

W'Basket is published by Calvin Demmon, who is at the moment c/o the Knights, 947 University Avenue, Berkeley 10, California, but who will be, after the 20th of September, c/o the Knights, 2106 Spaulding, Berkeley, California. We're all moving into a Big Stucco House With A Fireplace, Hooray! W'Basket #3 is the new official organ of the Shadow FAPA, and is a *Press* Publication, and perhaps a little Late, too...

Contents of the August 1962 Shadow FAPA mailing:

1. Serenade	Richard Bergeron	12
2. A Rubber Meatball #3	Steve Stiles	6
3. Dry Martooni*	Fred Patten	10 + cover*
4. W'Basket #3	Calvin Demmon	4
	Total:	32 pp*

*Dry Martooni was included in the 100th FAPA mailing; is therefore omitted from Shadow bundles to FAPA members.

The envelopes for this mailing were donated by Don Fitch, Ed Baker, Fred Patten, Bob Lichtman, and Dian Girard. Thank you all very much.

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There are a couple of things which are noticeably wrong with the Shadow FAPA, and since I'm in Charge of it now, for a while, I'd like to point them out. Pay attention.

(1) Out of a membership of more than 35 waitlisters, at least 20 have been getting free Shadowzines since the Shadow FAPA was invented but have never, so far as I can determine, offered to pay the postage on their bundles or contributed a magazine or written to a Shadow Publisher and said "Thanks a lot, fella." Among other things, this has made a couple of people decide to distribute their Shadowzines outside of the bundle, and I'm afraid I don't really blame them.

(2) Mailing Comments in Shadow FAPA zines almost invariably consist of copious remarks on FAPazines and few, if any, on Shadowzines. This may seem all right at first glance (or you may not even understand what I'm saying, which would put you in a class with all of my other friends and wives), but I can give you three reasons or so why it isn't: (a) Most Shadow members don't get very many FAPazines, so the chances that any particular Shadow member will have seen all of the FAPazines that any other member has read are slim. (b) FAPazines themselves hardly ever carry any comments on Shadowzines, so this eliminates the only other source of egoboo. (c) It makes about as much



sense as OMPA comments in SAPS, which is not Plenty

These things, among others, can be blamed for the current noticeable apathy towards the Shadow FAPA, I think. There is really little incentive for publishing a fanzine in an edition of 105 if you are fairly sure that your response is going to be no more than about two percent.

I wish I had a bunch of smart college solutions to these problems, but I don't. Anyone who does is welcome to share them through these pages next time, if he wishes. I think it safe to predict, though, that unless something is done, the Shadow FAPA will die out quietly. If nobody cares, it really should.

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AFTERTHOUGHTS ON A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORKER:

I picked up a leaf from the veranda and held it to my cheek as I walked around the sofa and her.

"My God," I coughed softly, and knew the reason why.

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Dear Mom:

The other morning at the office Mr. Breuner, who is not exactly my boss, as a matter of fact so far as I know I am my own boss and apparently everybody else thinks so also, came up to my desk and asked when I was leaving and I said I don't know. Are you going back to school in September he said and I said No February maybe and he said Mercy Maude, perhaps you would like to take Judy's place, who is leaving soon, as you know the work and it would be hard to break in somebody cold. Well I said I certainly wouldn't be averse to such a circumstance. Hmmm said Mr. Breuner stroking his chin carefully and he walked away. This makes me feel very good, maybe I won't get canned at the end of the month, so I hum a little to myself while I type a report about conductivity inhomogeneities in the Balaklala Mountains. Then a secretary from up in front of the building comes back and says Has anybody talked to you yet about your job, there is a girl coming in next week to take it over permanently. Mercy Maude, I say to her, smiling cleverly, and she lunges for me but I dive under the desk as I am quite agile. Picking herself up she says Mr. Lawrence wanted to hire you after you're through on your present job but Mrs. Winnebee had first grabs so it looks like you'll be staying in the office at least until February, as we are pleased with your work and your general attitude, stroking my temples lightly. So at least three people want me to do office things for them, which makes the latter very happy and employed. You know me mother.

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Once upon a time there was a funny little man who lived all by himself in the Forest. He was about seventy-three. He was all wrinkled up, and he had a very long white beard.

He was a professional Elf.

"Look, children, there's an Elf!" the teachers would always say to their nature-study groups. They would point at the little man and

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tell the children that he was an Elf. Then the little man would get a dollar-fifty from them afterwards.

