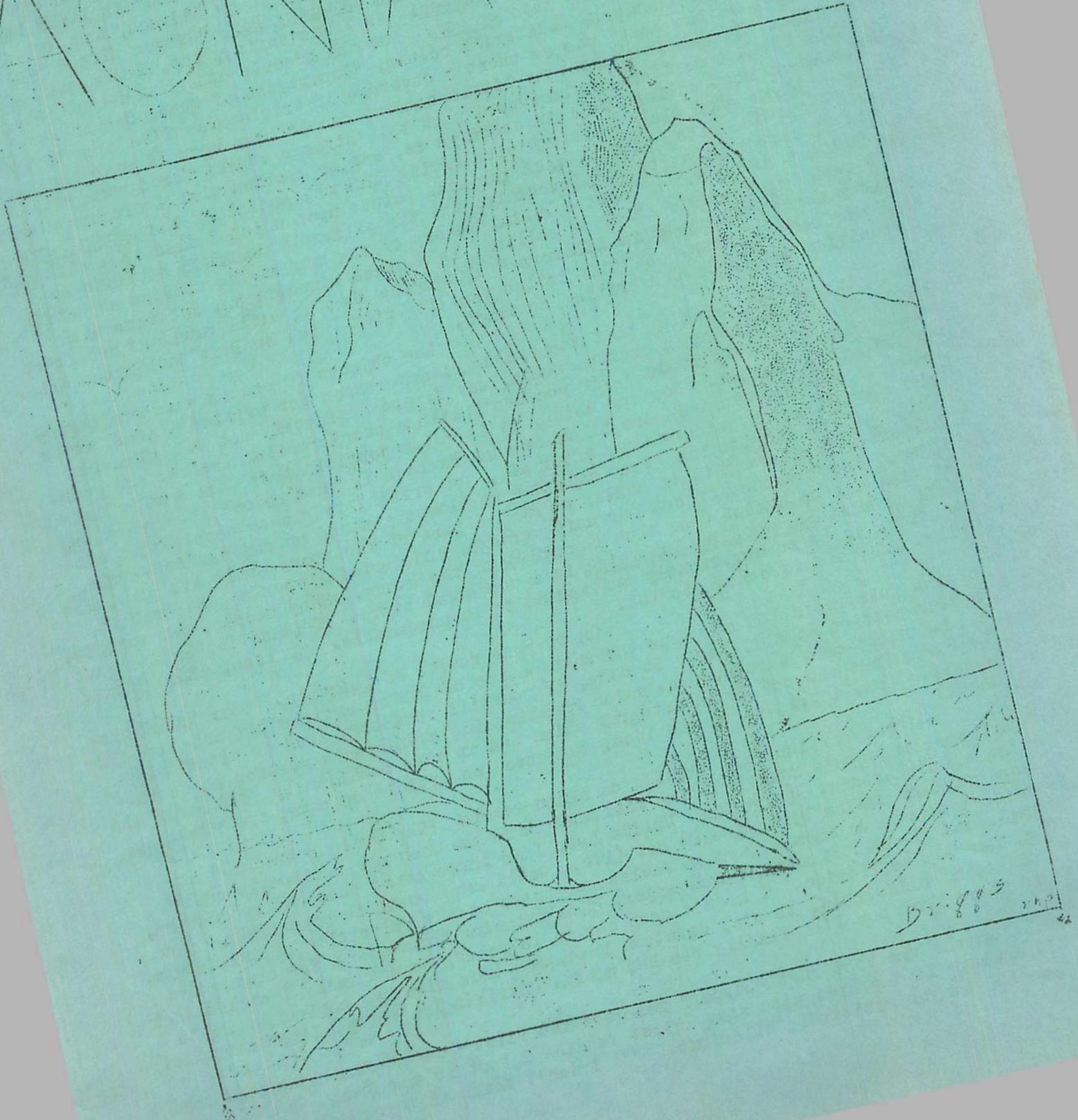


AONIA

NUMBER
ONE
APRIL
1951



Driggs

I opened the latest SAPS mailing the evening after Eney gave it to me--the 19th of February, I believe--having no expectations of finding anything particularly good, when BANG! I ran headlong into Orgasm. Now, I'd read bits and pieces of Orgasm on the night Lee was last here in Washington when we saw him off on the plane to New York and thus to Europe (he's in Paris now, in case the information isn't elsewhere called to your attention), but had misplaced it somewhere in the two-foot stack of fanzines-to-be-read in my bedroom, and, anyhow, was deeply immersed in The Sheltering Sky, Laughing Boy, "Conjur Wife," Men Against the Stars, and Call it Treason. As I was saying, tho, I was reading along and rammed headlong into Orgasm. Lee and L'ecole did a beautiful job. Lee's six page meandering editorial column, "Department of Queer Complaints," or "The West vs the East" was as thoro a coverage of trivia as I've seen in quite a while. It was so thoro that little comment can be made upon it save that Lee tells me that he finally discovered what this strange object foreigners with turned-up coat collars sell in doerways is, and to mention that I discussed many more things than slum sociology with Irving Shulman, author of the Amboy Dukes and something else, finding that the main points upon which I disagreed with him his sincere admiration for Lovcraft, and the extremely dogmatic attitude he sometimes assumes. My most striking memory of the man is the violent objection he took to someone's error in calling, in a class composition, laborers with dirty shirts "dirty-shirt laborers." I imagine that he still shudders over that phrase now and then. Another is the rapidity with which he left Washington after receiving his Hollywood writing contract.

Lee objects to essays upon craftsmanship in reviews, stating that the pro's primary reason for writing a story is to sell it. Comments upon craftsmanship, say I, are definately not out of place, Lee, nor is your attitude ".if you don't like a story, write a better one yourself" quite logical. For one thing, it is quite possible that Noel Loomis has written several stories more likeable than "Asleep in Amegodon" to some of us, and secondly, the authors are, after all, not writing to please people that can write better stories than they