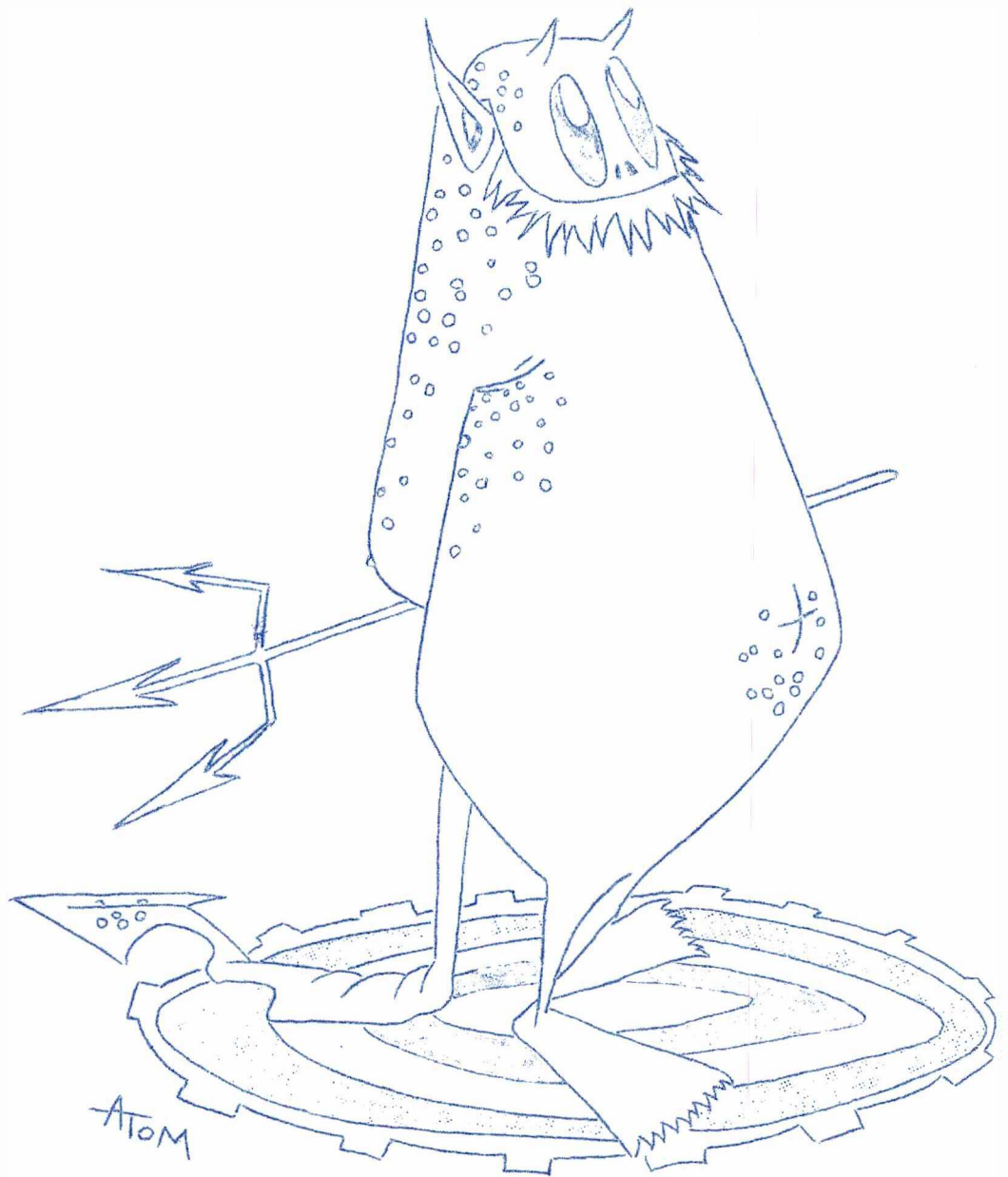
