



"y'see, fans are introverts, like -- uncomfortable around people..."

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PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS  
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This is PHlotsam No. T-w-e-n-t-y. Mature, but not quite yet of age. Reverse that -- I can't stop you -- and you'll have ye pub., Phyllis H. Economou, res. 2416 E. Webster Place., Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin. Published for the Big FAPA 100th in August of 1962. Onward and upward -- the 200th beckons -- gawdelpus.

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S P I N D R I F T ~ ~ ~

IT'S LINARD'S FAULT.

I had no slightest intention of publishing PHlotsam this quarter. Not that I didn't want to. Just that in recent weeks it became obvious that, for all my good intentions, it was absolutely impossible to think of publishing PHlotsam. There was not a single available moment to spare from my crowded days and nights in the foreseeable future. Too bad -- but what could I do?

Then Jean's material came into my hands ... I promised I would somehow get it into the August mailing ... he preferred to have it in PHlotz rather than as a separate magazine ... I'm typing here ...

So much for absolutes.

What or how much will emerge, I have no idea. I have a lot to say -- things I've been wanting and planning to say -- but can't attempt to express in the limited time left. Maybe next time.

THESE PAST FEW WEEKS have been hectic, frantic -- and finally simply hilarious. Jean Linard's wild and wonderful letter set off a genuine French Farce, lacking only the sex element to make it a classic. The Trimbles, DAG and I simultaneously received copies of Jean's letter -- and then the fun began.

Dean was up to his ears if not over his head -- so were both the Trimbles and I, for different reasons. My letter to Bjohn asking them to arrange the petition and I would publish crossed with theirs asking me to get up a petition and they were planning to publish. On receipt of their letter, I immediately wrote and mailed the petition. The following morning, Ron Ellick's petition arrived in my mail -- and everyone else's, to general confusion. I thereupon wrote to the Trimbles withdrawing my offer to publish for this mailing due to work load, and announced my intention to "sit back and wait for the dust to settle, doing nothing." This letter crossed with theirs telling me they were gladly accepting my offer to publish and were forwarding Jean's material as they were in the midst of a serious family crisis. The next mail brought new material directly from Jean (somewhere in this issue) -- and the following mail another letter from Bjohn solemnly vowing to get the material they had on hand by Jean into the August mailing, as I was unable to. This letter, of course (by now I was accepting these things with a feeling of total inevitability), crossed with mine telling them I had Jean's stuff and solemnly vowing to get it into the mailing ...

Never has such a furor been caused by one slender man. The whole sequence of events took on the quality of the Linard personality itself -- somewhat other-worldish -- groping towards logic in a bemusingly fanciful way that delights, intrigues and never quite arrives. I'll be sad when Jean masters his English.

Fapa proved to have an overwhelming number of "KEEP JEAN LINARD CLUB" members. I don't know the final count -- due to the profusion of petitions, signatures were being mailed to both the Trimbles and to me. But I collected a total of 37 to date. I think this sets something of a record for lackadaisical Fapa.

Welcome back, Jean!

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The Trimble family crisis so briefly referred to on the previous page was, in itself, a very greivous one as they lost John's beloved mother. However, despite their grief and preoccupation, they still had heart and effort to spare for another member's difficulties. Two wonderful people!

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FAPA REALLY PROVED LACKADAISICAL about sending in their Polls in February. Response was the lowest in years -- about 24, instead of the 45 or so we've been having. This may have been due to passive resistance against the change from November to February -- we're a bunch of old traditionalists and abhor change. It could also have been due to the complexity of Bill's point-alloting system -- not overwhelmingly difficult, but just enough so to put people off who were not inclined to bother figuring it out "right now." I know mine was mailed Special Delivery at the very last minute for just that reason. A lesson?

Paradoxically, this very small turnout pleased me tremendously -- viewed from a highly personal angle. On looking over the list of voters, I noticed immediately that many of the people I consider my "best friends" in Fapa -- those I knew enjoyed PHlotz or were personal friends who could be expected to heavily weight the votes for PHlotsam -- had not voted. Yet, there was PHlotz -- Way Up There. It was obvious that many more members than I realized find PHlotz pleasant reading which made me feel very warm and happy. Thanks, all of you!

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ODDS FROM THE ENDS' BASKET: Three clippings at hand that I thought worth tearing out and offering to Fapa. Little morsels that have nothing at all to do with Science-Fiction.

1) This item may set the scientific minds in our midst to speculating. Such a thing could raise the whole cultural level of the next few mailings which is supposed to be a Good Thing. I'm glad I saved it. I like to do Good Things.

Datelined Innsbruck, Austria, it says: "Willy Schoner, a bartender, reports a curious phenomenon for 1962: Heads twirling from too much alcohol feel as though they are going counterclockwise instead of clockwise. Drunks have started careening to the right instead of to the left, he says. Schoner offers no explanation for the changes since 1961."

Can you?

2) On to the Educational Field. From House Beautiful, an ad depicting crystal wine glasses, a bunch of mammoth grapes and a bottle with the label "Our Very Own." The Vino Corporation offers a do-it-yourself kit -- the Vino Kit -- to make your own table wines. Includes three 1-gallon combination press, fermenting, and aging tanks and detailed instruction booklet. An educational and enjoyable hobby, they claim. (This, I consider higher education.)

Now I remember why I saved it all these months. The ad says: "Federal law permits heads of households to produce, tax free, up to 200 gallons of wine annually for home consumption." I can't rummage through past mailings to find the item, but do remember someone -- Gregg? -- being told that it was illegal to make home brew without federal permits or some such folderol. Would this federal law apply then only to

wine? This might be. Wine is the traditional daily table beverage for several ethnic groups in this country. To my knowledge, this cannot be said for home brew. (Casting no aspersions, understand!) But this could be why wine is so legally favored -- if it is. There's no particular point to this -- I'm just reporting. (If anyone wants to try it, the address is -- the Vino Corporation, Box 3915B, Rochester 10, New York. Complete kit, \$6.95 -- no COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed if used as directed.) This was another PHlotz Public Service feature.



3) More on the Educational Field. (I'm impressed with myself -- I really am. Ken Cheslin said that PHlotz was like meringue, tasty but lacking substance. Chew on these profound subjects, Ken -- and gobble your words with them!)

Datelined New York - UPI, this one is headed; "What's This Essay Bit? Stumped Students Ask" -- and goes on, "Is essay writing becoming a lost art in the United States?"

"The ABC radio network is pondering that question as a result of its annual essay competition among undergraduate students in the nation's universities and colleges. ((Subject: 'Youth's Role in United States Foreign Policy.'))

"The network mailed a letter to about 10,000 educators asking their cooperation in encouraging students to enter the Edward P. Morgan essay contest, named for the ABC news commentator who originated it. Information was sent to all college newspapers so they could publish the contest rules.

"One thing was overlooked, however, according to ABC: Nobody thought of telling the students how to write an essay.

"Morgan's Washington office soon was swamped with mail from students asking for guidance. When students in Washington's universities started telephoning

Morgan's home, he called New York headquarters for help.

"The problem was submitted to a Columbia university professor, who came up with a mimeographed card citing six rules for writing a good essay. The card was sent to all the inquiring students.

"'Since then,' Morgan said, 'I've received about 30 letters complaining that the instructions are no help at all. I have replied to all these with a letter quoting Charles Townsend Copeland's definition of a typical essayist: A tattler, a spectator, a rambler and a loungeur ...'

"'That won't teach them how to write essays, but it may dull the pain of not being able to.'"

NC

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SPEAKING OF ESSAYS, I am going to write one for the next issue of PHLotz. It needs writing. It will be about me, and how and what I think, and a startling thing I've discovered after eight years in Fapa. I don't know whether or not there will be any mailing comments in this issue -- there aren't any yet -- but if there are, a number of people are going to feel I'm practicing the very sort of evasiveness that I accused Jack Speer and Harry Warner of last issue. That is, I wondered why, whenever I disagreed with them on a basic subject, the next mailing they would chatter to me of inconsequentialities instead of giving me the debate I was waiting for. (Harry said he answered me in unwritten letters.)

IF I do mailing comments, I will not be evading any issues. I will be simply postponing discussion of them. That's why I want to write this Essay. As a blanket and definitive reply to issues I find myself involved in.

So if my problematical mailing comments are filled with inconsequentialities -- that's my intention this time.

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LAST ISSUE (February) we left three intrepid fans, Jim Broderick, Howard DeVore and Dean McLaughlin, floundering in a snowbank somewhere between Milwaukee and Chicago. For a long time, their whereabouts was unknown. In fact, it still is. However, the recent discovery of a strange manuscript which by odd and circuitous means found its way into my hands offers hope for their survival and, possibly, eventual return.

This manuscript is reproduced on the next page. The original has every appearance of being a genuine document recounting the adventures of our vanished friends during this long interval.

I know that all of us will be waiting eagerly and hopefully in Chicago for them to make their appearance. We cannot help, and this is hard. But, my friends, keep in mind that such experiences cannot but leave their mark on men. These three, should they return, will not be the Jim B., Dean McSquiggle and BHH we all knew and loved. Accept this and welcome them back to the fold -- however ... or whatever ... they may now be. In time, the marks of strangeness and the scars of hardship will fade and they will become one with us again. ... PHE



## M.S. FOUND IN A GLACIER

January 1962

Rescue party reached us, exhausted, supplies gone. They were delicious!

Mid-January

Reached a Hudson Bay Trading Post. A sign said; "Closed for Winter. Grand Spring Sale starts July Fourth."

Late January

Met party of Eskimos today, heading south for the winter. Tried to bum food from us. We wonder if all Eskimos taste like blubber?

February 1st (?)

Large footprints in the snow. We stretched our canvas across one and spent the night in it.

February 5th

Set up permanent camp, will try to breed polar bears (next day) Experiment a total failure - Jim is heartbroken. Will try penguins next. (another day) One of our penguins is in love with Jim Broderick, Jim wonders, How do you kiss a penguin?

Still February

We have abandoned hope of reaching Milwaukee. Have decided to turn and head for Chicago, hoping to reach there by September. Jim's penguin, Penny, gave us trouble. Jim refuses to leave without her. (next day)

We have solved the problem for Jim, hope he doesn't find the feathers!



Late February

A white bearded fat man in red underwear passed our camp today. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

Probably the last of February

Killed a Shaggoth last night. It was wearing a fur coat, label said; "Property - H.P. Lovecraft".

Early March(?)

We had meat today! Jim shot an albatross. We think our luck has changed.

