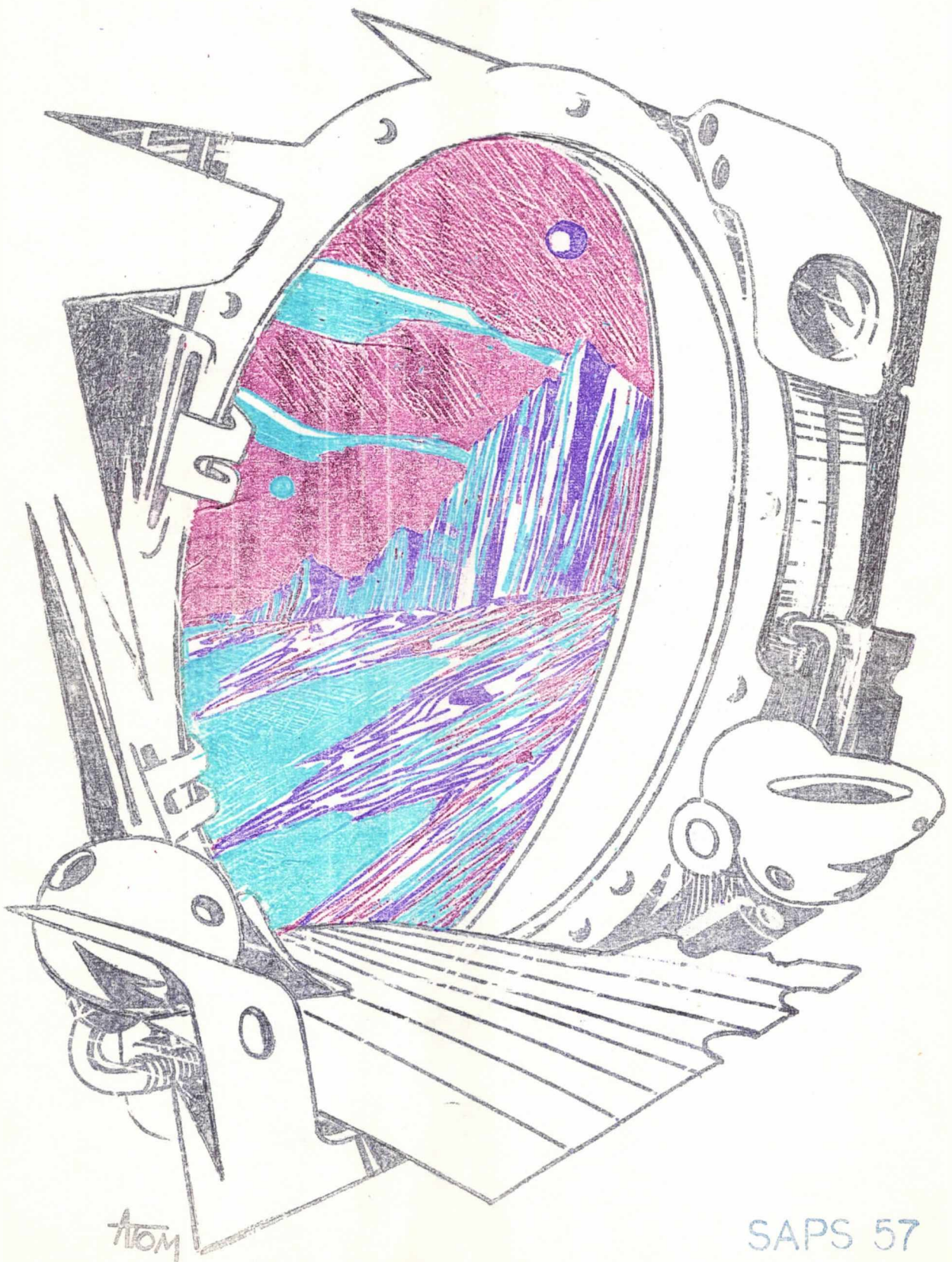


# WATLING STREET

NUMBER TEN

OCTOBER 1961



SAPS 57

# watling street

NUMBER TEN

OCTOBER 1961

This magazine is published for the 57th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Bob Lichtman, whose present address is c/o Donako, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, California. The cover of this issue was cleverly executed on ditto masters imported from America by Arthur Thomson; it was published on the Ditto B10 of Andy Lain some time before he left for New York. The rest of the magazine is mimeographed courtesy of the Mike Gestetner. Nonetheless, this is Silverdrum Publication number 39. Interior illustrations are by WR/Bjo (1), Botsler (2,3,4), and Nelson (5). The typewriter used on this issue was borrowed from Jerry Knight, for which repeated thanks. Commencing with the first 1962 number, this magazine will have a new name--we haven't decided which of several possibilities yet--but the numbering will remain constant.



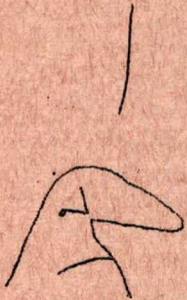
!shon!

That this issue of Watling Street is mimeographed comes as no more a surprise to us as, I suspect, it does to you. As you know, I recently made leave of Los Angeles and was forced to let my ditto, the irredoubtable Silverdrum Press, remain there. (Of this leave, more later in this issue.) I had expected to be able to use the ditto of Andy Lain for publishing this & other fanzines. However, he left for N'York, leaving the only dittos in all the Barea in the hands of Dave Rike. One of these, an Apeco Speedliner (the same sort of ditto on which the first five issues of Psi-Phi was published), I managed to borrow, but it proved to be largely inoperable. There being neither time nor opportunity to borrow or otherwise make use of another of his many, many duplicators, I am forced to this extreme means--ie, mimeography, with all its attendant complications--of getting something, almost anything in to the mailing.

Since coming to the Barea, I have found myself rapidly becoming part time art and layout editors for several local fanzines. I can recall with great ease the Sunday afternoon spent in front of a giant green Olympia standard in the Andersons' living room, dummifying into the most sloppy justified margins imaginable the lettercolumn of Vorpal Glass #3 and then stencilling about 1/3 of it to top things off. I can remember staying up until 1 am one morning putting cartoons on stencil for Fanac. I can remember do-