It wasn't a very Profitable Occupation, but the little man felt that he was doing a Real Service to Humanity, and he never had any trouble going to sleep at night or anything.

One day the little man got up and got dressed and went to his window. He opened it and breathed in a lot of the Fresh Forest Air. He ate a big acorn breakfast and then went out on his front lawn to lie in the sun. He was just about to fall asleep when he heard a bunch of children marching through the forest, on a Nature Study Trip. He jumped up, ran across the lawn, and hid behind a bush.



As the children marched by, the little man popped up from behind the bush, waved merrily at them, and then disappeared again.

"Look, children, that was an Elf!" the teacher said. And all the children went OOOOHH and AAAHHHHH and everything.

Except for one little boy. He had dark mussed-up hair and he had dark circles under his eyes. He didn't look very Innocent. He looked like he knew all about the World and other evil things.

"I bet it was a just a faggoty seventy-three year old man," he said.

The next day the little man didn't come to collect his dollar-fifty from the schoolteacher and she started to worry and she went and knocked on his door and she found him lying very sick in his bed. She called the doctor. The doctor said that the little man had been mortally wounded by the little boy with the dark mussed-up hair and he would die unless the little boy changed his mind and Really Believed in Elves and Fairies and things like that.

The teacher brought the little boy to the little man's house and the little boy looked at the old man and stood quietly.

"Benjy," said the little boy's teacher, "this is the little man whom you children saw yesterday, and all the other children believe in Elves and Fairies." Then she stopped and sobbed uncontrollably, for she was at a loss for words.

"This is America, Benjy," said the doctor. "The corner drugstore, the house I live in, the automat, the Star*Spangled*Banner, ten children on tricycles. Hamburgers, hot dogs, baseball, the house I live in! Now do you believe that this man is a Fairy?"

Oh, yes, I believe," shouted Benjy, crying and laughing at the same time.

The little man whimpered gratefully, stiffened, and died. "Next time I'll stick to aspirin gargles," said the doctor.

KNIGHT'S IN OLD BERKELEY VOLUME 2 NO.1

A GRABBER A DAY

from all over

SOME REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF W'BASKET'S FRIEND:

Several weeks ago the Editor of the surrounding magazine left me a note at the breakfast table suggesting that I contribute a page to this magazine and call it a "guest editorial". I gratefully accepted this offer and forgot about it until this afternoon, when Mr. Demmon reminded me of my obligation. So I will take this opportunity to introduce myself, Jeremy Alan Knight, fringe- and fake-fan, to the people of FAPA and the shadow world.

I have brown hair, hazel eyes, and spent most of my life in Los Angeles. I entered fandom through Bob Lichtman, and while in high school produced one issue of a fanzine, Queelquechose. During an unhappy year at UC I published a hektographed letter substitute called Knight's in Old Berkeley. Since that folded over a year ago my only activity in fandom-at-large has been the last Westercon in Los Angeles. I am moderately active in the local fan clubs, though. I work for IBM as a data processing "customer engineer" (repairman).

My long years of association with Mr. Demmon have taught me that wit is the soul of brevity, so I shall not bore you with further details of my life at this time.

I wish to apologize to those waitlisters over whom I have so summarily jumped. I know that several have expressed their displeasure at my sudden coattails rise to membership status. I realize that I may not be too active in FAPA; my second wife Ann and our four children take up a lot of my time. And Ann does not like stf. And up there on the bookcase is the first Mrs. Knight.

CAN I LISTEN TO YOUR MERRY-GO-ROUND, MISTER?

being an historic, true-to-life incident in the lives of Jerry and his friends...

Those of us locals who frequent the carousel at Chas. Lee Tilden Regional Park have often thought how nice it would be someday to record the great reed-and-percussion music machine so that we could listen to the magic etc. of the carousel in our own homes.

So last week when Don Fitch was visiting from LA we all (Don, Calvin, Miri, and me) went up to the park, with Calvin's Wollensak and the Albert Weatherly Memorial Microphone in hand. Calvin and I went into the Snack Bar and asked the girl who was selling tickets to speak to the person "in charge" of the merry-go-round. An angry-looking woman came out of a back room. "Yes?" she demanded.

"We'd like permission to record the merry-go-round," we said.

"No," she replied.

(the exciting CONCLUSION of this story might appear in the next issue of W'Basket.)

-- Jerry Knight