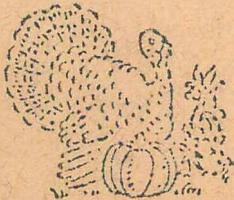


SELF

PRESERVATION

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for:
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22 September 64

Don't start reending your calendar, this isn't August. I know I have a long-standing tradition of publishing my FAPazine only for August mailings, but even an atavist like me breaks with tradition on occasion. I suppose this time you can blame it on Andy Porter...or Theaties...

You see, a short while back the fone rings and when I answer it the voice that speaks to me can only be a fa-a-a-n. It was Andy Porter, who claims to be a one 'a' fan, but he's got a voice like a three 'a' at least.

Well, the next thing I know--a few days later--Andy phones and tells me that Lupoffs will pick me up about 7:00 and that he has to go eat. A few minutes later Lupoffs call to tell me that they are practically on the way. Soon Terry Carr calls to ask if I can make it. I am overwhelmed.

And shortly I am in a Caddy convertible with Arthur Thomson, and Dick and Pat Lupoff, seeking Brooklyn. Eventually we found it. Somewhere in the heart of it we found Ted White's place. That's where the party was to be held. Seeing as how Ted was away the fans who had arrived already were gathered on the steps. But moments after we got there, up came Les Gerber with a door key. He let us in and we discovered that the electricity was off.

We settled down in the dark while an expedition trooped off to fetch candles. It was all very fa-a-anish. Atom and I investigated aspects of aeronautic design--he did the work and I watched--Les Gerber sang and had to do an encore at the request of the crowd gathered in the street--and afterwards a bunch of us went down to Chinatown.

Eventually Lupoffs and Atom came to my place for coffee and I played Vernon Dalhart records for them (they are good people--they actually asked to hear more).

That was a Thursday night. Friday night Andy Porter dropped by to see if he could talk me into going to the gather at Mike McInerney's. He could have, except that I had company and was expecting more. He stayed long enough to catch the first half of the first episode of THE ADDAMS FAMILY on TV. (This is ABC's version. I'm now looking forward to seeing how CBS handles the same topic.)

Saturday I watched Harlan Ellison's SOLDIER on "The Outer Limits" (a TV program). I thoroughly enjoyed it.

But Andy Porter had come treading on my threshold at a particularly opportune time. I had just returned from a rather extended trip to Savannah.

In Savannah I had spent many a happy hour going through the remains of my youth that were stored in the attic. Much of my one-time possessions are long gone, but much remained.

I packed and shipped home (to New York) ten cartons of stuff: about 360 or 380 lbs of books, mostly paperbacks, stacks of loose Pogo strips that various people sent to me from places like Belfast and Tutayuktuk back when it wasn't available in the environs of the swamp, my stamp collection (most of which is loose) a genuine relic I found during my youth, my rusty nail collection (which I haven't classified yet), most of a model ship kit (the kind made out of wood), my Indian beadwork loom (Boy Scout model), old pin up pictures of unknown radio announcers, my cannonball collection (Civil War), and a copy of CAPTAIN MARVEL Adventures of December 12, 1941, with some pages missing. I also brought back some pieces of silverware--the Wheaties Modern pattern, circa Jack Armstrong. But I couldn't find the cereal bowl with the picture of Mickey Mouse on the bottom where I could see it if I ate all my breakfast food.

The stuff I didn't send to New York, because there isn't enough room in this apartment was mostly the fanzine collection-- a great uncounted number of cartons full of THE FANTASY FAN, VAMPIRE, VOH, LeZOMBIE, SPACESHIP (including some of the small size) COSMIC DUST, THE ACOLYTE, Burbee SHAGGIES, etc., etc.

All of this had brought fond memories to mind and I looked back wistfully on the Good Old Days.

And then Sunday evening, Don and Jo and I gathered hopefully in my living room to watch radio. I dialed the feeble signal of WFME and in a few moments heard the announcer announce "JRZ". I had it! I hooked the AM set onto the FM antenna to boost the gain a bit--the signal was distorted and full of static-- and the hi-fi speaker boomed at us the familiar strains of the William Tell Overture and a hearty cry of "Heigh-ho Silver, Away!" Enraptured, we gazed at the tiny dial, the blue-green glow of the indicator (EICO) and the red pilot light (Lafayette LA-55) and listened to the adventures of the Masked Man and his faithful Indian companion, Tonto.

The badman had barely got what was coming to him and the cry of "Heigh-Ho, Silver, Away" still echoed in the night, when

a voice demanded, through a filter mike, "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men..." It wasn't from the best period of the show, but it was radio...

