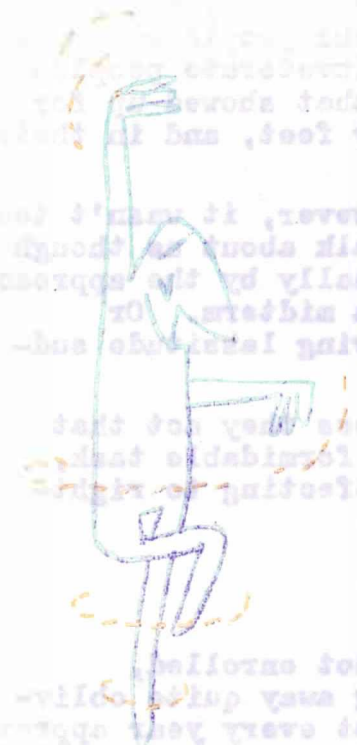


Watling Street 13



WS 13

THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



WATLING STREET is published for the friends of Bob Lichtman (6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California) and for the Spectator Amateur Press Society. This is #13, to be initially distributed in the 60th SAPS mailing, July 1962. The cover of this issue was done with a magic marker by Bjo Trimble; the rear cover is by Arthur Thomson. Don Fitch kindly consented to do the lovely litho work on these two pieces of artwork, and though we have already thanked him rather profusely we should like to do it again here in print. Interiors are by Coe, Harness, Rotsler, and maybe a few others; unless you're completely style-blind, you ought to figure it out for yourself without much difficulty. Comments on this issue are welcome from non-SAPS, and as we keep no permanent mailing list from issue to issue will insure your receiving #14. This is Silverdrum Publication #58.

IRV, formerly Speedy Jack

editorial

This issue would have been about twice as big as it is if it weren't for all sorts of Disturbing Elements. Initially, there was the fact that I was going to college and had my finals during the period following the release of the April mailing. Then there's the Westercon, which would have been reported on in all the Gory and Drunken Details in this issue save for a lack of time and coherence, but we won't even mention that. Additionally, I'm working with Don Fitch on a project for the National Amateur Press Association which has taken up all of my time, or as much as I can spare of it for that particular interest.

However, all this is neither here nor there, and is not really the reason that this issue is diminutive in size compared to previous anniversary issues of the series. Rest assured that they will not interfere in the production of the October number, however, and that we will do our utmost to make that issue the big, big, big, all prose and poetry issue that this one isn't.

In short, the October issue will be even smaller.

-oOo-

"TO THE WORKING CLASS, SHE'S A PRECIOUS PEARL"

Being somewhat of a creature of habit, I made it a practice, almost every day of the school year just recently past, to sit in the

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cafeteria at noon reasonably near to a table frequented by the radical and left-wing elements of the UCLA campus, dangerous people whom you would do well to avoid. And, since I am also an inveterate people-watcher, I soon noticed that the left-wing girls that showed up for lunch were almost always very tired, dead on their feet, and in their manner.

For a while, this perplexed me no end. However, it wasn't too bothersome since most of the students on campus walk about as though they were in a mental vacuum cracked only occasionally by the approach of a kindred vacuous mind or the announcement of a midterm. Or political rally. Then, the reason for this left-wing lassitude suddenly dawned on me.

Ahaha, I said in my languor one noon, I guess they act that way because there's so few of them. It must be a formidable task, indeed, keeping all those left-wing fellows from defecting to right-wing girls.

-oOo-

"THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND"

Sitting in a geology class in which I was not enrolled, watching the two girls in front of me chattering away quite oblivious of the lecturer's machinations, I learned that every year approximately five or six feet of England's east coast is eroded away by the effects of time and tide. Since Roman times, the lecturer said, this has resulted in a loss of nearly three miles. And England isn't a very wide country.

Better watch it, George Locke!

-oOo-

THIS WAS WRITTEN DURING AN ENGLISH 132 CLASS

I took a lengthy steam shower last night, to cleanse my body. The pores opened and the accumulated dross of ages left. But where do I go to steam out my soul?

The body's beauty is fleeting, somewhat sadly, but it serves as an open door (one of several) to the soul. The soul's beauty is not fleeting, if it is present at all; it may, with love, grow in beauty though the body holding it (but not often containing it) diminishes in apparent beauty.

Sharing is important. I want to be able to share myself, body and soul, with as many others as are willing to share with me equally. This, and not considerations such as abolition of money (something I heartily disagree with), is why I subscribe to the Nelson pledge. [The reference to abolition of money is in relation to Ray Nelson's article in FANAC #85.]

You can never steam yourself enough...

-oOo-

For those who may conceivably comment on the above, I ought to note that it's hardly a complete statement of my ideas about life and love. Keep this in mind when and if you choose to comment.

In the next issue, I sort of hope to have more "Critters" by Adrienne Martine. She said she would see about it, anyway. There may also be an article by Gary Deindorfer. If some of you outsiders (er, non-SAPS recipients) will write interesting letters, there'll be an interesting letter column.

