

La Bohème

WHAT YOU NEED, BABY,
IS A REAL MAN!



SOMEBODY T'PERFECT'CHA!
SOMEBODY THAT DON'T
TAKE NO LIP FROM
NOBODY!



SOMEBODY THAT CAN
BREAK OVER HIS KNEE
LIKE A STICK OF WOOD
ANYBODY THAT LOOKS
CROSS-EYED AT'CHA!



SOMEBODY ROUGH
TOUGH AND
READY!



WHAD'YA SAY, BABY?
HUH? WHAD'YA
SAY?



YOU'D BETTER
HARVEST THAT CROP,
MAN, BEFORE
THE BUGS GET
IT!



Ray Nelson

WATLING STREET

NUMBER ELEVEN

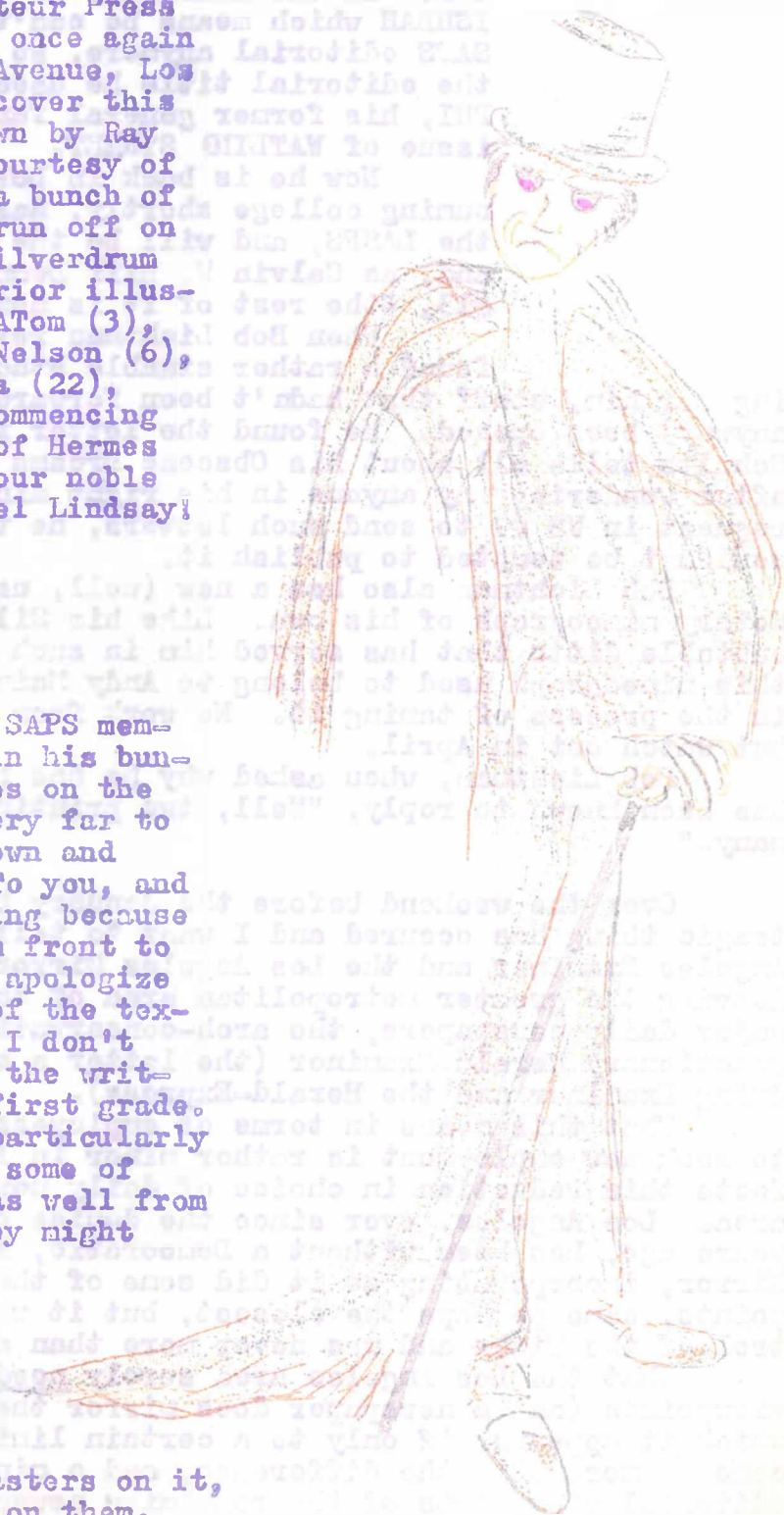
This magazine is published for the 58th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Bob Lichtman, who once again resides at 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California. The cover this issue was stencilled and drawn by Ray Nelson and is mimeographed courtesy of the Rex-Rotary belonging to a bunch of LASPS members. The rest is run off on ye Silverdrum Press and is Silverdrum Publication number 43. Interior illustrations are by Adkins (9), ATom (3), Bjo (14), Burbee (1,17,21), Nelson (6), Rotsler (2,5,14,18,19), Trina (22), and WR/Bjo (10). Typeface commencing with this issue is courtesy of Hermes 3000 recently purchased by your noble fellow member. TAFF for Ethel Lindsay!

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If you are the sort of SAPS member who reads the magazines in his bundle from the rear and finishes on the first page, you don't have very far to go before you can put this down and pick up the next magazine. To you, and to those who are just beginning because they read SAPS magazines from front to rear, not vice-versa, I must apologize for the peculiar crudeness of the textual content of this issue. I don't mean that I have reverted to the writing non-style I used in the first grade. I do mean that, thanks to a particularly cruddy lot of ditto masters, some of the letters didn't transfer as well from carbon to master sheet as they might otherwise have done. I am as sorry about this as you are, and I hope it won't happen again.

The thought occurs to me that it might just be this typewriter, but I have cut some good quality masters on it, too, and it worked all right on them. In fact, the results were lovely, or at least as lovely as the Silverdrum ditto can turn out.

Despite the typeface, this is not a Gafia Press publication...



The last time we left our Editor, he was safe in Bourgeois Berkeley and was being forced to use a crude Electric Gestetner to publish on because his even more crude manual ditto had been left behind when he took off. In the meantime, he has started a fanzine called ISHBAH which means he can't use that title for his SAPS editorial anymore, so in place of it he's stolen the editorial title he used on the last issue of PSI-PHI, his former general fanzine, and used it in this issue of WATLING STREET.

Now he is back in Los Angeles again, will be re-suming college shortly, has been elected Director of the LASFS, and will be the OE of N'APA during 1962, and, as Calvin W. Biff Demmon put it in his *SKOAN* #13, "the rest of it is none of your business."

When Bob Lichtman returned to Los Angeles he found a rather sizable stack of accumulated mail waiting for him, stuff that hadn't been forwarded but had (some of it, anyway) been opened. He found the letter from Dick Schultz in which Schultz tells all about his Obscene Dreams (it had been opened) and after wondering why anyone in his right mind would have answered his request in WS #9 to send such letters, he threw it away so that he wouldn't be tempted to publish it.

Bob Lichtman also has a new (well, used, but new to him) Rex-Rotary mimeograph of his own. Like his Silverdrum Press, the irredoubtable ditto that has served him in such good stead since early 1960, this mimeograph used to belong to Andy Main, too. Bob Lichtman is now in the process of taming it. No work from it appears in this mailing, but watch out in April.

Bob Lichtman, when asked why he has both a mimeo and a ditto, has been known to reply, "Well, two printing machines...that's not too many."

Over the weekend before the January SAPS deadline, a rather tragic thing has occurred and I want to tell you about it. The Los Angeles Examiner and the Los Angeles Mirror have ceased publication, leaving the greater metropolitan area of this city with only two major daily newspapers, the arch-conservative Times and the Hearst-reactionary Herald-Examiner (the latter a smorging together of the dying Examiner and the Herald-Express).

What this means in terms of employees of both newspapers having to seek new employment is rather minor in light of the probable effects this reduction in choice of daily newspapers will mean to the area. Los Angeles, ever since the demise of the Daily News some eight years ago, has been without a Democratic, liberal newspaper. The Mirror, incorporating as it did some of the News' features and viewpoints, came perhaps the closest, but it was still under the control of the Times and was never more than a subsidiary newspaper.

What the Los Angeles area sorely needs now, if its published viewpoints (and a newspaper does mirror the attitudes of the area in which it appears, if only to a certain limited extent) are not to become more than the difference, and a minor one, between the two editorial viewpoints of the remaining newspapers, is another newspaper.