March

Man passed us today, whipping sled dogs madly. Sign on the sled said; "Serum Transit Service .... Nome, Alaska .... Weekly service since 1901".

Still March

Shaggoth's more numerous now, but very scrawny. It takes three to make a meal.

March or early April

Found a strange creature buried in the ice. It was loaded with fat and very delicious. We think it came from a world with a bluer sun.

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FINANCE

L O W



Once a year, Wall Street has itself a Bawl. The 8-page "Bawl Street Journal" is published chock full of financial news, ads and cartoons of a very unusual nature. Maybe excerpts from some of these issues (no pun intended) will substitute for STEFANTASY's page from "Typographic." Unfortunately, the best of the lot are unprintable -- by me, anyway. Many contain as much truth as humor. So, as another PHlotsam Public Service -- here are your latest Wall Street quotations ...

The following are all from display ads -- most firm names omitted to save space.

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"Honeymooning? -- Fly United."

"If You Think the Puritans Were Punished in Stocks -- Talk To Some of Our Customers -- W. E. Hutton & Co."

"For a variety of fine foods served by experienced waitresses in appetizing forms ... Go To Schrafft's."

"We make money for our clients. If they get caught passing the stuff, that's their worry. Albert Frank-Guenther Law, Inc."

"I dreamed I was arrested in my Maidenform Bra -- and fined for a ridiculous figure."

"Clearance Sale -- Uranium Shares, Six Cents a Ream."

"Our Tonsorial Specialty -- No-Cal Shampoo for Fatheads. Terminal Barbershops."

"We are pleased to announce the opening of an office in Hong Kong, 603 Tak Shing House. Representatives: Tu Yung Tu; No Yen Tu; Tu Dum Tu."

"Guaranty Trust Co., Foreign Department. Specializing in German Marks (the wurst kind) and English Pence (with or without cuffs)"

"When the 'Man from E. F. Hutton' visits you, Ladies, you'll find his professional approach and mature experience goes beyond buying and selling securities."

Meet another new customer  
of Reynolds & Co.



"MY OBJECTIVE IS MINIMUM  
COVERAGE PRODUCING MAXIMUM  
INTEREST. Reynolds & Co.  
is helping me achieve this."  
says Fan Dancer Betty Behr

"Our Syndicate Manager (With a Nice Private Office) Would Like to Entertain a Nice Private Deal ... Equitable Securities Corporation."

"We specialize in Convertibles -- Debentures ... Cars ... Sofas ..."

"Ladies -- If you are not fully covered, our agent would like to drop in and see you -- Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co."

"Everybody has a good word for this firm, but we can't print it."

"Got Money Worries? You can't take it with you. Why not leave it behind with us?"

"If you're considering investing in SMELLOVISION -- Try Us. We've got some Real Stinkers! Hemphill, Noyes & Co."

"In a Stock -- It's Growth. In a Bond -- It's Income. In a Small Foreign Car -- It's Impossible! Kidder, Peabody & Co."

"Our research works like a top -- You can spin in circles, too."

"We give a gold watch to every new client. With every second purchase we give you the works. -- Bache & Co."

"Drive Safely! The Life You Save May Owe Us Money! Household Finance Co."

"GIRLS: Be careful! Those fellows in our cages are Tellers. Bank of New York."

"WANTED: Market expert who before 10 A.M. can tell which stocks will go up, and after 3:30 P.M. can tell why they didn't. -- W. E. Hutton & Co."

"Our Issues are so good that our salesmen invest their own relief checks."

"Want to get caught up a tree? Try one of our Branches. -- Paine, Webber."

"When we get a new customer we don't shake his hand. We lick it. -- Riter & Co."

"We hate to Advertise -- But We're Lonesome. -- Halsey, Stuart & Co., Inc."

"WANTED: A rich customer with NO brains - NO friends - NO lawyer. Reynolds & Co."

#### AND NOW FOR THE NEWS ...

Restaurants Bar Ovaltine: New York, N. Y. -- Restaurants in the financial district have announced that they will no longer serve Ovaltine to male patrons. This action was induced by numerous complaints from wives of Wall Streeters that their husbands are unable to stay awake for a second.

Gets Surprise Bonus: Toronto, Ont. -- According to reports on the Street, a young lady who recently went out with an executive of the Schick Company wound up with a little shaver.

Ackell Sees Way Out: New York, N. Y. -- Joseph J. Ackell, Jr. of The Wall Street Journal has devised a method by which his newspaper will not suffer any losses during an extended printers' strike. "Should we ever be faced with such a strike," he declared, "we'll print two months' papers ahead of time." Stay tuned.



EGOB00

and

EGOB00-BOO



THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Officialdom: I deplore the addition of covers to the FA. It's almost impossible to find it in the mailing without several go-throughs. The customary mailing contents cover is so much more convenient. The only other time the FA was obscured by illustrated covers was back in 1956 when LArea members previously held official sway. PLEASE, kids, I know you have a number of good artists -- but you also have a greater number of Fapazines to display their work in and on. I'm not alone in griping about this -- the other night DAG said he'd searched for the FA to the point of exasperation.

ELMURMURINGS C/W stuff/ Perdue: Unka Elmer, I'll never lose my childlike faith in you. Not if I have to wait in Fapa through all eternity to publish the Perdue Comments on the 96th mailing. God created the world in seven days, but reviewing a Fapa mailing is a far more complex matter. When I think of this column, I can hardly contain myself -- the profundity of it, the wisdom, the inspiration to all of us! I'm not certain I'm worthy of even transferring such thoughts to stencil, but humbly I await Thy coming. # Meanwhile these Elmerambings were fun. # I have a note here on page six saying "Write!" -- which I probably will never manage to do. But I would very much like the book and faithfully promise all the promises. Anyway, mailing comments are sort of letter substitutes.

MASQUE/Rotsler: Whether it's good for me or not, I refuse to be depressed -- despite all this horrible downbeat art. Maggots in the mind. Ugh. # The rest of the contents were something else again. Enjoyed that glimpse into a world as alien as any in sf. Why is it that prostitutes, or, in this case, strippers, are almost invariably depicted as "honest" and "straightforward"? Aren't any of them devious, or dishonest? If you mean they "accept men-as-they-are" -- I'm not convinced that's particularly good. I'd much rather accept men as they think they are, or would like to be, and that's what they usually are. So that's honesty, too. # This is stuff you read without much comment except for ENJOYED! ENJOYED!

HOOHAH/Parker: Not a single, solitary checkmark -- which is probably the best compliment of all. I just read it right through, completely absorbed.

SELF-PRESERVATION/Hoffman: You got some very weird and wonderful effects with that ink mixture. I kept wondering what it was supposed to be -- black here and there, reddish on page two, bluish on page six, winding up with rainbow on page last. Disconcerting. # GM would froth if she were still with us to read that paragraph on page 5 about "cornering," "two-strokes," etc. # Can't follow your thought about trying to pin members down to a specific output per annum. "A nominal minimum (the 8 pages now in effect seems reasonable) to signify interest strikes me as a good idea." What in the world are you driving at? It's that way now, already. I reread this a few times but it was still someone saying they would like to see Kennedy in the White House. ??? #

FAPAAutographs #1/Faaans: A faaan party is probably the only respectable (reasonably) kind that would be attended by 15 -- count 'em -- men and 1 lone girl.

ANKUS/Pelz: Bruce, fanzines are piling up on me again. Our plans are vague, but when I want to cull out again, should I ship 'em all to you -- collect? With warning, of course. But do you want them all? # There was treasure in them there auction stacks. I'm wondering who got VORTEX which I recall seeing in the conglomeration. Just saw it cataloged at \$5.00! # Thanks for telling me what a "mathom" is. I haven't tackled Tolkien yet. I've got a Mathom house, too. # Although I usually loathe plot run-downs, I enjoyed this one immensely.

SERCON'S BANE/Buz: I think we'd better vote you into office, Buz, before you break out in spots. As President, you could initiate, inaugurate and intimidate to your heart's content. Of course, you can do the first two as an ordinary old member -- but the third is the key to Power. You can slip in unchallenged such little things as my demand that current waiting listers produce credentials -- under cover of the "situations not covered by the Constitution" clause. That's the way to Get Things Done, and obviously you are exploding with ideas about what needs doing. I'm generally in agreement with you, too, although I hadn't given any particular thought to the things you mention. Incidentally, I don't think that the ruling about waiting listers producing credentials was applied in Jane Gallion's case, was it? How come not? # I think the a&b listing of split couples under one membership number is wrong if two bundles are sent out. This is another area that needs sharp defining. At present, our a&b's are still married and, under the Constitution, entitled to only a joint membership. Yet, when they are living at different addresses, who gets custody of the mailing? If the Linards and the Youngs were actually treated as single memberships receiving just one bundle per couple, then the admission of Johnstone was correct. However, if duplicate bundles were mailed to either couple, they were treated, in effect, as separate members bringing the effective membership total to 65 or 66. In this case, Johnstone should not have been admitted as there was no actual vacancy. Your question is a good one -- under what conditions, if any, are a separated couple entitled to individual memberships? # I came close to straight "A" cards a few times -- spoiled by "D" in Application and "F" in Deportment. # I wonder if perhaps people will be so intimidated by the very thought of the 100th mailing that we might have a record low participation. # Your remarks to Eney remind me of an hilarious line in "Father of the Bride" which we saw at the Swan recently. The bright-eyed young heroine, engaged to a prize-bull breeder, exclaimed rapturously, "Why, Mother -- he ships his semen all over the country!"

MOONSHADE/Sneary: During my early teens, I was an avid Western story reader, too. At one time, had a number of pen pals culled from Ranch Romances -- all male, of course. I visualized them all as tall lanky cowpunchers and if they told me what they actually did I dropped them in disappointment as too mundane. # Rick, your "Commentary" is extremely interesting. All about how you mature, level-headed types get together, thrash out Fapa's problems, and arrive at mature, level-headed decisions -- that somehow cause great outcries among the other members. This is a very sensible procedure, you feel. Then, with reference to the Willick Fan Awards, you propose an Awards Committee to make the decisions. Willick didn't like it, you say. No one else has liked it either, you say. "I'm not even sure I like it, and I doubt that it would work," you say. Yet, isn't that exactly what your "large group of members" have been doing by your own admission? I'm just asking. # If you think First Class Mail guarantees freedom of worry about postal restrictions, read Marion Bradley's FANTASY AMBLER, mailing #99.

