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No time for preliminaries, so let's get down to business.

Fantasy Amateur (Officials) Well, it took long enough. Last year, there was a mailing that appeared seven weeks after the deadline, and I thought that was pretty bad. This one went *nine*. That's  $3/4$  of the 12-week (this time) mailing period, which means that I've got to get this zine, which should have been put to bed weeks ago, out right this minute, blowing my schedule all to hell. This situation is intolerable, to say the very least. I'm glad Redd had the good sense and civic responsibility to resign after this debacle, as Gregg had in declining to run again last year, and I *certainly* hope Elmer does a better job with the next two. I'm tempted to throw my 29-mailing (of three different apas) experience in the ring next year just to show you guys how it's done. Sorry if it sounds like I'm coming down hard, but the routine lateness of the mailings since about the time I joined is bad enough--this sort of thing is ridiculous.

The Fantasy Eatanter (Breen) Very clever title--it calls to mind an ancient gag in a BC strip (or was there more than one episode where the ant eater was called an eater?).

First on the first ballot; last on the second. Sigh. And such a margin, too! Congratulations to Roy, and for me I guess there'll be other years.

IMK Publication (Koch) Mensa accepts SAT scores as proof of IQ? I didn't know that. My  $\%ile$  score there was something absurdly high, like 99.4--99-point-something, at any rate, but it was about ten years ago and all I really recall was having my high school teachers point it out proudly as a credit to the school. I always suspected I could get into Mensa if I felt like it. Now I know. With that and a quarter, I can play the electronic tennis game at the bar around the corner from my theater. I could name so many real stupes with IQs equal to or greater than mine that I really can't accept that as a measure of intelligence.

Erg (Jeeves) On the contrary, the feather and the steel paperweight fall at precisely the same rate in a vacuum. If the feather weighs, say,  $1/10$  as much as the paperweight, the force of gravity pulling on it is only  $1/10$  as great--the force is a constant times the product of the two masses. However, the inertia that it has to overcome is only  $1/10$  as great, too. The two  $1/10$ 's cancel each other out, and the acceleration is exactly the same. The negligibility of the two masses compared with that of the planet doesn't enter the picture at all. (I could cover this page with equations showing this to be the case, but I think it should be pretty clear that the difference in force is the exact inverse of the difference in inertia, and all other things being equal, they'll always precisely cancel each other out. At least, I *hope* it's clearer than a flat, dogmatic statement in a textbook that acceleration of an object due to gravity at sea level is  $32 \text{ ft/sec}^2$  no matter what its size.)

However, in another, very esoteric, sense, Keith Freeman is sort of right. This doesn't take into account the fact that the planet itself is accelerated an immeasurably small amount. Even so, this fact wouldn't enter the picture if they were dropped simultaneously. But the *object* falls at  $32 \text{ ft/sec}^2$ , and that's all there is to it.

Cognate (Hickey) An error would have to be pretty egregious for me to put a stencil back in the machine to correct it once it's out. There would have to be a genuine possibility of misunderstanding something, or it would have to be the sort of thing that would make me look like an illiterate rather than just a guy whose finger slipped. To avoid feeling bad about letting errors go, I usually don't read a stencil until it's printed and too late to do anything about it.

I type pretty fast, but I usually manage to keep my composition racing along so that the mind is ahead of the fingers. But here's another question for touch-typists. Do any (besides me) read their own stuff as it's coming off



Hickey (cont.) the keys (or in my case, out of the golfball)? Nothing like reading the finest in prose entertainment at the very instant of its creation... (This, by the way, is known as literary masturbation.)

Since I've never taken a journalism course in my life, most of my silly prejudices about what constitutes good style are my own, based on many years of having my nerves grated on the output of the more rushed and less talented of my fellow hacks. I guess I'm lucky that way.

If you're using a pair of boots to motivate your son to make better grades, I wouldn't think you'd give him a better boot for more A's, as you say. The result might better if you give him *less* of a boot for better grades.

Seeds and Stems (Hughes) When I was just flipping through the mailing, egoscanning, and came to the comment about how I'm the fan one would most expect to wind up running a porno theater, I just *knew* that had to be Terry Hughes talking.

I'm afraid the bicentennial fervor is hitting everywhere in the country. In New Orleans, the parking meters are red, white and blue. God, I'm beginning to hate the sight of those colors.

Even if you don't like Christmas music, perhaps you'd take to "The Raven" sung to the tune of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" or "The Green Hills of Earth" to "Joy to the World."

Yes, the New Orleans in '79 bid collapsed, due to the fact that I ratted on the committee and let everyone know the guy in charge of it was a crook. There may be a new bid, tho, this one being put on by the local trekkies, who, if they have nothing else going for them, know how to put on conventions and are honest (and actually, what more do you need?). That bid, should it materialize, will have my support.