-- Bob Lichtman

OVERHEAD, the sun was shining more brightly than on most other summer days and every once in a while two starlings would go floating happily by on an errant breeze. The leaves in the trees were brown and orange, the grass was dull green and dry to the touch, of a small boy's hands or knees. It was Indian summer. A squirrel darted across the lawn in front of the little house just off Fair Oaks Avenue, but the two boys busily working there didn't even notice it, so intently were they focused on their self-appointed task, nor did they notice the rivulets of perspiration that ran down from their brows as they worked. The day and the season were soon to end; but the mood was to continue and be known as ...

the fifty-minute children's hour

"Hey, Ted, hand me the screwdriver!" one of the boys said. The speaker was Bruce, a slightly overweight youngster with extremely dark hair which while cut quite short still managed to look unruly because it was never combed or even brushed down. Bruce was wearing a dark black teeshirt with long sleeves and a pair of black trousers to match. On a chain around his neck there hung a plastic black heart, which he had won in a penny arcade game some months earlier, on a rare visit to the amusement park in a nearby city. Bruce wore a deep unintentionally evil expression on his face and when he spoke, he spoke in a harsh voice.

Ted handed over the screwdriver, then returned to his work hammering nails through the thin boards to hold them in place on the main structure. Ted wasn't his real first name -- which was David -- but it had been for some years in his town an affectation to use one's middle name, or another name entirely, in place of one's real name. No one was quite sure where Ted picked up his ekename, but everyone secretly thought it was perhaps because Ted so resembled, with his wavy light brown hair and his plump presence, a teddy-bear. Ted wasn't naturally overweight; he used to be quite a trim lad, but then he read some books and soon afterwards started eating five meals a day, when he could get them.

Bruce's real name was really Bruce, for he had not been a native of Ted's neighborhood, having immigrated to it from another state. If he thought anything at all, one way or the other, about the local habit of picking ekenames, he never voiced his opinions on the subject.

Ted and Bruce were both friends of Paul, the little boy with the large imagination who lived over on Raymond Street. They had been amongst those kids who, three months ago as this scene takes place, had chosen kingdoms from the city map of their neighborhood. For an afternoon's divertissement to endure this long was unusual enough, true, but it had also taken on some unusual new aspects. Rather than merely being limited to an imaginary world centered on the town, at least six more levels had been added until the whole picture was quite complex indeed. Perhaps part of this was due to the fact that during the summer, Paul had been away at youth camp, thus becoming unable to administer the directed growth of his ideas. Be this as it may or may not, what Ted and Bruce were doing that

afternoon was building a structure out of orange crates and old plywood in which -- in their little imaginary structured world -- they could travel great distances of time and space. They called it, for lack of a better term, a "spindizzy," though none of them were quite aware of the term's origin or meaning.

Coincidence would have it that at exactly the same moment, Bruce finished driving in the last screw and Ted finished hammering down the final nail. They both stood back at a short distance and surveyed their finished product. To the casual observer, perhaps a dignified gentleman or a female doctor walking down the street, it looked like nothing more than a hodgepodge of boards nailed haphazardly onto a quartet of orange crates, with screws and levers sticking out here and there for no particular reason. However, to the boys, it was the culmination of hours of hard work. They surveyed it jubilantly, silently, for a long moment. Then one of them spoke, in a voice that quavered with suppressed excitement.

"I can hardly wait for Paul to come over tomorrow and see how it looks," Ted said. Bruce started to nod and say something in agreement, but suddenly there was an intrusion.

"What is that...that thing you've got there?" a familiar but unfamiliarly angry voice demanded. It was Ted's mother. "If you think for one minute, young man," she said, waving an angry finger at the two boys, "that I'm going to allow that monstrosity to stay out on our front lawn, you've got another think coming!"

"But it's not hurting anything," Ted objected weakly.

"I don't care if it's playing Mozart behind all that wood," Ted's mother went on, "I want you to get rid of it. Take it out in back for the trash collection in the morning! Whatever gave you the idea that you could leave-- Bruce, you go home!" Bruce darted off towards Fair Oaks as fast as his legs could carry him.

"But, mom!" Ted objected once more. "Why can't it stay---?"

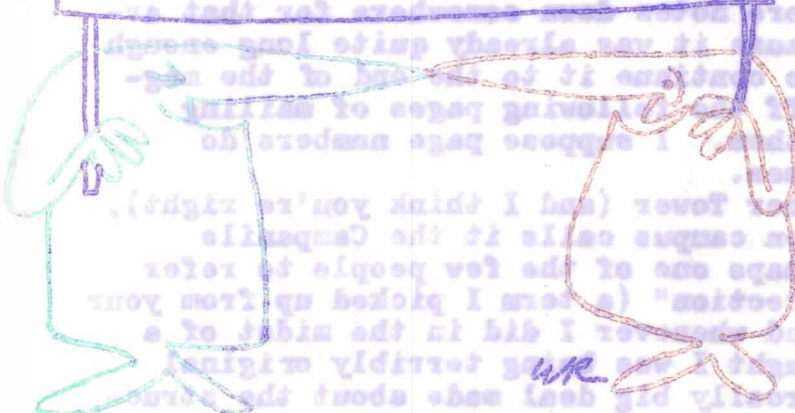
"Because I say it can't," Ted's mother said; "now help me drag it around in back and then we'll go inside." Together they tugged and strained and scraped it across the grass, up the driveway, and finally to the rear of the garage. "Now come in and have dinner."

Ted ate dinner slowly, grudgingly and pensively, looking up at his mother often and gulping his food down. After what seemed like several hours, his mother, silent through dinner, spoke once again, only more gently, soothingly, "Now, Ted, I want you to go to your room and go right to bed. And I want you to think before you go to bed about why I made you take that thing off the front lawn. I know that you and Bruce are having fun playing this Coventry game, but this is just going too far, you know. The idea itself may be good for you at your age, but you just can't go around manifesting it in such strange ways. Now, kiss mother goodnight and go to sleep."