AUTAIOS/Speer: What made Seacon different from any other? Easy -- it was a Cozycon. # Eddie is obviously a very talented boy, Jack. His art has that certain je ne sais quoi. # The low 1930's birthrate was caused by the sheer economic difficulty of feeding an extra mouth. Cost of raising, not cost of bearing. # I've never seen a single moon -- it's always doubled up. Yet my vision is 20/20 and without defect. # Oh, Oh -- Government policies. Take a deep breath, Phyllis E. Aim. Charge! Re TVA: Well now, yes -- the people served by TVA enjoy lower electric rates. That's nice for them. Of course, with an electric bill of my own to pay, I'm not always happy about chipping in to help pay part of theirs. But I realize that's ungenerous of me ... # Re Social Security: Well, yes -- the Government is offering the older generation today a terrific insurance buy on a comparative basis. Of course, a lot of this is being paid for by the young people whose SS deductions are starting in their early 20's or sooner. But as many of these kids can't hope to get back the staggering amount they will have paid in at age 65, I'm sure they don't mind picking up the tab for today's elderly ... # Re Constitutionality of Government activities: Well, yes -- they're fairly Constitutional, I guess. Take farm acreage allotments, for instance. It was finally decided that this practice was Constitutional as a "regulation of interstate commerce." Uh huh. That covers a good deal of territory, as was proved in 1942 in the Wickard v. Filburn case when an evil scofflaw of a farmer was fined for producing 23 acres of wheat instead of his allotted 11. His flimsy excuse was that he needed the wheat just to feed the stock on his own farm. How could that fall under interstate commerce? he wanted to know. "Aha," trumpeted the Court, "If you had not used your own wheat for feed, you might have bought wheat from someone else, and that purchase might have affected the price of wheat that was transported in interstate commerce." Guess it must be Constitutional, all right. # Of course, the Farm Program can be very beneficial to farmers. They can sell corn to Uncle Sam through feed grain provisions for \$1.20 per bushel and buy it right back for \$1.05. Isn't that nice? # Re Government Publishing: Well, yes -- you can buy a fine booklet of honest advice on Home Economics from the Government, real cheap. In fact, you can buy hundreds -- maybe thousands -- of books and pamphlets from the Government real cheap. About almost any subject, whether anyone is interested or not. I happen to be holding one in my hand right now. It's called the "Poultry & Egg Situation" and is published bi-monthly. It contains 36 pages of micro-elite statistics and data about chickens and things. From experience, we figure it keeps 30 or 40 people employed full time gathering, computing and tabulating all those statistical tables, plus preparing, publishing and distributing the magazine. Isn't that nice? Best of all, it doesn't cost us a cent. It just comes year after year for free. Lots of other people we know get it, too -- people in the egg or poultry business. I don't know anybody who reads it, though -- that's rather more than people care to know about eggs and chickens -- but maybe somebody somewhere does. Anyway, I wouldn't tell the Department of Agriculture that nobody reads it because it might make them sad. Of course, somebody has to pay for those people and work and all, but let's not worry about that, shall we? # I feel pretty foolish now, Jack. All primed for battle -- then found myself agreeing with you right down the line. Well, it was kinda nice for a change ...

DESCANT/Clarkes: I usually find this Fapazine very difficult to comment on. It is sheer entertainment and I read it chortling with delight. Both of you are able to jam more fun into a fanzine than almost anyone around. # I am left wondering what are "fries." But I gather that you aren't able to elaborate and I must fall back on my own imagination which runs rather wild. # I'm so glad we're still resisting TV!

BADLI/Hevelin: Thank you for a very pretty compliment, Rusty. Actually, there wasn't any air-conditioning in that Biltmore room anyway -- not with such hordes jammed in there, with usually at least two sitting on top of the unit. # Maybe Juanita would change her way of life by assuming each morning that it was her final day. But I think she would change her frantic rushing about much more contentedly by assuming each morning that she was going to live forever. There is plenty of time for all of it. Winston Churchill once said that he planned to spend the first 3 billion years of eternity finding an exact shade of yellow that has eluded him. # Re the art award, I momentarily weakened a bit in my adamance, due to all the clamor. However, I'm as strongly opposed as ever and will not weaken again whatever the propaganda. I would be very happy to donate to such an award -- and I think a great many others would cooperate. But I do not want any cuts out of the treasury for any purpose whatsoever. If even one member opposes such a cut, it would be confiscatory. There's so much of that sort of grabbing out of the pockets of all of us these days, that I think we've got into the habit of helplessly accepting it -- but in FAPA we can fight!

VANDY/Coulson: When a mailing arrives, I always go through the FA first to see who's in, out, and what's new. Then I usually start off with LeMoindre and the Busbyzines. # In my FAPA folder, I've got a form we received a while ago asking all sorts of impertinent questions -- material to be used in something called "Who's Who In The Midwest." "Listing the 15 in 10,000." Surprisingly, although the impressively bound book was illustrated, there was no sales pitch and no price. We didn't answer because we couldn't see the point. We're not Midwesterners, anyway -- we just happen to be living here right now. # Stop picking on Elmer, Buck -- he has eight pages in this mailing. Obviously not to "save his membership" as this makes two mailings in a row. Let's try for three and show this cranky Coulson, Unka Elmer. # If FAPA membership is the status symbol you say it's become, that may explain why people stay in who don't seem to like us at all. # You may recommend "The Sixth Man" to Arthur, but he won't bother to read it. Why should he? Appreciation of an attractively up-to-date appearance doesn't imply approval of the ridiculous. Any clever woman can be "in style" and tastefully dressed without falling for the silly fads that come and go. I buy most of my clothes -- except for an occasional wowser -- with three things in mind; comfort, becomingness and style. The type of basic style that will last for years. I like to wear my clothes just about forever and can if I'm careful about buying good basic lines and things I feel right in. Really good clothes don't date. I think most of you men make the mistake of equating "stylish" with "freakish." Admittedly, a lot of women do, too. But it doesn't have to be so. # Practically all fiction, not just "realistic" fiction, is written about a crisis point in someone's life. Fiction without drama is a bore. What I mind about "realistic" fiction is the refusal to admit that crisis-points can be resolved constructively. People meet and overcome crisis-points throughout life and I think the "happy ending" is just as validly "realistic" as the dreary downbeat. More so, perhaps, because I think there are more happy endings. # To Juanita: My attitude toward books is reverently irreverent. I love to mark up my books, as you do. Bracketing of paragraphs for frequent rereading, underscoring of ideas which make an intellectual or emotional impression, jotting down an allied thought -- all these things make a book a part of me, not a possession. However, as I would not deliberately hurt myself, I cannot carelessly deface a book. It is painful even to see someone else dog-ear a book, crack a spine, waterspot a binding or otherwise mishandle a book. Good books are the thoughts of men made material and immortal and they are the world's greatest treasure trove. For some reason, I even take tender care of second-rate books too. # I did think the Ted Cogswell incident was hilarious -- didn't that get across?

PHANTASY PRESS/McPhail: I'm apparently going to the party, although I didn't expect to. Hope to see you there too, I'm disturbed by your note that there might not be a PP in the 100th. I do hope there is nothing wrong -- it's so unlike you to miss such a milestone. # We will see whether or not we are "no longer forced to face public ridicule" when the December issue of Cosmopolitan hits the stands. # You're wrong, Dan, to apologize for spending quite a bit of space on one subject in your mailing comments. That sort of comprehensive writing is far more interesting than a lot of little one-sentence observations which are quite uncom-mentable. The most enjoyable mailing comments are actually discussions. # My hair was draped on my shoulders until just recently when I got very impatient and had it cut short again. Although Arthur hadn't said anything, he admitted that he was pleased when I lopped it off. # I'm profoundly grateful that FAPA has never approached SAPS publishing record. It would make mailing comments a hideous chore, if not impossible. Don't forget, when just 37 FAPAns hit a mailing, that's one more than SAPS' entire membership. Fine cover by Juanita.

SICK SICK SICK/Eney: SICK SICK SICK/White: sickicksicksicksicksicksicksicksicksi

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: Come to Wisconsin if you want c-o-o-l summers. Although we were warned that Milwaukee is a summer hotbox before we moved here, every year since 1957 has been very cool. "Unusually so" -- of course. This summer is breaking all-time records daily. July 28th, and I'm still in winter skirts and sweaters listening to the furnace go on at intervals. (Shall I start naming some other reasons you should come?) # How come we can send Special Delivery mail to Canada and you can't send it here? # Hey, here's someone else squawking about COVERS on the FA. Maybe the message will get across. # Custom made dress shirts run about \$15.00 here, but carefully chosen \$5 to \$10 ready mades aren't bad. Note, I said carefully chosen. Possibly 25% of Arthur's shirts really please him. Ready made suits go up to \$250.00 or higher and if properly altered for perfect fit can easily equal most custom mades. Quite possibly better most, in fact, as there are not very many experienced tailors in the custom clothes business here due to lack of demand -- or is it the other way around? Good ready mades are de-signed and manufactured by the finest craftsmen of the best materials. With an abundance of them, probably men here wouldn't want and have no need to go to all the bother involved in having suits custom made. # Much pleased and egoboosted to have almost a full page of comment in a four-page Fapazine. # I was rooting for the Saskatchewan doctors during their recent strike. Don't know just how it turned out as the Milwaukee Journal was vague about details when it was settled. They editorialized stridently about "irresponsibility" when the doctors were on strike -- although they'll defend L-A-B-O-R's right to strike at any pretext, re-gardless of public inconvenience. Doctors, of course, not being unionized, are not presumed to have "rights" and any attempt to claim such is a very bad thing. I'm just a bit bitter these days -- an extended strike against the Milwaukee Sentinel finally succeeded in forcing that morning paper to sell out to the even-ing Journal. Now we have a completely one-sided press -- and Milwaukee has lost its last bastion against rampant liberalism. # Re the Tarzan books -- I was so pleased to find that this mailing was not full of the snide remarks I expected after saying the Tarzan-Jane marriage hassle happened in Milwaukee. That's what results from rapidly scanning newspapers without paying attention to datelines. I thought I had a really hot item for Fapa there. # I haven't been able to locate the Berton article I told you I'd have in this issue. I've got to dig it out of wherever it's hiding -- it's a honey. All about how and why Canada, sooner or later, will inevitably join forces with the United States as one nation. But-but Boyd! -- I didn't say it -- it was Berton!!!