The San Francisco area has impressed me as being one that has a rather ideal newspaper situation. There are two leading San Francisco newspapers, the Hearstian Examiner, and the independent Chronicle, and there is a lesser Scripps-Howard paper, the News-Call Bulletin (this being a combination of two elder papers, the News-Call and the Bulletin).

January 1962

I do not know quite where the News-Call Bulletin stands politically, because I never bought an issue and read it, but the Examiner is politically based on the peculiar Heartian conservatism, while, on the most delightful other hand, the Chronicle is rather liberal. For instance, it was the Chronicle that came out against the HUAC hearings in San Francisco during 1960.

The Chronicle calls itself "The Voice of the West" and this is often true to too much an extent. The paper's main fault is that it concentrates too heavily on local Bay Area news and on its columns and other features to the near-exclusion of world-wide news coverage. But this is the sort of thing that has made the Chronicle my favorite newspaper of all those I've ever had the opportunity to read.

What would be nice for the LArea to have would be a Los Angeles Chronicle, of roughly the same format and editorial viewpoint as its San Francisco counterpart. In this way, and probably only in this way, could the area get the liberal newspaper it needs so badly.

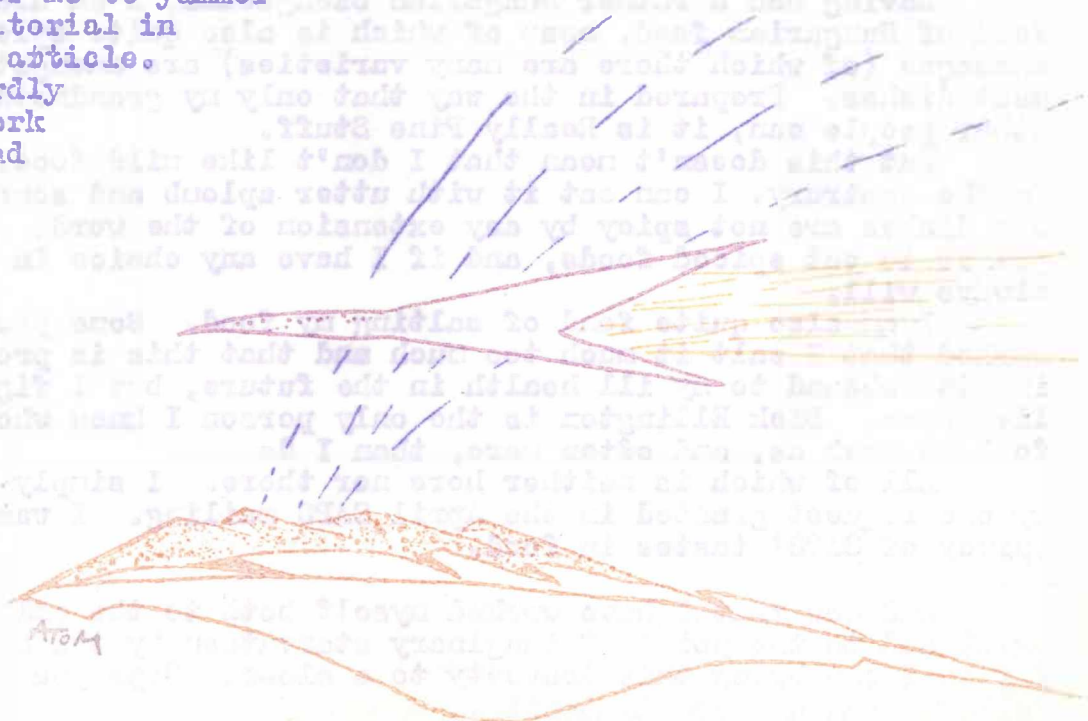
Write your own punchline. There's an obvious one.

How many of you fellow workers in this Great Big Apa have the same problem with editorials that I do? Lately, which means roughly for the eleven mailings that I have been in, I find it increasingly difficult to whomp off these few pages that introduce the whole issue to the Reader (I especially find it difficult when, like today, there are two ^{mts} 13-year-old nymphets sprinkling the lawn next door, and it is but ^{the} work of a moment to turn my head and look at them) (which might explain why there are so many typos in this section).

You see, I do all the layout on these things before I even have any idea of what I am going to write about. I just illustrate a pile of masters and put them in some kind of order so that when I do get around to typing on them there will be Instant Layout. As I go along, I leave space for headings, fillers and the like. And I always leave a Great Big Hole at the front for an editorial because with my system of nailing comments I always figure there will be a topic or two left over for me to yammer about in the editorial in a sort of short article.

But it hardly ever seems to work out that way, and after I'm all through with the nailing comments, and whatever other features I have in any given issue, I find that I have pretty well exhausted my supply of SAPS-type comments for the quarter.

Yet, because I have left all this



space for my editorial and generally have nothing else to put in its place, unless I want to go through the trouble of digging up a Choice Reprint or bothering someone for an article or something (and it isn't worth the bother, usually), I must jam with myself just that much longer in order to get this SAPSzine out of my hair.

It's gotten to be too Much, and so I've come to a general change in policy. It's really something I should have done right from the beginning.

From now on, when I have a SAPS editorial to do, I'll go out girl-watching instead. What do you think, Wrai? Buz?

Recent discussions in FAPA and in general fandom of things like library-paste white bread and other foods have interested me considerably, because I am always curious to find out what other people like to eat. It is a well-known fact that everyone who goes to a Burbee party soon falls in love with a certain particularly good variety of chili beans, ably prepared by Isabel, washed down with the Burb's homebrew (even though I have never had either of these delicacies). And Burnett R Teskey has always enthused over Elinor's chocolate cakes.

But what about the rest of you? I'd really like to see something in the next mailings's comments. I'd like to see a sort of food survey amongst the members of SAPSdom. What sort of foods do you particularly favour, and why? Are you a good cook, an average cook, or do you burn water when you try to boil it? Do you like your foods spicy, or do you like them mild and slightly salty, or what?

My own tastes in food generally run towards the very spicy. Mexican food is a favourite of mine, only I can hardly ever find a place that will serve it the way I like it. A couple places on Olvera street here in Los Angeles do, and the Mexican restaurant in Albany, California, that Bill Dnaho recommends does, but generally I find Mexican food as served by most so-called "authentic" Mexican restaurants to be pretty insipid stuff.

Having had a rather Hungarian background, I am also extremely fond of Hungarian food, most of which is also quite spicy. Hungarian sausages (of which there are many varieties) are amongst my favorite meat dishes. Prepared in the way that only my grandmother and a few other people can, it is Really Fine Stuff.

But this doesn't mean that I don't like mild food, at all. On the contrary, I can eat it with utter aplomb and some of my favorite dishes are not spicy by any extension of the word. But I much prefer to eat spiced foods, and if I have any choice in the matter always will.

I am also quite fond of salting my food. Some people have remarked that I salt it much too much and that this is probably all going to rebound to my ill health in the future, but I figure you only live once. Dick Ellington is the only person I know who salts his food as much as, and often more, than I do.

All of which is neither here nor there. I simply want to have my one request granted in the April SAPS mailing. I want to see a survey of SAPS' tastes in food.

And now that I have worked myself both to the end of this editorial and to the point of imaginary starvation by the above squiblet, I find I can bring this travesty to a close. Hope you enjoy what follows, and see you in April...

--Bob Lichtman

BERKELEY: FOCAL POINT OF A MOOD

"Richmond," said Joe Eibson to me one late afternoon when we were riding back to Berkeley from the shipping department of the University of California Press, "is the armpit of the Bay Area."

Richmond is north of Berkeley (and is a pretty depressing place) and Oakland is south of Berkeley, so I said back to Joe, "Yes, and Oakland is the asshole."

We didn't say anything after that for a while, but I was speculating on the anatomical location of Berkeley. I think I concluded that it was something like the Left Breast of Fan Hill used to be, back in the days when Los Angeles fandom was bearding on the side of a hill above Sunset boulevard.

Later, when I was fixing dinner at my little apartment on Hearst street, I thought it over some more. San Jose, I finally concluded, was the Bay Area's big toe and San Francisco was its outstretched hand across the bay. Walnut Creek was the other hand, and Pinole was the tip of its pointy head.

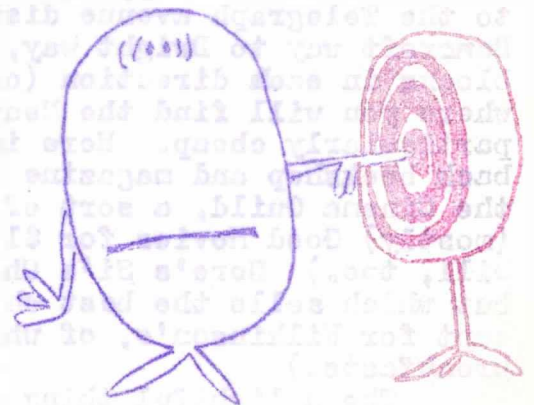
It makes a pretty preposterous picture, doesn't it?

