



"I've tried everything  
— two dabs of Brill  
Crane, Kemmen Skin Bracer,  
Essence of Wally Weber..."



"...but nothing seems to  
work..."



"Maybe I need a Man's Deoderant."



I've tried everything  
— two days of pills  
Creme, Kemmer skin cream,  
essence ofaily Nodor...



...but nothing seems to  
work...



Maybe I need a hair conditioner

This right here is

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #14

edited by A2C Richard W Brown (Box 26, Hq 36th Combat Support Group, APO 132, New York, N.Y.), published by Good Man Bruce Pelz, and distributed (we hope) thru the 100th (!) mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

+++++

The Inverted Eye — Mailing Comments on FAPA 99

LET ME SAY before I even begin, that this is not intended to be a complete set of mailing comments. If your zine is not reviewed within these pages, please do not assume that it means that I did not like your contribution. As a matter of fact, two zines that I liked Very Much -- MASQUE and CELEPHAIS -- will not be commented on here, among others, because they did not, however enjoyable they were, give me any hooks for comments. A few zines that I did not particularly care for, on the other hand, made comment seem necessary by something they said. If I were Iffem Busby, I would no doubt have some sort of original little dilly that means about the same thing as "That's baseball!" and carry on from there. But I'm not, and I haven't got Buz's facility for making original statements out of old saws, so I'll just have to carry on without it.

THE FANCYSSY AMATEUR — The L.A. Crowd. All those unofficial's are really unofficial -- the only one I received was hetcaif's Idle hands. So, like, how do you know that, say, CRY isn't an unofficial zine for FAPA? :: I am admittedly queasy over the Martin detail, but I don't think I would sign a petition to get him back in.

WRAITH — Wrai Ballard. Chuck Hansen and I were talking together at the SeaCon. "You know," I said, "I'll bet you that most of FAPA, and S&S, and all the other fan-publishers who are here, well, I'll just bet that most of them will only mention their attendance here by saying, 'Well, since everyone else is probably writing a SeaCon Report, I won't..!'" "Well," Chuck said, "I don't know about that, but I'm going to have to write about this." Or something pretty close to that. And to which I replied with a promise that I would, no doubt, have to write one myself.

Well, Chuck Hansen kept his promise, and did a good job of it, but I didn't keep mine. Time has a way of slipping by on you, if you don't watch out, and the first thing you know it's too late to be of any interest -- hell, it's nearly Chi-Con time! -- too, you realize how hazy it's all becoming. It doesn't, in the overall viewpoint, really matter, because I doubt that I would have written a distinctive conreport anyway. It doesn't matter.

Except in one instance.

I wanted to tell everyone within reading distance that I think Wrai Ballard is A Damn Good Man. And I think I have damn good reason for thinking that, too -- so let me get to it.

I arrived at the SeaCon practically broke, as I expected I would; but I had made arrangements with my parents -- who were vacationing in the Pacific Northwest -- to meet me there, so that I could borrow the money from them. So there was no real worry, actually. But before I was able to locate them, and after I had spent what little money I had left, I lost my wallet. Well, it got back to me the same way I had lost it -- empty -- and a little later I met my parents and got enough money to last me thru

the convention. But Wrai didn't know about the last part of it; I don't know how he knew about the first part of it, but he did. And he practically had me down to the restaurant before I realized that he did know it. All I could say at the time was, "Thanks," in an embarrassed, but nonetheless thankful, tone of voice, to kindly, generous Wrai Ballard. But that wasn't enough; that wasn't nearly enough. Though I feel I know Wrai, as much as any fan can know another fan through reading his apazines, having been a member of SAPS for a period of about three years, and though of course I've heard of incidents of this sort before, the kindness of fans & etc., I don't think I fully realized it until this happened to me. For showing me this, I owe a lot to Wrai. Fantasy people are the best of people, and Wrai Ballard Is A Good Man. I'll stand by those two statements, for that and other reasons.

I would hate to be a drag on anyone's Sense Of Wonder, but I don't think this (the 100th) mailing will be overly large. Of course, these words will look silly if they end up smack-dab in the middle of a 1000 page mailing or something, but I don't think they will. My estimate for this mailing (carrying over an old SAPSish trick) is 582 pages. At that, I'm probably estimating way over.

FLJAGH and FIAWOL — why classify people? I think there are people who classify fandom as completely 100% a hobby, and a scant few who consider it a Way Of Life — but the vaster majority fall into some classification that comes from the wide spaces in between. I could say you're FIAWOL if you let that harvest go; or that you're FLJAGH if you read the FAPA mailing first. But why classify people?

Apostrophes. What you meant was apostrophes.

I used to introduce myself as Harlan Ellison. Or I did for a while at the SOLACON. A couple of times I've introduced myself as Rod Richardson, forgetting that that was my real name, but with fans I have usually used Rich Brown (except when I've introduced myself as Harlan Ellison or Richard W. Brown), and I guess it's a good thing I got tired of that gag, or you would still be calling me Harlan, even if I was George Heap . . . or Scithers . . . or Brown . . . or Richardson. Or whatever. Or something.

I can't help it. Every time I see the phrase, "The Boy Blond Watchers" I ask myself, "But who would want to watch a blond boy?" I, myself, would rather watch a girl blond.

Jim Webbert is mentioned in TILE HARP SPATESIDE, for CRYsake -- he was the light-erhack. Somehow, though, when I try to bring him into my mind, I can only picture a sort of hazy Kirk Douglas. Does Jim Webbert look anything like Kirk Douglas? Even a hazy Kirk Douglas? I do remember Doreen, though -- a tall, junoesque blonde.

I muchly enjoyed your article on TARZAN.

VANDY -- the Coulson's. I don't read my guesstimation of what I think is best in FAPA first when I get my mailings. I divide the bundle into three piles -- that which I know will be good, that which I think will be good, and that which I doubt will be good. And I alternate the three, as best as possible. Then I read the mailing, with pencil in hand for making check-marks and notations; those that get them into one pile, those that do not get filed (a hazy term) right away. I always review the FA first, and then in reverse alphabetical order.

So what else is new?

Gods yes, I was planning my first fanzine about the time I sent off for my first YANDRO, which was at about the same time I sent off for my first CRY, which was the first fanzine I ever received. Why, it (my zine) was going to contain stories by Hainlein and Van Vogt and Ray Bradbury and everything. (I was going to buy 10th American Serial Rights, or something.)

the inverted eye — iii

I can concur most heartily — and I do — first-hand, on and about the German people. One might hope that a lesson might have been learned by what the German's did; that this madness lurks in nearly everyone, regardless of what 'type' of people they might seem to be, and that it waits only for time and circumstance to bring itself forth; that man's inhumanity to man is caused by a man who, in many ways, is quite similar to you and I. But for one to wish that such a lesson could be learned from this might be too much for one to wish. This one wishes it wasn't, though.

I will contest that Dean Grennell is without enemies in fandom; not that I am an enemy of his or have any desire to be (unless paid the price mentioned in the last PRA), but I want to ask about those Wetzel incidents that one hears so much about in the fan press; or would you disclaim this by saying that Wetzel wasn't a fan?

Are vocation-stimulation and avocation-stimulation equateable? I do not, personally, think they are: the simile about not adding cats and dogs unless you're counting animals holds true here. But if you disagree, then how is it, by your definition, that you don't stop publishing a monthly fanzine and a quarterly FAPAzine, and channel more of your effort toward your job/vocation? Understand, I'm not suggesting you do this — heck, neither FAPA nor fandom would ever be the same without Juanita's fine illos and Cynical Ol' Buck Coulson turning his super-sharp gillette blades on some particular fannish piece of hokey (and, oddly enough, I feel the same about Buz, with whom you were arguing this question) — I was just wondering why, if you believe this, you are in fandom. I know, I know . . . you like to see people squirm. Well, people-squirming is good sport, sometimes.

Can anyone explain to me why, never having seen any Cultzines (to my knowledge), Warner should decide that the Cult might not be worth saving? Can anyone explain to me why, in the same situation, FAPA would be worth saving? I doubt it, but I'm willing to listen.

What is this stuff they call "realistic" fiction, and how dare they? I estimate that it would take at least 500 pages to say only what one person would think in one day, not even to bother to go into what he/she was doing, or feeling, or describing the people he/she might meet. I base this on the fact that, for a Speech Class, I was once assigned to write down my thoughts — "All of them!" — for a period of ten minutes. I tried — I got four single-spaced pages on the Vick IM electric, and I still missed one hell of a lot, about two or three 'levels' worth. Still, it was a pretty wild bit. And, what is more, reading about all this would probably be as boring as hell; you've already got real life all around you, so why go to a book for it?

While I was in Southern California on leave, I got to see the movie "The Twist." It was on with Jerry Lewis' "The Errand Boy." It should get the comedy award of the year — not "The Errand Boy," but "The Twist." There was one really really priceless piece of dialog in it. Young Bhoj Hero (he & his brother 'invented' the Twist) is writing music for their next show. A girl, who has been a play for him, asks him: "You mean you really write that stuff?" I giggled at that line, but the next one was the real joy: "Look," our Bhoj Hero says, "You may not realize it, but this music is just as important to the kids of today as Mozart's and Bach's were to theirs..." I was the only one who laughed at that line, so I got up and left (I'd already seen "The Errand Boy"). I don't think I really missed much, though.

Hmm. Your comment on Sercon's Bane amuses me, Juanita: "Well, I hear tell..."

