

The 66th Mailing, now...

SPECTATOR 66: All shipshape, as usual. Some of the Campaign Literature did seem to be a Little Too Far Out, but the spectacle of Rich Brown playing Bruce Pelz arguing with Rich Brown playing Phil Castora playing Bruce Pelz-- goshwow, fellas.

HOBGOBLIN 11: Well, we missed you at the Discon too, Terry Carr. Fine writeup on the Con; some lovely lines. I'm most glad the report of your SAPSish demise was highly exaggerated.

THE ZED 806: Congratulations on completing the First Novel. I hope we have the opportunity to see it in real live print soon.

POT POURRI 32: Since the Beatles were on Echh Sullivan's TV show, Elinor has gone somewhat Beatle-happy. Well, I'll admit that their sounds [please, let's not discuss their appearance so soon after dinnertime] are a refreshing change from the sick and whining type of R&R so prevalent among the US performers. These kids are having fun and it sounds like it, too. I can't fault that.

I second your putdown of meaningless "criticism" from the totally unqualified; I suppose it's a holdover from the great days of the lettercols, probably.

DIE WIS 11: Sure, I've read Nero Wolfe, lots of him (disclaimer), but mostly quite a few years ago. The trouble with the current pb Wolfe kick is that I can't recall with any accuracy which ones I've read and which not. Anyway, at the moment I'm all high on Arthur W Upfield, Donald Hamilton, and Richard Stark, as available.

One of the most interesting disclosures in the Oswald case is that it seems that almost immediately the Soviet government, horrified that our Top Brass might get the idea that Oswald was operating as a Soviet agent, gratuitously sent their full dossier on Oswald for top-level perusal in Wash DC. I find it very heartening that this would be a part of their reaction; when the opposition is thinking, there's hope yet. When our side is thinking, the hope is even better. last

The paralysis reaction to Kennedy's death seemed pretty widespread. It did not/very long with me-- maybe an hour at the most-- but I did feel it. And I was a little surprised to discover that while by no means did I agree with many of JFK's political views (particularly the domestic/fiscal) I had somehow developed an admiration and affection in considerable depth for the man as a person, and for the family picture. I think most people did; even the First Family-type jokes were mostly good-natured. The man's own sense of humor (and obvious intelligence, outstanding in his speeches) probably have much to do with this; there hasn't been that kind of humor in a president or major candidate in the past 20 years. Roosevelt's humor was always strictly One-Up, and Truman's so fanatically partisan as to limit its appeal, especially during his years as the incumbent. Johnson is about like Ike in that respect; both can be jovial enough but neither can take a joke. While Nixon, Dewey, and Taft are/were essentially humorless types or else so reserved that no humor could show through. Who else is there? Oh yeh, Stevenson. I always forget him, for some reason. Well, they say he has quite a sense of humor, but somehow his delivery never came through to me. And the current crop of hopefuls doesn't show me much, as yet.

CACTUS 2: Sounds like fun, I guess and hope, but I voted for the Evil OElephant.

OUTSIDERS 54: Hoog; if all those 54 had been consecutive, you'd be passing Coswal's string in another mailing or two. Anyhow, yours is the longest live one.

We too are beginning to dump fanzines, or rather to send them to a collector with more tenacity and space than we have. Not apa mailings yet, though; just genzines.

Fred Brown: I liked his Ed Hunter stories better than the "independent" tales, usually. Yeh, I too dig specific writings rather than detective stories as such.

KL: I don't mind being a bug in a bathtub, but who turned on the damn WATER??

MIRAGE: Welcome to the enclave, Jack. You could be Right...

WHEN THE GODS'd... : Interesting, your views of the military life and reasons why you are thinking of making a career of it. No doubt this should churn up a few types.

Agreed that Personnel people should concentrate on getting best-qualified jokers [assuming that a Personnel person would know a qualification if it came up and bit him on the leg] rather than fighting Civil Rights or any other battle except the one he is PAID to fight. It is the employer who has to set the policy, not Personnel folks.

With any luck at all you may find OE Pelz blackhearted enough to suit you & more.

Well, here's where we dive for cover on opposite sides of the ridge. Anyone who does not dig "The DisTAWF Side" is a complete clod. Now don't bother telling me that you aren't really complete yet; that's obvious, though I won't squeal to your C.O. Just take a deep breath and square your shoulders and resolve to be a GOOD clod.

