

This is the first issue of SARANDIPTY, the joint effort of Dean A. Grennell and Ron Ellik, produced at the bachelor residence of the latter, 12942 Rancho Way, Garden Grove, California, 92640 (telephone 714-537-5776; why not noise it around, since it's in the LASFS directory?). Date of publication is 18 July 1967, intended for the August mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. This amateur journal is produced on the LASFS Rex Rotary, using Copytone green stencils and, in place of film the younger author is sure he had somewhere, saran wrap. Selah.

-oCo-

DAG: Well, eckshilly, it's not Saranwrap, propehilly speaking. What it is is something called Handi-Wrap, by Dow. This is the fanzine of substitute substitutes, by gar. Come to think of it, didn't Sam Martinez used to work for Dow Chemical (the Pure All-Vegetable Chemicals)? Used to go about giving oil wells enemas, as I recall.

What we'd vaguely talked of doing was to commit a sort of mlg commentzine here. The Mayling is at hand so here goes.

FANTASIA Agree that going about on two wheels is not without its element of hazard (as co-editor could attest, having seen my hardbitten features on the evening of April 26th) and share your concern as the parent of a teenager who rides one of the things. Chuck has been taking my small blue 80 Yamaha to school since the first of the year. He wears his helmet and jacket quite faithfully and is enjoined not to carry passengers nor be a passenger with someone else at the controls.

However, Helen (assuming you read this), I've long been leary of the easy solution of passing yet another law as a cureall for every ill in sight. I don't have the reference at hand but one of the motorcycle magazines recently ran a commentary on some of the "safety laws" that were being proposed ... with perfectly straight faces ... by the nation's lawmakers. As near as I recall, one said "make all motorcycles have four wheels." Another wanted all m'cycle headlamps at least six feet above the ground. Another proposed to require the use of seat belts, similar to those in cars. Now, in case that sounds sensible to you, let me say that I'm in favor of belts in cars, use mine all the time; but heaven help the poor bloke that finds himself strapped onto a berserk motorcycle. I can't imagine anything quite so ghastly. And thanks, I think I'd sooner not have the compulsory helmet thing. Anyone with the sense of a gnat is going to wear one in the first place while the lousy cops have enough things to harry people about already. Thus runs my purely subjective opinion. Take the so-called "roll-bars" on m'cycles: The idea sounds fine until you happen to have a car hook its bumper into them and drag you, honking and hollering for several blocks before you can get their attention.

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Then came some hilarious soldiers, who had unmistakably been drinking.

"And didn't he up with the butt end of his gun and give him one right in the teeth," one soldier was saying gleefully with a wide sweep of his arm.

"It just was a delicious ham," answered the other with a chuckle. And they passed on, so that Nesvitsky never knew who had received the blow in his teeth, and what the ham had to do with it.

Tolstoi, War and Peace, II.vii.

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ELLIK HERE: During 1964 I invested some savings in the common stock of Gateway National Bank (in El Segundo, California, across the street and down the block from where I worked at that time). I ended up by buying 148 shares in odd lots, at 11, 11½, and 12½ dollars per share, and I watched in misery as they pricked up through 15 and then plummeted plumb down to 9½. They stayed in the 9-to-10 range for over a year, and in December of 1965 I decided to buy a house.

Gateway's 148 was sold in January, so I could declare the loss on my 1966 income tax, and use the sad small capital for down payment on my present residence. In February, a dividend was declared which would have netted me \$4.85 and one share of stock...had I still owned the stuff as of the date of dividend.

I didn't own it. But, through an error, the appropriate authority sent me the money and share anyway. I spent the money, and misplaced the certificate (number 2966, dated 4 Mar 66, if you're interested).

In October of 1966, Dean Witter & Co., represented by Mr. Theodore M. Stubbmann of the Dividend Department, wrote a pre-goddamn-emptory letter, all but accusing me of international stock swindling and white-slaving, wanting back their \$4.85 and one share of stock. On 25 Oct 66, I advised them that I had spent the money and misplaced the certificate, but enclosed was my personal check for \$4.85, and couldn't we be friends?