ing a heading for Viper. All this sudden work with mimeography by a person whose last previous experience with the process was in 1959, when he mimeoed several highly unsatisfactory issues of this periodical whose stunted tenth issue you are now reading.

IF I HEAR  
TOM DOOLEY  
ONCE MORE  
I'LL SCREAM



And what of the Rike Gestetner, the paragon amongst mimeos that publishes most of the mimeographed fanac coming from Berkeley & its environs? Nothing more, it is, and nothing less, than a rather old Gestetner 160, adapted by the Army to handle standard four-holed stencils. Watching it in action is impressive, as it seems to take quite a bit of patience, grit, and just plain Hard Work to get it to function properly.

Still, after having been unrelentingly devoted to the ditto process for over two years, I can't quite accept this electric mimeograph. It makes the whole process of publishing a fanzine seem entirely too easy. I miss the sheer artfulness of handfeeding every copy of every page of a dittoed fanzine, cursing as I went along merrily; oblivious of the Wonders of Automation. However, a faned and his ditto are soon parted, and I find myself beginning to lean for the ease of simply pushing a button to start the whole operation... ..and then watching anxiously, broodingly, over your mimeo to see it doesn't screw up things and produce half a hundred crudsheets before you notice. There is an ease to mimeography that leaves me feeling envious.

Yes, no matter how much I like dittography, and I still prefer it, I have to say this about mimeoing. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

-o0o-

On 28 July, 1961, with the aid of Andy Main, who kindly provided the means of transportation, I left home and a pair of overrestrictive parents and, after a five-day stay in Santa Barbara, made my way to Berkeley, California, which is past its zenith, where I am much happier, thank you, and in good health. Perhaps some of you already knew this--it was reported, in brief form, in Fanac--but most likely you've had few details.

