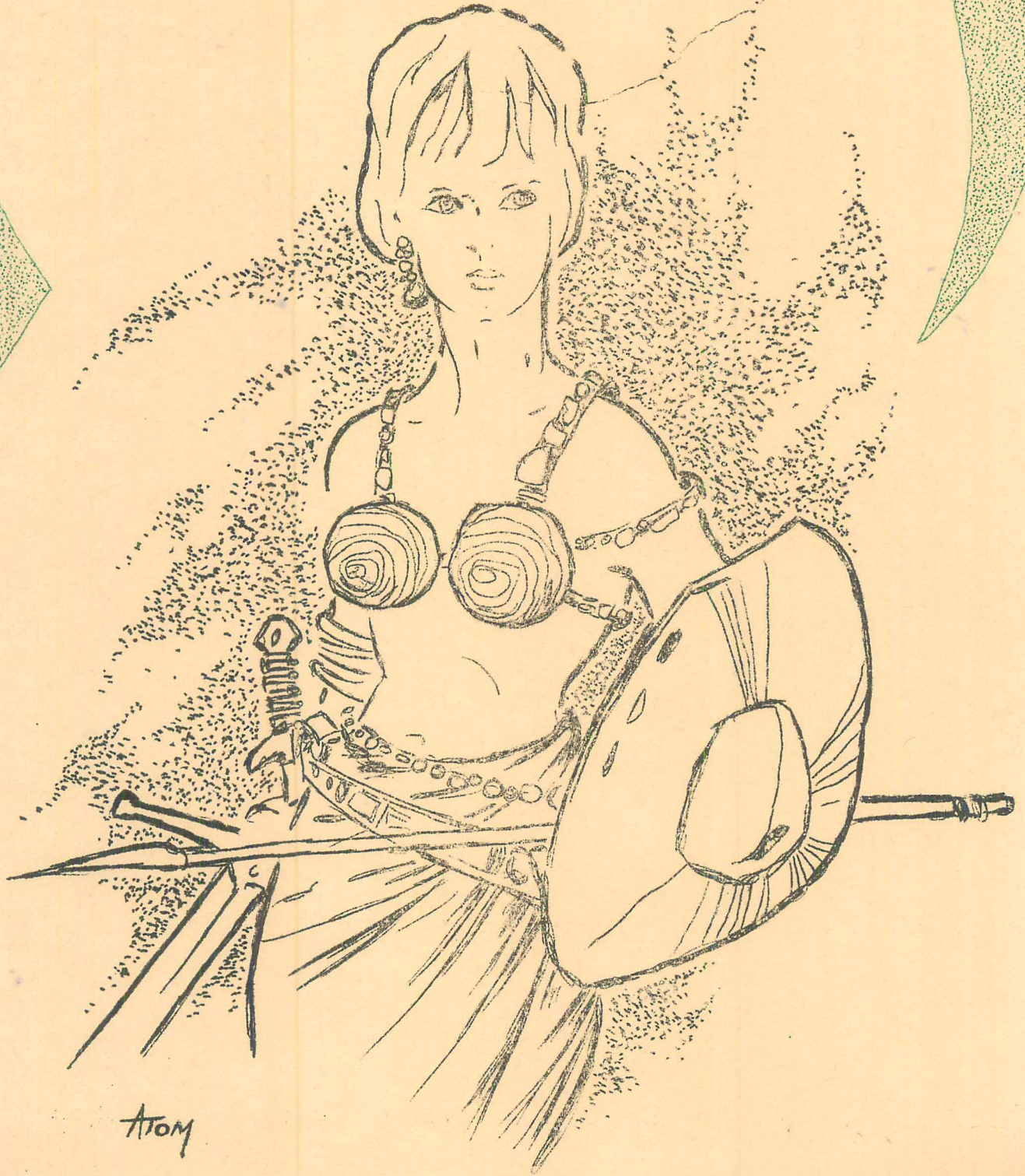
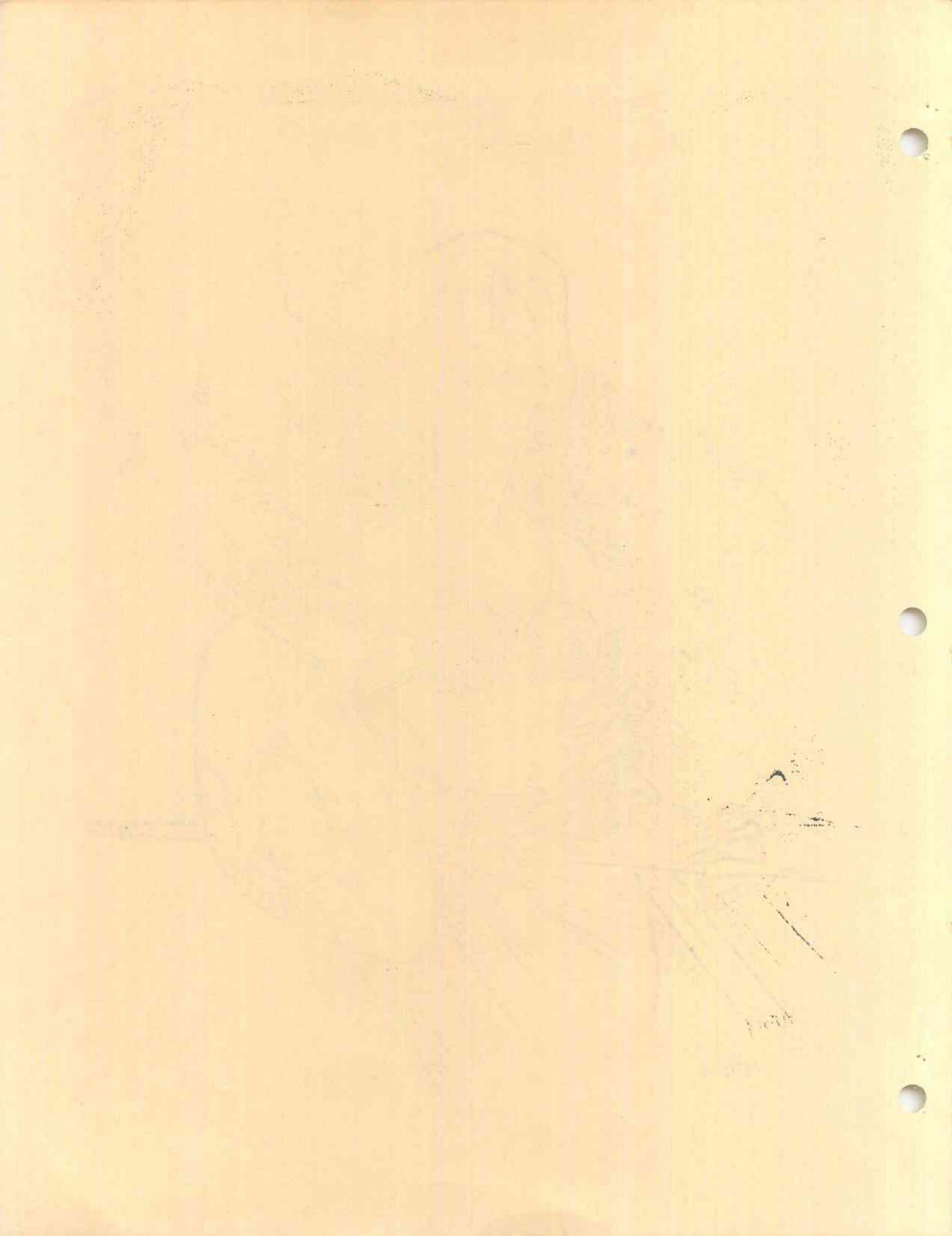


WELF



ATOM



PELF

PELF 6—FEBRUARY 69

PELF is regularly published, on an irregular basis, by:

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Editorial Assistant - Phoebe Locke

We would be Tickled Pink to receive your Ms., artwork, LoC, or trade, and we hope that you will at least be tickled enough by this issue to send us something along that line. A sample copy is available for the 10¢ postage it takes to mail it. Reviews are encouraged. Since we both like to get mail, you can address it to either editor. If you feel that would be playing favorites, then send something to each of us. No contributions torn in half, please. Jötun Publication 252

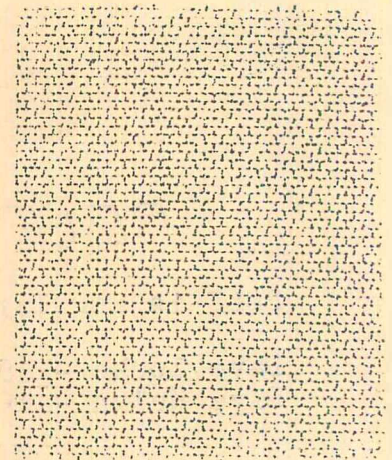
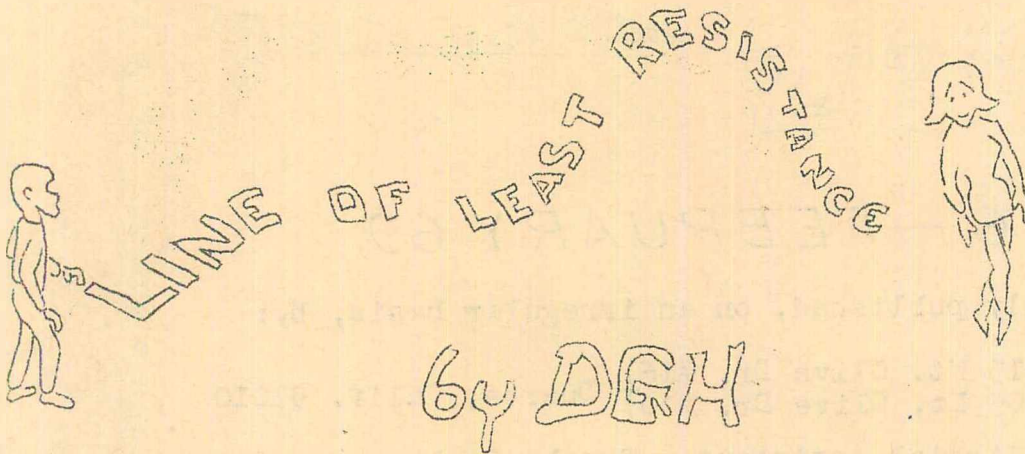
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(Wherein you will find BEN SOLON speaks of scintillating unknowns, PHOEBE LOCKE tells of PELF's greatest threat, HARRY WARNER wants a feud in TAFF, BUCK COULSON cops out, ED COX is swornhoggled by his own petard, and TINA HENSEL is horridly frozen. Read it here!)

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This issue it falls to my lot to describe to you the New PELF Policy. "What," you may ask, "is the New PELF Policy?" And then again you may not. After all, the policy of a zine is of primary interest to its editors; the readers seem to find out whether it's explicitly stated or not. If anyone reads the zine, anyhow. Sometimes we wonder; the response to the last issue was rather underwhelming. We hope that this was attributable to the fact that no one really believed that we were serious about really reviving PELF as a regular feature of the fannish scene; six LoCs out of 85 copies distributed (more or less), plus a couple or three contributors of artwork and a couple of written contri- butions from people who didn't also write letters doesn't indicate much real interest out there in fandom for the kind of light, fannish stuff we like to read and publish.

Well, if you didn't believe that we were serious, maybe our New Policy will convince you. We plan to publish PELF as often as we can get enough good material together for an issue. If nothing comes in from outside we'll have to write it all ourselves, and it will probably be infre- quent; if you start flooding us with material we'll probably publish every couple of months (beyond that lies madness...). We didn't have the material for this issue in hand till after Christmas; if it hadn't been for a bout with the Hong Kong flu and an assortment of year-begin- ning outside problems we'd have been out by the end of January. Even with normal interferences we can usually get an issue done within a couple of weeks of the time we get the material in.

LoCs, by the way, don't by any means have to be letters of comment. Look at Edco's letter in this issue. Didn't say a thing about PELF 5. As long as you write something that amuses us, you can write a letter about anything and that's jes' fine.

We will be sending this issue to most of the same people who got the last one, but anyone who has gotten both issues and hasn't commented or at least given some indication of interest is going to be chopped off the mailing list after this. We do accept trades pretty indiscrimi- nately; one copy to either editor is satisfactory, since we live close enough to each other that we swap zines around where only one of us got a copy.