THE RAMBLING FAP/Calkins: Apparently SoCal is your destiny. Don't fight it. # I'll have to pass your compliment on to my mother so she'll continue her practice of appreciating girl watchers appreciating her. # Clever touch, that "SALUD (Andy)" -- I thought you'd made a mistake. # Your evaluation of Tarzan agrees with Wrai's -- most enlightening. # Watch your step, Gregg -- Les Croutch will jump you for extolling the delights of mustard on beef (ugh!) and shellfish (yum!). He was quite incensed over my insistence on ketchup with hamburger.

DAY\*STAR/Bradley: Golly, girl -- you'll wear yourself out living at such a frantic pace and emotionalizing at such white heat. Zimmer down a bit before you crack. # Miss you in the mailings and will be glad when you're able to return.

CELEPHAIS/Evans: Howcome nobody ever calls you a "Travelling Jiant"? You probably do more travelling than anyone else in FAPA. # Do you realize that the "100 pages for the 100th mailing" slogan would result in 6500 pages!!! # Trip reports make fine reading but hard commenting. Enjoyed.

HORIZONS/Warner: That's a very nice cover, Harry. # "Worry" is actually an entirely unproductive process. Until you stop worrying about a problem and start thinking about solutions, you'll get nowhere. The best technique is to give a problem your entire concentration for a while (not "worry") and then to turn it over to your subconscious. You'll get better answers without wasting time. # If the average fan life is only five years, do we actually want average fans in FAPA? Once the neo stage is over -- and neos surely don't belong in the group -- the five years would be half gone, which would leave just a couple of years more for FAPA participation. A survey I made a while back showed almost no members hitting the top 10 until they'd been in FAPA over five years. The situation changed a bit with the advent of Lemman and the Busbys, but this year's Poll still shows only those three and Bjo as relatively new members in the top twenty. So why all the strain to get currently hyperactive fans into FAPA? If they're star-member types, they'll keep. # You can send letters Special Handling, Return Receipt Requested, for about 15¢. Parcel post can be sent the same way and receives first-class handling, but the cost is more. # What's your hurry, Harry? Why cross streets against the lights, anyway? # You have some very funny lines in this issue. Loved the one about the oldtimers bawling every time they see the original Chemcraft and "bats are brighter than I am." # I'll buy your w-1 plan, if the others will. But I do think newcomers should pay pro rata. Those joining the month after payments were due would get an unwarranted free ride. Perhaps, for convenience, overseas sub payments could be waived and only an annual re-application required. We can use more of them. I think "a John Berry drops" would be more correct than "a John Berry gets dropped." I got John on the w-1 but don't think he was ever very enthusiastic. If he had really wanted in, he would have acknowledged. # Obviously, from your continuing Poll standing, nobody noticed all those awful defects in HORIZONS. As always, tops.

MELANGE/Bjohn: "Beer at Burbees's" left me helplessly laughing -- as did "The 'Ships of the Desert' Are Scows!" # Your furnishing plans sound warm and livable. Many happy years! # I'm certain you look lovely in lavender, Bjo. Did you ever try it when your hair was really red? Many redheads are convinced they cannot wear certain colors -- pinks, for instance -- that actually look stunning on them. I'm a blue all the way, every shade from turquoise through navy, except baby. My favorite off-blue excursions are into lavenders -- love them -- and reds. Black and gray are also in my wardrobe; yellow, too. But nothing in greens or browns. Green makes me feel uncomfortably that I'm wearing someone else's clothes, quite unhappy, and any shade of brown makes me feel drab. Analyze?

WRAITH/Ballard: The sonic boom business is getting worse. Now they aren't satisfied with one but will have two or three within a half hour or so. Lucky we are not early-to-bedders because the booms come now from 11 PM to midnight. I pity people with kids all nicely bedded down. The gigantic summer home of one of Milwaukee's old Money families was situated atop a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. When the booms started, the bluff began to crumble and suddenly gave way, leaving the house teetering. Workmen are engaged in the incredibly expensive process of moving the house in three sections to another part of the estate, if possible. The booms will continue until April '63 they tell us. # I think I hurt your feelings, Wrai. To make amends -- in Chicago I'll pay so much attention to you that I'll walk into a glass door. Fair enuf? # You've got the idea -- in fandom we take the people seriously-for-real but take the rest seriously-for-fun-if-we-feel-like-it. How does that phrase initialize -- SFFIWFLI. Like that. But it doesn't fill the bill -- FIwhat? # I may have wandered your way on the train -- I went out to that Corral affair a time or two through dozens of cars -- but would have been studying my footing, not the names on the overhead luggage. But it was a waste, wasn't it? # I enjoy very much reading about how you live and what you do. It's fun to be able to visualize people in a real setting instead of with a permanent con or party backdrop. People never seem quite real to me if am unable to picture them outside the fannish context. As you surmise, your ramblings are doubly interesting because it's such a strange, exotic world to me. # I don't think signing a false name is illegal under most circumstances, unless it is for criminal purposes. I read the other day that it is a common misconception that it is necessary to go to court to have one's name "legally" changed and that anyone has a perfect right to assume any name desired with no legal formalities necessary. Of course, complications may arise if a person wished to use a "new" name in a situation requiring documents such as a birth certificate. What prompted your question about the legality of signing a false name in a hotel, anyway? # Tarzan article was priceless.

NOTE: I'm now about to plunge into the NULL-F's, LIGHTHOUSE, AMBIVALENT AMOEBAs, and maybe certain others I can't think of now. This is to state that I am not about to reply to, or attempt to refute, the torrents of words that cascaded on my head from the typers of White, Breen, Carr, Graham, Harness and maybe others regarding my remarks about "tolerance" last issue. Ted called it "muddy thinking." It was. It was also GMCarrish. I was typing rapidly -- as usual -- and did not express my actual views at all properly. Walter, at least, paid me the compliment of expressing surprise. I don't want to risk getting muddier by trying to clarify things in a greater hurry that I messed them up, so will leave this particular subject until next issue. OK?

NULL-F 29/White-Breen: There are three railroad stations in Chicago. I doubt that it's possible to get anywhere from anywhere without changing stations. # Walter, you did not seem "disturbing" to me at the Pittcon. Not having met you before, I had no basis for comparison. I simply accepted you as you were. As I remember, we had a very pleasant conversation. # The large amount of advertising we do benefits us -- and we are convinced that we will prosper only as long as we benefit the people attracted to us through our advertising. # Really like that last stanza of "Surrogate." # That wasn't a good turnout for the Fanac Poll -- but it wasn't a very good year for Fanac, was it? Fanac is very much a stranger here. # Your mention of reactions to crooked games reminds me of a story told about Mike Todd. He was a compulsive, heavy gambler and was taken for \$50,000 in a game one night. He was later told the game was rigged and advised to stop payment on this check at once. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "If I did that they wouldn't let me play again tonight!" # Enjoyed all of this.

NULL-F #28/White: Possibly I do have a dirtier mind than you have, Ted -- on the other hand, it might be that you've been exposed to much more of this sort of thing than I have and what seems salacious to me is merely boring to you. Familiarity breeds contempt, to coin a phrase. # I treated the lawsuit lightly because I was unable to accept the idea that the Moskowitzes would actually go through with such asinine proceedings. It's still hard to comprehend. # I've always had to pay 1¢ more to mail PHlotsam to Canada. # Loud music is very distasteful to me, too. Almost painful, in fact, except for bands when I'm in the mood. # What does a "salt substitute" have to do with vegetarianism? # If you "watch the sidewalks" driving through a city, how can you see the girls?

LIGHTHOUSE/Graham-Carr: I'm a fan conservative (obviously!) but I enjoy F&SF and never read Analog. You can't pigeonhole me -- I'm conservative but not conformist. # I reacted strongly to your account of the propaganda distributed in Southern mills to discourage (not block) unionization. However, I think my conclusion differed from yours a mite. It is the business of management in any industry to know their audience -- whether workers or consumers -- and understand which button to push. If they used that dreadful type of propaganda, it was because they knew their workers were receptive and responsive to precisely those sentiments. How can you condemn the management for using tools they know will be effective without condemning the type of people who will be influenced by such "dirty pool"? You're horrified -- so am I -- yet you identify yourself with those who lap up such stuff. Re the saintly unions and the great benefits they offer members, I'll just quote without comment (I'm speechless!) a letter to members from the National Marine Engineers, Beneficial Association, district 1 -- affiliated with AFL-CIO marine trade department. "Dear Sir and Brother: At the 83rd national convention held in May, 1960 at Denver, Col., a resolution was adopted affecting members who hold withdrawal cards from their respective subordinate associations. As a result of this resolution any member who has a withdrawal card and does not reinstate his membership in the local or district, as the case may be, within sixty (60) days from the date of this notice, will be required to pay a \$1,000.00 reinstatement fee." # Check and you'll find the cost of living is much less in the South. I lived there. Savings on fuel, clothing, house construction, medical bills and even food (less meat, more fruit and vegetables) add up substantially. # However you define "chic" -- many men like it. When you happen to be somewhere where there are chic women about, watch the men and see who they're watching. (By "chic" I don't mean the Harper's Bazaar type of emaciated freakishness, but well-groomed, attractively dressed, pleasantly scented, slender females.) # Thanks, Terry, for the tips on having my books repaired. I've done nothing about it yet, but it's good to know what to do. # Your account of the Unitarian meeting was interesting. I'd like to have been there. # Carol: My favorite was "Ode to an Amateur Headshrinker." Good analysis. # Pete: I can't comprehend you. You tell everyone "if your zine isn't mentioned it isn't because I read it and found it uncommendable, but because I was too bored or uninterested to get to it." Nice and tactful, like. Then you go on about PHlotsam, ending: "The rest of the issue is much more blah than usual, too." How come you read PHlotsam, Pete??? # Don't even try to express your reactions to my opinions -- we'll forever be talking and thinking at cross-purposes, so what's the use? # I can't conceive of myself being at any meeting where you would be speaking -- I don't waste my time. I was very pleased recently when, in this liberal-socialist town, a \$100 per plate for Senator Goldwater outsold the same for President Kennedy, despite the fact that the Milwaukee Journal puffed the Democratic dinner all over the front page for weeks but buried the Goldwater item until the actual night of the dinner when it rated four downstairs-front-page inches.