can, but to please you and me and Kerkhof--non-writers. Craftsmanship is easily as much a part of the story as is its plot, its theme, or its amount of sex per unit wordage, and certainly has a good deal to do with the enjoyment (and thus the sale) of the story. Many people, for example, tell me that Darker Than You Think is a wonderful story. I found it, in the book version, to be so atrociously written as to be unreadable. My loss, since I have liked most of his other stories.

On to your review of Thirteen. Your brainstorm of the Integrated Fan and thus the mathematics of fancion article did not come from a beer session at all, Lee. It came, if you will remember, from an article by myself about many things, from which Phyllis King extracted a portion about integrated fans and set up an integral which was in turn modified by Bill Evans and myself. You, intrigued by the idea, suggested an article on same, and wrote it. Check?

I was particularly tickled on again reading "The Oedipus Wrecks," and by recalling Lee's reaction when told what Es meant when she indirectly called him a hebophrenic. (Hiya Es. Unlike Les, I am three hours short of my masters, and further unlike him, mine is not (i.e., would have been) in psychology. You didn't happen to know a Barbara Paylat out there at the University of California, did you? Cousin of mine, psych major, came whipping thru here a few months ago on her way to Florida. I hadn't seen her in 16 years, so naturally I picked that night, of all nights, to stay downtown late, and thus miss her entirely. Maybe 16 years from now I'll finally see her again. Strikingly pretty, I've been told.)

Anyone who thot that "Murder" was good the first time he read it should read it again. It improves with age. First reading I thot it was funny, but the second reading it was positively hilarious. " I don't think that you Coles will find

much comment on "Cultism in Science Fiction" in SAPS reviews, since not many of the lunatic fringe creep into the sheltered niches of the ajays of fandom. Anyhow, Merwin doesn't claim to print science-fiction. He prints pseudo psience, remember?

Eek's Child Auditor sequence let down at the end, but you can't have an absolutley perfect fanzine, no matter how fine it may otherwise be.

"The Oedipus Wrècks" was one of the very few poems I ever felt like sitting down and memorizing. In fact, I did.