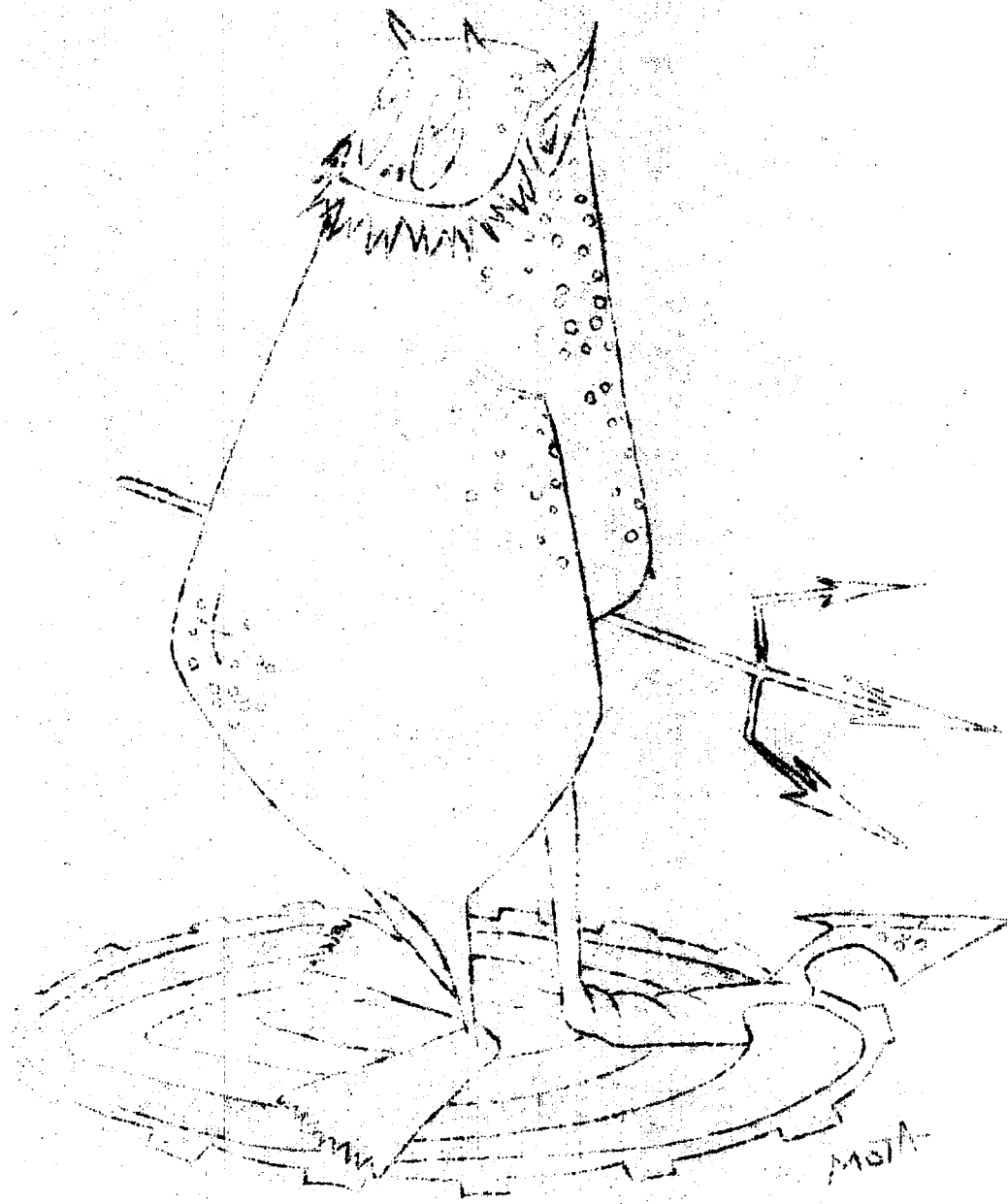