To begin with, what do I mean by "over-restrictive parents"? Well, the restrictions most pertinent to this audience were those on my fanac. Because I never could be sure that my mail wouldn't be opened and read (and, if "objectionable" censored or even destroyed without word, or worse with words), I was forced most of this year to maintain one mail pick-up or more in order to get mail I didn't want to be pre-read (such as Cultzines, fanzines and letters from certain "unapproved" individuals, etc.). In fact, I had a total of four of these alternate addresses since January. In addition, attempts were made to censure rigorously whatever I published or wrote. The last straw here came when, shortly before leaving town, I was literally forced to re-publish four pages of an OMPazine (p.17-20 of Zounds!

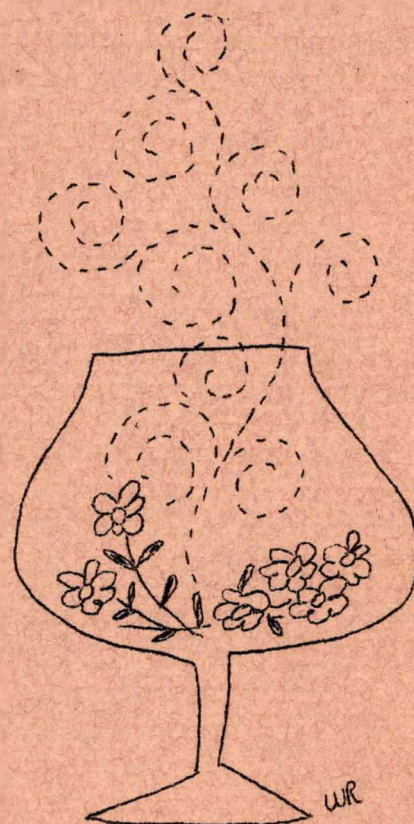
#5), all for about 3/4 of a page reprinted from Al Kirs' column in A Bas #10, about "Nice Girls vs. Vice Girls." I thought it was funny as hell, and not in the least objectionable; but they thought it was the smuttiest thing imaginable. Had I not been in such a bind, wanting to get the mag off before leaving, I wouldn't have given in so easily, but since I had supplies to burn--I couldn't take them with me, naturally enough--I didn't object as strongly as I might have.

On the non-fan side of things, I wasn't allowed to stay out past what they considered a reasonable hour. Well, okay, you say, what's wrong with that? Hold on: Like, their idea of a reasonable Hour was something like 11 pm. (This had its effects in my LASFS attendance, too.) The penalty for being late even a few minutes wasn't severe, though: just a long harangue off and on for the next day or so. Not severe at all. Yeah... We shan't discuss the other limitations placed on me; they're too depressing.

When I got up here, I found out that my parents had harrassed most of the local fans whose addresses they had managed to uncover. They got poor Bill up at around 7:30 one Saturday Morn, after a party the night before, and Bill wasn't in any shape for objecting strongly, so Ly Lother got inside and was properly appalled by what she considered the most ill-kept house imaginable. (Well, do you really expect two bachelors living together to keep their house spotlessly clean, especially when they also have a large dog, the dog Frodo, plus umpteen cats?) Perhaps worse, they had signed my name to a collection slip for an insured parcel. This parcel contained all my styli, lettering guides, ditto color carbons, etc. Fortunately, I will be able to collect insurance.

I had an interesting long-distance phone-call with them after I'd been up here a few days. We made a tape of it, too. To be brief with my description, they vacillated about in the call with things like this... "Bob, we miss you. Why did you run away? Won't you come back home? But if you don't come home, we'll do this and that and the next thing!" And so on. The threats included taking money from Ly bank account--an account which I can't get at myself until I'm 21 because it happens to be under my mother's name, as trustee--to pay for their expenses in long-distance phonecalls and trips to Berkeley, destroying the section of my fanzine collection they managed to recover from a psychologically dazed Cal DemLon, who was holding onto them for me, and other similar goofies. Even a limited correspondence since then has failed to bring any worthwhile results.

But enough of Ly Motives. At present, I am employed, have a place to stay, and food to keep me going. If I can bring my parents around to letting me (good grief) have sole of Ly own money, I hope to return to school this coming February. Otherwise, I will continue working indefinitely. I hope also to be able to reconcile with them suf-



WR

ficiently so that sometime soon I can make a trip to Los Angeles and get the rest of my possessions...books, fanzines, clothing, duplicating equipment, and bed. Plus numerous other oddenda best left unmentioned since some of it is quite silly. However, when or if this day comes is up in the air at the moment.