..that one fellow went along with passive resistance so well that his followers eventually organized a cult that took over most of the Western World." However, his followers (except for a few of the earlier ones) didn't follow the passive resistance bit — do you really think of the Western World as an idealization of the passive resistance movement, Juanita? — because it was eventually considered kind of a drag (not to mention being a damn nuisance) to get eaten by a lion. I mean, if you consider, for instance, The Inquisition as passive resistance, you might still be right. Seems, too, I remember reading somewhere that Quakers wandered around the U.S. during its formative years, preaching...and getting themselves burned and branded and having their tongues cut out and their ears cut off by the Puritans, who were also supposed to be great followers of that fellow you were talking about in the phrase above. I could not doubt go on, but I'll spare you any more of this grief. I agree that an idea is not responsible for the people who supposedly believe in it; but you were talking about these followers as if they followed the passive resistance bit as laid down by this leader, and I say that they don't, didn't, and wouldn't have made the head-way they have today if they had.

Ok, so a male is aggressive and thinks if he pushes the Right Buttons, bingo! With a little cooperation on the part of the female, he's right; he's a dolt if he thinks that cooperation isn't needed, though. But don't go telling me that females don't push a few, either, because I know otherwise. That is, given that a person wants to be sexually stimulated, he/she can be, unless there is something organically (or mentally) wrong with that person. As for technique, it's better to have some than none at all; you can mess up what could be A Very Wonderful Thing by being a fumble-budget.

TIDMOUSE — Robert Silverberg. A very fine issue, Bob, and very readable; but the only thing that I could get my comment hooks into was your very last line: "So sue me." You know, that used to be a Good Line.

TARGET FAPA — Dikini. In defense of Ted White (who is perfectly capable of defending himself, and I should know, but what the hell, archy, that's what makes life and time and poor Richard's Almanac and several other magazines) let me say (you probably wouldn't if you could stop me) that 1) Howard's comments did libel Ted, and 2) Howard's comments did not belong in SAPS. I thought it was, and still think it is, a cowardly thing to say something behind anyone's back. At least, I never saw Ted White making any cracks about one Dick Eney in the CRAP, where Dick Eney could neither see them nor defend himself against them. But if he had, and you found out about it, Dick, what would you have done? Cry FANAC?

Ah, I see I must be one of the Loyal and Malevolent Protective Order of Ted White Stoooges... Obviously, anyone who agrees with Ted is; equally obviously, anyone who agrees with Eney is Clean and Noble and 99 and 99/100ths % pure...that's the way you'd stack the cards, if someone weren't looking.

SERCON'S BANE — Buz. Ah, Buz, in reference to your cover, but the best is yet to come — heh-heh-heh! — just wait until you've seen my version of ASI!

The only thing that ever shocked me, in science fiction, was Bester's "The Demolished Man." At the time I read it, my science fiction reading had been largely confined to juveniles, with a few of the adult books with a minor "damn" or "hell" here and there; so, comparatively, the language in "The Demolished Man" was pretty rough. I was only 12 then. But after the first few times, the shock wore off and I got down to enjoying the story — which I did.

Hum, still on sick jokes, eh? "6,000,000 Jews...That's Not Too Many."

I think you made a damn good point on "Son Of Two Fans." I knew that there was something about it that bothered me, when I first read it, but I wasn't quite able to verbalize it. Besides which, I know kids are usually pretty understanding with other kids about their parents; as a matter of fact, one of my best friends parents and I couldn't get along -- they were, in my opinion, slobbering, viscious drunks -- but it didn't keep us from being friends, and it certainly didn't keep him from having dates or going steady.

Most places I know -- ie, Pasadena -- would not pick you up, if you were carrying a non-concealed weapon, for carrying that weapon. However, they would pick you up for 'disturbing the peace.' Naturally, anyone can see the difference between the two. Wot? I had a friend, though, who got around this by carrying his gun on the dash-board of his car.

Hey, you know, I've been practicing, and now I can wiggle one ear at a time. Well, actually, what I mean is, I can wiggle my right ear without wiggling my left; I haven't been able to get the left one to work independantly of the right yet. I wonder if it has anything to do with my politics, or what?

Us ear-wigglers are the only true slans, y'know.

SELF-PRESERVATION - Lee Hoffman. I almost bought a portable electric typer, myself. Of course, I'm glad I didn't, now -- they use 220V current here in Germany, and I'd need another transformer. But I almost bought one (an electric typer, I mean, not a transformer; of course, I have a transformer -- as a matter of fact, I have two, but-- oh, nuts...N-U-T-S...nuts), because it is one hell of a lot of trouble for me to get new ribbons for this little Hermes Rocket (as people who have corresponded with me have probably come to realize). But the slansman..an honest typo for 'salesman,' believe it or not..kept fooling around until the impression got to me that they didn't really want to give me credit, because I was a serviceman, and unmarried; so I walked out of that place, and down the streets of Panama City. About a block and a half away I bought a suit, three shirts, a pair of shoes, six ties, two sets of cuff-links & tie-clasps, a sweater, a jacket, and a portable radio -- all on credit. And payed for it, eventually. But I would have preferred the typer, at the time.

Sure -- that ol' Aztec killed a few people, no doubt, tearing out their hearts like that, but it was just the society he was a product of, the things that that society believed in. Eichmann, on the other hand, was an independant sort and would have killed 6,000,000 Jews, no matter what time and place he had been born in; neither can we blame Tormaque (sp? -- you know, the cat that was the greatest Inquisitioner of all time), since he believed what he was doing, and was wholly a product of his society. No? ## Don't get me wrong, Leeh -- I'm not arguing 'innocence' in this matter, though I don't think Eichmann's death helped anything, really. I mean, killing him didn't bring back the people he killed; and he only died once, not 6,000,000 times. But if you follow this reasoning about this Aztec, at what point do you draw the line? We might well draw the distinction between savagery and civilization. (To which, being the cynic I am, I would reply that the human race has never yet been civilized.) Is that where the line goes? I don't know -- I'm not an Artist.

Gods yes, the Greeks had the same problems. Every other year or so, the ol' Reader's Digest runs this little filler that goes on and on about what the younger generation is coming to, how they don't mind their elders, how they always talking back and getting responsibilities that they can't handle & much cetra, and then it's attributed to Socrates. Which was amusing, once.

SALUD - Elinor Busby. How about the reverse case, Elinor, where a younger man marries an Older Woman? Or how about Bloch's ideas: matching young girls and young boys with older men and women, until they become older, at which point they take on younger mates? By 'young' I mean around 16-17, and by 'older' I mean...oh, 35-40, say. Now, here are what would be the biggest advantages: the younger couple, in either case, would benefit from the maturity, gentleness and sexual experience of the older; they would, likewise, pass this on to the couple that followed. The snag would be 'love,' of course (it does get in ones way, sometimes, when one is trying to Do Something Great For The World; still, I would have it abolished, or anything) -- this sort of society would require two 'matings,' actually, and a strong emotional bond would have to be broken; the older person, who would be in hiser early sixties, at the oldest, would feel that he/she was being 'put out to pasture,' so to speak. Many people are, if not at their prime, at least plenty robust to go on living for another 40 or so years. Oh, well, so much for improving the world.

Actually, I do vote the Coulson's seperate; never having seen any of Buck's artwork, I wouldn't want to give him credit for Juanita's. Likewise, I'm sure there's some qualities that Buck has that I would vote for him and not Juanita, though I can't think of one at the moment. (Squirmy, eh Buck?) Or were you just talking about the magazine category, Elinor?

Special Poor Richard's Almanac Section On Why People Do Not Like Gin, The Taste Thereof, Even If Flavored With Juniper, Which Everyone Loves The Smell Of:

I like the smell of roses, Elinor. Nothing smells sweeter to me than a pure, fresh, sweet rose, by whatever name. If I had my choice of things, I once told myself when I was a budding young poet, I would spend all my days smelling roses, no matter what you called them. Rose-smelling, I said (regardless of nomenclature), Is A Way Of Life.

But when I was a boy, and very small and young and innocent, and very much liking the smell of roses (I knew nothing of semantics then), I decided to eat one.

Ehh.

I got sick. Since then, I have decided that rose-smelling, even if you call them juniper's, is just a goddamn hobby.

Another thing, too: sugar is very sweet. It even tastes nice. But have you ever tried to eat a saccharine tablet straight?

End Of Special Poor Richard's Almanac Section On Why People Do Not Like Gin, The Taste Thereof, Even If Flavored With Juniper, Which Everyone Loves The Smell Of.

Hmm, maybe all of FAPA could be case for The Lord Of The Rings. Wrai Ballard for Aragorn. Pelz for Boromir, perhaps. Rotaler for Faramir, yes. Bill Evans for Tom Bombadil. Me for an Ent. A thin Ent. Any more suggestions?

I get Ingmar and Ingrid mixed up, sometimes, just like you typed (or were you just copying Norm Clarke?) Ingrid for Ingmar. Ingrid is the actress; -mar the Ghreat Producer/Director.

