





Settle back, folks, it's the eighth issue of that riot-an-instant personalized fmz,

THE LAREAN

edited and published by Ron Ellik, 127 Bennett Avenue, Long Beach 3, California. This issue is dated August 1961 and is intended to just squeeze into the jiffybag with the 96th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association; issues 3 through 7 were titled The Borean and it has reverted to its original title because a simple conceit on the part of the editor leads him to believe that he may change his own fanzine at will. This magazine takes no official stand on the current TAFF campaign, mentions William Rotsler more or less as a matter of policy, and is illustrated by Bjo.

-oOo-

Well, well, I guess I didn't go to Idaho after all, chuckle. And I guess you folks are sort of wondering why, aren't you? Heh, heh. Well, I can make this a long, long story, and you might as well expect the worst--you know me.

Once upon a time--that's how all good long stories begin--I was about to graduate from the University of California (Berkeley) with a Bachelor's degree in math. Now, U.C. is a premium school; feller from Lockheed told me that, and I pass it on to you as perceptive appraisal. A math major from a premium school can darned near write his own paycheck...that is, he can name his... well, it's a darned good school, premium, that is, and math is a pretty premium doggoned major, so anyway, I got these job offers. And they weren't bad, let me tell you, in fact, some of them were real nifties, like the one I accepted, in Idaho.

But I'm not in Idaho now, and that's why I'm writing this; yes.

Like I say, I took this job with Phillips Petroleum Company, a Delaware Corporation, and was to report on 13 Feb 1961, two weeks after school let out; and I went home to Long Beach to get my earthly belongings in some semblance of order. I prepared to leave the sunny southland for ever and ever, and kissed people goodbye--and went back around and kissed some of them again, under a feeble pretext of overpowering emotion--and a bunch of the fantasites in LA threw a big going-away party with a sign that said GO AWAY, RON ELLIK, out at Burbee's, and I got a big old black hand-painted cup, and...

And then I got a letter from the Registrar, of the University, see, saying that I'd screwed up about umptyump different rules and citing chapter and verse, which I checked on and he was right, it being his job, and would I for crying out loud please take one more class, because I was only being credited with 117 units, and the B.A. degree takes 120.

--Now, don't you folks take this too seriously; I know how us trufen stick together and I know you are probably eating your hearts out--well, I've already eaten my heart out and it tastes pretty nothing, and I conceived an ingenious device to bring swift, painless, neat death but I chickened out, because somebody's already committed suicide and when I thought it out rationally I decided it was passe. And besides, I told myself as you should yourselves before you get all het up and involved, my life was not a shambles, it was not down about my ears at the tender age of 22, my world had not ended--so I called the Phillips man and explained it. He was kind and understanding, much more than I was so that I admired his patience with the Registrar (a hard man) and he said yes, I had goofed pretty badly, and yes, the job was still waiting, and yes, I could report for work, as soon as I got my B.A. And I said thankyou and goodbye and stood looking at the phone.

But I'd like to reassure you, because I can tell this is working its way into your souls, that it isn't worth the premonitions of disaster you're undergoing, and you should be calm. That's what I told myself, while I was gnawing on the bedpost, be calm, old man, and control yourself; besides, if you mark that post up too much folks'll think you're bragging. So by main force and an hour's worth of walking around snarling at the dog I actually and literally calmed down. I was rigid.

Of course, Los Angeles was in the worst part of the biggest unemployment crash in history or something equally appropriate, a disaster which struck the entire country just after Christmas, and as I went to downtown Long Beach I could see great black headlines everywhere screaming the latest percentages of unemployed-- I think it rose near ten per cent., but then, I'm not much at numbers. I filed for employment if any should come up and for unemployment insurance which I didn't deserve, and stalked out of the office beaming a glad kind of murderous scowl at all.

I ate lunch. Food always cheers me up, so I only just came close to having indigestion; by the time lunch settled, my mad was wearing off, and I realized that I was for real without a job. Not only that, no degree--and because it would have been insanity for me to go back to school that day (which I'd've had to do to get into the spring semester) I wouldn't be able to get my degree until summer. And I had to do something in the meantime.

Now, it is no small thing to say that unemployment had hit Los Angeles. It means that nearly ten per cent. of two and a half million people were out of work... So I called up the only major industry in Long Beach, Douglas Aircraft, and asked for a job. Douglas was laying off people by the thousands every week then, you know; the man asked if I was all right when I told him what I wanted--because he wasn't hiring anybody. He told me Santa Monica plant might want somebody in the Statistics Detail, but I should go up there, not phone.

