling this vegetation into cigarettes.

BOP: To strike a fellow musician.

O ROONEY: Mickey's brother.

LIKE: Enjoy.

SOMETHING ELSE: Something other than that referred to.

WAY OUT: Exit door.

THE END: Closing time.

HIP: Lower portion of the anatomy.

FUZZ: Unshaven musician.

SWING: Wood and rope device found in playgrounds.

IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING: Phrase made famous by Louis Armstrong, who happened across a childrens' playground and found it devoid of swings.

IN THE GROOVE: Made famous by Bix Beiderbecke while travelling in a bus through the hinterlands of back-country Ohio. Busses were forced to stay in the ruts of the mud roads, otherwise they would overturn.

EIGHT TO THE BAR: The Miles Davis Octet having a few drinks.

GIG: Short giggle.

ZOOT SUIT: Sims' clothing.

SQUARE: Where folk singers collect in Greenwich Village.

SOLID: Extremely stable.

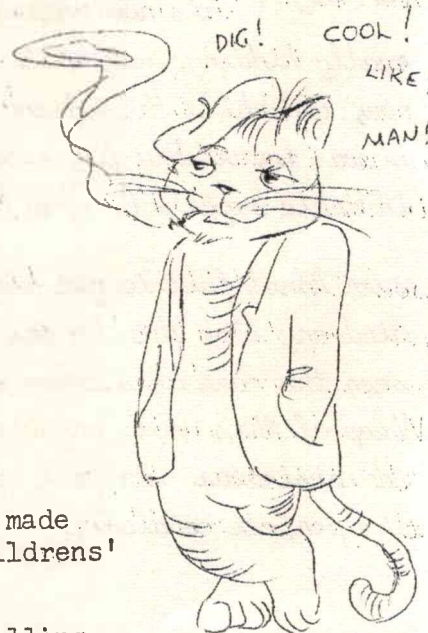
JUICE: Orangeade.

HEY BOB A RE BOP: Tit for tat.

FALL IN: Arrive drunk.

SCAT: Go away.

FUNKY: Obscene.



WARB

by  
Ruth Berman

LONGS!

...Sneaky Trimble! What a way to tell their colyumist that she's supposed to pick out the title herself. However, there is a title for them, and let it be so, then...it seemed sort of inevitable after the first column.

I'm wearing kickerinoes (outside the house that is, inside I wear nice lovely blue slippers). They look like the sort of boots you see in illustrations to sagas, except that they're too short, and I waver between striding about pretending to be Aragorn or Elrond or some such and almost breaking up at the thought of Walt Kelly's line; "Booted and spurred gainst the driving cold." Fortunately, I am not spurred as well as booted against this driving cold which is probably breaking the speed limit, or I would break up.

-oOo-

At the university of Minnesota, I belong to a small group which meets once a week to chatter on various high-minded subjects. A few weeks ago, Professor Russell came over to talk about humanism to us. In preparation for this discussion, we were given a small pamphlet the week before he came about humanism. This was the outline of "The Outlook of Scientific Humanism", a speech given by Herbert Feigl for a Symposium on Science and Religion at Thiel College in 1959.

The pamphlet was interesting enough in itself, but, as a fan, I made croggle noises when I came across these words:

There seems to be now a fair amount of evidence for the occurrence of mental telepathy and clairvoyance. It is not likely that all this evidence can be explained away as due to experimental errors, statistical miscalculations, or to outright fraud or hoax. We have indeed no reliable or even plausible hypothesis or theory which would explain these alleged facts and relate them satisfactorily to the bulk of our established scientific knowledge. Further research is urgently needed in this controversial field.

The words could come out of Astounding--I beg its pardon, Analogue. And Professor Russell, a thoroughly respectable member of the psychology department here, touched on the same point in nearly the same words.

The curious point is that I cannot really decide whether these incidents make Campbell more or less a fugghead. Mr. Feigle and Mr. Russell were saying the same things Campbell has been saying, more dogmatically, for years about psi, though I doubt that they read science fiction or formed their opinions because of Campbell. Does that mean that Campbell is wrong in accusing scientists of being "stuck in a rut", or does it mean that he was right because they took so long to catch on?

Much or little, Campbell probably played some part in getting this acceptance of psi, just as he played a part in getting rocket travel accepted. Seems to me that he did some harm along with the help, though, by phrasing all his editorials in a dogmatic, "You, reader, are a stubborn fool", tone. It looks as if Campbell is about due for some loud praises--maybe.

The Dean Drive, since it is a newer fad, is probably not going to get any serious investigation for some time (I wonder if it works on psi power?). However, Campbell is stirring up a lot of interest on a non-professional level. Over at University



High School, three seniors, Bill Green, John Rosen, and Dave Duggan are planning to build a Dean Drive machine for their year's project in physics. It will be interesting to see what happens, especially since their teacher, Br. Buchta, is one of the top men in the physics department at the University, who is just teaching at U. High to get experience in teaching science to young people.