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#3 November 1964



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MSA

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Well, once again the FAPA deadline stares me in the face while my publishing urge seems at its lowest. Ah well. And to think that way back when I was on the waiting list I was making every mailing. C'est la vie.

And speaking of waiting listers appearing in the mailings, this ASP has mailing comments by Gordon Eklund. They are not an example of his best work, but I think they are quite good nevertheless. Gordon is a very fine writer, is witty and has a sense of humor--a combination not found too often.

But there aren't any mailing comments from me. And considering what a doughty champion of m-c's I used to be, well.... times change. We all become disillusioned, and I don't find m-c's fun to write any more. I still enjoy reading other people's--some other people's--but when I try to write then myself it turns out I'm spending two to three hours per stencil, and it just isn't worth it, either for time or results.

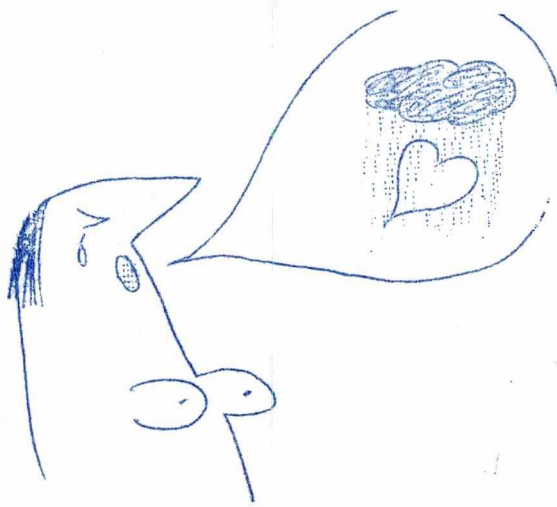
Most of that time of course is spent in trying to think of something to say on nearly every zine. Variations on "I liked your zine but it didn't move me to comment" get pretty boring after awhile. I find that in perhaps one out of three zines can I make a comment without much searching around. I could--I suppose--do mailing comments on those zines, but if I'm going to "cut" comments that much I may as well cut out all comments I "could" make, and make only those I want to. But as I recall, this mailing most of the comments I wanted to make, I decided not to.....

CATS AND ALL THAT It seems to me that I've been supporting a vet all by myself this year. First and foremost there have been Habakkuk's cancer operations. He's had two for cancer of the jaw and the verdict is "No more surgery." When the cancer grows back, radiation treatments will be necessary. Oh well.....

And then Jonah. He got a hernia of all things. I never heard of a cat with a hernia. It seems against nature or something. Almost simultaneously he got an abcess behind his left eye. He only does it to annoy I'm sure.

But Delilah provided the real excitement. She is the daughter of Deuteronomy and Lilith. Lilith was a housewarming present from John and Bjo and like all Trimble cats she had an avid interest in sex. Her daughter takes after her. Delilah became pregnant when she was 5-1/2 months old and went into heat again when her kittens were eight weeks old. The moment I saw the first signs I grabbed her, shut her up and took her to the vet a few days later for a shot to keep her out of season. These shots have only been available for a year or two, but they seem to work. They'll keep a queen or bitch out of season for about six months.

When I told Dr. Condon what I wanted and why, he asked me if I were sure that Delilah weren't pregnant already. I asked why. He explained that if she were pregnant, the shot would prevent a normal delivery. She would have to have a Caesarian. I explained that I had grabbed her at the first signs, that no male cat had been near her for five days and she was still in heat.



"Oh, then she couldn't be pregnant," he said. And gave her the shot.

Well, surely I don't need to tell you that she was pregnant. When her time approached I took her back in and asked Dr. Condon about the Caesarian. He said to wait awhile, that there was now on record a case of a cat who had had a normal delivery in spite of the shot, and we should give Delilah a chance.

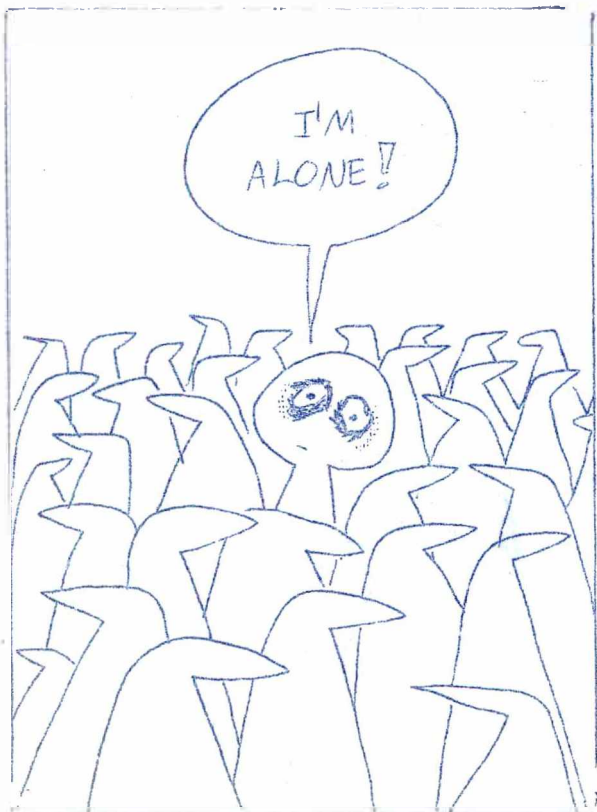
So I took her back home. Four days later--on a Sunday naturally--things started to happen. Fluids started to come out and she looked as if she were having slow contractions. I called Dr. Condon's answering service and it finally got in touch with him. He was calm, collected and said, "Don't worry. This can go on for hours. Call me again when she starts 'bearing down'."

So I sat around all day waiting for Delilah to have kittens. She didn't. The other members of the Pacificon committee were rather incredulous when I told them why I wasn't coming to committee meeting that night, but I stuck grimly to cat watching.

But nothing seemed to be bothering Delilah. She was feeling no pain and seemed quite annoyed at not being permitted to go out. So she glared at me and dripped all over everything.