AMBIVALENT AMOEBA/Harness: This is a catchy title, Jack, but so much switching results in a lack of identification. I never can spot a Harnesszine without reading the colophon. # Do you really mean it? "For the benefit of FAPA ... there was a LASFS auction ..." Do we divvy the loot? # The Art Show award is relatively inexpensive -- but a compromise with principles can be eventually very costly. I'm absolutely certain, though, that an annual solicitation of donations for the award would be consistently successful. People aren't opposing the award, for the most part, but the precedent it would set. # As previously mentioned, I'll answer most of your comments to me next issue. However, I might say that I have not defended Scientology because I've had no occasion to. Neither have I attacked it -- I have no grounds to. I don't really know the first thing about Scientology. No one has ever mentioned it to me, and it would be kinda awkward to drag something out of thin air in the course of a conversation and start defending it, don't you think? # I feel rather queasy and more than a bit alarmed by your description of the deliberate and systematic gang-up to oust Ed Martin. I admit I was very pleased to see him go, and took the official word that his material was not original as I had no reason to think otherwise. However, considerable doubt has been cast on the validity of this ruling in the meantime and it now appears that only Ed's failure to appeal it to the Vice-President prevented him from being reinstated. Once again, there's a precedent involved here -- and that's what disturbs me. Granted that Ed was "undesirable," we just can't have cliques of members conspiring to boot out others on any but strictly and unquestionably Constitutional grounds. Once this sort of machinations start, another group may find a member "undesirable" from a personality, political or just uncongeniality standpoint. You mention Carr, Myers and Higgs. However, these three cases were in no way a result of officers' and members' scheming, but entirely of unquestionable failure to comply with Constitutional requirements. None of these were ever challenged by any other member because they were all so completely incontrovertible. I find you and Rick's account of the Ed Martin ouster deeply shocking and am amazed you would reveal it so blandly.

POO/Andy: Good to see you back -- I've missed you. Read all of this with interest and, mostly, nods of agreement. It's pretty futile, though, to declaim about the need for greater emphasis on scientific education to FAPA. Nobody here is apt to disagree with you -- and nobody here can do much more about it than you can. It's the man in the street -- and the man in the Seat -- you've got to reach. But how? # Your story of scientists working for starvation wages for sheer love of their work is very touching. A naive Steinmetz, happily pottering about the General Electric labs without pay for months is even more so. However, I do think the facts are far more interesting, Andy. When the deformed and unattractive electrical wizard, Charles Steinmetz, came to America in 1889, he was unable to find employment because of his appearance until hired by the owner of a small factory in Yonkers. Reference books say that a "merger" with that factory brought Steinmetz to GE. In a way, that's so -- but not the whole story. When word of his genius got about, GE, always on the lookout for top research men, tried with every inducement to hire Steinmetz. However, his loyalty to the one man who had been willing to hire him was so great that he could not be lured by the most staggering of checks waved before him. Therefore, GE proceeded to buy the entire factory in order to acquire this one great man. As for them failing to remember to put him on the payroll -- well, in a sense, that was so too. He wasn't on the conventional payroll. But it was not a matter of faulty memory on anyone's part. GE's regard for him was so great that at intervals Steinmetz was issued a blank check to fill out as he wished. So he didn't really go hungry, Andy.

LIGHT/Croutch: You and Jack Speer are our time-binding members -- you commenting on the February 1961 mailing and Jack back in August of last year. It gives me a sort of "time-in-a-circle" feeling. The things I'm apt to say to both of you are things I was probably saying to others last year. GMCarr has been a dead issue for a long time. But for those who may miss her, I'll repeat that her failure to retain membership was not for want of effort to keep her by the officers. We recognized that she was a stimulant -- and, she was so controversial that we leaned over to the falling down point to be unprejudiced. # I haven't seen or heard of the Deems Taylor book but received another Blum classic -- "The Pictorial History of the Talkies" for Christmas. By all means, find it! I have more on movies by Bill Grant tucked away somewhere -- next issue, probably.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE/J. Young: What an uncomfortable and disturbing study in self-consciousness, Jean. Why do people make themselves so miserable by having their attention riveted entirely upon themselves and the impression they are making? There are people just like that -- very tiresome people -- and you managed to catch the selfish thought pattern perfectly. I felt very sorry for the poor Great Man being treated so rudely by a hostess with no thought for his comfort and pleasure as a guest in her home. # I presume that "Comet Summer" was written by Larry Stark, although there's no mention. It was much enjoyed.

RECEIVED/C. L. Jacobs: Silly, schizo Lee! Torn by guilt complexes because he's joined Management -- sidling up to Labor (and those too far Left to labor) with "Gee, fellas, it's not like it looks -- I'm still a regular guy ..." Why all the apologies, Lee? So you've got Power, but you'd rather have a complete collection of UNKNOWN. Who are you kidding? Single, without debts and in a high-pay job! If you want a complete UNKNOWN collection, who not go out and buy it? Not that I don't love you madly, Lee -- but this phony humility bit gets me. You probably don't even recognize it as such, but it's a disease that afflicts quite a few fuzzy-thinking executives who tear themselves apart trying to stand in two corners simultaneously. The blunt fact is, that, no matter how hard you try, none of the men whose pay raises you pass judgment on are going to consider you one of them. (EdCo obviously excepted.) You're in the other camp now so why not whole-heartedly enjoy it and do your job well? Labor has quite enough going for it -- it doesn't need you. Fapa has quite a few executives -- or Bosses -- and we get along pretty well with the Liberals without going over to help pull for their side, or apologizing for what we do for a living. You're as ambivalent here as JFK waving his white hankie to wipe away the blood from the businessmen whose teeth he kicked in. Not that business does much kicking around these days -- that's the exclusive prerogative of Labor. You said as much yourself. I'm really blowing here, but I do get angry at this idea that there's something not quite nice about making money if you've got the stuff and the gumption to put it to work for you. Or bossing people who need bossing. In a little while, I'll be sitting in the office Arthur is vacating for another -- an office such as you start to describe, with the walnut desk, phone with all the buttons (I have those now), window corner, walnut paneling, deep rug, sofa and easy chairs, decorator lamps and accessories, bookcases, stereo, beautiful paintings (or their equivalent as Arthur surely won't let go of those), planters, and all the rest. Quite conscience-free because I've earned it. We'll be looking for executives -- bosses, or even Bosses -- and they had better be confident, even somewhat arrogant, or they won't be of any use to us. In other words -- they've got to feel like Bosses, or they won't be effective. (Naturally, there's got to be something to back it up!) Even if you don't feel like the Boss you are, I think you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. # Whew! Whenever the yessing gets a bit thick around you, come and reread this, Lee.

TARGET:FAPA/Eney: So, OK -- Fapans should be free to fling all the mud they choose through the mailings. Nobody would want to abrogate any freedoms. But it still is awfully sickening to the rest of us -- especially to those like me who like the both of you. I would like to see an unspoken agreement among members that whenever such name-calling feuds get going, they would automatically be taken underground by those involved and continued by letter -- round robin, if need be. I'm a dreamer. # Wasn't "The Death of Science Fiction" the Lost Manuscript? If so, when you say it was free from attempts to Make Things Hard for the next author, it's obvious you didn't see the later installments -- DAG's and mine, particularly. I've often wondered what Leman did with the business I threw at him. Didn't the rest of the writers keep carbons of their chapters? Maybe it could be rounded up again if they did. # Apologies, Dick. I didn't send you the suggestions I promised for the Anthology. Never managed to go through the mailings as I intended. Not that you needed them, probably -- but I did promise. I'm sorry.

SECRET MYTHOS/Parker: Is that Xerox method necessarily so light? I have a complete reproduction and supply department at my disposal, too, including someone to help me cut the stencils which will be necessary this time. The main problem is writing something to reproduce. Unfortunately, the department can't do that for me. # I wonder if anyone in FAPA would take a guided tour when travelling -- I know I wouldn't. Has anyone? # Keep in mind a basic difference between inherently snobbish private clubs that bar members on the basis of one blackball, and our group which encourages participation on the broadest scale. It is not a matter of the higher sense of responsibility shown by one-blackball veto groups, but one of outlook. Such groups don't want people to join unless they are 100% group conformists -- many Fapans are concerned about the possibility of people being kept out on inadequate grounds. # Is the article about the decline of the modern essay the one I'm printing this issue? # Enjoyed all of this.

ALIF/Anderson: You and I discovered fandom simultaneously, Karen. It was in May of 1952 that I sent for my first fanzines. However, with the exception of Bob Tucker and Mack Reynolds (what delightful, exciting exceptions!) I did not personally meet any fans or pros until the Midwescon in May of 1954. That was also the month I joined FAPA. # Congratulations on selling your first story -- sorry I missed it but it was off the stands when I read the mailing. I'm sure it will be just the first of many though, so I'll catch up with you in prodom somewhere along the line. # I'm certain, if you said so, that you were complete in listing the contents of your pocketbook "this very minute." But are you sure you did not clear it out prior to this listing? Incredible! My pocketbook is medium size -- I hate big ones -- but I couldn't completely list its contents on this page. Nor would I want to try. In addition to most of the stuff you carry -- endless others like hankie, Kleenex, mirror, Life Savers, matches, notebook (why do you carry a pen and pencil with nothing to write on?), nail file, plastic rainhelmet, perfume, keys, and endless wallet contents like charge plates and credit cards, snapshots, membership card in the Cincinnati B.S.S., membership card in the Milwaukee YMCA, a paper napkin from the Burbee party illustrated by a girl leaning out the window of a YMCA, etc. etc. And tobacco crumbs. How can you possibly survive without such equipment at hand? # When I finished your f-o-o-d page I went and got myself a glass of Metrecal. Just the thought of all that food made me feel overstuffed. # I will carefully avoid Ronald Knox's version of "The Holy Bible." If it is "free of sonorous obscurities," it therefore contains his interpretation of those obscurities which would probably not agree at all with mine -- or rather with those interpreters I have confidence in. # Enjoyable issue, Karen, and I'll take your word for what a Piebald Hippogriff looks like. You're the authority. See -- chalk up a comment on it.

SALUD/Elinor: Love that cover! # Toronto must be very fond of numbers games. They did not change Maxome Ave. to Harkness, thank goodness -- Maxome is such a lovely name -- but they changed the 89 to 189. # You did not have to put up with Myers for as many years as a lot of us did, Elinor, or you'd understand why he was blackballed. I didn't vote against him, but wasn't sorry to see him go. He never belonged in FAPA and should never have been admitted. It was only because of a whimsical ruling by our then President, Lee Jacobs, that he got in on a legal (?) technicality. Nobody protested officially because memberships weren't so precious then -- just a 6-month wait or so. And I don't think anyone dreamed he would hang on to that membership so tenaciously for so many years. # How do you like your new typer? Our IBM serviceman told me they were lemons -- that he'd never had so many service calls as he's getting for the "golfball" typewriters. # I much admire your intention to live to be old and healthy despite short-lived forebears. You will, too. Just as you would die young if you resigned yourself to such an idea. It isn't the short life span that's hereditary -- just the personal acceptance of it. # There's nothing in the world like New England clams. I'm glad you're able to get them and wish I could. I've been buying steamed clams in broth in a jar for when I get an irresistable urge for them. These are packed in Seattle and, while they don't look greatly different from the Eastern variety, are very tough and not nearly as tasty. # To me, gin tastes exactly like perfume. I like the smell of perfume (some), but couldn't bear to drink it. Do you honestly love the taste of everything that smells good? Don't bother to answer -- I make statements like that, too. # Your lace dress sounds lovely. I'm eager to see it on you. In fact, I'm eager to see you again -- soon now. It will be fun to hear you talk again in the inimitable way you project through SALUD.

