

No 7

BOBOLINGS
May 1960



SHARPE

BOB PAVLAT
6001 43D AVE
HYATTSVILLE, MD

BOB PAULAT
8001 3RD AVE
HYATTSVILLE, MD

7 00



Paulat

BOB PAULAT
8001 3RD AVE
HYATTSVILLE, MD

THE 92nd FAPA MAILING

Officialdom's THE FANTASY AMATEUR. Ellik was entirely proper in reversing himself on the Rickhardt matter, and tossing the rascal out. Prior to the 90th mailing, I'd intended to challenge Ellik's admission of Rickhardt, but Ron subsequently defended his position too well. I'm glad he saw the light. I'd like to emphasize that my objection to Rickhardt in FAPA stems strictly from his ineligibility under the constitution for FAPA membership. While the other matters, such as set forth by Busby, might have a bearing on voting to knock him off the waiting list or even on a petition for removal, they would have no bearing on admitting him to membership if he qualified. I'd not like to see FAPA too deeply involved in non-FAPA matters. Which also brings up the matter of donating money to TAFF from the FAPA surplus stock of dollar bills. I'm in agreement with those of you who were against it. Someone had a wonderful suggestion, but I don't recall whether it was made in the mailing or in person so I'll repeat it. Distribute the surplus stock of dollar bills by including one or two in everybody's mailing, and then let the completists (myself included) fight it out with their conscience as to whether their mailing was complete without said dollar bill. If this is done, I suggest that the FA contain a list of serial numbers of the bills used, so that nobody can sneakily borrow the dollar and pay it back later. # I am opposed to any increase in the membership limit. I sympathise with the plight of the waiting-lister, and there are many people on the waiting list whom I would like to see on the membership list. But the mailings are sufficiently large, and quality is reasonably well maintained. Chauvenet has provided a partial answer to the restless waiting lister, and OMPA has room for members after only a very short wait. The waiting lister can find room for any activity he wants, and while FAPA is missing a lot of good material, I don't think we truly have room for the material. # We had a good administration this year. And I'm persuaded that Andy's little trick with the constitution forced everyone to read it at long last--a unique achievement in the history of FAPA.

Coulsons' VANDY. Long distance telephone calls from fans almost always happen to me around con time. In 1958 it was on the subject of the trip to the coast--arrangements, timing, passengers, and the like. In 1959 the call was from Grennell and Economou on that mess in FAPA. The pattern changed this year, with calls in May from the Kyles and Berkeleyites to say hello to the Disclave, and another early one morning from Donaho and Curran just to say hello. # Vandy was fine, and I particularly enjoyed reading Tucker, but no other marginal notes were made. That was generally true of this entire mailing, so my comments should be fairly short on all magazines this time and many will be skipped entirely.

Fanhill Press's OLE CHAVELA! Wonderful, beautiful, and recipes that even I can follow. Not that I cook, much, but at times I'm forced to, and when I do I want something a little bit special. Like this.

Ellik's THE BAREAN. Bjo is, beyond question, my favorite fan fantasy artist. Extremely few pros can match her ability to catch the essential non-realism of fantasy. And of these few, only Cartier could do it with humor. I hope USS Trimble won't too much mind if I love his wife for this and the million other nice things about her. # I don't think that I want to be a mountain climber. I walked up and down the double damned sand hills of Georgia in the Army and found it--as I found everything about both the Army and Georgia--tiring. This year I finally indulged in something a little nearer to mountain climbing, when my sister Toni, nephew Eddie, roomer (at the time) Liz Humbey (yes, Bennett's English friend), conparty fan Sandra Caton, neighbor Jimmy Johnson and I went native. We spent a week-end at "Corbin Cabin," which is on the Appalachian Trail, 1.8 miles from Skyline Drive and 800 feet down the side of that particular mountain. It was a long walk down, but not particularly tiring, and it didn't seem to be more than twice the advertised 1.8 miles. The week-end was wonderful. Washington, we knew, was broiling hot, but it was only pleasantly warm in the mountains. The stars were much better than they are in this muggy, sky-lighted area, and it was infinitely peaceful to sit around an outdoor fire without sign or thought of newspapers, radio, TV, or any of the unpleasant parts of civilization--just those nice ones such as axes, saws, and mustard to go on hot dogs. It was somewhat of a wrench to have to leave the following day, but now I wonder if I'll ever go back. That walk up 800 feet in 1.8 miles seemed far more like a walk up 8000 feet in 18 miles. It was a walk; the trail wasn't particularly steep, nor was it particularly rocky. It could in no way be construed as mountain climbing. But I found that time to rest consumed as much time as did the walking. At the time I was almost ready to count escalators among the "nice parts of civilization."