Incest used to be in, in plays, and probably still is. Even back in the thirties. Here's a quote from one of Don Marquis' letters, for instance: "My new play, which I am now working on, is about Byron and Shelley in Pisa in 1821, and will have incest in it, so you see I am in the van of thought. The heroine, Clare Claremont, was the half-sister of Shelley's wife; the full sister of Shelley's Soul and the mother of Byron's bastard. Shelley laid them in rows, and called them Sisters of his Soul. Byron planted little deeds of kindness between the rows, like beans between rows of corn, and called them his mistresses; on two or three occasions they were the same girls. Byron, however, remained Satan, and was very proud of being Satan; Shelley remained an Angel,



and was very proud of being an Angel. It was really a case of non Angeli, sed Angeli; the English being very prone to Shelley's kind of spiritual hypocrisy — be sure you're moral, then go ahead. :: I have a great scene in which somebody has told Byron that he is not a devil; and this hurts Byron so that he cries and cries; his mistress has to comfort him and pet him up, and her husband and her father have to help her; finally Byron's self-respect is restored. The setting is Byron's palace at Pisa. On the ground floor are six peacocks, two bears, four monkeys; Leigh Hunt and his wife and Hunt's six children. Two or three Shelley children, and Clare's bastard, wander in and out chased by bears and so forth. I think I shall show Byron throwing his bastards to the beasts, and Shelley the angel rescuing them. Byron's official mistress at the moment, the Countess Broccoli, or something, has a husband who is wanted by the cops; Count Gumbo, her father, is also wanted by the cops. The author will be wanted by the cops. What the hell, what can you do about it? .... :: .... Byron, in my play, denies incest until it occurs to him that incest is splendidly, satanically wicked; and then he lets Shelley think he is guilty of it. Shelley is all for it on the very highest grounds; he thinks it is great, and it gives him an idea for a swell poem. Well, Byron and Shelley both did what they wanted to, often the same things, and Byron remained a devil and Shelley an angel. Each was that to himself and his friends, and it has imposed on their biographers to this day. Byron was a lord but not a gentleman. Shelley did a dozen cadish things, but remained really a gentleman. What the hell, you can't have everything. Two women, Harriet Shelley and Fanny Imlay, killed themselves over Shelley, and he really rather regreted it, even when Mary Shelley told him that things had worked out on the Highest Spiritual Plane..."

Wheeze! Once one starts quoting Marquis, it's rather hard to stop. That letter goes on and on and on, but I think those are the interesting/pertinant things that your little remark inspired me to quote. Anyway, I thought you might like it.

I guess it's ok to worship Hemingway now. But the thing is, who wants to?

RECEIVED MAY 12 1962 -- Lee Jacobs. Avram Davidson has had letters published in CRY, sirrah, I'll have you know. And while he may not have invented the word "spellbingling," he is the cause of that word's coming into existence, as a word used to describe himself, and if that isn't the fannish thing to do then I don't know what is. I probably don't, anyway.

THE RAMBLING FAP - Gregg Calkins. Ted Johnstone, I believe, was referring to the fact that his old reason for not getting on the FAPA w/ was no longer valid, and he didn't want to have to answer, when asked why he didn't get on the FAPA w/, "because a hoax of mine is already there." Not that he had to say that, but, you know, one should not lie about hoaxes, etc., etc., &c.

Plez to note my comments to Suz on ear-wiggling.

If I had a beard, I might agree with you. About transcontinental bus-travelling, I mean. But I don't have a beard, and two or three days without shaving makes me feel grubby as hell. Maybe I've been brain-washed by the Air Farce, I don't know, but whenever I see that dark fuzzy growth on my face I half-way expect to see lice start hopping out. For some reason, though, this doesn't carry over with a full beard.

That alternative title of yours — "CA6969g" — is too damn fannish; two 69's, after all! Did you really think you could put one over on us that easily? Us sci-fi-fiction afficiando's know you fannish types apart...why we have a kind of aura about us.

Ors I like my women the way I like my coffee — hot, sweat, with a little cream.

MURDER - Ted White. I can't understand about these sonic boom complaints. I've been listening to them, off and on, at no determinable intervals, for almost three years, with no noticeable affect...affect...affect...affect....

the inverted eye -- viii

Well, Ted, congratulations on making six (written) pages.

The fact remains that Walter Breen was not blackballed from the waiting list, therefore whoever these 'malicious, petty and false' people must have at least re-considered. Could it be that they were not so m. p. & f.? And no, I was not one of them, nor have I ever been approached by anyone trying to get Walter off the wl, nor did I vote for his removal, nor would I. (I think I've covered that one from all angles, anyway.)

What do you think the communists would do if we dropped all our defences, Ted? Sit back and smile at this wonderful gesture of friendliness, trustfulness and brotherly love?

Hum. Walter was talking about sense-of-humor. I have a sense-of-humor tester that I would like to try out on FAPA. I heard the joke, and it's not Shaggy dog-gish (I don't think), or, that is, pointless, but the humor never hit me, though it got to a few. Maybe it's over my head. Anyway, I'm going to try it here and see what sort of a reaction I get.

George Peterson was in need of eleven bricks to go around a tree -- he knew this because he measured the distance around and calculated it out. He went to a brick-making plant and tried to buy them, but they only sold them in dozens and refused to make an exception in his case. So, grudgingly, he took all twelve and tried to make them fit. Of course, they wouldn't -- he had calculated correctly, and needed only eleven. So he took the remaining brick back and tried to give it to them. But they wouldn't take it. He kept trying to give it to them. Finally one of them said, "Look, buddy, I tell you what you can do with that brick -- you take it outside and throw it straight up in the air." So he took it outside and threw it straight up in the air.

If anyone understands it, I wish they would explain it to me.

I cannot join the FAPA non-smokers. I smoke in excess of two packs a day. More on week-ends. And you're right, of course, I usually don't think about non-smokers, and I guess it's pretty rude of me. And I haven't got any excuse for it, either, except that I'm a rude bastard sometimes. I swear to God I am.

But speaking of rude smokers, I can't help but think of the sacrifice my aunt made when she was flying with one. She had a daschound whom she called Penny, and she really liked that dog. But she (a non-smoker) was sitting opposite from a man who was smoking a big, black cigar, or 'puffing' one, as she said. She took it as long as she could and then, as politely as she could, hinted that it was disturbing her. He paid her no mind. Still politely, she tried to tell him (quite truthfully) that cigarette smoke was bad for her, according to her doctor; cigar-smoke, naturally, even more-so. "Take you a deal," he sneered at her, "You throw out that damn dog and I'll throw out my cigar." Man, what a rude s.o.b. Like I say, this aunt of mine really like that dog, but she threw her out. And the guy had to stick up to his promise -- he threw his cigar out, too. But it wasn't all that cruel or unhappy; when they landed they found the dog, still alive, it's leash had caught onto the back wing. And you know, you'll probably never guess what the dog had in her mouth? No, not the cigar...the brick!

Sorry to have to use all that beautiful space, Walter, without having really said, or even said, anything to you, but that comment of yours seemed to open up the possibilities for that joke, and I liked it.

The trouble with having too many checks and balances, Walter, is that it's liable to force people to go so deeply into a problem to find it's solution that by the time they climb back up to the top, the situation has changed and the solution is no longer valid.

Archy, the world-famous cockroach, and a great friend of Don Marquis', once interviewed a pharaoh who woke up asking for beer. When Archy told him that the

country was 'dry' the ol' pharaoh/mummy  
 gave a great cough of despair  
 and turned to dust and debris  
 right in my face  
 it being the only time  
 i ever actually saw anybody  
 put the cough  
 into sarcophagus

As to the accuracy of this, I have never once in my life doubted the reporting of Archy the cockroach, and anyone who might must be a mean mean old man who doesn't love his Jesus and pushes little ducks in the water. And his feet probably don't match, either.

Oh, Walter, Metcalf was talking about stereotypes. Sure, there are a hell of a lot of dumb NCO's; but I think they stand up well to the average on the outside. You will find incompetency wherever you go; it's not restricted to the service. On the other hand, I've met a few NCO's with above-fannish-average intelligence. No doubt you've met a few on the outside, too. Well?

Again, I would say that Tucker also has enemies, though I certainly don't classify myself as one. Ben Singer would be the most likely candidate — from what I last heard, he's still sore because Tucker was (understandably) mad about the death-hoax which Singer is responsible for starting that caused Bob so much trouble. And I've never seen anything in print to state that Moscovitz ever forgave him for not rallying to his (Sam's) aide to route the red invasion.

I will second your motion that everyone should read "The Child Buyer." It is so gawd-awful blood-chilling and frightening (easily ten times moreso than some of the best 'horror' stories) while remaining so damn close to things that are actually happening right now.

MOONSHADE = Rick Sneary & Len Moffatt. I cannot help but remember, Len, how disgusted I was, as a science fiction snob, to find out that westerns (among other things) could be Good Reading. I don't read many westerns these days, or detectives, and only an occasional science fiction novel ("I've almost kicked the habit!") — but all three have their good side and their bad, and I only wish I hadn't taken so long to realize it.

I don't know, Rick, whether to say that fans are getting overly serious these days or not. Perhaps I've been luckier than most. But the way things have been going, the way accusations — serious, yet! — have been flying on what used to be funny subjects, I cannot help but wonder when I'm going to be attacked in the fannish press for Taking Over The CRY. Terry Carr, what is this silly fuggheaded idea of yours about building a Tower Of Bheer Cans To The Moon? Ah, kidstuff! And fosh on the whole business.

The only thing I see wrong with your Poll plan, Rick, is that if the 20 picked (and the picking would be a sort of polling — a poll to take a poll?) were the best fans, they would probably be publishing most of the Good Zines, or at least connected with them. Perhaps, from that alone, you could imagine the snares that they would run into. And yet...I agree with you that something should probably be done, because fanzines with Big Circulations stand the biggest chance of winning any distinctive award, such as a Hugo. CRY and FANAC have done it, but I think because they had readerships that were actively behind them — and enough readers to be distinctive. But what about, say, KIPPLE? I do not get KIPPLE — Pauls and I have developed the habit of sneering at each other and then passing on whenever we cross fannish lines (I've never met him) — but I have seen isolated issues of it, and my dislikes of Ted aside, it is a good zine. But its limited circulation keeps it out of the running with things like

SF TIMES, which it beats quality-wise.

A name for those mundane-fannish types, it seems to me, would be Night People. I know this is usually a name that is applied to the listeners of Gene Shepherd, but I think NightPeopleism is a state of mind.

MELANGE - John & Bjo Trimble. Ahhhhhh! I've been trying to keep that phrase alive, because I like it so much. Not "Ahhhhh!," but "C'est la cotton-pickin' vie." I've used it five or seven times since I last heard/saw (I forget which) you use it. I looks so much better when you do it, though.

