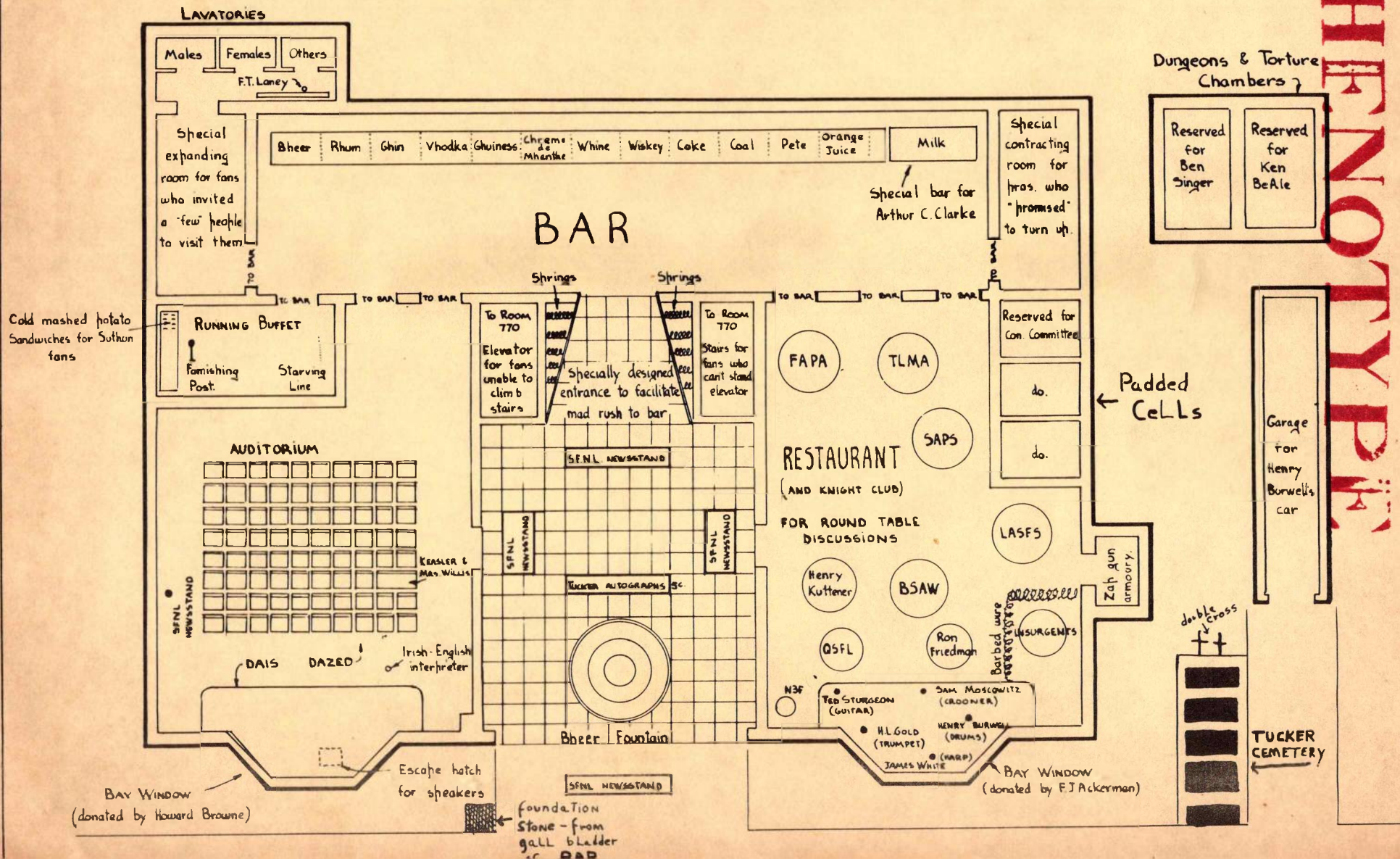


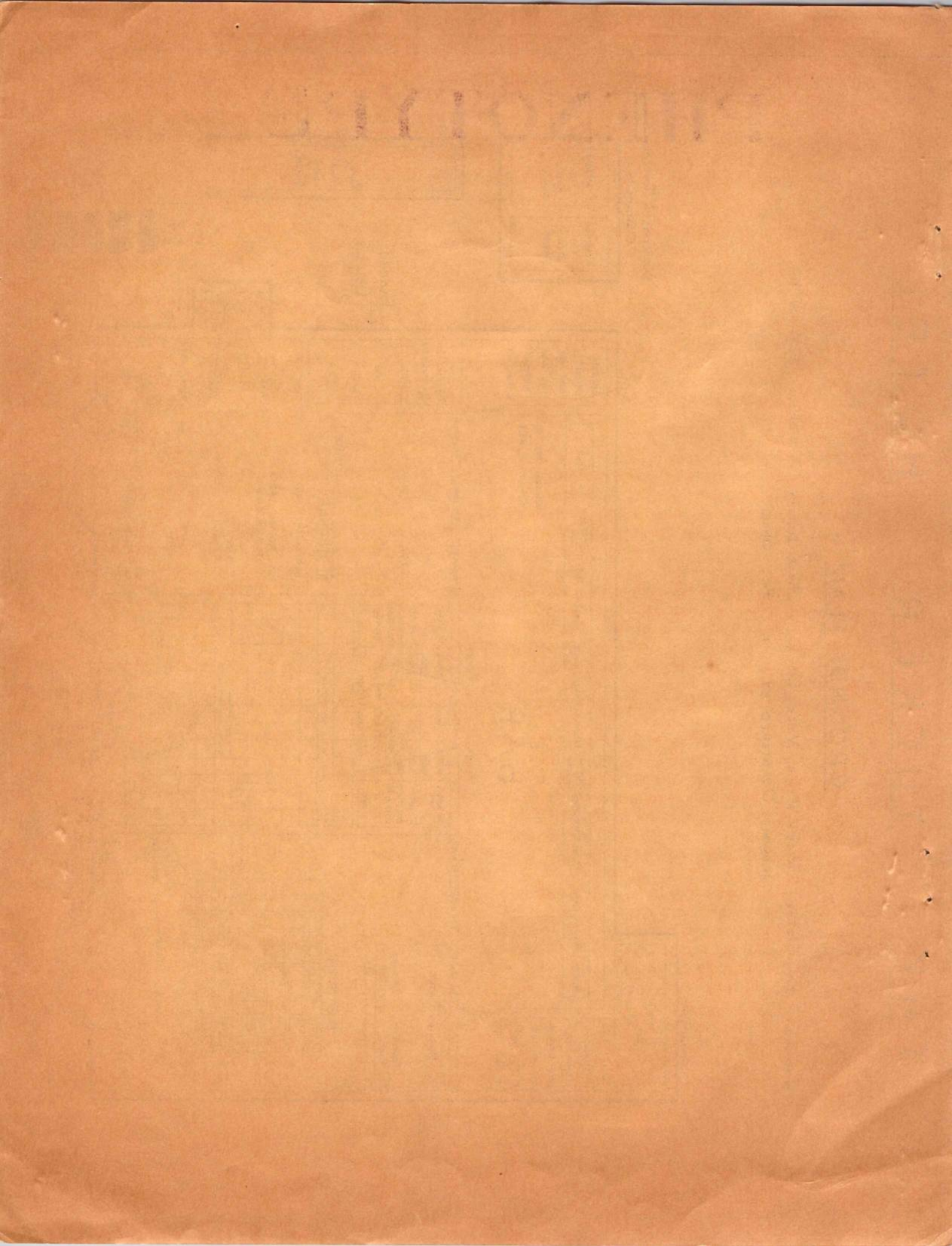
THE TUCKER HOTEL

GROUND PLAN

GRINDERS: Ken Slater, James White, Vince Clarke, Chuck Harris, Bob Shaw, Walt Willis.

