

"I'll bet she lays eggs! "

Bjo



# P E A I L S

no. 2

may 1, 1959

For the 20th OMPA mailing - credit of Belle C. Dietz,  
1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York, Hew Ess of Hay

## Contents 'n Credits 'n Stuff 'n Chatter

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from this cat here) . . . . . 2

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(with many serious thanks to Sam Moskowitz for his invaluable assistance)

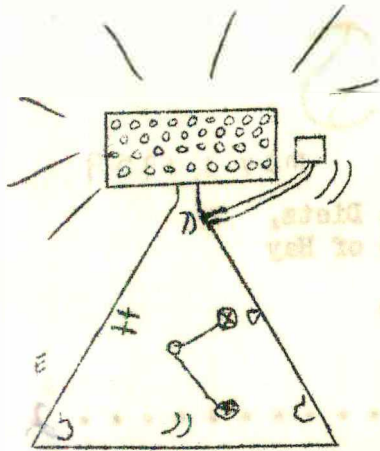
Dietz Doorbelle. . (by Belle with much assistance from - it feels like -  
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Illos - BJO did the cover and the ones on pages 7 and 8;  
Elaine Phillips stencilled all of those, together with  
her own on pages 2 and 3;  
Joe Gross did the monster on page 11 via Frank's  
old fanzine "Science, Fantasy, and Science Fiction";  
And Milt Spahn paid us a visit and was cajoled into  
illustrating Doorbelle on pages 12 and 13.

Cover caption courtesy of (stop blushing) Dean McLaughlin. Frank stencilled  
all illos that Elaine didn't have time to do before going into hospital for  
another operation (she's doing well, now); all mimeography by Frank  
(forget-me-not) Dietz with the respectfilled assistance of Belle. Paper by  
Goldsmith Bros., ink by Heyer, staples by Swingline, bheer by Knickerbocker,  
collating with the help of lonely Max Phillips, hindered by his lil lonely  
son, Lewis, resulting in curses by all.

AND, LASTLY,  
YOU OUT THERE ARE HEREWITH INFORMED  
THAT YOU ARE LOCKING AT



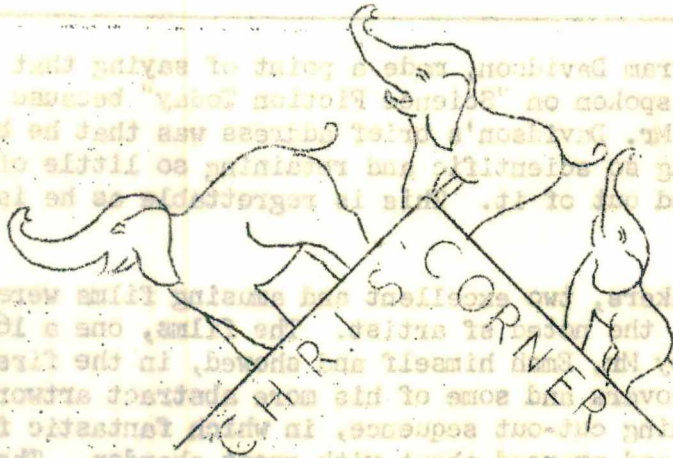


# INTERRA BULATIONS

IN THE INTEREST OF CLARITY, let me say that I'm not going to say anything further to clarify this fanzine publishing of ours. No sooner do I straighten you out than we change our minds again and there you are - confused. I will only say that we will publish what we feel like publishing at the particular moment, including PEALS, NimBel, GØ, LET GEORGE SAY IT, or whatever, whenever. So there. And if this doesn't seem to make any particular sense, remember I'm a woman and sometimes I choose to exercise my feminine prerogative of illogicality.

LIVING IN A BIG CITY AS I DO, you would expect all sorts of interesting and unusual things to happen, if not to me then certainly around me. This is really not the case for the most part. However, there have been times--For instance, I returned from lunch to my office building one day to find the lobby full of policemen. The lawyers for whom I work have their offices in a building which used to be full of diamond and gold merchants. There are still some diamond people left and it appears that a couple of thieves had attempted to hold them up.

THEY GOT QUITE A SURPRISE THOUGH, because <sup>instead</sup> of meekly submitting and handing over the goods, the diamond people put up a fight. The thieves had chosen a time when the two elderly gentlemen who owned the place each had his son and son-in-law present, all four burly young men. The young men went for the thieves, causing one of them to fire the gun he was brandishing. The bullet grazed the hip of one of the elderly gentlemen but that was the last chance they had to do any damage. The young men tackled the two thieves in pairs and beat them so unmercifully that when the police arrived they had to call an ambulance for the crooks! The gunned elderly gentleman was more frightened than hurt and, naturally, they didn't lose any diamonds. That was one time when it was more dangerous for the robbers than for their victims. Of course, they might have been foredoomed to failure. They picked a bad day. It was Friday, the 13th of February.



The second speaker, Avron Davidson, spoke on "Science Fiction Today" because he wasn't...  
The essence of Mr. Davidson's speech was that he believed that...  
The first instance...  
The second instance...  
The third instance...  
The fourth instance...  
The fifth instance...  
The sixth instance...  
The seventh instance...  
The eighth instance...  
The ninth instance...  
The tenth instance...

BY

CHRIS

MOSKOWITZ

THE LUNACON STORY

It was a rather dismal Sunday--outside--on April 12th, 1959 in New York City but inside the New York Science Fiction Society - The Lunarians, Inc. were having their third annual LunaCon and a much brighter atmosphere prevailed. The program was called to order by Frank Dietz as the Master of Ceremonies, who welcomed close to 100 fans to the gathering.