Burbee is fabulous. I was going to devide the syllables in 'fabulous' in the manner his (Burbee's) ex-barber used to, using his new means of swearing; but I just got MZB's post-mailing, and now I feel bad about the risque things I've printed so far. I could get real angry and declare that this is, byghod, my magazine, and all that sort of ~~###~~ stuff, but I like MZB. So now I couldn't say something like fabu-fugging-less, even if I wanted to.

Yes, I would be interested in a run-down on people who like orange and green, and advocates of 'basic black.' Right now I'm wearing my Jack Harness shirt (so-called because of its clashing colors; orange and green and pink and blue and purple), and black trousers. However, I've got a black shirt that I often wear with the trousers. Why, is it something all that bad, that you didn't dare speak of it? Better you had told me; then I wouldn't be worrying.

LIGHTHOUSE - Pete Graham & Terry Carr. Les Norris was a failure as a hoax, which is why I quit working on him; no one was ever really convinced, except maybe Toskey, and even then he was just arguing himself into it -- and quite a few people had cried "hoax!" Most others were in doubt; too many just didn't care. There were some good points to the thing, but they weren't enough to enduce me to stay with the project. I had some stencils cut on the 'story' of Les Norris, but I threw them all away. Still, Ted did one hell of a lot of work on LesNor; more, probably, than a lot of people will ever know -- and the only reason he continued to exist was so that Ted would get the place in FAPA, because he (Ted) felt that all that time, money and effort should not go for naught. From about the time I left So. Cal, the LesNor 'hoax' continued to be carried on, not so much with the idea of having a fabulous hoax, but just to keep people from knowing that he was a hoax until he could do Ted some good. Anyway, whathall, the decision has been made, and I think it was the right one.

I think you missed Gregg Calkins point entirely, Terry. He's willing to call Canadians whatever they want to be called -- Canadians or Americans. He admitted that they were both. But no matter what you call them, they get mad -- if you call one a Canadian, he naturally assumes that you're cutting him out of his heritage as an American; if you call him an American, he naturally assumes that you're cutting him out of his Canadian heritage. The only solution seems to be calling them Canarican or Ameridians, and I doubt that they would appreciate even these efforts toward friendliness. Well, what the hell, you can't have everything. Too, what are they to call us? We have to call ourselves 'Americans' because it's so goddamn unweildy and tongue-constricting to say 'United Statesians.' Well?

You speak of the 'average weekly earnings' being \$14 below the national average, in the South, but have you considered the lower prices of practically everything in that region? I would be willing to bet you that more people die of starvation in NYC than in any five large cities of the south.

I have a feeling that your interpretation of Elinor's line is not what she meant -- but I like it just the same.

Most of these little things (?) by Carol are quite good -- the one that starts off, "I, father of a thousand poets!" is priceless.

Pete: My takeoff on who?

Hum. You speak about being misunderstood, in the humor piece you did on Kennedy. The thing I want to know, is, were you being humorous on the Pan Poll bit as well? I read it as a parody/satire/burlesque of the Earl Kemp-type fan poll and derived quite a few laughs from it; but everyone else seems to have taken it seriously. Ah, well, another brilliant piece of fannish humor out the window, merely because of lack of intention.

LIGHT - Leslie A. Crouch. Yes, ghod ol' Gem Carr certainly kept things livened up -- but she's fed-up with FAPA now, or so I've heard. But I guess we could always get George Lincoln Rockwell, if things get too dreary...

LE MOINDRE - Boyd Raeburn. What do you cut the...uhm...I guess we could call it "lettering" (with quotations, yet) of Le Moindre with,

Boyd? An Ice pick?

Yes, if you actually went ahead and wrote about the places you have been, it would no doubt prove to be interesting reading -- every bit as much so as Harry Warner talking about Hagerstown, possibly moreso. Look at Art Wilson -- I'd never even known who Art Wilson was, except that he was a member of FAPA, or even cared particularly, but I thought his A Fanzine For Jim Caughran was every bit as good as any zine I've read in this mailing. I might even be interesting if I wrote about Germany, or Lux, or France. But it's the Harry Warner's and the Art Wilson's that get beyond the planning stage; for myself, I seldom get past the light-thinking stage before I say, "Ah, who would want to read about that?" Still, when someone else does it, I'm all for it. So more power to them -- and you, too, Boyd, if you ever get around to it.

You're right. Everyone doesn't say San Francisco is their favorite city. I've been there twice and don't think I'd miss it if I never went again. But New York... New York? Good God, now there is a city! Of course, if I ever try to live there, I'll probably starve to death. But for the time I was there (about eight or ten hours), considering that I got lost five or six times, I knew that New York was my favorite city; and ever shall be, we might add.

Ok. OK! I'll agree with you again (o, gods, twice in the same issue?), and say right here in print that Boyd Raeburn Does Not Have An English Accent. Boyd Raeburn Has An English Inflection. I just hope it doesn't hurt much...

HORIZONS - Harry Warner Jr. I'm afraid that if fans, as a rule, have a relative immunity to serious illnesses as a trait, then I'm an exception to the rule. Twice in the past two years, once recently, I've been in the hospital for kidney stones; neither were really bad, outside of the pain (I laught a lot), since it only put me out of commission for repairs for about three weeks each time. But unless this thing is corrected, it can become quite serious.

I am kindof left out on the automobile chitterchatter, too. I had one Plymouth, an over-and-under-hydromatic, that I never drove -- I bought it from an Aunt of mine, tried to fix it, couldn't, so sold it for junk at a \$10 profit. Ah, those were my Pealthy Young Capitalistic days, my youth. No cars since then. I had a 1959 Allstate motor-scooter, though, when I was at Tyndall -- and it almost gave another fan a ride. I was at the Vick's one day, just passing by, and Shelby needed a ride. But at the time the clutch-cable had just worn through, and it didn't have a kick-starter, so one had to run with it, hop on, hit the throttle, hop off, run, run, run, hop on, open it up as wide as it would go, and (whether one was a devout Agnostic or not) pray; at which point it would either carry you (at about 20 -25 mph) until you had to stop (where the whole process had to be started all over again) or die on you. So after

I explained all this to Shelby, he decided not to go with me that day. As I remember it, I hit every stop-sign red from Lynn Haven to Panama City to Tyndall. I got back and wrote a piece of faaan-fiction about what it was like to be a youngfan, and tired.

Golf-playing trophies? Well, hell, change the golf clubs to rockets and make them fan awards.

But who did Bach study under?

College kids trying to act like adults is part of life Harry — and I don't mean the magazine, either. I mean, here are all these restricted people, restricted because of their ages, and suddenly they are twenty-one and \*wowie\* adults...and so many of them think (well, I'm guessing — I'm not 21 yet, myself), "Well, gee, how come I'm no different?" Pop! — just like that — and they're Over The Line, and they don't have any more of these restrictions. Only thing is, they probably don't notice any change. They don't suddenly, say, See The Light Of The World...as being any lighter...or any dimmer. They're looking at the world with the same set of eyes, interpreting it with the same brain, and — whathell is this, anyway, archy? — no Ghreat Revelations? So they have to Act The Bit Out, you know, because they have not been awarded the wisdom of the ages that being twenty-one was supposed to bring them. Can't you feel a bit of pity for these poor helpless pipples, Harry? Or not pity, really; most of them will grow out of it, but it is a funny situation, and a funny situation is (usually) a sad situation. And, ghods, I'll be getting there in a coupla years, myself. Another year, I should have said; I was 20 on the first day of July of this year. (The last sentence was for Redd Doggs.)

I wish that what was wrong with Horizons was all that was wrong with Poor Richard's Almanac.

Of course you didn't think of the events that ocured to you during your stay at the hospital as amusing or edifying. But then, if you've read Stranger In A Strange Land, you'll find Heinlein defining humor as that which hurts, and because it hurts, one laughs. Like what I was saying up there about a funny situation is (usually) a sad situation. Or, if you prefer, take the definition of someone who should know a bit more about it, James Thurber, who said that it (humor) was "emotional and physical pain, turmoil and chaos, pleasantly remembered at a later date."

Horizons deserves more comment than this, dammit, but I haven't got it in me to make it.

ELMURMURINGS - Elmer Perdue. I think, Elmer, that you have a basically Good Idea with what I deem to call the Toilette Plan. Start at 10¢, as you say, and then compromise at 5¢. The economy of the U.S., despite the recent market crash, is not as bad as some people might think; the problems could easily be solved by the addition of this little facet. Basically, all this country needs is a good 5¢ John.

Well, I have this thing about traffic lights. When I come to an innersection, and the light is red but there is no traffic coming, I will proceed, whether on foot or in vehicle. In such an instance I imagine most people would envision me as the worst kind of law-breaker; but my reasoning tells me that I am capable of thought, whereas the machine (traffic light) is not. A traffic light, in my own not-so-humble opinion, is a Good Thing for the regulation of heavy traffic; but it is not an iron-clad (pun intended) dispenser of Absolute Right and Absolute Wrong.

DAY\*STAR - Marion Z. Bradley. In the issue of DAY\*STAR which appeared in the 98th mailing, you started out with a sentence, "I have begun to believe in Spring again." That sentence stays with me, and continues to stay with me. Did you take it from something, or was it original. I thought, at

first, that it sounded familiar, but I couldn't place it. And then, one night, believe it or not, about 11:30, I woke out of a sound sleep, leapt from my bed with a shout of, "Aha!" Fortunately, it was a Friday night and all my room-mates were still out. "Aha!" I shouted, "Francoise Segan!" But, after a frugal search of A Certain Smile, Bonjour Tristesse, and Aimez-vous Brahms, I was willing to admit that it was probably not Francoise Segan. It was probably MZBradley. Was it?