Nothing had happened by Monday morning so I took her by Dr. Condon's office on my way to work. I called him about 4:30 and he said that there were no kittens yet, but that Delilah was resting comfortably and I should call again Tuesday. I called Tuesday and he reported great success. Delilah had had one kitten. And I should call again Wednesday. I called Wednesday and he reported further success. Delilah now had three kittens. And I should call again Thursday.

I forgot that Thursday was his half holiday so I didn't talk to him until Friday. Delilah now had four kittens. However, Dr. Condon reported that all signs of labor had now stopped and there was still one kitten left in her. He recommended the Caesarian after all. I said O.K., so he went ahead, taking out her uterus while he was at it.



The following Tuesday I went down to pick her up. Delilah was in the best of health, but the kittens had all died. It seemed that the shot had also interfered with her motherhood instinct so much that she refused to nurse the kittens or have anything to do with them.

And she's been in the best of health ever since. But since then J_onah's been to the vet with some virus or other and today I took Habakkuk there for hairballs. You can't win.

THE JOB SCENE Automation has reared its lovely head and I've been replaced by an IBM machine. For the moment I'm relaxing, collecting unemployment and enjoying leisure. I'm spending most of my time reading, listening to records and studying French. I minored in French in college and can read it fairly well, but never learned to speak or understand it. Now at

last with some free time I bought the Living Language records on French and am intensely studying the sounds of the language.

I'm also doing a lot of reading, mostly philosophy and psychology. And listening to records... Why I'm actually beginning to like jazz. Maybe there's hope for me yet.

However, I haven't recovered entirely yet from post convention gafia so I'm not utilizing my leisure time to catch up on my correspondence, which is sadly in arrears. I'm not even writing as much as I was before the convention when I was absolutely snowed under. Oh well. This too will pass.

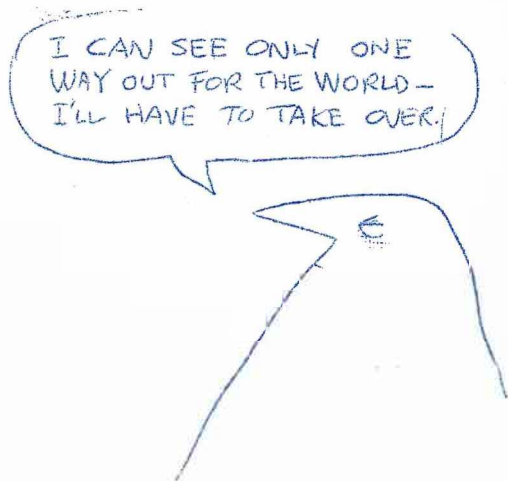
I've even planned on reviving HABAKKUK.... Real Soon Now.

But unfortunately all this can't go on forever. I will have to go back to work. Sigh. Work is the curse of the drinking class.

I've been offered a very good job up in the Tahoe area--much better than my last one. But I dunno. I dunno. I'm very fond of the Bay Area, and I'm not terribly fond of Tahoe. It's fine in the summer, but after summer comes fall, and then comes WINTER. (But not in California.) And somehow or other I've always been able to keep my passion for ice and snow under control... But all that filthy lucre. But money can't buy happiness. Or can it?

CONVENTIONS Naturally I've come out of the last two years with some very firm opinions regarding conventions. And the most firm of these is that they are too damn much work. ~~And work is the curse~~

But strangely enough much of this work is needless.



Throughout the years additional task upon additional task has been assumed by convention committees, and once established, a tradition is hard to break.

The only essential function of a convention committee is to get a hotel for the convention and to let fans know about it. All else is frosting.

But perhaps it is advisable to have some sort of program. Fine. That's not much work. And a program sort of demands a Program Book. Sigh. So be it. This will take more time and work than anything else.

But the formal Progress Report is a nuisance and should be dispensed with. Each one represents a lot of hard work. Throw the damn things out.

Membership cards are not much work, but they are not necessary and few fans care about them. Throw them out too.

Under the present set-up the Hugos are a big bother too. Let us hope that the Hugo Study Committee will come up with some solution which will take the whole mess off the convention committees' hands.

And the Proceedings which are well on their way to becoming traditional? Well, that should be up to the individual convention committees. Proceedings are nice, but they are

a hell of a lot of work, much more than the Program Book. No convention committee should be required or expected to produce a Proceedings.

In fact the only things expected of a convention committee should be (1) To get a hotel (2) To put on a program and (3) To get out a Program Book. And under such conditions there would be a hell of a lot more bidding for the con.