TIDMOUSE/Silverberg: This was fascinating ... and drooly ... and GASP! I'm so glad you and Barbara don't mind making money, Bob, so you can write freely about that wonderful house with the Little Flower's two-story library and all. Don't ever scuff your toe about your success! See you in Chicago -- and maybe before.

THE FANTASY AMBLER/Bradley: What has happened to all the ballots that have been flying about during this remarkable administration? There were two more last quarter, yet nothing was said about results or anything else in the FA. It gets queerer and queerer. # Marion, where have you been all these years -- to think that signing something "Power Mad President" would be proof that it was simply rough draft? Surely you must realize that this sort of thing is time-honored FAPA tradition! You may not pull silly jokes when performing an official act for FAPA but such things are really expected of you, you know. # You're a dreamer -- suggesting a waiting list "kept down to ten or twelve." A levy certainly won't do it. As I recall, you were quite vociferously opposed to the blackball. So, just what would you suggest as a method of "keeping" the waiting list down to ten or twelve that would not offend anyone's democratic sensibilities? # The basic difference between the Willis Fund and the art award is that no one suggested a confiscatory grab out of the treasury for Willis. Or did they? Anyway, it's the principle, not the object, that's objectionable. # Up to now, I've been amused by Officialdom's hair-brained antics, but I just read in Axe that you planned to be incommunicado, and would have no mail forwarded to you until after the first of September. What about any FAPA business that may come up during this long period, Marion? If you arranged for a successor to take over, I received no notification about it. And if your mail is just being held for you ... ??? Not that anything earthshaking is apt to happen, but it does seem strange. You are usually so responsible. What's the deal? # See you in Chicago?

THE LARK IS DEAD/Danner: This sad news will leave a great unfillable gap.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC/Brown: I think I'll wait for your next Fapazine to try to really comment, Rich. I read some of this, then sat down and wrote. I went back and read some more, tore up what I wrote first and wrote something else. Then I finished reading PRA, tore up the second try and this came up. Only comment I do have right now is that McQuown is a good writer -- bring him again.

A FANZINE FOR JIM CAUGHRAN/Wilson: So glad you're with us, Art. Now that Helen is leaving Japan, you can take over to present us with the Lore of the Orient. Fascinating stuff! # "A Nation of Sheep" is out in paperback now. Haven't yet picked it up because if I do I'll read it and miss the mailing deadline. But it has been recommended to me and is first on the agenda when this issue gets off. # I find very funny your advice, "For good Italian food we'd best go to Tokyo." Also the bit about the Mexican restaurant in Bangkok with the hot enchiladas. Are they for tourists or people? # Come again soon.

FANTASIA/Wesson: It seems incredible that after all those years of Yokahama, Wesson may be listed in prosaic New Jersey. Wonder how you will adjust to becoming another American Slave, Helen. Cleaning woman or servant, yes -- with luck. Servants? Unlikely. # Nice to see a second generation Fapan coming along. David certainly taught me a lot about Aztecs in the briefest possible space. # I think I found this issue one of the most enjoyable yet, Helen. Much as I like your usual interesting and informative articles, the personality and ideas in this one brought you to life for me. Now that you're back, I look forward to meeting you at a convention. Or just meeting you.

Just space (and time) left for a quick look at the always-enjoyed SHAPA. FAP 5/Gerber: Where is old SHAPA regular, Chuck Hansen, these days? Not gafiating?? Surprised there isn't more participation -- only 7 out of 60-plus waiting-listers. # PANTOPON/Berman: Yankee is the only word I can think of now being used to label us, but no self-respecting Southerner would accept it. South of here, we are Norteamericanos, but that includes Canadians. Maybe that's the clue -- what do Canadians call us? Boyd? Les? Howard? # A RUBBER MEATBALL/Stiles: Read, but nothing sparked comment. # ????/Meskys: Same comment for this one, except for a "liked" at the end. I always like good mailing comments even if they don't talk about PHlotsam, which hardly anybody did. But I can't do any fussing about that. Due to a foul-up too tedious to describe, I mailed about half the overrun of PHlotz #19, then had to hold up on the rest. By the time the others were ready to mail I had misplaced the labels already typed for them. So I don't know who I did or did not mail to. I just located 5 of the labels and these include Les Gerber and Don Fitch. But there are still 20 or so copies remaining. I'll mail the 5 now and, if I locate the rest, will double mail with this one. This did spark one comment which is in Spume to be sure people won't miss it. Having nothing to say sure took a lot of room. # W' BASKET/Demmon: Enjoyed the Ellen L. Hamer article very much. Other than that, my only margin note is "um." # SINKREC/Chauvenet: It's a difficult situation, Russ. We don't want to boot out some of our favorite members, especially when, after years of activity, circumstances cause them to slip up once. Yet, it's painful to see certain waiting-listers languishing way down there in limbo. What to do? The marital splits are causing a problem that should be dealt with. See my proposal in Spume. FAPA doesn't want to get tangled in any lawsuits over who gets custody of the memberships. # I rather like your idea of awarding a FAPA membership at the annual convention. It would not be the same as voting several people in over the heads of the others which would be very discriminatory -- especially when so few memberships become available during a year. But it would be fair only if there were to be full FAPA and waiting lister participation in the voting. Waiting listers could vote for

one they would like to see an established member when they arrive -- it would probably have to be taboo to vote for oneself, as it is on the FAPA Poll, or the purpose of the w-l'ers voting would be defeated. I think such a prize would have many advantages as it would be bound to spark a high degree of activity among the waiting-listers which, in turn, would add pleasure and interest to everyone's time on the long, long ladder. Under such a plan, SHAPA would possibly evolve into a top-notch APA on its own and pretty soon no one would want to leave it. I'll be interested to learn the reaction of the other members to what I think a very worthwhile suggestion. # All party sheets should have the intellectual scope and depth of "Historic Return of Norm Stanley." # GRADUS AD PARNASSUM/Fitch: At the top of page one, I have a one-word comment: "bosh." It took me a while to remember why, as I read GAP some weeks ago, but I finally recalled that it meant "Best of SHAPA." Bergeron is prime, as always -- the others were enjoyable -- but it's a rare 6-page FAPazine even that has margins so scribbled with notes and checkmarks. Just Boyd's, I'd say. You'll be fun to have as a member, Don. Now, what are all these notes about? First, to say that as long as you do mailing comments this well, nobody will ask more. Poorly done articles are a bore, but mailing comments that say something are a delight. Reverse that and it's also true. But you don't have to be master of both. # People faced with an endless wait to get in probably find it hard to understand why we refuse to increase the membership even to 75 -- never mind to 100. But such an increase would change the character of FAPA, and spoil it, I think. It wouldn't any longer be the group you want to join. With 65 members and relatively low participation, it's just barely possible to adequately comment on each item in the mailings. Over that, and comments would have to be truncated to "I liked this," or "I think you were all wet on that," or else a lot of people would have to be completely ignored. I never like to do that unless time forces me to. I think it would take the fun out of FAPA for all but a handful of members who would receive all the comments. Because if you start ignoring some -- there's no reason not to just concentrate your attention on the few that get you really hot for commenting. I wouldn't be able to work within Marion's proposed page restriction -- neither could I sustain interest or energy to produce larger issues than I do. At it's present size, few Fapans get lost in the shuffle. # The very nice things you said to me here were not the reason for "bosh." Honest. I don't think. Anyway, we're just about sold -- but Nothren Div. That's only 450 miles away, though -- that's not too many. Summer, 1964. # I won't insist you comment on PHLotz. I'm lazy, too. But would, as a matter of interest, like to know -- are you fer me or agin' me? Most people are strongly one or the other, and some of my best friends are agin'. # Don, let's look clearly at the black ball. Despite all the chatter about abuses, as I recall only 3 people (four names) have been blackballed. One (2 names) was the original reason for the blackball -- the other two, former Fapans who were for good reason not welcome back by a large number of members. When the blackball is actually abused, you start worrying -- and we'll start acting. But you wouldn't have anything to worry about, anyway. FAPA really isn't filled with axe-men, whatever impression you may have. # SERENADE/Bergeron: Left this favorite for the last -- it warrants rereading -- and find I'm almost out of space. Dirty trick that I'll make up for next time, I promise. So glad you reprinted the McCain item. If only fandom could produce his like again! Wouldn't it be a great project for some ambitious fan to compile an anthology of McCain's stuff. If no one does, I'll keep it in mind for a retirement project. # "Those readers who have never seen WARHOON" -- if such exist -- are missing the best fanzine produced today. I may be a silent audience, but am a most appreciative one. # Charles Well's "Green Thoughts" was tops. Can't think what PHLotz might be except an "extension of my personality." # Here's that name "McQuown" again. I like. And that's it...PHE

# Jean Linard's Pages

((I didn't wish to tuck Jean way back here out of sight. I'd meant to snuggle him cozily in the middle, but held off doing these 8 pages until the very last minute as I expected to receive additional material from other people. This page and the next are excerpts from a communication from Jean. It cannot actually be considered a "letter" as carbon copies were sent to several members, with instructions to print portions of it for FAPA. I hope nobody else is doing this -- there's been too much duplication of effort already. # The story following contains a few idiomatic cliches which I inserted by request. However, I didn't tamper further with it, although invited to, as I didn't want to adulterate that unique Linard flavor. Att'n AXE -- Jean would like fanzines muchly!))

\* \* \* \* \*

Jean Linard  
24 Rue Petit  
Vesoul, Hte-Saone, France

June 28, 1962

Mesdames et Messieurs, Dear Folks;

I don't have time for a long letter. I didn't even think I would/could take time for any letter at all just now. (I've started to re-work, and am trying to re-integrate with Life ... just trying so far, a difficult process.) But I understand this matter, if to be a matter at all, is rather urgent, and urgent now (had I known sooner...!) And if I can't do anything else at present, this here letter I WANT to do, of all things; in case any chance for a petition should still be possible to get and be feasible...in time. .... I'm only finding this morning, Thursday 28 June, ((John's letter)) back to stay I presume....