In a letter dated 13 Jan 66 (which should have been 67), Mr. Stubbmann made 24 typographical and spelling mistakes, used incredible execrable form for a business letter, and asked me to fill out seven copies of a form he enclosed. Not feeling the subject worthy of the effort of filling out Stubbmann's form, I went to the local Dean Witter office and asked their advice. An agent raised his eyebrows beyond Roche's Limit, and said he'd be canned (or did he say caned?) if such a letter went out over his signature.

Dean Witter & Company
Dividend Department Manager
2 Broadway
New York City, New York 10004

Dear sir:

The enclosed letter is forwarded for your attention as I doubt your office wishes such poor form to be issued on Dean Witter & Company stationery.

Regarding the subject matter, I must firmly refuse to complete seven copies of a lengthy form so that one share of stock may be replaced. I enclose a fact sheet with the required data, and request that the forms be completed and returned to me for signature.

Very truly yours, etc.etc.

No word, from Stubbmann or his supervision, has been received as of this date. He has imbedded himself forever in my memory, however, by the phrase,

"The enclosed stock power should be signed by your goodself and"

Naturally, I found the certificate in a feeble attempt at spring cleaning. As far as Dean Witter knows, however, their \$9.50 certificate is forever departed from this vale of tears, and I'm not going to tell them different until they send me Stubbmann's right hand, stuffed on a plaque.

"In regard to your letter of October 25th, 1966, in which you advised us that you either lost or misplaced certificate 2966 for 1 share registered in your name . I have been successful..."

DAG: This page dedicated to Julie, Frank, Chuck & Phil Harris

BLEENOTES ON SYNAPSE In skrenning through your pages prior to committing comment-are on same, I made a chequemarque next to the query about "How many FAPAns have quit smoking lately?". Dean A. "Art is my middle name" Grennell, for one. I in-cinerated my most recent shreds of the noxious weed on Friday, the 14th of July, this being written on Tuesday, the 18th. Like the good Mr. Clemens, it is something I have done many times before. About the time of your visit to FdL, I was a non-smoker, from early '56 to the end of '57. Usually, if you can hold out for three days, the worst of the wild faunching is past. After a month or two, is is fairly safe to burn the occasional weed if the mood moves you. In fact, it's better to smoke now and then, if you feel like it, than to totally abstain, as an AA must. I essayed to go the entire year of 1957 without smoking once, and I did it, but on the stroke of NYEve, commenced all over again. Best time and method for quitting, I find, is to work the first few days in under low-stress conditions where you do not feel impelled to smoke much anyhow. I'd slept till noon Saturday and, with that much head start, decided to go for the mark. There are things to avoid: go easy about bragging to your ~~fix~~ friends about how you quit. Beware of leaning on substitutes, such as gum, coffee, candy or alcohol, lest the surrogate be far worse than what it replaces. Leave a few butts around where you can get at them if you wish, but don't actually carry them; hide the ashtrays and anything that reminds you of the habit. But if you try to remove all temptation, you're apt to wind up making a safari to the 24-hour supermart at 3:00 a.m. Really, the only hard part is to convince the mechanism inside your head that you'd rather be a non-smoker than to have another cigarette. With that done, it's downhill all the way.

Taking hot baths may induce interludes of sterility in the male, but it would be a disservice to your readers not to stipulate that the rounds in the magazine are deactivated but not the one in the chamber, so to speak. # I once knew a guy whose dream it was to be emplaced atop Seminary Ridge (or wherever it was) at Gettysburg, with a quad-fifty ... that's an emplacement of four caliber .50 Browning air-cooled machineguns mounted on the rear of a Jeep ... waiting to stop Pickett's charge. I suspect he'd've gotten clobbered since it's a rare Browning that will spew more than 200 rounds out of one barrel before things come unstuck (assuming a sustained burst) and 800 rounds wouldn't stop but a small fraction of that Butternut juggernaut.