Despite your unkind remarks about my having the gall to request back mailing, and even to borrow them from various of the WSFA members of SAPS, all this egoboo is free of charge for Les and L'ecole. Long may you.... I say, long may you....ahem! Well, anyhow, here's looking forward to many more Orgasms.

change

I have a pet peeve in ajay fanzine review columns: People who make remarks in a review of another fanzine which cannot possibly be clear to anyone save the editor of the zine being reviewed, the author while he still has well in mind what he was talking about at the time he wrote the review, or the person with a copy of the magazine being reviewed directly in front of him in which he can look up hazy references at the time they occur. Any of you who have read any of Spear's old review columns, or any of Boggs', will know that their reviews can almost always be read with interest regardless of whether or not you've read the fanzine to which it refers, since each comment is complete in itself. Any of you who read Eney's latest issue of Nudity saw a mailing review column at its worst in this regard. Many of the comments, as the times he answered questions in order, without telling the reader the general nature of the question he's answering, cannot possibly make sense to the person whose questions he is answering, to the casual reader, or even to himself, without looking up the references. I find a series of "yeses," "nos," and "I don't knows" in a row rather dull reading. Quite dull.

I imagine that a few of the above comments on big O may strike some of you as having hazy referents (I imagine that no matter how easily Eney was sledging along up until a minute ago, he's suddenly discovered that the last page and a half were not very interesting after all--they didn't say anything. That's all right Eney, there's more to come.) In this particular case, I'm not particularly worried if a few of you did find the above tough sledging, merely because this has been a long review, and Orgasm was such an interesting fanzine that even if the above page and a half was lost on you, the zine reviewed, when you read it, should have prepared you for a couple of reactions like mine. Finally, no objections will be accepted this time around simply because this is going to be a highly unorthodox fanzine. I will, either this issue or in the future, devote up to ten pages with praise to Lee's fine taste for the amber beverage (tho his taste therefor isn't particularly discriminating--it's against the non-existent rules for an Elder to discriminate when it comes to beer), to any beer I discover which happens to better than Blatz, or to the technique of the chugalug--for in that, at least, I excell. I will also, if I feel so inclined (about 47%) fill up Aonia with dissipated dissertations on the New Yorker (which I don't read), champagne (which I don't drink) or almost anything else. Boggs once said that he was far more willing to listen to blasts against the price of beer in New York than many of the fannish items filling fanzines (and that is an awfully rough quote) and I agree. I'd also sooner write about them than read about them. So I shall. Almost anything, I should think, would be more interesting than Eney's slams at such things as the price, whether \$3.20 or \$4.20 or whatever of the SAPS Index, along with his FAPA reviews in SAPS, his SAPS reviews in FAPA, his hazy comments upon comments and personal

letters, his multitudinous pseudonyms, his blundering comments upon Horizons (which was clearly titled) and Somnambulism, and other items which irritate me for no particular reason, other than, perhaps, my general dislike for precocity. That dislike, and my similar dislike for attacks by tenderfeet upon the established order of things, may someday lead me into Republicanism. Presently I'm being lead there, in a backward fashion, by Harry the Haberdasher.

glue I am intrigued with the cohesiveness of SAPS, and the manner in which the members seem to stick together. SAPS has far more of a gestalt (configuration, pattern, wholeness) than does FAPA. At the present time, for example, only three members of FAPA carry mailing reviews regularly--Warner, Coslet, and Pavlat. A couple seem to be becoming regulars--Eney, Danner, Evans--and Coswal seems to be dropping out. At least the picture is clear, not much self-interest. In SAPS, only four magazines in the last mailing missed reviews (not including the Spectator), and the reviews were generally quite well done. Some few of the members seem to run reviews only because it is the ne plus ultra of ajaydom or because they don't know how else to fill up six pages a sixmonths, but they are the exceptions. There does seem to be a very nice feeling of unity in SAPS. I noticed, too, at the Cinvention, how the SAPS seemed to have just a little more clamishness than the members of the older ajay group, tho maybe that is because most of the members of FAPA have been around longer, and thus have more fan friends not in their own little inner-circle.

elders? There were, of course, other fanzines in the mailing than Kudity, on which I've already tee'ed off adequately, and Orgasm. Gem Tones was better than I had been led to expect by the editorial. I am always suspicious about zines which are issued as challenges to others in respect of quality. Also, I'm suspicious of puns, and the "to pass your inspection" went over about as poorly as is possible. The "!.a rose by any other name..." column in Gem Tones I liked particularly.

