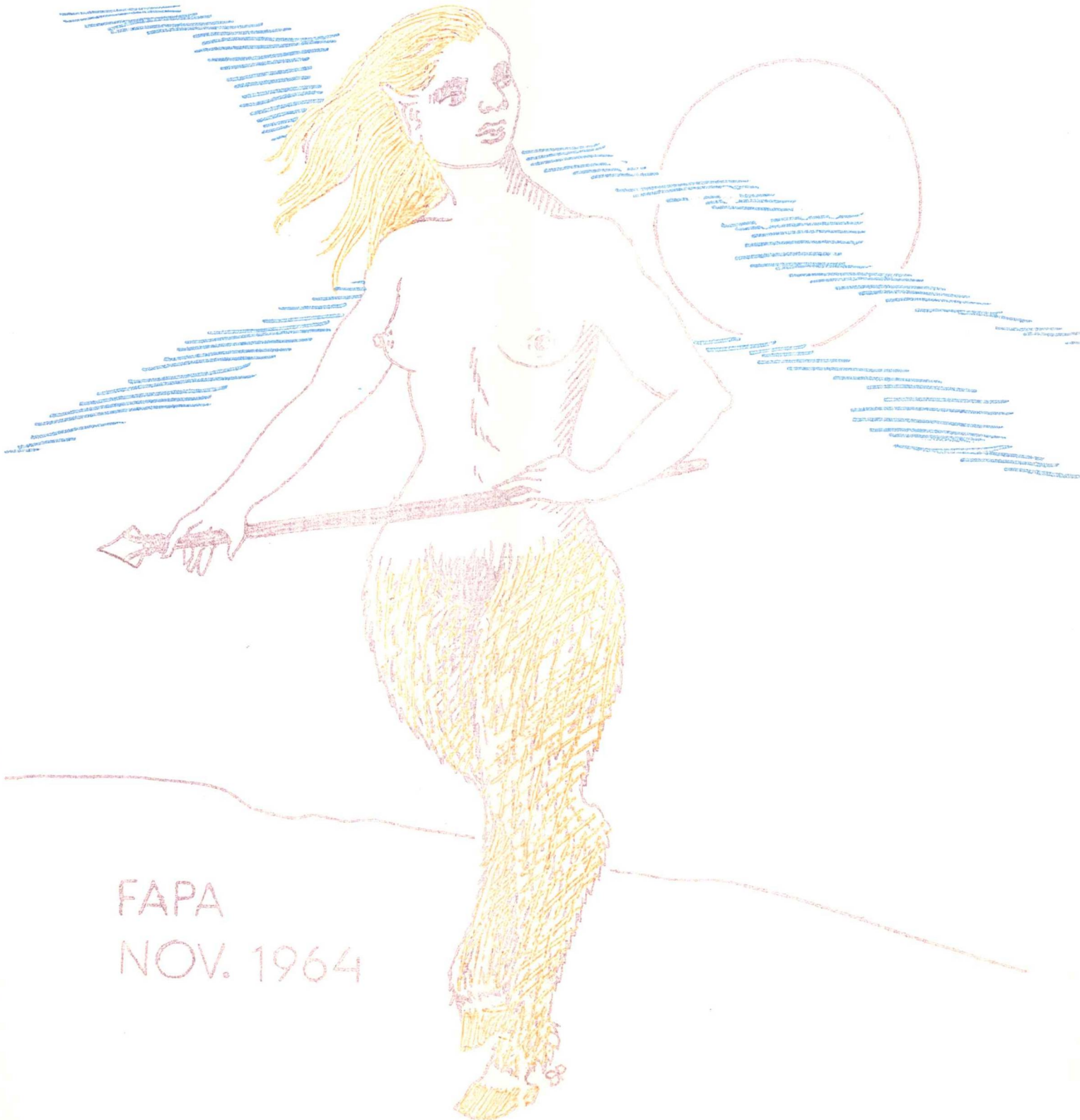


SPIANE 1



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An Introduction To SPIANE

Splane is an Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese word that has several meanings, depending on the context in which it is used. Consequently its use as a title for this FAPazine is singularly (and, at times, variably) appropriate, perhaps even significant. The word does "translate" easily enough into English--but please note the quotation marks around "translate". A literal translation of the word all by its lonesome (i.e. out of its many possible contexts) would not be especially informative. In fact, a simple translation might even be misleading.

In some contexts the word becomes almost as foul (the Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese prefer to say "unpure") as a Lower Katchlekicklekalkanese word or phrase, and in these contexts it is not generally used in the presence of ladies under the age of one hundred and five years. When it is the user is usually Frowned Upon by the Second Assistant Frowner to His Royal Majesty, and his (or her) wrist is publically slapped by HRM's Royally Purified Wrist Slapper.