Tuesday morning, the 7th of February, I walked into an empty employment office at Douglas, Santa Monica; the man in the screening booth looked up and said "Go to Litton Industries, maybe they're hiring," and went back to his work.

"Look," I said, "At least let me fill out the forms. You keep them ninety days, don't you?" He gave me some forms and I spent hours scribbling like crazy, emphasizing that I had completed all requirements for the degree in math (from a premium school) except for one class, three units. He looked at it, talked to me for a while, and told me to come back after lunch (it was that late by then).

I ate a sandwich in the car and tried to read something; I don't even remember what it was, but I was back at the door at five to one, and he finally showed up at five after, and took me to see a Mr. Fitzsomething, who talked to me and had me re-explain my school problem and my military status and my work background, all of which are sort of variegated topics with me; then he did some telephoning.

"The man I want to talk to," said Mr. Fitzsomething, "is on vacation today. Why don't you go home, and we'll call you today or tomorrow and you can meet him," and I was out on the street again, neat as that, like I'd expected to be.

The only catch was, by the time I got to the Pan Hilton on my way home, Mom had already called there to see if she could catch me, because Mr. somebody from Douglas had called and wanted me to come in the next day after lunch and be interviewed, because he thought he might have something for me.

Happy? I coulda crowed.

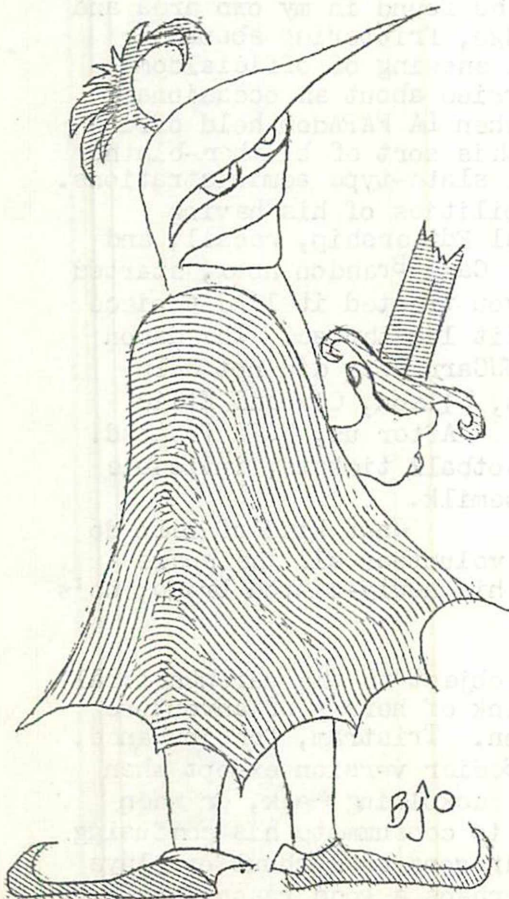
Well, that's most of the story. Douglas hired me in General Office at Santa Monica, and I'm earning almost as much as I would have been at Phillips; I'm doing interesting, lively, hard work behind a desk as a white-collar mathematician in Manufacturing Analysis (estimating--a job that doesn't require a degree or an awful lot of math, but in which I use a mathematical outlook a lot). I'm driving my own Fiat 1200, living in balmy southern Calif., am Director of LASFS to the end of the year, and...oh, yes--the degree.

I spent the last half of June and all of July in Berkeley on leave of absence, taking that extra course. I passed, and the degree will be awarded in November of this year. That's all there was to it, but it changed my life quite a bit.

Where do I go from here? Depends. I like the job at Douglas--I don't think I'll tell Phillips I went back for my degree. I don't think I'd like snow, now that I've had a chance to see what earning a living is like in the sunshine and smog. But after the two days of screaming whimsams, followed by the elation of getting a job which is better in several ways than what I'd've had in Idaho, followed by six weeks of school again...to be honest, I'm a bit confused by life these days.

Tell you what: you keep up with my changes of address, and read what I get time to put in the mailings with all the time-and-a-half overtime I'm doing, and you'll know almost as much as I do.