I guess that this is as auspicious a place as any to mention that we, together with Ed Cox and Tina Hensel (two of our sturdiest contribu- tors) are gathering our resources together to bid for the 1971 Wester- con. Nothing much is firmed up yet except the committee (after all,

we won't be bidding till 1970), but it's not too soon to announce our intention. That way if any Good Buddies decide to bid against us they won't be able to accuse us of stabbing them in the back. We'll be able to accuse them of stabbing us in the back...

The Case of the Stolen Electric Razor; or, the Shaver Mystery

Errata Dept.: Locke did all the typing in this issue except my editorial, and I stencilled all the artwork except that in his editorial. It is desirable to proofread things before they are run off, but it is at least better than nothing to proofread before the whole zine is on stencil. In the "Anything Goes" parody, last stanza, it should be "voce", not "voice". To make it scan.

The Case of the Stolen Fountain Pen; or, the Sheaffer Mystery

Sometimes it seems to me that the LASFS today is becoming as much of a card-playing club as an SF group. At every meeting eight people leave the meeting early to go into the back room and play Blackguard Poker; there's usually a poker game at most parties; and on occasion there will be some other card game played. Bridge, of course, is my own favorite, but since the untimely death of Lee Jacobs it's not too easy to get up a game. Ken Rudolph of Shaggy fame is a brilliant player (I should only wish to be so good), but he won't play at a party; Charlie Crayne is good if not in Ken's class; but the only other reasonably good players in LASFS (like Kris Neville and Elmer Perdue) don't show up at many club functions. However, one night we did get up a game out here at my place, with Tina and Lee Klingstein as the other players besides Crayne and me, and one tense moment was recorded by posterity by Bjo in the cartoon at right (the principals being Tina and myself).



Blackguard poker is a subject worthy of an extensive article in itself; Bruce Pelz started one in SAPS once (or maybe it was Dian - I think Dian described the games and Bruce the players, actually.), but it

was not, to the best of my knowledge, widely circulated, so I think I'll give a brief rundown.

The game is dealer's choice, and in theory anything goes; however, in practice anything too wild causes a lot of players to drop out, and so generally things are somewhat under control. Blackguard poker, however, is not for the purist. About the nearest things to standard poker that are played oftener than once a night are 7-card stud high-low and Jacks Back (5-card draw, Jacks or better to open, if no one opens it becomes 5-card draw lowball). The former is fairly popular; the latter may be played two or three times a session.

Most popular game is undoubtedly Escalator. This is a five-card stud game, high-low, but all cards are dealt face down. Each round you may choose either of your down cards to roll; the hole card and all like it are wild. After you've gotten your fifth card and bet, you may if you wish burn one card and receive a replacement (but if you burn an up card the replacement is automatically up - no choice here). Purists will cringe - I did the first few times I saw it played - but it's actually a very scientific game with a great deal of room for intelligent card play, card reading, bluffing, etc. It's the only poker game I know of that makes a good game played three-handed for small stakes.

Next in popularity is probably Anaconda, a fairly well-known game in which you're dealt seven cards, pass three, then two, then one, pick the best five, roll one at a time with a betting round after each roll, and split high-low. Variations are Pass the Garbage, with only the three-card pass, and Grodnaconda with no pass at all - just make the best five-card hand out of seven.

Option is also quite popular. It's normally played five-card, but can be played seven-card. After the first down-card is dealt around, the next card is offered to eldest hand. He may take it or refuse it. If he refuses it, it is offered to the next player and so on until someone takes it or the dealer has refused it. Then all players who refused it are dealt a card in rotation, and the player to the left of the one who took it (if any) gets first crack at the next card, with the whole process being repeated until everyone has a card. Bet, then repeat the whole process until everyone has his cards (five or seven). In the five-card variant there is then a burn, as in Escalator. A more expensive version is called Buy-a-Card; in this one it costs you a penny to the pot to turn down the first card, two cents for the second, four for the third, and so on in powers of two. And the most expensive version is Auction-a-card, in which players bid for the up-card (I think this was only played once...).

Twin Beds deals each player five cards and ten cards to the center in pairs. The pairs are turned over and a betting round follows the exposure of each pair; you can use any pair (but not two cards from different pairs) along with your five to make up a hand. High-low, as are most Blackguard games.

And Murder is five-card draw, with the cards rolled one at a time after the draw. Double Jesus is deuces wild, with one-eyed Jacks double wild. Two one-eyed Jacks and three Aces is seven of a kind, the best hand.

Betting is penny-ante, dime limit on raises, three raise limit. I'd hate to play most of them table stakes, but when the money isn't of any real interest the games can be.

PITH AND DROLL BY DEL



After reviewing the response to our last issue I have made the tentative analysis (tentative because it only almost seems apparent) that few people took it seriously. To support my assumptions I would submit to you that letters, reviews, and chance remarks that came our way were favorable ones, but the overall response was small. Our old readers probably felt that PELF #5 was a one-shot published in celebration of the editors meeting each other for the first time, and for them we publish #6, following closely upon the heels of #5, as a disclaimer. A fair proportion of our new circulation is local, and for some odd reason people who see you regularly are not prone to writing LoCs. To this group we say: write LoCs. We say this to everybody. Write LoCs. Mail them to us. We will print them. We will interject sparkling little pieces of editorial wit into the bodies of your letters. We will publish more often, because your letters will round out an issue more quickly than we could by scrounging material. Because of publishing more often we will ask you to write more often, and the oftener you write the oftener we publish, but before the feedback kills us all we'll have a hell of a zine here.

This is the Anticlimactic Xmas Present Issue of PELF, and I'm sure that by the time you are reading these words you will all have been thrilled by that regular PELF feature called The Glorious New Policy. I can't wait to read it myself. It's Hulan's turn to write it this time, and I'm sure he'll surprise us all. I told Dave not to let me know what it is until this issue is published and I can read it for myself; this way the issue won't be any more anticlimactic for me than it is for you.

Now that Xmas is over with and our living room looks like Toyland (did you ever try blending the toys in with your room decor? "No, dear, I think the rubber duck would look better over by the sofa."), and the New Year's Eve drinking in order to steel ourselves for yet another year is over with, maybe we can face up to a new year of old routines.

actually, of course, there is a difference between one year and the next, and a noticeable one. Some people say that bringing in the new year creates a temporary state of mind which causes you to feel that something 'new' is transpiring, but that a mere calendar change can cause no actual physical nor lasting mental change. These people are obviously

not drinkers. I would hazard to state that for some people the first day of a new year brings forth a most significant mental and physical change in personal condition over that had on the day previous. I would hasten to add that these changes are in no way viewed as being of short duration to the person who experiences them.

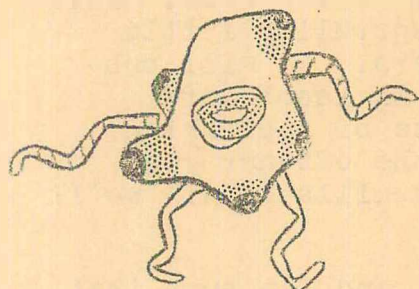
Speaking of ducks, my wife got me a glass duck for Xmas. While I was looking for the string the duck sloshed, and I found it had aftershave in it. Avon makes it. I told my wife that she should get some. It's less expensive and smells just the same as the stuff that she gets in small and outrageously priced bottles for herself.

Speaking of outrageous, it's surprising the number of hours that a hobby like fandom eats out of my life now that my family is living in California. In the early sixties I was at times even more involved in fanac than I am now, but even at the lowest ebb of fan activity during that period I'm sure I churned out more written material than I presently do. Today's biggest bite of fanac time goes to the local fannish social events - parties and meetings.

Sometimes it's hard to tell the meetings from the parties, and except by being billed as one or the other in advance announcements I haven't as yet spotted any clear-cut features which distinguish one from the other.

But they're all good, clean, healthy, drunken fun.

I should, however, make it known that the LASFS is a phenomenon which I exclude from categorizing as either party or meeting or perhaps both. LASFS is another thing altogether.



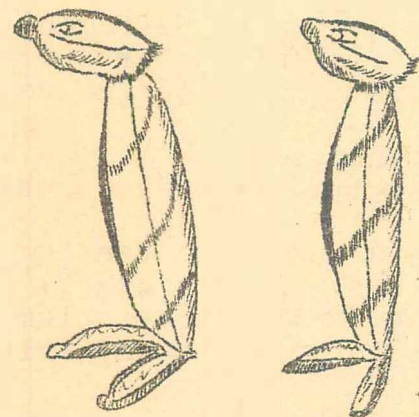
An ex-Easterner's first impression of the LASFS was that he had stumbled into a sect where most of the bodies present were virgin to the snip of a barber's scissors and to razor-burn. Introductions were a delicate thing; unless a beard were present I was often unsure whether to shake or kiss the hand being offered.

The current long-hair and drug epidemic in fandom, to which a not insignificant portion of the LASFS has succumbed, is a mildly surprising thing to find after breaking out of a period of gafia. I had felt, in my previous encounter with fandom, that such idiocy would not affect fans, but I can see why I was wrong. This is not a mundane sort of fad. It is a movement of young people against adult authority, and of older people against society. The long hair proclaims individualism, and the drugs are a means of escape from whatever bad situation the user feels he and the world are involved in. It's obviously the sort of cry that a part of fandom would want to pick up.

So now I will encounter a fan with sandals and rags and hair down to his armpits, and with an inner outlook the same as the outward appearance. Of course, we can't find anything to talk about. If we did, I'd hate to think whether it would be his fault or mine. But here, however, the dissimilarity between us ends, because, after all, we're both fans.

Aren't we?

I don't want to give the impression that this is virtually the only type of fan to be encountered at the LASFS, because that would be untrue. My first impressions lead me to believe that such was the case, but this was due merely to the presence of the ungroomed being overwhelming in an underwhelming sort of way. The fen present at the LASFS cover a broad spectrum in ability and talent.



I would categorize by saying that in the LASFS there are those who:

- 1) can leap tall buildings in a single bound.
- 2) can leap tall buildings with a running start.
- 3) can leap short buildings.
- 4) crash into buildings.
- 5) do not recognize buildings at all.

An ex-Easterner's present opinion of the LASFS is that he has stumbled upon a local branch of the N3F. I've been building up the analogy over a number of meetings, and the pieces are beginning to fit.

Present is the prime requirement: scads of young neos. Present also are old and well-known local members whom you've never heard of before.

When election time rolls around there is a scramble over who will run for what office, and the only people who appear to have any significant work to do are the director and the treasurer.

Committees are appointed, and may never be heard from again.

The LASFS meeting is run like an N3F type fanzine. The 'flavor' of business matters is quite comparable. Thousands of words are expended over such important club business as where to rent an official club post office box, and over the possibility of having officers' names put on plaques to be hung on the clubhouse wall. These important matters out of the way, members stand up and give impromptu book and movie reviews. There are also announcements of general interest.

Items of genuine merit to an ex-Easterner are the auctions, and the general fangabs that take place after the meeting has been adjourned. Many of the more interesting fans do not, of course, regularly attend the LASFS meetings, and this can result in my finding out more about Star Trek, comic books, and Dark Shadows than I really care to know.

To end an analogy with one, I would say that I watch Star Trek because it bears a resemblance to science fiction, though admittedly less of a one than it used to. I suppose somewhat the same type of justification can be used to explain my occasionally going to the LASFS' meetings. They do bear a resemblance, of sorts, to fandom.

The current LASFS director, my worthy co-editor, last year published LOKI #12, an 18 page fanzine with two articles (totalling 8 pages) by me. To one of the articles he gave a full page introduction in which

he used nine different lettering guides. And because he hadn't run a sufficient number of copies of the original cover, I drew a cover to cover the copies he sent through SFFA.

Frankly, I can't find any reason for Hulan having his name in the issue, despite his weak excuse that people have to know where to send letters.

As a result of sending this issue of LOKI through FAPA (some people drop names. I drop apas.) Harry Warner read my articles and found himself faced with the problem of finding something nice to say about them. So he said that my writing was similar to vintage Burbee.

I pointed out to Hulan that my vest pocket dictionary defined vintage as "vine product", but he insisted that was a typographical error and should have read "fine product". My dictionary didn't even have the word "Burbee".

Hulan explained that Harry had made a typographical error and the word was really "Burbot", and the dictionary said that this was a "kind of fish". I asked him what Harry meant by saying that my writing was similar to fine product fish and Hulan replied that this was hard to say; it had lost something in the translation.

Actually, Hulan said, your writing really is similar to Charles Burbee's. I said I couldn't remember how Charles Burbee wrote, so Hulan invited me to borrow his copy of The Incompleat Burbee and I went over the next day to pick it up.