But that is neither here nor there--or rather, it is there (in Upper K.), not here, and here we may use the word as a FAPazine title with impunity, although my good friend, Pietro J. Pistachio, is frowning a little at the moment. However, for reasons best left unsaid, he is generally considered an ex-patriot Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese (beer was his downfall, if you must know, as well as a certain...well, we won't mention that), and here he is nnnnudgginng my elbow, suggesttng that it is possibly time for an interlineation...Well, alright.....

S P I A N E -- Like Mailing Comments

You may think of SPIANE (if indeed you care to think of it at all) as a companion magazine to MOONSHINE. When we don't have the time or the money or the material or the inclination to produce a mimeographed (and semi-letterpressed) issue of MOONSHINE, but want or need to have something in a FAPA Mailing, we will simply write and ditto an issue of SPIANE. Fair warning, and all that.

I haven't consulted with the Squire on the matter, but I do think that SPIANE (the FAPazine) should have a motto. Not "Remember the Main", nor "Remember the Alero", nor "Remember Pearl Harbor", but--of course--"REMEMBER THE CONTEXT!"

In fact, I submit that it is a good motto for all readers to follow. And if you don't understand the context, there is a secondary motto: "FORGET IT?"

Pistachio has suggested another lino--as George W. Fields used to erroneously call them--but I think we are too close to the bottom of the page.

Maybe next time, Pietro...

AN INTRODUCTION TO PATTYCAKE FANDOM
By Len Moffatt, PCF

It all began in the backseats of the Trimble's microbus. John was taxi-ing the bus, which was filled with frolicsome fans, through the weekend traffic between Garden Grove and Long Beach. It was a hot August afternoon, and we were on our way to an ice cream parlor to feed Redd Boggs all the strange and exotic flavors of ice cream he could eat at one sitting.

I do not recall who all was in the bus, but it was loaded if the fans were not. I happened to be sitting opposite the Hulans, and--somehow--in my own clever and devious manner, suggested that Katya and I play Pattycake. It turned out that she knew how--or picked up the pattern quickly from my brief instructions. I won every time, of course, being an old hand at the sport.

Later, at the ice cream parlor, I played Pattycake with Lois Lavender, as well as with Katya again. Not simultaneously, of course--but I won every round. Although I had not participated in the sport for years I found that I was still fast and co-ordinated at it, if not at anything else. The girls were fast, but not fast enough to keep up; co-ordinated, but not co-ordinated in the way that I am--when it comes to playing pattycake.

At subsequent sessions--when I'd had more to drink in the way of beer or scotch--I still won. Katya swears that the drunker I get the better I perform. As a result of all this I declared myself the Pattycake Champion of Fandom. No other male fan will ever be able to claim that he took the title from me as I play only with girls. Perhaps, in time, some lovely lass will relieve me of the title, and--in turn--lose it to a male fan other than myself, but in the meantime I enjoy both the title, and the responsibility that goes with it. The latter includes teaching the sport to beginners, and establishing the ground rules for each contest.

At Pacificon II, Carol Carr said to her husband: "Oh, Terry, I just did the funniest thing I ever did in my life--with Len Moffatt!" Terry looked a bit odd at first, but having been in the room when the event occurred he quickly realized that she was referring to her first session of Pattycake.

Carol is not the only young lady in fandom who never played Pattycake as a child. It sort of makes me feel like the author of WHERE DID YOU GO? OUT; WHAT DID YOU DO? NOTHING--you know the chap who laments that our younger generations aren't enjoying the same kind of fun-plus-creativity that we enjoyed when we were kids.

So it is difficult to find new Pattycake partners. Besides the girls who never played the sport, or claim they were never good at it, there are those who fear I might miss and heartily pat them somewhere other than on the palms. (Actually it can be a dangerous sport for the participants, as well as for the spectators who stand too close.)

Karen Anderson almost beat me. She caught on quickly to the extra claps I throw in. (Yes, it takes a fast eye too.) She, and one or two others, wanted to play it in time to the old verses that go with the childish version. But true, adult, breathtaking, breast-heaving, hand-

flying Pattycake must be played without the aid of the "Baker's Man" or "Pease Porridge" bits.

At a recent party here, Roy Lavender, Sr. suggested "strip-pattycake". He didn't offer to play himself, but I suppose I would have gone along with this variation of the sport--had any of the girls been willing.

I was playing with Sylvia Dees at the time--and winning, of course, but neither she nor Katya nor any of the girls present went for Roy's idea, although they were willing to discuss the possibilities inherent in participating in such a contest.

Actually such a variation would be unfair to the girls, and to the present male Champion. Assuming that I won the earlier rounds (with the girl in question having to discard a piece of clothing for each round she lost) I would most certainly begin to lose the later rounds. As it is, Pattycaking with pretty ladies is difficult enough (though a pleasant difficulty I must say). They are distracting enough with their clothes on, you see, and it requires discipline and concentration on my part to keep from being distracted into a miss, every round I play.

