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* * PLEASURE UNITS #9 * *
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PLEASURE UNITS #9, January, 1965, is published and written by Gordon Eklund, CMR #3, Box 5994, Travis AFB, California, 94535, for the 70th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. This issue is dedicated to the memory of Finely Snipson, mainly because Finely is the only person we know who has kicked off lately. Best of luck to you, Finely.

LOST IN A WHOREHOUSE: Once upon a time, somewhere in the wilds of suburbia, there existed a fat, ugly little kid. The boy's name was Bruce Edward "Smith." Actually his name wasn't "Smith," or anything resembling that name. We're planning on covering up all sorts of indecent stuff in this story, so we plan to start right here with that last name. We also don't enjoy getting the "heck" sued out of us.

Aside from the fact that nobody understood him, and that he was quite fat and ugly, Bruce had one huge hang-up. He was both a coward and a bully. He was afraid of his own shadow to tell the truth, and this wasn't only because his shadow was quite fat and ugly. But Bruce thought of himself and tried to act rough, tough, and mean, just like all that Mike Hammer stuff he'd be reading, if only he could have learned how to read.

Everyday, after the conclusion of school, which Bruce wasn't too "hot" at, he'd wander around the neighborhood beating up the other kids. He'd start with the smallest snot he could find, beat hell out of that kid, and then move on to a somewhat larger snot. He'd gain many thrills and lotsa kicks out of this, and would mumble to himself and call himself "Butch" and all sorts of weird imaginative stuff like that.

But, in the midst of his journeys, Bruce would always run into old Walter Goldwater. Walt was the toughest guy on the block, and would always, never fail, beat hell out of Bruce. This used to happen just about every day. It was frankly turning Bruce into a paranoid brat, not to mention a scared-as-hell-brat.

One day the two of them really had it out. Right in the middle of the street. All the little kids on the neighborhood gathered. They liked to watch Walter beat hell out of Bruce. Their parents went along with this, figuring it was better than having the kids sitting around the house watching tv all afternoon.

"Beat hell out of that fast bastard," cheered all the five and six year-olds, laughing as they tossed rocks at the opposing fighters.

Actually it wasn't much of a fight. It never was. Walter immediately preceeded to knee Bruce in the groin. This toppled Bruce to the ground. Walter then jumped on him, and kept on jumping. This went on for five or ten minutes, while the spectators went around picking up coke bottles and dropping them on Bruce's head. If they couldn't find any coke bottles, they'd just spit in his eye, or something.

After a half-hour more, this bit got to be dull. Walter quit jumping, and sat down on top of Bruce to think for awhile.

"

"Hey," he yelled, leaping to his feet, "let's go find a cop to kill." All the little kids cheered at this, and the whole bunch of them went romping down the street, leaving Bruce lying in the middle of the road, spilling blood all over the place.

A window flew upon across the street from where Bruce lay. A dirty old laugh floated across the distance to reach Bruce's car. It was Herman Fitch again. The dirty old man of the neighborhood.

"Ahahaha," said Herman Fitch, with a phony Japanese accent, as he dashed wildly across the street to where Bruce lay, "you sure must be a pretty goddam unpopular little guy. Ahahaha." Herman dropped a coke bottle on Bruce's head. He laughed again. "Ahahaha."

"Hey, kid," said Herman, "I'll tell you what's wrong with you. You don't know where you're not wanted. Why don't you do something helpful and constructive. Like committing suicide. Or maybe run away into the woods to find yourself, and get eaten up by a lion. You ought to do something good for a change." Herman smiled at this own excellent use of modern psychological techniques.

Old Herman Fitch stayed around for a few more minutes, poking Bruce with a stick to see if the kid still hurt any. After a bit he wandered back into his house, where he spent the rest of the day potting plants and reading dirty books.

Bruce lay in the street and thought about what Herman Fitch had said. Maybe the dirty old man was correct. He picked himself up, made an indecent gesture towards Herman Fitch's home, spit out a couple teeth, counted his broken ribs, and headed off towards the forest. He figured he might really find himself among all those trees, and, anyway, it was much less painful than committing suicide.

He wandered around for days in the woods, eating berries and fruits and that crap, and thinking he was Daniel Boone.

"Goddam," he said aloud once, "maybe I am Daniel Boone." All I've got to say about that is that if Bruce were Daniel Boone, he was an awfully fat Daniel Boone.