-oOo-

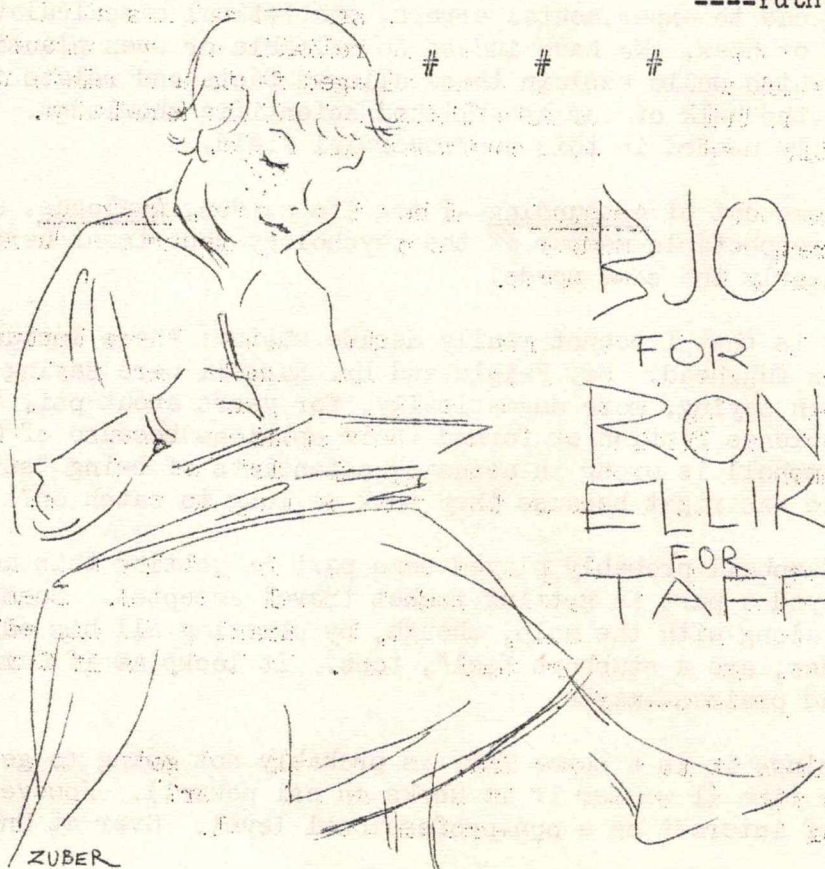
Despite my well-known powers of empathy, I have never been able to work up any real "feeling" for a crying baby. Of course, I know a good many tricks to soothe one, but I have learned them more out of self defense than out of a desire to comfort the child. Hereafter, I shall have more understanding of and sympathy for the crying baby, at least at one stage of its development. You see, I am teething. Tooth-  
ing, rather. Down in the lower-left corner of my mouth a wisdom tooth is spurting. This tough is not like the molars and cuspids of childhood-memory which came up quickly and quietly. Rather, it is like the baby's teeth, determined to get past the gum by chewing its way out. As a result, I have a mild, but persistent pain in the left side of my jaw. It will be nice to empathize with my nephews when their teeth come in, but there ought to be an easier way to grow teeth.

-oOo-

"The Adventure of the Highbury Plot" was delightful... "vile brew of roots and herbs" indeed! You know, Ronel ought to go on TAFF, because over there in England they could introduce him to ginger beer, delight of the childish hearts of children in fairy tales by English writers. Only Ronel could truly appreciate the drink and describe it to such E. Nesbit admirers as me, thereby adding to my understanding and appreciation of E. Nesbit.

There are, of course, several other reasons why Ronel should win TAFF, but that reason appeals to me, somehow.

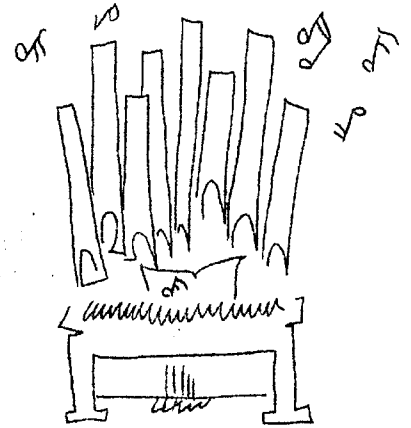
----ruth berman.



RJO  
FOR  
RON  
ELLIK  
FOR  
TUFF

# CALLIOPE

by Elmer  
Perdue



So John Trimble called me one day and said out of the blue or something, Elmer, I'd like you to write me an article about the calliope. And I told the gentleman that there was considerable pressure of other jobs at work, but that I'd research the matter incidental to any assigned projects. This was agreeable. Then I got to thinking, any fool can look up things in recognized authorities, and when next Mr. Trimble became available, further discussion developed that what was wanted wasn't dry facts but rather something like what follows. So we are going to speak now of the origin and development of the calliope, with each and every date and fact that follows being drawn from my memory and not one single date or fact having been verified against the source material. I hope no one checks this data....

In the beginning was the railroad. And a certain self-taught and humble inventor, John Stephenson, who developed the first successful railroad application of the steam engine. And here we must go off on a tangent, because one is so prone to think of the winner in a competition and not of the also-rans. The Rocket was selected as prime mover in a competition among maybe a dozen other locomotives. The losers are lost in the mists of time. Was one of them, perhaps, a diesel with inaccurately engineered pistons? Or a steam turbine that failed because the technology of the time could not better the simplicity of the reciprocating steam piston?

Someday I must research Dr. Elisha Grey, the inventor of the telephone, perhaps putting it under the title of "Don't bother, Mr. Watson; It's too late now." The mailman delivered Dr. Grey's patent application to the Patent Office in the afternoon. That morning, he had delivered Alexander's caveat to the Patent Office. A caveat, in effect, says: other inventors, take notice; I intend to invent this thing but haven't gotten around to it yet.