The program was opened with a showing of the color Solacon films taken by the Dietzes in South Gate last year, with a commentary by Belle Dietz. Many of us had seen the films before but it is always a pleasure to see them again.

The more formal portion of the program was then begun under the heading of "Science Fiction Today", the first speaker being Randall Garrett. He was introduced by Henry Moskowitz in very apt and witty fashion. Any relation that Mr. Garrett's speech had to science fiction today was a little remote but it was quite enjoyable. His amusing talk centered on a play of words, using nouns of assembly, such as a "brace" of ducks, a "flock" of geese or a "pride" of lions, and transposing them into application to science fiction, e.g., a "scribble" of writers and a "flutter" of fans. He then told a little anecdote wherein a trio of professors viewing some 'ladies of the evening' passing by, tried to find a noun of assembly for them and came up with a "pack" of tarts, an "anthology" of pros and finally a "flourish" of strumpets. On this note Mr. Garrett concluded, amid much laughter and applause.

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Chris' Corner (continued)

The second speaker, Avram Davidson, made a point of saying that it was a good thing Randy Garrett hadn't spoken on "Science Fiction Today" because he wasn't going to either. The essence of Mr. Davidson's brief address was that he believed that science fiction was becoming so scientific and retaining so little of the fantastic that he was being forced out of it. This is regrettable as he is a fine fantasy writer.

Following the two speakers, two excellent and amusing films were shown and discussed by Ed EMSHwiller, the noted sf artist. The films, one a 16mm and the other an 8mm were created by Mr. Emsch himself and showed, in the first instance, how he paints both his sf covers and some of his more abstract artwork. The 8mm film was a highly entertaining cut-out sequence, in which fantastic figures appeared and floated, danced and pranced about with great abandon. These films were very thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and were indeed probably the high spot of the meeting.

An auction of contributed material was then conducted by Sam Moskowitz and, when the stream of cold air and accumulated smoke stole away his much vaunted voice, your correspondent, with great glee, took over. Considering the number of items sold, it appears that auctioning has now become a family affair.

The intermission, with coffee and homemade muffins served to all, followed. (It can be honestly said that this is the only sf conference at which free refreshments are served.)

After the intermission the guest of honor of the conference, Lester del Rey, was introduced by Sam Moskowitz, who pointed out in much detail the many, varied and wonderful contributions that Mr. del Rey has made to science fiction, and presented him with a plaque which read as follows:

TO LESTER DEL REY

Who proved that humanity was not incompatible

With scientific credibility or literary value

In the writing of modern science fiction.

THE LUNARIANS

LUNACON 1959

Mr. del Rey, in his speech, made the following comments: Early sf was pure adventure and romance, with a dash of science. We still had our dreams but reality has overtaken us sooner than we thought possible and now we find ourselves in a world of space travel and atomic fussion and it isn't as nice as we thought it would be. Science fiction today is involved in its dilemma and can't see into the future where our dreams will again be romantic and pleasant. He said that occasionally an sf writer, such as David Duncan, author of "Beyond Eden" manages to incorporate something of the old feeling for the romantic but even his work

(to page 5)

Chris' Corner (continued)

contains only an echo of the true world we see.

The new generation of sf writers, Mr. del Rey continued, will have to train themselves to dream harder and further into a future that presents once more elements of adventure--"one never runs out of adventures but can run out of scientific ideas"--and restore to the field that essence which will make people want to buy sf and read it because they enjoy it.

Mr. del Rey received a very enthusiastic ovation at the conclusion of his talk.

The last single speaker on the program, who was introduced by Hans Stefan Santesson (editor of Fantastic Universe), was one-worlder, Garry Davis, who began his speech in an sf history theme, stating that he had just returned from a trip to Rigel II, having visited the Galactic Library there and had looked up The Lunarians. He read off a pretend history of the organization from this Galactic Library, which proved to be a very amusing bit of interpolation. He then went on to a discussion of his one-world theories and proved to be a very articulate and interesting speaker.

The conclusion of the program was a panel discussion of "Science Fiction in Paperbacks", moderated by Hans Stefan Santesson, with panelists Judith Merrill, author and editor, Don Benson, editor of Pyramid Books and Dr. Thomas Gardner, an avid sf collector, representing the sf consumer. The discussion was lengthy and made some excellent points.

Judith Merrill spoke first and told how difficult it was for her to persuade her publishers to put out her first pocketbook anthology of sf. It sold well over 90,000 and convinced the publishers that they should print more sf. Miss Merrill's first book got its title when, after much discussion among the various editors in her organization, she finally said, in disgust, "Why don't you call it 'Shot in the Dark', that's what it is anyway!" and the name stuck. This was only one of the many interesting anecdotes with which Miss Merrill enlivened her talk.

Don Benson (Pyramid Books) pointed out that paperbacks do not go strictly to any one type of reader but are consumed by the general public who will select a number of different titles for reading on trains, busses, etc. without particular regard to the type of literature they are buying. Hence, often, it is not the best in sf that appears in paperbacks since the general public doesn't know one sf writer from another, anyway. He revealed the sad fact that paperbacks in general sell not by quality of contents but by the luridness of the cover and the attractiveness of the back cover blurb.

Dr. Thomas Gardner said that people buy more paperbacks than hard cover books because paperbacks were so inexpensive that the consumer's conscience would permit him to throw them away after reading without guilty pangs. Man is, he said, by nature a collector and once having procured a hardcover book, he may never read it but he will also never throw it out. Dr. Gardner made the further point that you may purchase up to 8 paperbacks for what it would cost you for one hardcover, thereby encouraging you to read more. He feels that this is good and that the future of books may lie in this form of publishing.

