

WAITING

STREET

WALTERS

The book is a study of the importance of the word 'waiting' in the lives of the people of the South. It is a study of the lives of the people of the South, and it is a study of the lives of the people of the South. It is a study of the lives of the people of the South, and it is a study of the lives of the people of the South. It is a study of the lives of the people of the South, and it is a study of the lives of the people of the South.

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DAMMIT-I WAS
JUST GETTING
SOMEPLACE WITH
HER AND THE
MOON CAME UP



W.S.

This is WATLING STREET #17, published for the October 1963 SAPS mailing by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90056. Production costs for this issue are covered by the dollar bill we found in our copy of the last mailing. (S69)

Never say never!

With this issue we reintroduce a sustaining feature missing since the 13th issue:

MAILING COMMENTS

Mr. Berry: Your remarks about things of importance in the world of today, such as fluoride and James Bond, were interesting and appreciated, but the highlight of this mailing for me was Pot Pourri #30, containing "The Return of the Goon." In case you've forgotten, I still have and am maintaining the big Goon Casebook, and I would dearly appreciate receiving extra copies of all GDA stories you publish so that I can include them in the volume. The book is now about an inch thicker than it was when you sent it to me in '59, and has had a few items predating 1959 (such as your story serialized in Chick Derry's long-defunct Gallery) added to it.

Mr. Foyster: I'd like to read The Naked Lunch myself, but unfortunately the book retails for \$6.00, hasn't been out long enough for used copies to appear, and hasn't been available to me on a lending basis as yet, though I haven't much investigated the latter course. Even for us relatively wealthy Americans, a \$6.00 book is pretty steep, especially when it's not a very big book.

Your recommendation of Olympia magazine is noted with thanks. I've seen it from time to time on the newsstands, but haven't thought too much of it from what I'd read while standing at the stands. It seemed largely sensational to me, but I'll take a closer look at it. May I recommend to you the the new City Lights Journal out recently from the press of the same name? There is lots of material from people's journals in here, and it makes pretty interesting reading in parts.

Mr. Eklund: I know what you mean about the difference between driving American and foreign cars. As you know, I drive a Volkswagen which has really quite ruined me for feeling comfortable in anything much larger. In the Pontiac and Continental I have to drive for work occasionally (including one morning when I had to run an errand to Santa Barbara for needed supplies), I always have difficulty calculating whether or not all of the car is in the lane rather than slopping over into the adjoining lanes. Of course, in the VW one knows one is in the lane. I don't have the trouble adjusting to power brakes you do, though, because my car previous to the VW had the things and after making one sudden-death stop each time I use a car with them, I catch on and soft-pedal it. I find that the 36 horses generated by my VW is quite adequate for most of my driving requirements, but at times going up hills or passing on highways I sure wish I had the extra horses to pass more rapidly. One of the sad things about the VW is its lack of acceleration and pick-

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up at speeds much higher than 55. I like to be running ahead of the traffic, and while it is possible to do this in moderately heavy city traffic where you have chances to dart in and out of lanes, it is difficult on a two-lane highway with a slowpoke in front of you.

If you think that movie reviews published professionally are bad, perhaps you've been reading the wrong magazines. I recommend you look up reviews by Pauline Kael, who as far as I'm concerned is the best movie reviewer currently on the scene. She appears in Film Culture, amongst others.

I disagree with you in your comments to Walter Breen in that I feel that the writers you cite are quite possibly in touch with mainstream literary ideas, whatever they are. Of the four you named, I would single out Poul as the one most likely to become a major writer and probably also the one most in contact with literature and literary ideas outside the field of science fiction and fantasy. Karen, perhaps you would be kind enough to ask Poul to make a few remarks on this subject in the Zed?

When I used to buy rock and roll records, the little record shop I went to on La Brea near Fairview in colorful Inglewood was run by a little old Jewish man. It didn't have a very good stock, as I was to discover later when my scope of travel expanded, but this was more than made up for by the fact that since there were hardly ever any customers around, one could listen to records in the listening booth (singular) before buying them without waiting in line, and one could also listen to the proprietor moaning about how these "teen-age" records always went in and out of fashion so fast that he always had leftover stock and lost Lots Of Money.