Mr. Bell's message to Watson occurred three months and two days after his caveat had been filed. The patent litigation that followed did not end up in a decision for Bell, but an out-of-court agreement wherein Bell agreed to stay out of Western Union territory and Western Union agreed to stick to telegrams. Grey's invention leads to a wonderful world of if, also: one side of the circuit was electric, the reutrn circuit was hydraulic. Can't you picture a steamfitter's nightmare where both the plumber and the electrician come to install a phone, the one hitching up a pipe to the overhead piping maze in the streets and the other fiddling with copper wires? Or having the phone spring a leak? Reminds me of the time I was riding a bus in Washington DC, in the summer of 1940, and we passed by a but stop sign that had sprung a leak. The bud driver laughed outrageously and pointed it out to the passengers. There at the top of the pipe was the but stop sign, and water spraying from the bottom of the sign in all directions....

-oOo-

Enough of this tangent. The railroad had its first run on September 27, 1825, and on that date occurred the first railroad fatality. A Member of Parliament from Liverpool became confused, got off the train on the wrong side, and was crushed. Railroad grade crossing protection began with a man on horseback riding ahead of the train and waving a flag. This practice was shortlived when the horse couldn't keep up.



On May 10, 1833, the first grade crossing accident occurred when a wagon carrying butter and eggs was struck by a train. This incident was duly noted, and a person unknown to history--probably hiding under the name of Paterfamilias--wrote a letter to the London Times, suggesting that the train give warning, perhaps by having a trainman give a cornet blast. Mr. Stephenson thought the idea had merit, and hitched a silver trumpet on the steam boiler. And there was the origin of the steam calliope, you nice people--the golved fireman fingering the valves on the trumpet, playing merry ditties of b flat, e flat, and f as they approached a crossing. There, too, is the origin of the long and short blast on the whistle to substitute for the b flat and e flat that one whistle can't give.

-o0o-

For about three years now, I've been reading the miscellaneous for sale--musical instruments--section of the classified, looking for a celesta. There's been none offered in that length of time. Let me add that steam calliopes are also rare in that none have been offered. Perhaps the newspapers are in a conspiracy of silence as a matter of public welfare. I know of one in the Los Angeles area. One night Bjo and I had a dinner date and were more-or-less heading for the Gay Nineties cafe in Long Beach (Signal Hill to be precise, a city surrounded by Long Beach) to listen to the professor, eat steaks, and finish up with peanuts (shells to be discarded on the sawdust floor). We stopped by the Burbees, chatted with Isabel, and a dense fog rolled in. Oceanward progress was unwise, so we ate elsewhere. John, there's an unfinished project for you.

The steam calliope is a simple instrument. A boiler chest, a set of whistles tuned to the chromatic scale, and a piano-type keyboard with linkage to the whistle valves. One wonders if there is insulation on the linkage, or whether the performer wears asbestos gloves. Gloves present no particular problem to the accomplished technician. At this point I am reminded of a story about one Chopin, who was enamoured at the time of one Baroness Orczyz. Madame de Stael gave a salon, at which the pianist stripped the scarf from the head of the baroness, tossed it over the keyboard, and improvised a waltz playing through the scarf. It goes by some prosaic name like Opus 69, and under the popular name of the Scarf Waltz was for many years a favorite of the kootch dancers. Asbestos gloves present less difficulty, one would think, than palying through an asbestos scarf.

So I was discussing the distressing lack of celestae one afternoon with my boss a year ago, and he suggested watching for a calliope. I entered some sort of demurrer, such as possibly being required to pass an examination for stationary steam boiler engineer before being allowed to operate it, which he solved for me. He brought out that the City Department of Water and Power is continually on the lookout for means of levelling out the load factor; that for this reason, a discount is offered for water heating when the load occurs during the off-peak hours of eleven p.m. to seven a.m.; and that they'd be happy to engineer an electric steam boiler for me, to be used only during those off-peak hours. Why look, Elmer, he said to me, it's your civic duty to see that these facilities which are presently used only during the hours of peak demand do not lie idle the rest of the time. So put the problem up to hem--by the way, Elmer, you live at least five miles away from me, don't you?

Somehow I had always assumed the calliope was so named in satiric allegory to the Greek goddess Calliope of the beautiful voice. This is erroneous. Calliope is the ninth muse, usually depicted as a statuesque blonde of impressive measurements, including the median figure, and is the muse of epic poetry.

-o0o-

Somewhere there exists the last aging members of an old multilettered society, similar to the SPEBSQSAI or Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Incorporated, whose membership comprised these gentlemen who in their youth had spent long Sunday hours turning the pump for the manually-operated church pipe organs of the time. They published a journal, title unknown, in which the membership reminisced about their experiences. A copy of this journal ranks next to The Eclipse-Lovers' Weekly on my want list. People laugh when I mention that I'm looking for the Weekly--why? Is there now an aging society of calliope professors, deploring the passage of a way of life, keeping in touch with each other through a technical publication? If so, a sample copy is urgently needed....

-oOo-

I see that I have omitted mention of Mr. H H Bliss of New York City, or perhaps one should say the late Mr. H H Bliss. On September 13, 1899, Mr. Bliss had greatness thrust upon him which he would not have accepted had he known. I picture him as a horn-rimmed spectacle wearer, graduate of PS 88 in the Bronx, a fat-faced beetle of about thirty-five years. Someday I must research Mr. Bliss. But that reminds me that the California Highway Patrol had trouble had trouble with air horns on the Ridge Route shortly after air suspension was adopted. Seems that these characters would bleed the air compressor system into an air horn. They'd be coming down the Ridge Route, give a blast, and traffic ahead would scurry sideways thinking it was a damn truck. Then they'd cuss when the small private vehicle went by with a sneer. On its double-barreled exhaust. And believe me, you've never been sneered at until you've received a twin-exhaust sneer. Now, air horns connected to the suspension system are illegal on private passenger vehicles.