I can't get over the line itself, though. It's pure poetry! Why, it's loaded with ideas. It would make one hell of a fine line for the beginning of some novel. If you don't write it, MZB, can I?

As long as you 'care,' you can be hurt, and, what is more, probably will be, the laws of chance being what they are. I don't know whether I 'care' or not anymore -- I try not to, in most things, but until I can stop caring about anything, whether that be myself or whatever, anything at all, it doesn't make any difference. Well, maybe we weren't made to be stoics, anyway; at least, not until we die.

I have a note here to say that the Ichabodings that may/may not be appearing soon, in regard to the FAPA w1, is not inspired by the Fantasy Amblor. I had not received it when I wrote the piece. However, since you are defending views that I (Ichabod) attack, I realize, there's no use in being wishy-washy and saying I didn't mean them. I did mean them.

BADLI - Rusty. I dislike anti-egotists who don't put their names to their fanzines -- I remember that your first name is Rusty, and I think I know what your last name is (Hevalin, or Havalin, or something like that), but the Fantasy Amateur isn't handy at the moment, and I have no desire to go plugging thru ten or fifteen pounds of unassorted fanzines to see if I can find one.

If I lived my whole life assuming each day to be the last, I don't think I would make it through any one of those days. I posed this question to myself somewhere, or someone posed it in some fanzine or other (I think maybe it was Pelz and proFANity, but I don't remember for sure), and I answered with something frivolous about 'writing fan letters.' This all goes to show, I guess, that I have changed a bit in the past few years; I'd still probably spend as much time possible writing, but the type of thing I would write would be different. And it would probably all be as frugal.

Come, now. If you're going to include Jews in your list of people who 'should not take offense' when they are joked about, let's be fair and include Catholics, Protestants, Bhuddists (other religions), Negro's, Irishmen (other races), etc.

ANKUS - Bruce Pelz. By now you have seen the fourth issue of PILLAR OF FIRE (that is, you should have -- you published it), so you know what effect liquor has on my writing, since most of it was produced under the influence, as I more than hinted, of Cuttysark Scotch Whiskey. For the benefit of FAPAns who are not in The Cult, and thus do not get PILLAR OR FIRE, let me state the following, with a sigh: What a waste of good Cuttysark Scotch Whiskey.

David Bunch has written a few stories for Amazing Stories, I think; a series about a world where everyone is practically a robot, for the sake of protection, and constantly seigeing one another to purge their hatreds. Not really bad, but no great shakes as far as science fiction runs.

I like to be read-to by someone who can read; since I am not a good out-loud reader, you would no doubt think that I would not read to people in return; but, in that case, you would, no doubt, be wrong.

AMBIVALENT AMORIA - Jack Harness. I once thought it was possible to be too dumb to get into the service, or the ghod ol' Air Force, at least; but Norma Metcalf and I will have to get together and see if we can tell you about a fellow named Riera. Bitterest Disappointment Of All Departments: he do-

ted on science fiction. Ergo, fans are not slans; most definite proof, here.

I agree with your comments to Eney on the draft. Isn't anybody surprised?

I have nothing to say on "Zoran And The Jewels Of Meadem." No, nothing. But absolutely. Nil. Nix. Nothing, in fact.

Absolutely nothing.

The Game Of Instant Lawsuit is muchfun, and the nicest, funniest bit done on this whole affair. What more can I say? Nothing. Nil, in fact. Absolutely.... nothing.

ALIF - Karen Anderson. I haven't seen "The Piebald Hippogriff," but that's not highly unusual, since FANTASTIC UNIVERSE doesn't seem to be sold over here. However, I did see your haiku in R&SF, which I liked muchly, except that they were poorly presented. Uh, lay-outwise, I mean.

Pythagoreans didn't like beans, as you point out, but that is only indirectly (I cannot help but point out) connected with why There Will Be No Beans In Coventry.

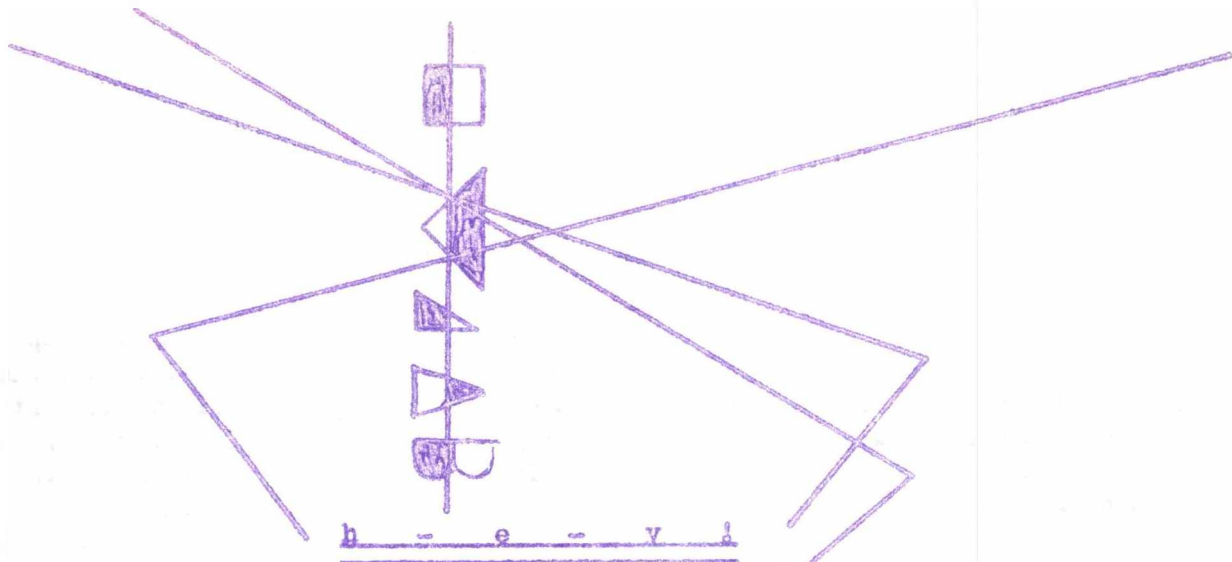
A FANZINE FOR JIM CAUGHIRAN -- Art Wilson. By damn, this is a hell of a fine zine.

I think I've already given you egoboo

herein somewhere else (yes, page 11, if you want to look), but that's hardly enough. Look, Art, I enjoyed this more than I am capable of saying; and the thing is, this is the sort of thing I love to read, but have a devil of a time making comments on. My only check-mark, as a matter of fact, is to note that bheer varies (depending on local and class of bar-girls) from 45 pfennigs (about 12¢) to 1 mark (24¢). But this was interestingly written, entertaining, absorbing. Kindly, more, please?

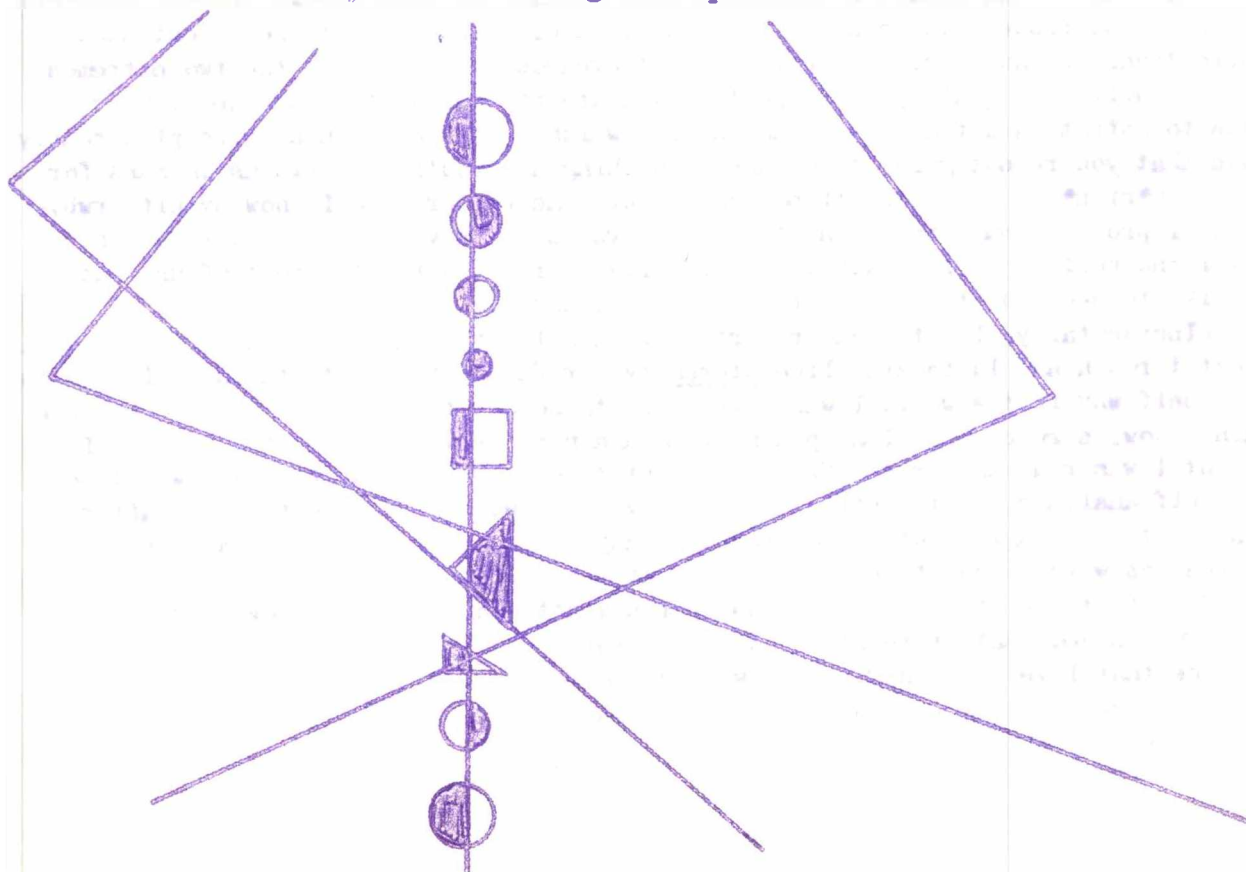
also sprach rich brown, July, 1961





I just found out that an extra page would be an asset, tending to make the pages come out more even. Lack of time keeps me from doing anything of lasting importance with this page, such as commenting on the shadow mailing or hastily retracting my statement to Wrai Ballard that this would probably be a small mailing. But I'm sending this PRA to all the Shadow contributors, and I'll look like an ass, now, whether we have a big mailing or a small mailing. No matter.