TIRED? LISTLESS? : You bet, and it's fun, too, having all those tires and no lists. I expect to make a rather nice profit before the season is out.

Conjobblement 1: Welcome to the conclave, Frank. Oops, sorry-- didn't mean to put it that I felt "African Genesis" was Authoritative-- just that a major part of its hypotheses hit me very well indeed. Actually my major interest in the book is/was speculative: Ardrey sets up his Basic Instinct Package and shows how much of our public thinking is out of step with our instincts. I was thinking of fiddling with these ideas to see what kind of moral-ethical-political systems would fit the bit. But the book was out on loan until a few days ago, and unfortunately there'll be no time to reread it before I need to have this zine wrapped up in a pink ribbon.

The lapse of format on your title is inadvertent; I just goofed, is all.

PLEASURE UNITS 6: The only trouble with ~~the~~ government is that it doesn't know its place, or keep it. "Public servants" get to thinking they own the country, and act on the thought. And perhaps the major gripe against Big Government is that the bigger the gov't the harder to hold it down to a gallop in this tendency.

Transistor radios: every time I see and hear an adolescent wandering along in a dim daze with one of those things plastered up against the flat side of his or her head, I have this urge to go blow up the Bell Laboratories. Preferably around 1947.

I like that TV-show idea about the Hollywood Millionaires who go poor and head for the Ozarks. It might not(?) go on TV, but no kidding, try the idea on MAD once.

"The Goblins Will Get Ya" is by the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. No charge, as Mike Mailway says, since you did have the Riley part correctly.

The ardent collector who buys your SAPSmailings minus the Dividend Dollar has only one reasonable course of action in trying to make his mailing complete: go see a good counterfeiter. The best is none too good...

"Even Gordon was loaded", says a recent letter from the Bay Area. I'm not sure of the connotations: whether it was meant that even Pure You was corrupted, or that booze flowed so freely that even Stalwart You found your capacity threatened. Hmmm?

PINOT CHARDONNAY: The Journal-approach to a SAPSazine is an experiment I'll enjoy watching. Sandy Sanderson did this with a few APPhretas (oh hell, either you know how it's spelled or not; let the typeo stand) in 1959 or early 1960, and the format is definitely a viable one.

Bob Lichtman has some good stuff, but frankly I get so gahdam tired of peoples' "Ho hum, I didn't have the urge to read the mailing; now let's talk about ME", that I must decline the gambit.

I wish those cotton-piggin\* estimable Benfords would write us about "African Genesis", but that's the breaks. Well, yeh, "man is shaped by his culture", but so like what determines the patterns of cultures? Anyway, count me on your side in the overall lineup in favor of INDIVIDUAL freedom to the maximum feasible extent, Don.

ENZYME approximately 6: "I can win this race if I save my breath", thought Tom randomly. ## I don't know what the record is for fanzines coming out on schedule, but the last time CRY did not come out as announced was when a Volunteer Editor ducked out and CRY #83 appeared as the September rather than as the August issue. The year was 1955. The most recent issue was CRY #173, for April 1964. Top it?? That's 90 issues all of which came out within a week of announced publication date.

"I do appreciate women; you have a roving eye; he's a gahdam lecher..."

Dunno about Weber's fanfundity, but judging from Howard's nickname for him, we might have had trouble with Shapiro's fecundity. Don't sweat the small stuff...

COLLECTOR 36 I think: I was of course referring to good old SH, just previously. Whatever happened to him lately, by the way?

Jeez, that's nostalgic to see the "Detroit in '59" sheet from CRY's early red-white-and-blue days back in 1958. Ya know, if we ever use up that batch of ink that froze up in the winter of 1961-62 and has been giving trouble ever since, I think I will get some more blue ink; it looks so cheerful somehow. Of course the Gestetner was brand-new when it ran off that Detroit sheet. Now it isn't, hardly.