HUGOS THERE? As most of you are probably already aware from behind-the-scenes rumbling, the Hugo question seems about to provide the controversy for this year. Helped in part by our disclosure of the votes on the nominations (Well no one can say that the Pacificon II committee didn't believe in open descisions, openly arrived at), large numbers of fans are convinced that something should be done about the Hugos. The only trouble is that nobody can agree on exactly what.

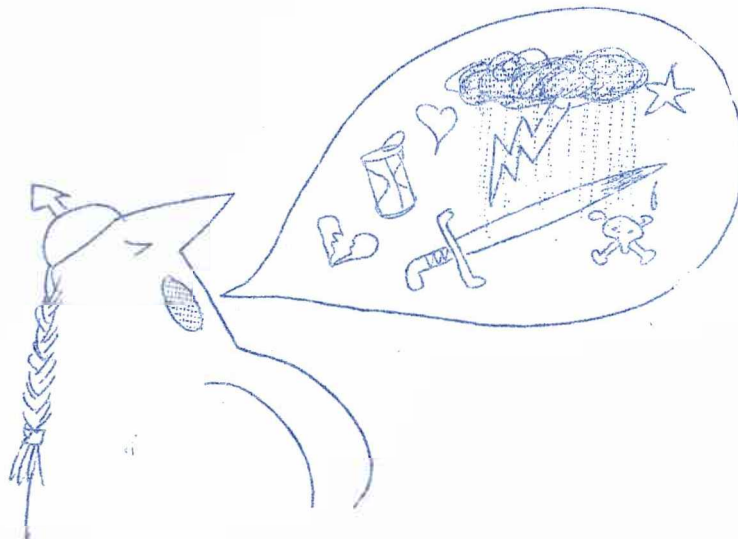
Theoritically the present system is a good one; it has only one drawback: it's appallingly easy to stuff the ballot box. Because you see, mostly fans just don't bother to vote--especially in the nominations.

We got around 160 nominating ballots. This was about twice the usual number. And yet 10 votes would have put practically anything on the ballot. It should be easy enough for any "pressure group" to scare up 10 quite legitimate votes for anything. Hell, if necessary one can always buy a few extra memberships for one's friends.

With the choices narrowed and more people voting on the final ballot, stuffing is not so easy there. It would be very difficult to put over an absolute clinker. But in most of the categories the swing between the top two wasn't so great that a few en bloc votes wouldn't have made a big difference.

So maybe all this publicity will encourage to actual vote for the Hugos. Maybe.

Perhaps one big trouble is the well-known truism that active fans don't read science fiction any more. If you don't read it, you can't nominate it. If only because you've never heard of it. And I know that many fans who do read science fiction, don't read much of it. Many comments in the fan press showed that lots of fans were reading the nominees for Short Fiction so they could vote on the Final Ballot. I wonder if they read all the novels that were nominated? But in any case this seems to make for a more wise decision on the final ballot. But the basic problem of nominations still remains. What to do?



ADLAI
STEVENSON
IN
OLD
MISSISSIPPI

BEING MAILING COMMENTS ON FAPA 108 BY GORDON EKLUND, A2C, USAF, WAITING LI-
STER OF THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION WHO HATES MOST FAN AND MOST P

o)o)

DAY*STAR 23 (Bradley): I was supposed to be named Edward, after an uncle of my father's who got blown up in World War II. I don't recall where my parents came up with Gordon, but I seem to recall dimly that they had a friend named Gordon at the time. He later got blown up in World War II. Or Something. I don't like my name. It is much ~~to~~ stuffy. However, Edward doesn't turn me on either. If I ever have the sad fate of having to name my children something, I'll probably name all the boys Sally and the girls Mike. Those would be so ghodawful that they'd have to be changed later on. That way the kids could pretty much choose their own names. The first few years would be rough though. Gad, you're fortunate, all of you, that you're not children of mine.

Why was the person who tossed a firecracker at you an "orc-type person." That sounds like a pretty useless expression for introduction into the language. There already exist a fantastic number of short, snappy terms to use to describe individuals who throw firecrackers at others. I guess you just wanted to be sure everyone knows you're a Tolkien fan. Great.

AMPERSAND 1 (Gronnell): I was fascinated by your ~~cssary~~ on cigarettes, having been a cigarette fan for most of my life. When I was in my early teens, I used to while away walking hours by counting the number of packs of each brand I could find along the road, as I walked. I had to flip into high mathematics quite frequently. Cigarette smokers appear to be compulsive litter bugs, as well. I had to cut it out, after this Incident, however. I was detained by the police for five hours while they kept attempting to discover what I was doing at ten o'clock at night mumbling things like "Marlboro 14, Camel 12, Salem 6." Cops are noseey bastards. I was only fourteen and one-half years of age.

