

A T O T E

volume The Fourth Fall, 1946 Issue The Threeth

Published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Th' Ol' Foo of Fandom, E Everett Evans, who at this time resides at 628 South Bixel Street, the City of Los Angeles, Calif.

EERRR, WHAT'S COOKING, DOC?

I was a little more than slightly flabbergasted to find my magazine, THE TIME-BINDER, was barred from the last FAPA mailing, when I not only had NOT submitted it for mailing, but had not even published it. Furthermore, over 2 weeks before the Official Editor obtained from me the stencils from which he printed the F.A., I had told him that there would be no TTB, for the reason that I could not, at that time, spare the money for the paper AND THE NEW COVER THAT I MUST HAVE BECAUSE ALL THE OLD ONES WERE USED UP!

Furthermore, I call attention to the Official Editor's utterance. I quote, "I did not like the symbolism on the cover". NOT, "I do not think it would pass the Post Office Censor", or anything of that sort. No, indeed, The OE, himself, in person, does not happen to like it. One is led to wonder whither we tend in our FAPA.

Incidentally, had he made that objection to me, I could've shown that 750 covers, had been mailed, and that over 2,000 copies of the picture had been mailed, without protest, in Direct Mail Advertising. This class of mail, as some may know, receives a far more careful scrutiny than any other, and has to be above all reproach to be accepted and mailed.

Also, for the benefit of the 62 decent and clean-minded FAPAns who have wondered, the fault found at various times by Messrs. Laney, Speer and Pendue, is what they claim to see in the attitude and appearance of the two final figures who represent the Golden Age, those inhabitants of the City of Light and Brotherly Love. These gentlemen(!?) claim these two figures look like what they call "Hollywood swishes" (homosexuals), and are therefore not fit to be included in the FAPA mailings.

If these three gentlemen knew anything about artistic perspective, they would see, quickly and easily, that these two figures are of over-size, or heroic proportions, being about one-fourth larger than the others. The figures are my own and the artist's conception of people like those in Wells' "Men Like Gods", when the baser characteristics and thoughts and passions have been bred out of the race, and men work together in brotherly love and co-operation, NOT for selfish interests, but for the good of all. I can assure Mr. Speer that Weidenbeck did NOT play a trick on me when he drew that picture. He saw exactly what I wanted, and drew it superbly. I am gratified to report that he has received scores of the most favorable comments upon his really great piece of work.

I am sending an advance copy of this magazine with this article marked, to the Vice President of FAPA, asking him for a ruling on whether or not the Official Editor is allowed to accept or reject magazines PURELY ON HIS OWN PERSONAL LIKES OR DISLIKES, for this seems to me like far greater "dictatorship" than anything yet attempted in fandom.

By the same token, many copies of Dale Hart's magcover have already gone through the mail without any question, as it was in the Pacificon COMBOZINE, and Dale has mailed many copies, too.

I don't like filth any more than any of you, but let there be a little bit of common sense used in deciding what is unworthy of being mailed, and not based on the personal tastes of Official Editors. If something has been mailed before, without protest, surely there can be no reason for refusing to mail it again.

IS THERE A CRIBBAGE PLAYER IN THE HOUSE?

A lot has been said about fan's poker-playing activities, but I happen to like the good old game of Cribbage equally well especially when there are only two people together who want to play cards.

I've never held the "perfect hand", which counts 29, but I did hold a hand that gave the maximum number of points that can be gained during the play. It was back in Battle Creek, and I was playing with Fan Edwin Counts. I pegged 24 points on the play itself, using all four of my cards, and three of the ones held by Counts.

Without bothering about Ed's fourth card, which was of no moment in this problem, can any of you cribbage players tell me what cards we both held? Ed played the first card. Remember, this 24 points was made on the play, only.

A N T - I C S

A Hymenopterous Tale of a Master of Barter
and an Agromomist's Sibling.