FLABBERGASTING 29: Well, I was sort of "a small and shy boy" also, for some years. But it didn't help much; the wise guys wanted to beat the hell out of me anyway. You say maybe "countryside suburbs" are different? Well, Schultz speaks of cities and I speak of small towns (pop., maybe 2000-4000). F'rinstance, the first week I was in Colfax, Wash (age 10) I ran into the Cocking brothers: Lyle, Leroy and Paul, in that order. The drill is that Lyle the big one says to Paul the little one "You can whip him, Paul" and Paul steps out. The others don't exactly gang up but believe me, Paul can whip you or me or whoever, because the other two do just barely interfere a bit at crucial moments. I'd had that at age 8 in Lebanon, Indiana; the deck is stacked. So I tripped Paul under the feet of the other two and ran like hell. Successfully. About 2 weeks later I was ganged but good by Dick Meyers, Bill Roberts, and Bill Matzger. Since they were only a loose team I tried some strategy. I could take Meyers; Roberts was a standoff, and Matzger was a big moose and out of my league. So I caught Meyers alone and clobbered him until he agreed to be on my side. Then the two of us caught Roberts and pulled the same deal. It pooped out on Matzger, though, because he caught wise and broke loose and ran a block into his parents' grocery store. But at least it broke up the team and got 'em off my back, all the way.

The small towns didn't have organized gangs, anyway; it was a matter of temporary alignments and normal childish sadism. My main trouble was that until I learned a few of the fundamentals of wrestling at age 14, I was one of the lousiest fighters you ever saw in your life, the only saving graces being that nobody else was much better, and that I was fairly effective in the berserker condition.

But I do recommend wrestling (the real stuff, not either the AAU or TV versions) to any youth who is tired of being pushed around by the hamhanded. It's even humane...

Hmm, perhaps I should write a Full Length Article on this subject, so as to get credit in that category next year from the clods who cannot recognize the existence of Articles or Humor unless these are set out on a separate page under a signboard.

I'll compromise: this is an Article; Humor is where you find it, if at all.

Wrestling is a form of sport or unarmed combat utilizing not only strength but also weight, leverage and a knowledge of anatomy. Of these factors the latter two are the most decisive (he says, tucking his arm into his back pocket). Rid your mind of the TV version; it is a farce, a mere dramatic production, script and all. The AAU or "collitch rassling" version is sound in principle but rules out practically every "holt" that would actually do you any good if you needed this stuff for real.

The accomplished and practiced wrestler is a good match for any specialist in either orthodox or exotic modes of hand-to-hand combat. He is not a Throw Artist or a Hit Artist; he is a Hold Artist. He knows how to grab and how to lean. The boxer, the judo (or jiu-jitsu, as it was known earlier) buff, or the karate fiend or the

savate enthusiast -- all these folk work from a different basis than that of the wrestler, and this is the latter's main advantage. All the other jokers strike or grab and throw, swinging their extremities in all directions. The wrestler grabs & holds and leans and pushes, using his own weight and the other guy's, as best he can.

Maybe I'm not getting this across; let's put it this way: most combat disciplines depend on swinging arms and legs out all over the place. The wrestler is geared to catch these and do something about them, utilizing weight and leverage. He is a fortress rather than a buzzsaw.

Obviously the boxer and other Hit Artists gain from having long reach in proportion to weight. The opposite is true of the wrestler: given equal body weight, the short limb is stronger, for wrestling-- the long for boxing et al. Like pick yer game.

So far as I've been able to tell, the wrestler can take the boxer every time, once the boxer falls into the traditional "clinch". The judo-karate-savate people are not so easy to analyze. If they get you, they get you good. But once a wrestler closes with a judo type, it is apparent that they have not only separate tricks but also many tricks in common, and in the tied-up situation the wrestler has a great advantage.

In the clinch situation the judo stuff is so near to the oldtime wrestling "nerve holts" that the whole setup is purely funny all around. The difference appears to be that judo wants to throw people and wrestling is content to hold them and LEAN hard. It should be obvious that it is easier to hold someone than to throw him, if he is playing it at all cagy. But either you have to pin the guy or be braced for him; one way or the other. (And so we see-- hey, leggo. LEGGO! Arrgghhh!)

Well, I did say it was a good system but I never said it was perfect, did I?

Er-- Tosk, the DAILY BITE was no mere 5-year project. I recall that way back in 1955 when we were putting the shelves up in the FenDen you were telling about how you were going to drive Wally Weber up to Lake Chetwoot (later, Lake Footsack) and produce a fanzine from that high spot, Just Because It Was There. I salute you, sir.

HE'S... REAL GONE... and all: Gee, baby, maybe I shoulda voted for you after all.