PERSIAN SLIPPER 4 (Johnstone): I almost named my typewriter Mickey Mantle because of its striking ability. But I rejected that one. I'm not even a Yankee fan. Instead I tommed it Henry Miller. This way I get into fascinating conversations with people on the sex lives of typewriters. Then, too, I figure if enough people overhear me addressing my typewriter as "Henry," I may get a discharge on the grounds of sanity. I feel I deserve one. So does a goodly portion of the United States industrial-military complex.

I have a B52G nuclear bomber, with two hydrogen bombs in the hold, poised on the flight line in case Boyd Raeburn ever shows up here at Travis AFB.

RPM 8 (Motcalf): It has been brought to my attention that I used the phrase "Fuck It" in the course of my contribution to this publication. My only explanation is that my publisher, Norman Motcalf, (who lies a lot), did not inform me in advance that this publication would be circulated through FAPA. As is well known, members of FAPA have quite high standards of taste. Such crude expressions as mine are to be frowned upon. Members of the Cult, not so sane a breed as those of FAPA, are quite used to hearing Gordon Eklund say: "Fuck It." I wish here to tender three or four very abject apologies to FAPA for my slip... "Fuck It"? That's a good line.

PHANTASY PRESS 46 (McPhail): As a recently authorized member of the military-industrial complex, I definitely agree that all these "so called students" you are writing about should be "prosecuted." Gee, I sure hope I continue to toe the line. I certainly don't want to get "prosecuted." That sounds rough as hell. By the way, Mr. McPhail, since you appear so Aware of the issues, I presume you, too, have lived behind the Iron Curtain and "learned first hand (as Oswald) that the red hue is not the least bit rosy." Hey, Dan, that's pretty wild stuff to be doing. You might get yourself "prosecuted" for tricks like that. :: I bet you put yourself to sleep at night counting pages.

KTEIC MAGAZINE 118 (Rotsler): You're correct on that standing for the National Anthem thing, even if you claim to possess one of those foul English accents. In all the military theatres I've been in, however, you do stand up when the filmed version of the Anthem comes on. You better or you'll get clobbered. I don't know what would happen if you pointed out that you're not supposed to do this. I always figure that standing up puts me in practice for the end of the picture when I have to stand rapidly and rush to the exists, so I can light up a cigarette. I read and enjoyed both this and #11 while riding on a bus, seated next to a gorgeous young lady, who kept shifting her gorgeous young eyes between the cartoons in your magazine (which was sitting in my lap) and her boyfriend, two seats back, who wouldn't speak to her.

DAMBALLA 4 (Hanson): A cardinal principle of mine is never to explain or even attempt to explain fandom to non-fans. This principle follows directly after the one that tells me never to try to recruit any non-fans to fandom. If I attempted to explain fandom to someone, I figure I'd be regarded as somewhat of a nut. Not wishing to be considered such, I answer any question about my odd "newspapers" with a nod, or maybe a few words deliberately avoiding any mention of science fiction.

The closest I ever came to getting a non-fan into fandom was last winter. The whole incident frightened the hell out of me. There was this guy I knew, who slept in the bunk next to mine, who became highly intrigued with fanzines. He wanted to issue one of his own. I inquired, politely, as to what he'd put into it. I hastily changed the subject to sex, when he mumbled things like "A Prayer For The Day." It took the guy about five weeks to completely forget the idea, and I spent most of my time with him changing the subject to sex. Fortunately that subject usually kept him pretty busy.

The only time he'd ignore the fandom issue, unless I changed the subject towards sex, was during his frequent attempts to convert me to Christianity. I've always enjoyed being converted, trying to make sure I pull the trick off a couple times each year, so I didn't sweat his attempts much at all. The whole thing was an extremely frightening scene, as you people can well imagine. The guy was much too sensible a character for fandom, anyway.

THE OWL ON THE PATIO FLOOR 1 (LA Types): This is a rather poor one-shot I'm afraid. All three of its main writers are at their worst. Boggs is trying to be arty. He flops. Blackbeard is trying to be funny. He's trying so hard it aches. And Lee Jacobs is talking about the old one-shot sessions. Everytime I see an LA one-shot, there's a page by Lee Jacobs talking about the old sessions. He's a pretty nostalgic guy, that Lee Jacobs, and at least he keeps a unified theme. Say, that's one pretty wicked criticism there. Maybe I ought to try it more often and switch images again. I'm tired of being the pleasant, happy, friendly Gordon Eklund.