And then, with a shout and a buzz, "The Green Hornet!" Scriptwise, it was the best of the lot. After that, things petered out with "Dangerous Assignment" and "Hidden Truth" and the "Haunting Hour", none of which were of Golden Era quality.

Radio is fascinating stuff. You can lie there with your eyes closed, or knit without distraction. And after a while you get over the urge to glance up and see what the business is that goes with a certain speech. You just sort of relax and see it all, with or without superfluous detail, as you choose.

Not that this revelation is new to you. Or to me, either. But it is a pleasure to rediscover it through actual experience.

A by-product of the Savannah trip is as follows: among the stuff I brought back were a multitude of manuscripts, mostly Westerns, mostly unfinished, that I had done while I was working at my Dad's store back in the early '50's. I read these with varying degrees of delight, surprise, disillusionment and disgust. And after a while I decided to tear down one of the more promising ones and rebuild on the site. (You may remember it, Redd. "Blood Mountain Brand") It's rather fun...

I am not only filled with nostalgia but also grits. I got out the of a box of it I bought about five years ago (and stored in a sealed coffee jar) and cooked up a pot for supper. It was delicious. Grits as you may know, is really a base-type food. It is very bland, especially if overcooked. The making of it is whatever you put over it--gravy, butter, ketchup or whathaveyou. And some people don't like it in any case.

One of the nicest things about grits is using it as a left-over. You start in the usual manner--brown some chopped onion in grease, then throw in the left-over grits and if you want to some garlic, heat well and eat with ketchup. If you live high up the hog you can throw in chopped meat leftovers and bits of cheese too.

MiGhod, Pete Graham, do you have elephant blood or a remarkable card file, cross-indexed, of fannish trivia? It was fourteen years ago when I wandered blissfully ignorant of ink and I'd forgotten it myself.

Hey, speaking of politics, remind me sometime if I ever happen to run into you at some fannish gathering, to tell you about the time I was approached with the opportunity of becoming a Communist for the FBI.

I've read DOCTOR NO and seen the fillum of TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE out of a morbid curiosity about the world I live in. It took me quite a while and a lot of pondering to come to a conclusion I could accept about either. I finally settled on the idea that James Bond is a joke, like Pop Art. An intelligent friend of mine said I was wrong but never got around to explaining why. DR. NO read like a parody of sorts, kind of a Phillip Marlowe meets FuManchu, without the pacing, the ingenuity, or the humor. Strange.

P. Scott Graham somehow reminds me of W. Somerset Maugham.

Charles tells, aren't you aware that, if you keep advocating equal rights for whites, someone is liable to stomp you into the ground for being a WASP and a Southerner??

Speaking of race and whathaveyou, I discovered somewhat to my surprise that I had been "passing" at Arrow Press. One day I was chatting with the comptroller about the fact that I didn't get O-T for working election day and we got onto the subject of religious holidays. He told me that even if I didn't observe the rituals, I should take the Jewish Holy Days because I was entitled to, and all the other Jewish employees took them. The switchboard operator told me she admired me for not being a hypocrite and taking them if I didn't keep the Faith. And our production manager, who did take the Holy Days, confessed that at times he'd been wondering about me, too. I think this all had its roots in the fact that I used to have lengthy discussions about the Patriarchs, the Laws, and the Rituals with a Nice Jewish Boy who used to work there.

Richard Bergeron: I get absolutely fascinated by Warhoon but I find I have practically nothing to say--no, strike that out and make it "to write"--about it. Like unt Dick Lupoff, I get dazzled. Unlike Lupoff, I don't dislike being dazzled thataway, I just sort of gape in awe. But you're over there and I'm over here, and I really wish I could see all 15 chapters of "The Iron Claw" myself.

There I was last issue chitterchattering about the air show and somehow I completely forgot to mention the crash, which is strange because you might say it was the high point of the show. You might even say it was more uniquer than any of the other acts.

There was this Piper Cub which did a comedy act. It hovered, did various low-level stunts, made fun of the fancy work the bi-planes did, etc., all the while being hollered at by the P.A. announcer (whom I could barely hear from where I stood).

So there it was nosing over into a nice lazy tailspin, getting closer and closer to the ground and then the nose was coming up, but not quite soon enough. It's hard to say, but I think the landing gear hit first and sort of crumpled. The wing supports collapsed and the wings folded down until the tips touched ground. The fuselage was bellied on the ground with the tail somewhat up in the air. Firetrucks and bystanders poured onto the field and obliterated my view. Eventually the P.A. advised us that the pilot was "alright".