-oOo-



As some of you may have noted with amusement, I am on a convention committee for the first time in my career. The weekend preceding the fourth of July next year will see the fifteenth West Coast Science Fiction Conference held in Los Angeles--first time it's been in LA since 1958. If you send \$1 to William B. Ellern
Westercon Treasurer
2790 West Eighth Street
Los Angeles 5, California

you will receive all the progress reports, your membership card, and the usual propaganda and blather that is associated with regional conferences. Tyrannical Al Lewis is the chairman of this convention--the very same Al Lewis who coaxed, wheedled, cajoled and robbed you at auctions at the Boycon and Baycon; and we've got people like Bjo Trimble in display, aided and abetted by her husband, whose name I forget, who is secretary of the conference, and Ernie Wheatley churning out publications on his true love, the Gestetner 120. And Forry Ackerman and the whole LASFS are behind this conference, and --oh yes, me. You should have guessed by now-- I'm Publicity.

--rde.

MAILING COMMENTS -- FAPA 95

----- i bet juffus is surprised now -----

LIGHT 68 (Croutch) "Jason Crull" is a very nice handling of the plot from "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" ("Extract from...") which I remember reading while in high school in Long Beach. It was the first time I noticed fantasy anywhere except in the science-fiction books on the juvenile or adult s-f shelves in the library; it was also the first Twain I'd read except for Tom Sawyer and I guess you could include the Crosby version of Connecticut Yankee which remains a favorite skatekey sort of picture for me.

Your dialogue is fairly well done, and your characterization --pardon me, I mean characterization-- is sharp in places (and vague in others) but good description seems to evade you. One feels that heaven is a sort of rolling hills type of place, of unpopulated clouds and cinemascope vistas with a few people strolling by--not at all the feeling obtained in the mob scene at the Pearly Gates.

OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS (Boggs) Oh, capital, Boggs! In fact, I was expressing to John G. Trimble, proprietor of the Fan Hillton and candidate for public office in FAPA, almost your thoughts only a moment, FAPA-wise, before this mailing. You have pleased me by saying these things forcefully, succinctly and stingingly...but that reminds me of a train of thought which was started during my conversation with Trimble.

You see, I think that the source of this petti de foggrass can be found in my own area and era of FAPAAdministration. To the best of my knowledge, frittering about constitutionality did not begin until the successful snowing of officialdom by Wilfried Myers, because until then no one had worried about an occasional misfeasance by Our Elected. It was in early 1955, when LA FAPA dom held office under the drunken presidency of C. L. Jacobs, that this sort of blither-blather started, to pick up and grow during the vogue of the slate-type administrations. Jacobs wrote a few paragraphs later about the possibilities of his having resigned his membership before his (then) ex-Official Editorship, recall, and this, the Myers incident, the W-----l hassle, and the Carl Brandon hoax, started people wondering what the constitution could do if you treated it like a piece of paper to be given a half-twist, re-joined, and slit lengthwise. The demon knight--ITShaw attempted exchange and the Sanderson--JWCarr hoax did not help matters any...in short, I think that prior to Jacobs, Wilson, Cox and Ellik being in office, nobody cared about the constitution. After us, FAPA fretted. After us, people began to worry about Jew-haters, football tickets, invisible Negroes, the vagaries of Jacobs, and 45-day-old mousemilk.

What kind of help do you want from us to redress these wrongs? I hereby volunteer all the spare time Ed Cox would otherwise devote to crifanac with his newly-minted bride; he's responsible for it too, and he'd love to help you.

ASTRA'S TOWER (Bradley) Your pardon, Marion, but I object to the parenthetical remark on page 7--I can think of heroes of adventure fantasy who are at their best in court or among women. Tristram, for instance, is a cardboard character in Mallory or even in the Bedier version except when in the Irish court with Iseult and her mother, when cuckolding Mark, or when fighting his internal struggle about whether or not to consummate his confusing marriage with Iseult Blanche Mains; when he fights dragons or Morhaut or plays his harp, he is drawn crudely and unconvincingly--perhaps a good reason why T.H. White left the two books of Sir Tristram out of his Arthurian legend.

Lancelot, of course, comes to life everywhere, but look at the careful, beautiful writing in White's description of his first love scenes--the painfully sincere Morning After scene with Elaine, mother-to-be of Galahad; the magnificent and simple return to Guenevere where with a few short words White shows us a striking scene of abandon that the authors of the peyton places in this world would love to emulate; and finally his -- no, both of them, White's and Lancelot's -- delicacy of feeling about the lily-maid of Astolat and her fate. These scenes show one of adventuredom's mightiest heroes at his most believable, with dames.

That "high-flown story-book speech" is a very fine utilization of what White called the high tongue/speech, and is the language of the nobility all through medieval literature--never spoken, as is noted in the introduction to the Viking portable Chaucer, but always playing the whipped cream role for anyone who likes well-written courtly speech between peers; it is very much in place for Eowyn and Aragorn, and you'd have to hate anything connected with a Sense of Wonder to want them to talk like commoners in Tolkien.