Finally he must have lost so much money that he went out of business, because the last time I looked at the former location of his store it was a coke and sandwich hangout for teenagers. Anyway, nowadays, such records as I do buy are usually LPs from the discount record centers here in Los Angeles. On rare occasions when I will hear a rock and roll record and want to buy it either for myself or for a friend, I will go way over into the eastern part of town to the corner of Vernon & Central (in a "beasad neighborhood," as Arv Underman's mother used to say about 2548 W. 12th, where LASFS used to meet) and buy the record at a well-stocked store for rock and roll records called "Dolphin's of Hollywood" (Hollywood is 15 miles away at the closest). Other times I will go up to Wallich's Music City at the corner of Sunset & Vine, but since Hugh McCurley started working there and pumping me for information about mutual friends each time I came in, I've mostly stopped this.

None of this has much to do with your remark, does it?

I don't know why you and other teenage fans make such a big thing of being defensive about rock and roll music. If you don't like it, okay, but remarks like "I do catch enforced snatches of it occasionally" rub me the wrong way, as though you're being defensive far too much. Personally, I find some things admirable in the form, and perhaps you and other teenage fans could, too, if you wouldn't be so closed to it. In the first place, let me say that I don't like all rock and roll music (actually what I include

in the term "rock & roll" is what used to be called "race music," because things like "Surfer Stomp" leave me cold on acct. of subject matter, despite occasionally good tunes). Some of this music is either too loud, too tricky, or too blah for me, much as I find other popular music the same way depending on the piece.

But trying to describe what sort of music of this sort I like is a fruitless task. All I can do is suggest you try out some albums and/or singles by various artists whom I think are above the average in this field. For instance, try the James T. Brown album recently released which was recorded live at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. Try some of Nancy Wilson's stuff, and B. B. "Blues Boy" King, and of course Ray Charles. Listen to some Negro gospel music, too, and move your soul. The basic effect of the best of this music is to move your soul to rhythm, I think, for its appeal is both emotional and motional (it moves you, man, to dance) (or at least to tap your feet and move your body 'round). If it moves you, then it's fulfilling itself, whether or not you care to dignify it by calling it "good music." If it doesn't, you have no soul.

I enjoyed the "Statesman's Diary" very much.

Mr. Patten: Regarding your slur on Walter T. Nelson -- "I would say that a mental similarity to Harness & Hannifen exists" -- I don't think that Walter T. or Ray should be particularly concerned or put down about this. Since Walter T. was only 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the time of that convention you sat next to him at, it seems to me that Messrs. Harness & Hannifen should be concerned about this mental similarity of theirs to a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ year old child. Walter T., I find, is brighter than most kids his age even if he sometimes is a bit wild.

Mr. Pelz: I will agree with you that I find precious little symbolism in Calvin's writings; other than stuff that is so obvious that to call it Symbolism is to dignify it beyond all actual value. What there is in Calvin's writing for some people is a lot of ingroup reference, but this is neither here nor there, and I might suggest that perhaps you think Calvin's writing is "blithering" because you don't seem much to like Mr. Demmon.

As you've pointed out in person, I've skipped over in SAPS any explanation to your requests for me to elucidate on my over-use of the term "silly," and I believe I will do the same to your remarks about love. Basically, I agree with your remarks to me here, but I fail to see where my telling what I love and why would have any pertinence to the argument (besides which, it's a subject I'd just as soon not discuss in SAPS where only a few of the members are ones I'm concerned about communicating with, if you really want to know; i.e., I'm chickening out).

This does not mean I wouldn't mind discussing this with you in person, as I believe I've said once or twice before on other issues. If you would like to pin me down on this sometime at a party, you bring up the issue, okay?

I enjoyed your Westcon report, and of course continue to appreciate Madeline's account of American fandom. Will the latter be issued in one compact volume when complete? I do hope so.

Mr. Johnstone: Congratulations on your First Sale and on your Engagement, not necessarily in that order of importance.

La 'Potaphysique est la Science. --- Andy Main

FILLING UP THE FANZINE

REVERSE COMPLETISM: Up until not too long ago, I had a pretty big fanzine collection which took up all available space on some 20 shelf feet of space I have out here in the garage where I do my fanning and threatened to topple over onto the floor. There were things in it that were of relatively little use to me such as three years of SAPS mailings, OMPA mailings, and the like, complete runs of crudzines, and so forth, which I would never conceivably want to read again but which I had around just because, goshwow, they were Complete By Ghod.