Then he met the gingerbreadman. It is pretty rare that anyone meets a gingerbreadman in the middle of the forest, but there, right before Bruce's eyes, one came walking along.

"Hey, you dirty brown gingerbreadman," said Bruce, "what are you doing out here in the forest. I thought you were just storybook crap, like that stuff in those books Herman Fitch always reads us kids?"

"You're right, Meyer," said the old gingerbreadman, "this is indeed a new and strange scene for me. It is so new and strange in fact that I do believe it will be necessary to change my previous image. In order to do this, I believe I will now proceed to gobble you up. That is indeed something new and strange."

And before Bruce had even the slightest chance to voice an objection, the gingerbreadman had gobbled the fat little boy up. There was absolutely nothing left of Bruce Edward "Smith" except a pile of dirty clothing in the middle of the forest.

"Ahahaha," said the gingerbreadman, slapping himself on the stomach and belching loudly. Then Herman Fitch took off his gingerbreadman suit, laughed again, louder than hell, and went back home to pot plants.

When news of Bruce's untimly demise had come from the forest, things in his old neighborhood were happy and joyous.

"This is the best news I've received since they passed prohibition," his parents asserted to a small batch of reporters from the big city. The reporters nodded their heads in sympathy for the mourning parents.

A few days afterwards, having completed a hurried period of mourning, Bruce's parents adopted old Herman Fitch as their new son. Herman was indeed 84 years old, but he didn't eat nearly so much as Bruce had, and he did do work around the house, like potting plants. Then, too, he had a much keener sense of humor than that possessed by his predecessor. He was always brightening up his homelife by saying "Ahahaha."

A few days later, however, Herman finally got around to flipping out. This had been expected of him for years, but Herman never believed in doing the expected. Apparently, Herman had attempted to poison his new mother and father. In punishment they had taken away his massive collection of "dirty stuff." This angered old Herman. He stayed up in his room for a full week, built an atomic bomb, and dropped it on the neighborhood, out of a bomber he had swiped. It really wasn't a very social move, and most psychologists frowned all over their office when they heard of it.

Three thousand miles away, on the other side of the country, Herman's brother, Melvin Fitch, was asked by some reporters of what he thought of Herman's death. Herman, too, was killed in the explosion.

"He was a clean old man," Melvin answered, pushing a pregnant woman reporter down a flight of stairs, "clean all the way through. Had no faults to speak of." Melvin then gobbled two of the reporters up, said a couple magic words, potted a couple plants, and disappeared never to be seen again.

WHERE'S THE BUFFER, MEYER? Describing people on paper so that they almost come alive and give the reader a fat lip is a harder than hell thing to do. Because I'm young and turned on by huge challenges, I think I'll make a shot at the one described above. The person I want to tell you about is one who actually lives and breathes. His name is George Padilla. Actually George Padilla is relatively simple to describe. In fact, I can handle the bit in one short, crisp word. Fat. George Padilla is fatter than hell.

"I weigh 180 pounds," George shouted in my presence one previously quiet evening. You see, George shared, at this time, a room with myself and

a third party, whose name is Mike Butler. That very evening Mike had questioned George on the subject of his weight. This particular point was one Mike and I had frequently discussed among ourselves.

"How much do you weigh, George?" is how Mike had put the question.

A dangerous question to ask, as we both found out.

"But, George, I weigh 160 pounds," said Mike. "I'm a full inch taller than you, too. You ^{are} fatter than hell, also. I'm not."

"I still weigh 180 pounds," said George Padilla, who went back to doing whatever had been holding his attention before the Big Question had been brought forward.

Mike looked at me. I looked back. We both laughed like hell. This sort of thing happened quite frequently around George Padilla.

I had vaguely known George Padilla before he moved into our room. He and I had spent a weekend helping others load dogfood onto aircraft bound for Korea. But, really, that isn't the swiftest scene in which to get to know people.

George popped into a vacancy in our room last August. He claimed that he wanted to leave his old room because one of his roommates was unclean, that both of them persecuted him, and that, anyway, they never turned the lights out. Those reasons struck me as pretty sound, like.