Leeh may've found the Queebcon a crotting (sic) experience. As Juffus to fone-poles, so DAG to crottled greeps and "crottle" first came to my attention circa 1935 as the term for the small bubbles which cartoonists draw about the faces of characters far gone in inebriation. "Croggled," contrahand, implies and may be inferred to be synonymous with being deeply impressed. A croggling experience shakes one to the nether roots of his being, and perhaps a bit beyond. Crotting, while nominally an unspecified culinary technique used on greeps* can be defended as a synonym for getting blotto.

*Oh, How A Greep Ere Crotting by Elizabeth Cal. .50 Browning

Swunkle, swunkle, Little Greep,
In thy April-scent'd sleep:
Be thy meal filet of kitten,
For dessert, a french-fried mitten.
Be thy burp both rich and deep.
Swunkle, swunkle, Little Greep!

FM radios are nice in cars, provided you have FM stations about. But you find the range quite limited so that you drift back to AM when driving cross-country. # Luv "Baja Oklahoma" as name for Texas! CRT is cathode ray tube. MRT is mid rage trajectory. There: now you've answers for which you didn't even have questions.

RDE: For the first time since his writings on nostalgia (which appeared circa 1958 in the FAPA mailings) Harry Warner has struck a deep note in my four-letter-word (guts was the four-letter-word I was thinking of), in the February 1967 issue of Horizons. Particularly, I mean his simple, eloquent two pages about "Star Trek."

At the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference in San Diego, 1966, I watched the pilot "Star Trek" show in which one of the crewmen became a superior mental being, a kind of slan, because of a cloud through which the ship passed; Captain Kirk saved the ship and perhaps all the known universe because another superior being, a girl from the ship not so far along the pathway to her cosmic mind, fought and distracted the would-be god. I was not impressed.

Ellison, at that Westercon, made a big stand for "Star Trek." He poured a considerable quantity of his reknowned demosthenesianism into it, and before I saw the film I felt awed at the prospect of something more staggering than my first viewing of "Destination Moon" or "Things to Come." I was not impressed, however, and that was simply because the vehicle was another "Space Beagle," and the plot was as unique as any Volstead Gridban or Gardner F. Fox story.

It was not badly done; in point of fact, the tasteful disposition of dollar bills throughout the production pleased me. Meteors did not make loud noises going past the ship, faster-than-light travel was reasonably presented, etc., etc., ktp. But I felt required to tell Harlan I didn't think the story was worth it, and no substantial contribution to science-fiction had passed before my eyes. Harlan told me I was full of crap or some reasonable facsimile, and I shrugged, because it is harder to speak with force to Harlan than it is to hold moonbeams in one's hand, and the net result, as Saaverda found out, is that one has nothing at all.

After the Cleveland convention, I watched two "Star Trek" episodes on televid. This is against my policy, because the tv is here only for visitors, but I actually felt guilty about it. At Cleveland, Harlan had again come on like gangbusters about this greatest thing since "Ralph 124C 41" plus-or-minus; I felt perhaps I was not being objective, and I had just entered my latest hobby of theatre criticism, & objectivity had a strong moral appeal to me. (I've outgrown that.)

I watched the two shows. Neither of them comes back to me, now, nine months later. No...one was composed of men and women stopping and staring down long hallways of the starship Enterprise, hoping to create some sort of a mood. That was when a shape-shifter got aboard, moving from victim to victim until the good doctor McCoy was prevailed upon to kill it even tho it occupied the body of a woman he loved. I was not impressed.

When the Ellison Committee wrote me two thousand, six hundred and seven copies of a bended-knees plea to save their livelihood and my favorite form of literature (with emphasis on the latter) I put it aside in favor of reading "Beyond This Horizon," one of the great but unrewarded Heinlein stories, for the umpteenth time. Like Harry Warner, I'd sooner open a book than draw teletronic force patterns down my rooftop aerial.