Ted did as he was told, but as he walked off, he could be heard muttering to himself, over and over, "An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't --"

critical mess

MCs



"Mailing comments are the friendliest thing two people can do."

HOBGOBLIN #8: Terry Carr

I wish you weren't such a good writer, Terry Carr. Besides the fact that you are all the time coming on with Clever Quips and Deadly Barbs (poison-tipped?), if you and maybe five or six other people were absolutely horrible, uninteresting writers, I'd feel no qualms whatever about concluding the sparkling series of SAPSazines I've been doing for the past three years and quietly making my exit.

After all, I'm not in SAPS because I like reading through the collectively cruddy mailing comments of a whole bunch of people who could do better but won't. I'm not even in SAPS because I am answering any sort of clarion demand, or because I imagine myself a sort of knuckle-dragging knight, knocking over windmills full of FAPA members. So, remember, forewarned should be forearmed, so heed ye: if you want to get me out of SAPS, about six other people will have to drop with me.

All of which is a rather round-about way of saying that I'm hardly a SAPS member for any sort of group spirit. I'm a SAPS member because I enjoy the writings and opinions of some of the people, some of the time. But you can't all please me all of the time, so help me, Ambrose J. Weems.

Well, yes, it ought to be obvious, just by a comparison of membership lists and a sampling of mailings from each group that FAPA is quite superior to SAPS, even when SAPS is at its best and FAPA is just loafing along. I am rather curious as to what my own reaction to becoming a member of FAPA will be. I mean, insofar as my SAPS activity is concerned. I rather expect that there will be a drop in my activity in this here apa as I pick up interest in That Other One.

8 The thought occurs to me that maybe I can capitalize on my fall this year in the Pillar Poll results from 10th place to 18th place by doing the same sort of prima-doana act that Karen pulled last year when she fell from 10th place to 17th place. By simply sticking out her lower lip in print and moaning about how SAPS didn't appreciate her and how she was going to do minimum activity from now on, she managed to raise herself all the way back up to 8th place on this year's poll, in the meantime putting out a number of sterling issues of a genzine.

I don't think I'll do that, though. I look sort of silly with my lower lip hanging out, and it's hard to talk that way, too.

Yeah, I know I missed a lot of stuff in that article on Berkeley because I had a few more notes down somewhere for that article. I didn't use those because it was already quite long enough and besides I would have had to continue it to the end of the magazine, since I'd already run off the following pages of mailing comments with page numbers on them. I suppose page numbers do have their disadvantages at times.

Sather's Tower or Sather Tower (and I think you're right), practically everyone up there on campus calls it the Campanile these days. I guess I was perhaps one of the few people to refer to it ever as "Sather's Last Erection" (a term I picked up from your column in a long-ago Shaggy) and whenever I did in the midst of a bunch of students everyone thought I was being terribly original and witty, tee-hee. The only really big deal made about the structure while I was up there was the instalation of glass around the observation deck so people couldn't jump off anymore, like. This was supposed to be a great improvement, but I think it lowered the attraction of this classical old landmark a good deal.

I have always thought that the placard on the Sather Gate ought to be at the foot of the Campanile. From memory, I believe it went something like this: "Erected in memory of her husband by Jane K. Sather, 1878." And then of course Walter Breen mentioned a plan on the part of some engineering students to construct a huge condom and leave it at the foot of the Tower some night...

I knew that the fountain was called Ludwig's Fountain, too, though these days that ghastly beast has some competition from other dogs for space in the fountain and the attentions of other people. I wonder what the dogs thought about having the water of their fountain periodically and regularly tinted one color or another, or having it filled and overflowing with soap bubbles.

In my article, I said that the fountain was sort of a social center on campus, but I guess I exaggerated a bit. However, I used to think of it as such, because on weekends (especially) when I would come riding up to campus I would almost invariably find a bunch of neat people there doing all sorts of silly fun things, like swimming in the fountain or having water fights, or something else equally raucous. One afternoon I managed to get into a wild long conversation with one young lady over who had the most claim to use of the fountain: the people or the dogs. I think we decided that the dogs could use it all they wanted during the week, if they would let the students have it on Saturday and Sunday, but I couldn't be sure, because the conversation terminated by her falling in the fountain backwards.

"The last man on earth sat alone in his fallout shelter. There was a knock on the door." I guess I made this up, but I really couldn't say for sure. I hope I did, because I rather like it as a logical conclusion to this sort of thing.

Though I didn't notice them the first time through, I'll also agree with Gerber's gripes on the use of "alright" and run-on sentences. For well over a year, now, I've been recommending a book by E.B. White and William Strunk, "The Elements of Style," to fans. If you can't find it in your area, I will get one and send it to you for \$1.25 postpaid, flat in an envelope. It's a paperback with all sorts of explicit directions on how to write clear, readable English prose. Offhand, I'd say about 25% of SAPS could use it, at least.

Another thing that rather bugs me is the extreme affectation some fans have for shortcut spelling like "tho", "thot", and "throo" or "thru". Maybe I am an old purist, and stodgy, but I think English should be rendered as it was set out. Not as it was originally set out, for God's sakes, since I don't read Old English and I don't suppose you do, either, but at least in line with currently accepted usage and spelling. The advertising field is doing quite enough harm to the language these days without fans adding their own particularly peculiar two cents worth.

However, this is a minor quibble with me, so long as you don't use run-on sentences everything will be alright.