Calkins' THE RAMBLING FAP. The Who Zoo Nominations were interesting. There are some I've never even heard of: Clive Jackson, ? Malz, Gil Menicucci, Stuart K. Nock, V. Paul Nowell, and probably others. Some of the VBNF's have rather fallen from grace. Hope you can continue on this effort.

Evans' CELEPHAIS. Don't much care for the way in which you use brackets to separate items within the same paragraph. Think "(())" would be much better as a break than "))((", since this latter does tend to confuse the useage with parenthetical remarks. # The Seventh Day Adventist hospital that you mention here has a reasonably good reputation for patient care (my informants seem to be less enthusiastic than yours), but the situation seems to deteriorate on Saturdays. Since this is God's day for them, maybe they expect God to do the work that day. # What, specifically, does "prima facie" mean as applied to speed limits? As I interpret it, the meaning is that exceeding the limit is all right if you can establish that road conditions, the condition of your car and yourself, and any other pertinent factors made your speed a reasonable speed. # My '57 Ford now

has a shade over 50,000 miles on it (over 11,000 of that is strictly connected with SF convention attendance) and it shows signs now that it will be needing more future attention. Mileage is down slightly, it's shifting later than it should, and wheel alignments won't hold. It's still satisfactory, but I greatly doubt if it would be at this time next year, so if all goes well it will be replaced this spring. # I've still never seen a deer in his natural habitat. Which is ridiculous, since I've chased both antelope and coyotes in a car and used to lean on the back yard fence watching the buffalo. # The worst drivers in the world live in and around St. Louis. White has previously mentioned our horror at Missouri drivers and St. Louis drivers in particular, and this horror played some part in our decision to come back from LA by a more northern route. On the trip this year (Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Bloomington, Northwestern Illinois, Fond du Lac, and South Bend) I didn't run into any bad drivers until I was returning home from South Bend. The nearer I got to Washington, the worse the driving. It gave me some slight comfort to note that more of the bad driving was done by people with Virginia plates than by those with Maryland plates. In all seriousness, Virginia drivers are almost as bad as Missouri drivers. Someone out there is going to tell me that I can't generalize about driving. I invite those people to spend a couple of years watching some of the idiot drivers in this area, and finding some non-generalized reason why the chances are about two-to-one that ^{the car you see making a} wrong-lane turn, zig-zagging, cross-walk blocking, lane hogging, and light breaking carries Virginia plates. My biggest gripe about drivers in this area, and one which applies equally to Virginia and Maryland and almost as much to Ohio, is the frequency with which a car will get in the left lane of a multi-lane highway and use that as his driving lane, forcing other cars to pass on the right. # See note under FA regarding proposal to expand to 75 members. # Pony express fee was \$5.00 per one-half ounce, not \$1.00. # The cab driver that WSFA once had, whom you mention, was the same ex-WSFAN, Leo Carroll mentioned by Phyllis in Plotz. Slightly more comment on him will be found under my comments on that magazine.

Janke's APOCRYPHA. Wonderfully funny.

Danner's STEFANTASY. Your multi-color printing on the cover leaves little to be desired. I'd like to gush about enjoying this, for I did, but there's only one interior check (the words I've written in the margin are "rear view mirror" in connection with Budrys' letter on customizing) and I can't now figure out what I meant to say.

Bradley's CATCH TRAP 91. Grandpa also had a bit of trouble accepting indoor toilets. Grandma finally had the toilet put in over his objections, and didn't see him for two weeks. He wasn't going to live in the same damn house as the john. He finally came back: grandma was a wonderful cook. When I was

a youngster the outhouse was still standing in our yard (this was not grandpa's house, but another one) even though we had an indoor toilet. It came in handy in times of need, and others in town came in handy around Halloween. After leaving Nebraska in 1935, I didn't use an outhouse until 1948 excluding Army service. In 1948 Derry and I were driving to the con in Toronto, and someplace west of Albany and east of Syracuse we started feeling a real necessity to find a gas station. There weren't any for miles and miles, and while the area was deserted it was also cold as the hinges and we weren't quite desperate enough to entirely ignore the thoughts of discomfort of cold wind on bare buttocks. Derry suddenly spotted a familiar building more or less by itself --sure enough, an outhouse. It was still cold, but at least some of the wind was cut out. Twelve years passed before the next outhouse was used, this at Corbin Cabin during the camp out previously mentioned. I hope they still exist in about 1972, for I seem to be on an 11 or twelve year cycle.