It was a Sunday, and Hulan had the tv on and was trying to watch the Rams run through the snow with a football. They were having a hard time getting up enough traction to run, which was surprising since ninety percent of the snow was on Hulan's tv screen and shouldn't have bothered them at all. Dave's tv had been purchased for a paltry sum from one of Ed Cox's neighbors, who would not let him have the set until they had gotten all the other furniture out of their house and were ready to move. Presumably, at that point, Dave's tv was for a time used as both ashtray and chair, judging from the condition of it.

The main trouble, he told me, was that to adjust the set to produce a good picture resulted in poor sound, and the other way around. So in trying to find a happy medium he had the set adjusted to where he could almost see and hear the game. I sat there trying with him, until his brilliant fannish insight caused him to leap from the chair and rush over and tune the picture to damn fine perfection. After that he turned off what must correctly be called The Sound, and then moving right along he went over to the radio and diddled with it until he found a station broadcasting the game. With a smirk, he went back to his chair and we watched the Rams, who presumably are handicapped by snow in any form, start to score.

I wanted to switch the radio to another game while he was in the bathroom, but he took it with him.

So I took his copy of The Incompleat Burbee, which I vaguely remembered having looked through and read parts of at sometime in the dim past, and went home and read it.

They're right. Charles Burbee did write like me.

"I can't get over it. You make fascinating, appropriate comments, but they haven't got anything to do with the subject." Tina Hensel to DGL

Besides crossword puzzles and gothic romances and Billy Graham literature-my wife takes an interest in paint by number kits. Some artist somewhere has spent days creating a beautiful mountain scene or lake scene or whatnot, and then he reduces it to a black and white copy outlining all the zillion places where he has used his oils. Each outline contains the number of a specific color of paint, and whoever buys these paint by number things fills in all the outlines until he or she has a product resembling, to some degree, the prototype.

I think this is a brilliant idea, but why limit it to art? With slight modification, this concept of creation can be applied to the field of writing.

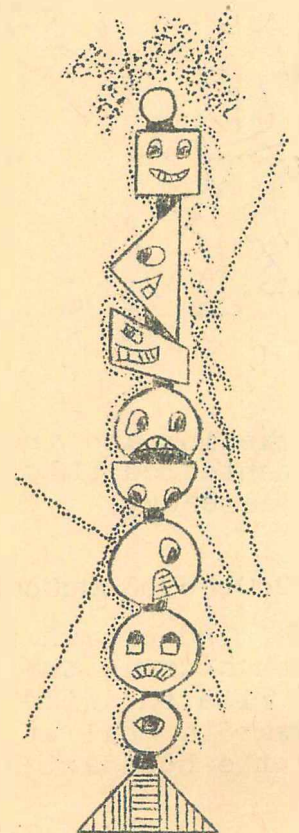
I see it this way - we let the writer do the outline as well as filling it in. We introduce a multiple choice element for situations and from there allow the user to mix the choices to suit his taste. An example might go something like this:

A would-be science fiction writer goes to the hobby shop and picks up a science fiction adventure write by number kit. He takes it home and opens it up, finding inside an instruction sheet and a list of materials contained in the kit. He decides to take inventory to be sure he has gotten everything he has paid for. The list of materials reads like this:

- 1) Disposable typewriter (1)
- 2) writer's manual (1)
- 3) Eraseable bond typing paper (300 sheets)
- 4) Typewriter pencil erasers (55)
- 5) Manilla envelopes for manuscript submission (84)
- 6) Pipe (tobacco not included) (1)

Our would-be writer - let's call him Elvin Sprig - reads the instruction sheet. In plain simple (because instruction sheets are never that) it tells him that he is about to write a science fiction adventure novel and that the enclosed manual will take all the pain and strain out of doing it. The first quarter of the manual contains a series of plot development steps, each one taking you progressively further into the outline of a novel. The steps contain five multiple choices, and each can be used as is or any number of choices can be mixed and modified to suit your taste. You then proceed to the next step and do likewise, building your own bridge between steps in order to establish the necessary continuity.

Elvin unfolds the typewriter and slips a sheet of eraseable bond into the carriage. He opens the manual to step #1:



A Ballad Of The Ape Man

by LEN MOFFATT

When Tarzan was a little-bitty baby
Sittin' on his ape-mother's knee
He stole himself a bow and arrow
Said, "Nothin's gonna be the death of me!"

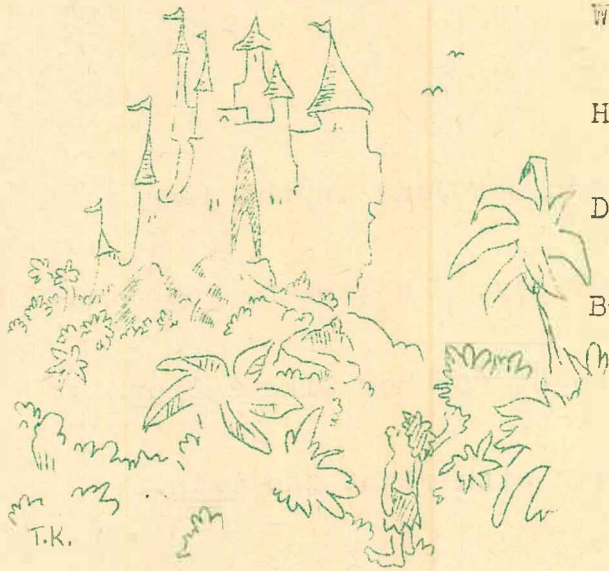


When Tarzan was a very small laddie

He found an old cabin by the sea

Didn't know it had been built by his Daddy

But he thought it was a nice place to be



He taught himself to read in that cabin
From the books so conveniently there
And he found his Daddy's knife good for fighting
And for trimming his long, shaggy hair

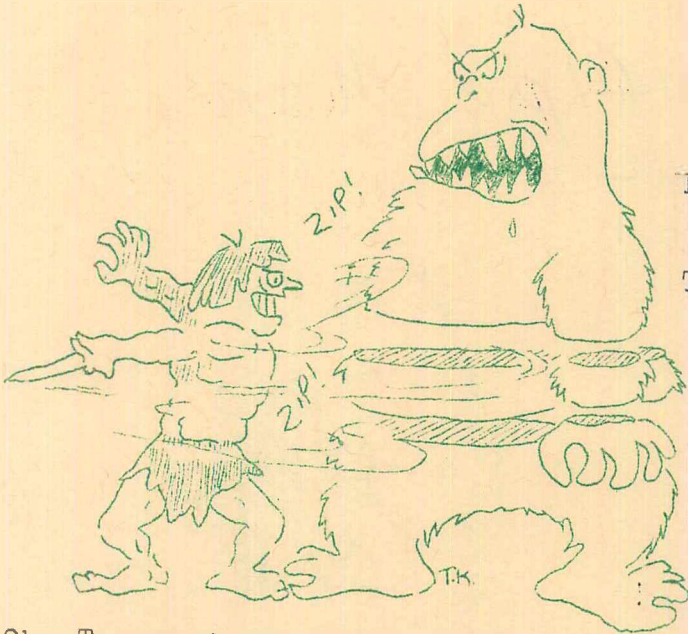


Then Tarzan had to fight a gorilla

(Something we wouldn't do on a dare)

But the knife saved his life
and he quickly learned

The techniques of gorilla-warfare



Oh, Tarzan befriended a lion

And a great big elephant too

But his first human friend
was a Frenchman

Who taught him to say, "Mon Dieu!"



When Tarzan met Jane in the jungle

He did NOT say, "Me Tarzan, you Jane"

But he fought for her like a lion

Yes, I mean with might and main...



Then Tarzan met a sexpot priestess

Of a cult that gave him a pain

Away he ran like a good married man

Back to his ever-lovin' Jane

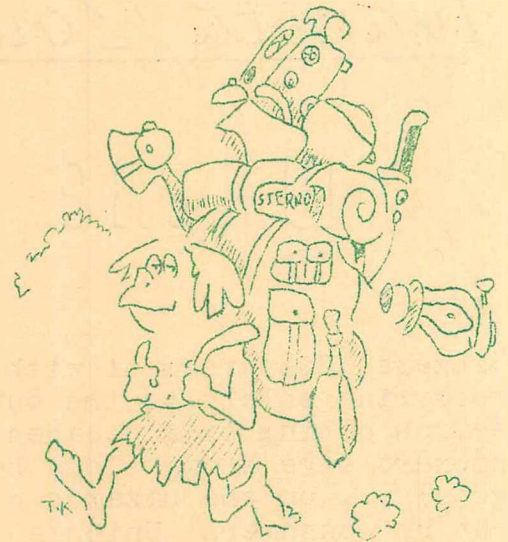
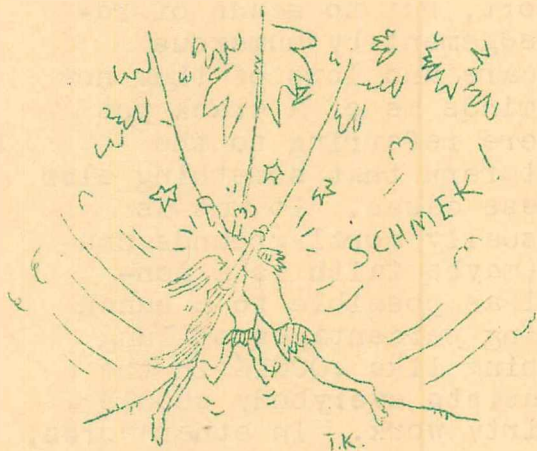


Tarzan's son (by Jane) was Korak

A very precocious child

He ran away at the age of twelve

To answer the call of the wild



Now I don't mean the novel by London

(Though he sailed from London, by Heaven)

But the family was happily reunited

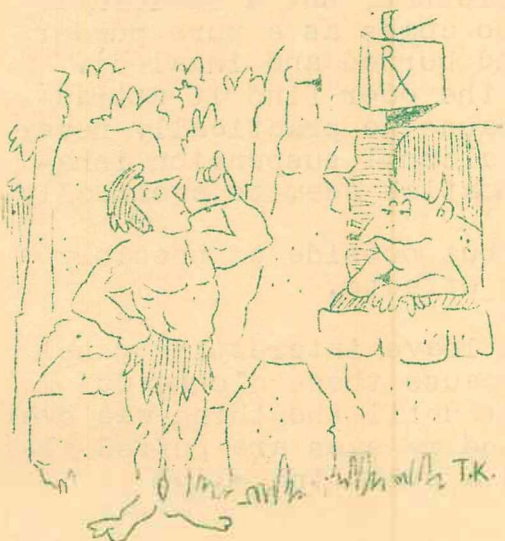
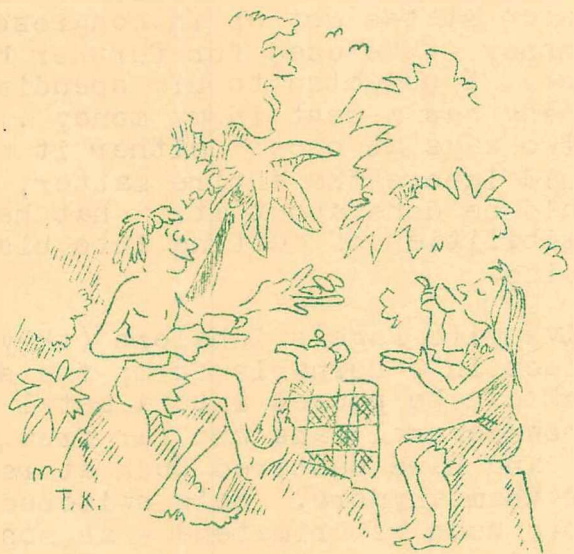
In chapter number twenty seven

Now Korak found a girl named Meriem

Who of course became his wife

They were very moralistic
if somewhat unrealistic

In their very adventurous life



Later they found a Lost City

With Pills of Immortality

Tarzan swallowed some, saying:
"I'm no dum-dum..."

NOTHIN'S gonna be the death of me!"

Juanita Coulson

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Smokers' disagreement with the general consensus ... no pun; I am not referring solely to the Surgeon General's report, but to scads of research dating back decades and common acknowledgement by numerous smokers I've known (long before the current scare and lots of them now gone) ... on the hazards of smoking rather reminds me of a crack put out by Consumers' Union a while back. They were referring to the attitude on the part of the cigarette manufacturers that something else had to be the carcinogenic agent in all of these cases. It was as though presented with a set of controls ... usually moral-grounds non-smokers like Jehovah's witnesses and Mormons (maybe faith is a non-carcinogenic agent?) ... who were as identical as possible to a bunch of smokers ... and given the grossly contrasting percentages of lung and throat cancer in each (amounting to something like .0001% in the non-smokers) ... the nicotine establishment insists everybody should keep looking for something that's doing the dirty work. In other words, they don't like the answer, so therefore there must be another one.