After reading your comment about Kirsten's idea for a combined laundromat and coin-mimeo place in Berkeley, last night, I had a short, discontinuous dream about it when I went to sleep. About the only thing I can remember from the dream, other than being taken to the place and led to a typewriter to cut a deathless stencil, wishing for the thousandth time in my life that I'd kept my mouth shut, is a little snatch of dialogue between me and Kirsten back at the Nelsons' house in El Cerrito.

"You mean," I was saying to Kirsten, "that such a place really does exist? I don't believe it."

"Certainly it exists, Bob," Kirsten replied. "Ray and I are going over there in a few minutes to do the laundry and to put out the next issue of Universe. Would you like to come along?"

And I said, "Yes," and we did, and I did, and why that's fantastic. It was a very amusing dream, but I wish I could remember what I wrote on that deathless stencil. Everyone seemed to like it.

Real-life washday in Berkeley used to be somewhat of an event, anyway, even without a coin-mimeo around on which to produce a one-shot. We would all meet at the Payless laundromat on Hearst near the corner of Euclid, next door to the inexpensive but good coffeehouse, and while the laundry was doing itself, we'd all go over to the coffeehouse and sit around chattering and watching Walter T. and Poopsie do all sorts of silly things, like bring laundry carts into the coffeehouse (or disappear up Euclid which they did several times).

Washday was something I counted on every once in a while, since I tended to let all my clothing pile up until then, and I timed how long I would wear stuff by how long it was to the next likely washday. If washday was cancelled for a few days or a week, I was often in a bind, unless I went out and did some laundry myself or got some more clothes. Usually I did neither, and sort of stayed away from everyone for a few days, unless I met them out in the open.

However, I'd better not write any more about Washday, or else people will really start accusing SAPS of being a sewing-circle club.

Well, there's always Ted White's mailing comments...
Perhaps the Mensa test does need revision and revalidation

10 so it can logically be applied to an American audience, I'm not so sure that it's valid for most of the people who are taking it, anyway. Or does the old rule about IQ tests being inaccurate and invalid for anyone above the age of 13 not apply in the case of a test as difficult as Mensa's?

Thanks for your interesting dissertation, Ted, on the newspapers in the New York and Capitol areas. However, I'm afraid that for the time being I'm lost as a newspaper reader. I just don't care anymore about what's happening out there in the Real World. For instance, this semester just past I was supposed to have subscribed to the Sunday edition of the New York Times for a Political Science course I was taking to fill out some requirements. I not only didn't subscribe to the Times -- it was around \$8.00 for the semester and I couldn't justify laying out that kind of money --

but I didn't even touch an issue of the local Times, the Los Angeles one, to see what was going on until baseball season started, and since then I've been checking the sports section every once in a while to see where the Los Angeles teams stand in relation to the others, out of sheer curiosity.

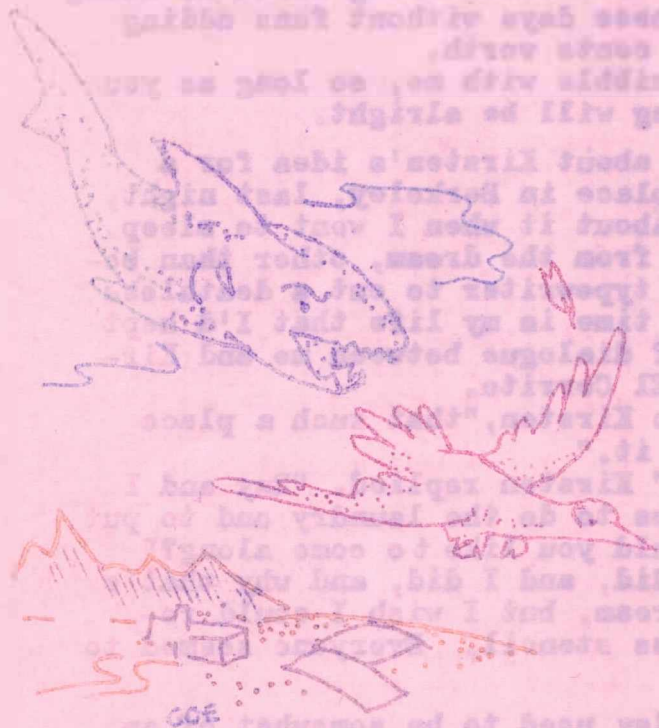
For instance, when Carpenter went up, it took me as a complete surprise. I hadn't even known that there was another attempt in the offing at orbiting someone. The first I heard of it was on the car radio while travelling to school one morning, and by that time the capsule Carpenter was in had already completed one full orbit and was heading into its second time around. And even after acquiring knowledge of his flight having taken place, I wasn't sufficiently motivated to pick up

the next day's paper and read about it.

In fact, I guess the only newspapers I've read this year, since I wrote those comments in the last issue of this magazine, have been two or three copies of the San Francisco Chronicle, and I will readily admit that I only read that paper because I like the slant they give to local bay area news and I like their columnists. Otherwise, I wouldn't read the Chronicle, either.

I've also read most of the issues of the UCLA school paper, the Daily Bruin, but I hardly think that counts. It's not as interesting as it used to be either, despite a fine column by one Joel Siegel, examples of which are reprinted elsewhere in this issue. I used to like the Daily Bruin enough to write silly, pointless letters to it under the name of Carl Brandon, a 20-year-old Negro math major, one of which even got printed, but I don't care much for it anymore.

I seem to have a checkmark by your comments regarding the prospect of auctioning off nubile young women at the s-f conventions, but for the life of me I can't remember what it was. A copy of THURBAN #1 to whoever write me the closest comment to the one I had in mind...



