## BPEMA 66

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## <u>IRECT CURRENTS</u>

DWAIN KAISER: While I approve of the idea of fan anthologies, there are a few points about the selection of material for such

things that I'd like to suggest.

First, as APA L has its own anthology, and Fred is going to continue that anthology, APA L should be off-limits for anthologizing until the BEST FROM APA L takes its pick. Of course, it would be possible for individual contributors to declare their own material available for general anthologization instead of BEST OF APA L, but my material, as well as Dian's, is reserved for the latter first. You'll have to check with the authors/contributors anyway, so I make this point to try influencing others to reserve for the APA L Anthology first also.

Then, as I suggested over the card table last week, you might check with Domina and TCarr, who were planning to publish a BEST volume last summer. They may be able to give you some of their material if they are no longer planning to publish, and, if they are, you can avoid dup-

lication of material.

Once you've selected your material -- balancing fiction with articles, and sprinkling with good cartoons and fillos (perhaps getting some illustrations for the material which are original), let someone else check it over for balance and general quality. Everyone has his own biases, and a general anthology should be as free of these as possible. Besides, no one person can have read all of fandom's output in a year, and another viewpoint or two will help fill the gaps.

Good luck with the thing.

JIM SCHUMACHER: As long as you're going to discuss things that are not provable, it is best to admit they are not disprovable either. Thus, the inability to find a meaning in life other than life itself does not, I agree, mean there isn't any other meaning. But it doesn't mean that "our minds are too small to grasp it," either. Neither of these possibilities is either disproven or proven: they are still possibilities, and only that.

Likewise, in discussion of the FIAWOL type versus the muchvaunted Real World, you assume that because Dunc's statement of the FIAWOL type's leading a more meaningful existence than one enmeshed in the mundane rat race isn't provable, it must therefore be wrong. Nops, it isn't disprovable, either. In this case, ir depends on the individual case, and sometimes he will be right and sometimes not. As a general

statement, it, too, is a possibility and just that.

FRED PATTEN: "Batman" isn't too bad on TV, but it isn't so great that I will default on the Director's job just to watch the 2d episode each week. Wednesday night I can get the gist of the story and the new villain (Burgess Meredith as the Penguin is excellent!), but I don't need the denouement that much.

When did you think up that Nazi Putsch in Disneyland thing? It just doesn't sound like you! Maybe you have Cult credentials after all.

DAVE FOX: More information is necessary for adequate judgement on the Lupoff book: (1) Frazetta is mostly an Ace artist rather than a

Canaveral artist. And HHHeins is one of the very top experts on ERB, having published the definitive bibliography of Burroughs a couple years ago. (It's now out of print and bringing about \$50 a copy.)

A Lino for Republicans:

"As he that taketh a dog by the ears, so is he that passeth by in anger and meddleth with another man's quarrel." (Proverbs XXVI, 17)

JUNE KONIGSBERG: The TV news the other day declared that the Chinese calendar proclaims this the year of the Horse. But the

LASFS edition has it a bit different....

Y'know, for a gigantic card game, the New Year's Party had a helluva lot of people doing other things. ... especially around midnight. I didn't even play cards until Saturday (though I admit there was a game or so going Friday night.) The players varied from hour to hour, and even the game changed a couple times. It was hardly the entire party, though.

TOM DIGBY: "Xtabay" (pronounced SHTAH-ray) was the name of an Incan virgin, who fell in love with a prince of an Aztec kingdom. Class distinction forbid the love, but she couldn't keep a secret, and sang it to the mountains and winds. Her voice was so penetrating and ' envhanting that ultimately it reached and killed the far-off prince. The data above from the record jacket of Sumac's "Voice of the Xtabay," and the pronunciation from an old friend at UF, Bob Headley, who studied the language.

We also engaged in giving away light bulbs this Xmas, but we got tired of the game and brought our strings of lights in after about

15 bulbs disappeared altogether.

And thanks for the clipping on the tearing down of Benton Hall. That antique monstrosity was falling apart in 1955, when I had a couple physics classes in it -- on the 3d floor, up those rickety, narrow stairs that would have claimed several lives if there'd been a fire. I wonder if Bob Smith, who is still there, can manage to snaffle the building plate when they tear the thing down ... .