And, assuming that I lost enough rounds to disrobe me, well, it would no doubt be amusing, but hardly--er--thrilling. I do have nice legs, and I have lost my Bencheley belly, but generally speaking my physique is closer to that of a Jack Speer stickman than to that of a Dan Adkins Heroic Figure.

However, I doubt that "strip-pattycake" will ever take over from my Original Version of the sport. If it did it would become more of a gamier pastime, rather than a sporty--or sporting--one.

You have no doubt noted that I have consistently referred to Pattycake as a sport, not a game. R. Sneary, Esquire insisted that I do this. He disapproves of games at parties, you know--especially card and board games that take most of the parties away from the yakking and snogging. But the Squire accepts Pattycaking as a good sport for parties because it entertains both the participants and the spectators.

And so--with the approval of the Squire, and with the responsibility of my Title firmly in mind (Ooooh, that smarts!), all I can add is:

Line up, girls! Ol' Dad is here to show you how....

-ljm

A MASTER COMPOSITION*

I was going to write some mailing comments this time. I wasn't going to try to comment on each and every item in the last mailing, although I think I have read all of the mailing. (I'm not sure as I didn't attempt to read it all at one sitting--does anybody?)

But I did make some checkmarks (in approved mailing commentator fashion), and I was going to use said checked paragraphs or articles or whatever as springboards for comments and discussion and so on....

For instance, Lee Hoffman was talking about an old movie entitled THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT, which reminded me of one of my favorite old movies entitled THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, which starred Bogart, Sylvia Sydney, and Eddie Albert. I probably liked it because I "identified" with Eddie Albert, who played the hick kid who takes over the lion tamer's job on accounts the mean old lion tamer was too crooked to crack the whip.

And then Sam Martinez reminded me of an interlineation I've restrained meself from using for years, but I'll use it now in retaliation for his grape jokes....

I am Tarzan of the Grapes--hic!

Charley Hanson's history of Denver fandom reminded me of Lew Martin, of whom I hadn't heard in years, and I was going to tell Charley how I published a Lew Martin story in the 2nd issue of Stellar Tales, having taken over the fanzine for Doc Dunmire when he went into the army, only there was never a 3rd issue as I went into the navy shortly after publishing the 2nd issue, and how this eventually led to my first contact with Rick Sneary who wrote to me to ask permission to use Lew's story in a reprint zine he was going to publish (was it FMZ Digest, Squire?). I was overseas at the time, but my mother forwarded the letter to me, and I got in touch with Lew's parents, and they either got his okay, or at least felt that he wouldn't mind it being reprinted, so finally I wrote to Rick and told him okay. But that wasn't the beginning of our friendship as we were not in touch with each other until after the first Pacificon (1946). We met at the Pacificon, but didn't get together to become buddies (with Stan Woolston as the third member of our happy trio) until 1947, I think.

There were other checkmarks too--I can't remember them now, and don't have mailing with me as I'm typing this at the office, staying over tonight to get this mag run off, eating "dinner" at the plant's cafeteria that's cafeteria which is a sacrifice few members would make for dear old FAPA, especially eating at the cafeteria. Could have done this last weekend except that I was in the Bay Area, visiting the Clintons, going to Lamplighter's production of RUDDYGORE, then to BOCCE BALL (to hear opera singers and drink scotch), and then to the Red Garter, where I purchased two for the ladies in our party, and where Squirrel Eliik shot or shouted @ "Coolidge is a Sum!" and other things, and bookhunting, in Berkeley next day, and Sat. nite party and so on it was fun. Time!

-Len Moffatt 11-4-64

*Composed on master

TORN MASTER
- PATCHED
- TOGETHER

THOUGHTS WHILE TYPING

with Rick Sneary

Warhoon, Rich Bergeron's Hugozine, made its first formal appearance as a FAPazine in the last mailing. An event that almost makes up for the loss of so many old friends the mailing before. But I atleast, had mixed feelings about this issue. Not because the magazine is unpleaseing, but because it has been a long time since anyone as importen as James Blish has spent a whole page pinning my ears back. And I don't really feel I deserve it.. It is all a miss-under-standing.

In brief Blish accuses me of believing that one must be able to turn in a better preformance in the arts than the person being criticised, to be a critic. That one must be able to compose better than Bach or fight as well as Sonny Liston before writing criticisms of Bach fugues or fighting. This would be a ridiculous go believe, and if I held such to be true I would deserve to be scorned. But I do not, and infact have never read any one that did sericusly hold to this idea. I can not, in fact, see what I said that would have lead Blish to this belief.