You forgot a woman, Mrs. Bradley. You forgot Shelob, the spider-bitch in the mountain. Want some Freud-inspired Tolkienist to analyze her relation to Frodo?

No, the jealousy between Achilles and Agamemnon does not parallel the Aragorn-Boromir rivalry for it was the way of neither to sit and sulk behind the lines of battle over a petty tiff. No, this is the tense battle of wills in the death-debate of Odysseus and Telamonian Aias from the Metamorphoses, referred to in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. In fact, it is interesting that you should miss so closely in picking a scene from the Trojan War, for now that you've made me think about it, I think a neat parallel could be drawn between Aragorn's feelings towards Boromir and the admiration that Laertides held for his unfortunate opponent, whom he eulogizes as first of the Danaans in looks, and the regret he feels for the latter's sad craze and suicide.

But although I have picked at the surface of your article, Marion, be assured that it impresses me as the best examination of Tolkien to come to eye; I had not thought there was inspiration for original research into the trilogy, but now I think I'll take another tour of them soon. In all, I heartily approve of your work, and hope you find time and desire to write more about him.

SELF-PRESERVATION #1 (Hoffman) Like you, I have been unimpressed with Twilight Zone. Television and I said our fond farewells when I left for a sixmonth at Uncle's boys-camp in San Diego, and we have not seen fit to kiss and make up since; as a result, Rod Serling has crossed my view only three times. In fact, the last time was just before reading your magazine, and it was just ten minutes after up-curtain that I realized I would only sit through all of it because I am a science-fiction fan and a science-fiction fan should be exposed to science-fiction once in a while, even if he is interested in folklore and Greek myths more. Unfortunately, I did sit through it; a man discovers he is an actor in a movie, playing a part which he thought was his real life; he lives the life of this actor for fifteen supposedly terror-falled minutes, then finds a way back into this life (the part in the movie--do you follow?). If TZ was superb in its beginnings (it won a Hugo, didn't it?) then I seem to have missed all the superb parts and it is now on the same level in fantasy as Science-Fiction Theatre ended in in stf; for these stories that I have seen on TZ impress me as mere mainstream fiction with a twist--a step beyond, you might say, or a twist into the twilight zone. As Ivan Tors used to waste our time exploring twists in gadgets, Serling now wastes our time exploring twists in reality.

DAY*STAR (Bradley) Read all through Boggs' story in confusion which was only resolved by his ending note; my confusion was worsened because I'm not familiar with "Stf Broadcasts Again," but recognized the characters from the unfortunate manuscript "The Great Stf Crisis". Perhaps someone ought to start up one of these rround rrobins again--only without the fantastic dialect. I volunteer Art Rapp's spare time, just like I volunteered Ed Cox'.

'Sfunny, but I always thought that my aversion to swatting insects was silly and "different", and maybe even weak; now that you write about it, I'm not nearly as embarrassed. This distaste for taking life extends over everything with me--I've probably caught a dozen fish in my life, but not since early grammar school days when my brother and I used to spend summer days on Belmont Pier, dangling home-made fishing lines; and I've never hunted. My few experiences in hunting while skin-diving were abysmal failures--I enjoy swimming underwater, but am worthless with an Hawaiian sling. You can't wear glasses underwater, of course--this is part of the reason I never hit anything; like swimming up close to colored rocks and lichen and harmless fish to look at them, tho...but you can hardly spear a starfish. Not much glory in it.

On the other hand, I swat insects like fleas and mosquitos when it's me-or-them, and I don't interfere when one animal goes after another. I avoid stepping on bugs (like in Farmer in the Sky) but fleas tear me apart and I turn on the flit or squash them with hardly a quiver of mercy in my aim; and when the Grey Mouser, one of the cats which have lived at the Fan Hillton, caught a mouse I watched heartlessly while she tried to figure out what to do with it and finally ran away with it after a session of cat-mouse play.

I'm just a very badly trained trained killer. Bill Rotsler calls me a "trained killee."

AILLEURS (Versines) My French is farther back in time than I thought; Caughran claims you never forget anything, but if I remember the French I learned in 1958, I'm lying to myself about it.

Pierre, Martine--give us your fiction and your free, simple artwork, si vous pub. Give us the fiction in English, and do the art in French if you like; I wouldn't object to French prose, because of the FAPAns who do understand it--but it's a long time since you've written in English, in the days of f&sf when you discovered the first French fan in San Diego.