Some weeks later we drove up to Bridgeport and caught a whole airshow with the Jocelyn-Parsons-Trauger team and it was pretty swinging. Rod Jocelyn did some stuff with a Piper Cub that looked pretty sporty, like taxiing down the field, first on one wheel, then on the other, tapping his wingtips on the grass. Bob Trauger used the Cub too. He went up with a pilot and wearing a chute. At a fair distance above the runway, they cut the engine, Trauger climbed out on the wheel and tried to restart the engine by handcranking the prop from where he was. It didn't work so eventually they made a deadstick landing.

Trauger also did a breakaway parachute jump, which is pretty impressive for an instant or so between the time he drops out of the first chute and opens the second one. He also did a parasail lift and his wingwalking routine (not at the same time).

And, of course, Jocelyn and Parsons did their sporty areobatics in the Stearman and the Great Lakes.

Then a few weeks ago we went to see a different Air Circus. A fellow name of Johnny Foyle with a Stearman and Ed Mailer with a North American T-6. According to the P.A. announcer the T-6 was a stock model without the usual aerobatic modifications--for instance it did not have a fuel pump. He seemed to take delight in flying upside down until his engine starved and cut out. Then he'd roll over and soar around until it fired again. He did a mess of stunting that was impressive on its own, doubly so considering the plane.

They were hand-starting the T-6, which was fairly impressive too. According to the starter motor had burnt out on the way to the

show, but Don got to speculating about how much weight one could save by gutting the starting system...

I think I've figured out why we are not having the anticipated water shortage in N.Y.C. right now. They are diluting the water. I realized this when all of a sudden all of the water faucets in my apartment started leaking. Obviously the water is thinner now than it used to be.

Speaking as I was last issue of DANTE'S INFERNO, Lupoffs tell me that the dream sequence is supposed to be an older item around which the movie was evidently built.

Grandpa, thanks for the clippings about Richard Arlen.

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Well, I've caught the first episodes of several of the new TV shows this season, and one of them came as a pleasant surprise. It is sort of in the tradition of the early Saint. Suave sophisticated dishonesty and all that. It's called THE ROGUES and around here it is on NBC Sunday evenings. Stars Charles Boyer, David Niven, Gig Young and other actors of the non-method school. I missed the credit on the first episode, but the one last night was written by Marion Hargrove.

Dean A. Grennell, Lucky Strike Green may have gone to war, but the best tunes of all go to Carnegie Hall.

I was surprised to discover that cigarets cost more in Savannah than in N.Y.C. So does milk. In fact the only things I noticed being generally and notably cheaper were space and labor. And maybe attitudes.

My cry of woe lately has been over a lack of pacing in fillums, particularly the movie kind which are long enough to need it. The summer being rather warm and my apartment somewhat unventilated, I made it to the cinema several times and was saddened by a multitude of long dull stretches, sometimes entire long dull films. Scenes and whole pictures that sound swinging when described came off as just plain dull. And I wondered why fancy expensive movies were being done without the kind of pacing and cutting that gives a film snap and holds a viewer to the edge of his seat.

Then a few weeks back we went to see THE BIG SLEEP and TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. Now TBS is not great art, I don't suppose, but it is an excellent example of a genre of film that was popular onct upon a time. It had the kind of pace, snap and complexity that cheered my callow soul.

And it gave me an idea of at least one aspect of What's The Matter. I noticed that it left a segment of the audience bewildered and disturbed and it finally penetrated my density that one had to learn to cope with a story, the action, etc., just as one learns to see the fluctuating shades of gray on the screen as familiar objects, as human beings in action. Viewers not experienced in coping with a fast pounding flow of dialogue, action and information just couldn't handle it. They lacked the conditioned reflexes, thought patterns and stereotype-concepts.

From there I tried applying my theory to James Bond and find that I can conceive of Reasons Why. He is a plug-in hero with automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, electric windows and self-emptying ashtrays. It takes a minimum of training to enable a reader to get from here to yonder with him, and a minimum of effort on the reader's part.

Personally, I prefer something a little sportier.

I hear by Garroway that a movie is being made of THE LOVED ONE and Liberace has been cast as the coffin salesman.

One of the things I like about being unemployed is the opportunity to watch the kiddie shows on TV. This time around I've been catching the CHUCK McCANN Show on WPIX (Ch 11) from 4:30 to 5:30 (p.m., of course). CMcC is a pleasant sort of nut whom I first encountered as MC to old Laurel & Hardy films on Saturdays. He talked about that which he showed like he dug.

On the afternoon show he plays chapters of FLASH GORDON, episodes of ROCKY AND HIS FRIENDS, and features live visits from such celebrities as Little Orphan Annie--who we find to be about 220 lbs, 40 years old and still wearing that same dress and blunked out eyeballs. From McCann's allusions one concludes that he is a real old fillum buff who is thoroughly familiar with such artists as Bob Steele, Don "Red" Barry, Johnny Mack Brown and Kane Richmond.