Chris' Corner (continued)

Hans Stefan Santesson did a wonderful job of conducting the panel, greatly helping to make it lively and interesting. When the three panelists had concluded, he then threw the floor open for questions and a spirited question and answer session followed. In fact, it ran the program 50 minutes beyond the allotted time and could have kept going except that the meeting hall was engaged by another group for the rest of the evening.

Over-all, it was an extremely congenial afternoon for pro and fan alike and a financial, as well as social, success for The Lunarians.

\* \* \*

The Eastern Science Fiction Association of New Jersey (ESFA) at its last meeting elected a new slate of officers for the coming six months; the new president being Belle Dietz; vice-president - Frank Dietz; secretary - Walt Cole; and I will continue as treasurer. The retiring president, Alex Osheroff, received a vote of thanks for the excellent programs that he had conceived and presented during his tenure of office. As a matter of fact, the club is considering the possibility of publishing some of the discussions of the "Weird and Fantastic in Literature" held by Alex in future issues of this or other fan publications.

It is noteworthy that in the ESFA's 13-year-long history this is the first time that a woman has been elected to head up the club.

And on that cheerful note I will close. See you next issue.

--Chris Moskowitz

0000 0000 0000 0000

F\*R\*E\*E A\*D\*V\*E\*R\*T

A photo-offset checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies is scheduled for publication later this year. Orders are now being accepted.

Post-publication price will be 29/- However, you can reserve your copy now by sending your order to English agents: Joy

& Vinç Clarke. By reserving now you can take advantage

of the special pre-publication price of 22/- In this

checklist an attempt has been made to give a complete

listing of every SF anthology ever published, together

with all the pertinent information on each, such as

where the stories were first published, pseudonyms

of authors, etc. It is felt that this will be

a valuable reference item. The checklist is

as up to date as possible for anthologies

which were published through December, 1958

Walter R. Cole

d/b/a

WALCO PUBLICATIONS

6



AS SOME WIT ONCE SAID:

"England and America are two countries  
- separated -  
by the same language"

BRITISH

AMERICAN

Hair grips

Bobby pins

Cooker

Stove or range

A sugar or a sweetie

A piece of candy

Hallo

Hello

Spong Mincer

Meat Grinder

Terylene

Dacron

Pastry flan case

Pie pan

Pastry case

Pie crust

Packet

Small package or little bundle

Queue up

Wait on line

Lift

Elevator

Dickey

Rumble seat

Boot

Car trunk

Puncture

Flat (tire)

Flat

Apartment

Braces

Suspenders

Suspenders

Garters

Trousers

Pants

Pants

Shorts (underwear type)

Smalls

Underwear

Keep your pecker up

Keep your courage up

Pride of place

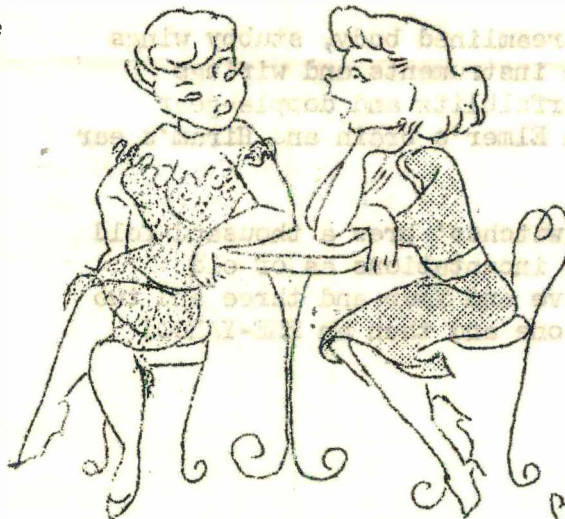
First place

Wigan

Podunk

Blow you, Jack, for a start

Actual meaning still unknown but American idiomatic meaning is (CENSORED BY FRANK)



"...so when I suggested that  
'e tyke me to 'his flat, the  
blighter 'anded me a  
jack and said, O.K.,  
honey, get to work!"