BETE NOIR (Boggs): A fabulous ish. Ghod, I thought I'd die, reading all that W*I*L*D stff. Mhan, HOW can you Keep It Up...?

CADENZA 9 (Wells): If the vast majority of Negroes were "ignorant bullies" I'd be highly prejudiced against them. Since the vast majority of cops are just that--"ignorant bullies"--I'm prejudiced against them. I've met some real good type cops. Sure. But I'm not the type to judge a whole group by the actions of a few of its members. I've even met one or two good niggers. What does that prove?

GODOT 3 (Deckinger): My hair is combed right now, too. But I did not perform this act "with a dab or water and a few swift flicks of a damp comb." I did it the easy way. I put water on my hair and ran a comb through it.

This crap about what are you doing while you write this is pretty ridiculous. If I stated that I was sitting in front of a table, in a T-shirt and levis, wearing sandals and that I was listening to KYA, San Francisco's #1 rock 'n roll radio station, and that, furthermore, my bed is covered with record albums, the top one of which is "Elvis' Golden Records," you wouldn't believe me. That's a pretty unfannish situation. But I'm a pretty unfannish type really.

APERCU (Janko): I think Nat Hentoff is an exceptionally talented jazz critic as far as I'm concerned. He's almost equally as capable a social critic. I disagree with everything you say about him. I must not be an admirer of his, however. I do not now and never have worn a beard. I have no intention of doing so in the future. I have a hunch that they probably itch. I have never "prattled" of free love. I may have mentioned it once or twice in my life. I do not prattle, however, whatever that means. Maybe Leonard Feather "prattles." He certainly doesn't criticise. Hentoff is a critic. Feather is not. Feather is no more able to properly criticise jazz than you are to criticise yourself. Both men are much to enchanted with their subject to write objectively of it.

MOONSHINE 32 (Sneary & Moffatt): I have been rather proud of my own ability to keep up with current events. I never watch television, but I do listen to the news on the radio. I buy two or three newspapers a week, whenever I have a spare dime. I buy and read two current event magazines a week: Newsweek and the New Republic. The former tells me what happened; the latter tells me what to think about these events. I do supplemental reading in a lot of other publications. There's only one thing about this that worries me. I don't know the slightest thing about the British Labor party either. If I'd been in Britain at the time of the last election, I would have voted Labor. But not because I know anything about them. I'd do it just to be a prick.

I don't think Southern accents are catching. For the last ten months at least one out of my two roommates has been from the South. First one from Georgia, then one from Alabama. Both have strong accents. I haven't noticed myself picking anything up from either. Usually I have a strong tendency to swipe speech patterns from others. I think New York type accents are highly catchable. If I spend anytime at all around a person with one, I start sounding pretty Brooklynish. I've never been to Brooklyn, even. I have been to Mississippi.

A PROFOS DE RIEN 13 (Caughran): I read about half of the first part of that Heinlein novel you review here. I thought it stunk. Pretty sorry stuff indeed. Heinlein has either forgotten how to compose realistic dialogue, or is becoming stuffy and critical in my old age.

MERRY CARR IN ASPIC (Raeburn & Clarkes): Say, Norman Clarke, you apparently are not aware that there exists an entire album devoted to balladizing Beatle tunes. It's put out by some group called the Hollyrock Swingers. Or something. Thirty minutes of violins and cellos and that classical stuff trying to sound Beatleish. The same group has put out another similar album. This one is on the Beachboys. It sounds about as bad as this commercial they play on the radio so frequently. It's a Rambler commercial, done as a Beachboy type hot rod song. There's all sorts of wild screaming in the background. I wish I could get paid real money for screaming in a Rambler commercial. Hurrah, for capitalism.

Mrs. Clarke's backpage is either much too dominant or much too submissive for me. I can't read it without blushing furiously. I think the dollar sign earrings shake me up. My roommate read me an ad this morning that is worth repeating, in this context at least. Some giant American corporation was offering this catalog. The catalog would contain, among other things, a listing of their full line of rubber goods and a series of instructions on the raising of earthworms. Are earthworms the ultimate perversion, Boyd Raeburn?

KIM CHI 3 (Ellingtons): My typing speed has been shot all to hell since I started typing forms for the Air Force eight hours each day. One has to glance back and forth, in such typing, in order to be certain each item on the form gets placed between the correct lines. Now I tend to glance back and forth with nearly everything I type. I used

to be a real typing whiz. I recall once shaking up this tech school instructor of mine by batting out ninety words a minute on a timed write. The writing was shot through with errors, but I was still happy with my speed. I found it rather interesting to discover just how rapidly I could move my fingers around the keyboard.