Some people must be born with lots of luck -- all of it of the worst kind. That I am such a one I am now more firmly convinced than ever. For, look now. Less than ten days after the miserable evening when I, in company with a score of other unfortunate classmates, was imprisoned within a snow-bound inter-urban car, and forced to listen while one named Prof. Archimedes Q. X. F. Loophole told us a tale of "An Indian Tragedy", or one which he insisted was but one of the hundreds he had amassed while gaining material for his Master's degree thesis on the crummy subject of "Were Jokes Ever Told For The First Time; And If So, For Pete's Sake, Why?" -- less than ten days after that most unfortunate occurrence, I say, I was again buttonholed by this ubiquitous unregenerate, in such a manner as precluded any chance to escape therefrom, who thereupon proceeded to waste a half hour of my valuable (?) time with the following Ant-ecdote (ouch! foh-give muh!).

Now, the study of the lower orders is a very, very fascinating one, my child; and one which you should pursue utmostly diligent if you wish to gain all the hysterically hypothetical knowledge that your cerebellical cranial cavity is capaciously capable of containing. For, lo, there are many points of great similarity and verisimilitude to be discovered between this, now so-called human race (homo sapiens, with the accent on the sap) and these self-same lower orders. So, if you will kindly unmouth your bubble-gum, and maintain a discreet silence, I shall elucidate.

Take the monkeys, for instance. What? What's that? Oh, says you. Very well, then, I'll take them, myself, if you insist. The various types and races of monks, chimps, baboons, oranges, apes, etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum and ad nauseum und so viter, are as many and as varied as the many and varied races and types of men: having yet one preposterously preponderant thing in common; that is, namely, to wit, and e.g., that they seemingly appear and apparently seem to be infinitely more intelligent than men. But is that not to be expected, when all of our very best Darwinians tell us that we are DEscended from the monkey family? So what?

But I started out with another perfectly pellucid thought in mind. Ah, me! Would that I had a single-track mind. Did I hear you say "would that I had a mind, period?" Sir, I am in-

sult! See, how is it that I get switched off so easily and so oftenly. On a one-track there could be no switch-offs. Perhaps one reason I get so is because I was switched so oftenly in infancy and youthcy that it has become a sort of habit, defense mechanism, libido, or what have you.

But I started out with another perfectly pellucid---what's that? Oh, I said that before, huh? Well . . .

ANTS! That's what I was going to talk about. Ants, those creepy, crawley, criggly pismires that get in your hair, in all picnic saids, bread boxes, sugar bins, and your temper.

Did you know that there are hundreds of different kinds of ants? Maybe thousands, for all I know? You didn't? Wellwellwell. I am astoundingly astonished at your abysmal ignorance. Why, there are red ants, whote ants, blue ants, black ants, grey ants, Queen -- QUEEN, not green -- ants, drone ants, serv-ants, worker ants, soldier ants, trader ants, hunter ants, elef-ants, farmer ants, builder ants, house ants, ten-ants, twenty - ants, thirty-ants . . . whoa!

What I mean, there are ever and ever so many additional I have forgotten, besides all the ones I never did know about. Oh yes, there is just oodles and oodles of kinds and varieties of ants.

It has always been my greatest delight to go out into the woodses and fieldses and the meadowses and lie there on my stomach whilst I watch them with bated breath and eager eyes, (also a magnifying glass is of great assistance), and studiously watch and watchfully study the labors and the antics of these tiny insectivora, who are really not insects but hymenopterae.

!Jever watch ants; see them drilling like soldiers, all in columns and squads? See them hurrying and scurrying about in an apparently aimless manner until your study shows you that each one has a definite place to go, a definite job to do, and let's nothing but death and damnation interfere with him?

!Jever know that the Herder Ants keep cows in droves, and milk them for food? There is so them! Look up "Aphids" in the dictionary, if you don't believe me. Yaaa, smarty! Quit trying to show off your stupidity, Stupid!

Thus it has come to pass that with all my studious study I have gathered unto myself a great store of lore about the cunning little ants, and among my souvenirs is this choico little ant-ecdote, gathered one bright summer's day smack'out in aour aold back faorty, by Crackey!

As I was about to leave, it having befell darkish on this most momentous evening, when I noticed an unwarranted commotional activity among the tribe of Agricultural Ants I had been so watchfully watching. Peering peeringly about, I saw a Trader Ant approaching slowly and laboriously toward the colony, laden with a minute bit of treasure that I couldn't readily identify.