I don't think most people who have never visited Berkeley realize it, but Berkeley is really not a very big town. You approach it riding up San Pablo avenue from Oakland, and about the time you cross Ashby you are in Berkeley. There are a couple more traffic lights after that—at University avenue and Cedar street and Gilman street—but by the time you get to Solano avenue you are in Albany, and Marin street comes before that and it's in Albany most of the time, too. Hell, go a few more lights on San Pablo and you're at Fairmont street, and you're not only in El Cerrito, now, but you're also in another county. You've gone out of Alameda county into Contra Costa County.

If you decide to stop in Berkeley, the best thing to do is to turn right from San Pablo avenue onto University avenue. It won't be a very long drive up University, either, because after you get past Sacramento, Shattuck (and before Shattuck, Grove), and end up at Oxford street and University, you run out of University avenue and have to turn—unless you cross the street and take the little winding road up into campus.

But for such a small town, Berkeley swings. It's a curious combination of the University of California and all its attendant problems, ways of thinking, and the like. Of the more respectable sections of Berkeley, clinging to the sides of the Berkeley Hills, where the houses are fairly expensive and where university students hardly ever go. Of grasping landlords who rent their often badly rundown apartments to students at rents considerably higher than the places are worth. (For instance, my own apartment was \$60 a month plus utilities, and I could have gotten it in LA for maybe \$45.) Of a bunch of nice guys (mostly) on the police force and a bunch of bastardly merchants (mostly). In short, Berkeley is almost but not quite the Typical University Town.

Only different—and there's the catch.



You..you mean I've got to hit it there? From now far away??? What? Failure to comply will make it difficult to pass the course???

With the exception of the more expensive sections in the Kensington district and lining the Berkeley Hills, most of Berkeley is composed of a bunch of uniformly old houses and apartment buildings, with an occasional brand-new apartment building here and there (for students, mostly). I guess it's this way because students will rent anything, if they have to, and because most of the other inhabitants of Berkeley seem to be either old people or people who like living in old houses. (Like me.)



The same situation exists in the parts of Oakland that border Berkeley, so it is really pretty difficult to tell when you have passed out of Oakland (or, on the other side, Albany) into Berkeley, and vice versa. Be-

fore I went up, I had this notion of Berkeley as a separate, and much larger, city with Oakland somewhere off in the distance, about fifteen miles away, perhaps, with a sort of never-never land between them. But it just isn't so. The two places are all squashed together. Which is a good thing because if you want to get real bargain prices on anything, you usually have to go into Oakland, anyway.

There are three distinct shopping districts in the Berkeley city limits. There is the sprawling array of shops along San Pablo avenue and University avenue. This is not so much a shopping "district" as a continuing frame of mind. There is the Shattuck Avenue shopping district, an area full of lots of expensive shops (Roos-Atkins, Hinks', etc.) inbetween the places like Penney's, Woolworth's, and the National Dollar Store (a neat place). Palmer's drug store is in this section, but it's about the only store there--aside from the National Dollar Store, where I got almost all my clothes--that I frequented there.

The other shopping district is the best one. I refer of course to the Telegraph avenue district, stretching south of Campus from Bancroft way to Dwight way, and up and down the side streets a few blocks in each direction (on some of the streets, anyway). Here is where you will find the Neat Shops, even though a lot of them aren't particularly cheap. Here is the home of U.C. Corner, the best paperback bookshop and magazine stand I've seen before or since. Here is the Cinema Guild, a sort of Peoples' Art Theatre where one can see (mostly) Good Movies for \$1.10 a throw. (And that's for a double bill, too.) Here's Si's Charburger, which sounds like a corny name but which sells the best cheap food I ran across while there. (Except for Wilkinson's, of which more later, though they were best for breakfasts.)

The delightful thing about all this, though, is that nothing in Berkeley is really too far away not to ride there on a bicycle. And since a bicycle is all I had much of the time for transportation that is what I used. For those of you who maybe think that Berkeley is like San Francisco as regards hills, let me tell you that this is Not So. Most of Berkeley is delightfully flat, though one may notice

a sort of tendency for it all to slant towards the bay like a big drainage ditch.

Since I mentioned San Francisco back there a moment ago, I might take a bit of time out here to describe one of the most fascinating bus rides in the world. I refer to the trip one takes across the Bay Bridge from Berkeley to get to San Francisco. There is something about this trip that sets the sense of wonder aflame, though perhaps part of this is due to my Los Angeles type orientation, where one hardly ever crosses bridges that go over sizable masses of water.

The most convenient place in all of Berkeley to catch the San Francisco bus, which is the "F" bus, is at the corner of University and Shattuck, which is located right in the center of town. There is a schedule posted there, which tells you that the busses to San Francisco run about every fifteen minutes, so if you find you've a while to wait till the next one, a bit of window-shopping and general browsing is in order. Hell, if you miss your next bus, too, by getting over-engrossed in your browsing, you can always afford to lose 15 minutes until the next one after that arrives. Why, they even run on time! (Something that amazed ol' MTA-acclimated me.)

And for killing time, you can't beat the Paperback Bookshop, not far from the bus stop. This wild establishment, run by one Sam Morris Moskowitz, may not have the best selection of paperbacks new and old in Berkeley, but has the whackiest. And better than that, it carries most all the little mags going at any given time--it's as good as U.C. Corner in this respect--and you can hardly beat that, outside of visiting City Lights bookshop in the City. To top things off, there's a huge tray-table in the centre of the shop where you can always find something worth reading--it's the used paperback section, and it's full to overflowing all the time.

Morris Moskowitz...we can't go on without noting his Adventures in Fighting City Hall. Seems that he wanted to attract a little more business than he has had--his shop is just a bit off the beaten path, really--so he put a magazine kiosk, a rather small one, out on the sidewalk in front of his establishment. It was right next to the curb, so that there was plenty of room for pedestrians to walk by without being inconvenienced. But the City Council objected to this enterprising American spirit on Morris' part. "A safety hazard to pedestrians," they said. Morris tried to keep his sidewalk kiosk, but it was a losing battle. The city threatened to levy a fine, and Morris' kiosk went the way of all Progress.

You never really know what you'll find in his shop. One time I walked in and found three copies of an EP record called "Sexual Symbolism in the American Automobile, or Why The Edsel Laid An Egg," a lecture by S.I. Hayakawa. I picked one up and asked Moskowitz how much it was. He didn't even know he had them. "This is a book shop, not a record store," he said. So he let me have one for 50¢. "I'm probably losing money, but I don't know what those things are supposed to cost."

But I digress. The bus is coming. It will cost you 50¢ to get all the way to San Francisco, yet another city and county, so getting that amount out of your pocket or purse, you get aboard. When you drop your 50¢ into the till the driver hands you a long, narrow piece of paper (cardstock, really) with printing all over it. I never heard this referred to as anything more or less than a hatcheck. It is taken away from you later, before you cross the Bridge, because the driver gives them to the attendant at the toll kiosk on the Oakland side of the Bridge.

As you head down Shattuck into Oakland, there's really not much to see, but after you get down onto the Bridge on-ramps, just about to the east side of the Bay, things start to get interesting. Like, all of a sudden, here's all this water there, coming up practically to the edge of the roadway. And the bus drives up to the toll-gates and stops there for a moment while you look back and see the big sign off to your left rear that says "Port of Oakland." The driver has finished handing the hatchchecks to the bridge attendant now and he takes off again and the real fun begins.

Before very long you are out over the water, safely between the two sides of the bridge and an indefinite distance above the water, and off in the distance you can see Yerba Buena Island and, beyond that, the buildings of San Francisco begin to appear before your eyes. The bridge is going slightly uphill at this point and you get higher and higher above the water. I don't really know just how high you get, but I'd estimate maybe 50 or 60 feet. (I have no sense of height, however, so that's probably meaningless.)

Yerba Buena Island is owned and operated by the Navy, which is too bad because it's a neat place. There is one spot on its southwest end where I would like very much to build a house. It is on the near-top of a hill, and there are trees around it, and it looks quite pastoral and all, even though it is on a naval base in the middle of the bay. There's already some kind of wooden building there; it's probably the Admiral's house, or something.