What I did briefly, in a letter to Warhoon, was to chide Blish for his criticism of a story of Fritz Lieber's on the grounds that it had nothing to do with science fiction. I pointed out that Blish had had published in the same magazine, Mo&SF, two months before the Lieber story, one of his that had even less to do with stf. And remarked to the effect that while Blish was one of our foremost writers, he was frequently criticised, and generally loath to admit error. I was not suggesting he could not write as well as Fritz, or that his story was bad. Here was a case of one writer being critical of another writer for selling a story with a particular theme (or lack of one) to a particular magazine, without admitting he had done the same withen the same quarter. After all, I have been known to be critical of others ability to spell, but I usually admit my own weakness in that feild as well.

I want also to correct the view that I suggested that Blish should admit that his stories that I don't like are clinkers. I would not wish him to apologize for anything he has written--certainly not to me. I can no longer rattle off a list of my top ten favorite authors in the order of my preference, but I'm sure James Blish be in there some were. (He is also one of the best critics and reviewers in the feild) But all top writers have written some stories that were less than their best. Most admit that this happens. I generally find it easier to forget the stories I don't enjoy. But there have been a number of critical reviews of Blish's stories, in fanzines, over the years. And Blish has shown himself quite loath to except this criticism. While some of it was doubtlessly unfair, the law of averages would have some of it just. A man of such proven ability need not have falce pride. Nor to cross swords/unimporten fan that raises a piccadillo ..

CULF Crud*

After the influk of frankly CULF crud* in the last two mailing, I was fealing ill at easy, and mentally estranged enough to compose the following consititutional amendment:

"Proposed, that the following be added to the FAPA Constitution as Section 2.6: ' Any person who is or has been a member in the amateur press group known as The CULF shall be excluded from membership.'"

This I circulated at the Pacificon II, to see what kind of a responce I would get from members. I wish now it had been possable to record the reactions I recieved. It ranged from roars of laughter followed by chuckles when ever we met again; through blank lack of understanding; to active opposition. The letter I had expected, the first I hoped for, but I'd not expected the puzzled looks and questions as to why

* a euphuism.

was I doing it, and now I regret it. I'm sure that a lot of people, thinking that like the classic music of the past, were disappointed that they didn't understand. I couldn't explain it. I'm sure that a lot of people, however, so that that my point was not to offend.

But for the less intuitive of the audience, I'm certain. I should be quite surprised if the amendment were to pass. It seems to me processing this bit of legislation is to show respect and my attitude that I'm as I do, to take a protest vote against the CUI. I'm sure that I'm been turning up in recent mailings. Each of the guys has an eye, and the one I have of the CUI is of innuendo, persiflage, and that all language like "blatant, all right, I ain't you in back." My image of the average CUI is that of one of Jack Kasser's cartoon night-riders, with a literary scholar's half-baked mind. --- First, before one starts quoting me pages and pages to prove me wrong, let me say that I am not saying that this is what the CUI is like. Only that I think it's like to be. Anyone who wanted could no doubt find just as bad in CUI, or anyone who never were in the CUI. But it is far easier to find the ill feeling, and personal attacks of the last couple years to CUI or former CUI members, than the good side of it. I would hope others who are sick of this kind of life of I was could vote with me.

SACRIFICION/RAYCON II

The Gen this year. The EP, was offered, was the least sensible of the lot, from a personal stand point. It looked like a changing of the guard, or outstanding flights of happiness. I was offered the EP's day (and the more in Berkeley) with out getting sick, or without being signed up to write a book for me. (Nor did I bring anything to be and out of here with me.) But it was not a dull Gen. and I got to meet a good number of my people. Chuck Sorenson was with Ted Johnson and our place, on the floor, that I had. And it wasn't such a letter that I was that. Both of them were about as nice in person as I'd been led to expect. They were three groups. Hank, especially, would have a hard time fitting up to his imagination. He'd also looked such as I had pictured him, with in the world. There were a number of members that I was sorry couldn't come in. I had a pretty good time with. Two or three approached me about a CUI election, or what I had to say in the matter I kept speaking against it. I thought the only thing that could be accomplished by such a meeting, and could have been otherwise possible for night events.

For, despite what you may want to see, I'm sure that I don't think I didn't infringe on the average for either a good time. I'm sure that I don't think my shoulder straps and high boots were able to be put on them of these and kind and both in such others. I'm sure that I don't think that I was a good background matter that was an eye to look at a dull night.

Probably the funny thing that I began to be was the old friend the Gen. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. He begged my pardon, and I thought nothing of it. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. The Gen opened again, and this time I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. But the heck of my mind was doing a double take. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. And there was no other way out of the apartment. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. I think there was anyone out walking with a light. The Gen I had the second fellow addressed as "What is the name of the Gen?" And Good God, they do look alike. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. And there was no other way out of the apartment. I was up in the 1950's and the 1960's. With people like this in the Gen, it was a good night.