Now the Agricultural Ants, as perhaps you perhaps know, cut down small grasses and spread them in the hot summer sun to dry thus making hay while the sun shines; then carry this hay into their underground barns and store it for their winter food supply. Hay-hay!

And the Trader Ants, who are quite much-travelled travellers in their own small world and our large one, pick up things of value they may find on their interminable journeys, and then trade or barter it with other ants they may chance to meet, for anything the latter possess that the former may desire.

This communal commotion, therefore, was like unto that one which oncet upon a time used to befall about the old-fashioned farmhouses when ye olde Tin Pedlar arrived. The Agricultural Ants crowded about the Stranger, and I seemed to hear them conversing together; thusly:

"What hast thou this time, Trader," the old Master Farmer inquired, politely, regurgitating a bit of honey which he presented formally to his esteemed guest after the genteel manner of the ants of all various species.

"Chust a choice chunk of Choickie -- (I never did find out what that word meant, or what it was he had) -- Oh Master, that I would exchange for a night's lodging and food, being greatly a' wearied from my journeys hither, thither, and even yon, into the far places."

"Supper ye shall have, and a goodly breakfast in the morn, but as for lodging, we is just plumb full up. Unless," he added, as an afterthought, "you would care to sleep in the nursery with the nursling."

But the Trader, unusually well-versed in antly ways, especially those in the hinterlands where sanitary conditions are not as good as the ones in the larger urban termitaries (that's the real name for "ant-hills", Punk!), chose to spend the night outside the hill. So after a scrumptious and really superslob-squatuous supper, he curled up and was soon fast asleep, safely hidden and ensconced beneath a small weed leaf.

Came the dawn, and it just happened that I was early about

and so learned the rest of the jovial incident which I am now relating to you.

The ants were just beginning to stir as I arrived breathlessly and unhurried at my post of observation; and I looked about hurriedly to see if I could locate the Trader Ant. Sure enough, by Golly, there he was, just waking up, stretching and yawning to get his cramped muscles loosened up just like anyone else might after a night's sleep on the hard, hard ground.

Hardly had he rubbed the sleepy-tites from his booful blue eyes when he noticed a bewitchingly bewilderingly beautiful and reasonably pretty little young female ant standing nearby, who was watching him closely and curiously, albeit with the utmost of politeness in her scrutiny.

"And prithee, who mayest thou be?" enquired the Trader Ant in most polite Ant-ese, making his very nicest bow, as became a natural duty before such radiant beauty as that of the glorious being who there confronted him.

"You ith expecting, maybe, the Mather Farmer'th Nurthling", she lithped tho piquantly. "Who ith you?"

"I", replied the disgusted and disgruntled Trader Ant, as he successfully and successively kicked his posterior portions rotatively and rotatorially with each of his multiplicity of multiple legs, "I am the imbecile who really thought that you probably were. So, if you can forgive my stupidity, what say I and you go some place and neck?"

Hey, where ya going? Doncha want to hear . . . Well, what d'you know, he's gone. I wonder if anyone satyed this long?

E N D

N F F F

Although at the time of this writing the NFFF elections have not yet been held, they will have been by the time this is being read, and therefore there will be an entirely new slate of officers heading the National organization. May this former President of the NFFF, who still is intensely interested in the welfare of that organization, beg and request that everyone get behind these newly elected officials, and give them every ounce of ASSISTANCE, as well as moral support, for which you have the time, so that they may make this the year most productive of a really worthwhile program, well-carried out for everyone's good!

SERENITY.

I have been much amused of late by a statement made by Mr. Speer, and taken up vociferously by his stooges, Messrs. Laney and Burbee, about my "pose of saintly patience".

I CHALLENGE THEIR USE OF THE WORD "POSE"!

When I was a youngster I had a terrific temper, and for at least three decades I have been trying to subdue it. I have in the main succeeded, although it does break out at times. But I have it tamed now to the "safety valve" variety, for I pop-off quickly and then everything is finished, and I do not hold long grudges.