# WHICH

by Bob Kvanbeck

# CRAFT?

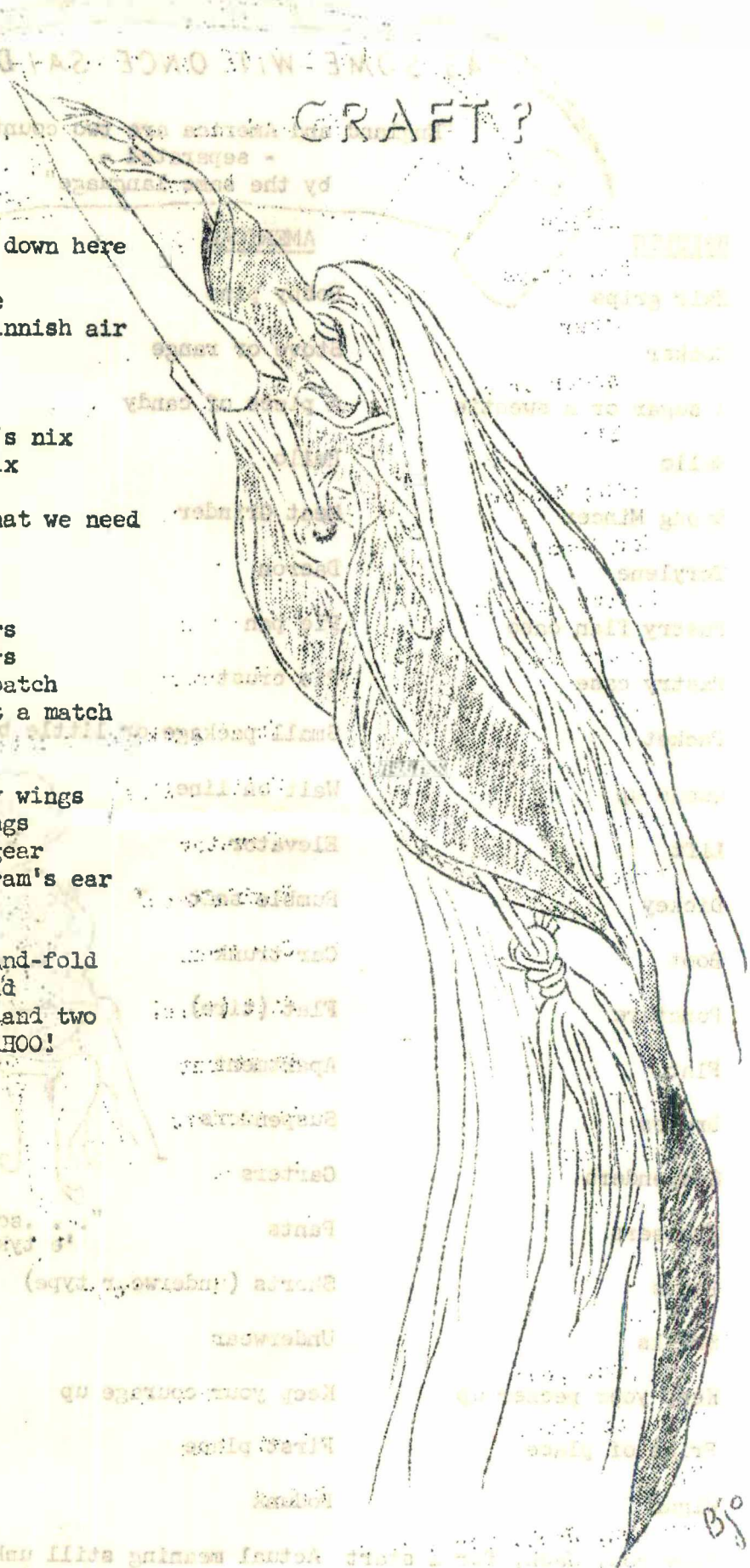
Between dark space and Earth down here  
 I see the puny Stratosphere  
 If you were ever way up there  
 You would find naught but thinnish air

Now, as a wall, you'd say it's nix  
 But how did we get in this fix  
 We send a rocket up at speed  
 To go through Strat, guess what we need

A gyroscope and stabilizers  
 Plated skin and magnetizers  
 Three receivers, tubes a batch  
 A fire that lights without a match

A streamlined body, stubby wings  
 With instruments and wirings  
 A farfelblitz and dopple-gear  
 With Elmer's brain and Hiram's ear

The witches' brew a thousand-fold  
 With incantations as of old  
 A five and four and three and two  
 And one and then an EEE-YAHOO!



Bjo

# LOST AND FOUND

The most interesting incident occurred one weekday night. I came home from my job to find Frank tidying up like mad. Since we're normally an indolent lot during the week, I was rather surprised, but he had a ready explanation.

"Have you ever heard of a West Coast fan, name of Paul Turner?", he queried.

I reflected.

"Nope", I finally decided, "but we did meet an Eleanor Turner out in L.A.--remember, she was the one who won the prize for the sexiest costume at the Solacon Costume Ball, why?"

"Because he's coming to dinner".

"Who's coming to dinner?"

"Paul Turner is."

I sighed, patiently.

"Who's Paul Turner?"

By this time Frank was grinning all over the place.

"I told you--he's a fan from out on the West Coast and he called up and I invited him to dinner."

"Oh." Then a thought struck me,

"Who gave him our name and address?"

But Frank wouldn't tell me--he said it was quite a story and I should hear it from Paul myself.

I busied myself with dinner preparations; we were trying out a new dish - oxtail stew - and I fervently hoped that it would turn out to be one of our successes. (Normally we don't experiment on our guests.) In due course, Paul Turner arrived, in an army uniform. He turned out to be a lovely-mannered, soft-spoken, slender, good-looking fellow and what's more, the husband of Eleanor Turner.

The story he told of how he found us was what was so interesting - indeed, almost unbelievable.

It seems that the only fannish name he knew in New York was Belle Dietz. (We never did find out why this was so.) But he had no idea where in the city we lived or even how to spell Dietz. His solution was simple--for him--it flabbergasted us! He went into a back-number magazine shop and looked through back issues of sf prozines confidently expecting to come across our names!

Lost and Fan'd (continued)

At this point Frank and I exchanged amazed glances.

"Go on", we urged him.

Well, he finally found a letter in the August '58 issue of Future written by Milt Spahn (an sf book dealer who went to the London con with us and who lives here in the Bronx) telling about the London Worldcon, which mentioned us and George. However, the only address it gave was Milt's. He looked up Milt's phone number and called him. Milt was out of town and he got no help there.

Then he looked up George (using the same phone book) and called him. George was out and he got George's fancy automatic telephone answering gadget (and, unknowingly, my voice) but he didn't leave any message because he said he couldn't think of anything pertinent to say in the 30 seconds the device allows.