When science-fiction fandom saved "Star Trek" by writing (says Ellison) 70,000 (!) letters to sponsors, producers, local stations, networks, usw, I had the vague feeling that I had not written one of those letters, and the fans I played poker with and shot the bull with couldn't have written very many of those letters, and where in hell were we to find so many fans, anyway?

Later, Ellison said to the 1967 Westercon that he was used, that fandom was used, as a tool to save Roddenberry's arse. He is now opposed to script-writing, philosophically, and he said he's going to keep his friend Norman Spinrad from becoming lost in it. He says "Star Trek" is not what it should be, and we shouldn't be fooled just because it's better than "Lost in Space." I was not impressed, and I furthermore have not yet written any letters. (More next page!)

ELLIK CONTINUES: But my objection was not Ellison -- because as I said in the fanzine a mob of us produced chez Grennell for the mailing before last, or before that, the fanzine in which Rotsler and Trimble and Raeburn joined, I like Harlan. That's a difficult, complex subject to touch upon, in the stick, but it remains true. I even reckon he likes me. Despite that I have only watched one television show he ever wrote, and that I floated un-televisioning through many years when tv was his major, fiery interest.

And my objection was not really just the quality of the shows, although it is sad when something so widely touted, and so successful with so many discerning fans, turns me off. I was just as disinterested in the first few "Outer Limits" and "Twilight Zones," before fans became disillusioned with those series and their commercialisms.

Perhaps the real basis is that I don't enjoy television. Not because it's fashionable not to enjoy television, but because I want to choose my entertainment, and tv doesn't offer much chance for anything but echoes of what lots and lots of other people enjoy. Further, tv reflects the enjoyment (and purchasing power) of Americans, while I can buy a book reflecting the weltanschauung of a man from any part of the world, indeed from almost any era of humanity's recorded history. I can be very antisocial with a book if the mood takes me, or I can be wildly extroverted (e.g., I might walk into the room next to this and bend eyes towards writings of Rachael Maddux or Phyllis Diller, two ladies of American letters whose works should always be juxtaposed). I can be sad (Sturgeon is there) or ecstatic (Max Shulmar). The complexities of the human condition display themselves via Nikos Kazantzakis, and simplicity itself is the theme of Piet Heyn.

Any hour of the day or night, prepared for me by authors who, in the main, do not feel a producer's whip or the threat of Niellson & Co.'s reign of statistical tyranny. Girlishly sweet or filthy-dirty-mucky-sexy, erudite or vulgarly pimping to the blessed King Mob. And no time out for commercials -- I get to relieve myself at the beck of Ma Nature in spiritual and physical privacy, without the knowledge that every watercloset in the greater Los Angeles metropolitan area is being flushed at that same moment to get back just at the end of a station break.

What I mean, television doesn't have it. It's like those future-cars run by computers via broadcast power: you go where the computer tells you to. There's no device to switch off the pre-digested programs and, say, replay Jimmy Stewart in "Miracle Town," or Henry Fonda in "Mr. Roberts." They may come up some night soon, but not at 4 am when I can't sleep and want them. If you can't switch off the computer-beam, you'll never get off the pre-planned skyways to see that little lake Jim Caughran and I camped next to in Mendocino County during July, 1961. You'll never go to a show to see "Wee Geordie" as Terry Carr and I did in 1958, to find it's a bomb, but the second feature, unknown earlier, is "The Belles of St. Trinian's," possibly one of the finest, most rewarding comedies I've seen.

If television magazines presented clearer, more easily accessible information about the week-to-come, I might schedule in a few shows now and then, as I schedule dentists, theatrical performances, and meals. But I don't visit the dentist each week at the same time just because he's there and it might be good for the teeth, and I don't each night seek stove and table per some despotic chronometer just to salve a middle-class conscience which tells me to take nourishment regularly.

