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COMMENTS ON THE 113th FAPA MAILING BY ALVA ROGERS

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FANTASY AMATEUR. Noted. Not being a member I won't comment on the issue raised by the inclusion of my Bixel by Metcalf in the last mailing.

THE PHINEAS PINKHAM PALLOGRAPH 4 I share your fond memories of Richard Hevelin Dix, also, Rusty. But as memorable as were many of his portrayals of western types (both real and fictional), to me his most vivid performance was not in a western but in an anti-war war picture, "Ace of Aces," in the early thirties. His characterization of a sensitive artist caught up in the war hysteria of 1917 who becomes America's Ace of Aces in the skies over France, brutalized by the war into becoming a precisely tuned killing machine, was superb. I can remember how shocked I was as a child at the scene where he returns to the field after a dog-fight during which his guns had jammed, gets out of his Spad, takes the belt of unfired cartridges from his guns, and slashes it across the face of the mechanic responsible. This same scene had the same shock value when seen several years later.

"The Phantom Empire" was a riot. The same TV station is currently showing all 23 chapters of the Flash Gordon epic, "The Soldier of Space," starring Buster Crabbe. Incredibly bad, but fun to watch.

Yes, indeed, we were a couple of eager young red-heads in those far off days. I always enjoyed your visits to the LASFS, even though the Marine Corps wouldn't let you come up to LA from San Diego as often as you would have liked. I remember gabbing with you on the lawn, but I'm damned if I remember any specifics about it. The way you emphasize it I feel that I should, and am overcome with mortification that I don't. What did we talk about on that memorable occasion twenty years ago?

Thanks, Rusty, for sending this to me.

THE PPP 3 The death of Don Ford coupled with Roy Tackett giving up the Hevelin editorship of First Fandom Magazine definitely put a crimp in First Fandom activity, but it hasn't brought it to a complete stop. I enjoyed a visit from Bob Madle a few months ago and he informed me that the club was reorganizing and was decidedly not going to fade away. I was told I had been made Vice President for West Coast Affairs and that old buddy Gus Wilmoth had volunteered to take over publication of FFM. Things are looking up for First Fandom and you oughta join. See you at the Tricon?

TARGET FAPA When Boardman stops bleeding all over the place for all the Enyc exploited people of the world, and ceases for a moment his interminable ranting against the government, he can be quite entertaining. His "Prolegomenon to A Constitutional History of the Planet Mongo" was most illuminating. I find it particularly timely as it now enable me to see through the bewildering complexity of the plot of the Flash Gordon Epic currently showing on our local TV, and I can now more readily appreciate the subtle nuances of the character relationships.

Your "Norm Clarke's After One Again, Dear" was an unfortunate flaw in

an otherwise fine issue, Dick. Why stir up the Boyd Raeburn Mess after everyone had just gotten the stench of it out of their nostrils? In one respect, though, I'm kinda glad you did print it. You at least point out the hypocrisy and evasiveness of trying to shift the onus by labeling the thing the "Norm Clarke Mess."

QUEEBCON XIII I read the Queebcon Reports everytime, yes I do. Clarkes/Raeburn There's such an air of unreality about them that I can't resist reading them. I met Boyd at the Pacificon and was impressed by his quiet, restrained demeanor at all times. I find the Boyd Raeburn who comes through in the Queebshots a strangely different person. And the Boyd Raeburn who inhabits Lilapa is yet another person -- all snarly and cruel the way he picks so on poor Tom Perry. Boyd Raeburn is a ~~super~~ strange, multifaceted character, for sure.

SERCON'S BANE 26 The whole Hyatt chain must be on an expansion kick. Busby A couple of months ago Ben Stark and I journeyed over to the Burlingame Hyatt House to stake it out for a possible 1967 Westcon and found it greatly changed. By '67 they'll have at least 300 rooms, and already they've built a large complex convention hall which is more than ample for all the activity of a convention: Art Show room; Huckster room; a large flexible hall for programs, masquerade, banquet, completely wired for audio and taper plug-in, and with its own large kitchen. It's situated parallel to the wing most of us occupied during the '63 con and is close to the coffee shop, bar, and pool. It's an ideal con hotel and damned near big enough now to take care of a world con.

