

s o r i m s h a w X published by bill blackbeard chez ~~Lounge~~ chez ~~elabata~~ chez lui  
on the cimmerian press as an apa-thought. Our \*motto\* for this  
week is: effanell protect the working fan...

-----  
They say some of Vegas' biggest gamblers have gone into the wearing-a-barrel business.

TO L & BACK: mei lingo on #50 THE ASHEN MR. FITCH, THrice-TOSSED: I support your  
suggestion for an increase in Apa L copy requirements  
to 50, at least for the upcoming 53rd Disty. If Fred's bush-beating to obtain contribs  
from as many previous & present Ellers as possible bears fruit, we may well find that  
the contributors will actually outnumber complete copies. THE NYET-PROFELLED MR. FEIZ:  
The more verse-tries I read, the better I like Poe. \* Have you mentioned to Mr. Hanni-  
fan that "neo" spelled backwards is "oen"? \* Your apology is accepted, Fatty. THE  
EXTRAPOLATED MR. HEARSON: "How do you French kiss a porpoise?" As well ask, "How do  
you Dutch treat a dyke?" There just aren't no French or Dutch Ellers to answer. \*  
Your three issues of e to date have been among the most interesting items in their  
disties. THE NAMELESS HOUSE'S AL LEWIS: I think you're right about pornography: the  
returns of excess diminish in proportion to indulgence. Once the literate public has  
had its fill of outspoken sexual description on the printed page, and there is enough  
already published material to be kept in print for the freshly-interested teen-ager  
of each new generation, the concern of both creative and commercial writers with such  
single-minded extrapolation should subside accordingly, and the right to be frank  
about sex will become just another useful tool of the author, no more important than  
any other -- as it has long been in France and Japan. THE MUSICAL MR. WHITLEDGE: It  
seems to me that each individual has to consult his own conscience and standards to  
decide whether or not he feels compelled to actively defy an enforced law he considers  
unjust in order to possibly bring about its revision or repeal through public and/or  
judicial reaction to what may necessarily have to be his virtual "martyrdom" in jail  
-- or worse. From the militant suffragette to the thirsty citizen who entered a  
speakeasy (and the cop who winked at it) to the white & negro challengers of racially  
discriminatory laws, deliberate defiance of the statute book is a traditional and  
healthy part of American life dating back to the "Indians" who threw the British tea  
overboard in Boston harbor. Plenty of Americans who materially enlarged our freedoms  
had only the knowledge of having done so to balance, in the end, against prison records  
and shattered careers. It is a question, always, of what the perturbed individual  
values most: his own security and well-being, or a possible improvement of the security  
and well-being of society at large through his self-endangering efforts. THE ALWAYS-  
DIGRESSIVE MR. STEVENS: I think you'd like the daily and Sunday Mickey Mouse strip of  
the 'thirties and early 'forties if you enjoyed (& enjoy) Uncle Scrooge -- it had even  
more of the absorbing serio-comic adventure quality of the Barks work, and was flushed  
with the same sense of wonder with strange and far places and peoples, as well as stf-  
nal gimcrackery of all sorts: one MM adventure even projected Mickey (via a dream) into  
the future -- a largely grim and unfunny future that involved elements similar to those  
of Leiber's "Green Millenium." \* I built a light box for myself and Ellie by simply  
having the top, back, front & sides out to pre-measured size out of 1/2-inch plywood at  
a Long Beach lumber yard, plus a piece of auto glass also out to size at an autoglass  
garage. Through a hole cut in the rear piece of the box I fastened a socket, bulb, &  
extension cord. Total cost, including nails: just seven bucks. HOLLANDER'S SAUCE:  
Whoa, buddy -- sniping between Beppo & myself signifies nothing except sniping. Nei-  
ther of us has any intention of "starting another feud" in Apa L or anywhere else.  
This sideline snarling & snapping has been going on for a long time, which so fresh a  
neo as yourself could hardly know. Bruce's real -- and valuable -- function in fandom  
(aside from his Collection, CE'ing, and data-publishing) is as a gadfly, which was the  
function in general literature of such as Bernard Shaw -- that is, taking obnoxious  
positions and saying obnoxious things simply to stimulate reaction and thought for the  
good of the whole intellectual arena. Nothing is more stultifying than a circle or  
group of agreeable and complacent individuals: contrast Switzerland to France, for ex-  
ample. Incidentally, I was amused at your inadvertant admission (in assuming that I  
had initiated an attack on BEP without provocation) that you find me as readable as you  
clearly find Brucoifer un-. Most Ellers read us both, however, and to judge from amused  
comments and congratulations received at the LASFS meet before last, most felt my ri-  
postes just, apposite, and not perceptibly more gross than those in NV which provoked  
them. For the record, though, I should state that the real cause of my jibing at BEP  
was his brutal verbal assault on Betty Knight a few disties back, which seemed pure  
bullying to me; perhaps you felt differently -- but then, I forget you don't read him.  
THE GALLANTLY GALLING MR. HARNESS: Suggestion herewith for a cover or bacover for the  
53rd disty: OBJECTIVIST MULTILIHED MOUSE MUSICIANS AND THE PROBLEMS OF REPRODUCTION  
IN OUR TIME. Take it from there...