Reasonably conservative in my way of living, but inclined to work late now and then and read to dawn for the hell of it, I might watch "Star Trek" were it possible to pick it up on whim, play the first five minutes as I would read the jacket-notes of a book, and then run the rest through my tv, or not, as I chose.

But that's the way you read books, or play records, or see movies, or eat, or make love, or publish fanzines, or drink, or meet people. That ain't how you watch television, so I don't.

"Moderation in All Things.""Including Moderation."

AND IN RUN-ON PARAGRAPHS. --- RDE

HORIZONS (HWJr) If you disdig driving on ice, be joyful you didn't make the rounds with me in the furnace-peddler days, as did Eney and a few others. Recall one night, nearly dark, freezing rain on the highway, slicker than snakesnot and even nastier, came over a crest with the '57 Olds stawagon, headed down the slope for the next hill, didn't have oomph enough to make it, had to back up to get as much altitude as possible up the preceding hill, make another run, e da capo about four times before getting over the top. If you tried to pause at any point, you'd commence to slide sidewise off the crest toward the ditch. It was hairy, Harry, and not any more soothing from the heavy potch of mud on the rear window together with worry that, at any instant, another car might come over the crest behind me and we then could play pendulum in tandem. Oog. ##We tend to lose sight of things about the home, forgetting what the stranger sees. Which is a great argument for restricting entry to family and selected close friends. ##Sheeg, moving the office which produces two monthly magazines plus another bi-monthly was bad enough but to move the facilities of a daily newspaper sounds like the ultimate horror. ##A mangle was a doodah like an overgrown clotheswinger, with but one roller, having a heated plate and you did the same things with it as with a flatiron (within reason, Dick Eney). Many otherwise proniment authorities disagree on the phrase in the Fzot sonnet about "...His Majesty's English to Mangle / Into a pathetic perloo." Some feel that "mangle" is here used in the sense of ironing out or smoothing, while their equally vociferous counterparts aver that mangle means to ruthlessly shred, disembowel and otherwise savagely mutilate, shoring up their hypotheses by examples from the Fzotly canon. ##After four blissful years with the Pentax, I've just added a used Mamiyaflex to the battery and once again have to cope with the mirror-reversed images where everything has to be moved bassackwards in composing. I still have the Pentax, and use it copiously, but the M'flex can be used outdoors with electronic flash for shadow fill, where the P'tax can't ... for the simple reason that standard outdoor exposure with the Pentax, using Tri-X developed in Acufine, is 1/1000th second at f16 and you can't synch strobe faster than 1/45th. On one blackest of nights, I shot over 100 banquet photos with strobe and, later, noticed that I'd neglected to re-set my shutter from its customary 1/1000th; got three rolls of film, all with about 1/8th inch of image at the end of each frame. But the SLR camera, of which the Pentax is a lovabobble example, ranks with smokeless gunpowder as products of our culture with which I appreciate being contemporaneous. ##Everybody keeps talking about Star Trek but I don't think I've seen more than three-four episodes. It wasn't bad but I won't make a special effort to watch where I might make an effort to catch Diana Riggs in "The Avengers." With a conciliatory nod toward Mrs. Anderson, I grok Mrs. Peel deeper than Mr. Spock any day.

Ah, Typo's! We were not un-plagued by the things in the days at the tech-publisher's; mais. One of our clients was Harley-Davidson, of motorcycle fame, frequently referred to as "Hardly-Davidson." So once it came out in the op-manual spelled that way, and went uppards of 10,000 copies, and got delivered and used for a year or three afore anyone noticed. There was the devil to pay and no pitch hot. Another time, they were doing a manual for the Navy and it draged on and the production manager peevishly wrote "Let's try to get this done by Christmas," on a hunk of art going thru. It was soberly set in type as a correction, soberly okayed by the Quality Control (Proofing) Dept., printed, bound and delivered and it took quite a whiae for it to be noticed. Another time, with good old Aurora Pumps (we used to interject, "She does?" in incredulous tones), there was a bit of art that showed the coupling between the pump and motor. Three views were captioned, respectively, "Linear Misalignment," "Angular Misalignment," and "Perfect Misalignment." This had been being picked up for reprint in the manuals for various models for some time until I noted the singularity of the terms and pointed them out. I got the distinct impression a lot of people would have been happier had I never noticed. ##In our present operation, I constitute the last bastion of defense against typo's and, while I don't read every hunk of copy, when they have something they really want vetted out, they bring it around. Once, I made a booboo: changed curriculum to curriculum without checking with my trusty Webster. If I ever make another, they are apt to get the idea I'm fallible. Better it shoon't happen.