Next us. I guess he must have figured that since both Milt and George were listed in the Bronx telephone book (the City of New York has five very thick phone books) he would find the Dietzes in the Bronx book too.

He then started calling every Dietz listed (there are 35) until he got Frank on the phone. At this point I had a vivid mental picture of his trying to ascertain whether any of the Dietzes he called were science fiction fans - what a time he must have had!

Of course, after all that, Frank naturally invited him to dinner.

But imagine trying to find a particular fan in a city the size of New York by looking for his name in back number prozines! The thought still staggers us. Actually achieving it is even more mind-croggling.

Ah, but what ego-boo!

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Old Crankcase Oil (continued)

groups. Individuals of these groups published a variety of publications, and occasionally the entire group would combine to publish a large single issue, which ran up to 60 pages. Most of these groups consisted of fans who lived in the general vicinity of one another, and they gradually evolved into local fan clubs, with their cooperative publications becoming the club fanzines.

Fandom and the fanzines continued to grow through 1939 and 1940, coupled with an increasing interest in science fiction by the general reader. The printed fanzines slowly died out, with the majority being published by mimeograph. The first photo-offset fanzine appeared in 1941, with the publication of the fourth issue of Science Fiction Times. It was in 1941 too that the term "fanzine" was originated by a fan named Ray Sienkowicz.

Fanzine publishing continued at an active rate during the war years, with the size of the issues increasing at a steady rate. And with minor setbacks this prosperity of fanzines has continued steadily to the present.

--Frank Dietz

OLD

## CRANKCASE

OIL

by FRANKSTER

The science fiction fanzine has been around almost as long as science fiction itself. Credit for the first fanzine published goes to a New York fan group known as the Scienceers. With Allan Glasser as editor, the club produced six issues of a mimeographed publication titled "The Planet" in 1930. While this fanzine did not last very long, it did introduce the idea of the fanzine to the fans of that time.

Two years later, in 1932, fan publishing caught on. "The Time Traveller" and "Science Fiction Digest" were produced by some of the fans who had been active in the Scienceers. These and other fanzines were printed by Conrad Ruppert, who produced the most professional-appearing fanzines to be seen in fandom. In the same year two Cleveland, Ohio fans started publication of "Science Fiction", the first fanzine published outside New York City.

The fanzines of the early thirties were formal, with their editors trying to produce a magazine as close to professional quality as possible. The printed fanzines most nearly achieved this level, while many of the others suffered in the comparison. The material published during this era was all serious, and consisted mainly of club news, scientific articles, promag news, authors' biographies, bibliographies, pro and fan fiction and poetry.

Fan activity, and the fanzines, continued to grow until 1936. Then for almost a year there was a steady decline in fandom, which was particularly noted in the smaller number of fanzines being published. And fanzines were now almost exclusively mimeographed or hectographed, as one after the other the printed fanzines were found to be too much trouble to continue.

Fandom started to revive slowly in 1937. New names began to appear and new fanzines were published. But there had been some change in the attitude of the fans during the previous year, so that now the fanzines which were appearing contained more material about fandom and the fans themselves. The formal attitude had almost completely disappeared, and with it much of the serious material which had been popular previously. Printed fanzines were again becoming popular, although none approached the professional quality of the early thirties.

In 1937 the Fantasy Amateur Press Association was formed. At that time the membership was limited to 50 fans, which was more than the number of fanzines being published at the time. And many of the original members joined because they were talked into membership, or because they wished to get the fanzines, which were available only through membership. FAPA was a success, and contributed a great deal to an increase in fanzine publishing in the late thirties.

Fanzine publishing took a peculiar turn in 1938, with the formation of a large number of fan publishing



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# ....behind the

## Dean McLaughlin

.....was in New York, visiting pros and getting publicity for the Detention. He and Hans Stefan Santesson (editor, Fantastic Universe) came up and had dinner with us. We were interested in the latest news on the Detention and heard that Poul Anderson had been chosen as guest of honor; that Isaac Asimov would be their toastmaster (two very good choices we think); and that they were having a collectors' panel, headed up by Doc Barrett, whose sf library is of magnificent proportions. Sam Moskowitz and Ackerman, we thought, would be wonderful on such a panel and we mentioned this to Dean. Each of the 3 has enough sf books to start his own store and do very well at it too (sigh). Dean had to return to Detroit and couldn't stay in town for the LunaCon, but he did make a valuable contribution to our fanning. He thought up the caption on the cover. We were all stumped.