Things weren't the same around here for the two or so months George spent in our room. ~~The~~ Day he moved into the room, in fact, was almost traumatic. He started to toss his own stuff in all corners, a bit frowned on by most good airmen. We figured he was trying to take over the room. "Today Room 108, tomorrow the world," was an old gag that I supplied for the occasion. Then there was his picture collection.

Now, a large number of individuals I have known since entering the Air Force a year and a half ago have had collections of photographs. But these photocollections were made up entirely of naked women. George's photographs were of women. That much is true. However, they were all old, funky, and clothed from one end to the other. I was frankly puzzled all over the place.

"Say, George," I asked him one evening, "who is that ugly old bitch whose photograph you have plastered all over my former typing table. Her face turns my stomach and messes up my dreaming something fierce."

"That ^{is} my mother," said George Padilla. He didn't speak to me again for a full week.

"There's a touchy subject I feel like bringing up," said Mike Butler to George one night. With George everything is a touchy subject, from religion to baseball. "Gordon and I are getting bugged by your mother's picture being all over this room. We have to live here, too, and she gets a bit embarrassing after a time."

George, in a kindly move, removed all of his pictures. In fact both Mike and I got pretty worried about where he might have put them.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he has them taped to his back," Mike told me once. I nodded in vigorous agreement.

George was a near expert at the art of stupid conversation. Stupid conversation is talking stupidly, frequently, in case you hadn't managed to guess.

I particularly recall one bright morning when the three of us were busily cleaning up the hallway prior to an inspection. I was down at the far end of the hall, mopping the floor. Mike and George were in the middle, doing something, a good ways distant from me.

I heard a strange voice, which I later learned belonged to "Woody," the dirty old man of the barracks.

"Where's the buffer?" Woody asked, presumably needing the thing to buff his room before inspection time.

"What?" asked George. I'd heard the question quite clearly, but George is a little slow at times.

"Where's the buffer?" Woody asked again. Knowing the buffer was on the second floor somewhere, I went back to mopping.

"I don't have a brother," said George Padilla.

I broke up.

George was pretty completely lacking in a sense of humor, too. This never helped him out much. Both Mike and I are practical jokers, of sorts, and George's solemn reactions only lead on us to bigger and better things. One evening, just after he moved into the room, we short-shooted his bed. He wouldn't speak to us for a full week.

Just before he moved out, about a month back, we had some more trouble with him. I came back to the barracks early from work. It was on a Friday and I was looking forward to my free weekend. Fifteen minutes later George walked in. His bed was flipped around backwards, his towel and wash cloth had disappeared, all of his toilet articles were equally absent from the medicine cabinet, and his shoes were in all corners of the room. He looked at all this, cast dirty looks at both Mike and myself, and left.

We didn't see him again until two a.m. the following morning.

"Where the hell can George be?" wondered Mike and I all evening long. We fixed all of us stuff back; he still didn't return. We played a couple hands of cards; still no sign of George. We left and ate the midnight meal; George wasn't there when we arrived back home. He had been wearing fatigues when he left and couldn't have gone far. We decided to check the barracks for him.

At one-thirty Mike found him. "George is upstairs watching television," he reported back to me. "He's been up there for eight goddam hours."

George had frequently made complaints in the past that Mike and I keep him awake at night talking to each other until two or three in the am

morning. He claimed that he needed his sleep. I felt that the fact that we were frequently talking about George, himself, had something to do with his complaints.

Keeping all of this in mind, Mike and I undressed and jumped into bed, turning out the lights beforehand. We knew George had to come back any minute. Television doesn't run all night. Even in California.

A few minutes after we had gotten under the covers I walked George Padilla. He turned on a small light, being as careful as possible not to make the slightest noise while undressing. He most certainly did not want either Mike or myself waking up on him. After a few minutes of quiet prodding, George turned off the light and crawled in bed.

Immediately Mike popped up. "Say, Gordon, what did you think of Mickey Mantle in the Series?"

Not being much of a New York Yankee fan, I muttered something obscure in reply.

George Padilla leaped six inches in the air. Mike and I laughed like hell.

After we had controlled the laughing and smirking, Mike turned to George.

"Why," he asked, "did you spend eight solid hours watching television?"

"Because," said George Padilla, in his famous logic, "I felt like it."

"Most sane people," I put in, dripping sarcasm all over my covers, "do not spend eight hours watching television. You must have had a blast."