The best parody of Bradbury I've read was "The Ship" by Bill Nolan and Charles Fritch in the June, '56 F&SF. Nolan had so steeped himself in Bradbury as the number one Bradbury fan that he was a natural for the job. For all you people who are too lazy to dig into your files and reread it, here's the way the thing started:

Up, ship!

The great rocket Fare Thee Well rose on confettied logs of cinnamon fire and hot clove. Gleaming. Glowing. Shimmering. Ten thousand tons of sky-metal. Ten Thousand hopes and prayers. Up. Up.

Up!

"Sir," said White, the first mate, in his British accent, "We're going --"

"Up!" finished the captain, smiling gently. His name was Black.

The visiscreen glowed green. Brown, the astrophysicist, said nothing.

The great skygiant shot upward. A star, an arrow, a lance, a spear, a dart, a needle, a pencil, a fire, a flame, an entire carnival, breathing, breathing on the Illinois air.

"Wine," said the captain, sighing. "Like old wine."

Up, ship, up! A cry from every throat, a sob, a whisper, a song, a prayer, an exaltation, a stillness.

Beautiful!

Back around 1950 when Bill Nolan was an awkward, gangly kid who made weekly weekend trips up to LA from San Diego to spend every minute he could with Bradbury, he was still hip enough to look at his idol and his own hero worship with a certain detached amusement. I remember one night when Bill came over to our house with a new toy, a wire recorder on which he'd recorded Ray reading a couple of his stories from manuscript. Nothing would do for Bill but that we do a reading of a Bradbury story. But do you think we simply read a Bradbury story? Nossir, boy. We sat down and did an off-the-cuff, ad lib parody of "The Veldt" that still gasses me out of my skull when I remember it. I wonder if Bill still has that old reel of wire?

DAMBALLA No kidding, Chuck, did you really read all the Fu Manchu books straight through from first to last? My God! Hansen I'll not take a back seat to anyone in my nostalgic affection for the evil and sinister Chinaman, but I doubt very much if I could stand him in such a massive chunk. A couple of weeks ago I did read one, though, President Fu Manchu. It had been many a year since I'd read the book, and although I enjoyed it I didn't think it had the air of sustained menace the earlier books had. The evil doctor just didn't seem evil enough to me; and another thing, I always preferred Dr. Petric as Dr. Watson to Nayland Smith's Holmes over any of the others who got embroiled in Sir Dennis's ceaseless war against the Yellow Peril.

CELEPHAIS You have had an eventful year, haven't you Bill. How come Evans the cold water turned to hot? Or did the cold water just stop, leaving nothing but hot coming out?

On this business of milk promoting arthritis, there is also the report issued by some "authority" or other that milk (I don't remember whether or not it was pasteurized or raw) caused TB in adults.

Hammett's shorts are great and I have 'em all (all, that is, that have been published by Mercury), but for periodic rereading I prefer the novels: for blood and mayhem and sustained action, Red Harvest or Blood Money; for idealism in conflict with political racketeering, The Glass Key; for sheer story and superb characterization, The Maltese Falcon; for just a helluva good story, The Dain Curse; and for a lighter, more sophisticated tale, The Thin Man.

I'm glad to find someone else who can't remember the names of his teachers or what they looked like. I have a vague memory of what my 6th grade teacher looked like, something like an early ~~60s~~, rather, Ann Harding as I remember, but, then, I was also madly in love with her. Pity I can't remember her name. The only teachers I really remember are some in college, and then only the ones who really impressed me. I think I started reading before the first grade, but I'm not sure at this late date. After all, that was a helluva long time ago and I feel that I've been reading all my life.

BOBOLINGS Your comment that "Hugos should exist as a small thanks by Pavlat fandom for something well done," struck a responsive cord (or should that be chord?). I don't and never have regarded the Hugo as an award for literary excellence, but as an award for giving top entertainment in our limited field. No doubt by mainstream literary standards Davey was a superior novel to Wanderer or The Whole Man, but I personally enjoyed Leiber's and Brunner's books more than I did Pangborn's. If the time ever comes when Hugos are nominated or awarded by "experts" without regard for the opinion of the general readership, then I for one will consider it a sad day.