Obviously something like this cannot go on forever unless you are Forrest J. Ackerman or Dr. C. L. Barrett, and have unlimited room in the form of an entire house in which to store your collection as it expands. So, since I thought I was going to be moving out pretty soon I started periodically weeding out my collection each time I straightened it up. At first this weeding out process consisted only of removing complete runs of magazine like Space Cage, Yandro, and the like, magazines which are of passing interest when they come out but which are next to worthless later on, and which you would certainly never have the need nor desire to re-read. This practice put a considerable dent into my collection. However, since at the earlier stages of this weeding out process I tended to view complete apa mailings as being, somehow, sacrosanct and inviolable, the process was being short-circuited.

The piles of apa mailings got raped a couple days after finals this year. I went through around eight feet of the things and came out with about one foot of stuff I wanted to keep. This is from everything -- SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, and the rest -- and is some sort of commentary on apas in that one foot of material out of eight feet or so is roughly 10%. I could make some smart-ass remark here about Sturgeon's law, but since this is appearing in a SAPS mailing, where Mr. Sturgeon's law works overtime, I will refrain.

Doubtless at some point through here the Collecting Fan has raised the hackles on his back and screamed (silently but loudly), "Mighod, did he throw away all that stuff?!" The answer of course is of course not. I sold most of it. Some of the earlier stacks of stuff I gave away, because I didn't feel like making any big thing out of its disposal, but the later stacks and stacks and stacks of it, by far the bulk of it, I sold at pretty good prices. A complete set of that nonpareil discussionzine, Kipple, went for \$3.00. A copy of Why Is A Fan? in good condition went for \$1.50 and one with the back cover and the title page missing went for 75¢. My complete set of Xero went for \$10.00, a 100% profit on what I paid for it, nearly. I made about \$40.00 on the used fanzine market in a great big hurry and used it mostly at the Westercon. If I hadn't

sold all those fanzines, I might still have gone to the Westercon, but I wouldn't have had as much fun. All those junk SAPSazines and the like certainly helped to buy a lot of dinners and drinks.

The reorganization of my fanzines is still not complete and in the near future the weeding out process will resume, but not too much more is left to be pared away. The next step after the final paring away is to organize the collection into boxes by the names of the editors and publishers (or regionally) instead of the present organization of alphabetical in some places and loose piles of stuff elsewhere. Future build-up of crud is being forestalled at time of receipt, or in the case of apa mailings after I've read and perhaps remarked on the present mailing. Then apa mailings have the "good stuff" removed and the rest is passed out. By the time I eventually leave this area, I hope to have the collection pared down to the point where it will all fit on a three-foot shelf, a feature it doesn't come quite to making as yet.

This has been an Essay on Selective Completism, or the gentle art of throwing out fanzines for fun and profit.

Whatever happened to Megan Sturek?

INCOHERENT DEPT.: Would anyone care to invest a few cents postage and purchase from me for the cost of postage an old rubber stamp reading "Dick Eney for TAPP."? This old relic of a past age is gathering dust through nonuse on my desk and perhaps should be deposited soon in a museum of "antiquity" before it meets the fate of all things unused on my desk, that of being eaten by my new kitten, Miss Teddi White, so named because she is all white except for a black spot on top of her crown.

A recent rumor which hit our ears with a loud smack concerns Mr. Kevin Langdon on his recent trip back to California from the metropolitan New York area. It is reported that one morning Mr. Langdon was walking around in a small Ohio town when he noticed some dog shit on the front lawn of a house in a residential district. He thought, Now I should be able to do something like that, too, but I haven't. I wonder what it's like? So saying, he pulled down his drawers to excrete and as he was doing so a patrol car, perhaps the only one in this small Ohio town, turned the corner and, so to speak, caught him in mid-act. They arrested him for littering but since he had no money except a Standard Oil credit card, they let him go and made him leave town hastily. "True, but false," remarked Kevin Langdon when apprised of this rumor at the recent Westercon.

Contrary to popular demand, Mr. Robert Lichtman has not yet dropped from the rolls of SAPS just yet, and will be found in this corner approximately every other quarter for an indeterminate period in the unforeseeable future, spanning his elaborate home-spun lies and boring you all, I'm sure. Mr. Lichtman would like to express his thanks this quarter for (a) free SAPS dues the past several years, and (b) the impossibility of proving whether or not there is a God. See you around...

----- Bob