"I'll watch television for twenty-four hours if I feel like it," was the only answer I received. Mike kept at him for the next few minutes. He didn't have much success. The last time we told George off we got him to admit he needed to see a psychiatrist. No such luck this time. After a time Mike gave up. He and I spent the next hour discussing children's tv programs, Howdy Doody, and all that nostalgic crap.

I woke up again at five a.m. The CQ had just walked into the room.

"Who's Padilla," asked the Staff Sergeant on duty. I pointed towards Padilla's sleeping form. The CQ walked over to George's bunk and began pounding on his back for the next few minutes. After enough of this, George was wide awake. The CQ left. A few minutes later I heard George follow, presumably headed towards the orderly room in order to find out why he had been gotten up at five o'clock on a Saturday morning.

I knew the reason. I laughed like hell thinking about it. I was the one who had eagerly agreed with Mike Butler's idea that George's name should be entered on the squadron wake-up roster for that very morning. We both thought it ~~most~~ amusing idea.

Some people refer to it as mental cruelty, extreme variety.

Really I could go on like this for literally hours. I could tell how George got highly PO'd at Mike and myself for referring to him as the Padilla-hound. We changed his name to "Bobo." I could tell about George and the Christophers. The Christophers are some sort of Catholic gang which places a message on the local rock 'n roll station when the station cuts off the air at midnight every evening. This message is religious, usually, and Catholic, always. I tried to turn it off one night. George objected. Being tolerant, I let the Christophers have their say. Mike got all curious about them. He asked George to tell him all about the Christophers. When George had concluded, Mike said something like: "Well, you learn something new every day." I had to say something: "Yes, even when you don't want to." George accused me of religious prejudice. He didn't talk to me for weeks after that bit.

Gads, I could even tell about George's book of records numbers. He jotted down the number of every album he could discover. He never bought them; just collected their numbers. The records he did buy were quite terrible, in fact. Extremely Square stuff, indeed. Dean Martin and all sorts of wild Spanish crap. The whole scene.

Yes, I could tell a lot more about George Padilla. But I won't. I have just realized that I have made him come so disgusting alive that I'm afraid that he's apt to pop into the room at any moment, read this over my shoulder, and give me a fat lip.

A few days after the second draft of this piece was completed, George Padilla moved out. He was moving to another barracks he announced. Presumably where people will treat him better. Maybe even tuck him in at night. Although we work in the same building, I have seen him only at a distance since he left. Actually, I know realize that George did have some goods points. He was polite and generally considerate of others. These are highly desirable characteristics in a roommate. And I was pretty cruel to him, too. Putting my own need for laughter and fun over his wish for quiet and consideration. I was both selfish and cruel, in fact. But I'm not going to say that I've decided to shape up and stop torturing people. I'd only be lying if I did. But in a way it is fortunate George moved out. While writing the early drafts of this piece, I thought up something new and wildly radical to pull on him. I wondered, for nights, what his reaction would be if I strolled up to him and gave him a fat lip. Gad, he would probably have flipped out and gone violent.

LOVELETTERS IN THE SLOP: Dear May (1Dec): It was about a week ago that I decided I was in love with you. The reason was Spring and Joey. Joey said I dirty thing about you. I hit him. That means I love you. Do you love me too? You didn't used to. If you do, let's go to the show tomorrow.

Herman

Dear Herman, (1Dec)

Yes, I love you, very, very much, I guess. I will go to the show with you. Meet me there. My father doesn't like boys. Oh, yes, I forgot. I love Joey, too. Ask Joey if he loves me very, very much and kisses. If he doesn't tell him, I will give him his ring back.

What dirty thing did he say about me? I must go wash dishes.

May

Dear May, (5Dec)

The show was fun. Joey says he hates you and wants his ring back. He doesn't love you and says I can. The dirty thing he said about you he said again. I feel sorry for you and love you more than anything today. I dream of you every night. I love you one million times over and over. Can I borrow your math lesson.

Herman

Dear Herman, (5Dec)

I love you today, too. I wear your ring and kiss it all day long. I love you and hate Joey. But we're still friends. I think Bob now loves me. He's the new guy that came yesterday. Joan is spending the weekend with me. She loves Joey now because I don't and said for her to.

May

Dear May, (7Dec)

I hear Bob asked you to the dance. You better have said no or I won't love you any more. I do love you now, of course, so see me after class.