PSILO #5: Jane Gallion

After my little story, "The Children's Hour," in the last issue, and the story later on in this issue, I suppose I had better explain my attitudes towards Coventry and the people in it, and what better place than under the title of the zine whose editress is giving Coventry such a lousy image.

I think that on the level at which Coventry was initially created, the level reflected in the stories I've written to further the Coventry mythos, which is Coventry qua Pasadena (to use proper terminology, for once), Coventry is a useful device. However, this level is nothing more than a neighborhood on Earth occupied by a bunch of nine and ten-year-old children. There isn't anyone in Coventry as it now stands who is much less than 18 years old, and most of its chief proponents are in their early and middle twenties. Obviously, on this level, at least, Coventry is a reversion to something they should have left a dozen or more years ago.

Coventranians are apt to use all sorts of rationales to justify their continued participation in Coventry. A popular one at the present time is that of a useful escape from reality, into a world where one can set up one's own position in life, usually a highly romanticized and successful one, and interact with others who have chosen to do the same. There is a central coordinating bureau for all this, which has its headquarters in a big brown envelope in Bruce Pelz's briefcase. Well, okay. Considering that Coventranians are science-fiction fans, members of fandom, they're just taking the same step that got them into our paper world to begin with. There's nothing wrong with this, so long as you don't take it seriously.

Another explanation for Coventry is its use as a literary device, to provide an instant background for rollicking, free-wheeling adventure stories. A number of Coventranians have admitted their inability to invent their own background to such an extent, and thus make no bones about the fact that they are, in essence, putting themselves in the position of being a bunch of leeches sucking away at Paul Stanberry's little children's dream world. (And to some extent add in so doing to the overall structure.) This, too, is a perfect rationale, so long as it isn't used as a crutch; it is nice to be able to write other kinds of fiction, too, not just Coventry stories.

However, my complaint about Coventry is, first, that it isn't really worth all the attention that is lavished on it by its chief proponents. Though the possibilities for literary expansion and identification in the fantasy world are relatively infinite, there isn't enough substance to the concept to make it worth following on such a scale. Constructing fantasy worlds on a methodical basis — and its publisher had admitted that The Coventranian Gazette is nothing more than a repository for this construction; he doesn't really care if it's read by non-Coventranians (but then, why not publish only as many copies as are needed, and let SAPS off the hook?) — seems to be taking all the fun out of it. When I constructed fantasy worlds as a child, they were spur-of-the-moment things, and though my interest may have been kept up for a day, or even a few weeks or so on occasion, I didn't write any of it down, and I no longer have any interest in doing anything like that.

Another consideration is that the prime proponents of Coventry have tended to treat it just the same as any other kick they get turned on to: by launching themselves into the Coventry circle, hobnail boots straight in front of them, they tend to turn off and

alienate most of the rest of fandom. However, this is but a minor cavil, so far as I am concerned, in relation to what I consider the major fault: the fact, as mentioned, that Coventry isn't worth all the fuss & bother. Most all the people participating in it actively are very capable, and under other circumstances produce much that is good.

Why they should have any serious, extensive interest in Coventry's brand of escapism is quite beyond me. Suppose one of you explain why? I'd be interested to know.

I don't like your cover this issue, even though the eyes are ditto-analogous to my own somewhat olive-green eyes. However, Ted's sonnet on the frontispiece makes up for this. I hadn't thought Ted capable of something quite as good as this -- his usual work is more like that song you printed overleaf, which I liked but not too much -- and I'm pleased to see it. This ought to have a wider audience, you know; see if you can get permission to submit it to some poetry quarterly, maybe.

Well, I disagree with you about beer and home brew, but I do agree regarding mixed drinks. About all I will deign to mix my straight liquor with is an ice-cube, so that after nursing the drink for a while it tends to become rather dilute, as the ice-cube melts down and diffuses into the alcohol.

In fact, at times I guess I'm rather a snob about mixed drinks, particularly when I'm in a silly mood, which at parties is often quite often. I am apt to find someone I know drinking a mixed drink and mutter something, although rather loudly, on the order of "Gad, mixed drinks! What a barbaric custom." I really don't like adding mixers at all. The very thought of something like rum and coke makes me feel violently ill; but then, I don't like coke. (It's a little too coal for me.)

The problem of birth control on an intelligential level is one which I doubt will ever be resolved, so long as governments are made up of reasonably "average" people. It is extremely difficult to predict just what sort of offspring will result from any given set of parents, and the chances of having a genius from a pair of subpar parents is just about as good as those of having a moron from a couple of geniuses. I don't think there is any definite means of predicting the odds one way or the other.

Too, you run into the problem of human rights. It is all very well and good for those who are mentally endowed above and beyond their fellows to run around dishing those who are not so endowed, trying to run their sexlives for them, but what do you think the people on the receiving end think of all this? Subnormal in intelligence, they have feelings, too, and I daresay they don't quite see the logic of allowing you to forbid them to have children because the chances are their children will not be particularly gifted.

And once a subnormal child is born, there's nothing you can do, short of murder, to prevent it. Believe me, if you could come up with a solution for this, I'd be glad to hear it, but I don't think you can. I know I can't.

Thanks for your information on local worthwhile restaurants, though I haven't yet had a chance to try any of them out. In return, may I recommend an Hungarian restaurant to you? When you're in the vicinity of the 1900 block, westbound, on Washington boulevard sometime, drop in at the Debrecen, a combination delicatessen and restaurant. Their Hungarian food is quite fine stuff -- and I speak with the authority of someone who's had an Hungarian background.