But my informant went on to say, some characters have modified their cars by the installation of a tank of liquified petroleum gas (LPG) which has a critical pressure of perhaps fifteen psig, and an air horn on the LPG tank. They put a bit of platinum black in the air horn lip, see, as a catalyst to ignite the LPG, and when they tromp the button the LPG valve opens and blasts through the air horn, the platinum black ignites the propane mix, and a magnificent LPG flare some six feet long shoots out from under the car hood. It must be spectacular.

About calliopes? Well, I found that a pipe organ can operate on between four and six inches of water pressure. That, by coincidence, is the delivery pressure of natural gas in this area. I can therefore eliminate the boiler and use the natural gas as the prime mover in a calliope here, flaring the exhaust through a set of self-igniters or possibly past a pilot light. A master volume regulator pedal can be added, which by raising or lowering the foot will change the pressure of the natural gas and thus vary the volume....

Mr. Bliss? On September 13, 1899, he alit from a street car in New York City, then turned around and helped a little old lady off the car. There have been over one million motor vehicle deaths in the United States since the automobile first appeared in America in 1895. Mr. Bliss was the first. The vehicle that struck him was, ironically, a hearse. If the hearse had had an air horn or steam horn or what have you, the honor might have gone to someone else....

This has been an article about steam calliopes. I will be interested, when it appears, in checking my memory against the documented facts. Was it August 8, 1884, when Mr. Bell filed his caveat against Professor Elisha Gray's already invented telephone? Damfine.

----elmer b perdue.

I certify that I was in the immediate vicinity while the above was written, and did not see Elmer look up anything or consult any notes.

----rachel perdue.

//



# TWICE UNDER HEAVILY



*a sort of perambulating column by and about*

*E. MENACE COX*

EXPLORATIONS INTO ANOTHER WORLD DEPT: Yes, really. It happens often. Like the other night when I was wondering whether to read to to try to write something and not really getting to any sort of conclusion, it being nine pm and a thursday (having forsaken lasfs). Then the phone rang and solved my prblem for me, as it turned out.

I said "Hello" wondering who it could be and when the voice said something to me, I still wondered for a minute. Then it said, "This's 'Shelley'". Oh, I ohed, what's happening? "Will you come get me?" she asks. I said yeh, where are you? But no amount of incoherent explanation on her part could elucidate any info for me. So she gave up and through a jumble of stuff about fighting and blood and cops, she said to meet her at the Sunset Bar. Okay, I tell her, I'll-be-there-to-pay-the-cabfare-for-you-alright? And she hangs up.

So I get into some clothes and go up there, order a Flagstaff and sit at the dark piano bar to await her coming. I say Hi to some of the regulars there that I know and while I'm silping my Flagstaff in a sober manner, the phone rings. Miriam, the gal behind the bar, answers and says its for me. So it's Shelley again and she tries to give me directions to pick her up because the damn cab fare is nearly two bucks. I tell her to come on, dammit, I've got the cash. So she hangs up. I sit down. After a while, in she comes, wearing a sweater and capri, and she's like nervous. The cab gets sent off and I sit her down. She's in pretty good shape except for a couple of large band-aids over one wrist which are seeping blood.

I can't get anything coherent out of her except that she smashed her fist through a pane of glass at her place and she can't go back there anymore, except to pick up her belongings. So okay, I say, let's look at that wrist. It was on the top of her wrist, not where the veins are, so I know she didn't try to knock herself off. I peel off the soaked bandages and there are like gouges in the flesh. A doctor for you, kid, I tell her, but she'll have no part of it. I run her next door to a drugstore for stuff and the pharmacist gives her first aid and does up her wrist, saying we should get her to a doctor right away to stitch her wrist otherwise it'll leave bad scars. He looks at me funny and later I see it's because of the blood on me!

So we go back to the bar. She drinks down beers and after a while is having a ball, as am I, watching her. She insists on sharing my bar-stool, which got cozy, and we realized that it was causing a lot of the customers (most of whom we knew) to try to figure us out. A friend of ours was tending bar because Miriam, who is part owner of it, had some friends in and she sat at the bar with them. All of them cute girls, who came in to see her. Like she's lez which doesn't detract from the fact that she's a good friend of mine. She and these four or five cuties are having a ball. And there's this girl, a real girl, a quarter of an inch too short for the Tall Timber Club (and this bugs her) and she and Shelley start talking.

Both are loaded and this this tall chick, Hetty, claims that Shelley is so goofed up, normally, that when she tried to commit suicide she slashed the wrong side of her

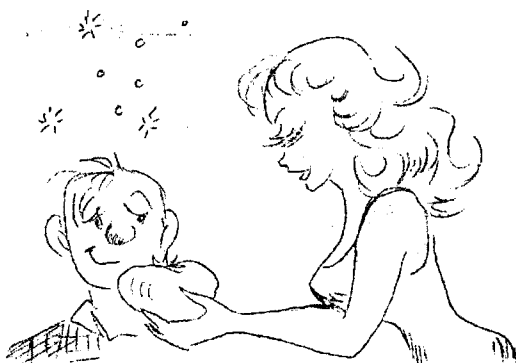
wrist. This is Shelley's fault because she was bugging Hetty to begin with. I am not about to get between them but I try to restrain Shelley, who is a card. She goes over to Hetty, reaches out and daintily explores her breast.

"Hah! Just as I thought! Foam rubber!" she exclaims and proceeds to check the other one. Hetty takes all this with great calm and noble bearing until Shelley is quite through. Then she bellows at the top of her lungs: "LEZ!"

There is like a silence from the middle of the bar.