"Lo, The Vagabond Programmer!"

No, my name isn't Lo, but I seem to be becoming a vagabond whether I will or no.

In late June, UNIVAC offered me a job involving travel to Europe. "Yes," I said. They said, "Helsinki, Oslo, and Paris?" And I said, "Yes, yes, and yes."

In early July, I visited the UNIVAC International Division, in the ridiculously-named town of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania, and met the people concerned. The more they described the job to me, the more I said "Yes."

In late July, they made me a written offer of a position as Systems Analyst, at a 16% increase in salary, with all the additional flim-flam that such offers contain. All of it was good, and I said "Yes."

And so, all my plans for stability are shot down. In 1965 I told Ethel Lindsay that this Rancho Way address was good for forever and forever, because I was sick and tired of moving. But, true to form, I've only been here less than two years, and wanderlust has struck again.

I'll stay in southern California through the end of September, actually quitting work on Friday, 15 Sept, at Raytheon. (I've given written notice.) During the last two weeks of the month, I'll travel north and south, picking up some California wines and some Mexican booze, visiting and taking my leave of friends, and celebrating my 29th birthday (I'm a Libra; all the best people are Libra).

On 2 Oct 67, I report to Blue Bell (smothered laughter off) and enter a time of random travel. Three days in Berlin, a week in Rome, indeterminate time in the Scandinavian countries. During the first year sometime, a request will come through for someone in my category, and I'll be rotated for a two-year stint at one of the UNIVAC subsidiary offices in Europe, to work just in that one region.

These are the plans. If everything turns to dust in my hands, and the job is no good, and the travel is all within the township of Blue Bell, I have made sure that my job at Raytheon is still open, and there seem to be other jobs nearby that will be open to me. But hopefully, three months from now, I'll be dropping in on Ethel Lindsay to give her a new change of address; this time I won't try to fool her into engraving it on dureum.

My house is for sale (\$18,500.00), and lots of miscellany as well. Anyone wanting to move to Garden Grove and take their place among the landed gentry of Orange County should contact me directly as soon as possible.

Jim Caughran is hereby notified that I don't give a phig how many PhD's he has, I think I got the best deal by working my tail off in industry. Dick Lupoff is asked not to laugh at my assignment to Blue Bell, even though I asked him to get me a job there in 1961, or was it late 1962? Lee Jacobs is warned to move aside, because Ron Ellik is on his way, and Europe isn't big enough for both of us.

My address, c/o UNIVAC or something, is unknown just yet; by the next mailing I hope to have a po box or a permanent mailing address in Pennsylvania.

This additional page has been added on the deadline for the August FAPA mailing, 12 Aug 67.

SOURCE AND END: A before-and-after comparison.

Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade, bethroth'd
To one, a neighboring Princess: she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
and of her brethren, youths of puissance;
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

--The Princess, a medley by
Alfred Lord Tennyson. (WJ Rolfe edn.)

Ida was a twelvemonth old,
Twenty years ago!
I was twice her age, I'm told,
Twenty years ago!
Husband twice as old as wife
Argues ill for married life
Baleful prophecies were rife,
Twenty years ago!

Still I was a tiny prince
Twenty years ago!
She has gained upon me, since
Twenty years ago!
Though she's twenty-one, it's true,
I am barely twenty-two --
False and foolish prophets you,
Twenty years ago!

-- Princess Ida, or, Castle Adamant, by
William S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.