(By the way, I made at least one mistake in my flyer on that bid. I said that not one single New Orleans fan would support it. Actually, it turned out there were three. One of them was admittedly in it for the money he'd make in professional services to the committee, one I suspect of being along for the embezzlement possibilities same as the guy in charge, and one, Guy Lillian, just wasn't smart enough to realize he was being taken for a ride. By letting the cat out of the bag, I've made myself pretty roundly hated in that quarter, but Lillian, especially, has been *incredibly* childish in his attempts to Get Me Back.)

Grandfather Stories (DeVore) I can see at least one reason for supporting SF Expo. It might drain off some of the excess fringe fans from the World-Con (like a boil being lanced, if you don't mind an invidious analogy). Maybe that's a good reason and maybe it isn't, but I can't see any reason at all for opposing it, so support wins out by a hair. Mostly, I don't *give* a good, hearty shit if some non-fan group wants to put on a sf convention, and simply can't understand why anyone would bother to denounce them. Why *are* you so worked up over it? Linda Bushyager, I understand. She seems to have a psychological need for a villain to fight, so she can mount her white charger and sally forth to slay the professional fanzines, Hugo inequities, big cons, or whatever she happens to fix her gaze on *this* week. But what's it to you? I wish I could get across how silly I think this whole uproar is.

Allerlei (Breen) The letter from Clarke is quite a testimonial, and it must have been *some* shot in the ego to get it. Thanks for his address, by the way. I'm still a starry-eyed neo when it comes to some people, and I've been wanting to write him a fan letter.

The "solitary lunatic" article is disturbing, of course. Did you expect anyone to say less? Up until fairly recently, I've had the notion that Oswald killed Kennedy, maybe with and maybe without help, but the Warren Commission wasn't really unjustified in reaching the conclusion it did, because after all, what good would it do to tear open a scandal? My local DA, Jim Garrison, launched his own investigation, and everyone, myself included, thought he was nuts. (I still think so, but I'm beginning to think the thing was so big even *he* was tripping over it.) I mostly didn't care a whole lot.

Then a friend reminded me of something Garrison said the day Nixon announced the end of the war: "They won't let him finish his term." Now, granted, he was a crook and didn't deserve his office, but it's a regular cliché that he didn't do anything other politicians weren't getting away with, and



Breen (cont.) nobody pursued the truth on them and hounded them from office. And how skillfully Agnew was removed first! And so Ford (of the Warren Commission) became President through an amendment that became part of the Constitution as recently as 1966.

Little-known fact: Richard Nixon spent about two hours in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963. He doesn't hide this, but somehow he forgot to mention it until ten years later. (If I'd been in Dallas that day, it sure as hell wouldn't slip my mind.)

That theory about Oswald having been ordered/hired/cajoled into taking a fake potshot at Kennedy to point out the inadequacy of the security system, then getting blamed for the real assassination, makes sense except for one thing--paraffin tests showd Oswald hadn't fired a gun that day. Too bad he never made it to trial for his certain acquittal. Gee, his death sure was smoothly choreographed, wasn't it?

You know, what impresses me more than anything else is the number of deaths involved in this thing. Oswald is dead. Jack Ruby (who was seen the morning of the murder letting a passenger with a gun out of a truck behind the well-known Grassy Knoll) is dead. David Ferrie is dead. Guy Bannister is dead. Clay Shaw is dead. Dorothy Kilgallen announced an earth-shattering scoop on the Kennedy killing, and said she'd break the story the next morning. Before the Sun rose, she died violently. One report says every piece of paper she owned disappeared.

And it's not just the people. The Grassy Knoll was razed in a beautification project. And 544 Camp St. in New Orleans, a 100-year-old building that figured prominently into Garrison's investigation, was demolished, and despite the fact that that's a neighborhood you move *out* of, not into, a gleaming, bright new federal building went up in its place...named after Hale Boggs, who *also* disappeared mysteriously--and who was also on the Warren Commission...

All of which adds up to...*what*? It's too complicated for my simple mind to make sense of. I'm thinking of fleshing these thots into an article in the next-or-so issue of *Tandstikkerzeitung*. I'll send it to you if I do.

And speaking of *stikker*, in #5, a good two years ago, I ran a little filler at the bottom of a page: "Your mission, Jim, should you decide to accept it, is to make Spiro Agnew resign, set up impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon, and pave the way for Gerald Ford to become President of the United States. As always, should you or any of your I.M. Force be caught or killed..." Well now, b'golly, I'm damned if I don't think that's what happened.

Horizons (Warner) Laser Books has produced one top-notch sf novel (*Blake's Progress*) and a whole big bunch of enjoyable if uninspired adventure stories. I wish I could figure out what people have against them.

Not that I'm advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. government, Harry, but I don't think the systematic erosion of our Constitutional rights over a 185-year period is exactly what you'd call "light and transient causes."