DRAWN & QUARTERED BY: Bob Shaw





This is PHENOTYPE, Operation Crifanac CXLIX, published in the intervals of collating those plaguey Fancyclopedias. If I weren't making 6¢ profit apiece on the things I'd regret ever having taken the project in hand...but after all, that's nothing to do with Science Fiction or the affairs of OMPA, and I mustn't blame you for it when

It's Eney's Fault

HOW IT ALL BEGAN (IV)

"Dear Fen:

I am writing you to ask your help in a proposed project of mine. When I had this brain storm of mine on writing a booklet entitled HOW TO FORM A SCIENCE FICTION CLUB, I knew absolutely nothing about the subject...Any information of any kind concerning fan organizations will be of great help and welcomed with open arms.

Sincerely, Orville W. Mosher III"

-- From THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN

A L'Armee Blanche

MAILING XXI

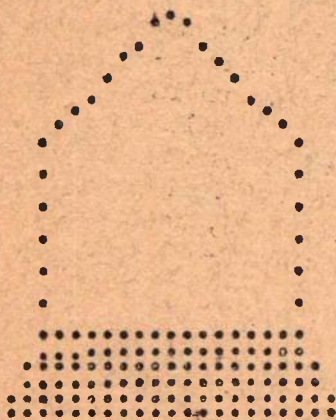
OFF-TRAILS I protest the inclusion of the poll sheet in such a way that we've got to dissect the Official Organ to get it out. Couldn't you have done it in duplicate, with one copy loose and ready to mail, Ron? And that would also have saved much laceration of conscience by completists who hate to lose anything out of the bundle. ** That aside, good job, and best wishes to the new administration...

APATHY & SUPPLEMENT My issues of PHENOTYPE are not "un-numbered"; in fact, they're
BLUNT numbered twice -- according to the mailing they review, and also
THE LESSER FLEA as Operation Crifanac productions. I note, incidentally, that
you haven't any notation of the designation "for Mailing soanso" as a date. Indeed, it isn't a "real" date, but it's as valid as Paul Enever's scheme for designating HOW ("Incomprehensible, Ineluctable, Insouciant") which you list under "numbers". ** Nonono, you people don't -- as they say -- dig my comment. I wasn't in doubt of what nonviolent obstruction was supposed to mean; I was entering a protest against dignifying it with that adjective, on the ground that obstruction is a policy of compulsion to begin with, so that whether or not an individual obstructor will dot you one when you try to get him to stop is a secondary consideration. If a person is trying to compel me to do as he desires whether I want to or not, his politeness or crudity in doing so is a distinctly minor feature of the tort I'm suffering. ** From Huxley's accounts of experiments others made, Mescaline puts some people down with horrific force, and its effects are unpredictable enough to make it unlikely that Sandy will ever be horrified with the spectacle of the stuff becoming a substitute for alcohol, as a relaxant. ** By the way, since Mal isn't in this mailing this is perhaps the most appropriate point to tell him I was wrong about mescaline not being the active principle of peyote. I got hold of an analysis of the alkaloids -- there are about half a dozen -- in the peyote buttons and the most potent of these -- far more potent than mescaline, which was there too -- was a stuff called lophophorine. /"Lophophora" is the genus of cacti to which the peyote plant belongs/. But I didn't look up the concentrations, darn it, till later. Mescaline is "the" active principle, despite what I said last mailing; lophophorine is far more powerful, all right, but it's present only in trace quantities.

MARSOLO Now, now...all I meant, commenting about your NSF membership, was to wonder in horror if I'd been saying about it that'd horrify you.

MORPH Oh, how I groaned in sympathy with your horror at arriving at a strict post! I remember when we were evacuating Hokkaido I got sent to the General Hospital at Sendai, where the Corps Headquarters was. I well recall the gusto with which the locker displays -- daily, for ghodsake -- and buffing of tiled floors and collar-ed beds were described by the people who'd been there, when I found out where I was going. Happily I got out of it the day after I arrived, and was sent to the northernmost regiment in Japan. That was a relief, even if it did mean that I'd be the only medical laboratory man for 180 miles at times...