I have rarely felt so irritated as I did when a senator from one of the tobacco states got up in congress and proposed government tax money -- my money -- be used for further bush beating and ways to make cigarettes safer. I objected to him spending my money to further something that already was a pest in my money ... and I objected to him trying to have it two ways at once: either it wasn't the agent and therefore they should ignore the entire matter, or it was the agent and something should be done about it. What he did was figure out a way to negate the possibilities of cutting into his state's revenue and take some more of mine.

I live with Page's Inhalers (they are not cigarettes, but a medicinal product in a burnable form; the stramonium also comes as a pure powder which can be poured into a metal receptacle and burned and inhaled). I know several fans who far from objecting to the odor find it attractive and have pestered Buck at recent cons because he practically never uses them anymore. He's switched over to the alcohol suspension inhalators such as Primatene - as most severe asthmatics seem to eventually.

They aren't unpleasant. The odor is unusual, but outside of possibly tickling your nose a trifle, there are no side effects.

I can't say the same for tobacco. I've had to leave interesting panel discussions and other events at cons simply because these clotheads sitting in the same room couldn't possibly wait until the thing was over to light up. Ten minutes of cigarette smoke and my eyes are puffed almost shut from irritation and I have developed a splitting sinus

headache. I've spent 48 hours in a closed house with a pretty damned heavy concentration of burning stramonium and suffered not the slightest ill effects.

Again, they've never taken away my appetite. They aren't something the asthmatic smokes at a table. For one thing, they don't suck on them, play with them and use them as a substitute for mama the way cigarette smokers do. They light them, inhale desperately to clear their bronchial tubes, and either that does the job or they have no appetite and won't come to the table. Cigarette smokers on the other hand see nothing wrong with smoking constantly while they're eating, blowing their filthy smoke all over my food and me, nauseating me so much I am unable to enjoy or even sometimes finish my food. And if I do manage to maintain my appetite till the end of the meal, they finish off my digestion by grinding their dirty butts into coffee cups, dribbling ashes in the salads and making an unsanitary and unsightly mess out of the entire table.

Further, I can spend years -- and have -- with stramonium in the same house with me and run no risk to my health. It has no effect unless it is deeply and particularly inhaled, and no one can inhale it in any concentration to do any good except the asthmatic. (And risks involving heart and blood circulation connected with the inhaling of stramonium; but unlike tobacco, these effects only apply to the actual smoker.) Tobacco, on the other hand, according to some unsettling recent medical research, can bother me whether or not I ever smoke. Just being around other smokers, I am, like it or no, getting tar and nicotine into my system. In minute quantities, true -- but the medical profession doesn't seem to be terribly certain just how much constitutes too much, and they admit certain people are more prone to cancer than others. I'm one of them. Two of my uncles and my father died of cancer. My father died of throat cancer after three agonizing years which included removal of his larynx. He was so hooked on cigarettes by that time that sitting in the recovery room he was puffing away like his usual steam engine imitation -- knowing it was killing him but unable to stop. (Probably at that stage of the game he figured he was done for anyway so what the hell -- and he was right.)

Have you any idea what cigarette smoke does to an asthmatic? I have. I have seen Bev DeWeese quite literally unable to talk, seized with an asthma attack as a result of trying desperately to stay and enjoy a convention speech she'd waited all year to hear -- and couldn't because too many damned jokers felt they had to turn the room blue with smoke to enjoy themselves. Hell with whoever they inconvenience.

Buck has used Page's Inhalers as a gag occasionally, irritating some people deliberately -- knowing all he's doing is wrinkling their noses. But more often than not he removes himself from the room or rooms where other people are, so he won't annoy them. I have yet to see a cigarette smoker do the same. He prefers to stay there and half asphyxiate me and make cute little jokes about how I must be holier-than-thou because I don't happen to smoke.

Furthermore, no asthmatic ever burned down a house or cremated himself with a Page's Inhaler. It's impossible. He needs the medication in the smoke right then, and if he doesn't work at it pretty hard the thing sputters out. It isn't something he forgets is there. He

inhales it till he finishes it.

If you think we are intolerant of cigarettes, you should meet the Thompsons. Smokers would not be allowed to smoke in their house, but sent out onto the porch. They loathe the smell and the irritation tobacco causes, and are not about to run the risk of having their house -- which they sweated like hell to acquire -- burned down from some unthinking cigarette smoker. They, like we, put up with the annoyance long enough, and put their feet down even more firmly.

I have asked, politely and sincerely, that people not smoke in my presence. I used to do it all the time. I finally gave up. Why? I got two major reactions. A stare that suggested I must be out of my mind or a pendulum swinging completely over the other way -- a histrionic and pointed grinding out of the butt, a long patronizing lecture on how this character didn't mean to offend me, segueing into cheery little laughs on nervous nellyes and how we must humor them and a reeking aura of "Dig the goodie two shoes who thinks she's queen of the hill and better than all us bums who smoke."

In fact, I have a good friend who smokes, and who -every time I'm in her company - asks me if it bothers me. Every time I say yes. Every time she promises she won't smoke. Every time she sooner or later goes ahead and lights up during the middle of an engrossing conversation. If I make faces or wrinkle my nose she waves the smoke away from me, apologizes, and after a short while puts the thing out. Ten minutes later she's become engrossed in the conversation, forgets, lights up again. Eventually I give up. I suppose I could keep repeating my request and become thoroughly obnoxious, but why bother? I just assume conversation with her is going to entail discomfort on my part. In a way, I feel sorry for her if it's impossible for her to go more than ten minutes without having something to do with her hands and mouth besides gesture and talk.

So, after a long struggle, I've given up. Hell, smokers don't even pay attention to the law, why should they heed me? Gimbels in Milwaukee has signs prominently posted all over the store forbidding smoking... state law forbids...fine...etc...and house dicks and clerks who try to remind customers. Yet everytime I sit down at the lunch counter there the character next to me lights up promptly, deeply, and chokingly.

As I said, I'm touchy on the subject for extremely personal reasons. I didn't see either of my uncles after death, but I did see my father, and even if one were not convinced it was tobacco that did the job, it'd be enough to give one deep pause, believe me.

Buck smokes Page's Inhalers maybe 100 times a year, and is pushing the safety limit then. Now, since using the inhalator, I would say his consumption has dropped to about 20 a year. How many cigarettes do you smokers go through in a year?

I wouldn't mind cigarettes if there were some way you smokers could abuse your health and get your enjoyment without ruining both items for me. As it is, I consider the cigarette smoker at best in the same category as a loud-mouthed drunk who comes in and spoils a good party and at worst in the same category as a reckless driver who's out driving around enjoying his new set of wheels and rams my car off the road in his happy enjoyment of his privilege of killing himself.

J
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D.G.H.

S M O T ' S

L A M E N T

If you give me your attention I will tell you what I am,
 I'm a genuine fan altruist, all other kinds are sham.
 In others' feeble strivings I can find no skill at all,
 And when they get into trouble why it's me to whom they'll crawl.
 I seek elective offices, for there the freedom lies
 To use the great ability I have to organize.
 I'm very good for fandom, I assist it all I can,
 Yet everybody says I'm just a power-hungry fan!
 And I can't think why!

I can put the best conventions on you ever heard about,
 I know the good traditions and the ones it's best to flout,
 As chairman I'll foresee the many troubles that can brew -
 And if I'm not the chairman I know how to run a coup.
 At the running of an apa I'm the most adept of fen
 (And if I send the mailings late, it's really not a sin).
 For every need in fandom I've a clever little plan,
 Yet everybody says I'm just a power-hungry fan!
 And I can't think why!

If a clubhouse needs financing I can tell you how to go;
 You can't afford a clubhouse if the members' fees are low.
 And if you can't collect them I've an idea there or two,
 I can tell a deadbeat's debts in half a minute - and I do!
 I'll form a corporation if you give me an excuse,
 And someday you may even find that it might be of use.
 I've worked at helping people since my fannish life began,
 Yet everybody says I'm just a power-hungry fan!
 And I can't think why!

PELF: HELP

By Ed Cox



These days it doesn't pay for a fan, old or new, to have friends that publish fanzines. Especially if, one, you live in a big-city area full of them and, two, if some of them are real good buddies. This became apparent to me just this evening after a phone call from Dave Hulan, ostensibly about Other Matters. Little did I realize the True Import...at first.

Seems like he and Dave Locke used to issue a fanzine called PELF (the title enough in itself to cause one to wonder...). Well, they still do publish PELF (that title conjures up images of velvety elfs being run thru a mimeograph!). It's just that there was such an interim between issues 4 and 5 that some may still consider it in the past tense. Upon the arrival of Dave Locke (local catalyst) the fanzine rose from the ashes of yesterday as does the phoenix (or, as may the phoenix. Locke used to publish a genzine called PHOENIX, and hasn't decided whether he's going to revive that or not. If it makes sense to revive any old fanzine, that might be a more logical title than most). PELF's revival was not exactly a surprise to a lot of us localfen. (Not All of us ... we're not a United Front exactly...) At a party that was thrown, we thought, just to have a nice, big drunken party and to introduce the Lockes to local fans (the only way to find out if the former would survive...), the Announcement was made. "We're going to revive PELF" was about the way they put it.

Various of us realized the ~~threat~~ announcement was true as ~~threats~~ entreaties for material were made of some of we local fans who've been known to Write Stuff for Fanzines Before. ("We searched and strove, yea, mightily throughout the land..." Dave Hulan, editorial, PELF 5) Some of the people yielded and made promises ("...well, we got lots of promises." IBID) and others, including me, shied away, so that we weren't included in that remark: "Some people said they would, and haven't...". Which of course didn't get, for instance, me, off the hook!

Y'see, it is difficult to turn down a buddy, pleading for material (offering you a beer...). But you know how it is...umpteen fanzines sitting there waiting for a letter-of-comment, assuming one has already had time to read them... In my case, this includes even PELF (which I have read). Why, I'll bet that a lot of you readers have any number of things you've planned on doing and, for any number of Good Reasons, haven't ever gotten to do them. If I should write an article for PELF, for example, the Moffatts will shoot me for not having finished an art-

icle I started a year ago for the JOHN D. MACDONALD BIBLIOPHILE. Or, Dick Geis said he was sending me two books to review...after having received my last reviews too late for the current issue (little did I realize those two books were l-o-n-g!); I just thot that the old too-many-things-to-do syndrome had sabotaged me with the previous review. Or how about the letter-of-comment I never got off to STELLAR? Here is a copy of VOID 28 on my typewriter table. I was going to write a letter-of-comment on it last month...to PSYCHOTIC...where there was some discussion going on. Just never get around to those things, right?

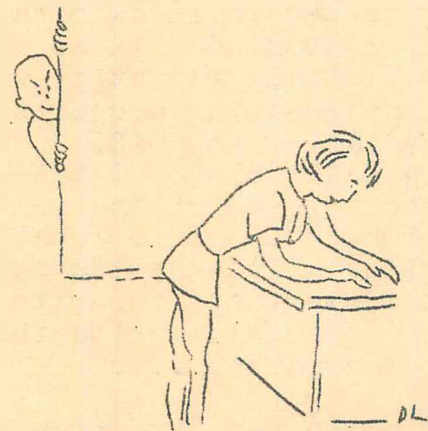
So it was during the conversation on the phone that Dave Hulan mentioned that they wanted to publish PELF early in December. I took it he meant 1968. Especially when he casually mentioned that there was no great influx of letters (one had so far been received) and he and Dave Locke might again have to write the whole Issue. These words were fraught with subliminal significance. I, of course, had not written anything for PELF. Yea and verily I had not even promised anything (what'll I write!? I thought furiously). Well, I told him, PELF was in that stack of fanzines To Which I Had to Write Letters. This didn't infuse him with confidence that one would get written. Hell, PELF is 7th down in the stack (not counting a CRY, a new one of which has already arroveled).

Besides, what would I write for PELF? We discussed the sort of material that PELF might use. He didn't mention that this had already been fully outlined in the 5th issue. But upon thinking about it, I wondered what I would write. I knew that somehow, sooner or later, preferably the former, I'd write something. After all, how can you meet your buddy eye to eye, over a beer he's served at his place, and say, in answer to his question, no, I--uh--haven't had time to write anything yet.