CHAPTER TWO I used to have a little old lady living in each of the two apartments next to mine. One moved for some reason or other and a precession of people DEPT: kept moving in and out until this crazy couple moved in and cautioned me about the volume of my hi-fi system. If it wasn't real loud, they said, they couldn't hear it too well and the girl always wanted to hear "Scherherazade". But they moved while I was at PittCon. Then the other apartment got vacated but a guy moved in who is deaf. No trouble there. So, the Sunday after the above-mentioned Thursday, Shelley moved into the other apartment next to mine. God knows how much fanac I'm going to get dome now.

CHAPTER THREE Like there is this real crazy mixed-up doll who we'll call Jean. She is DEPT: sitting in the sunset Bar getting like loaded when this guy comes in selling tomatoes. So Jean felt like buying some. So she buys a lug of them. She doesn't especially like tomatoes so Shelley, also there, decides to help her out. Now these tomatoes happened to be huge, like about six or seven or more inches in circumference (and delicious, too). So Shelley hucksters them for Jean. People in the bar and others that came in were suddenly asked for a quarter. And for it they got a huge tomato. She sold every damn one except some she kept for herself, for Jean and the owner of the bar, a huge German woman. The lug cost Jean about \$2.65 and the sales realized some \$6.50. A typical day at the Sunset Bar. And as I said, they were delicious with dinner that night.



TELEPHONE AN- Just the other morning, in a pixie mood or something, maybe foreignly SWERING DEPT: debonair, I answered the phone with a continental (I fancied) "'Allo?'" and a girl says back at me "'Allo'" although much more musically, and proceeds to rattle away at me in some language which I totally fail to recognize since it isn't English. Surprized, I tell her "I guess you have the wrong number" and she answers in English "I'm sorry". I say "So am I" just before she hangs up. Next time I'm going to ask her what language that is and what is her phone number, anyway?

FOOD Hardly a one of these columns gets by without me hungrily referring to the Food DEPT: Situation and Its Conquest at my house. Even though this isn't appearing in PHLOTSAM, Phyllis will feel at home while reading this, with that same sickening sensation in her stomach, no doubt. But actually, this isn't all gonna be about me and my problems.

While I was dropping pieces of cheese into my hot pea soup tonight, I thought about some of the fans I knew that were more or less concerned with food. Like Ernie Wheatley (Waiting Lister). I won't really say too much about Ernie since he is the type that will eat almost anything Food and in that, he maintains, in my estimation,



a high type of devotion...to his stomach. Sprinkling pepper on the soup as the cheese melted below surface, I remembered one evening when Bruce Pelz came trundling into the living room at Fan Hill. He was chewing great chunks of bread from a hunk he held in one fist and was washing it down with Root Beer. "This is supper" he announced and sat down at the typer.

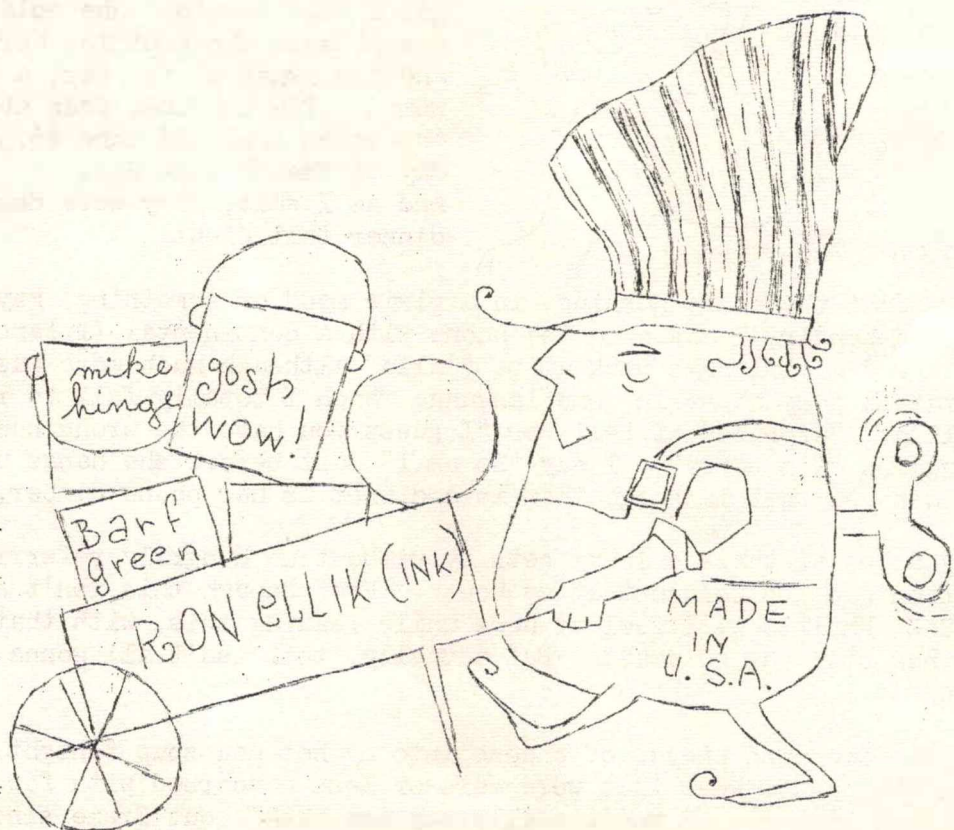
Of course I thought as I buttered crackers, John Trimble is another case entirely. He is addicted to peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and carries them about in Tupperware housing. He never ((what, never?)) eats them, of course, just carries them around with him and stares at them. He does eat great quantities of gooey type cake ((who does, Ed?)) like pineapple-grapefruit with chocolate frosting. ((Move over, Phyllis.)) This is almost too much for me to behold, so I turn to my own sensible repast of applesauce cake with cherry icing, washing it down with chocolate milk or lemonade.