The Bridge doesn't quite go over Yerba Buena Island nor does it go around it. What it does is it goes straight through the island. And when you come out on the other side of the tunnel through the island, San Francisco is practically all you can see ahead of you. There is Alcatraz, "The Rock," out in the bay off North Beach, and there is Coit's Tower, and there is the Union Oil building. You can see traffic on the streets, which all seem to run up hills (there are no downhill streets in San Francisco, or so it seems after you've gone up hills all day--except when you are going level on the flat area between hills); you can see it because San Francisco hasn't got any smog. It's too windy.

All this City-ness draws closer to you as you start to reach the west end of the Bridge, and shortly you find yourself over it all, riding along on one of the San Francisco ersatz freeways, which are elevated highways called "skyways," and eventually you go off on a special skyway and find yourself pulling to a stop in the A-C Bus Terminal. You go up to the main floor of the Terminal and walk out the door.

The corner of First and Mission streets is before you, and there's a whole world of adventure waiting.

I am not going to say anything about San Francisco itself in this article; maybe later I'll talk about it. But I do want to mention one thing I really love about the City. That is its street names. I'm not kidding.

Maybe it is because I have lived so long in Los Angeles, where most streets have silly Spanish names or something like that. But I really dig names for streets like some of the following ones tagged on San Francisco Streets... Fell, Mission, Polk, Lombard, O'Farrell, Tyler, McAllister, Market, Cambridge, and especially Haight. Haight street! That really sends me. I have heard some people pronounce it as though it were spelled "height." But I don't feature that.

I pronounce Haight as though it were spelled "hate."

We're back in Berkeley now. I told you (or should have told you) this was going to be a disjointed article. It's a Sunday morning, or possibly afternoon, and Great Hangover reigns on account of there was a party at Donaho's the evening before. Homebrew sure is fine stuff, but it leaves you in little mood to do anything for yourself, especially fix breakfast. What do you do in a case like that?

Simple; you go out and eat at Wilkinson's, in Shattuck Square near University avenue. Order a #2 breakfast--it's really fine. I did this all the time, after I was introduced th the Wilkinson's Habit.

Wilkinson's food is really fine stuff; even if you don't choose to believe all the incredible bragging on their breakfast menu, you have to agree when you bite into a piece of their superfine waffles or chomp off a bit of their excellent bacon. The waffles come with whipped butter and the menu advises you to "ask for more if you just love it."

But what is Neat about W's, besides their fine food, is the people who wait on you, at least some of them. More than once have I been privileged (if that's the word I'm searching for, Meyer) to sit through what must be one of the most fascinating off-the-cuff "floorshows" imagineable. You don't believe me? Okay...

"May I have some more whipped butter because I just love it?" inquired a young man in the booth next to mine one Sunday morning.

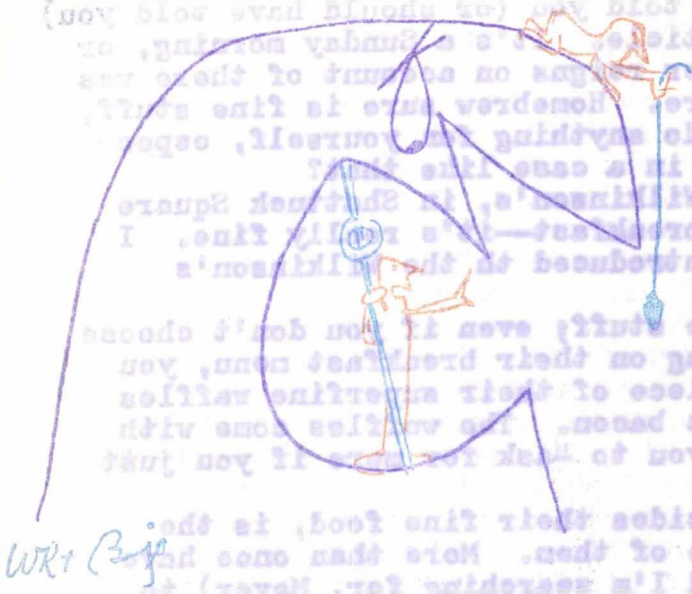
"More whipped butter!!" said the waitress indignantly. "More whipped butter," she said, throwing her hands up in the air. "Why, do you realise that you've just asked us to give up our entire profit on your breakfast? I mean, you've already asked for seconds on your coffee--and nwo you want more whipped butter?"

But he got his whipped butter. It always works.

Another time, a rather old man walked in the place while I was eating breakfast (a #2, naturally). He sat down at the counter and a waitress up and asked him, "Will it be your regular bowl of oatmeal today, Sam?"

The old man thought it over for a minute and asked, "Uh, what else do you have? Maybe I'll order something





else instead." The waitress pulled up a menu and stuck it in front of his face. She started naming off things in no particular order and I didn't pay too much attention until she came up to french toast. "We have the best french toast in town," she proudly proclaimed, "and do you know how we make it so good?"

The old man held as how he didn't and she went on, "Well, what we do is go around to all the other restaurants in town. We go around to their back doors and collect all the old, stale bread they happen to have. Then we bring it back here and we scrape it off a bit before we fix it up with our spec-

ial batter that makes it taste good. Would you like me to fix you some french toast?" she asked.

The old man turned sort of green. "I think I'll just have some oatmeal," he said.

"Oatmeal!" responded the waitress. "After all that work I did telling you what other food we had for breakfast, all you want is oatmeal?"

"Well," said the man, "I guess I'll have a cup of coffee, too."

So she went off and got the oatmeal and the coffee and when she set it down in front of him she sort of leaned her elbow on the counter and said softly, "Why, I'll bet you just asked me to tell you all that stuff because you like to hear my voice." She winked.

"Sly, sly dog!" she sang out loud as she walked off to wait on another customer who had been sitting incredulously through all the foregoing.

I guess if this were a Terry Carr article, I would say that Wilkinson's was a Fabulous Berkeleyish Restaurant. This isn't, but I'll say it anyway.

Wilkinson's is a Fabulous Berkeleyish Restaurant. It certainly is a wonderful thing, yes it is. Eat there whenever you visit Berkeley and wake up Sunday morning with a hangover.

Of course, I shouldn't say that, because this sort of thing doesn't happen all the time. Only when you don't expect it.

A little poetry now, for poetry says in fewer words what prose takes pages to accomplish...

i think that i shall never see
a sight as lovely as a "b".
indeed unless the standards fall
i'll never see a "b" at all.

how do i love thee?
let me count the ways
one
.....

helen, thy beauty is to me
like wheeler hall at half past one
or the campanile striking three
you'd better put some makeup on.

captain o captain
our fearful task is done
and ro drill is over
till thursday next at one.

All of which, of course, is neither here nor there, but which is a convenient way of both getting these little gems into print and bringing up the subject of the University of California, Berkeley.

Of course, now that I've brought it up, the question in my mind is how am I going to describe it without being terribly one-sided? As I was not a student there, the only aspects of University life with which I am familiar are the predominantly social, cultural and commercial ones. This led to a great deal of personal difficulty when I would roam around the campus in my khaki workclothes and my beard. "Where is Eshleman Hall?" people would ask me, people who were obviously strangers to the campus, even as you (perhaps) and I. I would shrug my shoulders and say, "I don't know; I'm not a student here." They would look at me rather disbelievingly and go away.

Oh, I can tell what they were thinking. "Communist dupe," they were thinking. "Inconsiderate radical. Can't even take the time to give directions to visitors." Oh well, that's life.

University of California, Berkeley, as it is referred to in the bulletins, has a lovely campus. Dominating it all, naturally, is the Campanile, or Sather's Tower. There is probably a sign on this something like the sign at Sather Gate telling how Jane Sather built it in memory of her Beloved Husband. (Who was this Sather, anyway?) It probably says something like "Erected by Jane Sather, 1887." After all, it is nothing more or less than a monstrous phallic symbol.

(I think George Willick, or maybe Sid Coleman, knows something about it, too. I think they were following its example in that Fan Award statuette. I mean, Sather's Tower has a clock in it, too.)

All kidding aside, and Communist dupe or no, I did do a bit of investigating into the various student political organizations while I was there. There is this area by the Bancroft entrance to campus that is sort of a legal no-man's land. Neither the University nor the City of Berkeley seems to lay any claim to it. It's here that the various groups set up their little kiosks and pass out literature. Quite early in the game, I put myself on all sorts of mailing lists. I got onto the lists for the Young Socialist's Alliance, for SLATE, for Students Affiliated Against Totalitarianism (a sort of John Bircher group), for the Young Republican's League, for YPSL, and later on for the Young Democrats' League. The YSA started the ball rolling by sending me literature just two or three days later, and I went to one of their Thursday night meetings. (Thursday night meetings, get that! Just like a certain local fanclub.)