"Through the most natural circumstances in the world," says John, "you have failed to renew your FAPA membership." Don't know that these or those "circumstances" in question might have been or looked or sounded natural to the world, .... But for certain, I can assure that the circumstances along with which I have let us/me drop out of FAPA, WERE "natural enough" for me .... because I had always thought -- all along -- that we were OUT, actually, of FAPA ever since NOV. '60 (or early '61). Dropped--or just next to past being post-dropped or such imminent sorry event, due, I thot, to happen or post-happen anytime.

((Jean was unaware that his dues had been paid and material by him printed in FAPA during this interval -- also the 6-mailing miss possibility.))

That is to say: thus I was believing, much passively I admit, and too non-chalantly, yes; that we were, from early '61, rec'g Mlgs. out/of/from some sheer but nice clerical faux-pas or something of the sort. (Although, of course, even at that time, there was the beginning of what was to become other more materialistic circumstances and subjects of preoccupation and, should I say -- "worry"?, around here, unfortunately, too, which prevented many other serious things as well... and, after Spring '61 (Parker's visit), everything went sort of black, muddy, and especially FAST thereafter: far's I'm concerned, everything hasn't ceased to be so to date yet AND "fast" yet; yet I can SEE "an issue", and that might be due to FAPA being not closed--yet...?)

Now to think that I have gratefully loved and "appreciated" otherwise that awfully nice "clerical error" or awfully nice amiable gesture ALL THAT TIME DURING WHICH THERE STILL WAS A CHANCE/POSSIBILITY to just "stay" in, and that I had no idea of it... No positive idea, anysoever.

So after those enduring and deplorable double or triple misunderstandings of mine....I now doubt there still be another chance to get a petition...underway and done by August the 6th. However, if done, and if it can be done at all, YES, by George Y. Wells and Walter Breen, YES, I DO want to ask for it, by all means, and you bet, and and-how, & like that.

Just provided that a sufficient number of people okays the idea of it, plus the fact, and that it doesn't bug too much the other people-- who already in the past (if I recall correctly) had objected, and with some reason I think, to "intellectual dilettantism" (with some reason, and a misspell, if I remember well) such as too widely and lightly displayed in "our" zines. This, especially considered the arduous position of the present waiting-listers now. (Can't conceal that many of these latter, if not ANY, or all, respectively, would be a greater--neater anyway--support to FAPA than I). But I can't judge of this well enough, and YOU handle that "provided" up here; because you can, and know how to, handle it. Interpret it and finally "apply" it. It's delicate, for me, and most of all, less hypocritically, I don't know too well. I am out, but if there is any hope or chance, I'm willing to try it or at least to let it to be known. Hence this ruffled and hairy letter. ....

Well, all these, and prawly several other details, you can see better than I, from nearer, and more justly anyway. Not that I am so much prejudiced agin me these times as I would one year ago, but I can't judge too clearly from here for the moment. I am not living all too clearly either anyway. .... I wouldn't say I'd ever be a very prospective recruit, you know, esp. by FAPA Standards!

Yet, I've dug up most of my usual "vital"(?) "motivation" to "do things", which terrible apsence of I've sort of badly (physically, there) missed, for 12 months. At last I want to try to ""communicate"" again (whatever that be), and I find the basis of it being so sounder than as the contrary was/has been, say, from '60 to early '62. On the other hand I'm still, I suppose, a little sick in the mind, not more than my acknowledged and known-around (spec. in fandom) usual -- yet, surely not LESS either. Which you may want to consider as to know whether I'm any worth petitioning for in the first place. ....

((Re: Anie)) Mme. Anie Antoine, 10 Rue de la Pépinière, Vesoul, H-Saone... She would send regards to you all, though. This I know. She would. So please accept this, her regards, via me, okay?

And finally, accept thanks for the patience of reading this.... You all. This implies all friends of the past. This included Caughran. This involves Raeburn, and compromises Art Wilson. This designates even Ellik. But I cannot write to all, to "one" as yet. Not just now. I still have a few things to organize, to re-organize, and to try adapt best as "soundly" can to "solitude" -- (being not so asocial, but rather abnormally shy and overly ""proud"" and mostly getting sort of bored with the rare few people I used to see or know once around here in Vesoul.) I'll write as soon as I CAN. It then, will be a good sign, mental-and-morale-ly wise, believe me.

Be light, be happy, be healthy, and avoid to be porous.

*Jean L.*



Vesoul  
(March, 1958)

... FOR GUST GILS  
... TO JACK FERMAN  
... AND TO LEE HOFFMAN, a person of.

# H E R O E S I N M Y M I N D

by

Jean Linard

In order to be able to make a living of talking maybe-English with the Angels someday later on, I sometimes have to force myself a little at working upon my ""English"" (and next to force some editors to serve me for that purpose too) with some story-writing doings.

Not for the story-telling itself, naturally -- I do not believe in stories-being-told-only. Rather for my ""English"". (Well, some wordy "means of expression being contained within English's tessitures" of mine, or any other reasonable fancyonyms for "gabble", that's what the multiquotemarks are for, anyway.) Handling a language at all isn't easy. Story-writing per se remains too easy -- an interesting duality, only conciliable each by way of an other except the other. Story writing's older than kid-stuff games; yet, younger too. You control it nearly as easy as you can control yourself at all times, almost; you take a hero, a place, some action, suspense, with occasionally a little sex element; or just sex elements. Possibly a plot. And you let yourself writing using these, or writing about these, mixing all or parts of it with virtually anything short of too-heavy gun powder and alcohol, adding a few words, unnecessary, yet sometimes decorative in the tableau; then you usually see that it is harder to come to a stop than to get going.

""Writing"" in Maybenglish is not so much easy to practice as story doings are, by far. But, for me, easier than doing it in any other languages, though. That could be why I prefer English, come to think of it. I never would manage to ""write"" in my native language (French) properly; it's always been obvious to everyone that not being capable to put two words and two others together in my native tongue AND still obtain three words eventually, was the only reason to try to do it in a language I don't know much of, if at all. Leastways in English you (I) always get to the third word. (And I've seen even to be furthermore invited, by English-Speaking Peoples, to go on to use their language.) Which would make me a sort of odd hero selfsung, and, of English, a language of Included-Thirds more neutrally charged, leaving more room to investigate. However, even this doesn't make the story-writing in itself very easy, not even in almost-English.

And though thus showing off with plenty of good excuses for making faults in English yet, yet I still have to practice my said Maybe-English by attempting to write series of yarns, using this tongue nevertheless, for any potential or latent reader, such as myself.

So I'll try to write any first story hence, and will publicly consider it, as I go, under heavy fire of thoughts.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER ONE

I

"The upper part of the creature was that of a man,  
and the second part that of a male human being..."

Let's examine it. That's not so good; but it's less bad than it'd be with the missing touch keeping it from being better, for instance. One's liable to read worse in many occasions. I rather believe I've got hold on a good story here, with a solid new plot, full of usual characters, too, slice-of-life type of dialogues, mingled with quite something of a breath-swiping action.

Let's see now what I'm going to do with my creature. Put her in a milieu, for example? Nothing like an environment to frame properly any definite story.

"It emerged from our visible world, without hesitation, and re-entered slowly into the warm abundant nothingness of its own."

There. She is placed, now. Framed and pitched all right onto firm and holy ground, deep to the hilt. I'm not too sure about "emerged"; but that's typically one of those words I'd think of in my absent-minded French, not knowing how to use it at all, in either language, and here I have a good occasion to get rid of it in English once for all, regardless of how it fits or not. I am not far from feeling proud for this happily started story. I'm sure it is going to prove itself be less and less worse from one minute to the following instant and so forth. I hardly keep from rubbing my palms in expectant jubilation.

After that, a little more action doesn't appear to be quite superfluous; at least, it won't hurt anyone -- I hope. Never have static characters anywhere, there is my line.

"Depthlessly stepping into the profound absence of  
its world's flat naught of an emptiness full-packed  
with such a void as to..."

Here, now, wait a minute ... Sounds a bit uncleverly too precise, a trifle too much emancipated, with too weighty emphasis upon the futile details. Well, let's go on, yet. I'll come back later to it. Avoid to stop when you're writing a good story. Best is getting through, and coming back afterwards to eliminate and correct too much precision or a too heavily dripping emancipation. And not to stop pondering always at every other crucial milestone along the way.

"... full-packed with such a void as to evoke the blankest obliteration, the creature examined some changes that had ocured since the latest phase."

Good.

"For instance, one thing which was different before had not been disturbed since; another thing previously still unchanged wasn't so warped as you wouldn't have noticed it; and a third was slowly evolving which had always been subject to identical evolution before. Even though at home, the creature, for a minute, felt like oddly transplanted and got chills. The following mcmment, undiscerningly, it even sneezed, though with calculated circumspection."

There, there, now, this is exaggerated. Why is she acting like that. I don't agree on this point. True, one cannot always repress heroes' instincts. Equally true, the story must show through a story. Not the author. Hm. Well, let's her thus irrepressingly act her way for a little while yet before I intervene. After all, I may still be too happy she accepts to act at all. I oughtn't to get disturbed, tampered with in the least, or even out-numbered by the rapid succession and number of really fast action, now.

"Beyond, the vast world of voids exposed to its senses answered its presence in some manner."

?

Shucks. Just the same, I resent to feel left behind somewhat. Why not instead introduce some hormonal libidinous factor? More de rigueur in the course of a long movemented yarn:

"The creature fumbled with a whole finger into one of its nostrils."

"And then it turned."

Aha ... at last! I knew I could trust her. And not a second too soon. One ounce of suspense's come just in time to help forget a former excess of

preciosity. However, something's still bothering me. This Creature already has taken me farther than I'd have imagined. Not much farther for me to go to fear that it could be her who might handle and tinker along with some of the plot, from now. Impressionable as I am, I can hardly restrain from uneasy feelings about it. I made her rummaging in her nose all right. But she, by herself, turned. I didn't really want it, nor want her to be on her own that much. Actually, I'd even have been against it, given the chance to express an opinion.