Zap I found interesting, tho as stated by Boggs about all Washington fanzines, chaotic in content and format. I learned my lesson with Hazing Stories, which was produced primarily by Derry (he did almost all the work, but, as so conveniently pointed out by him at the time, he had almost all the spare time) and fouled up primarily by myself, with Briggs' capable assistance.

Zap, to return to the subject, was noteworthy particularly for its art and for Briggs' specialized brand of humor. I particularly like Briggs' titles: "Zap," "The Science-Fictionist's Quarterly Review of Amateur Journalism," "Philosophical Dissertations on Abtruse Phenomena," etc.

I imagine that I owe Briggs an apology anyway. I had promised him, numerous times over the preceding twelvemonths, that he would never see my face in SAPS. Finally, in the last Zap, he sticks his neck out, stating that I won't join, so I promptly sign the roster, thus disposing of Briggs' nicely. It's like this: the Fanzine Checklist requires that I lay my hands on every fanzine possible, and joining SAPS seemed to be slightly simpler than borrowing the mailings. So I joined. Secondly, I once tho that that it might be nice to merge FAPA and SAPS and, indeed, had a foolproof scheme for doing so, and the scheme required that I be one of the members of both FAPA and SAPS, so I joined.

One thing about being a member of S.P.S. The fanzines I accumulate now will, at some future date, help me prove that there are too damn many useless fanzines.

Hay is for Horses seems slightly reminiscent of the old Briggs. Would suggest that you try not composing on the stencil, since your stuff does need rewriting, and is just good enough that its need of revision is disturbing.

Better mimeographing would also help the readability.

Snulbug I approached with prejudice due to its announced aping of Huckle, but, ignoring the masthead information on editor, I plowed right in. About page three I brot myself to a halt, said "Hey, this isn't bad," and went back to the masthead. Richard Elsberry. Good boy, I'd read his stuff in Odd. Keep it up.

Spacewarp brings to mind a few questions. Think I skipped you with an issue of Conny, Art. If so, and if you're interested, drop me a line and I'll send it. Second, your comment re "Connie" in The Spectator. I'd been wondering all along if it had any concievable relation to my own Conny. What say'st thou, Will-yum?

mailing requirements

Coswal, Briggs, Eney (I think) and Rapp have been bandying the SACS mailing requirement provisions around, suggesting that either they stay as they are or (logically enough) that they be changed. The suggested changes have been to place the requirements on an annual basis. Why not change the requirements to 8 pages every nine months? It would take off the undue hast sometimes imposed by the present regulations, and yet not be nearly so lackadaisical as FAPA's regulation of 8 pages every year. Dues could be \$.50 for three mailings for the beginning member, \$.60 for the older hands, with changes determined by how the treasury holds up.

SNORBS

I found that the Snobs in Fandom and Sexocracy's creed were worth noticing in the last issue of Gnoxy. I also noticed that Detroit is almost as persistent as New York in bidding for the convention. Who shall it be this time boys? The only club in the east that I know of that is capable of holding the 1952 convention is WSFA and I, for one, don't want to be stuck with the blood and tears of a convention. "Yes, George, what are you doing in SACS?"

morals

Can you imagine a mother of 1935, or even one of 1941, letting a daughter go on a week-long trip with four guys, no matter what? That's what we see done in the trip recently taken by Alger et al in the Norwescon trip described in Revoltin' Development. Now maybe Agnes, who went on the trip also, is an older woman and capable of being considered a chaperone, I don't know. But it still strikes me as a symbol of something--a growing freedom from rules, an increasing sense of responsibility, modern America on the march. Or maybe its just foolish parents. Anyhow, I like it.

alia

I enjoyed seeing Coswal's statement in AAAAA Plus that he plans to make his items of more permanent worth in the future.