-----  
Most real sexual restrictions in our society are only kin deep.  
-----

AN INEFFABLY AFFABLE APA L FABIE I'm not sure, Fred Patton, but I think this may be another First for Apa L. Has any other Eller, or Effer for that matter, ever had an unsolicited story sent him by another fan explicitly for publication in his or her weekly apazine? Well, It Happened To Me -- and I like it fine, especially when the author is \*JOHN BOARDMAN\* and the story -- fable, actually -- is as good as this.

### OL' SAM AND WARRIOR

Ol' Sam lived up in the hills, and managed to get a living out of a small garden and a large still. However, his favorite pastime was hunting. He had a big, mean-looking hound-dog named Warrior, and the neighbors said that Sam thought more of that dog than he did of his own wife and kids. There were even those who'd tell you that Sam and Warrior slept on the bed, while Minnie made up a pallet on the floor for herself and the youngsters.

No one ever really expected that Sam would actually get married, but he got hitched to Minnie about the time he built his new still to replace the one the revenocers burned down. Her name then was Minima Welfare, youngest of the Welfare girls. Most everyone believed that Sam hadn't really wanted to marry Minnie, but that he'd had to. He was pretty hard up for spending cash then, back in '33, and Minnie brought him a little. They got along together after a fashion, though, and pretty soon they had a whole slew of young'uns.

But Sam had had Warrior long before Minnie, and the dog had his real love. He thought so highly of the hound that he actually stinted his wife and kids to feed him. If you dropped by Ol' Sam's place at supper time, you'd likely see Sam gnawing a big ham and slicing off whoppin' chunks for Warrior, while Minnie and her brood frung around hoping to dip bread in the gravy. Not that Warrior wasn't a good hunting dog -- far from it. Nary a varmint could get near to Sam's chickens without Warrior giving tongue and cashing it into the tall timber. Of course, Warrior eventually got more of that chicken meat gratis than the varmints and Sam's family ever saw.

There was a time, though, when a pack of really rabid wolves began running loose in the hills. Sam teamed up with some of the neighbors eventually -- after putting it off for a long time account of most of the neighbors were between the wolves and him -- and, largely with the aid of Warrior, they hunted down and killed most of the pack. Warrior earned his keep that year, and even Minnie had to admit he had done some good.

But it was after the wolf hunt that Sam really started to get bothersome both at home and with the neighbors. No sooner had the hide of the last wolf Warrior could find been nailed to the barn door than Sam souped up his still and started putting out a brand-new brand of moonshine -- marketed in a bottle with a red label, and called "Old Red Hunter." He sold some of it to the more alcoholic neighbors, who could swill anything, but most of the time, Sam turned out to be his own best customer.

When he was full of Old Red Hunter, Sam was in a bad way. Once he saw a squirrél or two in the rafters, and started hollering they was big red bars come to get him. He fell over his own feet getting the shotgun and blasted so many holes in his roof that it still rains in. Other times you'd see him trampling through his neighbors' gardens -- special the drinkin' ones -- yelling that red bar-lovin' yaller skunks were in their chickenyards but not to worry, cause he and Warrior would kill every one of the varmints.

Finally it got so bad that Minnie put her foot down -- or tried to. One night she was dishing out mush to herself and the kids while Sam and Warrior were wolfing down a small mountain of porkchops. "Sam," she said, "you're spendin' almost every cent we make on food for that dog. If you don't stop, we're like to be set fer the poorhouse."