You know, as I see it, behind her is our world; our visible world (or such world). She's just come from it. There is no true need for her to focus the reader's attention back on his own world. The reader is bound to know already about it; for one thing, I, as her reader, feel frustratedly distracted; for another, it's that other world I expect to see, read or hear about; not to say a thing about having just been deadright contradicted. Oh, sure ... one can read worse in many occasions; just the same, that's no real excuse of techniques, and I'd have hoped for better coming from her. Her world, so overflowing with innumerable absences from her, ought to be more alluring, it seems. It's going so I now have less and less of an idea where this is to lead me. What the devil did she have to turn FOR, exactly?

"It stared.

"It shifted."

... ..

Am back from the barber's. Nothing much has improved during my leave, my deepest expectations notwithstanding. Back on the thing, I see now that all this tends to get mighty sobering a behavior from that Creature, and then some. I wish it'd be daylight, on this strange spot, so as I could see better and more of her; thereby see more of what she's doing, precisely. I know something. I'll just get some light turned on it:

"... And it was full nightfall, all of a sudden, nightfall with its dark connate little reversed worlds of bulging obscurities."

Arrgh. For sure she is now acting in spite of myself, absolutely. Even provokingly, I'd say. Already I'm regretting the good old original plot I started with. Themes of heroes turning up against their author and materializing, possibly winding up killing, marrying or devouring or drowning their very creator, are always of the poorest taste, particularly because they are being but themes, anyhow. By this time I'm afraid I'll never happily conclude this as it should have been. At least let's hope that not quite everything will get soiled in the story. I'm still young, and I've got some illusions I'd not like to see questioned at all. Not here, leastwise. Not now either. Specially not whilst story a-writing, wherein I'm supposed to be the mastermind to some extent.

"Our visual world was behind it. Luminous and click-  
ing, radiant, full of noises that glared back in  
sending off shades of nuanced lights toward the edge  
zone between it and its. The creature got chilled  
again and moved backward, hesitantly now, yet upward  
too, as well as sideways and yonwards, then started  
to re-expand itself for the first time since its re-  
turn home. Its obvious longing for other beings of  
its species was growing fast and much to reduce al-  
most to tenfold ---"

My, my... what am I saying? I don't even SEE a single thing. What did that mean? There are times when I wish I knew my French better so as to understand in translating back what I happen to write in other languages. Anyhow, I'll have to see what comes next. So long as I'm at it and while I last ...one never knows: it may not be totally too late to lose the whole game yet?

"Its lower part was now constantly expanding upward  
whereas the other half, rudely attracted back by our  
world's currents, expanded horizontally in its width's  
direction, or what could be assimilated to any notion  
of horizontality in that world. Its whole being was  
glittering from night's non-lights around its matte  
finish topmost area; and, from our visible world, at  
its inferior level, reflections were gleaming, which  
seemed to make the creature appear to struggle with  
still more indecisive ferocity as to know what way  
to go finally."

Oh hell! ... I'm supposed to be writing this story! I know fully well I want she climbs up, don't I! I want she climbs up, turns left at the crossing, stops, knocks thrice at the door and just pushes it and just enters at MOOSE'S ROOST, just rejoining her own inner world's core ... I beg to ask, what's simpler than that? It is there that I'd like to see a little of my story really happen to start, at some point; and in such cases as this, it seems to me I would let the author show a minimal will from behind a story now and then ...

Perhaps if I were going over it all again ...

CHAPTER ONE

I

"The upper part of the creature was that of a man,

and the second part that of a..."

I wonder. Something's been mixed up badly somewhere, I think; possibly from the very start. I think I can guess whence my initial error comes from. That upper part, of a man, or such like, is sure enough willing to explore the unknown and non-visible (for the reader) world: "its" world. While the other part, as of a human being's, is willing to stay with its familiar gregariously known (to the reader) universe. But sure that's showing quite too much of my hand and other upsleeveish cards. Now I wish I wouldn't have come to explain about that. I'm afraid everything is ruined, by now .... Explaining too much may get frightfully unwholesome. And, besides that, it's trying and tiring on the reader, who's not there to understand anyway and who doesn't participate even as much as does your left hand participate which has during all your writing time to hold firmly the sheet of paper onto the table. Furthermore, again, with explaining too much, it's the same trouble, as to know how and when to stop, once it's started.

I shall try an ultimate gesture, a desperation measure, which could perhaps, in the end, change thoroughly the course of events. Let's see what it gives ...

"Then the spaceship went into overdrive, braking in gathering growing velocity, and there were shrieks of strained tyres which made a young mother wince while giving the infant a suck. Whereas, back in the forehold of the astronef's Hydroponics, from the towering height of the giant trees, coconuts were throwing apes at the head of our worn-out ladies-explorers."

Well. It doesn't work so well today, after all. (There're days like that: that doesn't mean EVERYTHING.) It seems, eventually, that this story of a Hero trying either to leave or to re-enter the first layers of my thin mind, will not see the daylight ever quite the way I'd thought it would altogether, I'm afraid. That's too bad ...

"It shrugged, it shimmered a last time; and then got back to our visible world; that of pens and pencils and rubber-erasers."

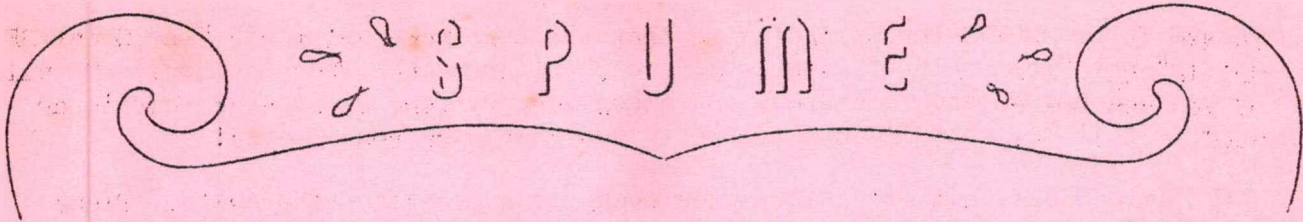
But she may do better another time. At least she should try. I'll see to that. I know it for certain, that then it won't pass unnoticed.

Because I'll be around. I'm always around. Somehow.

Things notwithstanding.

-oOo-

Linard - 3-'58



SCATTERED throughout the comments this mailing are opinions on Harry Warner's suggestion that fans have some identifying symbol to wear when travelling. Most everyone is 100% enthusiastic. So in order to break up this unnatural pattern of harmonious agreement, I'll take the negative.

At first reading, Harry's suggestion seemed a sensible one. Then I began thinking about the drawbacks. As Rich Bergeron mentioned in SERENADE 18, the mere fact that an individual is a fan does not automatically make that person a congenial travelling companion. Nobody finds everyone congenial. Yet, in the confines of a public conveyance, it would be almost impossible to disassociate oneself from someone who is, in all probability, very nice. But not sympatico.

I file fans -- and other people, too -- in about four categories. 1) Those to whom I say "Hello -- having fun?" in passing. 2) Those I like to spend an hour or two with, whenever possible. 3) Those I'd like to spend a whole convention with, if I could -- trouble is there are just too many in this group to be able to manage it with any. 4) Those I'd enjoy having for neighbors. Obviously the last two would be wonderful to run into on a cross-country trip.

But suppose you meet someone from the first two groups? For a while, the chatter is animated. Then you exhaust everything you have in common -- fandom, mainly -- and start to grope to keep things going. The situation becomes increasingly awkward and painful, especially on contemplating the hours or days ahead. Unless someone is either rude or consumately tactful, both would soon be squirming, wishing to read a book or just think or plan a trip-or-con-report -- yet the talk limps along because neither wants to hurt the others' feelings.

From a practical standpoint -- it seems impractical, anyway. It does to me, at least. Just how would you gracefully go about lurching through a train, plane or bus, peering at each occupant as if searching for Uncle Ebenezer?

But I do wish Wrai and Stu had gone through that train to Seattle waving flags labeled "I Am A Fan." There oughta be some workable answer ...

BEEN THINKING about the problem posed by our joint-membership split-ups. I'm not referring to Jane, specifically, here because I've seen her stuff in SAPS and know she can and does produce. However, her lack of activity while in FAPA and the controversy it has aroused pinpoints what could become a major problem. Jane Gallion will probably be a good member. However, with our policy of offering joint memberships automatically, without strings, it could become a matter of domestic harmony that even non-fan spouses be listed simply because it's "done," and not to do it would be "inconsiderate" of the fannish partner.

I feel that this situation could be avoided by requiring that each half of a joint membership produce six pages annually. Thus two people paying single dues would offer twelve pages per year for being listed on the roster. This seems fair and would insure a modicum of regular activity by both and would entirely eliminate the possibility of mundane spouses joining "just because..."

THANKS TO ED MESKYS for reminding me that the Lost Manuscript was "The Great SF Crisis" not "The Death of Science Fiction." (I remember that one now.) So all of you can now go back and erase the check mark on page 21 because there's no need to tell me. But I'd still like to see that saga resurrected!

SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, but it's just a few weeks to convention time again. Plans are brewing, letters flying and I'm beginning to feel that anticipatory stir about seeing a lot of delightful people again. Also some new ones I've long wanted to meet. Arthur is about to break his long seclusion and attend his very first convention. Not all out -- that would be a bit overwhelming -- but he'll be in Chicago for 24 hours or so to experience what he's only had described, renew some old acquaintances and friendships, and meet some people he's heard yardles of talk about over the years. Maybe by the time it's over he'll join FAPA. Or maybe I'll just suddenly disappear from the scene ...

The time since Seattle has probably been the shortest year of my life. Time telescoped. So many changes, upheavals, readjustments, accomplishments. Work and satisfaction. Travel. People. Holidays, parties, plans made and altered, study and learning. Growing. (Inside, not out -- thank goodness.) It's been a magnificent year and I feel like somebody else. That's a very good thing. I think everybody needs to become mint-new every so often or they start to feel dusty. I'm very happy that this year happened to me.

A great deal was done, and a lot not done. FAPA wasn't done for May and wouldn't have been this time except for Jean Linard. A West Coast trip I had planned for May had to be postponed until -- probably -- (NO, certainly!), the fall. Moving in the summer was definitely planned, then abandoned for lack of time to find and fix another place. We're comfortable here, though, and not home overmuch anyway since I'm at the office full time. Right now, business is much more important and exciting than lady-of-leisuring, although that day will come again too. But never all the way -- there's too much going on in the business world keeping my adrenalin pumping for me ever to be tempted more than temporarily to withdraw my nose from it all. I'm a born career gal.

But once a year I desert the dictaphone, toss off the cascading ticker tape, don my propellor beanie and set off for people, parties, panels and FAPA bull sessions. Be there to meet me -- all of you! ... PHE

-oOo-