STILL LIFE Those patterns...well, I can make out a few of them. For instance, the ones over to the right are rather obviously DEPTH CHARGE PATTERNS FIRED BY ABSENT-MINDED GUNNERY OFFICER.



The thing like a bell-jar was a little more difficult. I thought of "The Golden Doors of Fanac" (if Rike and Ellik and Carr will forgive me) or possibly "Distribution curve of fans at Liverpool party, two-thirty ack emma", but reading Joy Clarke's old article on Britain's national game

Obviously this is, GRANDSTANDS AND FIELD OF PLAY FOR THREE-SIDED CRICKET MATCH.

The little vertical lines with bases on them were easy, and doubtless Ron Bennett could identify them as well as I: TACK IN CHAIR PRANK BY STUDENT WITH NO SELFCONFIDENCE.



And the geometrical figure thing wasn't hard, either: APICES OF A PERFECT HEXAGON...VIEWED SLANTWISE.

The last one gave me pause for a bit...locomotive? Shoe-case? One wing of an airplane? Oh, yes, I see: OVERSHOE FOR CAVALRY BOOT.



It seems the fannish thing...

SCOTTISHE A good deal of "Flame of the Convention" was lost on me, I fear...for instance, I can't tell whether the seat being down in the Bulmer party's compartment after they'd left made Gwendoline's "Such gentlemen" a sarcastic remark or not. (I can guess, tho...) It's a good thing you were there, all the same. The way that girl was palpitating, she'd need digitalis and an oxygen tent before the con was over. ** What is referred to as "anti-nationalised medicine propaganda" over here is, apparently, merely resistance to government payment of physicians. A lot of the services you mention under NHS -- especially those you speak of as activities of the hospital League of Friends -- are carried out by volunteer workers over here, too. The US Red Cross is particularly helpful in this.

Since it is the First Law (1 Ed. VIII) that no page in a fanzine may be altogether blank, I think it's appropriate to print here an article which has been hanging fire since last August. Here is Wally Weber's

WANSBOROUGH IS NOT A HOAX
A True-Life News Item

In these hectic days of hoaxes and false ghods, even a Tru-fan cannot be sure who is real and who is pseudo-real. Now it is required that a fan actually see and observe his fellow fan before accepting him as a real being. You'll note, if you are over-observant, that I have not specified a real human being, and that gets us around to Norman G. Wansborough.

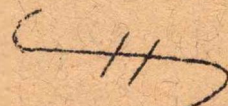
In the interest of science I have travelled half the planet to actually see and observe this English phenomenon, Norman G. (for George, not Ghod) Wansborough. I can only report he is unutterably real, and beyond all doubt he is a being.

Not only is N. G. Wansborough real and a being, he is famous throughout his part of the world. Without even so much as hinting that I wanted information on the subject of Norman G. Wansborough, fans from England and surrounding nations immediately informed me about this well-known individual. I was told about fabulous exploits performed by this pillar of English Fandom; how he was associated with all the major APAs ~~/this~~, of course, was when he was still in OMPA! -- RE~~/~~; how he made a special trip to Sweden to visit Lars Helander; how he has helped forge English Fandom into a solid unit with a common cause -- namely, how to keep Wansborough from spreading.

Meeting Wansborough in person was a revelation of the highest order. I located him conversing with Jean Bogert and munching free wafers from the bar. I broke into the conversation. (I can't help myself. Since Blotto Otto ~~/Otto Pfeiffer~~, Wally's slanshack-mate~~/~~ started putting me into his stories, I break into everything.) I pried into his life history, his habits, and his way of thinking, and Norman did not object. In fact he did not hesitate to Reveal All. He told me the innermost secrets of his APA activities. (The reason they were innermost secrets was because Wansborough couldn't publish them legibly enough for anyone to read them.)