It was pretty interesting, so I kept on going. Besides, there was this girl there. She seemed very dedicated, or should I say Dedicated, to the Cause of Socialism and we had a number of long talks about applications of socialism to practically every aspect of life. It didn't matter if occasionally the scheduled speakers were dull because these conversations made up for it.

However, one night I saw her and this obviously pleased Young Socialist feller going up the stairs of this big house the group met in. I didn't pay too much attention at first, but half an hour later when they hadn't come back down I started getting a bit bored. Besides, this other YSA cat kept bugging me about What Do You Think About Cuba? I told him finally that I couldn't give the faintest damn and left, darkly.

The YSA lost its charm for me about that time, so I stopped going.

Of course, there were all these other groups to check out. I didn't like the idea of Young Republicans or Students Affiliated Against Totalitarianism, because I didn't think I could face up to

their philosophies sufficiently to make it worthwhile. So I went to a SLATE meeting one Wednesday evening to see what they had to offer. They were by far the most sizable group I ran into--this large hall was filled; standing room only--and while they had what I was interested in, both in political ideas and other things of interest, the group was too stodgy and Concerned with student politics to make it worth bothering with.

I swore off political investigation for quite some time until one day there blossomed forth in front of the Bancroft entrance a Young Democrats' League display, complete with three pulchritudinous Young Democrats, who proceeded to tell me, all smiles and good looks, about how The Young Democrats Accomplish Things, And Hold Caucusses, And Have Real Power That The Other Groups Lack. Well, well, I thought to myself, and I showed up at their next meeting. After all, the girls waved me off with "See you at the meeting," and I had said, "You bet!" or something like that.

But the meeting came, and began, and when after an hour the only girl there was some bear with legs hairier than mine I said I had to study for a test and left.

I swore off political groups composed of students then and there, and went over to Walter Breen where we captioned cartoons until the Wee Small.

One of the focal points of social activity at the University is the fountain in the square between the two halves of the Student Union complex. The fountain is owned and operated by a couple of large dogs, one of whose name is Ludwig (I was never introduced to the others). Here, it is rumoured, if one sits long enough one will eventually meet everyone on campus, except for that couple who stay up on the observation level of the Campanile, and they don't count anyway. It certainly works. I would sit there for a few minutes and up would walk, maybe, George Spencer, or perhaps one of the Bistro crowd. We would talk for a while, and then I would be alone again. It certainly was a wonderful thing.

Despite the dogs, people kept Putting Things into the water of the fountain. Often, one would walk up to it to find it a delightful shade of blue, or red, or perhaps green. Once it was yellow, and didn't that look suspicious! Or maybe someone will empty a bottle or three of Joy, or a couple boxes of Tide, into it, and the dogs would get their semi-occasional baths. It was all very raucous and unpredictable and fun.

Just like this article, which has been entirely composed on master, has been. There may be more of this next time, but don't count on it. After all, way back in the sixth issue of this magazine, in the October 1960 mailing, I had a series of reminiscences about my senior year in high school. "Continued next issue," it concluded.

I haven't written the follow-up to that article yet, either.

--Bob Lichtman, Lazy Fan

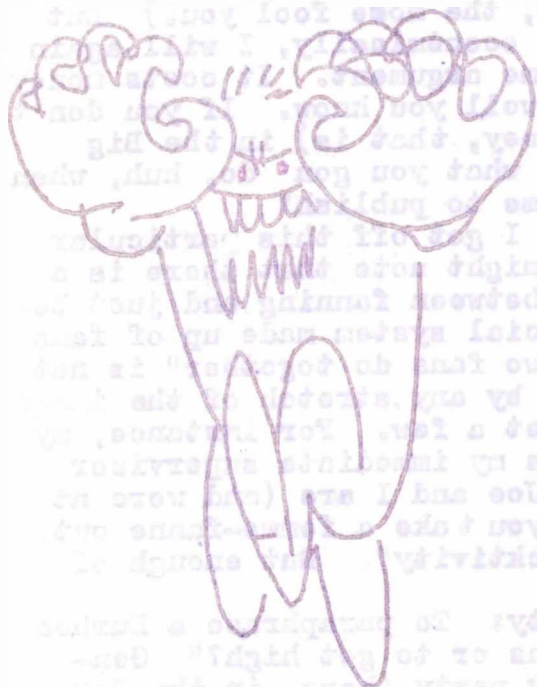
WANTED BY THE EDITOR: Bob Lichtman, address in colophon, is in need of one copy each of FANACs 2 and 18. He will send in trade to the first fan who will send him copies of these two issues, in good condition, a copy of William Rotzler's The Tattooed Dragon Meets The Wolfman, which is complete and in fine condition.

CRITICAL MESS:

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE

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FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

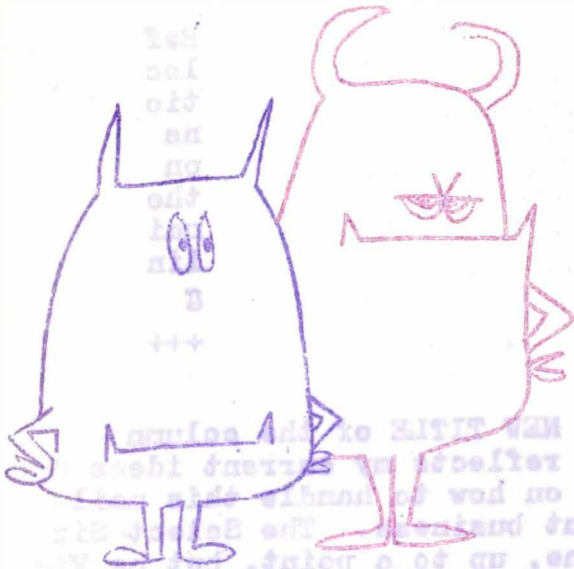
THE NEW TITLE of the column this time reflects my current ideas & attitudes on how to handle this mailing comment business. The Select Six worked fine, up to a point, but as Vic Ryan pointed out, what happens if you have more than six zines on which you feel you have to comment? (And, as he didn't note but which is equally true, what if you have less than six?) So the procedure here from now on will be to write to a certain page-count, which just happens to be roughly 50% of the issue. This way, I not only keep the magazine down to size, for my non-MC material is unlikely to exceed the MCs, but I comment on damned near any number of zines, depending on how much space I have.

All of which is a pretty complex way of saying that I'll do as I damned please. Let's get into the nect of this thing, ewot?...

THE SPELEOBEM #13: Pals

Did you, Bruce, and did you, fellow SAPSer, ever stop to consider that there may be no such thing as Making It In Mundane? Let's look at it this way for a minute. Let's consider, just for the sake of argument, that everything is just one big interlocking series of microcosms. For instance, John F. Kennedy is a big name in the political microcosm, John Cage is a big name in the music microcosm, and John Trimble is a big name in the fan microcosm. And even your having known of these BNs in the other microcosms is easily explained, for has not the man on the street heard of Robert Bloch, Bob Silverberg, and Charles Beaumont? You bet he has.

However, don't take the above too seriously, because it's not meant to be anything mofe than a random thought, a sort of handy rationalization which may be grabbed up by the FIAWOL types if they want to. As I think I've said before in the pages of this publication, I indulge in fanac only when the mood hits me. If I want to spend the weekend reading fanzines and writing letters of comment, to the exclusion of everything else, then I jolly well will. But by the same token, if I feel like (hi, Chris!) playing softball, or going out visiting friends, or taking in a movie, then I'll do that too. How about you?



"He says he doesn't believe in devils. Shall we.....?"

However (that word again), on what grounds do you make the claim that you don't care if you make it in the Mundane? If you mean socially, then I can at least partially see your point. It is utter foolishness to move in a social circle in which you have no interest. (Though if you don't even give it a fair chance, the more fool you.) But if you mean economically, I will again give you some argument. It costs money to fan, as well you know. If you don't make it (money, that is) in the Big Real World, what you gon' do, huh, when it comes time to publish?

Before I get off this particular tangent, I might note that there is a difference between fanning and just being in a social system made up of fans. "Anything two fans do together" is not fanactivity by any stretch of the imagination! You want examples? Okay, you'll get a few. For instance, my working for the U.C.Press with Joe Gibson as my immediate supervisor was not fanactivity, despite the fact that Joe and I are (and were at the time) both reasonably active fans. If you take a femme-fanne out, that's not fanactivity either, despite "shackactivity". But enough of this particular meandering...