It is difficult to realize that there are four of us in APA L who went to UF: you, me, Dave Van Arnam, and Felice Rolfe. There are others in the fringes of fandom: Sylvia Dees, and a couple of Bay Area types who show up for G&S parties: Blair Jarrett and his wife, Jim &

Joyce Quigg. Wonder who I missed ... .

BEP: You've cataloged enough Slavic crud; you ought to remember that a final 'w' would make 'Shaw' come out Was.

Maybe I ought to explain that building plate remark....

The buildings at the University of Florida are each numbered, with a small metal plate affixed to the building on the north side of the NE corner. The oldest buildings have bronze plates, the later ones aluminum ones. There's even a map of the campus with all the building numbers listed. The Speleo Society found this very handy back in 57 when they decided to utilize the laws of Representation and take over some of the buildings: whoever owned the plate also owned the building it represented. We went after the low numbers, but found that #1 (the auditorium) was already gone, and #'s 2 & 3 (Benton, Walker) too inaccessibly high and well-lit. But all in all we picked up a dozen or so. Since then many different things have been done with the plates. A couple were given as Xmas presents to other club members (including the Marriage & the Family

building to the Club Skirtchaser -- we discovered after the presentation that his wife had left him that morning. We laughed). Others we kept -- like the one for the Century Tower now adorning my doorway. And I gave away Building 5 -- the Library -- to my final instructor at SC when I got my MS in Library Science. She'd given me the only A I got in graduate school (and I had to have one to graduate without taking another course), and she used to be head cataloger for the UF Library, where I had criginally met her. I told her the story of how the plates had been liberated, and we talked of other japery, but she froze up when I got saround to the placing of the porno manuscript in the Library's Special Collections -- but that's another story. Anyway, the Benton plate would be a nice catch, even at this late date...

## The Way of Life 13

"Hella, Herb," said Tema into the phone. "How was your trip?" You sound tired, but I guess you haven't had much sleep lately, if you kept to the schedule you set up."

"I am a bit worn, but I'll catch up starting tonight." Herb Jenkins was friendly, but reserved, as usual. He let the conversation hang there,

so Tema made another attempt.

"I guess you won't be going back to work right away? Then why not come on over tomorrow or Tuesday. I'd like to hear about your trip, and I can fill you in on what's happened while you were away."

"Thank you, that would be a very nice idea. I'll call you first if I can make it. Nice of you to call." The polite voice was evidently try-

ing to stifle a yawn.

"You'd better get some sleep," Tema said solicitously. "I'll see you in a day or so." She hung up and shook her head disgustedly. "You're acting like a feel again," she told herself, "and it's twice as stupid because it won't do you any good to act like a fool this time." The clock struck eleven, and Tema, shrugging, headed for the bedroom where her busband was already snering.

"You didn't have to wait up," xaid Cecily. "Why, we got back an hour before we had to, even!" She kissed her mother and father, listened for a minute to the sound of Len's car leaving, and then went toward her bedroom.

"Did you enjoy the show, dear?" asked Nora. "What did you see?"
Cecily came back again. "An old German science fiction movie
called "Metropolis." It was pretty good, I guess." She busied herself
taking her hair down as she talked, then suddenly broke off to exclaim,
"The you know who we saw there? Corky and Mr. Van Clyne! They were sitting six rows ahead of us, so we didn't talk to them during the show.
But they had an awful fight right there in the theater, and Corky ran
out. I think she was crying. Mr. Van Clyne started after her, then
changed his mind and went back to the movie."

"I guess that's why Corky threw the fans out early, so she could go to the movies with Van Clyne," said her father. "I hope the fight wasn't serious; Corky's a nice girl. Now get to bed, Cec! -- you have school tomorrow." He turned off the lights and he and Nora also went to bed, their thoughts shifting back and forth between Corky and Leo, won-

dering how the problems of each would work out.

The subjects of those thoughts were themselves going to sleep, and they too wondered about the working out of those problems -- which had worsened during the evening.