But I'm going to give you a chance to make some money. I am trying to fill up the gaps in my collection of CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Despite the fact that I've been a regular subscriber since #97 (as I keep happening to mention at least once per issue of PRA -- it's a tradition I intend to live up to) I have, for one reason or another, lost issues. I am willing to pay \$1 each for the first copy I receive of the following issues #126, #123, #130, #144, #156, #159. That's six lucky dollars for some lucky fan, assuming that they have, and are willing to part with, those CRY's. Just to make it interesting, I'll offer \$7.00 to anyone that will part with all of them. What the hell -- rich brown, last of the big time spenders. That's me.



# LETTERS

HARRY WARNER, JR., 425 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Rich:

Precisely how does one go about saying er, you know, I hate to bring this up, but I do owe you a little apology for being seven months late thanking you for your fanzines and commenting on them? I've had enough practice at this type of apology but I still haven't found the right way to make it gracefully and convincingly. Your case is not quite as bad as others I've had to cope with. Inside of the past two weeks, I've had to explain away an 11-month delay in sending comments on a west coast fanzine, and a 16-month delay in answering the last letter of one of my regular (under the Spear definition) correspondents. Of course, it all goes back to that decision to try to write fan history followed by the broken hip. I'm only now getting the backlog of letters and fanzines whipped into something approaching reasonable proportions. For the first time in nearly a year and a half, all this unanswered stuff will fit into a single desk drawer without threatening to slide out through the opening at the back whenever the drawer is opened. At the worst, it filled the drawer completely and half of the interior of a large buffet. If nothing else goes wrong, I hope to be back to my old timelag of two weeks to a month in responding to stuff by spring. Right now, in fact, there are only 50 pages of unread fanzines on hand, the lowest total in nearly two years.

Of course, I appreciated very much the three issues of Poor Richard's Almanac from you, which you may have forgotten sending after all this time, plus the copy of Syllabus that came bound with one of them. By coincidence, just last night while I was going through old fanzines to take history notes, I ran across a copy of one of your early ones, whose title escapes my befuddled mind at this particular instant, but it was the issue on whose cover you misspelled the title. Now I remember: Eternity's second issue. The contrast is almost unbelievable with these recent SAPS publications, because only three years or thereabouts lie between the two extremes of your publishing quality. I hope that you are protesting too much about your plans to gaffate and that the emphasis with which you're explaining this plan really means that you're not going to do any such thing and you'll be with us in FAPA for ever. ((\*sigh\* another case of someone knowing me better than I know myself.--rwb)) If you improve as much in the next three years as you have since about 1958, as writer and publisher, life won't be worth living in FAPA for the rest of us, but I'd like to see you stay in and remain active, anyway.

(Incidentally, I get a queer sort of vindicated feeling toward myself, every time I leaf through an old fanzine like Eternity for fan history note taking. I used to ask myself why in the world I was saving all these old fanzines that I'd never open again. Now, sure enough, I'm opening them again and reviewing the things that I thought I was reading for the first and last time. The logical followup would be more self-analysis, to the effect that I obviously won't have use for them after this. But I'm hanging onto my collection, anyway: they may be needed a third time for reasons which I can't begin to foresee at this time.)

Come to think of it, it looks as if I haven't changed this typewriter ribbon since you issued that Eternity. But the faintness of this typing is quite good evidence that I've been struggling with all my might to catch up on obligations like this one. The ribbon is only a few months old, and normally one of the things lasts me a year or longer.

However, this is not accomplishing any specific comments on these issues. You have undoubtedly forgotten most of their contents by now, but they are fraser in

my memory and I'll feel better if I get a few remarks off my chest, (If you'd see me in person, you'd understand how much I'm affected by even a quite modest weight on the chest, because of my general scrawminess.) You were musing in the 11th issue about the origins of the various apas. You must wait for the fan history to learn all, but briefly, it is wrong to say that SAPS was started as a satirical joke, as you mentioned, or for any other specific reason, simply because it was started by a group of persons who (if they may be trusted by their later statements) had various and different reasons for starting it: a joke, but also the desire to have an organization of lower intellectual ambitions than FAPA, a place where hektographed publications could be more easily turned out because of the smaller membership limit, and several others. OMPA originally was intended to be something more than just another apa, but the more ambitious aims included in its introductory announcement never came into being. In the same issue, you gave me several bad cases of the *deja vu* syndrome. I am certain that I read this description of your encounter with the big guy who was beating the teacher up, either in a previous incarnation or in another space-time continuum parallel or in some other fanzine. My own supposition about Silverlock is that the title is supposed to be at least in part a pun, on the fact that it is what the French call a roman a cle; the lock presumably is what the cle fits. I've not read the book and can't guess without the experience where the silver might come from.

Jumping back now to the ninth issue, I still can't get excited over the death or health of science fiction. As I've said in Horizons, I've been unable to keep up with the book and magazine output of stf for the last quarter-century, and it would be quite possible to devote the rest of my life's reading time to catching up on it and re-reading old favorites, so I wouldn't suffer if no more stf were published from now on. If there aren't enough persons in the nation or world to support books and magazines of this type, they may be missing some delights but it really doesn't matter to me. On the other hand, I doubt that science fiction is dying; there are more prozines now than existed during most of the years since Hugo Gernsback invented them, in a world which has lost interest in all-fiction magazines, and that seems like a pretty good sign of health. I've just finished writing an idea for ideas which tries to prove that people are no longer interested in money, by the same type of evidence that are being used to prove that they're no longer interested in science fiction. I hope that the readers don't take me seriously and think that I'm contending that the time has come to do away with money.

I wish that in the tenth issue you had carried out your resolve to say really harsh things about the way Kemp got clobbered for expressing a minority opinion. You are so right about fans' failure to live up to their alleged nonconformity and free-thinking. It seems to me that the situation is growing worse, too; witness the way George Willick was censured for suggesting the additional fan awards at a convention and the hysteria that has caused everyone except me to read The Lord Of The Rings. You are correct when you say that fanzines discuss stf more than they are given credit for doing. I can't remember any past fannish era that produced discussions of individual stories like those that have sprung up over Rogue Moon and Starship Troopers in the past couple of years. "The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan" was amusing, even though I don't think I read the story that apparently caused this one. It is remarkable, how fans are unwilling to let lie the Carl Brandon legend. Nobody tries to perpetuate Joan Carr or John Bristol. Apparently Carl stays alive because there were several brilliant fans who put their very finest work under that name and so fandom feels the lack of material of this particular degree of brilliance, now that he allegedly doesn't exist.

If you're still in touch with the Vick's, you should tell them for me how much I enjoyed the Syllabus that rode along with one issue of FRA. I suppose that I should

write to them, too, but these are days when letters don't get written unless the need for them is clearcut and beyond all doubt.

Yrs., &c.,

*Harry*  
Harry

((I was wrong — and right — about the apa point. Wrong, in that my information as to their intentions at their conceptions was incorrect; but right on the main point of the issue, that these intentions are seldom (if ever) kept. The Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press -- which blossomed over-night into a full-fledged Cult-type apa -- is the only exception to this rule that I know of; and it was an exception because, to my recollection, it never had a purpose definately intended for it to fall away from. :: We are both, it seems, wrong about what Silverlock means. According to Pelz (who has corresponded with Myers), it has no Hidden Meaning, but is just what the story says it is; a nick-name given the protagonist because of a white patch of hair in his head. :: I am not much of a reader of science fiction these days, but I do think it would be a shame if science fiction up and died on us. An optimistic nature that belies my pessimistic poses says "Things can always get better." Science fiction has improved one hell of a lot since its inception into a magazine form of fiction; it will, I think, continue to improve, as long as there are people who will support it. Your remarks about the comment produced over Rogue Moon and Starship Troopers leans toward proving this point. It can always get better — I hope it is allowed the chance to prove that it can. But these are all moot points, since I agree that science fiction isn't dying. :: Hypocrisy is where you find it. I thought, once, that it had always been in fandom, but that I had only recently noticed it. However, you might be right; it might be a relatively New Thing. The Kemp matter was one instance. Another — for a general subject — is censorship. Fans were up in arms and growling angrily over the censorship of EC Comics; but not a sentence, not a word, did I see objecting to the censorship of CONFIDENTIAL...all this about four years ago. And recently, in the Cult, Walt Breen telling some neo (I can't remember his name) who had argued that Censorship is a Good Thing that if he (the neo) kept up in this vein he was liable to start garnering votes for Fugghead Of The Year. I remember that Seth Johnson (I think it was) once did a batch of daffynitions on fannish terms and distributed it thru the NSF under the title of Ghu's Lexicon; he defined fugghead as "anyone who doesn't agree with me or my particular group of friends." At the time I thought it was quite funny. Now that that definition seems to be taking hold, seriously, I'm not so sure. —rwb.))