ASP 7 You should have pointed out, Bill, that the Little Men operate Donaho their club free and loose with a minimum of rules. John Trimble's somewhat exaggerated observation that at Berkeley parties everyone is horizontal by 1:00 a.m. was not really the other side of the coin. Earl was criticising the after-the-meeting activities of the LASFS, not LA parties. Berkeley fans aren't all sots, but we do adjourn to our favorite bar after Little Men meetings at Ben Starke's. The place we go to is Brennan's, a large barnlike hof-brau/bar on the other side of Berkeley. There we take over a table twenty or thirty feet long and lap up beer and Irish Coffee (Bill always buys a bottle of wine before settling down to serious drinking) and talk up a storm until we're kicked out at 2:00 a.m. I think Earl would be right at home with the Little Men.

In my relatively brief service in the United States Army Air Force during the first year of WWII I was trained as an armorer, that is, a man who takes care of the guns and fuses and loads the bombs on planes. One of the first courses we had in Armorer school was on poison gas -- the different types and their affects on humans, how to load them, how to fuse them. I never actually saw a gas bomb, but the course was detailed enough to lead one to assume that as a trained Armorer one might be called upon to handle them at some future time.

ANKUS 17 Willis enjoyed as always, but I agree with Chuck Hansen -- Polz let's have a little of Polz, now and then.

The top 10 BNFs in fandom today???

DIFFERENT An extremely interesting issue, Sam, and doubly so for me Moskowitz since it concerned Harry Bates. My correspondence with Bates didn't end with the publication of my book; I still get letters from him that are chatty, witty, and laced with caustic observations on the human scene. And he's very generous, too. At Christmas time I received a big box from him containing mint 1sts of Adventures in Time and Space (also a mint 2nd), Phil Stong's Other Worlds (and again, a mint 2nd), and Space Hawk. He also sent me two boxes containing tear sheets from the magazines (Astounding, Amazing, SF+, TWS, etc.) of all his stories, each sheet carefully laminated. He said all this "junk" had been sitting around his place long enough so he decided to get rid of it by unloading it on me.

SYNOPSIS Kevin Langdon and Walter Breen had a falling out some time Spoor before the onset of the exclusion controversy. For a couple of years before the Pacificon Kevin was pretty much a protege of Walter's, but he incurred Walter's wrath and displeasure one summer when Walter let Kevin stay in his apartment while he was in New York

on coin business. According to Walter Kevin grossly abused his hospitality and left his apartment a shambles. Kevin supported Walter and boycotted the con on "principle," not out of any personal friendship or loyalty to Walter.

The following is an example of what one can find almost any morning in the San Francisco Chronicle. This is the lead sentence to a column by Ralph J. Gleason, the Chronicle's jazz critic:

In the opening pages of that modern classic, "The Circus of Dr. Lao" (available now in a Bantam Paperback) Dr. Lao's circus is described as having a midway conquests, resurrected supermen of antiquity." :
"replete with sideshows wherein were curious beings of the netherworld on display, macabre trophies of ancient Dr. Lao would have

"The Fourteenth of April" was an interesting glimpse into the "Worlds of If."

TEN YEARS IN THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT Enjoyed. I couldn't make much sense out of most of it, but nevertheless I enjoyed it. I anxiously await the further adventures of Gerber who does seem to have his little problems.

I didn't see your TV debut (I have to work), but Sid saw you and said you were completely tongue-tied. Say it isn't so, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, not the fun loving raconteur we all know and love.

MASQUE 16 Fascinating!
Rotsler

KIM CHI 7 Hell, Dick, the route I took from 40th and San Pablo to Ellington 12th and Broadway to get Juffus on his bus was way out of the way. I really didn't need to look at a map, I've driven in Oakland enough years to know that San Pablo goes straight to 14th and Broadway -- I was so busy talking to Jack I just didn't think.

ALLERLEI/DAYSTAR But, Walter, nobody denies that Jessie Clinton was one of your supporters, least of all Spcer. It was merely pointed out that prior to Boondoggle and the committee hearing Jessie expressed concern for her son and was a quite vocal advocate of "doing something about Walter." It was only after the appearance of Boondoggle that she came out in your defense, or more rightly, in opposition to Donaho and the committee.

Marion: I couldn't agree more with what you had to say about Hugos.