You re soft drinks vs liquor at a party: To paraphrase a Burbee line, "Did you come to the party to meet fans or to get high?" Generally speaking, I seldom go to a party, any party (here, in the Bay Area, anywhere), with any particular aim in mind. Once or twice I have gone to a party with the specific intention of getting drunker than I should, and I have, and I've suffered for it the next day with a hang-over larger than all outdoors. But generally at parties I like to talk to people, to move around, and also to drink somewhat. Not to excess, usually, but I seem to have a fairly large capacity and I like having something to hold onto. (Dis-cottonpickin'-clainer! You know I mean a glass, ahem-hem...) Also, I find that my capacity for understanding what's going on only drops (and very suddenly) when I'm too far gone to care anyway. Otherwise, I can carry on the same sort of conversation as when sober, only I may slur words a bit more than I normally do. And up to a certain point, I remember everything.

But to answer the question, the truth is that nine times out of ten I would probably choose the lightest of the harder drinks available. Beer over wine over hard stuff. There is a reason for this other than enjoying a mild high, too: I'm not fond of having a sweet aftertaste in my mouth. So I disdain, generally speaking, soft drinks (and candy, cake, cookies, etc.) unless I can remove the taste somehow, like by eating something else immediately afterwards.

I don't think I'll carry this subject any further because I want to go in and get something to drink.

The Fanzine Foundation seems like a rather good idea to me--hell, it's an excellent thought--but there seems to be one thing that you haven't considered in your bid to take the post of head Grand Librarian. Namely, the matter of salary: Fandom is just a goddamned money-losing proposition, granted, but something like this is going to be at least a part-time job, and as such should be paid for. And though fandom may be richer these days than it ever has been, I don't think there's much

chance of raising the, say, \$5200 a year salary that a librarian handling all this work should get if he's being terribly underpaid. Any competent librarian, and you, Pelz, are more than that, could get much more working in the Real World.

As for not throwing out old fanzines, I never have, really. I am limited all the time to a certain amount of storage space, and as I am rather reluctant to expand much further than I already have (though I could, with some trouble) I generally go through the whole lot of it every once in a while and narrow it down. That is, I get rid of the poorer items, in the genzine files. The ape mailings get left intact, of course, but cruddier genzines get thrown the way of anyone who will take them. Lately it's been the LASFS for its auctions, but I've given fanzines in the past year or so to people like Don Fitch, Fred Patten, and Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. And I mean lots&lots of fanzines: around 18 inches or so, which is a not-inconsiderable chunk.

You see, unlike you, I am not trying to round up a collection of everything. Instead, my aims are in the direction of a highly-selective collection of the best fanzines of all time. (Plus some personal favourites which may be not so hiquality.) I don't feel like going in- to listings here, but I am succeeding.

How am I doing in getting out of the everyday rut, you ask? Well, to tell the truth, I won't be in a good position for getting out of it completely for a couple years yet. (Disclaimer right back at you, ol' fuzzyfaced chappy.) More seriously, with college to attend to, work to work at to keep things going, and various and sundry other rut-like things, it's hard to get out of the rut. In fact, a case may be made for everything being a rut, too, if you want to go to the other extreme. (And why not, it's just as silly, too.) But who really cares? I'm reasonably happy with my little ol' rut. (You disclaim that one, I'm getting tired of the game.)

The unavailability of Tropis of Cancer in either edition in the LArea is absolutely croggling. Ever since I returned from the Barea I've been looking around for copies whenever I think of it. I don't need one, but I'm curious to see if they are available. The only copies of either edition, hardcover or paper, I've found in Los Angeles county are at Martindale's (8th & Hill, downtown LA), and they're the \$7.50 hardcover edition, which frankly is Overpriced.

San Francisco, Berkeley and the Bay area in general takes a more liberal view of the whole messy business. For several days, the San Francisco Chronicle was running humourous notices of Police Captain Hanrihan's progress in plowing through Miller's opus. The 95¢ paperback edition is available at almost every corner newsstand, drugstore, and bookshop in the Barea.

I got mine at the ASUC Students' Store, for crying out loud. It is displayed there on the checkout counters, just like you'd expect to see TV Guide displayed in a supermarket in the LArea. Hoohaw!

THANK YOU, Bruziver, for the first coherent explanation of this whole spiny Coventry business that I've read since the whole thing came to my attention well over a year ago. Mind you, this still doesn't mean that I approve or particularly dig it, but at least it's nice to know what's going on. Actually, I tend to make more of my antipathy towards Coventry in print and person than I actually feel. I don't really dig the esotericisms, but that may be because I'm still on the outside looking in. I do dig reading the stories that have appeared in Gimble and elsewhere. They swing. And maybe one of these days, I will try to figure it all out and have a go at a story myownself.

In the meantime, write me in, if you want, but let me know when and where you do.

MEST

#8: Johnstone

I'm very happy to read your report on college, Ted. Radio and television seems to be your field, and I'm pleased to see you finally getting into it on a larger basis than the old two-block's-radius station you were working for back in South Pasadena. And, if what you say about Sandy State R-TV grads is true, I guess maybe you've got it made, as far as a career goes. It sounds like fascinating work; how about some more nattering about it: technical end, social end, writing end, and like that?

I hope you don't really think that a bomb shelter is going to save you when the Bombs come, Ted. San Diego is just as big a target as Los Angeles, on account of the naval yards there, and while it probably won't get as much atomic or hydrogen or cobalt flack tossed at it, it'll get more than plenty. I'm really quite amused at this current bomb-shelter fad.

Like, as I reported in the Shaggy lettercol, there are half a dozen firms in the area advertising in the Los Angeles papers for their wares, which happen to be bomb shelters. One place is very pious about it. Their ad reads like this: "For patriotic reasons, we are limiting our profit on any given shelter to no more than \$150. If at the end of the year we find that we have made more than \$150 profit on the shelters we have built, we will refund the difference. We urge other bomb-shelter companies to follow suit." That's a very quasi quote, but I think you get the idea. Anyway, there's an asterisk at the end which leads to this statement: "This offer may be withdrawn at any time."

You can take your fancy and expensive bomb shelters. Me, I'm just hoping the bombs don't come. A singularly un-useful way of going about survival, but what else can I do?

The last man on earth sat alone in his fallout shelter. There was a knock on the door. Could be?

"All my kids are going to be raised in fandom." You're out of your mind, Ted Johnstone! Go back, do not stop, to your file of VoM and read the "Plans For Plans" series. This is the chain of short-articles that dealt with raising children The Fannish Way, and were written by leading actifen of the day. None of them made too much real sense (I think Tucker's was an exception). And I'd be interested in seeing how many, if any, of these Cosmic Minds actually followed their own advice when it came down to actual cases.

OK, turning back to the Spy Ray in the mailing before last, let me take a look at my own Survival Qualification, just for the heck-uvvit. Section I: I am in fairly good physical condition and fairly hardy. I take a thyroid extract and have since June 1960; and according to my doctor at Kaiser Foundation I should be continuing to take it for another year or more. However, when I was up in Berkeley, I procrastinated and let myself run out of pills before trying to get a doctor's appointment to get another prescription. Due to one delay or another, it was nearly a month before I started taking the pills again, a month completely without any medication as prescribed. I felt occasionally (twice during the time) extremely shaky, but otherwise was little or no more highstrung than I normally am. Section II: I haven't slept outside in at least six years, but when younger I occasionally spent a night out, tenting out with some friends somewhere. I brought my own sleeping equipment and most of the time we were in one big tent which belonged to someone else. I am aware of the methods of building a shelter from "field-expedient" materials, but like Ted have never

tried it out. Have no camping equipment available Right Now, but intend to get at least a sleeping bag in the near future. Am familiar with but again have never practiced the principles of field sanitation; and I recognise hardly any edible wild plants other than some scrubby strawberries that used to grow not far from here, and some wild blackberries that used to grow about two blocks from our house in Cleveland, in a large forested area not at that time subdivided.

Section III: I know nothing whatever of trapping that would be particularly useful. I know somewhat more of hunting and fishing, but since I am only really familiar with devising field-expedient gear for fishing, I would probably be relying on that until I figured out something better for hunting. I do not own any artillery, nor is any available to me short of breaking and entering an arms store and taking a gun and ammo--after a blast.

Section IV: I am reasonably familiar with civilised cooking and somewhat less familiar with camp cooking, though I'm quite rusty in the latter field.

I do not know how to prepare a daid animal, not the Real Boy Scout Way, anyway, but this is something that doesn't seem too difficult. I can maintain, after a fashion, a water supply. In a pinch, there's always boiling out of impurities, you know, followed by a crude sort of re-aeration. I have no portable cooking equipment available?