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 VINCENT AVENUE, NORFOLK 9, VIRGINIA

Dear rich;

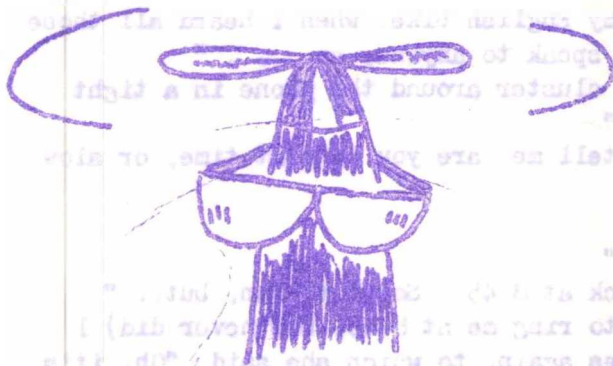
I loved your FRA and further proof that you remind me of me is that you like don marquis too. 'Specially Archy and Mehmetibel...\*sigh\* Read it thru before starting on this so I could fill it with a lot of my brand of inane babblings.

I enjoy writing a zany (even tho a misnomer for idiot-type) kind of letter, mainly because I have to be so ultra-sercon all week. What with this job I have, the only time I can really let myself go is in my letters, which is why I write so many of them. Every once in a while the real me will get out and give forth with a classic comment at work; like the other day, when this guy who has been bugging me a lot came up to me and said, in his usual endearing way, "You're about the ugliest person I've met," to which I came back with, "Ha! You should talk. Your face looks like a wet plaster wall a goat backed into." Not only did that shut him up at the time, it also broke everybody up who was around. I say a few others at times that endear me to him. Like, "There's a rocket leaving in five minutes — be under it," and "You have a very mechanical mind — too bad

so many of the screws are loose," and the other day, when I found a screw on the floor I handed it to him and said, "Here, you're losing your mind again."

Seeing the name Busby reminds me of the CryCon, the CryCon reminds me of the DisClave, and the DisClave reminds me of the 33-minute phone call I made to it.

Well, it all started off when I told my folks I was going to DisClave in Washington D.C. and had all the money and was going to stay with Jack Chalker and had the four days off and everything. Then my folks said I couldn't go because that date (May 12-13) sorta fell on Mother's Day and if I went don't-bother to come back. Maybe I should preface this 'Tragic' Little Bit by saying that my folks hate fandom with a passion, calling all my mail, zines (even CRY, which is Blashphame) and Fanac Junk namely "Fanjunk." But they tolerate it because I pay \$50 a month rent for my room (not the whole house, mind you, just my room) and it certainly is a wonderful thing. My room, that is, not the arrangement. Anyway. Come Mother's Day weekend and I get all sorts of Black Looks when I even think about Washington, let alone mention it, which leads me to think about what will happen when ChiCon time comes... Anyway, after all hope passes that I might even think about going. I decide what I'm going to do. I'll call them and spend the rest on a new pair of shoes. So I did. I went to the store and got great gobs of coins with which to drive the operator to distractions (not being allowed to use the phone at home for such purposes, or wanting to, for that matter — like, how could I talk fannish with non-fannish parents even if allowed to use the phone?) by using a variety of coins, like dime, nickle, quarter. Fun. Now, a dime is two dings and a nickle sounds exactly like it except it's one ding, so what I did, at first, was drop in ten dimes and a nickle and waited...wondering which one of us would break first. Then I did the same thing with nickles, only this time I dropped in a quarter. Then I really set in in earnest (all this was to make up for being cut off earlier, which I'll tell you about later) with the sounds going something like this:



ding, ding, ding, dongdingding, dong, dong, ding, dong, dingding, dong, dingding. Then I stopped and said, "Name that Tune!" She wasn't in a joking mood, so this time I decided I'd fix her, and started singing Dixie to the tune of the coins I dropped in; then she really got nasty and over-charged me and when I wouldn't pay she sacked her service assistant on me, and we also went round and round. So I went home and wrote a nasty letter to the telephone company and that was that. (Everybody's against me.

Anyway, I was going to tell you about the phone call and only ended up giving you a page fulla stuff that happened after it was over — all 33 minutes of it. So I'll really tell you now.

"Hello, Operator? I want to call Washington D.C., the Diplomat Hotel."

"Will this be person-to-person or etc.?"

"Station."

(Imagine all this has now gone before and the operator at the Diplomat answers.)

"Diplomat Hotel."

"Go ahead, sir."

"Hello, Diplomat; this is Norfolk, Virginia, and I want to talk with either Ted White, Nick Any, Sylvia White, Rob Pavlat and Jack Chalker, among others."

"Good! You've given me so many I don't know who...let me see, that was Red White, Nick Any, Sylvia White, Rob Chalker, and Mac Pavellette...is that right?"

Stunned silence. Then, "No! Operator, it most certainly is not. That's T\*E\*D White, D\*I\*C\*K (as in Nixon) B\*N\*E\*Y, Sylvia White (well, you got that one right, anyway), B\*O\*B P\*A\*V\*L\*A\*T and J\*A\*C\*K (as in Kennedy) Chalker. Now, will you please hurry -- like I said, this is Long Distance."

"Well, you didn't have to shout."

Silence for minutes during which time I begin to feel as if the operator is reaping revenge of some sort. Then, as an aside, I hear, "Well, I don't know -- this is a long distance call...who did you say you were?"

"Humble mumble."

"Well, I don't know; he didn't mention you..."

About this time, I am almost ready to scream. I mean, anyone that knew those names was bound to be a fan. Anyway, before I could crawl thru the phone wire and hand the phone to whoever it was, I hear a few more mumbles (she must have covered the mouthpiece with her hand) and then a male voice says, "Hello, who is this?"

"I'm sorry, sir, your three minutes are up. Signal when finished."

"What the hell? I said, 'Who is this?,' not 'How long has he talked?'"

I then came on brightly with, "It's me...who's this?"

I thought he said, "Me too," so I said, "Who?"

"Joe Mayhue," -- which, you have to admit, does sound like 'Me too,' so naturally I assumed that's what he said -- "Who did you say this was?"

"Phil Harrell, here in Norfolk, Va. Where is everyone?"

"I don't know -- I just peddled up on my English bike, when I heard all those names called out, and knew you'd be glad to speak to anyone, so . . ."

"Well, go find everyone, and have them cluster around the phone in a tight little knot, and I'll call back at 7:45 P.m."

"7:45? You mean 8:45, don't you? ..tell me, are you on fast time, or slow time?"

"Huh?"

"What I mean, is, it's 8:20 now, and..."

"Oh -- I mean, then, that I'll call back at 8:45. Sorry to run, but..."

So at 8:50 (the operator was supposed to ring me at 8:45, but never did) I called and gave the operator my list of names again, to which she said, "Oh, it's you again. I'll just ring Jack Chalker's room -- #202."

"Hello?"

"Al urs, Jock, Como Talley booze?"

"Oh, Hello Phil. Couldn't make it, huh?"

"Nope, the warden and his wife refused me pardon, seems like I have to serve out the full 50 years."

And here we skip a lot of exteraneous chattering and get on to Ted White.

"Hello, Phil Harrell, why aren't you here? I heard you were supposed to be."

"Hello, Ted White. Well, I'll tell you, it's this way my folks got all tied up in the crass commercialism of Mother's Day, and decided I should be here. So I am -- not that I want to be, just that I am." (What I need is a tape recorder, so I can record these telephone calls, as I just remember a few stray comments that were more persuant to the reason I wasn't there and other things.)

... "Why don't you print my brilliant, sparkling and witty letters?"

"Mainly because they aren't. And we have to get a lot of letters into that column, and if we printed each Brilliant, Sparkling and Witty letter, Void would be nothing but a big lettercolumn."

\*\*

"Hello, Don Studebaker. What you drinking?"

"Hello, Phil Harrell, and I'm drinking Brandy and Ice."

"Tell me, isn't it hard to drink Ice?"

\*\*

"MY name is Susan, this is my first con, and someone told me there was a Big Name Fan on phone, so I just had to talk to him, and I wish this guy would quit trying to make me 'till I finished talking to you." (This one I didn't need " for; I'll never forget that one.)

\*\*

"Hello, Phil. This is Harriet Kolchak, how are you doing?"

"Fine. Tell me, who was that girl I was just talking to?"

"You don't believe I'm really Harriet Kolchack, do you?"

"Of course I do. Nobody else could sound like Harriet Kolchak."

"Jack, he still doesn't believe it's me, but he said nobody else could sound like me. Do something -- convince him... "How?" "I don't know, but do something. Wait a moment, I know...Hello, Phil, you really want proof I'm Harriet Kolchack? I'll give you my address and phone number, and see if I'm not telling the truth... No, that wouldn't do, either. I'm not there. Jack, do something..."

\*\*

"Hullooooo Phil darrrrring, I wish you were here -- I've got succch a nice quiet room, where we could be all alone and drink together and then after we finished them, you know what weeee could doooooooo?"

"Yea, play Charades. I love playing Charades."

"Ghod!!.....You know what he said? Play Charades! This guy some kind of a nut?" ((This is an understandable reaction -- no one in their right minds would play Charades if a Scrabble board were around.--rwb))

\*\*

"What makes you think I'm not Ted White?"

"Well, if you are, your voice is changing."

"No, I just got a cold."

"In the last fifteen minutes???"

"Well, you know this Washington weather... (this one, I think, was Sylvia, who kidded around with me quite a bit, and then gave herself away by speaking French, Spanish and English, each time, all with a perfect accent for each.)