## Dr. Rosemary Becker

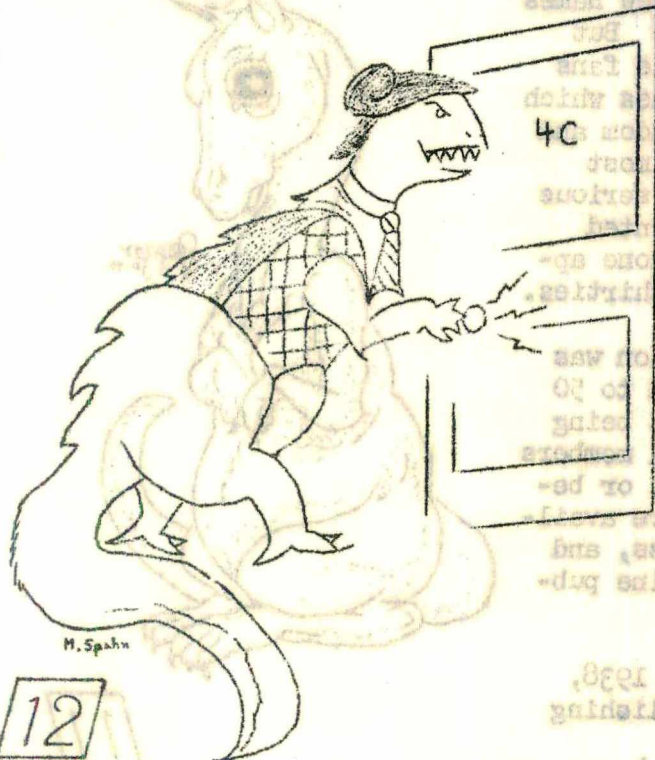
.....a fan from Chicago, who was in town, phoned up and wanted us to come down and have dinner with her. Frank begged off because of pressure of work on the LunaCon, but I said I might go. Rosemary picked the restaurant - one I'd never even heard of - but which gave you so much food you couldn't possibly finish it, and all of it delicious too. I still don't know what half the things I ate were. She wanted to know where to send her money to join the current Worldcon. Gave her one of the Detention's envelopes and saw her to her airport limousine.

## Lunarian Meeting

.....t'was the day before the LunaCon and also the monthly meeting of The Lunarians. Mad rush to prepare dinner for 13 and to bake enough muffins for the LunaCon. Baked 120 (with the help of Harriett Kolchak of Philadelphia fandom). For the third year in a row I've sworn on this date never to have another LunaCon - too much work, too hectic, too many headaches. Was soothed by club members who promised faithfully to give more pre-con assistance - next year.

## Third Annual LunaCon

.....all I saw were the mistakes and the boo-boos. They tell me it went off beautifully but I was too busy worrying to notice. Finally got to sit down at the tail end, during the paperback panel and enjoy listening to it - and then noticed that we were running half-an-hour overtime. Signalled to Santesson, who tried to limit questions. At 50 minutes past the announced closing time, we managed to pry the attendees loose from the hall. Couldn't decide whether to be pleased at the obvious interest or worried because a square dance group was scheduled to use the hall shortly and we would probably get in their way. Members of The Metrofen (N.Y.'s youngest sf club) saw me with harried expression and contributed much labor to get the hall put to rights in a hurry, for which we were very grateful.



# D i e t z

And while I'm at it, let me also acknowledge publicly our gratitude to the members of the other two major sf clubs in the N.Y. area---the Eastern Sf Ass'n (ESFA) and The Metrofen---for the cooperation, advice and assistance they so willingly and generously gave.

I remember a while back that John Magnus said something re fandom needing about 50 new fans who liked each other enough not to do any backstabbing---well, as far as this group of 3 sf clubs is concerned, that isn't necessary (not that we couldn't use the new members). The ESFA, The Lunarians and The Metrofen get along with each other just fine. True, we have some joint members (and currently some interlocking officers) but they are not in the majority. Pooh on those who assert that all New Yorkers can't cooperate or like each other!



P.S. Found ourselves with left-over muffins on our hands - the result of overpreparation for the LunaCon. Spent the rest of the evening at home, our shoes off and our feet up, mouthing muffins.

## Aftermath

.....phone rang merrily with Lunarian members wanting to discuss the Luna-Con. Proudly announced that we had grossed \$100 for the treasury. Not bad for a 5 hour conference. P.S. Not one single member of the Zenfen\* showed up at the LunaCon. Sadly, we dried our tears.

## Alma Hill

.....who was in town from Maine, telephoned and wanted to talk to Frank about copying some of his tapes of worldcons. Invited her up to dinner and we all jabbered a blue streak. She had been on a round of visiting pro editors and told us the latest news. Some of which is that John W. Campbell Jr. has collected just about half the money needed to pub a zine for his Interplanetary Exploration Society. Frank promised to give her copies of the tapes, which she wants to put in the library at Harvard University for reference purposes. We really enjoyed talking to Alma - she's fannishly fascinating. She's a schoolteacher - one of the very few in fandom. (Ron Bennett and Guy Terwilleger are the only others, I think.)

## Alex Bratmon (Pvt. Noocey A. Bratmon)

.....of SoCalifornia fandom, who had enlisted in the army and was stationed in New Jersey, phoned. He was unhappy about having missed the LunaCon but we consoled him with an invitation to stay the weekend with us. (For those to whom his name is not familiar, perhaps you remember the smiling fellow in the Future Fashion Show at the Solacon who wore the one-piece red tuxedo, with lapels down to the knees?) He did arrive, however, just in time for a Metrofen meeting, which was held this month at Leslie Gerber's and went along with us to it. Considering the distance between California and N.Y., we know more news

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\*Since Futurian-fanarchist-bohemian-alcoholic-doping contingent of NY is too lumpy a designation, George Nims has coined the abbreviation "Zenfen" after the Zen Buddhists -fits well, doesn't it?

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Tinnabulations (continued from page 2)

AND IF YOU THINK THAT'S SOMETHING, I have another one, much more spine-chilling. Years ago, I worked in a different building in the midtown area of New York City. I had occasion to work overtime quite a lot at this particular job and one of the elevator operators took a personal interest in me. He seemed a nice, fatherly sort and when I was working overtime (always alone) he would look in on me from time to time to see if I were all right and bring me hot tea and stuff. My boss even used to tip him now and then in appreciation for his keeping an eye on me during these late nights.