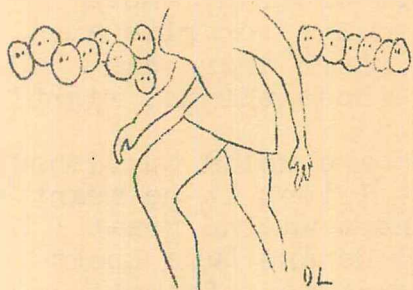
And I can't write about going to topless bars, like I did in the first column for QUIP an eon ago. Besides, I haven't been to any topless bars in almost that same length of time. Of course, with the rise of the miniskirt in current women's fashions, one has begun to look at the other end of things.

Like, for instance, where I work (in the local manifestation of that great, sprawling empire of electronics, transistor radios and Huntley-and-Brinkly), the minidress was slcw coming. It at first got a lot of resistance from management. Especially in the factory where they're still frowned upon. But in purchasing and engineering, they've made their appearance, what there is of them. Especially since there's been a lot of hiring of new, and young, girls lately. These kids really stick to the fashion and we all applaud. Silently, of course.

Now the miniskirt watchers can readily categorize the situation. The average is just a few inches above the knees. But the younger the girls are, the higher the hemline and there the average is midway between knee and -- and ... well, not the hips exactly ... but pretty damn short. Sometimes, one of the girls will be particular-



ly daring, or beneficent, and there's lots of staring and loss of work that day!



Like, for instance, of the few girls on our floor (worse the luck), all of the mini-skirters are in drafting at the other end of the building. Luckily, all have to come up the aisle thru Displays Engineering to go to any of the other buildings, the candy machines, etc., or the can. There's this one, big, blonde German girl who was the trailblazer in the group. Sometimes she wears a miniskirt so short it's hard to believe. So we all sort of come to a mumbling halt when she walks by. We sort of drift out to the aisle and stare after her, marvelling at the shortness of the skirt and so on. After all, seeing's believing!

There is this sort of older woman who is general secretary for our group on our side of the area. Another guy and I sort of make life miserable for her and the other woman in our group. They're good sports and we enjoy teasing them a lot. Like, I look down the aisle and there's one of the girls wearing a miniskirt(dress) down there. Leaning over a drafting table. Yes! So I remark to our secretary upon the marvelous effects that transpire on minidresses when one wearing them does other than stand straight and still. She looks and is properly dismayed. And disgusted at my obvious approval. "Yeh, and I've been standing out here in the aisle for five minutes now and have just got to get back to work!" Then I start down the aisle toward drafting (and actually toward an office in our area where I have business). "Where are you going?" She asks. "I'm going for a closer look!"

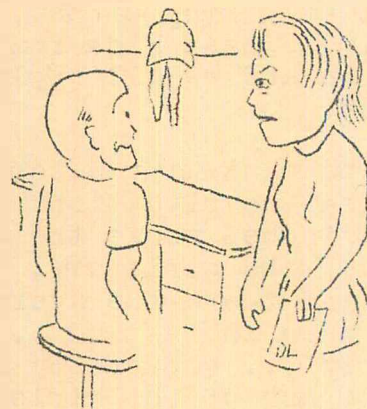
She thinks I'm a dirty old man.

So I try to live up to my image...

I won't dwell further on this topic. It's just lucky for me that Anne never reads fanzines anyway.... But all of this doesn't solve the Problem of Getting Something Written for PELF. The Problem, has, however, recently taken on a new dimension. As you recall, I was lamenting the fact that so many things oft planned never get done. Years ago I wanted to see an index of all the series in science-fiction. I facetiously recommended it as an NFFF project. I'd always wanted to compile an index of all the stfsy anthologies. And so on, great sweeping projects, all gone the way of that letter to VOID. Now I can buy a copy of Cole's ANTHOLOGY INDEX and the NFFF thru Ned Brooks is compiling an index of series (see COLLECTORS BULLETIN). What I should do, then, is outline all these ideas for articles and material I might try to write for PELF. And then somebody else will write them! If only I could think of something....

All of which hasn't gotten that letter written for PELF 6. I told Dave I'd get to it.

Real Soon Now....



She dies of boredom when poker's played straight,
She goes for parties, and never comes late,
She thinks that Heinlein is perfectly great,
That's why the lady is a fan.

She doesn't deck out in diamonds and pearls,
Reads old Astoundings while drying her curls,
She'd rather gossip with fellows than girls,
That's why the lady is a fan.

She likes to write for pure egoboo.
Fanzines will do.
No pay? OK!

Loves old Amazings, where S-F began,
That's why the lady is a fan.

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In magazines the alien being
Was not all that you were seeing
But TV shows - anything goes!

Good authors who wrote Cosmic Vision stf
Now just write television stf
Where each knows - anything goes!

The field has gone Bugs today,
And the mugs today
Who write stf today
Are style-deaf today,
And the dash today
To get some cash today
Has brought death to decent prose -

So hear the voice not so sotto,
Hold fast to the TV motto -
(I'll hold my nose) - "Anything goes!"

WHAT WOULD

Have you noticed that anthology introductions are prone to idea famine?

Almost every time you let an anthology editor near a typewriter and a clean sheet of paper, he gleefully takes the opportunity to remind his readers that this or that old time author correctly predicted the advent of some marvelous gadget or machine.

It is true that technological speculation has long provided a fertile field in which to garner SF plots, but it is possible to grow bored when one is constantly reminded of that fact. True, Jules Verne was one of the first successful developers of the Art of Scientific extrapolation, but why must our beloved editors insist on refreshing one's memory? Just in case it might have been forgotten? I am sure that there are a great many fans who remember H. G. Wells with fondness, however, I am equally sure that quite a few would like to retch whenever reminded of his famous "Tank" description. It wasn't a tank anyway. Tanks have treads, not movable legs and feet.

To be brutally honest, our editors are not the only ones guilty of this constant gloating about correct predictions by authors. Quite a few non-fiction critical explorations of the genre are quite as addicted to examining some of the more well known extrapolations of early SF writers.

How about some of the more recent SF authors? Have they completely failed to predict with accuracy any future developments? No. How many SF authors postulated an invention or medical/sociological advance that is now firmly entrenched in the 1969 reality? Quite a few. Heat rays (lasers), rocket travel, satellites, A-Bombs, atomic reactors, vertical takeoff planes, TV, overpopulation, and our heavy dependence on numerical identification and registration have all been mentioned within the science fictional speculative framework. I include the Steve Canyon comic strip in the genre, as parts of it qualified as science fiction.

Inevitably the question arises: were these predictions simply anticipating a future trend firmly rooted in past inventions and cultures, or were these predictions actively responsible for establishing the trend? How many inventions and/or refinements of inventions actually depend on a concept originally advanced by a SF author? Cartmill, Heinlein, Clarke, and Caniff have all proposed inventions which have now become reality. How about the people who also predicted trends in the medical or sociological fields? Well, there's Heinlein again, Dr. David H. Keller, and Lyman Guin, to name a few.

Keller offered some fascinating thoughts on the effects of overcrowding on the human psyche, and Mr. Guin advanced some thoughtful speculations

HAVE HAPPENED

IF ...?

concerning depressent and anti-depressent drugs in a modern world. Heinlein considered the increasing importance of personal privacy in an over-populated world and its possible effects on culture patterns. Were these men, or will they be, instrumental in causing the very effects that they postulated? I don't think so. But how about some of the inventions proposed by certain SF authors? I think it quite likely that they have had an effect on our culture, and that they will continue to change our current reality.

What would have happened if Arthur C. Clarke hadn't written that article on communications satellites? Or if a certain author hadn't speculated on the possible commercial and economic uses of atomic reactors, in the early 1940's? Nothing?

Did the U.S.S.R. decide to establish a center for research into the possibilities of state controlled psionic talents because someone read a pirated copy of an early Heinlein story, or possibly one of the "Mark Phillips" yarns? I doubt it, but....

How many scientists have appropriated an idea read in a SF story? It would be damned hard to find out, because if an idea were taken from such a source, the scientist would be reluctant to admit taking it. Also, it is quite likely that reading a story might cause him to re-evaluate a problem and perhaps come up with a solution based on the treatment of said problem in the story, rather than literally "stealing" an idea.

Anybody out there know if any effort is being made to adapt a heat seeking missile to "home in" on intermittent heat sources?

If such an adaption were made, it would provide a practical defense against snipers for the low flying 'coptors currently stationed in Viet Nam. It seems a feasible idea. Such an adaption was an integral part of a story published early last year in a well known pro-zine. Apparently there are usable ideas still floating around in the genre. It may, however, be an untold number of either days, months, or years before any of them are in some manner realized.

I am sure that there are many more instances of an idea-concept being advanced in a science fiction story prior to its actual development in a concrete and usable form. It would be interesting to hear of some of them. Perhaps readers who are involved in various fields of science could come up with a few.

However, if you read about them in a SF anthology, then go tell it to someone else....

by Tina Hensel
23

Capitalist Collectivism

by Robert Coulson

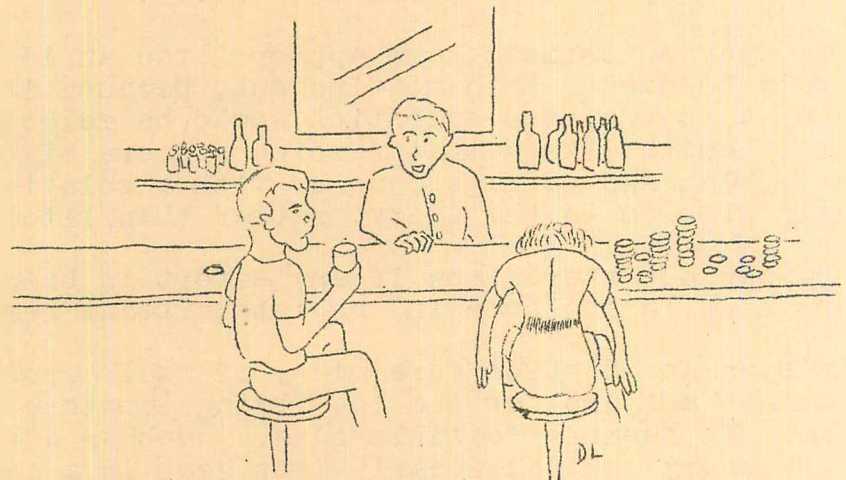
The other day I got a newspaper clipping from Alan Dodd (technically I guess it was a "cutting", since it was British and that's the British term). It was from a letters to the editor column, and concerned collecting. The woman wanted to know if there was an individual term to describe a

keeper of collections. "My husband collects coins and anything that 'might come in useful'...my...daughter collects stamps, beer mats, old postcards, and pottery." Another daughter collects "stamps and Miss World dolls". The woman spent most of her time keeping the collections from interfering with one another, dusting, etc.

The latest HORIZON has an entire section devoted to acquisitiveness, starting, appropriately, with a dissertation on the pack rat. One article is titled "Does Your Room Look Like The Collyer Brothers'?" (Younger readers may not remember the Collyer Brothers; they were the recluses in New York City who died in a house piled to the rafters with old newspapers and junk - 140 tons of it.)

Does any of this strike a responsive chord with you? It did with me. Does our house look like the Collyer Brothers'? Well....if you put it that way...yes. Oh, it isn't crammed to the rafters yet, but the time is coming.

Juanita and I have already kidded ourselves about the day when we're two doddering oldsters surrounded by mountains of accumulated junk. What do we collect? Well, of course there is science fiction; magazines, paperbacks, and hardcovers. There are also other books; detective novels by Phoebe Atwood Taylor and Arthur Upfield, anything by Hans Hellmut Kirst, history, biography, science, Juanita's



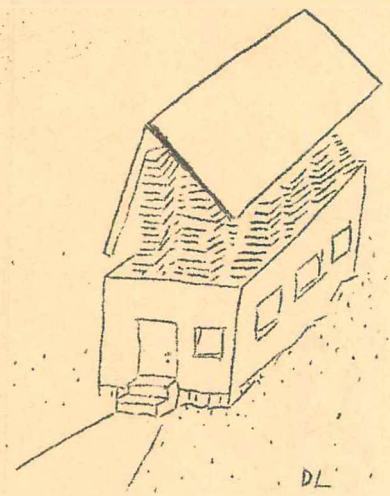
"She's a beer-mat collector"

shelf of disaster books, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, etc. Then there's Juanita's miniature animal collection, my accumulation of stamps, coins, old postcards, cartridges, guns, unusual playing cards (if you allow 6 decks to constitute a collection), Juanita's "Star Trek" impedimenta, letters from selected correspondents, souvenirs, funny newspaper clippings, and so on. I just finished mounting an assortment of arrowheads, neolithic tools, petrified wood and other odd minerals (though most of them belong in the souvenir class rather than constituting a collection.