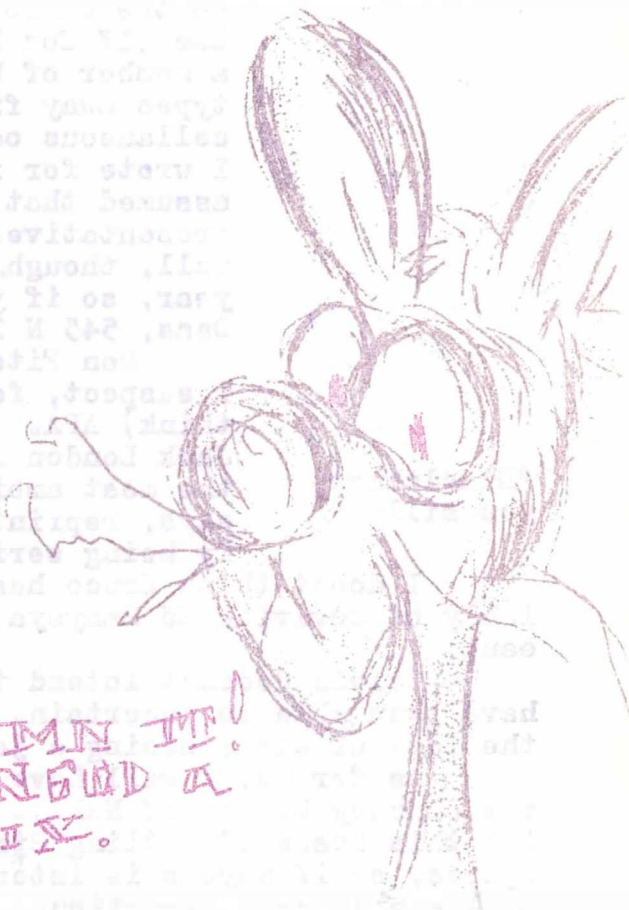
Section V: I am a Green Belt in judo, know enough about knives and the tactics used in fighting with them (from a purely defensive standpoint, gained from judo study) to get along on either end of the blade, am acquainted with the principle of but have never used a sling, and am a lousy bow&arrow shot. Have shot 22s in ROTC, though I'm not all that good a marksman (mainly because when I took the course, I didn't much care what happened, anyway). I have no arms and ammunition, other than knives, available Now. Section VI: Like Ted, I've had a high school course in the principles of First Aid, from a Red Cross text, but I've never had to use it.

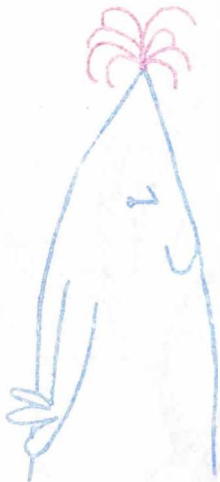
So--Eney, Johnstone--do I survive or do I get picked off by a passing neofan?

THE SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE

#5: Anderson

Letting alone the AAPA--I have seen a couple of their mailings now and am not particularly impressed--let us take a look at recent fan-type infiltration in the NAPA. Now, in addition to Calvin W "Biff" Demmon and Don Fitch, it appears that Bruce Felz is going to join. At least he had a filled-out application form on his desk the other evening when I visited the Empire on Mariposa avenue. (In addition, there





"Disclaimer,
you silly!"

are two NAPA and one UAPA application blanks hanging up on the LASFS bulletin board with the admonition "Take One (If You Dare)" above them.) I am now, besides NAPA, a member of UAPA, and I must at this point warn all fan-types away from UAPA. They sent me a bundle of miscellaneous odds&ends from their recent mailings when I wrote for information, and the more fool I, I just assumed that these were so cruddy they couldn't be representative. But they were, dammit, they were. Oh well, though, UAPA membership is only a buck a year, so if you're brave, go to it. (Apply to Edward Doss, 545 N 19 St, Milwaukee 3, Wis.)

Don Fitch is trying to become a mundane omni-apan, I suspect, for he's now in NAPA, UAPA, AAPA and (I think) APA. (Only other ones I know of that remain are Jack London APA, BAPA, ISPA, and UAPAOA.) He also has the most ambitious plans of us all. He is going to, he says, reprint Walter Willis' "The Slant Story" (currently being serialized in Xero) and run it through NAPA.

I don't think Bruce has any plans, though he keeps talking fiendishly of reviving Ed Manyoya for the benefit of their manuscript bureau.

Calvin doesn't intend to publish anything on his own, so far as I have been able to ascertain. He sounded enthusiastic, however, about the idea of our mimeoing a joint paper for NAPA sometime during 1962.

As for me, I will have a four-page lettersized mimeoed paper in the January bundle of NAPA. I'll be starting on it as soon as I finish this issue of Watling Street, in fact. There will be some thirty spares, so if anyone is interested, just send along a 4¢ stamp and I'll mail one in your direction.

What was that you were saying, Larry, about "two or three half-hearted actifans"...

WARHOON

#13: Bergeron

Walter Breen took a look at the cover of this issue and identified the music as being four discontinuous fragments from something whose name I forget. But all that is neither here nor there. What I mean is that I like Wrhn's New Look and hope you keep it up. Especially if I get an extra (and unstamped) back cover every time. Talk about Luxury!

I read your article, "Quo Vadis, SAPS?" with interest and with awe at your ability for thorough Research (all these quotes from fan-zines, just to prove points! It certainly is a wonderful thing.). And when I finished I concluded that you were doing nothing but raising a tempest in a 35-member teapot.

You are, you know. "Can SAPS afford to continue to lose its favourite members and then shrug it off as their choice when they're no longer with us?" Why, of course it can. It has, it is, and it always will. There will always be those who worry about it, but SAPS will go on indefinitely no matter who belongs to it. There have been many BNFs who came into the Society, either as neofans or as WKFs, and while many of them have dropped out again (for one reason or another—not always in disgust, but more often due to lack of time or interest), there are always enough high-quality members to keep the mailings interesting, and often even good. Art Rapp was an early member; he joined with the 5th mailing (remember Wanigas #1?) and though

his interest may have waxed and waned from time to time, he is still with us. Dean Grennell, on the other hand, dropped out after he found that his FAPAgazine, the irredoubtable Grue, was getting to be more than he could handle, by itself. Terry Carr may be disillusioned at the group nowadays, but while he was in he contributed heavily to providing the mailings with interesting, even literate, reading material.

So it goes. SAPS is noted for high turnover and for uneven quality of mailings. The mailing I am reviewing now was one of the poorest in quite some time, since most of the regulars (including, alas, me) either missed it or put in rushed minimum activity. But it's nothing, absolutely nothing, to worry and write five page articles about. We have an interesting membership at present; it isn't as literate or productive or high-quality as the membership was a year and a half ago, but it's producing good mailings (though not up to some of those monstrous Toskey mailings). And there are a crowd of good, interesting people on the waitlist faunching to get in. Cal Demmon, Fred Patten and Don Anderson, just to name a random few, promise to be valuable members.

But then, you can't really tell. For my own part, I am primarily an apa fan today, as far as publishing goes. And to tell the truth, my loyalties are about evenly divided between OMPA and SAPS. I am not yet in FAPA, however, so I can't say what will happen when I get in there. I doubt that much will, except that overall my activity will rearrange itself to accomodate a FAPazine once in a while. SAPS used to get all my apa energy back when I first joined it. Old-tymers will remember the way my activity spiralled upwards for the first five or six mailings of my membership. I'll never be as active again as I was during the period between the April 1960 and the January 1961 mailing, when I gave SAPS a total of 136 pages of Here There Be SAPS (the predecessor to Watling Street) to mull over for the 1960 Egoboo Poll. My total activity for the next four mailings, which includes this issue, is only 68 pages. Of course, had circumstances been different (like, had I had access to a workable ditto whilst in Berkeley, the last WS would have been around 16 pages instead of six), my activity would have been different, too. (I might note that during the same time--the March 1961 to December 1961 OMPA mailings--I contributed 41 pages to OMPA. I also did 60 pages for CRAP, while it still existed. Did 12 pages for IPSO, 10 for N^oAPA. You see that SAPS still gets more of my activity than any other group. Higher quality, too, most of the time, though not all of the time. For instance, the same quarter I had 6 pages in SAPS of pretty punk mineoed ramblings, I had 24 pages of good stuff in OMPA.) I don't know what I set out to prove in this paragraph. Just that it is possible to be interested in more than one apa at a time, I guess. After all, I'm currently OMPA president, will soon be N^oAPA OE, and am in the process of running for Cult OA (by the time this mailing appears I'll know about the results of that, too).

The upshot of all this is simply to say, don't worry about SAPS. It isn't worth it, and besides I'm tired of writing 1½-page mailing comments telling you not to.

I would tell you not to worry about Bob Lem-
an's politics, too, except that sometimes they
worry me. I'm not used to fans being conservatives.

"What did you say the
alcoholic content of the
homebrew was...?"