I think Catholic schools are supposed to be a year ahead of public schools. I had a cousin, a year younger than I, who went all the way through the parochial school system in Seattle. She was always studying the same things I was, except the religion, although she was a year behind me. They introduce the grading system much earlier in the Catholic schools. My cousin was getting "A's" and the like in the third grade or so. I never started to get them until I entered junior high school.

You're quite correct about Negroes on television, even if you don't use a capital "N". That's pretty racist of you, Mr. Ellington. I'd really love to see a television program, or even a movie, where this Negro cat is a mean bastard who goes around cutting up people just for the hell of it. In fact, the last television program I saw had a good Negro with problems in it. That was a Defenders episode we watched half of, at your place last time I was in Berkeley. That was a bad scene.

LIGHTHOUSE 10 (Carrs): I spent about three years in a junkyard when I was in my early teens. I really dug climbing through old cars, and digging the really wrecked models and trying to figure how many individuals Got It in that car. The county closed up the junkyard after awhile, though. It was a disgrace to the neighborhood. Or something.

It did come in handy sometimes. Like, the time my then Best Friend swiped his father's car (the old man was in the hospital) and proceeded to side-swipe the first car he passed. He was fifteen at the time. We cut down to the junkyard, got a new fender, but didn't get it on before his mother arrived home. His mother, though, was much more worried about getting sued by the Other Driver. The two of us came out of it real swell. Why, he didn't even get his allowance cut off.

Nobody seems to be really interested in Vaughn Meader these days. I thought he was funny in his time. But he isn't, like, topical any longer. The best bit I remember about Meader was this appearance he made on the Steve Allen show, when Meader was Really Big.

"We're going to call up a funny little lady in Kansas and do a funny thing, Vaughn Meader. You're going to play like you're the President and Fake Her Out, strictly for laughs." Thus spoke Steve Allen, star of stage and screen, with his quite large mouth.

"We'll really shake her up," commented Mr. "Meader."

Meader made the call. He talked to this lady, little one from Kansas, for nearly five minutes. He asked her about all of his programs. She dug them. He studiously avoided civil rights. She thought he was the President. It was dull as hell.

Finally Allen broke in. "Hey, little old probably fat lady from Kansas, that wasn't the President, that was Vaughn Meader. Aren't we funny as hell?"

"Who's Vaughn Meader," said the little old lady.

Really, though, I think something could have been done with the idea if anyone had any real imagination. I could hear it now. "Senator Goldwater. The President here. You're a prick." Wow, that would have been a gas.

I never finished the Breen bit because I got turned off right at the beginning. I think he was just being objective, but things like "Jazz it wasn't; Back it was" irk me. Why not both?

I won't let my thirty-five year old daughter watch "The Fugitive." The guy was tried and found guilty. Taking the law into one's own hands is not anymore acceptable a part of the American Way of Life than is lynching. It's all pretty disgusting. Lawlessness in the streets as Barry Goldwater would mutter.

WARHOON 20 (Bergoron): I found this unreadable. I presume you find your subject matter fascinating as hell. I find it dull. Maybe others are still interesting in the Thing at this late date. I am not.

VINEGAR WORM 6 (Leman): Being of the opinion that John Boardman is a Creep, I really dug your putdown of him. He gets all nutty like that quite frequently. :: Venture was the first science fiction magazine I read with any regularity. I have a firm place in my heart for the zine. I really enjoyed your analysis of the magazine. I was quite sorry when it folded, though I did manage to successfully switch my allegiance to P&SF.

HORIZONS 99 (Warner): When I was a good deal younger than I am now, I used to compose entire stories based around a title. Unlike you, I used movie titles, rather than book titles. I used to glance the movie listings in the 'paper, find a nice sounding title, and invite all my young friends over to act out the story I'd figure out from the title. Occasionally we'd go Big Time and sell tickets, and try to make Big Money out of our stories. We'd even run a newsreel, swiped from the papers. I had this obituary kick going at the time. I'd get one of my actors up on stage, drape a blanket over him, and read to the audience about how Mr. J. J. Smith had kicked off the day before. Wild but Great Stuff.

JESUS BUG 12 (Main): The only place I have discovered contraceptives being sold in men's rooms is in the South. I'll accept your statement that the same situation is found throughout the middle part of the country. I was always puzzled by one thing in Mississippi. Were contraceptives also sold in the "colored" rest rooms. I never checked, not wanting to appear liberal and get hung or something.

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"Oh, dry up," said John Fitzgerald Kennedy.....