During the summer one of the kiddie shows was MC'd during its regular's vacation by John Zacherly. (I think that's the wrong spelling for his name without makeup, but don't recall the right one). This was most interesting and had some charming split-screen episodes where John was badgered by his "older brother", the more familiar Zacherly. Sometime a while back Zach was doing a kiddie show on his own, but that seems to have disappeared while I was at work.

That's all I can think of about the kiddie shows right now, but admittedly I haven't done a very thorough survey of the situation this go-round.

"Barry Goldwater is a Pop Art Presidential Candidate."

Dick Ellington: Three cheers for your comments on the coverage of the national mourning for Kennedy. There is, of course, the point to be considered that the mourning was not for a human being but for a Symbol, and the Symbol came to be such because of the death of the particular individual and the manner in which it came about. Consider that, to the mass of people who did not know him personally, Kennedy the President might have been a reality in terms of his influence on their lives but Kennedy the Human Being was not much more real than the protagonist of their favorite TV series. That's not stated very clearly, but I have a notion you, at least, will dig what I'm driving at. Like, is what we know of public figures whom we don't know more 'real' than our knowledge of the imaginary figures we do 'know'?

Eddie Sachs, whom I had met at one time, racked it up on Memorial Day and somehow I kept thinking of both of these deaths at the same time. I had a notion to check some statistics and see how the percentage of drivers who've died in the Indianapolis 500 compares with the percentage of Presidents of the U.S. who've been ass nated. I never got around to it, though.

Marion Z Bradley, on the subject of Shakespeare's boy actors, it wasn't just an abomination against the morality of that day. Deuteronomy 22-5 is pretty explicit. But then it's been a long time since I met anyone who took Biblical injunctions literally.

Dan McPhail, I'm confused. Was Ellington "griping about the Kennedy assassination being an inconvenience to him" or about the extent of the national period of mourning being an inconvenience? I suspect there may be a difference... And are all you folk "condemning him for his poor taste in griping..." You seem to be implying that he erred not in his attitude but in his having expressed it.

I quote: "Like you, I wonder how anyone could feel sympathy for 'poor Oswald'." ---Phantasy Press #46, page 6

I quote: "I would think that the murder, from ambush, of any human, should be a matter of shock & concern to anyone who cherishes the idea of law and order for our society." Ibid, page 7.

You're right, of course, 'shock & concern' but no 'sympathy'. According to my dictionary "sympathy has the literal meaning of fellow feeling". It is "The sharing of feelings." It is difficult with feel sympathy for the dead. It is not nearly so difficult to feel shock and concern over the murder of a human who has been accused, but not tried or convicted, of a capital crime. Of course now that the Warren Report is public, we can all consider in retrospect that Oswald deserved what he got, whether we knew it then or not.....

9/30/64

THE VIRGINIAN is a TV western which happens to have the same name as a book by Owen Wister. It should be classified as a run-of-the-mill western, except that the millrun is pretty low nowadays. But what has intrigued me about it is that a while back I caught an episode wherein this somewhat weatherbeaten old man appeared in the first ten or so minutes and I suddenly recognized him to be Sonny Tufts. Tonight who should appear during the first section but Don "Red" Barry. BiGhore, thinks I, I am going to keep seeing these. Who knows but what next week Richard Arlen...

Down in Savannah I got to envying the makers of those bronze historical markers. The past few years must have been a bonanza for them. The things have sprung up in Georgia like toadstools. The approximate route of Sherman's troops from the Ogeechee to Savannah is almost as thick with markers as with scrub pine.

And Forts...well, we couldn't cover them all, but my folks too me to visit:

Fort Pulaski (U.S.A.)
Fort Screven (U.S.A.)
Fort McAllister (C.S.A.)
Fort Caroline (Huguenot)
Fort Walker (C.S.A., later U.S.A.)
Fort Sherman (U.S.A.)

We passed Fort Jayne, which is not open to the public having long since been converted to the gas works, and we looked for but couldn't get near Fort Jackson, which isn't open to the public either. It was donated to the City of Savannah by the Fed government for conversion to a place of public recreation and was subsequently sold to American Cyanamid. We looked for the "old fort" shown on my father's map of the waterways in the area, but it long ago disappeared under a WW-II housing project. The earthworks at Causten Bluff also seem to have disappeared, but I am not sure whether they were levelled during the building of the new Tybee road, or misplaced in the course of its construction. The old road was a twisty pair of wheel ruts. The new one is paved and straightened. I can't be sure just where the new bridge lies in relation to the old bluff. We did pass the lump of earthworks which predominates the golf course. As yet this doesn't have any sort of historical marker and is covered with wild brush. The monstrous quantity of earthworks which, at one time, covered the entire area where Wagner Heights, the Hillcrest Cemetary and Garden Homes now stand, are almost all gone, except for the lumps in the golf course and one little mound in the cemetary which someone thoughtfully put a bronze marker on about ten years ago.