Sam leaned back in his chair and threw another porkchop to Warrior. "Yer absolutely right, Minnie," he said. "From now on, I'm gonna feed you an' the kids a half portion of mush instead of a quarter portion when there's no work to do, and I'll promise you a bite o' porkchop when you're sick instead of insistin' you scrounge for your own keep. That way you an' the kids oughtta stay healthy enough to bottle more moon and grow more truck to keep Warrior an' me in meat fer a long time to come. Fair enough?"

Sam never understood why Minnie laughed so wildly then, or cried so hard, and he was half inclined to sic Warrior on her, but thought better of it. After all, little as she and the kids needed Warrior, Warrior needed them, and that was the important thing.

He had to smile, though, thinking about the machinery he'd heard about -- machinery that could do all the work of Minnie and the kids for a few squirts of oil and a cup of gas a week. Once he had some of that machinery going for him, things would be the way they were meant to be -- just him and Warrior agin the world. He sighed happily, and ate another porkchop.

Herewith a N\* O\* T\* I\* C\* E\* of a PROGRAM CHANGE,

Looky here!

DATE CHANGE, &

Ten-hut!

LOCATION CHANGE for the LASFS Film Society programs.

Effective with the second scheduled program listed in our previous announcement, the date of exhibition will be changed from Friday evening, October 15, to FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, at 7:00. The exhibitions will be on every second Friday henceforth; the next will be Friday, November 5.

The second program has been changed to accomodate an unexpected opportunity to show an excellent fantasy film at low cost (which should accordingly reduce costs to attendees: if enough individuals come to this show, the dollar admission charge will be lowered and the equivalent of the reduction returned to those who have paid either a single admission or block of three in advance). The film substituting for the originally scheduled CAT PEOPLE -- which will be rescheduled for later showing -- is the Sabu-Conrad Veigt-June Duprez THIEF OF BAGDAD. This film represents one of the few occasions that a sound remake of a silent classic equalled the original not just in technical effects (which is easy) but in unaffected sense of wonder (which is rare). The remainder of the program remains unchanged.

The entire series of exhibitions, starting with the second program, will move from the Echo Park Playground to the more convenient Baker-Castora-Simpson-Stine demense at 3177 West Fifth St., in Los Angeles. There is plenty of parking along Fifth in the evening, and the general accommodations and acoustics inside are superior to those at the Playground.

Most attendees, of course, are already aware of these changes; they are simply being stencilled, mailed, and distributed at LASFS & in Apa L as a reminder and a convenient check.

Our special thanks to \*BILL ROTSIER\* for the life-saving loan of his 16mm sound projector, and to \*LARRY BYRD\* for the use of his portable TV and tape recorder -- as well as to those who showed up and made the first show the success it was.

See you all 10/22 at seven -- remember, SEVEN P. M. -- for THE THIEF OF BAGDAD.

(And maybe -- thank you, Davcva -- THE MUKKINESE BATTLE HORN...)

NOTE: For a report on the first show, see Rabanos R d o o i o ! -- Fred has probably written his impressions of it.

ED BAKER

BILL BLACKBEARD

a i a t v s

ERIC HOFFMAN

QUIZ ANSWERS 1. King Solomon's Mines, She and Allen, Allen Quatermain (and others), all by Sir Henry Rider Haggard. 2. David Goodis "made it" with Gold Medal; Jim Thompson (unaccountably) didn't. (Note to TEW: Right: early 'fifties, rather than "late 'forties," as I had it.) 3. Worlds Beyond; If. (TEW: this was my easy question -- I only wish I did know of some other prozine demon had edited. It would, of course, be stretching a point to term Infinite anything of the kind, even though it was distinctly not a fanzine.) 4. George Herriman. 5. Santa Monica. 6. Walter Brennan. 7. The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, by Poe; The Sphinx of the Ice Fields, by Verne; and At the Mountains of Madness, by HPL. 8. Mel Brown was an inhabitant of Tendril Towers in the early 'forties, and a close friend of Jimmy Kepner. Both were communists shortly before their LASFS period, and both figure in FTL's Ah, Sweet Idiocy. 9. 97. 10. Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens.

Fred, what about a quiz on Apa L? We should all have a fair chance at such a beastie.

###