But then, I thought, mixing up another gin and Bubble-Up as more cheese melted in the depths of a second helping of hot pea soup, there is always Andy Main. It is not his choice of foods that gets me so much as his eating habits. He'll order a couple of hamburgers or something with the rest of us, but as we are ready to go, he re-orders! He seems to me to be an incipient Ernie Wheatley, although it'll take him years to achieve the finesse of ol' Ern.

I swallowed another mouthful of pea soup, took a swig of Gin-and-Bubble-Up, and as I decided that maybe I would finish off the fudge that Ernie gave me with the balance of the Gin-and-Bubble-Up, I reflected that the eating habits of fans are strange indeed.

= Luckily, it doesn't rub off on one.

-----ed cox.



# B U R B E E L I N G S

by Charles Burbee

**ME AND THE BLACK PIRATE** About three years ago I began to get a yen to see all the old Douglas Fairbanks Senior movies ever made, so that one day I could say I'd seen them all, every one. I think I talked myself into this condition quite by accident. I'd somehow gotten into a monologue on silent films versus sound films and I was making a case for the silents because they were movies that moved. I was talking to my two boys Johnny and Eddie about this. I cited some old two-reeler comedies and then got onto the subject of Douglas Fairbanks because he was sure dear to kids of my generation. He could do everything superlatively -- manipulate a bullwhip as in Don Q, keep off any number of guys at one time with a single rapier as in many pictures, shoot arrows as in Robin Hood, and outwit and outlove them all as in every picture I'd ever seen of his. I wound up the speech by telling the boys I'd see if I could find some old Fairbanks film showing somewhere and it was but a few weeks later that Elmer Perdue introduced me to the Coronet Theatre in Hollywood which is an art house that shows all sorts of movies, from silent to sound, as long as they have some pretention to the art of cinema on a classic level. Thus it is possible to see Hamlet one week and a W C Fields film the next. What struck my eye when I examined the brochure they issue every two months was a Fairbanks film The Black Pirate, coming soon, in glorious Technicolor and a special added sound track. This film was made in 1926.

So I took my two boys but when we got to the Coronet Theatre they'd changed the program. Unable to get delivery on The Black Pirate, they substituted another Fairbanks film, The Gaucho, 1927, in its place. Well, that was okay, and we were pleased with it, but I'd sort of set my heart on The Black Pirate. That was Frustration #1.

Then I got a card from Bob Bloch, who'd read in a fanzine that I was seeking Fairbanks film titles. On this card he listed thirty-eight titles in chronological order. I was very pleased to get the card and for a time Johnny and I were competing to see who could write the most titles from memory in a given time.

There happens to be another movie house that shows old films but this one specialized in silent films only. It is called The Silent Movie, quite appropriately, and is across the street from Fairfax High in Hollywood. I noticed in their ad one day that they were showing The Black Pirate! I counted this a rare stroke of luck, and was wondering if I'd have gotten quicker results with prayer. I later learned that the fella has a limited number of films in his library and it thus forced to repeat his programs every eight months or so.

By golly, this time I wasn't going to miss it. Come hell or high water or even a poker game I was going to see that picture! Came a poker game. Scheduled for Saturday, some day I'd picked to go to the movie. I declined the invitation in about seventy-five more words than necessary. I said that at eight o'clock Saturday night, instead of sitting at a poker table winning their money from them at the rate of ten cents a minute I'd be sitting in a movie house in Hollywood devouring, eye-wise, a thirty-four-year-old picture. That's what I said. But Saturday at 8 p.m. I was lying in Queen of Angels Hospital, with my right lung collapsed. I kept thinking that I'd get out of there by Tuesday so I could see the show before it went off but I didn't make it. Frustration # 3.

It was about this time I began to wonder if They were keeping me from seeing that picture. Yes, I thought, powers of evil were conspiring -- on the other hand, I thought, it might be the powers of good conspiring. I just might be basically evil myself. Was there a Message in that old film, perceptible to me alone? But I'd seen the movie in 1927 -- ah, but the 12-year-old Burbee didn't have the dark

knowledge then.

What sort of Message? Did an unmoving Star's fate depend on keeping me away from the film? Was some dubious war in some remote Wing smoldering even now as its agents strove to keep me busy at other pursuits? Did some dark-eyed princess of some far galaxy wait in vain for the curly-haired lover who first had to see a shadow-play in another galaxy before he could know she waited?

But hell, I thought, in another month the picture will come back to the same theatre and I'll be there. What the heck could stop me this time? My lung had been recently X-rayed by my doctor who claimed it was good for another six months anyway. The exhibitor evidently owned his own print so there'd be no trouble about delivery. I knew the program schedule so couldn't make a mistake about dates. So what could happen?

The picture, sure enough, came back, and then I saw what could happen.

My son Johnny and I started off on a Monday night toward The Silent Movie, about twenty-five or so miles away. We got onto the Santa Ana Freeway and were proceeding along nicely at about fifty miles per hour. As we approached the Olympic Blvd. overpass, I noticed a slender man in a blue shirt mount the guard rail, and to my astonishment, leap over and down to the freeway directly in the path of the car that was about 300 feet in front of me. The car struck him and carried him along on the left front fender, not changing speed or lanes, and after a quarter mile the body rolled off, to be run over by the left front wheel and the left rear wheel. The driver then floored the gas and took off.

We passed the man as he lay crumpled and dead in the lane next to us, his leg lying on his chest. The sight of him rather sickened us and neither of us felt like continuing on our way. So we turned around and went home.