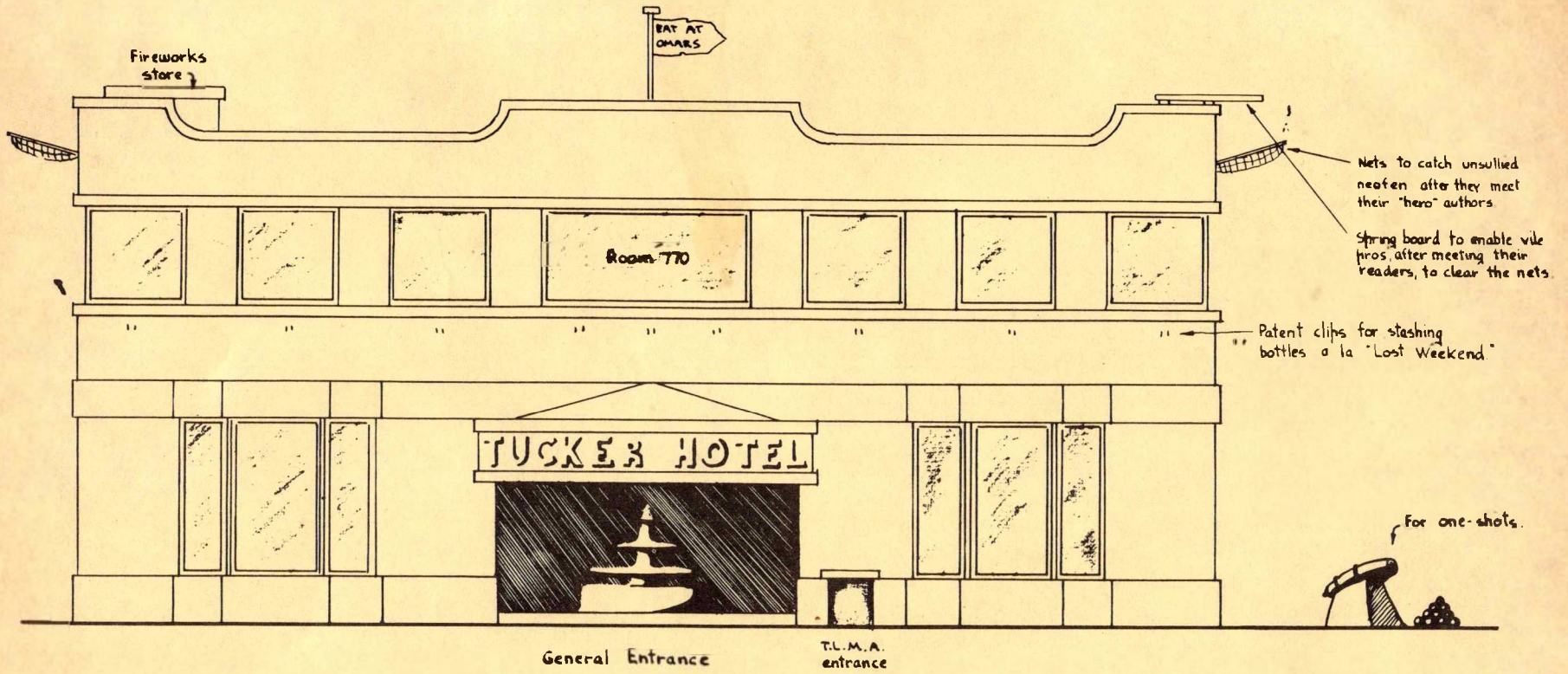
Now that I have seen, with my own four flabbergasted eyes, the true, in-the-flesh Wansborough, I have come to a number of conclusions about the man. Norman is not a hoax. Norman is a genuine employee of a factory, and earns his money there scraping Deroes off of tins. As a result, Deroes have come to have him even more than Shaver, and they persecute him by making the important part of his fanzines impossible to read.

In conclusion, it must be pointed out that Norman has one serious flaw. Norman is too friendly. When Norman stops being friendly with Deroes, he will gain the Tru-fame his Tru-fannish character deserves.



This has been an issue of PHENOTYPE, from Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria Virginia, you-plural. Operation Crifanac CXLIX, and not un-numbered, no matter what Joy may tell you. Chittlin's forever. Washington will not support the bid of Mordor for the 1964 convention.

- PLAN -



- FRONT ELEVATION -