WHY IS A FAN? (Kemp via Shaw) This encore to your symposium about stf makes me wonder what the topic will be which will trigger the third SaFari Annual, Earl--how about WHY IS A DISCUSSIONZINE, a sort of conversation about conversations, or maybe WHO KILLED COMIC BOOKS, which could really arouse interest in the fan-mind and could probably comprise your major literary contribution to our field of activity.

But take my remarks without rancour, for this, like the work of IPSO, labors under the yoke of fan-apaty in its subtle forms of unwillingness to think categorically and in an orderly sequence. WHY IS A FAN is not an adequate encore to your earlier collection, which had the benefit of spontaneity and an inspiring subject; but even so, you have once again left a large body of fan-opinions¹⁹⁶⁰⁻¹ in print for future reference, and good luck in thinking up a third topic and in financing it.

----- why was seventh fandom? -----

MINIMAC (Jacobs) We mathematicians, Jim Caughran and me, we admire the title as expressing in print the minimization of labor to solve the simplex function $f(x)$ 8 pages with the usual constraints on spare time. But this isn't as good an introduction as Ashworth's beautiful overture to the FAPate, "I Dreamt I Crept in Marble Crypts", Lee; surely with such a snappy title you could have done better than these attempts at quips and aneddotes.

BANDWAGON (Ryan) Heck, Rod Serling will never find me defending him, but you must admit that gold speculation is more sensible than anything else right now. Should a breakthrough in science occur which would entirely replace our systems of money by making gold easily obtained and worthless, no one today would be capable of foreseeing it.

Too, gold has more often than not been a monetary base in all history--and what is your reason for knowing any history at all (except for interesting stories) except to base predictions of the future on it?

And atomic war is more likely than atomic transmutation to change our money. Those guys mighta gone into the next century to find themselves kings because of their gold in a barbaric half-world...or to find themselves the main course at Sunday supper.

I understand the present where we come from often tells us what we're doing here. Increases of reality group

that was sneaky, juffus, baiting me with a quote from this mlg at coffee

Trains and I will never get along. I more or less enjoyed my first train ride as a guest of the government in 1958 when my reserve unit went Pullman to Pendleton--we played cards and talked, and there were over a hundred other reserves along, so I could forget I was on a train, and it didn't cost anything. But The Pennsylvania Railroad and I joined forces to take me to Philadelphia from N.Y.C. early this year, and it cost me almost five dollars to go that eighty miles; had I not had to take the train (and already been on board when I found out the fare) any other mode of transportation would do. I would rather fly for more money than pay prices like that for what impresses me as a poor quality of transportation, through rather dismal, slushy country at that.

HORIZONS (Warner) Of course Oidipus was club-footed--that's what his name means. It is allasame like Epaphus was touched (tho it was really his mom who was touched, and not in the head) and Pandora was, how you say, unmathomable.

Me, too, I'm interested in theatre; but it's a strange interest, for only a few times have I attended the legitimate theatre, and drammer interests me because I like to read it. Ibsen, Shaw (G.B.), Dunsany, the Irish playwrights Lady Gregory and O'Casey, even Gilbert & Sullivan, they are all good reading to me. This makes me a tyro in the stage world because I understand nothing of the mechanics of the stage, and have a poor conception of what makes a good performance. My only interest in this angle has been in reading Strindberg's intro to Miss Julie and the shavian introductions which are often far more interesting than the plays. Too, my choices in drama seem to run to musical comedy, fantasy, or both, rather than drama...ah, youth.

But I disagree with you about drama not living past the half-century--probably because I read but don't attend much. Define exceptional drama--certainly you can say that only exceptional drama makes the grade, but this is true of any form of endeavour...or should be. There is a great renewal of interest ahorita in the Irish playwrights (Juno and the Paycock appeared on Broadway as Juno recently, for one, and the Pasadena Playhouse presented Playboy of the Western World last spring, for another) and heaven help us we will never see the end of GBS.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC (Brown) Thankee kindly for the other issues of FRA which arrove this summer, and welcome to FAPA—but the goodbyeness of the magazine is depressing. I suppose had I been in SAPS or even been paying attention your strange case would have been explained earlier, but it seems unusual for a fan to announce his gafiation even while hammering away at a typewriter to meet an apa deadline.

Shame on respectable old Harry Warner, anyway—New Year's Day has quite a strong religious significance for all Christians, for it commemorates the circumcision of Christ. For Catholics it is a holy day of obligation, and they must attend Mass and treat the day as much like Sunday as is feasible—exactly like Sunday, that is, for few people work that day in this country. (On other holy days, which often fall on workdays, the rules are less stringent.) No religious significance indeed.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) The obvious follow-up to my officer-list would be a list of all FAPA members ever—but unfortunately my collection of the Fantasy Amateur is incomplete, and the list would be difficult to compile even were this not so.