Then, too, I have learned to realize the condition of the world of today, and to know how great are the complexities that vex and try our daily lives. I realize all too well that these days and their tribulations make it extremely hard for a person not to become "unsane".

At the same time I can see the great advances being made in the solving of these great and complex problems, and firmly believe that the day will come when men will have made as great a progress in the solving of the PERSONAL problems as they have in the mechanical and scientific problems. In other words, we will someday "catch up with ourselves". In the meantime, every body has to make what adjustments he can to life as it affects him personally.

In seeking my own personal adjustments, I have tried to achieve as great a personal serenity of nature as is possible to me. I have sought to so adjust myself to life that I can react to unforeseen happenings in the way that will cause the least upsets to my equilibrium. I have tried, and am still working, to arrive at a point where nothing will upset me or cause me to lose my grip on my sanity and my sense of humor -- the two most important phases, I believe, to a Personal Adequacy which will take a person safely through whatever may confront him.

That is why I say that I challenge these gentlemen's use of the word "pose". For it is NOT a pose with me. I suppose it may look like it at times, such as when I sit in amused tolerance, or with an expression of actual distaste at some of the childish inanities and obscenities with which certain persons like to contaminate the air at the LASFS meetings. I am merely trying to remain casual and untouched by it all.

Being merely human, however, there are times when it gets too much for me, and I have to react. Maybe someday I will be able to attain true Serenity of Living. I hope so.

The FANTASY FOUNDATION

Requests for your Assistance

ON A PROJECT OF VALUE TO ALL FANTASY BOOK LOVERS

Work has been under way for some time on the compilation of a complete bibliography of hard cover science, fantasy and weird fiction, to be published in its entirety in one volume.

Present plans call for 4 sections: one devoted to hard cover books; the second to paper bound items of all sorts from Penguin, Pendulum and Pocket-book professional volumes to amateur efforts of the Bizarre Series and Crawford Publications variety. A third section will present all available information on foreign language books & booklets. The 4th will list non-fiction.

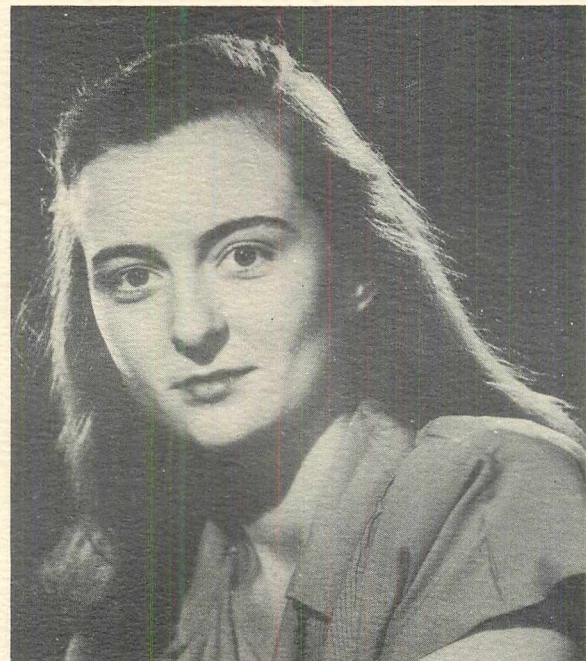
No effort will be spared to make this bibliography as nearly complete as possible, and to this end we are soliciting the aid of all fantasy fans. We request that you send us your Library and Want Lists with the information noted below:

1. Author's full name.
2. Title, and subtitle (if any) copied according to the manner presented on the title page.
3. Publisher of your copy, including city & country.
4. Copyright date of your copy.
5. Publication date of your copy.
6. Number of pages and in what language.
7. Size, if radically different from average book.
8. General classification (stf, fantasy, weird).
9. Illustrator's name and number of pictures.
10. Type of binding (hard, paper).

PLEASE send a card indicating your intention to aid us, in order that we do not close our lists without your contribution.

ADDRESS Russ Hodgkins, 774 Caliburn Dr, Los Angeles 2, Calif.

We sincerely Hope that 1947 May Be Your Best Year Yet



EVERETT ~ ~ EVANS ~ ~ JONNE
628 SOUTH BIXEL ST. LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA~