

ASP #6, August 1965, is
published for the 112th
FAPA mailing by Bill
Donaho, P.O. Box 1284,
Berkeley, Calif. 94701

showed up: Sid and me, of course, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Ben Stark, Danny Curran, Ardis Waters, Dick and Pat and Marie Louise Ellington and the horse called Buck that they claim is a dog, Al Halevy, and Paulene Gaiser. It may have been small, but it was a hell of a good party. In a way, I suppose, the smallness made it all the better--everyone was able to talk to everyone else and enter into the general conversation, which was good and fannish and highlighted by some wild stories by Dick Ellington who, when he's inspired, can tell a story that's a pure delight to listen to. About a quarter to one I decided I'd had it if I had any intention of getting up at seven to go to work. I offered to drive Jack to the bus stop so he could get back to the city, so I asked Bill and Danny where was the best place to take him to catch a San Francisco bound bus. "Fortieth and San Pablo," they both said. This was in Emeryville, two or three miles from where Bill lives in Oakland. So we piled Juffus and his briefcase into the VW and headed for Emeryville. When we got to Fortieth and San Pablo it was one o'clock and I didn't feel like just dumping Jack off on the corner and letting him find the bus stop, so I pulled up to the curb and got out and asked a one-legged newspaper vender where to catch the bus around there for the City. He looked at me with fine contempt and said nowhere--the place to catch a bus for the City was in Oakland, at Twelfth and Broadway and it left at one-ten. So off we went, back the way we had come and then some, to downtown Oakland, where we pulled up behind the bus just in time for us to say a hurried good-by-until-the-Westercon to Jack as he scrambled out of the VW and made for the bus. By the time we got home and cleaned up the mess the kids had left the living room and kitchen it, it was almost three before we got to bed. In spite of only getting about four hours sleep it was worth it: it was a good party and was good seeing Juffus again after all too long a time...but it sure played hell with my efficiency the next day.

So, these are a few of the reasons I didn't do this mailing the justice it deserved in the way of mailing comments. Maybe next mailing.

Bill Donaho here now.

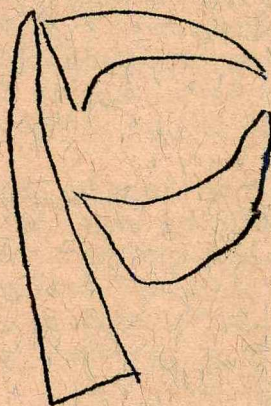
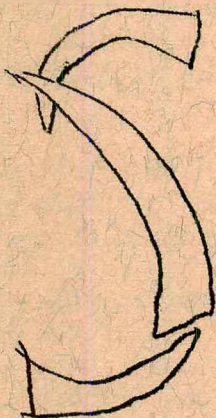
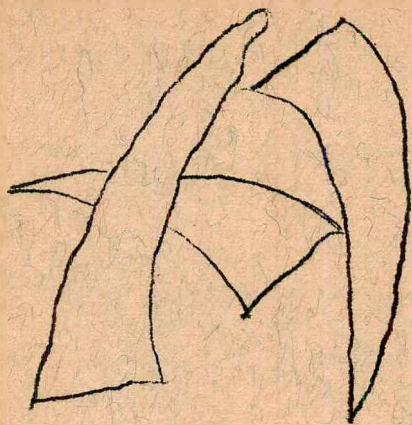
Gee, Danny and I nearly got Juffus in a bad spot. I guess bus schedules do change. And Danny and I don't keep up with the changes much since like all Californians we ride public transportation as little as possible. Anyhow, back when we lived on 8th St. in Berkeley Danny was working as a Railroad Switchman in San Francisco. He worked the graveyard shift and buses don't run very often at that time of day. So, to save him having to change and all I used to drive him to catch the bus to the city each night. And I always dropped him at 40th and San Pablo. So you can see how we both had the conditioned reflex that the place one catches the bus to the city is 40th and San Pablo....

Speaking of California attitudes toward driving, reminds me:

Another comment for HARRY WARNER.

Californians don't scream about new Freeways because they object to driving on Freeways, Harry. It's extremely rare to find a California driver who won't go somewhat out of his way to be able to drive on the Freeway. No, the screams come either from people whose property the Freeway is put through and people along the route who consider it an eyesore. But even they like to drive on other Freeways.

The loudest screams of course are coming from San Francisco, where it is pointed out that not only are Freeways D*R*E*A*D*F*U*L E*Y*E*S*O*R*E*S, spoiling San Francisco's beauty and in some cases its parks, but also said Freeways are of little benefit to the city residents, being mostly convient for people driving into the city. Anyhow the City has resolutely blocked new Freeway construction in it for the past ten years or so....



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Vituperations

THE FANTASY AMATEUR Once again you have a great V-P message, Jim. I hope someone else "explodes" this quarter so that you have yet another opportunity to do your stuff. And I'll have to admit I misjudged you: I didn't think you had a legalistic mind. It's indeed a pity that we have to wait five years before we can have you as veep again.

MOONSHINE I'm afraid you have the Wrong Idea, Len. Honary Cult Membership is like the Nobel Prize. Pasternak and Sartre declined it and all, but they're still listed amongst the Nobel Prize winners. And you'll go down in fan history as an Honary Cult Member....

I too was muchly surprised at some of the reaction your amendment received, Rick. I guess the Recent Fracas must have largely evaporated everyone's sense of humor on every subject. I think even Len was taking it much more seriously than you ever did....

HORIZONS Oh I don't think there's any doubt, Harry, that if Ed Martin had been either a popular member or valued FAPA contributor that he would be with us today. But it would have involved stretching the constitution a little. The officers didn't care enough about Martin to do that. And on the other hand, Jim Caughran is perfectly right "in order to get anything out of the FAPA official structure, one has to push the right buttons." And if the right buttons had been pushed Martin would have been reinstated. You just don't have a legalistic mind, as demonstrated by your calling Secretary-Treasurer John Trimble's decision "illegal". Everyone--even John--admits that John goofed. His decision that Martin didn't have renewal credentials was blatantly unconstitutional. But it was still perfectly legal--even though obviously it would have been reversed if the proper buttons had been pushed. And for any officer or combination of officers to reinstate Martin would be just as unconstitutional. Obviously you feel that in this case at least Two Wrongs make a Right. But it would be two wrongs.

I greatly enjoyed your article on Scott. Fifteen years or so ago I picked up an almost complete set of Scott and ever now and again I read another one of them, though I've never made anything like the concerted attack on him that you have. "Quentin Durward" is my favorite I think. I believe you are right about Scott's enormous influence. And I recall reading somewhere or other that one of the biggest gaps between the generations occurred around WWI when Scott went out of style and the new generation was no longer brought up on him.

"Waverly" was Scott's first novel, so it's not too surprising that it's one of his weakest. And as far as I can see the only reason it's famous is that since novel writing wasn't quite respectable in those days Scott published his novels anonymously for some years and since "Waverly" was the first one, each new one was always identified as being "by the author of 'Waverly'"....

As you undoubtedly know Scott first made his reputation as a poet. And in later years he confessed that the only reason he ever started writing novels was because "Byron beat me at poetry."

In general I find that Cooper bores me to tears. However, if you ever do feel inclined to dip into that fine-print set of yours, I strongly recommend "The Crater."

DAMBALLA How in the world did your name get left off as one of the sponsors of
Chuck Hansen the amendment to make the blackball more democratic? In any case you've
 made your position clear.

You say that your church "does not take any official notice of Lent, believing that to be a personal matter to be settled privately by the members themselves." The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way is sort of a cross between Unitarianism and Taoism with some elements of Great Goddessism. So we Don't Believe in Lent. However I was raised a Southern Baptist. And I guess that Southern Baptists don't believe in Lent either. At least I never heard of it until I was in my middle teens. You might almost say that Southern Baptists don't believe in Easter either. Every Easter Sunday our ministers would enlarge upon the them of how it was Wrong to take any special note of Easter Sunday. The argument was that the Sabbath had been changed from Saturday to Sunday to commenerate the Resseruction, that therefore every Sunday was a memorial to the occasion and that to make any special note of Easter Sunday was to deny this importance to the other Sundays.

I completely agree with you both about "The Mikado" and the movie of same. I even found Kenny Baker endurable.

QURP! Thank you for one of the best linos of all time: If it means so much to
Ron Bennett the boy, give him all six Hugos.

CADENZA I'm always greatly stimulated by reading your zines, Charles. Our
Charles Wells thought processes are so different I frequently get the impression we
 inhabit alternative universes. Even when we agree—and actually we
do so quite often—it's usually for different reasons. Yet you express your points of view so clearly that in evualating your thought I am forced to do a lot of think- ing. And I find that figuring out just precisely how and why you are Off Your Ass is very useful in thinking out my own positions.

The latest instance of course is your Free Speech in FAPA article, "Who in FAPA?" I disagree totally and completely both with your point of view and the assumptions on which it rests. Nevertheless I am 100% in favor of Free Speech.

You seem to have confused FAPA with a public forum or something. It's not. Nobody ever intended it as such. As has been oft remarked before FAPA, like all the other apas and a good deal of genzine publishing, is sort of like a big back fence with the neighbors sitting around shooting the breeze, telling their whoary old war stories, bragging about their sex lives or whatnot, showing off their tricks and in general having a relaxed good time.

FAPA is a Social Club. And in every way it's comparable to the local chess or bridge club around the corner. These clubs will not allow noisy members to disturb the play of the others. And if most FAPA members object to Cult-type bickering there seems to be no reason why they should put up with it.

I would like to point out to you that the necissity for Free Speech doesn't require any church to donate it's auditorium to an advocate of aethisism. It just requires church members to refrain from interfering with his speaking elsewhere.

Also, you seem to have a very confused idea about how and why the blackball has been used. Members have been rejected because the FAPA members didn't like, or were afraid of the actions of various waiting listers. FAPA members weren't rejecting these waiting listers writings, but rejecting them. If you'll remember various Breen blackballers said they didn't object to Breen's writings being in FAPA, but they objected to him, to his being a member of the group, having his name on the roster. I

feel roughly that way about George Lincoln Rockwell. I think he is a despicable human being and would much rather not associate in any way with him or belong to any organization of which he is a member. But if some FAPA member put various of his writings through FAPA I'd be very interested in reading same.

Re Alienation. Here it's more a matter of seeing things from a completely different angle. You define alienation by saying that it "refers to the state a person is in when his point of view, his mode of thought, is so different from the attitudes held by the 'average person... that there is no common ground for communication. Such a person is alien to the world..... he does not understand the world and the world does not understand him." Fine. This is a perfectly adequate definition.

But I do disagree when you bring up the word "psychotic" and say "But I am compelled to admit that the two words do seem to describe the same condition." Oh more or less. But rather less than more. If a person was brought up in the culture he's alienated from, well, yes he's psychotic. But the reverse isn't true; a psychotic person need not be alienated. And often isn't.

You correctly distinguish those rebelling against society from those alienated from it. I think though it would also be useful to bring up the concept of rejection. A person may rejection our society or various aspects of it without such rejection being strong enough to be called rebellion. After all society is bigger than we are and we have to come to terms with it. (Note that I most definitely did not say "adjust to it.")

And actually it's sort of difficult to be a meaningful artist and to be alienated at the same time. Art does involve communication. And that's the prime problem to the alienated person. Of course some alienated artists manage to communicate only through their art: art is a sort of occupational therapy and all. But there are degrees of alienation when it comes to that...

I think that the claim that modern artists and authors must be alienated to be genuine artists arises from the misuse of the word to apply also to the rebels and rejectors. And allowing for that, I think the claim is a true one. A high degree of perception is necessary to be a good artist. Our society is pretty sick. If a person isn't able to see this in all its gory detail, he doesn't have enough perception to be a good artist of any sort. And if he sees this sickness and accepts it, he may be a good artist, but to my mind he's pretty alienated too, although perhaps in a somewhat different sense. Anyhow, he's pretty alien to me.

TAU CETI REPRINTS Very much enjoyed. As were your pages in VANDY. Wonder how many Bob Tucker people are going to take your rich brown petition seriously? I hear rich brown did--at least at first. Rumor hath it that at the time of the Disclave the FAPA mailing hadn't got to the East Coast, but that the news of your petition had. And everyone took it seriously. And rich brown was walking around with a very sick look on his face.... It's a Good Story anyhow.

VANDY Gee, I suspect you've been skimming over or skipping entirely Bob & Juanita Coulson Metzger letters all these years. George is not a professional non-conformist or anything resembling same. He's an unconventional happy-go-lucky guy. And I agree with Terry Carr that one of George's strongest characteristics has been the ability to get fun and enjoyment out of any situation so that his reaction to the army is even more depressing. And if Harry Warner met George I think he might change his mind too. He said something to the effect that he much enjoyed Metzger letters, but would probably find him wearing in person. George in person is a very relaxed, friendly, extremely polite and flexible guy. He mixes well with anyone. Also, you'll note from his letters that he seldom, if ever, does anything Far Out himself; he just falls into strange situations and with odd people....

Buck, on this business of fans calling each other all sorts of names in public yet still being friendly, it seems to be a difference in temperament as well as in attitude. For instance evidently both you and Juanita are slow to get mad, but once you get mad, you stay mad. Others get mad quickly and cool off just as quickly. And there's also a difference in attitude about name-calling. Evidently some people just don't take it seriously--whether they are on the giving or the receiving end. To them all name calling means is that they're mad; the specific names used have no particular meaning to them and they seem bewildered if other people take the name calling as seriously descriptive.

And some take this even further. For instance John Boardman feels very strongly about several issues. Whenever he has a disagreement on one of these issues he immediately launches a violent personal attack on his opponent. And he may not even be mad at his opponent. He just feels strongly about the issue. And John seems bewildered, perhaps even hurt, if anyone takes this seriously. I think this is kinda Far Out on his part, but I don't think it's hypocrisy since John isn't upset by violent attacks made on him.

SELF-PRESERVATION I think this was the best zine in the mailing, but it was just
Lee Hoffman sort of quietly enjoyed; there were no comment hooks.

KIM CHI Fortunately I thought that most of the purposely started rumors re
Dick Ellington the diaper snatch were too good to be true. But the thing that de-
lights my evial old heart is that one of the purposely started
rumors turned out to be true. When Jerry and Miriam Knight first heard of the diaper
snatch they sort of leaned back and said, "What would be the most Walter-Breen-like
thing for Walter to do? Why turn Phil Dick into the police of course." So they
Purposely Started this rumor. It spread all over Berkeley and when people started
checking up on it, it turned out to be true. Jack Newkom, Phil's roommate, indigantly
called up Breen to protest Phil's complete innocence. "If Phil is onnocent, he has
nothing whatever to worry about," said Walter Breen calmly.

A lovely cover. And you had the second most enjoyable zine in the mailing...

SERCON'S BANE Too bad your N.Y. trip cut into your commenting. Hope you had a
F.M. Busby good time and all. * Yes, the Busby/Bergeron bit is getting to be as
much a drag as the Eney/White bit used to be. On the whole I think
you win on points but he reads much funnier. And a couple of mailings ago I thought
Bergeron on Busby was about as funny as Eklund on Boardman. And I think Gordon wields
a damn fine needle. But that was Bergeron's high point in the feud. And besides
he's leaving himself so wide open it's almost like shoting fish in a barrel or something.

SSSFRB&G ASSOCIATION JOURNAL Your pitiful accounts of having to endure an Eastern
Ron Ellik winter arouse my sympathy. Come home, Ron Ellik. All
is forgiven.

I would like to defend the fair honor of Berkeley fandom. While it is unfor-
tunately true that the infi, or infinitesimal raise has caught on in Berkeley
pokerdom--Oh the Shame of it!--it was invented by one of the mundane frequenters of
Tony Boucher's regular Friday night game and although we fans fought till the last
gasp, we were outnumbered.

DAKINI You didn't give us that bibliography you promised. * I've also read
Jane Ellern Dion Fortune's novels "The Sea Priestess" and "Moon Magic". I don't
think her heroine at all resembles Haggard's She. Certainly not so in
personality and I don't think in religion either. Dion Fortune's picture of Goddess-
type theology seems accurate enough, but Haggard's wasn't. Haggard did--probably
unconsciously--use several elements of the Goddess mythology in describing She, but

his actual description of she's personal beliefs is not terribly close to the Goddess tradition....

SYNAPSE Ahaha, Jack Speer. Last mailing you did mailing comments on Norm Clarke's
 Jack Speer genzine HONQUE and this mailing you do mailing comments on Gina Clarke's
 genzine WENDIGO. Is any fanzine published by a FAPA member a FAPazine?

Bratton is now in Washington. His address is P.O. Box 386, Sumas, Wash. in case anyone wants to know. He seems muchly improved these days. There's no mention of telephatic conversations with flying saucers or even of the Centralized Pestilence.

The Catholic Church does seem to keep a grip on people, far more so than the Protestant churches. Our times seem to be steadily getting more irreligious and more secular. Of the people I know who were raised protestant, at least 9 out of 10 have left their church. Of the Catholics I'd say the average would be more like 50%. Also, of the protestants who still remain "faithful," I'd say very few of them made their religion a meaningful part of their lives or even seriously believed it. It's a ritual and/or something they gave lip service to. But their religion seems important to Catholics. Some of them may not live by it, but they believe it.

I've also noted that even ex-Catholics seem unable to take any other religion except Catholicism seriously. And they seem completely unable to think about church-state issues except as they affect the Catholic church. But I've had a different experience from yours. The ex-Catholics I know are far more likely to think all other religions are as bad as the Catholic Church and be considerably more anti-religious in general than need be than to figure "Catholicism no worse than any other church, and team up with their co-baptizees on church-state issues and power plays."

No, the rule about avoiding constant driving at a Willys' top speed doesn't apply to Volkswagens. They are designed to cruise at their top speed.

PHANTASY PRESS I thought Bruce Pelz's comments to you last mailing re Metzger vs. the
 Dan McPhail State of Oklahoma were quite sensible. And there is a further point.
 The army is not an organization for which many young men can develop any fondness. And this is especially so during one's training and all. Life in an army camp is likely to turn any young man against the area in which said army camp is located--especially if said area is strange and different. But you make somewhat this point yourself in your comment to Terry Carr.

I enjoyed Greg Benford's column. I think his question "Why did such a promising crop of people, from a class that rated very high on performance in the entire nation, flop so miserably?" has a couple of unwarranted concealed assumptions. For instance, it's not at all clear to me that said class did flop so miserably. I think my remarks to Charles Wells re rejecting society enter in here.

For the sake of the discussion let's assume that most of the kids in this class were not only intelligent, but relatively healthy. Why should they--or anyone else--spend the time, effort and money for a successful college career? Greg assumes that this is axiomatically a desirable thing. I don't think so. As far as I can see there are three or four valid reasons for going to college. (1) To have a good time. And evidently this is one of the reasons many of Greg's "failures" were in school. (2) Because learning itself is a pleasure. Evidently many of the "failures" felt this too judging from Greg's comment, "many have switched majors often (some 5 times) and are drifting, wasting a lot of time taking courses which give them only a smattering of information about a large number of fields." Greg's emotional bias is obvious here from his use of the word "wasting."

(3) An interest in a particular field. This interest seems to account for Greg's own success in college, but this kind of interest in one particular field is not that universal. Most people—even most intelligent people—seem naturally inclined to be dillatentes or jacks of all trades. (4) A desire to up one's earning power. This desire doesn't seem to be so powerful as it used to be. As our society spreads more and more goods around further and further, the edge is taken off economic drives, so to speak. Also, it's becoming more and more apparent to intelligent types just what a rat race economic competition in our society is. So naturally, more and more of our intilligent youth is opting out of it all.

Unfortunately it also seems that an extremely large number of those opting out also seem to be opting to be clods, making no use of their intelligence whatsoever.

CAC Well, Norm, I did say you were well-known to be both stubborn and tactless
Norm Metcalf And here you go again.

ASP Gordon, your point about the annoyance of having an LP side with intermingled
Me good and bad tracks is very well taken. As far as I can see that's one advantage
78's had over LP's. When you had a jazz, folk song, pop or musical comedy album,
you could just not play the individual records if there were certain songs you didn't
go for. But LP makes that very difficult. * That's a very good set of m-c's you
had—as were Alva's. Thank you both.

HOL WHIT 100% Ray Nelson's Professional Stories were delightful. I couldn't
Knight & Lichtman force myself to finish the Champion thing though. Both editorials
were interesting though on the whole I preferred yours, Bob.
Miriam's was by far the most interesting example of the phenomena to date, but still it
is just another example of that unfortunate FAPA trend, Creeping Bratism. I deplore
Creeping Bratism even more than that other unfortunate trend, Creeping Cultism.

You ol' Norm Clarke, you. YstN.Aypoy?

I think all this furore about the gas attacks in Viet Nam is one of the most absurd bits of left-wing paranoia to come up recently. Yes, I consider myself left wing also, but... That gas bit is just too much. Killing people is a Bad Thing and all, but I just fail to see why killing people with poisen gas is more reprehensible than blowing them up with gunpowder. And since non-lethal gas was used—not poisenous gas—the protests are even more ridiculous.