Heck, it pays to advertise in FAPA: I am looking for these ten issues of the FA, and will bargain for them and maybe even pay cash or vote for you for TAFF if you can supply them to complete my file and advance history by enabling me to compile that membership list (in chronological order!).

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	5	2, Dec 41	(misnumbered vol. 4 no. 5)
	6	4, Jun 43	
	7	1, Sep 43	
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		2B, Jan 45	
		4, Jul 45	

The telephone is truly a fantastic device equal to death-rays or naked women for its power over human beings; in our office it is very seldom that a call to the telephone goes unanswered—almost anything is interrupted to answer it, as if only the most important business could be trusted to it. The amechee is always answered (it is hard enough to let a phone ring anyway—but in a business office it is a mortal sin like unto spitting on an executive) and even nature's calls come second to hearing your name in a summons to talk.

You could get yourself in one or two sticky situations, Willum, by judging the relative attractions of our female members in such an off-hand manner. It is bad enough to claim one more attractive than the other, but your flip attitude could lower your populability in some corners of the country. Drastically. Girls pretty much run fandom, you know. Ever since Laney discovered sex to the fannish world.

A FANZINE FOR NCW #1 (Al J. Lewis) Vincent Paul Nowell was a fan of my vintage from LA, and like me was one of the Vorzimer crowd. He edited two issues of Diffuse and was a charter member of the CULT; if he is known for anything else, it escapes me. You are probably confusing him with Joel Nydahl of Marquette, Michigan, who is an older fan by one year and a much different sort. ##Nowell wrote several letters to fans during the latter part of his air force hitch (1959) but seems to have lost interest once again.

CHURN (A&N Rapp) Enjoyed your honeymoon account much, but there seems nothing to say about it except to echo George Young.

fans should marry fans

Of course, this sentiment seems to be echoed on all sides; the only fan unions that come to mind as unhappy or strained are those in which, to the best of my knowledge, one mate was not much of a fan in his/her own right. I do not claim to know whether this strain is because of the non-fan not being a fan or the fan being unmundane. Both seem reasonable causes of strain to me.

You seem incredible happy, Rapps--please continue to be, and don't prove me wrong.

VANDY (Coulsonae) The Trojan War is still considered a fictional combat by Fitzroy Richard Somerset, whom you may know as Lord (4th Baron) Raglan., author of The Hero (1936). Besides just tearing into all myth and tradition as purest fiction based on ritual, he specifically devotes chapters 9 and 15 in his 1952 revision of The Hero to taking care of any shred of historicity to which Agammemnon might have clung. This is now available for \$1.25 from Vintage Books in pb--it is a very disillusioning book, going so far as to calumniate Robin Hood as a glorified May-god, but there are people who claim Raglan is inarguable in the main.

Under lawyer and legality, Roget lists no single-word intransitive verbs which would correspond to "teaching" or "engineering" as a short description of what a lawyer does. How about shysterling? Do you think Joe Hensley would object?

Gilbert's females seem to have suffered the death of a litter recently.

There's a lengthy comment here about me and glasses and how I stared at stars one year and discovered a bad case of nearsightedness the next year--but on re-reading it it doesn't seem worth a third of a page, Juanita. In fact, that's about all I said in it, right there in one short sentence.

You people continue to publish highly legible, readable mailing comments, and yet you produce a thick, popular generalzine allatime. You are amazing, truly amazing.

SALUD (Elinor) Poetry and footnotes go together in translations of Vergil or Wolfram, but aren't you belaboring a cute thing? Besides, entropy has never aroused me to such a fever-pitch of ecstasy, so I'm afraid the whole thing was lost on me.

I have always considered "Fast Falls the Eventide" the most beautiful title in the genre, and only years after reading it did I concede another to rank equally--"The Silken Swift". The latter is, tho, top-notch because of the imagery it conjures, while my elden love is beautiful in itself as an assembly of English words that need not extend to pictorial grandeur.

Your comments on my article in Lighthouse make me think you thought it was a slash&blast article, which it most certainly was not--it was just good, clean fun, poking at Pete Graham's cloak of negative patience as an excuse to dust off a few old Berkeley stories that needed telling. And this reminds me of a story (next page).