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incidentally -- and it's very reasonable. They have a reasonably wide selection of dinners and almost all of them are only a dollar apiece. However, it's not quite as tacky as you'd expect for a dollar; their dollar meals are relatively monstrous, and very good, and rather filling. I recommend their stuffed cabbage fairly highly, and their so-called barbeque plate even moreso.

The waiters at this place are fantastic, too. The one that waited on us last time we were there seemed to speak about four different languages. He took our order in a heavily accented English, of course, passed it on in Hungarian, then at other times was heard talking in German and in some Slavic tongue we couldn't sort out. Many of the other employees seem to be similarly multilingual. If you speak any of these tongues, you might find it interesting to visit just for that alone.

I discovered an interesting place on Santa Monica boulevard in West Los Angeles recently, too; a cheap Chinese-American restaurant that is situated somewhere on the north side of the street between Baring and Colby and which looks for all the world from the outside like a greasy spoon that Boyd Raeburn would abjure. However, I was walking along the boulevard with Terri and we were both hungry, but she didn't feel like doing any cooking. So we dropped into this place and when I found it was a Chinese place I was utterly fantisted.

Terri doesn't care much for Chinese food so she ordered a New York steak dinner. I ordered chicken chow mein, since that could be fixed in a hurry and I had to catch a bus in an hour or so and didn't have time to get anything more special. The food wasn't exceptional, but it was very good and there was plenty of it. Terri's steak dinner came with a salad that had an unusually good dressing on it, too. I took a taste of it after she raved about it and it was like nothing I'd ever tasted before. I can't identify the spices but I liked it.

"I'll bet people come in here all the time just to order a steak dinner and get that salad dressing," I said.

Howcome I don't talk as much as I write? Well, I suspect that some people are talkers and others are listeners, and a great many others fall somewhere in between. I tend more to be a listener, and unless animated by one thing or another am content not to say too very much. Also, somewhat of a reticency and a dislike of sticking my foot in it too often might have something to do with it. As you know, I occasionally tend to be extremely silly, particularly when I haven't had enough sleep or I'm mildly looped. At these times, I know I'm going to be rather punchy and not make too very much sense, so I usually shut up tighter than an acre of clams.

Well, what's your theory?

SAPTERRANEAN #6: Walter Breen

Despite the fact that, as noted above, I tend to be rather quiet at fan gatherings, or at most other gatherings as well, unless circumstances demand that I make my presence known, I would not classify myself as a withdrawing introvert. Nor have any of the SAPS members I've met particularly qualified, with Ruth Berman being the only possible exception; she was almost painfully unobtrusive when I met her (briefly, at a party out at Lewis') in 1960 after the convention.

I use Polychrome stencils myself, Walter, the green variety which sell for around \$2.10 a quire at the place where I do most of my supply-purchasing, and they are quite soft and sensitive. When I

make an error on them, I first burnish it out with the top end of my Rapidograph, which is smooth and doesn't make further cuts into the stencil, and then, though this does the job fairly well and on small errors of one character would be quite enough, I apply a thin coating of correctine and carry on.

I don't have the same trouble with correction fluid drying out or evaporating as you do, but then I always make it a point to close the bottle each time after I use it. This takes a little longer, of course, but there's no wastage at all. I have two bottles of corflu around here because when I got my Rex-Rotary and supplied myself with mimeo equipment again, I forgot I still had the first bottle of corflu I bought back in early 1960 or thereabouts. (No, come to think of it, it was late 1959, around September.) Though it's now well over two years old, it's still in usable condition; and it is one of those "wide-bottomed conical bottles" against which you so vehemently rail.

Tall narrow bottles may retard evaporation & so forth, but they are more likely to fall over, and I guess you know what happens when correction fluid gets on furniture. That is why the manufacturers of the stuff largely use the conical bottles with large bottoms, and not to bilk the public.

Pictures you want of the cute nymphets that live around here?! To hell with that. Let me extend to you a standing invitation to come over here some Saturday afternoon during the summertime, when the girlwatching is fun and easy, and See For Yourself. I'm hardly able to take pictures, not having a camera, much less get prints made of them.

Besides, these nymphets are slowly, ever so slowly, beginning to turn into (you should pardon the expression) nymphs. Once a nymphet, not always a nymphet, and other heady thoughts.

When I was living in the Bay area, Walter, I got quite used to taking those hills on whatever bike I was using, either yours or the one I later bought from Jerry Knight. Perhaps this is because I am, to begin with, fond of walking and exercising my leg muscles in other non-strenuous fashions. Organized and planned calisthenics turn me off, but stuff like taking long walks and riding a bike doesn't turn me off at all. This corner of Los Angeles also has a great many hills much like those in Berkeley, so I was prepared in a way for what I found there.

The Claremont district I hardly ever ventured up into, since there was nothing and no one up there that I wanted to see, but I did a great deal of riding in and through Albany, including more than once going up that hill on Solano avenue from the foot of it at San Pablo all the way up past Peralta and to The Alameda, which later turns into Grove street as it goes into Berkeley. I also made the trip up University avenue at least once a day, and when I was living at Ray's and visiting your Peralta address every day I made frequent trips along Peralta to the north of your house, which as you know is a hill-&-valley situation.

All of this is not to say that I regard climbing hills as the be-all and end-all of bike-riding. Not so. I use a bike because I can't afford a car, when I'm by myself, and I want to go someplace not too far away in a hurry. However, being lazy, if I can get a ride with someone or take a bus, I'm more apt to do that. Bike-riding is and should be fun, but it's not a Way Of Life.