Yes, the man who drove the death car did stop, and yes I gave him my name so he could call me as a witness in case the cops thought the thing was other than a pure suicide case, and yes, the cops did check with me the next day and the dead man turned out to be an itinerant worker despondent over money troubles.

That was Frustration # 4. Actually, as I remember it, there was another small set-back before I went to the hospital for Frustration # 3. Originally, as I thought about the poker game and the movie, I thought why not go Friday night and then maybe to the poker game after all, the next night? But when I suggested it to Johnny, he said he'd already made plans to go to the football game Friday night, so I said okay, we'd go Saturday night as planned.

Anyhow, the next night was Tuesday and the last night of the current showing. This was my last chance for at least another six or eight months. Johnny still didn't feel like going, so I started out alone. What would stop me this time, I mused, as I sped along. Oh, something would, I was sure. I breathed carefully so as not to stretch my lung. I wasn't even as far as the freeway, which is some five miles from my house, when I heard a klunk! from somewhere up front in the car. I thought maybe I'd run over some small item which had flipped up under a fender when suddenly the klunk! came again. A few minutes later it came again.

I pulled over and got out and looked under the car. All I saw was the underside of the car. That was all I'd expected to see. I got back in and drove on a way and again came the klunk! I gripped the wheel tighter and set my lips just like



a protagonist should and began thinking heroic thoughts in quite corny form: "To hell with them! Damn their torpedoes! I shall drive on and if this car fail, I shall proceed on foot and if my feet fail, I shall crawl, and if I can no longer crawl, I'll hitchhike, but I am going to get there at all costs...." Well, you get the picture.

I was really wondering what that noise was and I figured it out. The brake pedal bearing was worn and dry and the return spring did not return it all the way back. Every time I used the break it would return about 80% to the blocking place and then the vibration of driving would suddenly release it and it would spring back the last inch or so and make the klonk sound as it did. I turned out to be right in this. A few drops of oil stopped the noise.

Oh, The Black Pirate? I got there in plenty of time, saw the picture, and enjoyed it very much. It was not in color. The management explained that the original had been in some now obsolete two-color process. So it was in a sort of sepia tone. If it had a Cosmic Message, I didn't notice it.

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I don't mind doing him a favor; I just can't stand his gratitude.

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I was talking the other day to Ed Cox about some of my memories of Los Angeles of the 1920's and 1930's. After all, I was born here in 1915, so my memories go back almost that far. He seemed to think the stuff was interesting and asked me to write it up for his fanzine. I said I would, and now here the stuff is in John Trimble's fanzine. I think it is in John Trimble's mag. I think it was Ed Cox I was talking to. It's getting to I can't tell them apart. They work in the same place so naturally have the same line. They have the same speech patterns and they look and walk the same way and every time you see one, the other is not far away, and all in all it is pretty confusing.

Everybody else in Southern California has the same trouble telling them apart, except Bjo. This is probably ((probably, hell!)) a good idea, because she is married to only one of them ((damn right!)).

Anyhow, I wrote several pages of rough draft about my early memories of this area and they don't look like much to me. I figure that if even I think it is bad, it must be unreadable, so I will, instead, talk about a small Army experience I had which could well be titled:

FALL IN, I've been a little more religion-conscious than usual of late, YOU DAMNED SINNERS! possibly because the religious issue was a big one in the recent election. Did a small amount of needling some of the Catholics at work. One bit I rather liked was my take-off on a TeeVee show: "Hello-a you guysa out there -- thisa's your olda pal Popa John, and thisa's the Popa John Show. Pretty soon I'ma gonna tella you guysa how you gotta toe the lina, but first my fren Frankie'sa gonna singa you a little song.... Take it away, Frankie!"

Anyhow, I got to remembering an annoying bit from my first three or four days in the Army. I was lying around one Sunday while the others were in chapel. Well, there were about twelve or fourteen of us godless ones who preferred our own company to that of church-goers, which is a fair average in a barracks of some fifty or sixty population.

Pretty soon a thin-lipped sergeant who had the look of Christian arrogance in his eye came in and hollered for us to fall in outside. So we did. He gave us a

little speech and disgust for us godless guys was written all over his face. "I'm going to march you guys to chapel if you won't go by yourselves," he said. And he marched us a short way.

Well about four hundred things leaped into my mind and clamored to be shouted. I thought of just falling out and refusing to go any farther, defending myself with the simple statement that I was exercising my freedom of religion. But on second thought I said the hell with it. I am just barely in the Army and the best way to get along is not to stand out either by volunteering or objecting. Besides, I said to myself, perhaps the service will include dancing girls....

They didn't have any dancing girls but they did have a very pretty girl sitting up there and she seemed quite conscious of the fact that several hundred pairs of lecherous eyes were observing her. She had the air of one being happily uneasy. She sang later.

Would I be on this time track, sitting here typing this, if I'd fallen out and said: "The hell with it, sarge!"?

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I'll stop your fanzine if I have to copyright the English language.

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ONE GOOD Back in 1946, I was lucky enough to pick up a new re-release of the old  
TURN Bluebird 78 rpm record of Louis Armstrong doing Dippermouth Blues. I'd been hankering after this disk for years, but refusing to pay the collector's price of \$3 for it. And here, as I browsed through the stacks of singles at the local record store I found this shiney new copy.

I went mad for it and played it every day for weeks, so that anybody who was in the habit of dropping in on me in those days certainly heard it more than once. And most people liked the record, especially one fellow whom I will call Cy.