Why the collecting urge? I don't know. HORIZON quotes Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis, that it is "a reaction to an unconscious

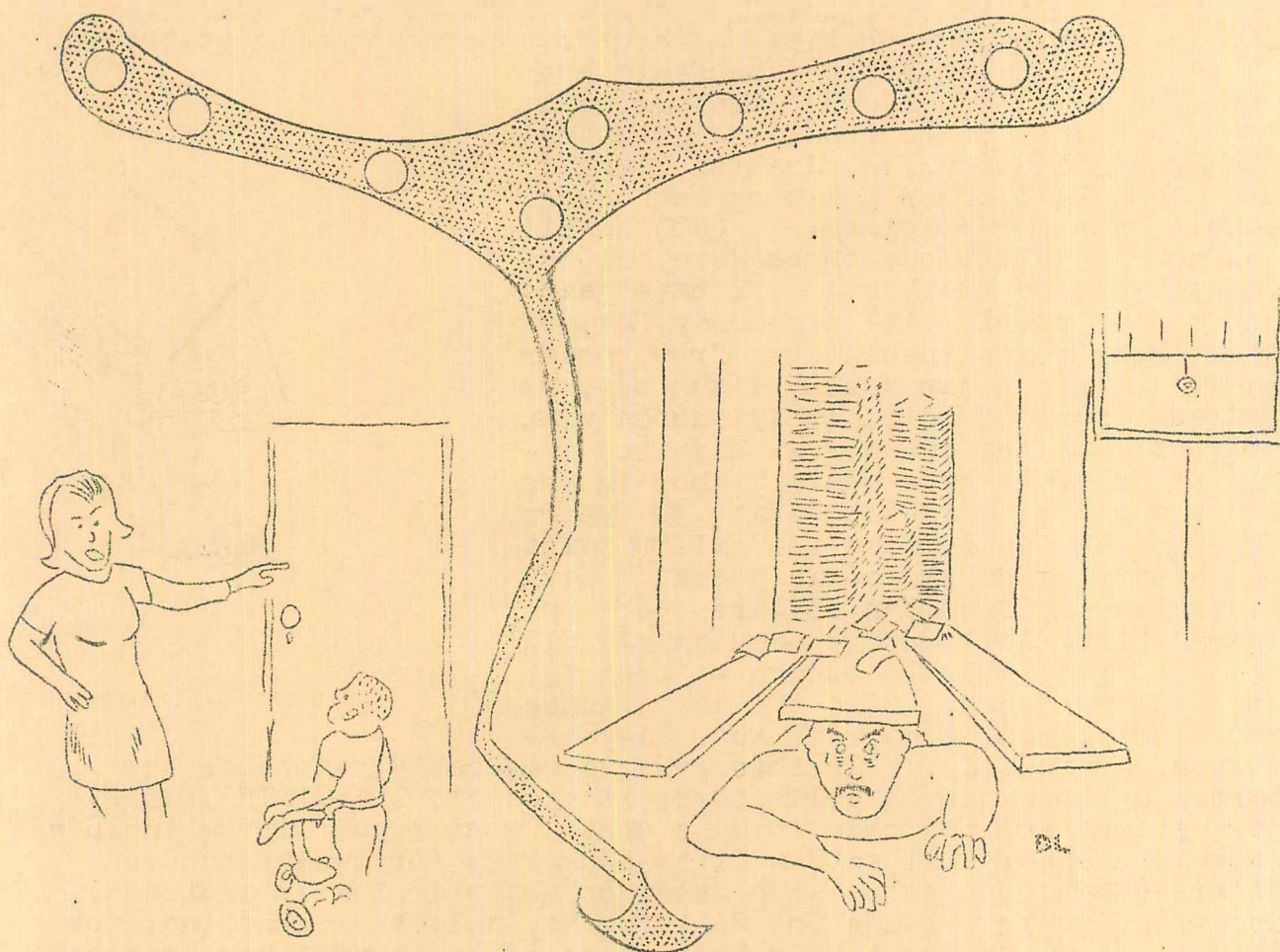
need, to an inner feeling of voidness concerning some particular craving." Possibly. I know I started keeping stf magazines that I bought because I wanted to re-read them - and for years I did re-read them. Now I don't have time to read all the new material, let alone re-read the old, but I still keep them. A particular craving, or simple habit? And stf constitutes by far the biggest collection we have, both in volume and value. (Juanita's animals can be - and are at present - kept in a good-sized closet, but the stf has outgrown Ed Wood's dictum on space requirements.) Also, I wonder if psychoanalysis could tell me whether I have a lot of little inner voids that need filling, or one damned big one? Certainly nobody needs all that variety. I like to think I collect things because I find them interesting, but psychology would never accept any explanation that simple. Whatever the explanation, it seems to affect a large part of fandom. Most of the fans I know - particularly my closer friends in fandom - have a large share of packrat in them. Not only do all of them collect science fiction, but most of them collect other things as well.

Of course, in addition to finding things interesting, there is also a fair chance of finding them valuable. In this civilized age of machine culture, the craze for antiques has reached its height. People - apparently in an effort to provide an element of interest in their drab existence - will pay fabulous amounts for almost anything originally produced in a simpler age. (Fans lead interesting enough lives without resorting to antique-buying, but in this rural area it's handy to know what sort of junk the city slickers want, so you can sell it to them.) Almost anything has antique value. Juanita recently sold a box full of ordinary green quart Mason jars for 50¢ apiece. (She still does home canning, but these were chipped too badly to be useable.) I have heard rumors that people will pay money for, of all things, glass insulators from power lines. (A Mason jar could, I suppose, be used as a sort of primitively exotic vase, but what does one do with a highline insulator after he gets one?) Who, in the 1930^s, could have guessed that 30 years later someone would have the gall to print a sale catalog of old comic books with prices ranging from ten dollars to one hundred fifty dollars for each copy? Old toys - if they are old enough - cost far more than new ones. (And the new ones cost plenty, as anyone with an 11-year-old son can testify.) In this area, a bi-weekly newspaper has started up to cater to collectors; it's called TRI-STATE TRADER. A few items from the sale columns of the most recent issue include a complete cider mill with a fifty-ton press for twelve hundred dollars (the ad doesn't say whether or not shipping is included), four round porch columns for fifty bucks, a leather container for celluloid collars for ten dollars, a solid brass spittoon (replica, not original) for five ninety-five (how does an industry devoted



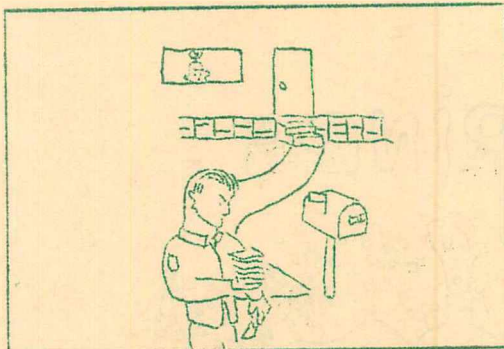
to making replica spittoons strike your sense of wonder?), a genealogical column with a notice - "Wanted: Ancestors of Samuel Dietz" (dead or alive?) - a Civil War pay voucher for \$1.50, a book devoted to tombstone inscriptions of Wayne Township, Indiana, for five dollars, World War II newspapers for one dollar each, a full place setting of silverware from the Santa Fe Railroad for ten dollars (that ashtray you stole at the Baycon may be valuable yet; hang onto it), old whiskey labels at ten for a dollar, and other equally improbable items. (One ad is mildly insulting; along with 78 r.p.m. records, old cigar boxes, G.A.R. badges and a boot jack, an L.C. Smith typewriter is listed. This article was typed on an L.C. Smith typewriter, and it isn't that old! Though, come to think of it, the company has discontinued making parts for it....)

At any rate, these days there is a solidly practical reason for hanging onto junk - ten years from now it may be transformed into a valuable antique. If glass insulators and whiskey labels can be turned into cash, is anything exempt? Maybe the Collyer Brothers weren't such dopes after all. Maybe by the time Juanity and I have this house filled to the roof with collections, we can sell some of them off for a fabulous profit and retire into fandom. The motto for the day is; if you have the room, don't throw anything away. Sooner or later, somebody will buy it.



"Go tell your father I'm keeping his letter collection
IN THIS closet."

It Was a Very Good Year!



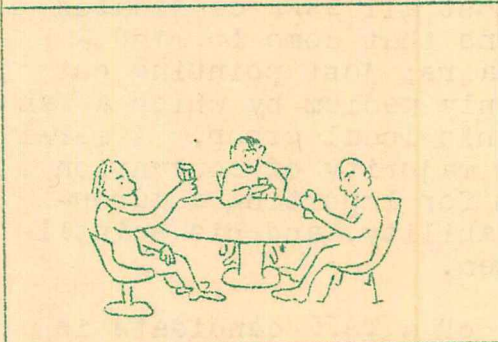
When I was seventeen
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for N'APA zines
Done the neofannish way,
And a letter a day;
I read my first zine
When I was seventeen



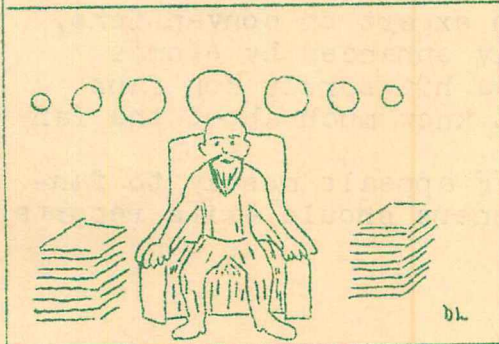
When I was twenty-one
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for Cultish zines;
For putting people on
From the dusk until the dawn -
Ah, fandom was fun
When I was twenty-one.



When I was twenty-eight
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for general zines
With circulation wide;
Frivolity aside,
I played it quite straight
When I was twenty-eight.



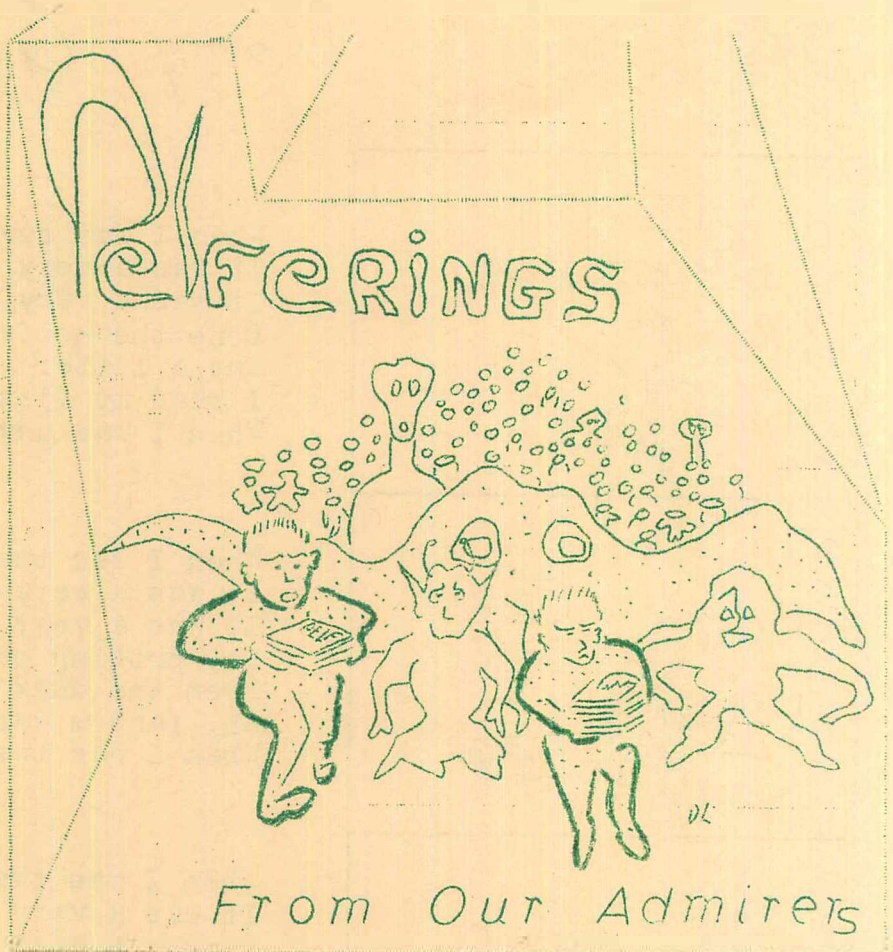
When I was thirty-five
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for FAPAazines,
And friends of many years
Convening over beers.
It all was still alive
When I was thirty-five



And now the days grow short;
I feel the shadows coming near,
And I think of the fandom I have known:
Of paper, words, and ink,
And many a well-forged link
To friends far and near -
It was a very good year...