Sam Moskowitz visited the Bay Area during my summer schooling in July, and a bunch of us fans and pros (the latter are very much fans in Berkeley) were invited to a party for him at Ben Stark's home on a Friday evening. In the course of the evening, Sam captivated the lot of us with the story of Ted White's attack on Frau Doktor Moskowitz and his (Sam's) reaction to it, which should appear in this FAPA mailing, spake he sooth.

So he was describing this Ted White article to us in such a way that I thought he had read nothing of the Hydra club report but only the attack on Christine, and we were rolling in the aisles because most of us know Ted White in one way or another and it is really delightful to hear Sam tell such things; and he turned to Rog Graham early off and said, "You may know of the magazine, because it seems to me there was a snide attack on you in the same issue," and at this Rog and I looked at each other and laughed like we would explode our lungs, falling all over ourselves and generally being quite disrespectful and bewildering our guest no end.

I wish I had had time to think of a clever reply, but you never think of those things when you need them, and all I could gasp was that I had written that other article. "It was no attack, Sam," I said, "It was just meant in fun and really happened. Rog tells that story himself, the same way."

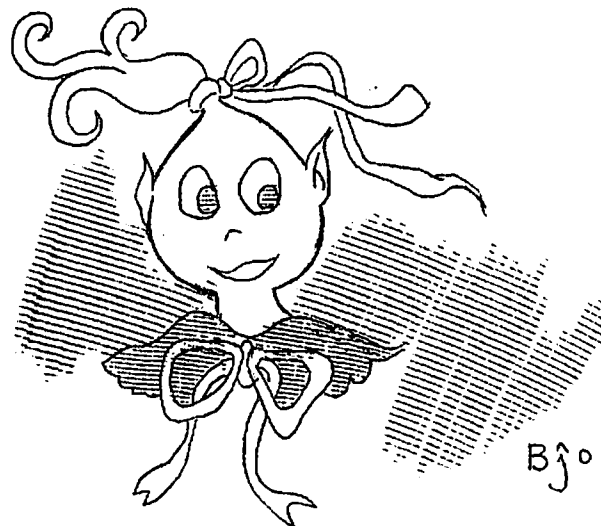
"Oh," he said, obviously confused by Rog's big grin and my frank admission of what he considered a terrible guilt. "I guess you can't tell the attacks from the fun any more," he finished lamely. Which I guess is as good a way as any of admitting his confusion at me seemingly attacking Rog in print, and then trying to make it look like a joke in front of my helpless victim. Another case, I guess, of an outsider not understanding Berkeley humor.

SERCON'S BANE (Big Daddy) What kind of a city is Tampa that it is not only exotic but faroof? Faroof sounds like a brilliantly mystic form of eulogy in a language undoubtedly comprehended by none but you and Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett.

The girls who stand out in memory as real knockouts always had real vibrant crowbar-biting-through type voices; this includes a couple of otherwise not very attractive girls. I avoided a girl in some offices where I janitored while at Cal even though my work could have had me hanging around her desk all the time, because her china-doll type beauty was destroyed by a nasal, Jersey accent. Or did you want Youth's opinion?

"You Don't Look Like a Graham" was not a reprint; I wrote it especially for Pete for the second Lighthouse. A commissioned article, like.

ALIF (K Anderson) The Marines have thoroughly brainwashed me, because when you mentioned your bougainvillia my mind jumped to Bougain Ville (WWII) and thence to Belleau Woods (WWI) and to an evening of sitting on the concrete floor of a quonset hut while an old sergeant told us recruits about USMC participation in those wars. Funny kind of skatekey.



That's the best mimeographed rainbow I've ever seen, Karen; and Doheug looks great up there, using the borders of the panel as a skyhook. When are you going to do another full-fledge comic strip? Or after two, do things happen?

Your story was entertaining, even if it was pure SAPSfiction; this sort of fiddlefaddle with a myriad of nonsensicals and a few realities is the finest product of SAPS to the mind of a die-hard FAPAn (altho I must admit a couple of minor ventures into other apas...but I really mean by that that I am a non-SAPSite, I guess). Did you read Don Simpson's story retold by Steve Tolliver in Gaul 3?

LAUNDRY MARK (Hevelin) Rusty old jarhead, you have the penultimate in incomprehensible (wrong division?) mailing comments--you don't fully identify the person to whom you speak. I know it's alfabetical ofder, but you combine incomplete and cryptic comments with incomplete identification and it is more than just difficult to read your magazine.