McPhail's PHANTASY PRESS 28. Excellent work on those covers-- they are quite representative of the originals. I'm still lacking some of these items, and imagine I always will.

McPhail's PHANTASY PRESS 29. Laney, in February 49, was the first to use a whole number on the FA. He assigned whole number 46, since that was the 46th mailing. As far as I can determine, this was actually the 45th FA. (None in the first two mailings, two in the two sections of mailing 5 balanced by only one for the combined 10-11th mailings, and two for the two sections of the 30th mailing.) The numbering system remains one off, but it's certainly most convenient to retain the current numbering. # If memory serves, Perdue was the first to put a teletyped fanzine through FAPA, though darned if I can now remember title or time. Probably about 1946. # Have very nearly complete copies of mailings 9 through 18 if you want to borrow them to continue "From Out of the Past."

Sneary's MOONSHINE Vol 2, No. 4, Whole No. 25. Amen to your "But how do you go about writing a fannish friend and say, 'Stop sending me your fanzine, I haven't time to read it?'". (That end punctuation is getting a wee mite complex.) It would probably be better than I've been doing--letting them pile up unread. Some day, I tell myself, I will read them. And I'll be sorry then that I didn't read them at the time, for they'll be interesting, and meaningful, and goshwow, but for now the time and enthusiasm isn't there and they'd be dull. # You surely had tongue in cheek on your Senior FAPA proposal, didn't you? # Us oldtimers approach the 4th from the standpoint of the fun we had. Ditto for Halloween, about which I'll comment in review of Ice Age. Does the kid who never saw an outhouse miss it? How unhappy were you because you didn't have television in 1939? I agree with you on the fun we had, and that the 4th seems pointless without fireworks, but I doubt if the kids of today miss it as much as you and I do. So, while I'd vote for fireworks if given the opportunity, I doubt that the privation is really very great.

Elinor Busby's SALUD. Speer probably has the clearest mailing remarks in FAPA, in terms of lack of necessity to refer to the item on which he's commenting to understand his comments. Long ago I fell heir to an almost complete set of Sustain²ng Program, Jack's former FAPA magazine, and it was quite easy to follow the mailings through his remarks. I doubt if there was more than once in each four issues where clarification was needed, and I doubt if there has been much change in the past ten years, but it's rather difficult to tell since I am familiar now with the material Speer (and others) are commenting upon. # This murder concept can be carried to extremes. If, as you say, it's murder to have an abortion, is it also murder to refuse to bring the embryo into being? # It must have been in 1951 that I asked in FAPA who wrote the Swallows and Amazons series. At that time someone in Washington state, probably Bullard, told me that it was Arthur Ransome. I'm beginning to think that more people in Washington state have read Ransome than people in all the other states put together. I re-read some of the books in 1951; it shouldn't surprise you to know that the old magic wasn't there, although I could still see how they had interested me some twelve years previously.

Rike's LIMBO. Agree with Donaho on the extreme presence of sexiness in Marlene Dietrich when she sings in German. Most likely the sense of sexiness is stronger in German since then I can't understand the words--a great aid to almost any singer. # Lots of people (including many excellent FAPA members) don't like to make mailing comments; accordingly, I can't agree with any suggestion that activity credit should consist solely of mailing comments. Mailing comments are in some respects a vice, for there can be far more worth in an article than is usually possible in the much less formally organized mailing comment.

Economou's PHLOTSAM. Leo J. Carroll is the ex-Washington taxi driver mentioned in Evan's fanzine for the last mailing. The fanzine which he "published" was Quanta, the official organ of WSFA at the time. He had an article in the second issue; if there was any further connection between him and Quanta, it has slipped my mind and somehow got omitted from the list of credits in the magazine--and editors Davis and Kerkhof were pretty liberal in spreading the egoboo around. It all sounds like the old Leo, who is rather enjoyable in person as long as you accept his slight tendency to exaggerate. # My experience with tornados is slightly limited, but I have seen one and the results of several. I don't believe that they are usually associated with thunderstorms, although the only tornado warning we've had since I've lived in this area was at the time of a thunderstorm. From the results of those that I have seen, I'm perfectly happy to cower in the cellar whenever a tornado warning goes up. # Part of the objection to women in certain places is solely because the presence of a woman can have a decidedly inhibitory effect on both the language and the jokes. This is not necessarily good or bad; the presence of women in certain places would be change, however, and as such is a matter to be viewed with alarm. Frankly, I rather

appreciate all-masculine company at times, both in and away from work. # Not one fanzine in one-hundred has any real substance to it. Not more than five in a hundred is worth saving for anything other than completist purposes. Phlotsam is worth saving, simply because it's chock full of a kind of goodness that doesn't disappear simply because it's been read once.