He asked me where I'd gotten it and he looked there and I went and searched, too, and we couldn't find another copy. They were selling just about all the records they could press those days because people had been record-starved during the war years, and they were simply not taking orders for anything not in stock. So it appeared that Cy had to be content with listening to my record, or possibly paying a collector's price for a copy of the original pressing.

One day he came over with a record of Calrinet Marmalade. We played it. It was a juke box reject, so badly worn that the surface was a powdery grey, and in the last few grooves the surface noise was louder than the music. "Gee, what a wretched record," I said. "I don't like the tune too much anyhow, done by this so-called All Star Band." The man Cy said in fine, full-throated tones, "Burbee, I am going to give you this record."

I was surprized, since I'd just told him my opinion of the thing. I told him again I didn't like it and if he gave it to me, I'd either throw it out or give it away (if I wasn't too ashamed to give it away). I talked in vain. He gave me the record. And I threw it away.

A few days later he returned with a copy of One O'Clock Jump a tune I never cared for much. "Burbee," he announced in a voice that intimated he was conferring knight-hood on me, "I'm going to GIVE you this record." I told him that frankly I didn't like either the tune or the orchestra and if he insisted on over-riding my refusal

I'd just give it away because I didn't want it. He gave me the record. And I gave it away.

He returned a few days later with another record, a brand new copy of Endie by Louis Armstrong. "Well," I said, "you've got one, too. I just bought a copy today at Thrifty Drug at the remainder counter. Nineteen cents. You get yours there, too?" He said to me that he had, and he added in oratorical tones, "Burbee, I am going to GIVE you this record."

I protested quite logically that such an action would be silly because I already had a copy and didn't care a great deal for it and if he gave me another copy I would then have two copies of a record I didn't particularly like -- why did I argue, anyway? He GAVE me the record. I now have two copies of it and I don't particularly like it.

Next time he came over, he said, "Burbee, why don't you give me that copy of Dippermouth Blues? I'm always giving you records."

It was kind of him to reveal himself to me. Not all odd actions are so conveniently explained.

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I've no use for animal crackers; they taste odd dunked in home brew.

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SHAVINGS FROM I was writing about Francis T Laney, legendary fan, the other day for THE MASS # 3 Terry Carr. I'd have included this small story if I'd remembered it in time. Back during the war his wife Jackie was working at a local night club. She was a cocktail waitress and worked each night 7-12. In those days 12 was quitting time. She was paid fifty cents an hour. But her tips went \$10 to \$18 per night. But Laney reported only the fifty cents on his income tax return. I warned him that he was taking a chance on that, because surely not even a simple clerk would expect a cocktail waitress to receive no tips at all. But he wouldn't listen. He said that her paycheck was written proof of that part of her income and there was absolutely no written record of her tips. Well, it was a gamble and he won, because as far as I know the government never checked on him.

Another try at avoiding income tax was more amusing. He knew I went to the races every week or so and he asked me if I could pick up worthless \$100 mutuel tickets for him. I said sure, easily, and in answer to his queries told him that each ticket was printed with the name of the track, the date, the number of the race, and the number of the horse, and these in conjunction with the newspaper chart would be a tangible record of money bet and lost.

He was joyous and asked me to pick him up maybe \$2000 worth. He said he was going to use them for deductions in his income tax. I told him it wouldn't work.

In the first place, anybody who knew horses could talk to him for one minute and find out that he didn't know the first thing about them. And if he was so ignorant about horses how come he was betting \$100 a clatter on his income? And how could he bet so many horses and still remain so ignorant? None of these objections meant a thing to him, so I uncorked the final argument. Besides, I told him, the income tax laws forbade any gambling losses being declared in excess of gambling wins. You had to declare gambling wins because that was part of your income, but you could not allow your losses to exceed your wins.



He got so mad at the government for beating him to the draw that I thought for a minute he was going to secede from the Union.

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No, I won't give him a pint of my blood, because how could I hate anyone who had a little bit of me in him?

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A REAL BAD GUY The other day I was reading a paper back about a fellow who was sitting in front of the desk behind which sat the Bad Guy. The Bad Guy told the Good Guy not to try any tricks because the desk had a gun mounted in it and the barrel was pointing right at the Good Guy.

The Good Guy looked down at the desk and sure enough, fluch with the smooth surface was a neat round hole "45 centimeters in diameter." I read right on for several lines, but some sort of bell was ringing in my head. Something wasn't right about that 45 centimeters bit.

The author, one Ian Fleming, writes in a very authentic sounding way about pistols and shooting (he is a member of the Burnt Gordite School) and so I more or less accepted that 45 cm thing for a moment. But when I got to figuring it out I realized that 45 cm is 17.171 inches American.

Obviously the boy meant .45 caliber, which as far as I know is .45 of an inch between lands.

In the story the Good Guy didn't try any tricks, either. Not in front of a gun muzzle a foot and a half in diameter. Even a Good Guy could get a very bad tummy ache from a projectile emerging from such a muzzle.

----charles burbee.



Unicorn Productions, that great company who gave you "The Genie" and "The Musquite Kid Rides Again" is in need of some patrons of the arts. In a word; we need money. If we are to continue movie-making at all, we must have some equipment and film; we do not intend to make "fannish" movies all the time--the Kid was for the practice we need to continue with experimental films. If you are interested in Unicorn Productions, and in helping us, please let us know. We are establishing a sponsoring-membership which can be held by people all over the world; and which will help pay for more films. The working-memberships are putting in time, materials and money. Details will be sent to anyone who inquires; with no obligations on your part, and no hard feelings if you decide you're not interested after all. Unicorn Productions does have something to say; we would like to have your help in saying it. Come join the fun!