Herman

Dear Herman (8Dec)

I can't love you anymore and will return the ring. It wasn't much of a ring anyhow. I'm in love with Bob today and forever. Joan says she loves you now but not Joey. Nobody loves Joey, I guess. We can still be friends and maybe we'll fall in love again later. Bob has a stereo record player.

May

Dear May, (8Dec)

We are still friends. I decided I didn't love you yesterday but decided I would give you one more chance. I love Joan now, which will be fun. I gave her my ring at lunch. We better not write anymore notes or Bob might not love you or Joan me. We love each other deeply. Me and Joan.

Herman

SCETCHINGS: The previous word is a title I have decided to use for dull on-stencil stuff like this crap; used to fill the bottom of a stencil. I suppose I should note, since this is the first SAPSish thing I have done in two or three mailings that I have decided to stay in the group. At least till I get in FAPA. Followig issues will be much like this one. Composed of non-mc stuff that I have written and can't think of anything else to do with, and mailing comments, when I feel like it. I will leave it to Bob Lichtman to decide whether this represents my "best stuff" or only "second rate crap." That appears to be his scene.

You won't find any mention of Walter Breen in these pages. I'm in and so is he. I can't see any point in discussing the question. I voted on the question. That should be enough. I don't plan to spend my whole life on it. And, gee, he goofed up last time and put a quote of mine on his cover. I can't let magnamity like that go unrewarded.

MAILING COMMENTS
(SAPS / 69)

SPELEOBEM 25 (Pelz): Whether a piece of writing is good or bad is pretty much a matter of taste. One man's "great stuff" is another man's "pile of crap," as a well known Eastern philosopher once put it. The judgment of the writer is pretty much as bigoted as that of anyone else. I think certain things I write are better than others, but that doesn't mean that anyone else will agree with my judgment. Because of this, I don't consciously attempt to place "first rate," or even "second rate," material into SAPS. SAPS, like everything else, gets whatever I feel like putting into it at the time the deadline approaches. :: Carefully written material is another matter. Certain things I put more work into than others. An article that has been rewritten five or six times is undoubtedly more carefully written than an on-stencil mailing comment. That doesn't mean, however, that it is better, though the likelihood is there.

YEZIDEE 9 (Dian Pelz): Have you really met fans who are incapable of discussing anything except fandom and/or science fiction? That's pretty sick. Have you ever/^{thought} that just maybe the only thing they can discuss with you (or think they can discuss with you) are those fascinating conversation pieces called fandom and science fiction. Really, I have met people who appear, at first, to be all limited like that. After getting to know them better, one discovers many more common conversational grounds than first appeared evident. Gee, for that matter, I bet there are a lot of people who say about me: "He can't discuss anything except baseball," or even, "He can't discuss anything except sex," and probably some who have said, "He can't discuss anything except fandom and science fiction." Gee, Dian Pelz, it had been my impression that you couldn't discuss anything except fandom and science fiction.

It was a real pleasure when I finally got to meet you at the NonCon in July. For some strange reason, and despite all information to the contrary, I had been firmly convinced that you were a dirty old lady, about the size of Sophie Tucker, with the general personality of Tars Tarkas. Madam, I humbly apologize.

ISSUE 3 (Baker): Hey, man, I was really sorry to hear that you were depressed when you wrote this fanzine. That's a pretty depressing thought. But I know how you felt. I was depressed once myself. "You're a sick and depressed young man," was the way my psychiatrist put it. When I asked him to explain himself ("Define your goddam terms,") he started shouting all over the room about how I was crazy and nuts and out of my goddam mind. Of course, I had to hit him. Luckily I got such a big joy out of this scene that I completely snapped out of my depression. These days I run around depressing only about 25% of the time.

MEST 17 (Johnstone): The Beatles are indeed quite neat, sir, and I'm overjoyed to note your agreement. I own three albums by the Beatles and play them every chance I get—when there's no one else around to laugh at my disgustingly low tastes. The British

competition is pretty purile all right. Especially when compared to the Beatles. My roommate has an album by one of these groups (Gerry and the Pacemakers) and we're both nearly unanimous in putting them down. There is some good stuff, but it is rare...Mostly the music of the Beatles isn't all that great if one isn't a rock 'n roll fan. Since I am, I do like their music. But "A Hard Day's Night" is great stuff whether one appreciates the Beatles' singing or not. It is a wonderfully beautiful film. I hope you've been able to see it by now.