Also, I think you are attributing too much virtue and/or restraint to North Viet Nam. From what I can see there isn't enough virtue or restraint in Viet Nam—North or South—to make a good suit of clothes. And both governments sort of make the Johnson administration look honest and idealistic by comparison. And that's not too easy to do, as you must admit.

And from what I've been able to see, in spite of the reams of propaganda from the administration and from liberal critics, not one public figure nor any public figure, left wing or otherwise, gives one hoot in hell about Viet Nam—North or South—nor any of the people thereof. Everyone has his own axe to grind.

As for the Johnson policies themselves, they seem relatively sensible, from the standpoint of our self-interest. There is a certain amount of risk involved of course, but pre-WWII events should have demonstrated for once and for all the folly of apeasement. And China's supply lines are such that it can't really get into a conventional type war in Viet Nam and it's nuclear weapons aren't yet developed enough to get into a nuclear war. Likewise, nothing we do in Vietnam now it going to make China more hostile in the future. So, unless we are prepared to surrender completely, it seems sensible to behave more or less as our Foreign Policy is tending...

were natural; they have such a good earthy smell. Thank you for straightening me out.

LEE HOFFMAN: What role do polar bears play in Eskimo ecology? I know they compete with Eskimos for seals and other prey, but I've never heard that they were either an important food or fur source. They are used of course, but are they necessary?

ED COX: Sorry to hear about your cat. And especially on such an occasion. I also lost one from roughly the same causes. Muff Muff was raised out in Canyon and never really adjusted to city living or city traffic. She was finally run over. Robbie Gibson recently acquired a pair of owl lanterns and a pair of owl book ends. She's now hovering over them rather nervously, afraid of wafting spells from L.A.

HARRY WARNER: Your remarks about nostalgia and living in the past were interesting. And it suddenly ocured to me that like Zeno's paradox of the hare and the tortoise, your fanhistory can go on forever. If you time it right by the time you've written up one era, there'll be a new set of events to chronicle.

And then I remembered that way back when I was in college one of my friends accused me of doing things not for the love of the thing.

SALUD I liked your PacifiCon Report a few mailings back very much, Elinor. I
 Elinor Busby think it's one of the best con reports I've ever read. One of my
 fondest memories of the con is watching John Brunner operate. It was
 delightful. There was the lovely occasion of the party in my room on Monday night
 where John was carrying on simultaneous flirtations with Ardis, Karen and Pat and at
 the same time managing to carry on a serious discussion with Tony.

And one evening I ate dinner in the hotel dining room. Seated right next to me
 --or rather at the table next to mine--was John Brunner with an L.A. fanne he was
 chasing. His line was the smoothest I have ever heard. Then Harlan Ellison came
 and sat down at John's table. John's handling of Harlan can only be described as
masterly.

I quoted your remarks about John in your con report to Tony Boucher when we were
 discussing John and he said that "Obviously everybody at the con met a different John
 Brunner. And the one Elinor met seems very strange to me."

WRAITH Does your "local joke" "some one might want to drop in to see my mattress
 Wrai Ballard or something" have anything to do with your landlady? I remember a
 fascinating story about same received via South Bend....

GODOT The "audience held for William Burroughs" which you describe was not
 Mike Deckinger the party held for him which I described. I'm not sure you were con-
 fused about that point, but your wording sort of implied you might be.
 I think this is the best set of mailing comments you've done to date.

But I'm croggled at your line "Most mail carriers are honest, dedicated, hard
 working men who go out of their way to see that mail is delivered to the proper
 recipant." I wonder just what you are basing that statement on. I've worked for
 the post office--by far the worst job I ever had--and I never met any postal employee
 of any size, shape or description that the adjective "dedicated" could be applied
 to. Honest, yes. But most carriers don't work particularly hard. And I just can't
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12

showed up: Sid and me, of course, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Ben Stark, Danny Curran,
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So, these are a few of the reasons I didn't do this mailing the justice it deserved
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Bill Donaho here now.

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 the conditioned reflex that the place one catches the bus to the city is 40th and
 San Pablo....

You mention that the N. Y. fans and the L.A. fans have recently been discussing the various merits and advantages of their respective cities. Dick Ellington and I recently had a conversation along these lines. It was a real Bad Day and all so horrible thoughts kept occurring to us. Someone said, "Suppose you had to live in either N.Y. or L.A. Which would you choose?" Well, it is a rather stomach-churning choice. But I guess I'd even rather live in Bloomington, Indiana than N. Y. and L.A. is much better than that. However, Ellington couldn't see it that way. "Anywhere's better than L.A.," he said. "Even New York."

DEPT. OF FURTHER REMARKS

CHUCK HANSEN: Balkan Sobranies are my favorite cigarette and the pipe tobacco also one of my favorites. Generally speaking though for pipe smoking I prefer one of the heavier Four Square blends. Have you tried any of those? However, I never buy tobacco in 1# packages and hardly ever in anything larger than the 2 Oz. sizes. It dries out too quickly and I've never found a humidor that worked really satisfactorily.

From your remarks about pipe tobaccos I see that I have been missusing the word aromatic. I've been applying it to these perfumed tobaccos which I also can't stand; I'd just as soon drink perfume. I can barely bear to be in the same room with someone who is smoking Mixture 79. And the tobaccos you call aromatic I've always insisted were natural; they have such a good earthy smell. Thank you for straightening me out.

LEE HOFFMAN: What role do polar bears play in Eskimo ecology? I know they compete with Eskimos for seals and other prey, but I've never heard that they were either an important food or fur source. They are used of course, but are they necessary?

ED COX: Sorry to hear about your cat. And especially on such an occasion. I also lost one from roughly the same causes. Muff Muff was raised out in Canyon and never really adjusted to city living or city traffic. She was finally run over. Robbie Gibson recently acquired a pair of owl lanterns and a pair of owl book ends. She's now hovering over them rather nervously, afraid of wafting spells from L.A.

HARRY WARNER: Your remarks about nostalgia and living in the past were interesting. And it suddenly occurred to me that like Zeno's paradox of the hare and the tortoise, your fan history can go on forever. If you time it right by the time you've written up one era, there'll be a new set of events to chronicle.

And then I remembered that way back when I was in college one of my friends accused me of doing things, not for themselves, but to have something to be nostalgic about in the future. Maybe so. Maybe so.

I don't know how I've avoided it, but I've never read any of Chekov's plays, although I have read excerpts. I never liked his short stories which may have influenced me.

TERRY CARR: Since Harry didn't answer you, Kornbluth spoke disparagingly of Kuttner at the ESFA memorial meeting for him. However, as I remember it was a matter of weeks rather than hours before Kornbluth himself died.

GREG BENFORD: Welcome and all that there jazz.