Raeburn's LE MOINDRE. For as long as I can remember, I've drank whenever it pleased me to do so. This goes way back to when I was ten or so and dad would break out the bottle because of a visitor. Part of his courtesy in offering the friend a drink was to offer me on, nor was it an empty gesture, for I'd get a highball right along with them if I wanted one. We came east in 1935, when I was nine years old, and I still clearly remember one day in Ohio when dad stopped for a short one and took me into the bar with him. "Two beers" dad ordered, and two beers dad got, but only after half-an-hour of arguing with the bartender as to whether or not I could drink. It seems that with this long history I might better avoid the falacy of drinking too much at cons, and as the years pass I think I do, but what I wanted to say was that I definately drink for the taste, and not for the effect. At times I might want the effect, and I'd not object to a very mild glow at any time, but I wish that a truly good beer without alcohol could be brewed. Maybe that's one of the reasons that I never objected to 3.2 beer in the Army: what I wanted was another beer, not to put a load on. # Nycon membership list and addresses were sold as one of the fund-raising activities of that convention. I objected at the time, but very little junk mail seems to have resulted.

Buz Busby's SERCON'S BANE. About our only use of barns in games as children was also in connection with tag. One of the people not "it" would invariably head for the upper story of the barn, and leap from the entrance when approached by "IT." With a cautious "IT" who wouldn't jump, the system was perfect. The same thing was an almost infalable system of breaking a "follow the leader" chain or of getting away from unwanted girls. Other uses of a barn and girls came later. The most dangerous game of follow the leader I was ever involved in, though, took place in an abandoned grain elevator. It had been abandoned because it was ready to fall down, but this only spiced things up for us. The elevator must have been some 60 feet tall, and on the inside wall there was a wooden ladder, just strips of wood nailed every foot or more to the studs. They were mighty far apart for an eight year old, and where steps were missing or loose you really had to scramble to go up, but finally we reached the top. We chickened out at that point, and decided that method was just too dangerous to take back down, but they don't call a grain elevator an "elevator" without reason. There was a hand-operated elevator, with a rope tied to a platform, over a pulley at the top, and then loose back to the elevator. So we reached over the shaft, grabbed the rope, and hauled the elevator up to us.

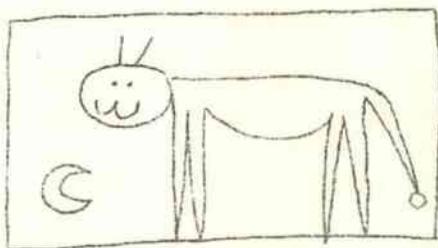
None of us was smart enough to realize that the rope should be wrapped around some part of the elevator at least once, to help control the speed of the elevator on the way down, so most of the skin on the palms of our hands disappeared that day, but we were luckily just barely strong enough to control the speed and avoid any broken bones on hitting the bottom. That about finished us, and we decided that the best thing to do was go home, concocting on the way some logical story to explain the shape our hands were in. (I don't remember what was finally decided, but I know that my vote was that we tried to stop some runaway horses.) Walking out of the elevator I managed to step squarely into a hole about one foot square in the floor. I don't to this day know how much of a drop there was under me, but the normal reaction of flinging my arms out stopped my fall so that I am, at least, still alive to wonder about it. I know that I was speechless, and clearly remember Hugh suddenly spotting my head and shoulders sticking out of the hole and saying to Ray, just as though I'd been very clever, "Hey, look at Bob." Ray was not impressed, but did arouse enough interest to help Hugh get me out of that hole. Luckily, mom didn't notice the scratch marks under my arms till some days later, and fortunately didn't connect them with my flayed hands. I finally told mom what had happened that day after I got out of the Army. Her only comment was "Thank God that elevator burned down the next year."