As a matter of fact, since you asked, I have changed. I change all the time. I consider it a hobby of mine. Changing, that is. But all this is beside the point. I started this paragraph in order to give you a chance to switch your opinions. Are you sure, like, that you "agree with (me) all through" Pleasure Units #7?? "All through."? With everything? Ahahaha. I guess you've changed, then.

Why aren't you strong on unhappy stories. Having decided to quit wasting my time reading escapist crap some months ago, I tossed out my Tarzan collection and started buying worthwhile novels of the modern age. These mostly tend to be highly unhappy and quite depressing. But life is pretty much depressing and lonely and, pretty much unhappy. The purpose of Great Writing is to show Universal Experience. Most worthwhile Universal Experiences tend to be unhappy as can be. I may not "like" this sort of stuff, but I do think it is worthwhile and improves the mind. Faulkner is better than Toskey, as a literary acquaintance of mine once wrote.

SAUVIGNON BLANC (Fitch): Congratulations. For the first time you said something I agree with. Fandom does "display only a limited number of facets of the individual's entire personality." You might have added, if you had thought about it, that the individual exercises supreme control over which facets are to be exhibited to the world. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that extended personal contact with fans can be disillusioning as hell. I don't believe that fans can or do shape images for themselves. I don't think anyone can completely warp into a new personality like that overnight. But selection of personality characteristics can be done. It is simple, expected, and unhealthy. I do it all the time.

SPACEWARP 79 (Rapp): A Sergeant I once worked under had his nine-year old son doing his work for him. The work was all wrong and I was getting blamed for it. I mentioned to the sergeant something about federal child-labor laws but he didn't go for the reference. But he and I don't get along too well. Gee, I once went so far as to offer money to a big, strong guy getting discharged if the big, strong guy would beat up this sergeant for me. "Five bucks if you draw blood; ten if you put him in the hospital." Cooler heads prevailed, however, and that scene never came off.

Do you really believe that "Occidentals...cannot enjoy their chlorestoral rich diet in peace, knowing that some 5,000 miles directly beneath their feet brownskinne skeletons are expiring for lack of calories." That may be pretty fine writing, but I don't think it is true. I sure as hell don't even think about these "brownskinne skeletons" most of the time. I doubt that you do either, really. Most of us worry only about things that currently and directly affect us. Something happening 5,000 miles

away or likely to happen 20 or 30 years in the future doesn't faze us in the slightest. The "battle for the political allegiance of the coolie crowd" is possibly the least worried problem in America. Stuff like this exists, but nobody really cares. I care, whenever I happen to think of the subject. But I seldom think about it.

SLUG 9 (Weber): I see you have used the term "wheeze" here in your mailing comments. I find that to be one of the most fascinating words in the English language. Before this I have always connected it, in my mind, to the writings of John Berry. He seems to meet lots of people who "wheeze." What really shakes me up, Mr. Weber, about your use of the term is where you use it. The term "wheeze" I discover in the middle of a mailing comment to John Berry, describing the actions of a Belfast busdriver. Gad, Wally Weber, do you mean people in Belfast, Northern Ireland, really do "wheeze"? That's fantastic.

IGNATZ 34 (Nancy Rapp): Here I was all set to point out how entirely wrong you were on how criminals were to be fought with their own methods. I was going to ask you for your definition of criminal. I was going to ask you what these methods that criminals use so well happen to be. I was even going to point out how a criminal is a criminal for his methods as well as for his actions. You appeared to be advocating a police state ruled over by criminal minded police. I had almost decided I was going to have to quote Clarence Darrow at you, which is going pretty far since I pretty much consider Darrow to have been Off His Ass. Fortunately while all of this was whirling around in my mind, I detected your claim that you had composed these comments while in a condition other than "sober." Because of this, I have decided not to say anything at all. Boy, you sure say stupid things when you're drunk, don't you? :: A person more cynical than myself might note that the general quality of SAPSzines is reflected by the fact that certain members are now admitting that they write their zines while unsobber.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLDMINE 2 (Mann): I once heard a radio station repeat the same football score three times during the same newscast. Each repetition of the score was preceeded by the announcer's "Whoops, we almost missed one here." Despite things like this, we have a fairly good radio scene around here. There's a choice of at least a half dozen good, pure rock 'n roll stations. Probably even more. Accouple of them run all night, including the best of the lot KYA, San Francisco. Unfortunately we don't have a radio at the present time. This cuts down the selection somewhat. So I listen to Beatles records and compose mailing comments. Anything to keep me off the streets.