COMMENTS - MAILING 111 - Alva Rogers

ANKUS 15 Walt's surprise at finding the modern cowboy to be a reader of western
Bruce Pelz fiction reminded me of when I was a youngster and used to spend my summers
on my uncle's cattle ranch down in the south-west corner of New Mexico.
It seemed to me then that about all I could ever find to read around the ranch was west-
ern fiction: Zane Grey, B. M. Bowers, etc. in the house and western pulps in the bunk-
house and the line shacks. The bunkhouse always had stacks of western pulps kicking
around and none of the hands would dream of staying at one of the line shacks without
being sure there was a good supply of his favorite reading there to help him kill the
lonely evenings. Of course, these hard-working cowhands knew that the average pulp
western dealt with a west that was hardly recognizable and glorified a cowboy that
hardly ever was; but it was a west that appealed to them and the pulp cowboy was the
kinda cowboy they'd like to be. After all, a cowboy standing in the center of a dusty
main street of a cowtown blazing away with his Colt, or catching the rustlers that had
made off with the Lazy J herd, was a damsite more glamorous than the real thing, they
felt. Where was the glamor and adventure in riding fence and carrying wire cutters and
wire stretchers instead of a Colt hung low on the hip?

VANDY "The Phantom Empire" is running serially on the local Westinghouse station
Coulsons every Sunday afternoon on POW!, a way-out program that features all sorts of
offbeat items. I saw it when it first came around in the mid-thirties and
never missed a Saturday matinee. Like you, Bob, about all I ever remembered about it
in later years was the underground riders galloping out of their hole in the
mountain and the fabulous subterranean city with its wild elevators. On second view-
ing, the city is not so much fabulous as it is obviously phoney, and the fearful
Thunderriders are just plain ludicrous. But I watch it masochistically every Sunday
with great enjoyment. Actually, the thing is incredible: the plot is purile, the
science fiction laughably elementary, and the acting of Gene Autry, Frankie Darro and
everyone else is so bad as to constitute the only genuinely fantastic thing about this
epic. I wouldn't miss a minute of it.

HORIZONS Up until I read this issue of HORIZONS I was reasonably reconciled to the
Harry Warner fact that I was all of 42 years old. But now Harry has shaken me. Am
I really as young as I feel? Or am I as old as Harry says I am? Other than a little
less hair, a little more girth and a few more responsibilities, I don't feel I'm all
that different than I was 20 years ago. However, I admit to one of Harry's symptoms of
advancing age: I too find increasing pleasure in dwelling on pleasurable memories of
the past. This shouldn't be too surprising, though, seeing as how the older you get
the more past there is to dwell on. Ah, well.

TAU CETI REPRINTS Nice nostalgia, for which thanks, Bob. One of the tragedies of my
Bob Tucker youth was that I was too young and too relatively poor to make the
trips from San Diego to New York, Chicago and Denver for the first
three Worldcons. All I could do was read about them and hope some day to make a con.
To me, these were all dazzlingly magical fannish galas. Oh, the joy when it was an-
nounced that the 1942 convention was going to be in Los Angeles, and the plans I made!
Oh, that Chicon I financial statement!

ALLERLEI "You started all this, Norm. Are you proud of yourself?" Oh, come off it,
Breen Walter. Who are you trying to con? POSTMORTEM, the product of a fringe fan
even by Cultish standards, was written expressly for the Cult and then put
through the May, 1964 FAPA mailing by Miri Knight. RPM 8, which was at least the prod-
uct of two members of FAPA and two waitinglisters, wasn't distributed to the FAPAte
until the August, 1964 mailing--the same mailing that saw POSTMORTEM put through FAPA
for the second time, this time by Bergeron. Obviously you put Norm's name in that line
by mistake, didn't you Walter? Of course you did.

MOONSHINE

Sneary & Moffatt

I got my set of the 11th edition of the Britannica at the Goodwill, and at less than 25¢ a volume. I was driving by this Goodwill store one day and decided to stop and check its book section. I walked in and there was what looked like a complete set of the small onionskin 11th sitting on the shelf. The standard rate for hardcovers in the Goodwill stores around here is 25¢ so I checked my wallet to see just how much I had on me. I wasn't sure whether they were selling it by the book or as a set, so I asked a clerk how much they wanted for them. Two-bits a book, he said. He started counting them and when he got to twenty, he looked up and said, "Let's make it \$5 for the lot," and I said, "Sold," because that and a bit of change was all I had on me. Later, when I checked the set more carefully, I found that two volumes were missing: volume 21 and volume 29, the Index. But, what the hell. At a little less than 19¢ a volume, who's complaining?

I had planned on writing many more comments than the piddling amount above, but I just don't have the time. The boss has been away on vacation and I've had to run the business virtually alone and I've been bushed at night; we have an inventory coming up in a couple of days, and I have to work like hell preparing for that as well as help take it--and that will be a twelve-to-fourteen-hour chore; then Sunday or Monday we leave for our vacation, going down to San Diego for a couple of days and then back up to Long Beach for the Westercon, then back down to San Diego for another weeks. And before I leave on my vacation I have to mail this mailing to Gordon Eklund so he'll have plenty of time to get his comments to Bill before the deadline.

I was all ready to spend the last weekend on writing mailing comments, but it turned into a typical precon weekend, almost. Sid and I got to the Little Men meeting a little late Friday night and when we walked into Ben Stark's living Chairman Al Halevy informed us there was to be a party and GGFS meeting at Emil Petaja's place in the City (San Francisco, for the uninformed) for Don Wollheim, who was passing through on his way to Sacramento and a western writers' conference. Swell. Anyway, that still gave me Saturday to work on the mailing. I should have known better though. As usual, after the meeting we went down to Brennan's for aftermeeting drink and talk, and as usual I consumed more than a modest number of Brennan's tasty Irish Coffees up until we were kicked out at closing time. Needless to say, the next day I found it difficult to concentrate on much of anything.

The party at Emil's Sunday was a blast. Don was looking good and was in rare fine form. The party was moderately small but swinging: in addition to Emil and Don there were Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, Bill Donaho, Bill Collins, real old-time fard and collector Les Anderson, Al Halevy, Leif Ayen, Ed Meskys, Margo Skinner, E. Hoffman Price and Mrs. Price, and a few others whose names I don't recall off-hand. The party started at two and lasted until about six, by which time it had begun to thin out. Those of us who were left then decided to go out for dinner and we settled on El Sombrero, an excellent Mexican restaurant out on Geary Blvd. When we got there the place was so packed that our party of ten would have a forty-five-minutes-to-an-hour wait before getting a table, so we opted to go to Tommy's Joint, a colorful and popular haufbrau type place that specializes in buffalo meat stew...and a stock of every well-known beer in the world. We stayed there until about ten or so, eating and drinking and talking and then several of us just had to leave. Don and Emil and Bill Collins and Margo went on to Margo's to continue on into the night, but Sid and I had to think of the morrow and the beginning of a new week, and we reluctantly took the high-road to Castro Valley.

The next night, Monday night, there was another party, this time at Bill Donaho's for Jack Speer who was in San Francisco attending the con of the World Federalists. By this time everyone was more or less partied out, so only a small number of people

showed up: Sid and me, of course, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Ben Stark, Danny Curran, Ardis Waters, Dick and Pat and Marie Louise Ellington and the horse called Buck that they claim is a dog, Al Halevy, and Paulene Gaiser. It may have been small, but it was a hell of a good party. In a way, I suppose, the smallness made it all the better --everyone was able to talk to everyone else and enter into the general conversation, which was good and fannish and highlighted by some wild stories by Dick Ellington who, when he's inspired, can tell a story that's a pure delight to listen to. About a quarter to one I decided I'd had it if I had any intention of getting up at seven to go to work. I offered to drive Jack to the bus stop so he could get back to the city, so I asked Bill and Danny where was the best place to take him to catch a San Francisco bound bus. "Fortieth and San Pablo," they both said. This was in Emeryville, two or three miles from where Bill lives in Oakland. So we piled Juffus and his briefcase into the VW and headed for Emeryville. When we got to Fortieth and San Pablo it was one o'clock and I didn't feel like just dumping Jack off on the corner and letting him find the bus stop, so I pulled up to the curb and got out and asked a one-legged newspaper vender where to catch the bus around there for the City. He looked at me with fine contempt and said nowhere--the place to catch a bus for the City was in Oakland, at Twelfth and Broadway and it left at one-ten. So off we went, back the way we had come and then some, to downtown Oakland, where we pulled up behind the bus just in time for us to say a hurried good-by-until-the-Westerncon to Jack as he scrambled out of the VW and made for the bus. By the time we got home and cleaned up the mess the kids had left the living room and kitchen it, it was almost three before we got to bed. In spite of only getting about four hours sleep it was worth it: it was a good party and was good seeing Juffus again after all too long a time...but it sure played hell with my efficiency the next day.

So, these are a few of the reasons I didn't do this mailing the justice it deserved in the way of mailing comments. Maybe next mailing.

Bill Donaho here now.

Gee, Danny and I nearly got Juffus in a bad spot. I guess bus schedules do change. And Danny and I don't keep up with the changes much since like all Californians we ride public transportation as little as possible. Anyhow, back when we lived on 8th St. in Berkeley Danny was working as a Railroad Switchman in San Francisco. He worked the graveyard shift and buses don't run very often at that time of day. So, to save him having to change and all I used to drive him to catch the bus to the city each night. And I always dropped him at 40th and San Pablo. So you can see how we both had the conditioned reflex that the place one catches the bus to the city is 40th and San Pablo....

Speaking of California attitudes toward driving, reminds me:

Another comment for HARRY WARNER.

Californians don't scream about new Freeways because they object to driving on Freeways, Harry. It's extremely rare to find a California driver who won't go somewhat out of his way to be able to drive on the Freeway. No, the screams come either from people whose property the Freeway is put through and people along the route who consider it an eyesore. But even they like to drive on other Freeways.

The loudest screams of course are coming from San Francisco, where it is pointed out that not only are Freeways D*R*E*A*D*F*U*L E*Y*E*S*O*R*E*S, spoiling San Francisco's beauty and in some cases its parks, but also said Freeways are of little benefit to the city residents, being mostly convient for people driving into the city. Anyhow the City has resolutely blocked new Freeway construction in it for the past ten years or so....

This column of select mailing comments having attained a degree of regularity previously unheard of in such publications, it is non awarded the title of SPACESLOP of which this is issue #4 (whole number four) with the other three being hastily retitled and numbered. Oh, yeah. The writer here is Gordon Eklund, C'R #3, Box 5994, Travis AFB Calif. This column/zine should appear in a Bill Donaho fanzine in the 112th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. If this is humor, it escapes me...

ELINOR BUSEY: Gosh, you make me feel almost Out Of It. I mean, I haven't heard of hardly any of the *pop* singers you mention here in your *pop* FAFazine. I sure can't profess much of a familiarity with the works of Dusty Springfield. (Does he have anything to do with Abraham Lincoln's grave?). I'm vaguely aware of the existence of John Andrea. I read an article about him once. He has acne. I'm glad you brought up Peter and Gordon, though. I've heard of them. I was once 'explained' that I ought to have this friend of mine change his name to Peter. Then he and I could go about as Peter and Gordon. My friend, whose name is Elwood, rejected this thought. He wanted to change his name to Herman. I got nasty at this point. I sure wasn't about to change my name to Hermit's. Not for sure. I wouldn't even change it to Hermits. I don't have a Grecian profile, anyhow. I have a Seattle profice. Seattle, Greece.

I'm quite overjoyed that you no longer consider the Rolling Stones repulsive. They aren't the least bit so. (The Transient Rocks, however, are quite repulsive). I think the Rolling Stones are rather grotesque -- that's the term I always toss on them without their knowledge. I know that next to arguments about the talents of Bob Dylan, I get into more arguments about the Rolling Stones than about anyone. I think the Stones are better than the Beatles. In some respects, if not in others. Do you like Herman's Hermits? I sure hope so. Just about everyone does. I've never been in even a minor Herman argument. It would be shattering to have one now. Especially in public. They're very good and neither grotesque nor repulsive. They aren't even trying to be one or the other.

Repulsiveness is a fascinating subject. I was in a Record Store the other day. I was looking for Phil Ochs recordings. I always do this in Seattle record stores. This is because I have discovered that Seattle does not have any Phil Ochs records within its city limits. That way, I can go into a record store, safe from having to stutter and blush when the old crotchity clerk asked me what I'm lookin' fer. Phil Ochs, I can always say. Anyhow. When I was in this record store, there were four kids inside with me. All had fairly long hair, black turtle neck sweaters (what do you think of the Turtles, Elinor?) and thick spectacles. They were digging record jackets or something. One would stand at one end of the shop. Then he'd yell at the others: "Here's a Rolling Stones album." Then the others would come rushing over and stare at the record. "Hey, babe, this has 'Little Red Rooster' on it." One would then look quizzically at the others. He'd flip them a "You're out of yeh mind, Clyde" look and scream "That's a clod album." (It wasn't dammit; it was a very fine album). Then, they'd rush away ~~for~~ new kicks. I think they were probably from Alaska (or, maybe, Los Angeles). The big thrill of this for me came with they spotted this Beachboy looking guy at one end of the store (the classical music end). They all stared at him. Wow. They stared some more. Then one jerked his eyes away. He turned to the others. "Okay, so the guys got long hair; so what? So if it does look good?" (It didn't). I thought about running up to the guy with the shabby long hair and asking him for his autograph. I didn't, only because I'm introverted. I don't have long hair either.

BOB LICHTMAN: That was a strange article you wrote about Viet-nam, Bob. Strange because, for some reason, it irritated me. It shouldn't have. I agreed with most of it. Some of it quite vigorously. Which means that I would willingly trod a few feet behind your peace march, waving a United Nations flag at Half Mast. I think it is a simplification to state that the bloody old conflict of interests over there east of Africa is "a war created and wholly sustained by foggy-minded political and military thinking in our government." I do believe that there were just as many people dying over there, regularly, long before the fog descended on Washington. I might be more inclined to agree with you on the present situation except I can't think of any reason why Lyndon, baby, would be particularly desirous of souly running such a war. In fact, I might even be highly in favor of our actions over there except that I can't think of any reason why we are over there. I don't buy the "Domino" theory. It is ridiculous. I don't buy the logic that because we made a stupid commitment ten years ago we got to stick to it now. We cheated the Indians; we can cheat the Vietnamese, too. (But I am in favor of the draft, though; both because I think citizens do owe something to society and because the more people that are drafted, the less chance there is of the government doing something really drastic -- like extending me for a couple years. I'm selfish, too, and I bet this mailing comment has bugged everyone, on both sides.)

I think your comment that the war in Viet-nam will turn into a world war by the end of this year is as ridiculous and pessimistic as your comment that there will be an American Revolution by 1975 was ridiculous and optimistic. Prophecy is not your bit, I'm scared.

BILL DONAHO: Strange. I like animals, mostly, but cruelty to humans bugs me much more than similar nastiness towards animals. I am quite aware of the helplessness of animals. I am also quite aware that a lot of human people are pretty helpless, too. I'm a man, not a bull. I can feel much more empathy with a dead man, slain on a battlefield, than with a dead bull in a Mexican bullring. Much more. It is highly unlikely that I will ever have a matador after me; it is less unlikely that I might someday be in the middle of a war.

NORM METCALF: "I have a reputation in fandom for not having a sense of humor... I'm also known for not using obscene and profane language." I wish you hadn't said that. It will almost ~~ruin~~ my next article ("Norm Metcalf at the Circus"), ~~the~~ first draft of which opens with: "'You Bastard,' said Norm Metcalf, laughing his head off and wiggling his ears furiously to a rock and roll beat." Actually, while I have never heard Norm use cuss words, he does laugh a lot. He also wiggles his ears a bunch.

CHARLES WELLS: Why do liberals have such a thing about legislation? I'm not kicking in particular about Voting Rights legislation. I think it's needed, for sure. But I hate this concept that legislation is going to solve everything, Civil Rights-wise. I think all it can do is clear up the aggressive segregation of four or five Southern states. Unfortunately, segregation and racial strain exists in about fifty states, more or less. There's just nothing one can do, in Congress, about Harlem. Or about any other Northern ghetto. And, once the South is all integrated, I expect that you'll find a whole bunch of Southern ghettos all waltzing de factoly along in their "safe" segregation. Really, you can't legislate morality, although it never hears to try.

CHARLES WELLS (More): When you come down to it, the only way to clear up the "Negro Problem" is through the creation of a whole new breed of Caucasian mind. Of course, that is a pretty difficult goal. I know that every once in awhile, during my periodic moments of Great Depression, I think the whole thing is impossible. You're trying to fight a centuries old attitude. While I am personally less than overjoyed at people saying "Go Slow...Go Easy", just what can you do now, today? Ah, sweet happiness.

CARL BRANDON: I've read stuff by Kerouac, Uris, Maugham, and Saroyan, I don't think fandom really needs articles about these guys. I can read stuff about these people outside fandom. I'd be interested in comparing notes with fans on their reactions to these authors. But not in full scale articles. Fans know a lot about science fiction. It's something they can write about. I'm not of the school that says one has to be an expert at a subject before one writes about it. That's a silly way of thinking. But neither am I of the school that feels that I need my whole literary life wrapped up in fandom.

I haven't read much science fiction for the last four or so years. This isn't because I'm anti-stf. I'm not. I dig the genre still, much. But I just don't have time for reading science fiction. I read nothing but stf during my midteens, from the age of twelve until I was 16 or so. I'm trying to catch up now for those lost few years. I'm about caught up now. I'm feeling an attraction for stf that I haven't felt for a long time, although the last stf piece I read -- an Avram Davidson short in Playboy -- almost turned me towards comic books. Gee, today I would have bought Ted White's Ace novel, except that I couldn't find it anywhere. Sorry, Ted. I'll check again tomorrow, if you promise to buy my book when it comes out. It should be out about six months after I get through writing it. I haven't started yet.

New LP: The Mormon Tabernacle Choir Sing Bob Dylan

RON BENNETT: You and Ted White are not the only fans who dig Hammett and Chandler. I do, for sure. So does Al Halevy and, if I remember, Miriam Knight. I think Chandler was the finest detective story writer of them all. Taking his cue not only from Hammett but from Hemingway his stories are true American writing, like. This is particularly strange in the detective field. It is such an English field of writing. Even the American writers sound English. Chandler's finest and longest book, The Long Goodbye is one of my Very Favorite Books. I recommend it to people all the time. "Here," I say, "read the finest detective story ever written." I mean it. Actually, the book is not really a detective story at all. The actual detection of the killer is really not very important. I sure wasn't much interested. What did interest me were Chandler-Marlowe's long cynical dissertations on modern American life. I think the book is one of the very few pieces of fiction, coming from a specialized literary field, which can truly be classified as Literature. About the only thing science fiction has to compare with the book is Ray Bradbury.

I've recently been reading and re-reading the Five Hammett novels that are easily available. I enjoyed them very much, as greatly for the circa 1930 gangster slang that abounds in the stories as for the actual plots. The Maltese Falcon is my favorite, although I do have some fondness for the Continental Op. I read The Maltese Falcon when I was fourteen. It stands up amazingly well on a second reading. And I remembered very much of the story. Usually I don't. I rarely can even give a vague plot summary six months after reading a book.

RON BENNETT (A Bit More): My least favorite Hammett novel is easy to name. It was The Thin Man. It wasn't really bad. It seemed, well, slick and didn't smack of realism the way the others so certainly do. I did go into it expecting to be disappointed, though. I like the movies, but I never could connect the mushy old William "Bill" Powell things with Hammett. The book isn't as mushy as the movies. But it tries.

CHECK HANSEN: Have I ever said anything about the Cult amendment in FAPA? I don't think so. Since I seem to recall that the voting is going to happen pretty soon, I guess I better. Maybe I can do a real bang-up job like fellow Cultist George Scithers and turn all of FAPA people onto the Cult. Or Maybe Not. For Sure Maybe Not, even. 'cause, like, I thought the Sneary thing very funny. I still think it is, although I almost lost my head a few months ago and started to foam from the mouth of this severed appendage. Gosh. I also agree with Rick: I don't think in-group Cult stuff should be sent through FAPA. If I were a member of FAPA (and not a past or present Cultist), I'd probably vote in favor of the thing. Despite the nastiness and back stabbing that so infests the Cult (with the exception of my writings -- I changed my image last month, again), we've never had a lawsuit. And don't you guys forget it. Y' here?

Oh, yeah, I thought the waiting list blackball was very witty, too. I thought Pavlat's reply even finer and, if as G Scithers has been claiming, Rich Brown circulated a petition to reinstate all of the waitlist except those that had previously resigned, that was a winner also. (Although a bit vindictive if seriously meant). Gosh, I love everybody this time. Which is why I'm not going to put on stencil this paragraph of comments I've drafted relating to the Breen business. In fact, I'm going to burn these notes. ImmeDiately. * -

JUANITA COULSON: I think it's rather inaccurate to describe Metzger's attitude as that of a "Professional Non-Conformist." I think George is just an amateur. But his attitude, as you translate it here, is rather understandable. It's all one huge defense mechanism. Of you're next expecting anything to be interesting, anytime, you're never disappointed when things don't turn out properly. Actually, I share George's attitudes to some degree. I'm still a bit to scared of life to look forward to things. It can be heartbraking.