Now I enjoy his stuff; always have. However, he has published little of lasting interest, other than indexes, that I know of. (So far as that goes, darn few of us have done even that much.) An assemblage of crud over the years, in zines with a different title 'most every issue, and a few repeats (e.g., Thirteen) is nowhere near as interesting as an equally long run of fanzines with one title. When a fan publishes something under one title, you can depend on the fan having some sense of responsibility toward his readers, and the zine won't be just something ground off for lack of something better to do--at least, usually it won't. Some fans, of course, make a habit of just that. The fanzine will, in any case, have a personality, for it will have a history and experiences.

Would Boggs' contribution to the last four mailings have been half as important as they have been if he had issued one issue of Huckle, one of Twenty Pound Stock, one of Algol, and one of Goliath instead of four issues of Huckle? Of course not. He would have

varied the material and the style and format of presentation, as well as the general tone of the zine. On the whole, you might be impressed with the man's industry and ingenuity, but I doubt if you would be too greatly impressed with his fanzines.

clear Wastebasket reaps the comment that the GUK routine shouldn't be handled by amateurs, nor even by experts, from what I've seen of it. In any case, it is no toy.

Hubbard is not a clear. Ask him and he'll tell you so. Yet he says the pre-clears' uppermost that is getting clear. Elron wasn't even trying to get cleared further last time I saw him. He had been looking for a one-shot therapy all along and when he hit (or rather, when he was told about) this GUK process, he thought he had it. It worked once. Ron kept trying to get clears by this procedure, and found, after having Winters and others beat it into his head for a couple of moons, that he wasn't. For a while he'd thought he was, but it developed that all he was getting was a person who was so fatigued that he couldn't pick up any more engrams. To word it dianetically, the file-clerk refused to cooperate because of something that smelled suspiciously like a violation of the auditor's code. Smart file clerk. We could get even more dianetic about this thing and say that Ron's new method was so sensationally successful for short periods of time that it even managed to clear out the file clerk!

One aspect of dianetics that has struck me as funny since I noticed it is Ron's statement that self-auditing can be done only by a clear. Now a clear is a person without engrams, so that would be quite a trick. Quite a trick.

Bill Austin just beat me to the portion of the Ramp fanzine collection that I wanted, so I probably should tee off on Sapsides. It was pretty good, tho, and deserving of more comment than it will get here. I liked the review of the Foundation series in particular.

Regarding the mention of Steinbeck's Cannery Row, I agree with Austin. Buy it, if only for the Sanskrit love poem "Black Marigolds." It is magnificent--far better than the book. And I generally dislike poetry, so that is pretty high praise.

Hurkle has been left for last ((sorry, the rest of the zines just don't move me to comment, probably because of (1) Fiction and (2) Hecto)) for no particular reason except that having started with the best zine in the mailing, I might as well close with the next best. Fine work from Boggs, can't think of anyone except possibly Wilson from whom I've seen such readable offerings. Was surprised to see that you omitted "Conjur Wife" from your list of best Unknown novels, Redd, oversight?

closing Unusually enjoyed were Briggs' humor, Boggs' mannerly slams at people I would like to take mannerly slams at, Orgasm in toto. Biggest surprise was Alger. Most missed were ME and Spelman.

MOONEY

I'm in the old fanzine buying market, prefer quantity. Wanna sell?

This has been AONIA 1, April 1951. Published by the Hodgepodge Press for SAPS, distributed elsewhere for the sheer and unadulterated hell of it. Not distributed in FAPA only because, after all, there are limits to even the most crude humor. Mimeography has been done by Franklin Kerkhof on one of the eight electronics he can get the keys for. Editor is Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland,

this was an elder fanzine