BEN SOLON

If I've not misread him, DaveH attributes the current lack of interest in TAFF to the failure of the last three American TAFF delegates to publish reports. He further suggests that the general rise in affluence along with the reduction in transportation costs have made it unlikely that most U.S. fans will get worked up "over sending someone to Europe who can afford to go anyhow." I don't agree. The causes Dave enumerates may be contributing factors, but I think the current apathy toward TAFF is due primarily to the fact that it appeals to only one segment of fandom. Fanzine fandom.



Certainly "in a day when a convention draws over 1000 members" one hundred or so TAFF voters "is a pretty paltry representation". But it is hardly surprising. Of those 1000 convention members, perhaps only one third (I'm being generous) have any degree of familiarity with fanzine publishing fandom. Yet it is from the ranks of the fanzine fans, and the hyperactive fanzine fans at that, that almost all TAFF candidates - Don Ford and Bob Madle are the only exceptions that come to mind - are drawn. I'm not knocking this state of affairs; just pointing out that it exists. After all, fanzines are the only medium by which a fan can become even moderately well-known outside his local group. I merely think that it's somewhat foolish to expect the majority of convention attendees to foot a larger portion of the bill for importing a European fan, who, for all his writing and editing ability, and his scintillating personality, is completely unknown to them.

[DGH: You may have a point - but the impact of a TAFF candidate is primarily at conventions. I'm not an expert on conventions, but the only Worldcon I've attended was greatly enhanced by ATom's presence; if most TAFF candidates make as big a hit surely con fans would want to support TAFF even if they didn't know much about the fan in question.

And assuming you're right that TAFF appeals mostly to fanzine fans, isn't this even more reason why winners should write reports on their trips? V

PHOEBE LOCKE I enjoyed PELF #5 very much, even though I wound up doing the collating, stapling, licking the stamps and a few other peon tasks.

I know that Lloyd Biggle will be disappointed at the lack of comment on his 'Rule Of The Door' introduction. Maybe people haven't commented because they all agree with what he was saying. It was the high spot of the issue. The 'Rule Of The Door' is the best collection of sf I've read, and his introduction was worth re-reading.

I liked Dave Hulan's editorial, but I can't really see that the two of you have similar writing styles as Harry Warner says - that is, to the point where he feels it's hard to tell the styles apart when you aren't "careful about identifying which Dave" is writing.

[DAVE: Back in 1964 our styles were, to a degree, similar. Over the last few years, however, I have totally outstripped Dave in writing ability.]

The cover was excellent and I think Tim Kirk should be drawing professionally. I don't believe he could make a living by drawing alien beings like those on the cover, but with talent like that he certainly could go places.

I didn't care for Milt Stevens' article, if that's what you call it. It was well written, but the subject didn't really interest me. I feel his 'War Stories' would be more worth reading, if they're all as wild as the one DGH mentioned.

Say, if PELF is going to start coming out regularly (and often) then I think the editors should buy me a collator. It isn't really a great problem doing it all by hand, but the real problem is keeping our 1½ year old from ripping and crumpling up the pages when I have them spread out all over the place (he acts like your worst critic).

HARRY WARNER, JR. You will notice immediately, upon reading this, that things haven't changed despite the long interval between PELFs. I haven't changed the ribbon.

One perplexity immediately comes to mind. Does PELF now join the ranks of such as PSYCHOTIC, WARHOON, and CRY as a suspended fanzine which has suddenly been raised into the ranks of the living once more? Or is it necessary for a longer mourning period to have elapsed before the miracle occurs? Whatever the final decision of fandom on this matter, which probably will go to a worldcon business session for final settlement, I'm very happy to see PELF again. I shall refrain from attempting to solve the mathematical puzzle that many of your readers will undoubtedly accomplish, in the form of when the sixth PELF will appear if the progressively longer interval between each succeeding issue continues its influence over your publishing schedule.

[DGL: I think we were out longer than WARHOON, but PELF was not a suspended fanzine and it hasn't been revived. We just took a bigger rest between issues.]

I gather that things in California went better after the moment at which the editorial leaves off its narration. This is fine, but you still haven't solved the real puzzle. This is, how are there any fans left

in New York, since all the fans in both the city and state of that name invariably move to California after a few years?

Bruce Coulson is going to be an awfully busy young man in a few more years, if the second generation fan situation is really like the description in Dave Hulan's editorial. This is the sort of thing that makes fanac so difficult back here in the hills, in a state where the fans haven't established a tradition of moving to California or anywhere else. I sometimes wake three-quarters of the way through the night (not in the middle of the night, because that's when I go to bed) and wonder if I'm the only person in fandom who is so isolated that he hasn't heard about how all the male offspring of fans are being raised in seclusion, their very existence a secret carefully kept out of fanzines where the mailman might read about it, and destined for some unguessable oneshot of unparalleled scope and brilliance. Naturally, the Coulsons as non-conformists would prefer to give Bruce a normal sort of YANDRO-publishing boyhood.

I've speculated in several letter columns lately that the only thing wrong with TAFF is the sweetness and light it has incurred in recent years. There hasn't been any kind of squabble, and normally a good fight is the quickest way to a flourishing fannish tradition. However, I agree that the lack of trip reports (particularly, the lack of trip reports serialized in fanzines where people read them without ordering a special volume) has helped to create the apathy. There is some genuine gulf between American and British fandom, but I can think of yet another factor: the way more and more fans have crossed the Atlantic to attend a con, reducing the novelty of the TAFF visitor and the expectancy induced by the thought of a fan coming all that way. There are so many fans today, and so many fans are reasonably well off, that TAFF shouldn't be hard to restore to full vigor. Maybe it needs nothing more complicated than one or two fans who are willing to work hard on publicity in the way that Bjo did for the Japanese fan visitor.

It makes me feel good to know that I followed the LLR philosophy without the benefit of a college education to instruct me in the technique. I am fairly well satisfied with the way things have gone after all these years of semi-stagnation. If LLR prevents advocates from growing extremely rich, it also saves them from doing greedy things. I suspect that it also prevents them from doing lots of potential harm to others. None of the three parties represented in the presidential election seemed suitable to me, I didn't join the Snoopy for President movement on the theory that Figpen would be a candidate more in keeping with most people who have held that office, and so now I've begun to think that we should form a LLR party in time to capture the 1972 election.

Somehow, I suspect that I'd rather read Hilt Stevens' 'War Stories' than such erudite dissertations on the private life of electrons. If he gets a good microscope to work, he might even provide us next time with something which is not quite photography nor pornography but rather photonography. I don't doubt in the least the Coral Sea episode. Only a few hours ago I had an experience which is entirely different yet somehow related. I went to the courthouse to try to get the absentee vote count for the election. It was after hours, all the doors were locked, and after a quarter-hour of efforts to attract a custodian's attention, the sheriff happened to come by and let me in. Then I hunted through the building for the election board, finally hearing noises in a conference

room, and found them still counting ballots behind closed doors. I called a clerk out, she told me to come in and watch, and I explained that I just wanted the totals up to now. One of the board members recognized me and repeated her invitation. "Of course," he added, "we couldn't keep you out. The law says this absentee vote-counting is open to any member of the public."

The art is uniformly splendid, except for the ATom pictures, which are magnificent beyond all possible uniformity. Is it my overworked imagination, or do these really date back three or four years and as such represent early evidence of the change in subject matter which has become apparent from him in the past couple of years? I also liked very much your page 19 drawing, while wishing that you'd blown it up to full page size and used it as a cover for maximum impact. As a non-artist, I never can figure out what impels those who can draw to make some pictures big and others little.

[(DGH: The ATom illos date from late '64 and early '65, so I suppose the answer is "yes" to your question.]]

[(DGL: My illo on page 19 dated back to '63... As a fanzine illustrator (not an artist) I would imagine that the first thing any fan artist does, before he even sets pencil to paper, is decide whether he's going to do an illo or do a cover. Possibly most good illustrations could be scaled up or scaled down, and with minor rework still be good illustrations, though not always appropriate in the new format.]]

BUCK COULSON Say, didn't I see a copy of PELF somewhere in the stack that I can comment on? Umm; #5, so I suspect I'm a bit late. But then (pick your favorite cliché).

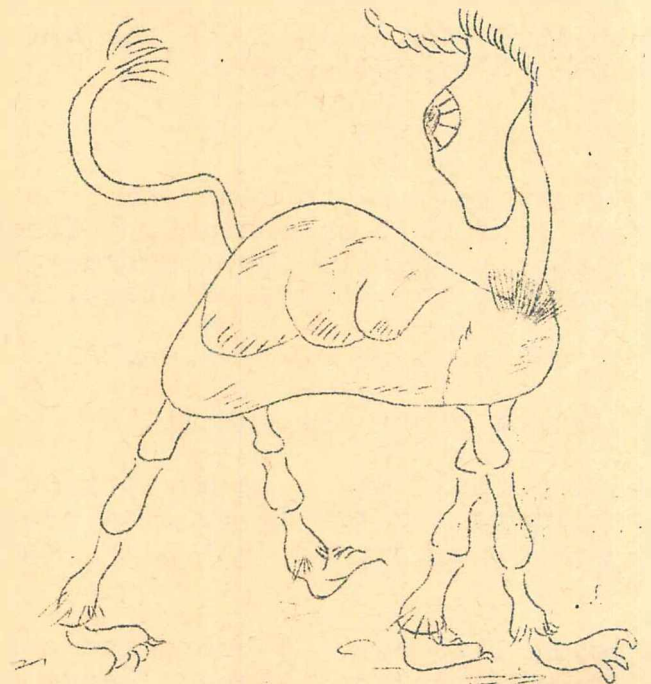
[(DGL: 'You can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him water.']]

I love John Boardman saying that some of his best friends are southerners. I won't repeat my own opinion of the south - except to mention that I emphatically turned down a tentative offer to transfer to company headquarters in Dallas and the faint possibility of a transfer to the Athens, Georgia, plant. (Cop-out? Maybe.)

You know, Double Dave just doesn't have the ring of Double Bill.

[(DGH: That's why we named it PELF...]]

I think one of the problems with TAFF is that there haven't been any really big-name, interesting fans going in either direction for some years. Interesting to the majority of US fans, that is. I knew Tom Schlück only slightly before he came over; he's quite interesting and pleasant once you get acquainted with him, but he certainly wasn't as well known as the earlier winners. Steve Stilos is, I guess, a nice guy, but I don't



know him, either; I say hello to him at conventions and that's about it. He's fairly well known, of course, in New York, but he's not really a name like -- well, like Bill Donaho or Bjo Trimble, or Ted White. (A lot of the people who know those three may not like them, but they're known, definitely.) I don't even remember who the losers were in the past couple of years, but there was certainly no name among them with a definite Personality. In fact, considering the quiet, underplayed way Terry Carr comes across, the last winners with Personality were Weber and Ethel Lindsay. There's nothing like a touch of flamboyancy to get people interested; ask Harlan.

ED COX

doodle in these spaces

It appears that I've been somehow swornhoggled by my own petard, or something, to write this here letter, on several counts. Nothing like doing it ass-backwards, of course. Lots of fans intimate in letters-of-comment that they'll no doubt try to come up with an article or some other contribution. I would have to sort of promise to write a letter-of-comment in a contribution I sent to PELF...

Of course, I am almost in a position where I've forgotten what is in PELF. After all, I felt there was no big rush to write a letter of comment (I suppose I could say LoC but one of the co-editors might consider this egoboo of a sort....) ...after all, who expected another issue, #6 to be specific, before 1971? I figured I'd have plenty of time to reread it before then...

Then there is the matter of getting Prepared to make certain a certain contributor and letter-of-comment writer gets her just desserts. This has nothing to do with after-the-main-course gustatory delights. No.

Actually, Tina Hensel (of the Arrow Hart Highway Hensels) owes me a couple of nights sleep!

Yes.