RAMBLING FAP (Sgt. Calkins, Sir) An acorn to you for standing up to that young whippersnapper Corey, old artichoke. May I add to your remarks that in 1954 and 1955 the apas were only just becoming medium-sized potatoes, and a WHO ZOO list would of necessity emphasize genzine activity, in what the FTLaneyack called "the great unorganized body of fandom". In this light, you three would surely have been wrong in listing the top apans as the top fans--while today things are quite different.

I maintain that the vice-president has the easiest office, not the president. Prexies Economou, Pavlat and Evans have, in quick time, established the presidency as a working position--through no fault of their own, of course. I hardly did any work as veep--witness my light-hearted, brief reports that year.

Getting pretty pudgy, aren't you, Sarge? I'm down to 175. Aren't going to let a Lance Corporal show you up, are you? Tsk tsk.

LIMBO (Rike but really Donaho, the sneak) Turk and Juno undoubtedly became Turk and Duke in The Swiss Family Robinson because modern kids would wonder why Turk and Juno didn't have a litter during the movie like dogs seem to do ever since Lady and the Tramp. Sex is a big thing in movies today, Bill--go see a movie sometime when you need more kicks than you can get from the books Danny leaves around the house. Disney couldn't have kids asking their parents why the dogs didn't have a litter, could he? Rather risk homosexual dogs in his movie than that--fewer kids would understand it.

NULL F (White) 70 miles per hour per second is 47.75 feet per second per second, which is 1.532 g. Not very much at all--not anywhere near escape velocity (which is to be expected, since it was produced by a car). Of course, this is my bad year for arithmetic, so maybe I figured this wrong.

TALKING RAIN ETC (Bourne et all) Myer, who do you think you are? Don Wilson? Can't you even crank out eight pages in a whole everloving year? Why, in my worst years in FAPA I have put more initiative and personal labor into my contributions than you have this year. Do you know, I bet if you wrote two pages a month--say, every tenth of the month, around eight pm--why, I bet you a round, shiny dollar that by the time your deadline comes around each year you could put twenty-four pages of your stuff in the mailing. And I mean, you could do it with no more work than stencilling all

the stuff that had piled up all year, and you could feel good and complacent about it instead of feeling like you haven't done your part, like you must feel after publishing this skimpy, undernourished eight pages of mostly other people.

Don't you?

VINEGAR WORM (Leman) You and the Shaws, Larry & Noreen, have absolutely convinced me about snow. Man, like iceville--keep it in the mountains and keep me on the seashore.

A pencil guster is to the stationer as the birdsmith is to an ornithologist.

Tomato soup is monotonous, uninspired pap, worse than old potato soup, and I defy you in saying this so that you amn't able to think that FAPANS cater to newcomers in all things. Both soups are no good lacking chocolate cake in them. Vegetable soup is fun because it has interesting lumps of meat and vegetables--and funny green things that I sure hope are vegetables because meat shouldn't be green and anything else green in there would bother me no end.

DESCANT (Clarkes) Norm, you forgot about Jews having an aggressive inferiority complex. Some of my best friends are Jews too, like Sid Coleman (watch him deny it!) and they're always lording it over us decent folk about how inferior they are, and how rotten we would be to them if it wouldn't label us as prejudiced. Sid Coleman is a Jew through and through--I mean, he is all Jew--and he's always telling Jew jokes and deriving his monumental reputation as a raconteur from our discomfort at his racism which is, as everyone knows, because of his long nose and aggressive inferiority.

Boy is he a Jew.

And boy, is it a good thing we kept W----l out of FAPA.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) Surprise--my employer isn't an Oklahoma corporation after all. We have an office in Tulsa, however, where we do aircraft conversion (passenger-to-cargo). Home offices are at Santa Monica, California.

Concerning Hallowe'en: James Frazer, in The Golden Bough, describes its pagan origins and Christianization in medieval times, including descriptions of the pagan autumnal festivals involving sacred and prophetic fires, divination therefrom, witches' and goblins' feasts, etc--the various activities, in short, which lead to modern trick-or-treating. The Encyclopedia Brittanica (article, "Hallowe'en") confirms all this briefly but disagrees with a few of Sir James' dates, and adds that the secular practices of Hallowe'en were introduced to this country by British and Scottish immigrants in the early nineteenth century, but fell into disfavor because of the Irish immigrants following 1840. By the fin de ciecle property damage was mounting so, due to increased urbanization and the ubiquity of the auto, that many cities passed laws against trick-or-treating and the associated vandalism. The article goes on--but I think it establishes that the custom existed long before you were born, Dan; it is, of course, possible that no one practiced it in your part of the southwest until after you'd grown up.

all i know is what i read in the fantasy amateur