Graham's TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. "...nationally, about 1 out of 18 murderers or persons convicted of a crime for which capital punishment is dictated by law ever reach death--more important, over 50% of the persons killed are Negroes." And probably less than 1% of them are Tibetan lamas, which equally proves that Tibetan lamas are getting preferential treatment, doesn't it? Let's at least use statistics that have some bearing on each other. Like, what is the percentage of negroes (or Tibetan lamas) convicted in relation to the number executed as compared with whatever other group you want. Until you use proper statistics your conclusions are not only not "inescapable and incontrovertible," they are ridiculous. # The illusion that "all liquor tastes bad" is not exactly uncommon. But, I guarantee, liquor tastes good to some people. There are some liquors, including one fairly popular bourbon, that are revolting to my taste. Others are, in the immortal word of Bob Tucker, smo-o-oth. Saying "all liquor tastes bad" is as idiotic as saying "all dates and figs taste bad." To me, they do. I've tried to develop a taste for them, but find that one-half of either is as much as I can possibly put down. You can enjoy them if you like, I'll not understand why you do, but I'm not quite ready to accuse you of eating what is basically vile tasting stuff. # I would very much like to see an all-volunteer Army. This is both a personal wish and a job wish, since such an Army would greatly simplify my work. (Any opinions expressed herein are not necessarily the views of the Army, incidentally.) For reasons acceptable

to the Congress, an all-volunteer Army is not presently possible. This being so, your right of choice is restricted and is instead vested in people who, in theory, have greater capability to decide where the greatest benefit to the country lies. Tough, but I don't cry overly much. I hope the Army (and the other services) can achieve an all-volunteer status, though I somewhat doubt the possibility in our society considering present level of manpower needs. # Ken Beale put out the Moibus strip fanzine. Others might have also. # You normally don't know who has filed for FAPA office until voting time, so I doubt if there's much reticence in filing for office just because someone else has. In any case, I hardly think that races between Economou and Eney; Brandon, Eney and White; Economou and Calkins, or several others that could be mentioned in the past several years could exactly be called contests between less-than-top-notch fans. # Irene Baron had a letter in ASF a couple of years back, was at the Detention, and I recently heard that she was getting married. # Bradley declined to serve under the tie vote you mentioned for FAPA president in 1951, and Rapp was sole and official president for the 1951-52 term.

Speer's SISYPHOS. Kids still read and love Burroughs--wear and tear on the few volumes I have attests to that. My nephew knows I have them, and through him so do many other neighborhood kids. # I wouldn't be a fan if it hadn't been for an early interest in the starry sky. I used to day-dream (night-dream?) for hours about the sky and what it contained, aided no end by dad's knowledge of the stars and his willingness to accept anything except God as a possible part of the universe. One of my very early recollections of newspaper reading concerns the building of the 200 inch telescope, and the discovery of Pluto was definately NEWS to me, and fit subject for debate with dad as to how many more planets there might be and when we would get to them and how. Even in those unenlightened days (well, it was really only about 1930-1934, but that's a long time ago in terms of layman's knowledge of astronautics) dad informed me that a rocket didn't push against anything but kicked you along just as a shotgun recoiled. I must admit that for many years this gave me a slight impression that a rocketship must be rather uncomfortable, being given a mighty kick every couple of seconds, but the theory was sound, and dad probably never knew that I'd gotten just a trifle mixed up. The stars were one of the things that I missed most on moving east; they, and the ability we had in Nebraska to see miles on end versus the extreme limits to the horizon here, were losses at the time, and I still haven't quite reconciled myself to the absence of either. I'd like to hear more comment on this: is the starry sky, as Speer says, too good for the young, or was my enthrallment with the sky a typical childhood reaction? # Do you happen to recall if Novaj Horizontaj, another Esperanto mag, was distributed in FAPA, and if so when?

The extreme brevity of this issue was not planned, but several things have conspired to require that this issue not cover all that I would have hoped for. There are, at conservative estimate, some 12 pages of comment drafted on the 90th mailing, and several other items that want publication. Due to the long fafia and some work on another item which won't see print for another year or so, this issue was started late. The day after it was started my brother had to go to the hospital, and my free time since has been spent there. I considered that I might have to petition to save my membership, but by scrounging I managed to find time enough to put these eight plus pages together. I'm sorry for the fact that several fanzines were skipped entirely, particularly including Lark, Horizons, and Klein Bottle, but the remarks I would have made were not particularly important to me to make, and since I was not in particular disagreement with anything said, the best way to finish seemed to be to type ahead with only a backward glance and a sigh. Maybe I'll be present in more force next time; maybe not. My FAPA activity is not particularly predictable. I hope, in any event, that 1961 will be a better year for me in FAPA, and in fandom, than 1960 has been. It was a rough year up until the Pittcon in September, but the long rest, the generous hospitality of Doc Barrett, Don Ford, Bob Tucker, Lynn Hickman, Dean Grennell, Betty Kujawa, and their families, as well as the companionship of Eric Bentcliffe, were a wonderful pick-up which served to restore both my spirits and my physical well-being. Maybe 1961 will be a better year for me publishing-wise; it could not be better than 1960 was for pleasant personal fannish contact.



notslur