RESIN 18 (Metcalf): I was simply going to let this stupid list of Berkeley mailboxes go by with a cryptic comment about how you, Norman C Metcalf, were out of your goddam mind. Thumbing through the listing, however, reminds me of a couple of things I wanted to say. Firstly, this publication has had prior distribution, of sorts. I recall that one time, while I was putting you down for not having a sense of humor, you interrupted me by repeating this list of mailboxes and delivery times to me, from memory. I believe I admitted to you at that time that you probably did have a sense of humor. Secondly, you missed

one: there's a mailbox at 8th and Ashby with collection hours at 1622 and 0901. Sometimes, however, the post office is between one to three minutes late on these times. You almost blew there, Metcalf.

POR QUE? (Doreen Webbert): I have read three or four of the Manning Coles stories, and have a couple more sitting around waiting to be read. The first two in the Tommy Habledon series were the best of those I have read. Particularly fine was the second, in which Habledon is running around all over Nazi Germany, as one of Hitler's right hand men, not even remembering he's a British spy until the fifth or sixth chapter. Actually I don't read much of that spy crap these days. Unless it has a lot of blood and gore and sex in it; like James Bond. I have read a couple books by John le Care, however, and they're quite fine. He's the man who scored at the top of the best seller charts earlier in the year with The Spy Who Came in from the Cold. His spy is a quiet, reserved introvert, a refreshing change from the average run-of-the-mill spy.

POT POURRI 35 (Berry): I made a New Year's resolution not to make any more direct "I liked this" or "I didn't like this crap" type mailing comments. I think I'll have to break that resolution here. I liked "The Goon's Greatest Adventure" very much indeed. I didn't think it was a very good James Bond satire, though, or even that it was a James Bond satire. The Goon is about as dense as Bond, however, in the manner in which he slips and stumbles into the most obvious traps. You come close, man.

NIFLHEIM 9 (Hulan): A good portion of the enjoyment I receive from fandom these inactive days comes from a certain sense of self satisfaction. Because of this I hardly ever publish on stencil writings. My Cultletters are written first draft, of course, and they are written with the expectation of being published. But this is about all the on-stencil composition I do. This SAPS zinc, for instance, is entirely second draft material. One of the articlettes was even third drafted. Despite this work, I don't expect any more response than would normally be gathered from six pages of on-stencil mailing comments. Probably less, for that matter. But the self satisfaction is there. I get a huge, egotistical charge out of re-reading my stuff, hot off the stencil, and laughing like hell at my own words.

I don't believe it has ever been shown that ^{reading} hard core pornography is unhealthy in itself, certainly not that it is destructive to the psyche. Neither does it appear to create "overt" actions of the part of the individual. From what I have been able to discover, pornography is something that a sick mind is drawn to. It isn't a factor in the creation of the sickness. In fact, it may even be healthy, serving as a substitute for more overt actions. This would even be true for the most sadistic pornography, and most pornography is rather sadistic. As far as I can determine there has been no substantial reason brought forth for not allowing the free circulation of pornographic material to everyone, regardless of age. It would certainly be better if more thorough psychological research could be performed prior to the free circulation move. However, since it is illegal to possess pornography, and even more illegal to allow minors to freely peruse it, this places psychologists in a somewhat embarrassing position when it comes to such experimentation.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 10 (Lewis): I share Dian Pelz's reactions as you describe them almost completely. I frequently tend to tell people off and get into huge, giant, personal arguments. But I forget such things pretty rapidly. I find that others tend to carry grudges much longer and harder than I do. This has led to a couple of pretty embarrassing scenes. I'm carrying things out of the fandom context here, but then Dian Pelz leads her life pretty much in fandom and I don't. But I am reminded of a fannish theory I have been developing for the last few months. I don't think that fans are nearly so hurt by attacks on their in-print personalities as they are by attacks on their "real" selves. Saying that: "Your letter gives me the feeling that you, Joe Phan, are stupid and boring," is not in the least bit shattering. It is something said about the phony, the fanzine Joe Phan. It doesn't bother him in the slightest. A conreport, however, which says: "In person Joe Phan is a stupid, deadly bore," is crushing as could be. Conreports are a pretty dangerous weapon in fandom. Does anyone, by the way, agree with this theory? Or am I merely projecting all over SAPS mailing #70.