As best I can make out, after the fall of Fort Pulaski to the Union in 1862, the land between Savannah and the sea was liberally sprinkled with earthworks, many of which probably still survive as high spots in the ground. When I was searching and researching by means of bicycle and public library some decade or so back, I read that while travelling out the Causten Bluff road one would pass three distinct sets of breastworks. When I went looking for them I couldn't be sure which of the many high spots I crossed were the right ones, but at the Bluff I found what I identified to my own satisfaction as an earthen parapet. I finally confirmed this by a map in the museum at McAllister on this past visit.

And sometime during my youth someone, now forgotten, told me of landing on one of the coastal idlands during a fishing trip, finding ruins of a fort, and being unable to locate it again on a later trip.

Well, the whole section is laden with forts, known and unknown, marked and unmarked, reconstructed and in ruins. Most, but by no means all, are from the Civil War. And forts account for only a small part of the multitude of historical markers that have appeared.

That with the Centennial and all, Savannah is taking quite an interest in its history. A lot of the old slum houses which date back ghod knows how far have been reconstructed. The area once known as The Old Fort, by the gasworks, has gotten a sort of Williamsburgh treatment and is once again the Trustees' Garden, in name if not in fact.

Trustees' Garden, by the way, has the only restaurant I've ever seen that flies a skull & crossbones.

Fort Screven on Tybee Island is no longer a government fort. As I recall it was declared obsolete in the 1940's. There is a large concrete works (gun emplacements, powder rooms, etc.) which was constructed for the Spanish-American War. This has been sold off in sections. Some people have used it for a foundation for beach cottages. Others have set up shops inside. And there is the beginning of a historical museum. It is small yet, but rather promising.

Some of the old city Squares in Savannah which had fallen into a sad state of delapidation have been reworked and are looking right nice. One near Trustees' Garden is being done over, with tabby supports for the benches, lots of flowers, etc. My father pointed out a platform being built and explained that it is to support one of the eagles from Penn Station, which Savannah has offered a home.

All in all I think Savannah could be turned into rather a nice city...if one could remove a large portion of the present population and replace it with civilized-type human beings.

Speaking of Civilization, before I made this trip to Savannah, I had heard that various of the bourgeoisie in New York were afraid to travel into The South with N.Y. license plates on their cars. When I got to the South I discovered that a multitude of the bourgeoisie down there are afraid to come to New York City.

But I also found that a lot of them are similarly afraid to wander about in their own part of the world unarmed. Savannah doesn't have anything as strong as the Sullivan Law to protect its criminal element from irate citizens and I learned that quite a number of the Christians I met there are keeping guns handy in their homes and carrying more guns in their cars. One of my relatives on my mother's side carries a revolver in her handbag everywhere she goes. My father has commandeered my old .22 target pistol (CO₂ powered) to keep at the head of the bed. (He got a little wary about the shotgun after he put a load through the living room rug, the floor, the sub-floor and who-knows-how-much-earth.) My uncle, who informed me that he is a good Christian and opposes integration on religious grounds--because he Believes in his Bible--advises that he has a gun and fully intends to use it on anyone who tries to give him trouble.

I suspect that this attitude is not unique to the South but rather is common throughout a whole stratum of the American Population. It is a strange nother world...

According to CUE, Sept 26, 1964: " There will be a vast number of musicals ((in 1965))...musical versions of 'Brave New World', 'Anastasia', 'Auntie Jane', 'Trilby', 'I Married a Witch', 'The Blue Angel', 'The Ghost Goes West', 'The Skin of Our Teeth', 'Casablanca', 'Hobson's Choice'..." There will also be a 'musical salute to Sherlock Holmes'. ((The italics would be mine if there were any.))

10/1/64

Well, so far I've seen one episode each of THE ADDAMS FAMILY (ABC) and THE MUNSTERS (CBS) so, of course, I'm admirably suited to make acute analytical criticisms of the shows. However, I wouldn't let a thing like that stop me.

First off, both are simply gimmick situation comedies with the usual over-heavy laughtracks that emphasize instead of enhancing the attempts at comedy.