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE ONE MORNING

upon coming to work to hear the other elevator operators babbling excitedly about him. When I questioned them, they showed me the morning newspaper. There, on the front page, was a picture of my elevator operator friend. It seems he had led a double life. During the day he was a perfectly ordinary building employee. At night, however, he was a paid killer for his rather crooked union and had been shot by the police when they caught him attempting to murder somebody. And this was the nice man who looked in on me at nights when I was all alone in the office! My boss, though, said he didn't see what I was so upset about. After all, this man hadn't killed anybody he knew - just strangers he'd been paid to kill. Ha! I found myself another job.

NOW FOR COMMENTS ON THE 19TH MAILING:

FAN DIRECTORY (Bennett) Ron, my compliments on the completion of another directory - we find it so valuable an aid that we don't even file it away but keep it where it can be referred to constantly.

PINUPTYPE (Eney) What an expression on the cover gal's face - is it "Ooooh, look, a man!" or "Ugh, a man"? I can't decide.

POOKA (Ford) I found the Falasca Disclave report original in format and very entertaining. Too bad the Arva cancelled out on the Washington people this year. I hope they're able to arrange for another Disclave later on.....Your MidWestCon/vacation tale read very smoothly and was very well done, I thought. We too enjoyed very much last year's MWC and are looking forward to this year's.....Tell me one thing. Isn't working along with Lou at his job on your vacation a bit like a busman's holiday?

ARCHIVE QOS (MERCER) Okay, okay, Archie - I withdraw my thanks to you for sending me your OMPA pubs because I was on the waiting list and I herewith extend them again on behalf of my gold-colored eyes. And if you don't accept them this time, I'll just leave them lying on your doorstep - no taking them back a second time. (Go ahead now, tell me you haven't a doorstep.) Actually, my eyes are only gold-colored in the sunlight

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ARCHIVE (cont'd) (shades of Doc Savage). Indoors, they're sort of a hot brown...I find your comments very interesting but there are times when I'm hard put to it to understand what you're talking about. Still it makes good reading. Keep talking, Archie.

A L'ABANDON (Caughran) The gold for the lettering comes in a tube and is of the consistency of toothpaste. The tube has a very small opening at the cap and you use it like a pen, remembering to squeeze the tube all the while. I saw it in a five-and-dime store and it fascinated me. No more, tho'. It was easy to do but it took sooo long to dry that I had to spread covers all over the flat for hours. We have 3 cats and we also had fun trying to keep them off the still-wet sheets.....As to the lack of parties at the Philcon - I'm sure there must have been some. It's just that I was quite ill that weekend and had been instructed by my doctor not to get out of bed, but I went anyway. Immediately the con was over, Chris Moskowitz packed me into her car and home we went. Wait till the MidWestcon - parties galore! See you there?.....You're quite right about it being my viewpoint only. I agree that it is. My objection, however, is not that their way is no good, but that their way is mashuga-like. To hold a con for the sole and only purpose of getting drunk is rather odious to me and, it would seem, to most of the trufen in the N.Y. area. To clarify, at the LunaCon (a 5 hour affair), we had over 80 fen; but I understand that at the Fanarcon, over the whole 3 day weekend, there were only 50 fen - the rest were bohemians from nearby Greenwich Village. Still it's only my opinion and I would not interfere with their way of "having fun". I'll just stand here and pooh-pooh, if nobody minds. I'm entitled! .....I very much liked Bjo's cover for you. What do you think of the Bjo original on thisish? Together with that caption by McLaughlin, it has a sort of sneaking-up-on-you obscenity, no? That Bjo - what a gal!

SPIZZERINCTUM (Schaffer) Gee, what a tall soapbox you got up on! I agree with you but I'd rather stay down here in the crowd - I'm one of the lazy majority in that respect.....talk to George Nims.....he's on innumerable committees in various organizations and bar associations to study and make recommendations on the laws being considered by the various governing bodies of this here country. And now that you've thoroughly aroused guilty feelings in my soul, tell me, what are you doing to help safeguard our freedom, hmmm? Or are you too a member of my lazy majority?

FLAIL (Moorcock) 13 stone is 182 pounds and 14 stone is 196 pounds, (a stone is 14 lbs according to my dictionary). However, 14 lbs. one way or the other is quite a range - how much do you weigh, Mike? The bane of my existence has always been Frank, who tips the scale at just over 10 stone (142 lbs), is 5'11" and who hasn't put on so much as a single ounce since our marriage 2-1/2 years ago, despite all my efforts to feed him up.....I agree with you on Jim Cawthorn.....His artwork (although this is the first I've seen of it) is really good. I wish him luck in his professional venturings.

19th Mailing Comments (continued)

MORPH (Roles) What is that cover? The poor man's colorblindness test - without color? Ethel, you should object! .....Your reminiscences make very entertaining reading - I look forward to part 19.....On GØ your ostrich attitude is amusing - naturally you don't have to read any fanzine but if you did you would find that GØ doesn't "consist largely of feud-type material", nor has it ever. Let me analyze GØ #3 for you:

Solacon report	5	pages
Book report	2-1/4	pages
WSFS discussion	4	pages
Evans Memoriam	3/4	page
Inchmery	1	page
Miscellaneous	3	pages
Total	16	pages

By simple arithmetic, we see that the WSFS discussion (mind you, I don't even agree that it was "feud-type", just a discussion) comprised 4/16ths of the entire total. Is this what you consider consisting "largely of feud-type material"? Come now.....That was some wonderful buy you got on the New York Almanac for 1957-58. You certainly have a voracious and varied palate when it comes to books. This is something I very much like to see.....If there's any info on New York I can supply you with, you have only to ask. I'm a native-born New Yorker and have always been rather proud of my sprawling, sometimes dirty, pot-pourri of a city.