From what I heard, Danny's 1-I classification means that if there were an all-out war, and all the first-rate soldiers had been

killed in battle, and all the replacements had been decimated by the enemy, then they might consider taking Daunny, but probably he'd still get off the hook. But maybe I'm exaggerating. When the classification is made public, would someone let me know exactly what it is?

There should have been 3D glasses in your copy of my 11th issue, Walter; everyone was supposed to get a copy, as I slipped one into every SAPS copy of the issue. Maybe the one for your mailing fell out somewhere? I can't supply a duplicate, unfortunately, as there were only 42 available.

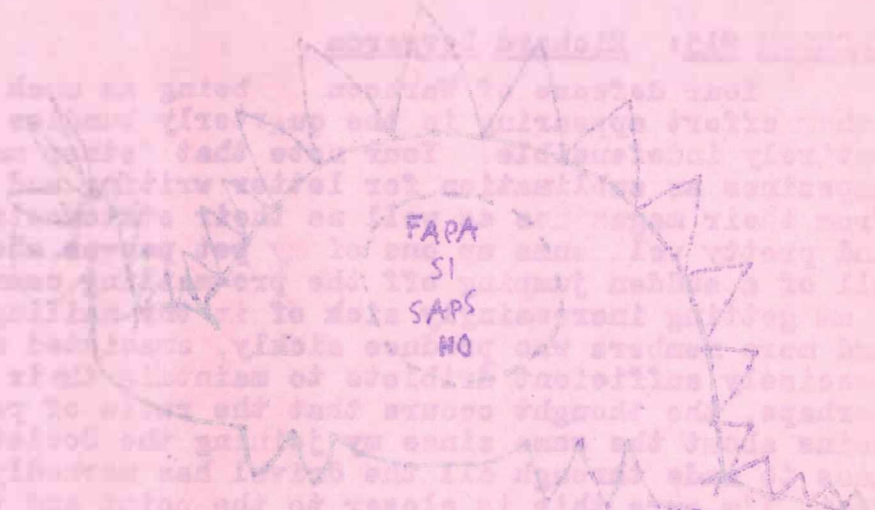
SPELEOBEM #15: Bruce Pelz

You're moving. I never knew precisely how much stuff I owned until last year, during which period I had to move it all some four times. When I was up in Berkeley, a large proportion of my collection remained dormant in Los Angeles, but when I moved to my apartment on Hearst street, I was almost overwhelmed by the amount of packing I had to do. Since I was working for a shipping operation, getting all sorts of cartons was no problem. I "borrowed" (with Gibson's permission and encouragement) a large amount of unassembled cartons which when assembled with the use of some plasticised tape had dimensions of something like 12x18x24 -- anyway, they were big things. It took something like nine cartons to hold what books and fanzines I had, three or four more cartons for odd items of food, clothing, and other kipple. Plus my bed. Plus my typewriter (or rather the typewriter I was using at the time, that being Terry Carr's old Remington Upright, a Very Strange Machine). Plus a bike (I rode that over). And like that.

If I were to move again, you could figure that if I hauled along all my fanzines it'd take a dozen cartons for them plus my books and amateur papers. And down here I have more clothes than I had up there, as well as a bunch of household stuff that I bought after I moved into the apartment. Also two duplicating machines and more supplies than I even want to hink about (dammit, I meant think about, but let that stand).

So the upshot of all this is that I will gladly join you in abjuring the very thought of having a moving experience.

No, I don't read every word of every mailing. I read perhaps every other word of every mailing, to put it in an odd fashion. I skim about 90% of the other 50% of the mailing, but there are a few zines I don't bother even to open when I come across it in the mailing. The Coventrian Gazette is one of these, but that's to be expected; there are a few members whose output doesn't interest me in the least. I doubt I'm alone in this.



"Goddamn. There goes another of those SAPS knights running away towards the FAPA waitlist!"

Of course, I don't read every word of any apa mailing, and haven't for several years. Of those apas of which I am currently a member, I guess the one whose mailings I read most completely is OMPA, where I read at least 75% of each mailing. I read the N'APA mailings the least -- seldom more than 30% of any given mailing -- but that's also to be expected, and anyway I'm dropping out for damned sure when my term as official editor is up this December.

You say, "...My comment about not caring whether I could 'make it in Mundane' was based on a social viewpoint, not financial." So all right, let's leave the financial side of it out of the inquiry in this discussion of mechanics. I would really like to know why you don't care to make it in Mundane on the social level. Surely you don't consider yourself such a complete social failure that the only people you can get along with are s-f fans? That seems obviously false from my own observation. Equally unlikely is the prospect that you don't consider non-fans worth your trouble in getting acquainted with them; this also has had the lie put to it through my observations.

Let me bring in my own social concepts, which I apply equally to both fan and non-fan company. They're quite simple, really; I regard everyone as a Person and if I don't like him/her as a person I'll try to have as little to do with him as possible, though I usually won't be particularly obvious in what I'm doing. People on paper and in person are two different things; I can't make any character judgements on people I've never met and spent some time with, so I couldn't say whether Fan X living in Side Pockets, Illinois is a jerk or not. However, just as there are mundane people I wouldn't have at a party I was sponsoring, so there are fan types. But I don't propose to name names here, since the fan types live in Los Angeles and so do I. *(I don't entirely agree with me anymore, some 2 months later...)*

Anyway, I'd be very interested to read your own criteria for social acceptance of a person, fan or otherwise. And I'd like to know, consequently, why you don't care to make it in mundane social life.