One problem about prisons that you didn't mention is that with all the campus radicals imprisoned for no good reason other than the fact that their politics doesn't meet with the approval of the people with the power to throw them in prison, the radicals are learning criminal techniques, resulting in more efficient anti-social behavior when they get out, while the criminals are learning radical politics, resulting in a lot more prison riots than there used to be.

You could be right about Asimov going out of style for Today's Aware Generation. There's a guy in SFFA who fairly foams at the mouth at the mere mention of Asimov's name, and this character is nothing if not at the very forefront of whatever is stylish for Today's Aware Generation. (He even goes into raptures every time there's a sequel to *Billy Jack*, if you can imagine a fan being *that* much of a herd follower.) I can still enjoy a good Asimov space opera, myself, and the vagaries of fashion won't change that. As for your point about the robot in the Life Bailey stories harming a human (the criminal he captures), you're not the first to think of that. I asked Asimov about it in 1967, and he said he planned on resolving that in a third Bailey novel. I'm still waiting for it, but I ran out of baited breath about six or eight years ago.

E. Hoffmann Price *is* the subject of a sub-fandom. Every time his travels take him on a swing through the South, his sub-fandom gathers in little groups ahead of him. Maybe there are no fanzines devoted



Warner (cont.) to him, but he's got a sub-fandom, all right.

The reason the Democrats and Republicans can wait so long to choose their convention site and we can't is that we're not big enough to kick people in our way out.

As jazz enthusiasts go, I doubt Donn Brazier or anyone else in fandom can hold a candle to Faruk von Turk, whose record collection weighs eleven tons and who used to be curator of the New Orleans Jazz Museum.

Celephais (Evans) Naked ladies? Ha! I'll have you know, sir, that we present nothing but the finest in hard-core smut. If the pornography in your area goes only to the brink (whatever vile, filthy thing *that* is) and then stops, then I'd say it's time you guys got yourselves a new pornograph.

Damballa (Hansen) There are better reasons for writing short stories than an inability to sustain a story into novel length. There's a difference in kind, more than degree, between a short and a novel. Most short stories--at least, the good ones--simply don't *work* as novels.

Since you expressed an interest in that recipe for mead I've got somewhere in this house, I'll see if I can dig it up and publish it in FAPA.

Interstellar Ramjet Scoop (Wright) Couldn't find any fans in Tucson? But that's where Charles G. Finney lives. Also, I believe, Mrs. Fredric Brown.

Your prediction of *Star Trek* type computer games in your own living room is just a *little* bit too late. Devices containing more than a dozen computer games that can be plugged into any TV set have been on the market in the U.S. for more than a year now.

In Vino Veritas (Westblom) Good heavens, man, why would someone who lives in Northern Europe want to bring American beer home with him? The same style of brewing predominates, but you do it so much better.

Your descriptions of life in Sweden are interesting, as usual, but I'm not sure it's much of a comfort to know that there's a place where things are even worse than they are here.

My partner in that oneshot genzine-type thing I was working on is one of the three mentioned in the last paragraph of my comment to Terry Hughes. I don't think he and I are going to be collaborating on any big projects soon. Since he's the one with the typesetting equipment, the signature bindery and all the rest of the fancy publishing equipment, if I ever do anything of the sort by myself, chances are it won't be anywhere near as grand a production. Thanks for your permission to reprint, tho. If I ever start another genzine, I'll use it there.

Crayfish (pronounced "crawfish," of course, even tho it's correctly spelled that way) season around here usually ends about the first week in July. Out-of-season crayfish aren't nearly as good to eat, so that may be why you didn't see any while you were here last summer. (If it was in season for them when you were here, and you still didn't see any, have you had your eyes checked recently?)

I hate to let the cat out of the bag about catfish, but everything you say is true. There's an Old Wives' Tale about how catfish are worthless, nothing but trash, no meat and the bones taste oily, etc. etc. Do not be fooled by these stories. They are false rumors spread by those of us who like the things, so there'll be more for us. In reality, there are few denizens of the deep to match the catfish in sheer succulence. (By the way, did you know that almost all commercially served catfish are grown on catfish farms in Louisiana?)

To tell the truth, I have no idea what seasoning is used on crayfish. There's a packaged product called "Zatarain's Crab Boil" that you just dump in the water you're boiling any kind of shellfish in, and that seasons them perfectly. (A photographer I know also claims to use it as a fixer, but I beg leave to doubt this.) The best drink with crayfish is Dixie Beer.

The Fan Birthday Calendar (Pelz) Offhand, I can add Gary Brown, 2/25/47, and Diedre Mathews, 3/12/47. I remember those dates because it means 12% of SFFA, including myself, were born in a single 30-day period. Oh, and Jan Luke, a prominier local trekkie, was born (as we recently found) the same day I was, 3/21/47.