HOBGOBLIN 12: Richard Stark's [Parker] fella is a hard guy to write. I disagree that the guy has "absolutely no admirable qualities". Every now and then he doesn't kill people when for his own good, he should. You just don't UNDERSTAND this fellaa, Terry.

RETRO 31: Well, Al Halevy stopped back and told us plenty Juicy Israel Stories, on his way back. And I wish this issue boffed as big as the last one did. Sheest.

LOKI 7 combined/with and all: sickness and children and Christmas are not a unique pattern, just an almost-inevitable one. For healthy kids, de-emphasise Christmas.

John, pottie, toilet, powder room flower shop: see Sturgeon's "Granny Won't Knit". Nice to see you appearing at some length, Katya.

Schmitz is one of my own favorite s-f writers, also. "Tale of Two Clocks" was on my Hugo nominating ballot last year; we got it via the S-F Book Club.

T\*S\*K\*! CRY hasn't been the "official pub of the Seattle club" since sometime around -- oh, 1956, I guess, although "of the Nameless" remained a part of the title (from tradition and sheer inertia) through 1960. I know; it's confusing, isn't it?

I've seen people stencilling artwork using a film, also without; I guess it all depends on personal preference and what you're used to.

Yer right; it's "demisemi" & I knew better, but was too lazy to change it.

ANTOLOGIA: Poor Ed. If there is anything worse than last-minute minac per se, it is last-minute minac that talks about being last-minute minac. And of course you know this just as well as I do. But just couldn't he 'p yo' self...

"The Mets have traded me to Memphis", said Tom beleagueredly.

TANDY... 1: Welcome to the festivities, Fred. You write a good sprightly stick and I look forward to seeing more of your stuff. And naturally I'm glad to have steered another appreciative reader to The Bull Cook Book.

SLUG 7: This time I hope you have described the reaction of Joe Green upon reading your version of his persecution of Harry B Moore and the consequences thereof. Now if you had only sent a copy of SLUG 7 to Harry B, maybe we could have Nolacon II after all. Maybe Harry B would produce it just on the offhand chance of getting you and Joe within grabbing distance. Or perhaps you will tell SAPS, as you told us, how your father went to the State Capitol and got his regular driver's license back. Ghod help fandom if your father ever decides to take it up, is all I say.

Except that I trust you are having a fine time in England right now, hey?

IGNATZ 35: Well, Nancy, that first couple pages will do for a gloriously drunken oneshot until the real thing comes along; it reads like F\*U\*N.

The Spigelfoosh epic was a liddul weak on plot but the characterization was fine. And I hope 1964 is coming up All Good for you, guys.

MISTILY MEANDERING 7: You had been ORDERED by these "frat actives" to read/study this pornography, you say? In Ghu's name, WHY? Was this some form of esoteric hazing, or was it part of the program of Making Men out of freshmen? I croggle.

SWINGING PLATFORM: Fun, but iffen you ever wants MY vote, delete "Get the mailings out, whether on time or not". Getting the mailings out ON TIME is a prime OE duty. The eager member whose mailing comes a month late is a truly pitiable sight.

POTTERY LEAFLET 4: Yep, you made it, and we all are hlg you for it.

PORQUE 20 (and I see you've even dropped the ?? yo'self): Jeez, you get dropped off at work at 6:10, can't get into the Bldg until 7:10, and your real paid workday does not start until 8:00? THAT must be loads of fun, particularly in the winter. Don't look now, but there MUST be a better way. Good thing yer young&sturdy there, gal.

STUMPING 7: Wally has that cover scene (approach to the Nourse manse) about right. All it needs is the bones of Al Barker's sports car from "Rogue Moon".

These big-caliber derringers make me wonder about the possibilities of a sort of pocket bazooka; teeny solid-fuel rocket with a 500-grain "warhead". Possible?

BULLETIN OF THE FANZINE FOUNDATION 21: Well, I hope it works out OK, is all.

PINOT NOIR: Addendum to my remarks to Frank W re "African Genesis: sure, cultural influences are strong; unfortunately they are even strong enough that anti-survival cultural forms can be imposed on many generations of unhappy people. But I figured that Ardrey did point that many currently-popular moral, religious and political theses are doomed to ram head-on against basic instincts unendingly, and since I consider such a conflict as a Lost Cause sooner or later, I said "back to the old drawing board" in search of social ideas that work with rather than against instinct. I hope to reread the book soon to see if any such ideas spring to mind therefrom.

