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Redd Boggs'
Sporochee

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THE CUMULATIVE THIN BOOK INDEX

"Comedian Morey Amsterdam has dreamed up something that might be the successor to Tom Swifties and elephant jokes. He calls it thin books. Here's how it came about: Seated one day at his cello, he was weary and ill at ease. He looked up toward his library shelf and spotted a single, emaciated volume. 'A thin book,' he mused. 'Now what could be the title of a book so thin?' That did it. His inventive mind started toying with the possibilities. He has tried out his titles on friends, and they agree that he could make a splendid contribution to cocktail party conversation, though not necessarily to literature...." (From an AP column by Bob Thomas, 19 May 1965).

Here are a few fannish titles for thin books, brainstormed immediately after reading the above intelligence, by Gretchen and myself:

The Literary Gems of Henry E. Stine
A Complete List of Pretty Girls Who Have Bored Me
Fan-Writings Without Puns, by Bill Blackbeard
A List of Trashy Magazines Nobody Collects
Dull Days in the Life of William Rotsler
A Compendium of Good Reasons for Living in Oakland
The Wit and Wisdom of Norm Metcalf
Friendly Cops I Have Known
An Entertainment Guide to West Covina
Temperate Essays by Ted White
The Best of CATS Fan Publishing
The Case for Liberalism, by Poul Anderson
Monotonous Miles in Big Sur
The Facts on the Side of the Con Committee
The Altruistic Ideals of Robert A. Heinlein
Things Patrick Russell Breen Cannot Do
Friendly Criticism from Bruce Pelz
Memorable Conversations with J. Ben Stark
Kind Words from Cultzines
A Complete Theoretical Justification for Redd Boggs'
Bottle Collection
A History of the Democratic Party in Orange County

"...dust IS WHIRLING WITH THE DUST"

My (incomplete) copy of Apa L #29 was delayed in reaching my hands. It arrived on Monday, 17 May, in an envelope with the return address of dust, Box 123, El Cerrito, and with a note paperclipped to the distribution itself, as follows:

Dear Mr. Boggs:

Enclosed is a magazine which was mistakenly placed in my box at the E. C. post office. It was only after opening and reading it that I checked the address, since I receive much of this kind of thing.

It's extremely interesting -- but what the hell is it???

Am taking the opportunity to enclose some propaganda on my own publication, dust.

Best wishes,

Leonard V. Fulton

It was only after receiving a letter the other day from Jack Harness and the Apa L distribution of 20 May from Tom Gilbert on Saturday that I began to suspect that Mr Fulton had also taken the opportunity to compile a mailing list for his "propaganda" from the addresses given in Apa L #29. No doubt most of you who appeared in that distribution have received the ad for dust that Jack and Michael Klassen refer to. dust is a little literary magazine I have seen on newsstands here and there around the Bay area. I have glanced through it, but my impressions of it are vague. I have nothing to do with the magazine, and assuredly do not recommend it on the basis of what I know about it.

I am considerably peeved at Mr Fulton for shortstopping my Apa L distribution for nearly a week and for highhandedly using information therein for his own purposes.

AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR

It was a cool, blustery day, Vietnam day at Berkeley. The Campanile swam in a sky full of stormy dark clouds that alternated with serene, blue sky. Tricks of the wind threw the voices of speakers on the platform in the lower plaza to the distant parts of the campus, a hollow boom and mutter much like the far-off sounds of the Vietnam war itself. Sometimes the May sun shone on the speakers and the platform, but most of the afternoon a somber shadow lay over the big green campus and the misty hills above it.

The plaza and the lower plaza were cluttered with tables, among which students and citizens wandered like people at a carnival. Banners and placards fluttered in the wind: "Stop Johnson's War!" "Impeach President Johnson," "GET OUT!" and dozens more. The wind picked up and whirled candy wrappers, old Daily Californians, and numerous flyers underfoot. A statement of the Independent Socialist club and a sheet headed "Let's support our president in Vietnam!" did a mad arabesque around Ludwig's fountain.

After dark the sky cleared, and a chill set in. "Welcome to the Berkeley freeze-in," said one speaker. But there were perhaps 10,000 people there at midnight to hear Senator Ernest Gruening, Dr Benjamin Spock, M. S. Arnoni, Isaac Deutscher, and others denounce the American policy in Vietnam. Arcturus burned remotely directly overhead. Bundles of I. F. Stone's Weekly and The Minority of One floated in the illuminated pool of Ludwig's fountain, dumped there by anonymous hoodlums. And next morning's headline told of U. S. navy planes raiding a fuel dump and transportation center in North Vietnam.