WARHOON #15: Richard Bergeron

Your defense of Warhoon being as much a SAPSzine as any other effort appearing in the quarterly bundles is admirable and entirely indefensible. Your note that "other members use their sapszines as sublimation for letter writing and this is noticeable from their magazines as well as their statements," is well taken, and pretty well sums up one of my pet peeves about SAPS. I am not all of a sudden jumping off the pro-mailing comments bandwagon, but I am getting increasingly sick of in the mailings. There are more and more members who produce sickly, emaciated mailing comments in precisely sufficient dribblets to maintain their membership. (Or, perhaps, the thought occurs that the ratio of people doing this remains about the same since my joining the Society, but my willingness to wade through all the drivel has markedly decreased. In fact, I'm sure this is closer to the point and the truth.) I give these people leave to do as they please, of course -- as above, I don't have to and usually don't give their contributions much attention, and the Pillar Poll results usually bear me out on the value of their contributions, but I wish quietly and deep down that they would start producing better material, if they're capable of doing so. And most SAPS members are.

I used to publish my SAPSzine exclusively for the Society and if outsiders receiving it didn't understand the allusions to SAPS

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it was just too bad for them. However, I have never gone out of my way to be deliberately obscure, believing as I do that insofar as is possible I should personally try to make my apa comments as clear to all readers as possible, so that recourse to skimming the previous mailing to follow my notes wouldn't be necessary. However, SAPS was what I was aiming my effort at, as witness the reviews of early SAPS mailings, the reprinting of SAPS poetry and fiction, the still-open SAPS History department (to which no one has contributed in ages, probably because I haven't mentioned it), and like that.

Today, nothing like that remains. Watling Street in its present form is written for circulation through SAPS, but while I hope SAPS finds it entertaining, a good proportion of the stuff I put into it is as much for a select group of non-SAPS, even non-fan recipients as it is for SAPS members. There are several possible reasons for this, aside from my growing laxity regarding SAPS as a Great Thing. In the first place, I no longer publish a general fanzine, so I have not got that outlet for material of general interest. In the second place, I am not particularly interested in what every SAPS member thinks of what I do in this magazine; I write as much for the few members of SAPS I am vitally interested in as I do for those non-members receiving the magazine.

This situation is not expected to last much longer. Before very long, I will be a member of FAPA and most of the extra-good special material that I have been filling my SAPSzine with for 101 these many mailings will end up in FAPA's hallowed corridors. However, this is not a defection from SAPS, and I don't think I'll be dropping the organisation with my entry into FAPA, not for a while at least. Too, that I am transferring the general material over to FAPA does not mean I am aiming it at FAPA exclusively. It will be published for the same reasons as above: to entertain and enlighten the relative few towards whom I aim all my publishing efforts.

I do not mean to sound like a snob or an ass. I appreciate the fact that I am welcomed in the bundles; I would rather have it that way than being one of the people whose magazines are regularly ignored by everyone but Lee Jacobs, who reads every word of every mailing. But I'm not going to aim myself towards any one organisation, and I say this equally to OMPA and the other groups I belong to. Fair enough?

According to what I heard from my political science professor last semester, when he was urging us all to subscribe to the Sunday N.Y. Times as a worthwhile adjunct to his course, the Los Angeles edition of that paper is due to go into operation next March. It will not be available, apparently, on newsstands and copies will be delivered by mail. I suppose this is an accomodation to the local papers who will be losing customers as it is. But frankly, it sounds like rather a dud, since the New York Times, West Coast edition, isn't going to carry local news. I am as interested in local news as in international and national news -- or would be, if I read newspapers with any degree of regularity.

The rest of Warhoon, outside your mailing comment section, was read avidly, but outside of intending to present some of my own views on Virginia Blish's topic in her review -- the subject of "La Dolce Vita" -- I don't really want to add anything more. Warhoon is by far the best fanzine being published, but like Babakkuk in its day, attempting extensive comment is a formidable task.

-- Bob Lichtman, 1962

Two By Burton Crane:

they had a budget

They'd been told that a budget made everything great,
That two lived as cheaply as one
If every last cent
Most immediately went
In the Little Black Book charged to Clothing or Rent,
To Food, Education,
Good Health, Transportation,
Or Fun.

Then they married. The budget was quite a success
Till her trousseau proved lacking the kind of a dress
That was needed. They couldn't skimp Food, Health
or Rent,
So their budgeting fingers reluctantly went
Into Fun.

The budget, dear readers, has still its good points,
Although it's decidedly strained in the joints
By a throat operation (They charged Transportation),
A hat with a snood (Put a debit to Food),
By Ma on Vacation (He charged Education!)
And by a fat, gurglesome son-of-a-gun
(Who was debited gaily and gladly to Fun)!

WOW

Give the little girl a hand,
So she'll know she's been a smarty.
Her performance merits something
Better than a stare.
She's completely stopped the show,
Stopped the show and wrecked the party.
Must you sit there like a dumb thing?
Give the little girl a hand.
You know where.

-- Burton Crane

EDITOR'S NOTE: Burton Crane is rather the Art Rapp of the National Amateur Press Association, and some of you may recognise his name as a member of FAPA back in the 1940s. His doggerel is quite popular in NAPA and quite rightly so, as the above two examples show. These were reprinted from his major journal, MASAKA, being from issues 6 and 7 in that order. Burton also did some longer items of similar calibre which we may reprint in later issues of this magazine.