This may be hard to comprehend but I'm sure the editors, among other witnesses, will understand. Witnesses, you ask? Yes. There were quite a number of people who observed what Tina Hensel did to me that caused me to miss two nights of sleep...

It's all because of my wife.

She slept right through it!

Now this next may come as sort of a disappointment (except maybe to the editors and surely to Tina Hensel) but you've all no doubt gone jumping to conclusions. Actually, what Tina did to me was to give Anne a owl.

A real, live one. A burrowing owl. With sharp beady eyes, sharper beak and razor-looking talons. Seems as if he (we are making an assumption here that will not, repeat, not be borne out by empirical examination!) had been winged, literally, by a .22 in the hands of someone some weeks ago. And was being kept by some friends of Tina's during recuperation.

I don't recall what it was (maybe the talons) that caused them to relinquish it but Tina, remembering that Anne collects owls in the multitudinous variety of forms, material, shapes, etc., that proliferate but would much rather have a live, real one, made arrangements (this part started three lines above) to bring same to Anne during a party at the Moffatts' Manor on the eve of 11 January 1969.

That's when Tina did it to me! I mean, after all, didn't she remember that owls are nocturnal creatures. Yes, indeed, it perched there, almost immobile in the little cage, staring piercingly at whoever dared come near, and backing away and staring even more so should one approach too rapidly. Beautiful creature. Fierce and wild and not meant to be caged. But too vulnerable to anything that might attack while said owl was still not fit and flyable. And so on.

So we brung it home. Not trusting our menagerie, Anne put the cage on the dresser. And we retired. During the wee hours, there was a fluttering, thrashing, clumpling noise. I turned on the light. The owl stared at me. Squinted, even. I shut off the light. Owl was standing on the bottom of the cage. As the night wore on, more thrashing and fluttering. Off and on. Until daylight at which time, tho not immediately, we found that owl (Lewis is his name, after Al (Owl) Lewis...) had knocked over his water dish, knocked the perch down and had, as we'd heard, indeed eaten some of the sunflower seeds.

I suppose I too would've demonstrated if all I got was sunflower seeds. But the next night, we thought we'd get smart. We put Lewis Owl (you should've seen Al Lewis' expression when Anne explained the name she gave the owl...) encaged on the desk in this den (wherein I sit this very second). Here, we thought craftily, the light would be left on, Lewis would think it daytime and remain quiet throughout the whole nighttime completely all of it til dawn like.

He, however, was unaware of this.

We left the den door to the hall open a bit just in case he started thrashing himself to death in the cage. It was sort of small until we got a larger one (in which he now resides). I don't know exactly what I'd have done if he had started on this course. Maybe open up a bottle of corflu to slow him down, or something. At any rate, even a bit of light streaming out into the hall is enough to be more than noticeable in the dark of night, especially if a thrashing commotion in the cage awakes one firstly. It even woke up Kevin who usually sleeps thru everything! I got up and checked but only found Lewis peering sharply at me in return. From the bottom of the cage, again. And so on thru the night this noise kept coming thru. I got up late, went to work late, forgot to take any money with me, had to borrow coffee money from the secretary, etc.

And it rained.

It is now raining heavily. I'm not sure what connection there is in this but it is handy to mention along with all the other Good Things that happened. It'll at least drown (if you'll pardon the expression) out any thrashing around Lewis Owl does tonight, if any. He has a cage many times larger. And it is out in the patio, appropriately shielded and covered to keep him warm and comfortable in the rather moist atmos-

phere of this evening. It is no doubt better than a perch in a wet tree.

Which somehow (don't ask how!) reminds me that I haven't really gotten to commenting on FELF 5 in this letter. Well, after all, I did read it quite a while ago and didn't really expect to have to reread and comment on it til 1971 or so. But I'll be sure to comment on FELF 6, which is coming out Real Soon Now. Oh, yes, I will, most definitely. Even if it shouldn't happen to have any Doodling Space in it.

It will have a contribution in it by Tina Hensel...

TINA HENSEL Knowing both of you, I thought perhaps I could get away with making verbal comments and admiring noises. However, I suddenly had the horrid feeling that you might refuse to give me another free copy. Frozen with fear, I immediately decided to write you something. (And its hard to touch type with frozen fingers. I hope that you appreciate this effort of mine, and feel suitably guilty.) Please observe: A LoC.

I enjoyed both editorials. Dave Locke: Is California trying to reject you because you're an alien substance, or just because it doesn't like you?

[/ DGL: It just doesn't like me because I'm an alien substance.]/

Dave Hulan: Being a fem fan, I don't want any home grown competition. All of you frantically busy fans out there: QUIT BREEDING GIRL BABITS. I like the situation just the way it is.

I was lucky enough to have read 'Something' in 'Rule Of The Door', but enjoyed re-reading it. Incidentally, that was an excellent book. I strongly recommend that anyone who missed it, go out and glom on to a copy. Then read it. You'll enjoy it. I Promise.

[/ DGL: It was an excellent collection from an excellent, but unsung, author. I consider 'Door' one of my favorite one-author collections.]/

I dearly loved the 'Atomic Orgy', but I like our old, out-moded, and exceedingly "Indecent" universe just the way it is. Shameless of me to admit it, but I sort of groove on things that bring a blush to the cheek of tender maidens and even ancient, incredibly experienced harridans. I mean, I'm all for indency as long as it is confined to such things as universes (or should that be universi?).

Strangely enough, considering its slightly dated and undoubtedly non-topical contents, I have all sorts of comments on the contents of your letter column. (Incidentally, how ever did you manage to find all those letters, five years later?)

[/ DGL: More easily than we managed to find letters for this issue.]/

Like Bill Donaho, I also found the 'Well Of The Unicorn' a dead bore. Sorry, DaveH, but I did. Having had it highly recommended to me, I kept doggedly ploughing through, but never did manage to become involved with the people, the situation, or even the writing style. I find this odd,

because I usually enjoy Pratt's stuff.

⌈ DGH: Everyone to her own lousy taste... ⌋

However, I have enjoyed the trilogy very much. Perhaps this is because I was exposed to the 'Hobbit' at an early age, and thus became painlessly accustomed to Tolkien's style.

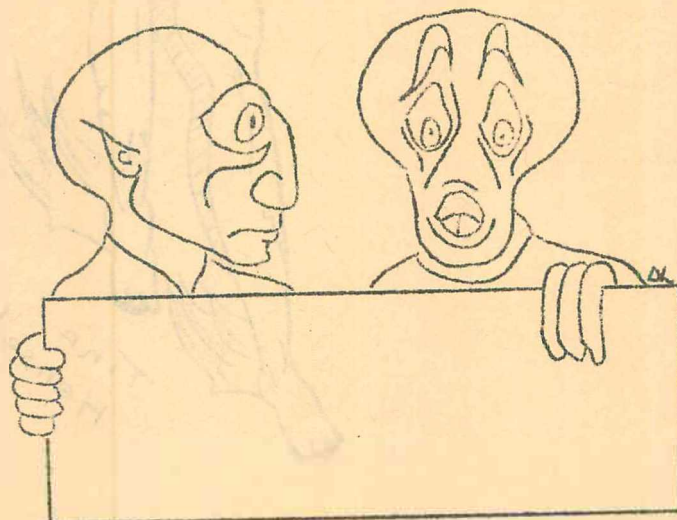
Concerning what used to be called Rock and Roll, I too disliked the majority of it. Creath Thorne's Cuppyesque Decline and Fall of Classical Music was lovely. However, I suspect that rather than having an independent come up with the idea of cashing in on the commercial values of music, the priests probably came up with the idea. Maybe the tribal shaman was also Chief musician. After all, anything as groovy as music must have been sacred. Quite a bit of it still is, even today.

I happen to be very fond of some of the so called "New Sound". Chiefly, because I like poetry, and it seems to have become a substantial part of popular music in the teenage world. I think that 'A Day In The Life', 'White Rabbit', and 'Paper Cup' have some good imagery and interesting rhyme patterns. Also quite a bit of the later Beatle stuff has an almost E. E. Cummings feel about it in construction and form.

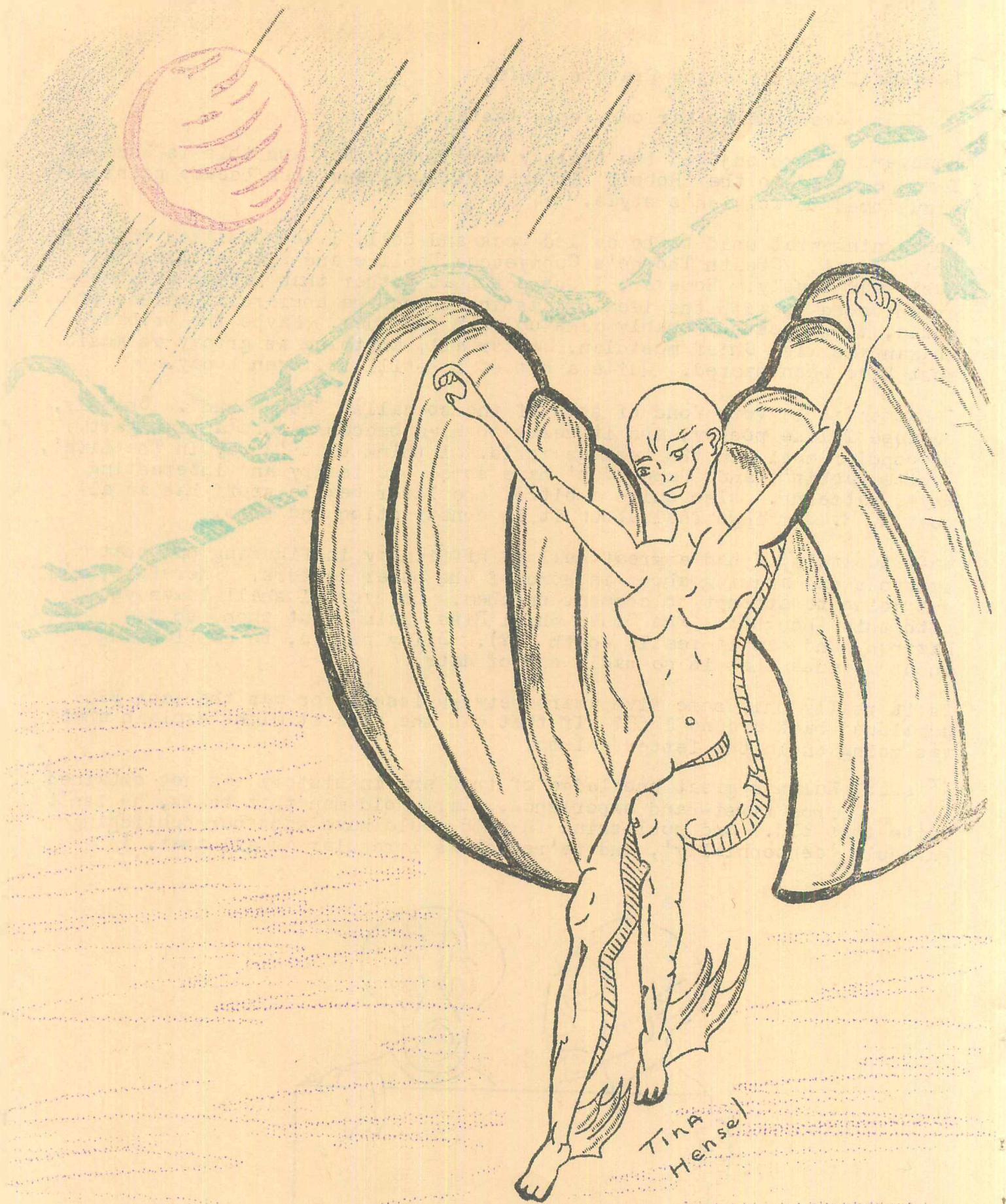
Unfortunately, I had a great deal of difficulty in figuring out what everyone was arguing about in some of the other letters. Therefore, I'm not going to attempt to comment on them. However, I shall leave you with this thought: "The South Shall Rise Again" (but then, so did Lazerus, and was it really worth it?). Silly people, to be fighting about a cause that is so sadly out of date.

Is it really only some five years between issues, or was the last PELF published back around 1868? If that was the case it might explain what was going on in the letter column.

⌈ DGL: Hulan's great knowledge of that era in history was not obtained from first-hand experience. Dirty old man that he is, he isn't quite that old. And publishing in 1868 would have made our publishing schedule 'centennially', and we're not as irregular as all that. ⌋



"Ed Cox - Doodle HERE, too"



Tina
Hensel