Yeh, I expect the FBI or somebody has the best fanzine collection of anybody; certainly FAPA was under scrutiny during or just after WWII, and if Mr Hoover is a completist the same is probably true today. I dunno about SAPS, but I listed it as an affiliation when everyone in the office suddenly needed clearance a few years ago, and was not sent out into the Outer Darkness or anything for so doing. I don't think we clearance types are in Mortal Danger if a Communist or two turns up in fandom, so long as our own views are reasonably anti-totalitarian: it is one thing to know a criminal; it is something else again to condone or help him.

OK, but what is the True Kevin Langdon Jail Story. I'm really interested.

YEZIDEE 6: Unlike Buck Coulson, I like Con/Trip Reports. Yours reads swingingly, and the cartoons add a touch also. And felicitations on the name change.

SPELEOBEM 22: You were probably kidding about publishing "The Collected Scribblings of Wally Weber"; too bad; I'd like to have a copy.

I think maybe it's this way: the FIRST time a young fella gets racked up over the "tease" bit, his gripe is legitimate-- from his own viewpoint at least. But if at any later time he lets himself get shaken up by the same deal it is his own fault. In fact we might say it is his own STUPID fault, for not learning from experience.

Further, it is acknowledged fact that a lady always has the right to change her mind. If she abuses this right she is apt to run out of fellas some day.

"Ten Little APA Groups" a gasser, and I see Kris Carey's trying to start a new one now. Well, I guess it had been too quiet for a while there.

"a short Distawf Side is better than no DS at all"; right, but curse that flu bug. Well, at least this way we have more of the saga to look forward to.

[[Oops. Congratulations on the name change of the editor of the previous zine]]

COCONINO 4: Yes, MAD's version pretty well took care of All Those Numbers as a subject for discussion. Oops, I was gonna ask what model IBM-typer you have. ??

Oh come now-- WAW "viscious" (sic) re McQuown? Why, I thought that was a most elegant and restrained putdown, and a lesson for fans young and old alike who tend to talk when listening would be more in order. Who thinned your skin there, Clyde?

"I'm keeping a sharp eye on this nest of Hymenoptera" said Tom vigilantly.

SONS OF SAPROLLER 32 & 33: Now I know what the recent OElection campaign was all about. Just a game of Diplomacy that got out over the fence and had puppies.

SERIES ITEM 1: Thanks for a quick summary of why not to study Japanese, Ed.

RESIN 15: I can almost but not quite resolve the discrepancy between the currently-published 23 Tarzan books and your list of 33 items. How many separate complete books do you make it? I've not seen "The Mad King", the 2 juveniles, "..and the Madman" or "..and the Castaways".

DINKY BIRD 9: A good point, the discrepancy between the symbolic significance of something and the reality of that same thing. Like, a soldier gets the Medal of Honor for cleaning out a machine-gun nest (hatchlings and all?); here is glorious courage, blow the bugles, etc. Well, sure it's courage, and the guy deserves his glory and his medal, but the actual event is a sickening gory mess at best.

If Faulkner turns you off, for heaven's sake don't ever read Genet.

End of mailing comments end of mailing comments end of mailing comments end of

So what else is new? Well, Elinor and I are on a Walking Kick, which started late in November just about the time I was finishing up RETRO 31. This is not any fanatic thing-- no 50-mile hikes or climbing Mount Rainier-- but on any Saturday or Sunday when we are not rained out we try to get in maybe 3 to 5 miles of assorted walking, and we've only been dished by precipitation about 25% of weekend days in the past 4+ months. Our favorite or basic stroll is the 3-miler around Green Lake here in town: 45 minutes or a little over is par. Just enough to shake out the cobwebs and let us feel that we deserve a Martini before lunch. There is nothing like not only wanting a Martini or even needing a Martini but also deserving a Martini; that's the best kind, except maybe doubles which I try to resist. Now one fella we know said: "Green Lake? GREEN Lake? If you want to walk, why don't you WALK? Get out there for five or six hours, uphill and down! Do it up RIGHT!" Sometimes it is hard to convince someone that you want to do things the way you enjoy doing them, rather than the way he thinks you should do them. But I am the expert on me, as ol' Churchy said that time. Well, so much for controversy and so much for RETRO 32.