That Bob Leman is a conservative doesn't really bother me--I don't stay up nights worrying about anyone's politics--but it does sort of throw off my ideas about typical fan reactions. Most fans are radicals to one extent or another.

Your columnists--Blish, Willis, Berry and Lowndes--all struck me as doing a fine job again, except for Lowndes who was somewhat tedious making his points, but I don't really think I can add anything to what they said. I read *A Stranger In A Strange Land* while I was up in Berkeley and thought it was quite a good book. It was not the best Heinlein I've ever read (offhand, I'd be hard-pressed to say which Heinlein I enjoyed most, though *Puppet Masters* and *Have Spacesuit Will Travel* were enjoyable when I read them) and I don't know if it's the best s-f book of the year because it's the only s-f I read during 1961. And I think I read it mainly because everyone was all the time talking about it and I wanted to know what the hell was being discussed.

But I am not going to talk about science-fiction, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, or the *Mind Of Robert Heinlein* in these pages. I think extemporaneous s-f discussions are mostly dull, especially when I have to write them myself.

One of Heinlein's cats is named Ubiquitous Polkadot. Did you know that before?

Well, yes, of course I remember the Laney article, "I Am A Great Big Man," in which he "dramatized minor facts of his life and made them sound like major accomplishments." It appeared in *Spacewarp* #41, August 1950; that was the first of the two *Insurgent Issues* of *Swp*, and the Laney article took up over 30% of the issue. But what of it? I probably remember as much about fan-history from reading fanzines as you do, but I don't really think waving this fact about is necessary.

Is your illustration on page 45 supposed to represent the "Jackie Look"?

Frank Wilinczyk's remark that *Wrhn* seems to be a group effort to him is rather interesting. Personally I don't get that feeling at all. The layout, the typeface, the typographical errors and the other external appurtenances are so outstanding that I cannot get it out of my mind, even should I try, that this, by damn, is a Bergeron fanzine, and don't you forget it. I don't find it hard to read, I don't mind whether or not it has illos or no, I don't even mind the blue paper though I think a color change would be nice now and then. The only thing I do object to in *Wrhn*--and this is more a compliment on your editing than an objection--is that I find it impossible to do justice to its contents when I am writing mailing comments. One could fill an entire magazine the size of this one with a long mailing comment on *Wrhn*'s average issue and still have more left to say. ++ Similarly, I think that Earl Noe is being an asshole by wishing in print that *Wrhn* would concern itself with s-f. Leaving aside the obvious fact that *Wrhn* does talk about s-f--take a look at Blish's, Lowndes' and Berry's contributions this issue--it is pretty damned presumptuous of Noe, or anyone, to tell an editor what he should wish his magazine. If Noe wants to read about s-f, he can bloody well go read *SFTimes* or *Discord* or one of the other magazines that discusses that sort of thing. Fanzines aren't being paid for what they do, really, so they don't have to yield to anyone's pressure to print stuff they, the editors, don't like.

Agree that mailing comments should only make remarks on the material that interested the commenter. It is not necessary even to note the existence of magazines that didn't arouse you to comment. This

department started out commenting on anything and everything that was in a given mailing up for the axe. It shifted over to its present policies slowly when its author discovered that his mailing comments were so dull he couldn't even bear to re-read them. They may still be dull at times, but at least they are comments, not just little snip-pits of nothingness.

No, I didn't notice that Crane article in Esquire, but I am always pleased to hear about something of Burton's hitting print. Of course, you err slightly in calling Burton a fan. Actually, he was recruited into FAPA by F. Towner Laney, who found him languishing and publishing huge, beautiful printed Mazakas in the National Amateur Press Association, where he is regarded as a sort of minor god.

As usual this isn't nearly enough comment on your magazine, but it's all I can muster forth for now. Warhoon is, and has been for quite some time, the #1 SAPS magazine. As well as the #1 fanzine in general--wait till the next FANAC poll comes out.

PSILO
#4: Jane Jacobs

Your map and drawings of the Palace of Moria, plus all this nattering about Coventry in general and particular, really makes me wonder where the cut-off point is between Reality and the Dream World in this whole business. As I said earlier, fantasy worlds are fine, but it doesn't really seem worthwhile to get all carried away with them, even if (as is obvious in your case, Jayne of Moria) you can really identify there.

Generally, I have a pretty irreverent attitude to the whole Coventry business. I will listen to what is going on, if I have absolutely nothing else better to do, but mostly it bores me. I do not feel left out or anything of the sort, but anyone who wants to can write me into one of their stories, if they haven't already done so. (In this case, though, please let me know. I probably won't read your story, unless it's interesting as a story and not just as a collection of Coventry references, but I would like to know if I'm There.)

Someday, when I am feeling exceptionally Turned Off at Coventry, I think I shall invent my own fantasy world. I don't know what I'll call it, but it'll be pretty complex. As complex as I can make it, anyway. Only I won't do like Stanbery should have done with his fantasy world. I'll not spread it around, I'll keep it all to myself. Aahaha!

I hope none of you Coventry people think I'm grotched or mad at you for my remarks on the whole bit. I don't really care that you're doing it, I just don't want to be expected to keep up with it.

For the benefit of those who lack copies of Gimble #1 and #2, I stand prepared to use my own copies of those issues to make photocopies for the interested. The cost will be whatever the LA Public Library charges for the work. If interested, contact me at the address on the first page.



"Put my best foot forward? But I don't have any best foot..."

chase me,
damn you!



SPY RAY OF SAPS
Eney

I suppose I had better explain the follow-up to this Cult postal inspection business for those SAPS members who wouldn't otherwise know of the upshot of it all. Briefly put, it wasn't my parents who turned over a copy of a Fantasy Rotator and a couple issues of Speculative Review to the postmaster. If you want proof of this, all you have to do is come out here to Los Angeles and visit me. If you will ask to see my copy of FR 84, Oh Bloody Hell! #1, I will take the time it requires to dig out my file of the Seventh Cycle, in which OBH! #1 is filed, from the masses of fanzines here in my work area, and show it to you -- wave it in front of your face, in fact, even let you cast eye-tracks over it. (Of course, if you actually do come out to visit for this reason, and tell me that you are coming, I will probably remove OBH!#1 from its position in the file just for amusement value.) Fair enough?

And that's all for the mailing comments this time, people. It was a fairly poor mailing, viewed overall. Other good zines, which didn't get reviewed because their contents weren't the sort of thing to inspire long foaming at the mouth MC oratory, were Waftage, Zed, Pot Pourri, The Tattered Dragonette, and The Ballard Chronicles. I sure hope the January mailing is better, though.

--Bob Lichtman

from Bob Lichtman
6137 S Croft Avenue
Los Angeles 56, Calif

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GNTD

TO:

- { } Contributor
- { } Regular trade
- { } Do something;

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFFI

DUCKSOUP

an experiment



A oneshot sort of thing that Bob Lichtman is putting out just to test his new mimeo, which is another Machine Gotten From Andy Main, it being the Rex-Rotary M2 that Andy used last year for a number of items. If this works, the results will be stuck into copies of Watling Street #11 for the January SAPS mailing. This is not a Silverdrum Publication and there will be little or no circulation outside of SAPS.

In typing stencils with my Hermes, I've discovered that it isn't so much the typewriter's typeface that affects the quality of the cut, because it cuts fine at times, but that the stencils themselves have much to do with it. If and when the Christmas 1961 issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES ever hits the newsstands, you will find in it a perfectly awful job of stencilling done by this machine. Many of the letters cut only partially and some of them chose not to cut at all.

What was the difficulty? Merely that the stencils were too thick to be cut through with this typer's particular combination of rather broad typeface and portable touch. Members of N'APA will note that the N'APA Yap for the 11th mailing was also cut on this portable, yet the results are quite good, both in their own respect and in comparison to the Shaggy stencils. Thinner stencils, of a cheaper variety, were used on that publications.

The Practical Duplicator, a *Press* oneshot appearing in this mailing, was not only cut on this typewriter, but was stencilled primarily by someone (Calvin W. "Duff" Demmon) who was not only unfamiliar with mimeography but had never used the typewriter before, either. The stencils in that case were several-year-old lettersize stencils that came with the Handi-Graf flatbed mimeograph on which the one-shot was run off (if that is the term I am searching for, Meyer).

This is being typed on a Hercules stencil sheet that I purchased in Berkeley from Barlow's, a stationers on University avenue just west of Shattuck. A carbon cushion is being used, but no film has been employed and the Editor was too lazy to clean his keys before starting, too.

Actually, it occurs to us, as we reach the last lines of this thing, that in the Great Tradition of Ted White and Andy Main, we should have called this TEST STENCIL. However, it's too late for apologies.

--Bob Lichtman, 9 January 1962