SCOTTISHE (Lindsay) Naw, Ethel, you have it all wrong, miluv. One group of us stands for food and drink and SF and the other for drink, period. Naturally, the second bunch gets drunk a hell of a lot faster and oftener than the first bunch. We don't like to go to their gatherings - nothing to interest us - and I'm sure they feel the same way. No help for the situation, I fear. Anyway, now that they've taken to doping, we wouldn't touch them with a ten, nay, a twelve foot pole. Each to his own brand of poison, I suppose....You have it wrong about GØ - it was for George Nims' OMPA credit, not mine. Thankee kindly anyway, ma'am .....Atom's bedecked OMPA-soldier on your cover was a masterpiece.... ..I have some further comments on your NHS article but I'll put them in a letter....still love the way you write, nursie.

Ellington Deadhead, eh? I presume by that you mean that segment of N.Y. fandom whose brains are not yet ossified by dope or excess drink? If you expect us to be ashamed of that sort of designation, you need another drink. Ah me, Bobbie Wild wants peace and quiet - how about we give her some from now on, hmmm? I'm willing to have a truce if you are.

PEBBLES IN THE DRINK (Young) Pebbles in the drink  
Tell you what I think  
Not only is your format dif'rent  
But I like the plink.

19th Mailing Comments (continued)

MY HEART WITH  
ANGUISE TORN  
(Eney) Varitypers - oooh, you lucky so-and-sos. The one I envy the most though is Ellington - he seems to use his varityper to best advantage and het gets such lovely reproduction (sigh). Come to think of it, that's a double entendre, since I've already mentioned in an article printed elsewhere that I think his little daughter is beautiful.

TAPEDOCK  
(Pavlat) Very, very interesting, but no other comment.

GRIFFIN  
(Spencer) With reference to your comments on future archaeologists, you would probably enjoy the sf story (I forget where I read it but it was recently) in which such dig thru the blasted ruins of Earth and dig up many of a peculiar artifact. Try as they may, they can't figure out what it could have been. A drawing of same was provided and I too joined in the puzzle - until I turned the drawing upside down and discovered it was an unseated toilet.....I found your parody on the Viceroy cigarette advertising - the snogging one at the bottom of the 8th page-exceptionally funny; as a matter of fact the whole zine was hilarious in a dry way - this is the type of humor I like best and I got the most pleasure out of reading Griffin as well as Unicorn. You have a Leman-like style which, to my mind, is a great compliment.

ESPRIT  
(Buckmaster) I have never really understood the difference between the descriptions "British" and "English" - thanks for the clarification. Of the 3 fannish terms, I have always liked Anglofandom the best and I try to use it exclusively. It's the most fluid - Brefandom and Britfandom sound harsher on the tongue.....I agree most heartily with your statement that to ask what is fandom is to ask what is the color of a kalaidoscope - this is one of the most intelligent statements about the nature of fandom I ~~have~~ ever read.....sorry about putting the unwanted "y" in your name.....'Fraid America~~s~~ hasn't yet gotten to the point of giving many things away but we are getting there - especially advertising samples - which are getting bigger and better. For instance George Nims has been smoking Robert Burns Cigarillos (a sort of slim small cigar) for some time without having to buy them. Seems the company will send you a free package of 3 if you will send them your name and address plus 1 cigarette wrapper from any brand of fags. By getting friends to give him their cigarette wrappers, he can keep on smoking free Cigarillos until the company discontinues the offer - how's that for a cheap way to smoke? I saw another funny sign at the same place that Ellington got his fake-German one - at Brookhaven National Laboratories on their last visiting day, only mine was more cryptic. It said simply, "KISS". How romantic and unusual in a scientific research institution, I thought, until one of the physicists explained that it was a reminder to the operators of the remote control "waldoes" and meant "Keep It Simple, Stupid".

VAGARY (Wild) Yes, you're right, our Bronx cheer is the same as your raspberry, only we most commonly spell it "razzberry" - didn't know you "reserved" English even had a term for such a rude noise.....Glad to see you're a cat lover - our 3 are named Jupiter, Juno and Mauser (the last

19th Mailing Comments (continued)

VAGARY  
(cont'd)

named after the German rifle but she will also answer to Meowzer). Jupiter is the only tom, but quite unlike your late Ginger, he's been neutered (we had it done to all 3) and he doesn't realize it! He certainly tries hard enough but the trouble is that beyond a certain point he doesn't know what to do. Juno is very cooperative though - she has resigned herself to his false starts - except that after a time she does get bored and start a fight with him to liven things up. This is a turnabout. Frank acquired Jupiter after Juno and he is younger. For quite a time she was the bigger of the 2 cats and she used to pin poor Jupiter to the floor and chew his whiskers off, which distressed Frank no end. Jupiter has now come into his own by growing up to be the larger and pushes Juno around to show who's boss. Don't think she's oppressed though - if he's getting the better of her, she lets out a loud scream that will bring either Frank or me running to pull Jupiter away. Isn't that just like a female?

AND THAT'S THAT. I HAD MORE MAILING COMMENTS BUT THE TIME AND STENCILS ARE GIVING OUT. SEE YOU.

Goo-bye,

Belle

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Dietz Doorbelle (continued)

about what's happening there, strangely enough, because of the fans who pause in passing than we do about what the Zenfen are doing here in the city. Alex calls it being visited by California Fandom In Exile.

I had more news, such as Frank catching the German measles, and minor things like that, but I'm completely out of time. Oh, well, till we ring again, then. (ooh)