

H E T B P E M Я 6 4

Published for the 64th Distribution of APA L, 6 January 1966, by Bruce Pelz, who has got a Piser on his back these days. IncuNebulous Pub 432.

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NOT A WEEK GOES BY but what I get three or four -- or more -- missives from Harold Piser in regard to the biblio of fanzines he wants to complete. It takes me about two weeks to get around to answering his questions, and no sooner do I send off the answer than there is another letter with questions. Maybe I'd be better off doing the damn biblio myself.

I understand Piser came to a Fanoclast/FISTFA meeting several months ago. What did you New York characters think of him? Ted White, why don't you let him come index your collection?

I HAD PLANNED to go back and review 1965 as seen through APA L, but I find it would take far too long, especially since several volumes of APA L are tied up for binding. From memory I get the general impression that it was a pretty good year, with an era of good feeling in early summer, followed by a very enjoyable Westercon, and then a lot of bickering in the fall. Items which were -- literally -- memorable included Bjo's comic strip, the Anniversary covers, and some of the more gaudy squabbling -- at least so says my memory. And yours...?

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D I R E C T C U R R E N T S

FLIEG: You're right about your verses, Bruce Pelz will say they do not scan. But the idea gets across.

In regard to fancy dress for men, did you see the white shirt with black ruffle Owen was wearing at our Open House? Maybe we'll get back to the era of dandyism yet. As long as we're careful what streets we stay away from... .

FRED PATTEN (and other Dizzylandophiles): I wonder how much costumery one could wear into D'land? I went on a day's camera-tour by myself about 4 years ago, in standard black outfit with boots, and I got three or four people asking me questions indicating they thought I worked there. But with various parades and this, that & th'other days at D'land, maybe, come Westercon time... . No, I guess it wouldn't go.

DAVE VAN ARNAM: Take a benzadrine, or something; you sound like you are dying a slow and vocally painful death.

BJO: My point in asking you, after the 16 December meeting, why you did not say something about a dislike of Carolina Pines, was that I'd asked the entire club for objections to Carolina Pines, and gotten only the usual blank looks and not a word. There is no way to even start a discussion on the relative merits of places unless someone says something to begin with. I myself don't care one way or the other, as I go directly to the Lab for cards; I haven't been in either Carolina Pines or Kal's for a long time, and could not form a valid opinion, so I asked for comments from those who could.

As for announcing the state of the Building Fund and a large treasury, I can't see the city bothering about the LASFS even with the \$2600/, but if you'd care to make it a motion we can get a consensus and decide on that basis.

So where were you people Sunday night? You were supposed to come up to see "Munchausen," but didn't show. Of course, the arrangement was made New Year's Eve, so maybe... . Anyway, it was a very good show, even if we were seldom sure if the picture was off-color or it was actually supposed to look that way.

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## The Way of Life 14

by Edward J. Dean

Len Cosgrove and Cecily said good-bye to her family and left for the movies. Len promised they be back before midnight.

"What's on your mind, Leo?" asked his father when his mother had gone back to the kitchen, leaving the two of them alone in the living room. "You look awful solemn suddenly."

"Oh, it's that Mike Miller Len mentioned; I'm not sure I like the idea of him representing fandom to Mrs. Cosgrove. He's a drunk -- a mean drunk, with a nasty sense of humor. Practical joker, too. Maybe I ought to take a run out there." Leo's attention wasn't directed toward his father, and he seemed almost to be talking to himself.

"Hasn't she known that bunch of screwballs long enough to be able to make her own evaluations no matter what he says? Almost 40, too, isn't she?" Jim Carter let the questions settle, aware they had done little good. Then he switched his tack. "How are you getting on with Corky?"

Leo's head came up quickly. "She's after a professional writer named Van Clyne, and it looks like she's about got him, too. None of my business; not as if we were engaged or anything." The head went down again, and Leo got up slowly from the chair. "I guess I'd better be going," he said, moving toward the door.

Jim Carter, looking for a reasonable excuse to stop him, was rescued, by his wife, who came out of the kitchen to tell them, "Dinner's ready, you two. Come on and eat."

Leo started to object, but his mother had already turned back once more to her culinary offices, so he grinned at his father and went to wash up. There is no arguing with a woman's who's put out food already.

Dinner was quiet and not very productive of even small talk. Jim suggested that Leo save some money and take one of his own agency's cruises next summer, and maybe he'd meet some new people, and... . Leo just let his father talk on until he ran down; Jim's opinions about fans and fandom were unalterable and unarguable.

The phone rang in the middle of the dessert, and Nora Carter answered it. "It's for you," she said, handing it to Leo. Both she and Jim listened as Leo, feeling like a goldfish in a bowl wired for sound, took the phone and said "Hello."

"I heard," he said shortly into the phone. Then, a moment later, "All right, I'll be there in about an hour and a half. Good-bye." He hung up and shoveled the last of his cake into his mouth as he pushed back his chair.

"Dear, do you think..." began Nora, but her husband signed her to stop, and Leo, who hadn't heard her at all, leaned down to kiss her as he headed out of the room.

"Sorry I have to leave in such a rush," he said, shaking hands with his father, "but I have to meet a friend." And he walked quickly out to his car. A moment later he was gone, the old Buick vrooming down the road at what it considered a high speed.

"It wasn't Corky, was it?" Jim Carter asked his wife. She shook her head. "An older woman?" Nora nodded, and Jim sat down with a sigh. "It's his life, and he has to lead it as he can," he philosophized, "but I wish he'd stay out of situations as dangerous as one with a married woman!"