The Munsters is the better-made, slicker and apparently higher-budget of the two. The laff-track is not quite as obviously phoney, the production is a little more polished. Fred Gwynne is visually excellent as the Frankenstein creature. Somebody shows a fair amount

of imagination in making up this as an apparently toothless relative of the late Count Dracula. Yvonne DeCarlo is a little too healthy-looking for the Vampira role. But all is shuffled around. The characterizations and the relationships are not in any way those of Addams. Come to think of it I didn't see any Addams credit either. So I suppose that the shuffling was done on purpose and it isn't really a case of plagiarism at all.... but either it is too far a departure from Addams and one misses the old friends of whom these characters remind us, or else it is not a far enough departure and one misses the old friends, etc.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY is credited to Addams as creator and is far less a departure. You may have to hunt for it, but some of the pleasantly subtle quirks of the family we knew and loved are still there. The production isn't as slickly polished as CBS's offering and the story was just as trite, but the characterizations, I felt, were nicer. One may pick a lot of bones with the recreation in the flesh of Addams' people, but at least the attempt is made. And I, for one, think Carolyn Jones and the two kids do rather well.

The way I see it, THE MUNSTERS are given to us as a bunch of ordinary run-of-the-mill TV people, no less distant from the norm than Lucy & Desi or similar situation comedy families, put into grotesque bodies, amid grotesque settings and props, behaving like 'normal' TV people might.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY, on the other hand, is a group of grotesque people in their natural surroundings, behaving in what to them is a normal manner.

The behavior of the Munsters contrasts to their appearance and surroundings. The behavior of the Addams Family contrasts to that of the world around them. The latter, I feel, is far more effective.

Well, that on the basis of one show each. Let the world turn and we'll see if there is any improvement. The idea of putting Addams characters on video-tape brings to mind a quote from Johnson's BOSWELL'S LIFE of which I am so fond that I wish I would commit it to memory:

"Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."*

And I find it doubly interesting to see it being done by two different networks. Funny though, I had this strong feeling that in the trailer for THE MUNSTERS that I saw in Savannah Charles Addams was mentioned. Well, c'est la TV...

* in this particular instance taken from H.L. Mencken's "A New Dictionary of Quotations on Historical Principles from Ancient and Modern Sources" p. 1318.

6 Oct 64

There is a Great Dane living in this neighborhood which is an exceptionally handsome, dignified and well-mannered animal. Every once in a while I see him, sometimes with his master, taking the air. Occasionally I meet him sitting in front of a store, waiting patiently. He does not greet strangers, but if they greet him, he looks back with the friendly but aloof, not-quite-condescending air of nobility. And he waits.

Tonight, when I came out of the Supermarket, he was there on the corner waiting, in his perfectly-trained manner. There was a leash tied around his neck, and on the end of it a not-quite-so-well trained black poodle.

It is interesting to note how the Republican Party has pre-empted so much of TW3's airtime. I wonder if they are Afraid of Something...??

Well, last Saturday Don & Jo and I made our last trip of the season to the Unofficial World's Fair. Seeing as how the price go down after 10:00 we went into the Belgian Village, which is almost (but not quite) complete now. (There is a sign up advising that one can see "the completion in progress".) There were a multitude of gaities inside, like folkdancers and bands in the street. And there was a carousel...

This is a magnificent, steam-powered device somewhat over 100 years old, so I am told. It is gorgeous. The horses don't just go up and down, but have a bounding motion similiar to a canter. The chariots don't just sit there, but rock and roll. And all progresses at rather a rapid rate. And it is crowded. The only way one has a chance of getting a horse is by running alongside as it slows down, leap onto one of the several sets of steps as if one were boarding a European streetcar, and slide into the saddle as the previous tenant dismounts. I know because that was the way I had to do it. On the first try a woman in front of me fell in her jump for the steps and fouled up my charge for a mount.

They are fairly good size horses. In Those Days carousels were adult entertainment. This one still is, to judge from the happy middle-aged couples fighting each other for places on it. Maybe it was the hour, but I don't think I saw a pre-teen in the bunch. I got an outside horse, which proved to be a bit of a disadvantage--there are no stirrups, the ride is relatively fast and the horses aren't banked for the turn.

Even so, it was a ball. I highly recommend it.

"Over the Falls in '52!"

The end is in sight. A long time ago, when I still had the Allstate, Greenhaus and I motored over to Brooklyn to the dealer Ted White had recommended, and loaded two motorcyclesful of mimeo paper onto our bikes. I've been drawing on that stock ever since, and--alas--it is almost exhausted. I say "alas" mainly because I haven't the least idea how I am going to get more now that I no longer have wheels. Well, I'll figure out something before my membership activity comes due again...

So I am sitting here watching Chuck McCann and "Ace Jackson" is announcing the Flash Gordon serial episode for the day and all of a sudden Ace asks:

"You know how you can tell Ming's Stratosled, don't you?
There's a little rosebud on it."

This typewriter has an automatic repeat on the -- key. It is kicks. One is tempted to go interlineation happy.

Carol Carr, I agree with you about David Janssen.

Jack Speer, if I may hark back a couple of mailings, it was around 1200 A.D. when the Glastonbury monks dug up the coffin of King Arthur (or so they said) and one might assume that even then it had long (how long? I don't know) been associated in tradition with the Isle of Avalon, there having been a man-made island-village of the LaTène culture located in the area quite some while back. Whether it actually was Avalon or not I can't say right now, but I've got to look into the problem one of these days--namely, can that locale be specifically related to the apple tree?

I've got a recurring typo these days which I think might be worthwhile in the right context: "describle".

Hey, before I forget again, I got a question: some time back while passing an open window or some such I overheard a few words of a radio program whereon someone was saying that the difference between a merry-go-round and a corousel is that one goes clockwise and the other counter-clockwise. I didn't find out which was which and my reference books (which don't specifically deal with either) use the words interchangeably. Can anyone throw more light on the subject for me?

"...some thousand years from now, under a purple tree..."

It is the knitting season again and my wardrobe is getting overburdened with sweaters. I decided to branch out and whup off an afghan, too. It's to be crocheted. While I was in Savannah, I decided that now, since my mother is a grandmother to the third degree (thanks to my brother's efforts--he has three kids now) it is time she do something grandmotherly, like make a granny square afghan, so I taught her the art and we assembled a mess of squares. When I got back to NYC, I looked at all the scraps of yarn I have left over from my multitude of sweaters and decided to do something similar myself. I've got about half of them done now.

I suppose not everyone would get a charge out of knitting, but I find it not only fun but also habit-forming. One gets to the point where it is frequently very difficult to put it down. Sometimes I encounter some strange TV offerings because the machine is running and I am too involved in knitting to get up and change the channel.

For instance, the other day I saw something called Gilligan's Island, which was distinguished solely by the appearance of Alan Hale, Jr. He is growing up to be a ringer for his father.

Well, since a few pages back I've caught The Addams Family a couple more times and have become completely enchanted with them. They are absolutely charming. If only they didn't have that assinine vocal to the theme, and that ghodawful laff track...

Also on the evil eye was a late-model Bob Hope TV Special, the tag-end of which I caught. It was set in the old West, and in those short moments I spotted Bruce Cabot, Rod Cameron and Sonny Tufts.

Grandpa, maybe you (or someone else out there) knows more about this than I do, but I have reason to suspect that all this is part of a plot--that the above-named and the people who are in Law of the Lawless (details to follow), and some others have a sort of Western repertory actors' group going on the old Paramount cowtown set.

Is this significant of a minor trend toward fun for us older folk?

Newcombe & Gillespie, Howard and Theodore Lydecker, all the old gang, are they still working, I wonder...

"Mr & Mrs Jack Speer sitting on the floor in front of the elevator waiting for someone who knew what room the party was in."

I am a Harlan Ellison fan. In a way I have been ever since I first met Harlan at Beastley's-on-the-Bayou. He was doing Victor Broge routines that season (if memory serves) and doing them beautifully. But that was many years ago.

Well, a few weeks ago I caught, and thoroughly enjoyed, a script by Harlan on ABC's THE OUTER LIMITS. Name was "Soldier" and it featured Lloyd Nolan and Michael Ansara. Today I saw "The Man With The Glass Hand" on the same program. It starred Robert Culp. And it stoned me. I think it was as fine a piece of stf as I've seen on the eye yet.

It was an intricate, very fast paced morsel which pre-supposed some acquaintance with the concepts of stf. The basic action element was pursuit; the aliens are after the hero who, of course, must destroy them. The question, for you and for the hero, is "Why?", and your life is further complicated by the glass hand--what is it and why? The latter questions are answered progressively, as the hero obtains his three missing fingers, one at a time. There is a girl and she proves necessary to the plot development as well as the emotional situation. There is a snapper which you might have anticipated, but it came as a surprise to me. The tag lines by the narrator were somewhat over-stated, but I am glad to forgive this on the grounds that TV almost inevitably overstates.

I am curious to see this re-run eventually, both because I enjoyed it and because of academic curiosity. Frankly I doubt that it will hold up too well. As it went past I think I glimpsed a number of unplugged holes. (I'd have been curious to see it in print, where the mind is more critical on the first go-round than it usually is on first viewing of an audio-visual.) But then, despite the plethora of re-runs, TV is, in concept, a one-shot medium. And on first encounter, Harlan's script had impact.