That's about all I care to say on this subject at the moment. And, since I can't think of anything in particular, you'll have to write your own punchline to this particular article.

-oCo-

Now that Los Angeles 56 is 450 miles behind me, I find it easy to write of some of the crazy things that took place there, as we earnest fan did our earnest fanactivity. I remember, one time, in late 1958, when Arv Underman and I were rushing out the already late Psi-Phi #4. The topic of what title Arv would use for his SAPSzine when he got into SAPS came up for one reason or another. Arv had, several weeks previously, received the 48th SAPS mailing, and had read parts of it. This was one of the large mailings we were having for a time...around 700 pages or so. "God, Bob," Arv said, hefting part of the mailing in his hand; the whole mailing was too huge to heft at once. "God, Bob," he said, "I'm not so sure I want to join SAPS and have to struggle through this much gineced crud every quarter." I pointed out, as I turned the ditto crank, that he didn't have to read the whole mailing, that in fact not all of it was even worth reading. "Yeah," he said, putting the mailing aside momentarily, "but after paying dues and producing a magazine so you keep getting the mailings, you feel like you have to read it, to get some return on your investment." I didn't have an answer to that, so I changed the subject.

"What are you going to call your SAPSzine, Arv?" I asked Arv.

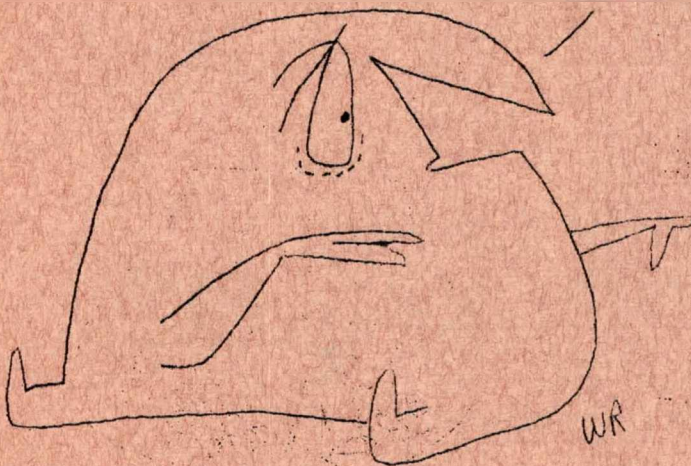
"Let me give it a little thought," he replied, grabbing up a copy of Thrilling Green Science Fiction and walking into the john. It sounded to me as if he was going to be occupied for a while, so I let the question slide,

and focussed my attentions on the pages of Les Nirenberg's "Gestiltsfan" which were coming off the duper. Several minutes later, the sound of a flushing john greeted my ears and I turned to see what was going to happen next. Arv walked out of the john with TGSE in one hand and a bottle of mouthwash in the other. "I'm going to call my SAPSzine-Neerg," he proclaimed earnestly.

"What...?" I asked in my unassuming fashion, missing contact on a handfed sheet of paper and cringing as the master imprinted "Gestiltsfan" onto the roller of the duplicator.

"Neerg," said Arv slowly. He repeated it a few more times, letting it roll off his tongue with ease. "Neerg is the title I've decided on. I've been waiting

LOOK WHO  
CAME AS  
EVE!



for a title like this to come to me. It's brilliant, don't you think?"

I repeated my earlier statement.

"Look," he said, holding forth the bottle of green mouthwash and the copy of TCSF, "It's a natural."

I gawped appropriately, then broke out into laughter. "Are you out of your mind?" I said. "That's no kind of a fanzine title."

He laughed right back and said, "I know. Actually I've had my SAPSzine title on my mind for several weeks now. I'm going to call it Spianato, after the Andante Spianato of Chopin."

About that time I had to visit the john myself, so I turned the ditto over to Arv and made a hasty exit.