\*\*


"They didn't fill the pool for us this year, and made some of us mad. Anyway, we didn't let that stop us, as some of us dived in anyway."

\*\*

Then I got George Nims Raybin ("Phil Harrell? Who the hell is he?") on the phone, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  way thru the conversation, where I was jokingly trying to talk him into putting out a one-shot with me, he came out with this gem: "...I don't know how we could; every inch of available space is taken -- somebody's even sitting on the table over there -- and even some space not so available, and get off my foot, you idiot!"

"...No, I don't know how--" (CLICK!) and there I was, staring stupidly at a dead telephone receiver. Seems someone had cut us off. I took it out on the telephone operator, the way I said earlier. Teach her to cut me off.

Best,



LILLY KAYE, 418 HOWART RD, North Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Rich:

Many thanks for Poor Richard's Almanac, which arrived here this morning, along with Felz's Ankus. I really got a kick out of PRA, and a few heretofore worthless

comments will follow.

Your monologue on coffee, in Salinger's "Catcher" style, was really funny. Perhaps, if I have a blank space somewhere in the next couple of Obelisks and have nothing to fill it, I'll reprint same. Your price-list sounds quite reasonable. I think I'll take an honest-to-Roscoe tear-jerker faaan-fiction story...paymen will be remitted upon receipt of the story, in genuine confederate money. The South will rise again someday, you realize, and you will be the richest man in the world.

Bob Lichtman's letter was a real howl. "In fact, I am going to quit FAPA at the end of this year..." really broke me up. He not only didn't quit, he became OE of the whole goddam thing! What he says about FAPA is quite true...I'm #44 on the wl, and perhaps the only activity I have planned for the next few years or so in FAPA is perhaps publishing once or twice for Shadow FAPA. Aside from that, I just plan to sit on my overly large posterior and read the FA and PRA and Ankous (I can't think of a way to abbreviate that without it sounding ridiculous. Ank???), and any other FAPazines kind faneds might send me.

Lichtman's letter on fandom was distinctly different from the first half of his letter. I am, right now, under the impression that I'll stay in fandom in some respect for the rest of my life. It's a grand old philosophy, but the truth is that I have no reason to gaffiate. Fandom is my hobby, plain and simple. I enjoy reading the fanzines, I love the esoterica and like most of the people. No other hobby could give me this pleasure. Other hobbies, such as collecting, don't give me the satisfaction that I get from putting out an issue of Obelisk. Also, there is the fact that I have no major secondary hobby to fall back on. True, I collect comic strips by Walt Kelly, Jules Feiffer, etc., and I collect EC comics, but those aren't time-consuming -- just to the point that I read the strips and comics, and clip the strips each day. I don't read as much as I used to, especially not science fiction (I find I get infinitely more satisfaction out of reading "Atlas Shrugged" than "Stranger In A Strange Land," to cite two classics in each field). True, I collect records, also, but they too haven't anything to occupy a large part of my time. I find no interest in stamp-collecting or anything like that. Fandom fills a gap in my life, which is why I will probably stay in fandom until something else completely fills the gap.

(I have no idea how I got off on that classic little piece that should be straight from "Why Is A Fan?")

Which cuts this for now...Hope this earns me the next PRA. I really do get a kick out of it.

Joy and laffs:

*John Keye*

(( "Atlas Shrugged" isn't science fiction? You forgot to mention the field you think it comes from, and I think it's as much science fiction as "Stranger In A Strange Land" is -- or possibly moreso. Admittedly, I didn't know it was science fiction until I was several hundred pages into it ("1084 pages? That's Not Too Many.") -- but by the time I did, I realized that it was both kinds of science fictions; good and bad. Good, in that it is a logical extrapolation of the here-and-now, but bad in that the hero invents several things, on the spur of the moment, ala the swash-bucklingest heroes of old pulp's fame tinkering with the space-drive in order to get those extra light-years of speed so as to save la femme from that Fate Worse Than Death at the hands of the scaly aliens. But, despite those defects, I liked "Atlas" better than "Stranger," because I agreed with the philosophy more. For a better story, and a simpler explanation of the philosophy, try Ayn Rand's "Anthem." Which is also science-fiction. And I am John Galt.---rwb))



DAN MARSH, 1205 HALTOM ST., JONESBORO, ARKS

The promise was given and because he had faith in the Promiser, he believed.  
 And though ages rolled by with no glimpse of the Promise To Come, the  
 Believer Continued Steadfast in his faithneverdoubting,  
 A watcher in the watchtower. And it came to pass, in that day of May,  
 A Mailing went out to all the world  
 Bringing the tidings of "###\*SS, &!!", the Promise To Come: POOR RICHARD'S  
 ALMANAC.

Well, I gather from the zine that your new address is your new address --  
 and what doth Tactical Fighter Wg etc. mean? I wrote to you a short spell ago,  
 but mailed misaile to Florida -- did you get it?

First, I will komment upon the Almanac. Many moons, satellites, sputniks,  
 and assorted space ships have passed since I have received one of your publica-  
 tions, and this indeed is a tremendous improvement -- why, it's even legible on  
 both sides of the page!

Regarding the contents in general, much of the fan language is cryptical to  
 me. You well know by now that, though I have been a science fiction reader for  
 maneey years, I have never been a fan, in the since of having connection with the  
 quasi-organized world of fandom -- other than via one rich brown. Having never  
 talked in person to fans of that sort, or attended their meetings & etc., the  
 vocabulary remains largely foreign...but somehow enjoyable.

Editorial: Well now, really, rich, ain't you ever heard of NO-DOZ tablets?  
 So let 'em take the caffein out. In fact, they can take the coffee out, if they  
 want to -- I hate the damn stuff. I'm strictly a hot-tea man (with sugar and  
 milk, yet) -- guess it's my English blood. McQuown: He's not a fan in any way??  
 Then how doth he write like...well, I am a suspicious cuss sometimes. Just be-  
 tween us old buddies, do I detect the ghost(writer)ly hand of rich in this piece?  
 Very good points on the films -- I muchly agree. Derry: Full of fanguage, but  
 I liked it. Why? Guess the Almanac just happened to come when I was in a good  
 mood...the one following my last depression. Marsh: Chee, he's got the same  
 name I have -- how 'bout that? The story seems sorta familiar, too. 1959, huh?  
 Gosh, that was a long time ago. McInerney: Well, they both end with discussed  
 parase, but Porky Pig stutters when he does it. Robin wood: I'd like to get  
 acquainted with that bird. I think I said that once before upon reading some-  
 thing in your old Sternity or Framished. Lichtman: His letter reminds me in  
 some ways of some letters exchanged between a couple of guys with initials us  
 and Dan.

Even though the hour is late, it's still hot and muggy and uncomfortable  
 as hell, which isn't very conducive to writing, so methinks I'll bid adieu for  
 this time. Again, thanks for the mag, and I hope I will hear from you in the  
 near- (ha, ha, ha) future.

As ever,

*Dan*

((But with my kidney-troubles, I can't drink tea or milk. Bear's good in  
 summer time; and gin's not bad, sufficiently fussed up with limes and stuff;  
 ahun esquebaug unless your head is wood, your stomach tin and liver made of  
 riiber. But what am I to do? Short of coffee, which has probably saved more  
 lives than Superman and Captain Marbles combined, what can I drink?

No, I didn't ghost-write McQuown's bit -- he just swallowed the FANCY-  
 PEDIA whole, was all.

And, as a matter of coincidence, it was a reprint of that very thing you  
 saw in Sternity that got Robin a copy of this to comment on. Life goes in  
 strange circles, what? --rvb)~

GARY DEINDORFER, 121 BOUDINOT ST., TRENTON 8, NEW JERSEY

Dear Rich:

A postcard of comment on PRA #13, which card will no doubt surprise you, since you probably didn't know that publisher Pelz sent me a copy.

I liked your FAPazine; it has a nice, relaxed sort of air to it. It's not pushy, as are too many apazines. ((Not to mention philosophers.--rwb)) Some of the material was quite good -- Lichtman's letter and the Klass' reprinted poem, to specify. I was pleased to see Lichtman baring his Soul in public; most fans would not be able to bring themselves to do this. In passing, let me note that the most effective way to communicate what is inside you is to pass it off as fiction. As somebody or other said (and I quasi-quote), "One of the marks of a great writer is his ability to make you want to hear about himself." Indeed true.

Re Stanbery, and in reference to your remark directed to me in Metcalf's FR (and, you'll note, rather off the subject of PRA), I am willing to believe that he is indeed enormously gifted. I have never thought or intimated otherwise. For that matter, I am not particularly anti-Coventry. I merely regard it with detached amusement.

I hope that you will send me the next ALMANAC; and I hope I can return for it a full-sized type letter. Best,

((Re Stanbery, the next issue of PRA will attempt to prove my statements about him. It was your statement that inspired me to write the article that will appear there -- and while I am ready to admit mistakenness in the interpretation of said statement, it still seems to me that it was an intimation of Stanbery's daftness -- which is not conducive to thinking of him in the light of being a genius, I should say. However, all that aside, you will receive the next PRA -- if only because I want to hammer you over the head with these proofs, and gloat and gloat and gloat.

As to your attitude toward Coventry, it approaches mine; the only difference being that I participate in it from that standpoint. --rwb.)

That ends this, the fourteenth, issue of POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC. This has been a small issue, actually -- but the next issue, the 15th, is going to be Real Big -- and, I think, Real Good. At least 70 pages -- more, in all probability -- which means it may not get out until the 102nd FAPA mailing. Non-FAPAs are hereby reminded that letters of comment or trade-fanzines are necessary to keep receiving this -- and I sometimes forget about trades. Since the next issue is going to be a big one, I am liable to start cutting my mailing list with that. You Have Been Warned.