X

Sir Raleigh and the Coupons

I think the Rotsler approach has its faults too. Bunches of them. "This is New -- Let's See What's Interesting About It." But some things just aren't interesting. I mean, if I happen to be sitting near a television set when something like "Big Daddy and the Hillbillies" comes on, I don't sit around trying to find something interesting about it. Of course, that's a rather unfair example. But I don't dig stoplights either. And I doubt that I'd find anything interesting in Oklahoma. Not after California. But I stray towards the backyard fence here...

I've caught one Hullabaloo show. It was grotesque. I dig Shindig, however. I've seen that show twice, just recently. It is well done. The time I saw Hullabaloo, they had Frankie Avalon running around shouting and grimmacing and singing Beatles songs. He was, to swipe, "exquisitly blah." Frankie used to be the worst teenage singer in history. Now he's the worst adult actor around.

JAUNITA COULSON (Who Was Talking About frankie avalon): Frankie makes these *pop* movies about "Muscle Beach Boy in Fag Alley." The like. I particularly remember his rendition of "She's A Woman," a loud funky Beatles song. He sang it like a torchy love song. A friend and I sat around groaning and yelling stuff like "Oog" and "Shove It" and "Get A Job, You Mother." It was a rainy day.

HARRY WARNER: I think I'm suffering from the strains of approaching majority and the fact that in less than a year I will be smartly enough to get to decide who gets to rule my life. I sometimes think the affable incompetent mayor, like the one Hagerstown seems to have been blessed with is the best. I mean, so if you do elect a neat young guy with many fine and progressive ideas. He's always surrounded by incompetents, somewhere. His program never makes it into law. And when you read (or write) the paper...you get this heartrending scene as this poor guy tries to DO something when no one wants him to. I know it makes me sad. If you have some happy but sadly incompetent, you get a lot of laughs and few heartbreaks. The most he can do is add a few taxes to the list. Everybody does that anyway.

DICK ELLINGTON: You don't have to go all the way to Oklahoma to discover that GIs don't like where they're placed. I know most of the people I'm stationed with, in Northern California, don't much like the area -- although they'd probably admit that it is better than Oklahoma, if pressed. I do like the area, personally, but I'm a dirty exception busily proving rules. GIs gripe all the time anyway, as you are surely aware. It is such a blissfully pleasant way of escaping the various pains of military existence.

RON ELLIK: Hooray for you and your anti-Eastern winter piece. I've been bouncing around recently, showing this to my Eastern friends. "Hey, babe," I'll say, "dig this famous world traveller and essayists remarks on Eastern winters." "Oog," they will reply. People are impressed by the printed words, much more than my numerous arguments spiced with phrases such as: "How can you stand that snow" and "It does not rain every day in Seattle." (This has been a mailing comment on the weather with is presently 75 degrees and clear in Seattle, Washington, at midnight on the 29th of July, 1965.)

LEE HOFFMAN: Little Orphan Annie is not either forty. She's a bare ten, if that (actually she's not bare; who can conceive of Little Orphan Annie in the nude?) I read in a strip once how come this is so. Annie is running around talking to her dog in that cute little psychotic manner of hers. She's wondering how she seems to have gone through so much and not aged. Presto. Whoosh. This fortuneteller pops out from beneath a curtain. The f-t explains: Annie was born on February 29th. She has a birthday once every four years. She has the power of Eternal Youth, like unto Sam Moskowitz. Wow, I thought. That still doesn't explain the dog, Sandy. He never grows old either. He was probably born on February Thirtieth. Dirty old Harold Grey. Nobody else seems to have seen that strip but I swear it exists. Really.

I had one of those small cigarette machines myself for a time last year. In fact I got the idea from watching Dick Ellington. I never could use it, though. I couldn't sit still long enough. I don't watch tv. And when I listen to the radio or to records, I feel that I should be reading. Certainly not wasting my time playing with paper and messy tobacco. I finally gave the machine away. A gift to this fifty year old guy who was serving a six-month jail sentence for a lengthy period of AWOL. I figured he needed it more than I did.

LEE HOFFMAN (For the Remainder): I saw an Outer Limits program recently. I hope Harlan Ellison didn't write it. It was awful. I'd been sitting quietly in my room preparing a 600 page fanzine, when a friend burst in upon me: "Hey, come quick, on tv, there's a vampire and a witch." Of course, I followed him to the nearest set. He was well aware of my passion for vampires and witches -- "and that other science fiction stuff." I didn't find any witches. There were no vampires. But it was Outer Limits. Some old scientist had managed to capture this guy from outer space -- from another planet. The visitor had brought with him this gizmo which had the power to create an impenetrable shield (swiped from Colgate commercials) which protected him from harm. While the scientist was out searching for people to show his discovery to, the spaceguy let down his shield. The scientist's wife promptly shot him. She took the shield and, of course, put it up. Then she couldn't get it off. So the monster comes back from the grave. He lets her out. There's one big problem here, though. From the strain of her imprisonment, she's gone psycho. Even after the shield has been released, she still thinks it's there. About the only one who could have appreciated the program was the actress who played the scientist's wife. She had much room for hysterics and other great examples of "the method." I'm sure she thinks of herself as one great actress. 'Fraid not, my dear, I hasten to explain to her. You are quite sexy, indeed, but no great actress or even great songstress.

I was really sorry to discover, through the pages of your old fanzine, that the Blue Whale is becoming extinct. That's awful. I very much remember the thrill I got in grammar school when the fact that the Blue Whale was the largest creature that ever existed was thrown at me. Wow, I was really impressed. Now there are only a few hundred left. I know I've been hearing all through my life that the Passenger Pigeon was extinct. But I don't miss him, one bit. I never knew him. But I do know the Blue Whale. I want him back. Please?

A couple weeks ago I was reading Newsweek. (That's a magazine). A friend was keeping my company. He was reading Time. There was this article in Newsweek about Disneyland. Since my firm is from the Los Angeles area, we got to discussing Walt's park. I've never been to Disneyland and my firm, of course, has practically slept there, so we had much in common regarding this subject. "It says right here," I announced, gesturing at my magazine, "that Disneyland possess a merry-go-round. That sounds fantastic. Is it so?" I wanted to know whether he had ever taken a ride on this wondrous vehicle. "Yes, I have," he replied, "in one of my childish-fantasy world moments. But in Disneyland it is not a silly kiddie merry-go-round, for in Disneyland it is a carousel." Maybe that's the difference.

-- Gordon Eklund, July 1965, Seattle, Wash.

THE TOP TEN IN MAILING 111

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| 1. BT-His Pages by Bob Tucker | 6. Thru Darkest Psyche - Bill Donaho |
| 2. Lee Hoffman's nattering in Self Preservation 8 | 7. Transcendental Skwee - Miriam Knight |
| 3. Tau Ceti Reprints #2 - Bob Tucker | 8. The Bright Land - Walt Willis |
| 4. Queebshot - Raeburn & Clarkes | 9. Ron Ellik's natterings in the Go Association's Journal |
| 5. Hagerstown Journal - Warner | 10. Professional Stories - Ray Nelson |

The above has been SPACESLOP #4, a few pages of FAPA mailing comments, written by Gordon Eklund and published by Bill Donaho for FAPA 112. GE Pub #29.