-ooc-

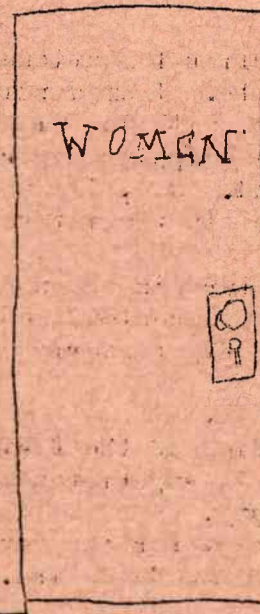
It was quietly amusing to read Alan Lewis' comments on his year of membership in the AAPA in the same mailing which contained my own impassioned requests for addresses to which I can write to join one of these "mundane" apos myself.

Sometime between writing those pleas and running them off, I did get some of the addresses I was launching for, and sometime in late June I wrote off to the Secretary-Treasurers of the National and the American Amateur Press Associations. I received an almost immediate answer to my letter to Alf Babcock, the NAPA official, but I haven't heard a thing to this very day from Joe Curran of AAPA. My tan membership card, which I carry prominently in my wallet, shows that I became a member of the NAPA on 6 July 1961. I have up to the present day received officially by two of their monthly (!) mailings and one copy of the official publication, the National Amateur. Apparently NAPA is better than AAPA, for I have found at least one or two worthwhile items amongst the crud which inhabits each mailing in large part. The bundles so far have averaged around 100 pages, and checking through listings of past mailings in the NAS I've managed to obtain, I see this constant holds pretty well throughout the year.

There is truth to the rumours that the best papers are privately mailed to members who show an inclination to respond to them. I have managed to obtain copies of these papers from their publishers or from amateurs who don't make a point of saving all their old papers, and the average quality of these privately mailed items is much higher than those put into the monthly bundles. However, one of the very best NAPA papers, Spectator (no, I'm not kidding, and to top it off, it's seen 55 issues), from M.R. Grady, is always included in the bundle.

Fannish types who were already in the NAPA when I came on the scene include Burton Crane, Alvin Fick, Ray C. Eiggs, Wilfred Myers, John Rackham, and the Wessons. Those to arrive on the scene after my entrance are Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon and Don Fitch; both were influenced by yhos into trying out NAPA. By the way, if you're interested in trying it out yourself, the person to contact for an application form is Alf Babcock, SecTreas NAPA, 24 Alan O'Kelly place, Cranford, New Jersey. Dues for the first year run the same as SAPS dues--they're two dollars. If you decide to renew after your year is up, the renewals are \$3 per year.

And if you do join, tell 'em Bob Lichtman sent you...



BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND  
MADAM? MY TELEPORTATION  
EXPERIMENTS ARE AT  
LAST A SUCCESS!!!

Earlier I mentioned that I was employed, but I neglected to give with some details. I am working at the University of California Press' shipping department, with Joe Gibson as my boss and Ray Nelson as a co-worker. Recently the shipping department moved en toto to an old, deserted Ford plant in Richmond. Ray, in an inspired moment, wrote a number of non-haiku about the plant. In the interests of little at all, we present them herewith: ...

Dogturd in the noonday sun.  
Iridescent-winged,  
the fly tenderly caresses it.

Hot noonday parkinglot,  
Empty.  
On the rusted factory gate  
one spider is still working.

Sunlit  
Office of the factory  
superintendent.

Empty,  
except for the plush carpet, dust,  
and one dead bird.

Miracle  
in the shipping room:  
I send a book to Kyoto.

On the roof of the abandoned factory  
I shade my eyes  
And search the distant haze across the bay  
For Coit's Tower.

In predawn bed  
I stretch my worksore muscles  
And think  
"What a magnificent body  
I'll soon get."

...Ray Nelson

-o0o-

You have been reading Watling Street #10, the Truncated Fanzine. I hope the January issue will be an improvement over this one--it surely would have to go some to be even worse. The Careful Reader will note that the remainder of this page is naught but a mailing wrapper and will act accordingly. See you next mailing.

— Bob Lichtman, October 1961

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this is WATLING STREET #10, from  
Bob Lichtman, c/o Donaho  
1441 Eighth Street  
Berkeley 10, California

Printed Matter Only  
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