I glee.

Last night the gang of us (Don, Jo, Ray, Aaron & me) spent a few hours sitting around gamming about radio and TV (mostly in the past tense) and religious philosophy (almost entirely in the past tense) and, as usual, one of the topics was Willis Cooper's QUIET PLEASE. As I remember it, that show was an example of the medium of radio at its peak of development. Radio was something to occupy your ears and part of your head, while the rest of you indulged in some other activity. At least for me it was. (And still is--what there is of it.) But for QP, I used to draw the blinds and lie down quietly to devote the entire of my consciousness to it. It swung.

"The Long Loud Birdbath", "The Stalking Bedbug", & Manny Uthers

By the way, the Dragon Lady* has an invisible dog named "Lamont".

*see Chuck McCann

What ever became of Pat Ryan and Normandie?

Did I ever tell you about the time I won a contest that was judged by Milt Caniff? The first prize was a life-size, full-length photograph of Bob Poole. It made an excellent card table.

By the way, have you caught the "Grant Food" commercial for Country Corn-Flakes? By me, it is one of the swingiest commercials I've seen. And after all, commercials (TV style) are one of the primary elements in our contemporary culture, aren't they? Another one I dig is the Quaker Puffed Wheat or Rice or something one wherein they show you the product being shot from guns while the 1812 Overture thunders in the background.

Juffus, in case you're wondering, the reason for the mixed upper case & ""s for titles is that I have a habit of using U.C., but they aren't cutting too well, so when I think of it, I'm hitting the " button instead.

I've discovered a cute new trick. I have this typer on the "coffee table", which is an old TV table with a drawing board on it, and sit X-legged on the bed while I type. Immediately to my right and a bit higher is the bedtable or end table, depending on the time of day. Well, I make a cup of coffee, bring it in and set it on the end table. Then I start typing, and of course, hit the carriage return. You should see the trajectory the coffee cup takes when the carriage hits it. You prolly won't, tho. Once was enough.

Les Gerber, how do you expect to ever get any mail when you aren't on the FAPA waiting list? Where is one supposed to locate your address?

Ted White, do you know of any popular literature available about the Underground? Like A Pictorial History of Subways, or some such?

Also, does anyone know some convenient source where I can lay hands on Twrch Trwyth (in English)?

"Great Grandfather Bloch was too tired to stand up,
So he lay ninety years on the floor...."

♪ ♪

Speaking of guns, as I was earlier, I have one myself, you know. Unfortunately I don't have a flint for it.

I've got a notion into my head that it is, for the most part, a North G.I. 1816, a weapon which wasn't particular popular with the armed forces. I don't have a notion how it got to Belfast, which is where I got it (the seller suggested that it was 'probably American). Perhaps it was exported for use in the Rebellion...

Well, there may not be much hope for the future, but I find that there are still some worthwhile bits and pieces in the present. Namely, we went over to the St. Marks movie house the other day and caught a double bill that came as quite a pleasant surprise. The first feature was ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS which, by some coincidence, was as described in Cue's capsule commentary: "First half is an absorbing hypothetical situation, but then earthman meets Martian* slave fleeing oppressors and it grows silly." (As usual, Cue managed to make at least one mistake. *isn't a Martian, but whathell.)

The second feature was LAW OF THE LAWLESS, a late-model color Western, the main charm of which was its cast. I suppose we missed some of them, since we got there too late to read the credits and had to eyeball the faces instead, with no prior knowledge of what a Pandora's Box of performants we were looking into. But the ones we did pick out were Richard Arlen, Bill Bendix, Bruce Cabot, Lon Chaney, Jr., Barton MacLane, Don 'Red' Barry, Bill Williams, Dale Robertson and Kent Taylor (not to mention the women). It surely warmed the sprockets of my 16 frame per second heart. Like, Ghreat Ghü, did I glee...

The Western had a few dashes of action and blood for the younger generation (and a few members thereof in the cast, prolly for the same reason), but as far as the plot went, the characters, like unto the gentlemen portraying them, had aged and mellowed since the Westerns of my youth. The final problem was solved not with bullets but words, the professional gunfighter took off his guns and rode peacefully into the sunset to live happily ever, the hero upheld his hard-earned principles by refusing to shoot it out and didn't lose face thereby, the villain was put down with a sock in the jaw and--hey--is that nag over at screen right Tony the Wonder Horse...

As as my last stencil slips slowly out of the typewriter, I bid you all a fond adieu. Caridwen willing, I will someday acquire more stencils, replenish the now-dwindled stock of mimeo paper and write again. Bullwinkle's blessings on thee all.

--LeeH

17 Oct 64

"Sonny Tufts?!"