I think it is pretty well impossible to achieve deep, personal, intimate communication in an apa. Most people, including myself, are highly selective about whom they are going to be personal. Most people in SAPS are not the type I am about to spew my personality in front of. You should also realize that most group conversations, three or more people, are nothing but surface chitterchatter. It is almost impossible to pursue any sort of meaningful personal conversation in a large group. You have to trust people before you can be intimate with them. Trust is something difficult to attain, and rarely is one in a group in which trust exists among all individuals. I can only recall a very few times in which I have been able to discover meaningful communication in a group. These few times have occurred when I have been a member of a Group, in which all the component individuals discovered a great deal of common interest and trust between themselves. Such instances are rare as hell. I don't think it is possible in an apa containing 36 highly distinct personalities. It is hard enough to do it in personal correspondence.

PILLAR OF FIRE 10 (Brown): Gad, Richard Brown, baby, you sure need to have a friend teach you some of the points of one-ups-manship. You flop rather sadly in your attempt to put down old Dian Pelz. Like, man, one just doesn't answer one paragraph asides with five and six page blasts of, as a compatriot of yours once put it, "vindicative emotionalism." Brevity, as a compatriot of mine once put it, is the soul of wit. And lately, Richard Brown, you have been anything but witty. Let's see, as your first study assignment I would suggest memorization of Dian Pelz's return to your comments. She is brief, to the point, witty, and one ups you all over SAPS mailing #69. After this I'll be willing to loan you a few of my better examples of the art. That is, if you are really interested in being educated. Gad, Brown, didn't the Air Force do anything for you?

On the other hand, you come on very sad, rather than silly, with all this crap about people being "animals" and "bald-faced liars." This sort of half-assed namecalling has prevaded an unfortunate amount of Breen material on both sides. I have even done some of it myself, sadly, but that was in Another Apa, and can be ignored. Perhaps the worst of your efforts

are the "I hereby cut you off from all communication with me" lines. That is like saying, "I have had my say. Like, I'm right. I won't listen to any reply you might come up with, so don't bother thinking one up." It is, to coin a term, chickenshit. If this is your reply to comments that you are not mature, I'm afraid you are guilty of gerberization, in defending yourself no less. A pity, really.

RETRO 34 (Busby): Your conreport was really fine stuff and I enjoyed reading it. I was particularly interested in your remarks on the boycotters present at the Pacificon II. Having long been interested in the subject of peaceful demonstrations and civil liberties, I followed their conduct at the convention quite closely. At first, I found them amusing. Later I was a bit disillusioned by the discovery that they were serious as hell about this and didn't realize the absurdity of the situation. They thought they were striking blows for freedom, rather than making themselves look silly or merely being irritating. I spent some time trying to figure out how one could tell a non-boycotter from a boycotter. The boycotters were so involved in their protest that they pretty much allowed themselves to be swallowed up by the mass of the convention. I finally decided that the fellow in the boycott was the guy with the solemn look on his face, and the free drink in his hand. I finally decided that I must not know as much about this freedom stuff as I had thought. Really, one would think that there are better methods for striking a blow for freedom than being chased out of a hotel mezzanine every couple hours.

MAINEIAC 26 (Cox): There are a goodly assortment of those old dime novel reprints floating around. I notice them on newsstands quite frequently. Occasionally, my eye is caught by a particularly neat Buffalo Bill cover, and I'll stop and thumb through the book, getting gassed out of my mind. I never buy them, of course. I don't read crap like that. Only serious, truly important literature makes up my diet. Like the Tarzan books.

Lee Jacobs must be correct about Atlanta being the center of Southern Culture if it really has six rocknroll stations. That's culture at its peak. Gad, when I was in the South, one had only one rocknroll station within listening range. Even this one played lots of country and western type crap. Especially in the early morning hours. Some of it was rather unsettling to listen to at five in the morning. They even played political announcements in the country music vien. I still don't see why Lincoln didn't go ahead and let Mississippi stay out of the union. Probably because he was a goddam Republican.
