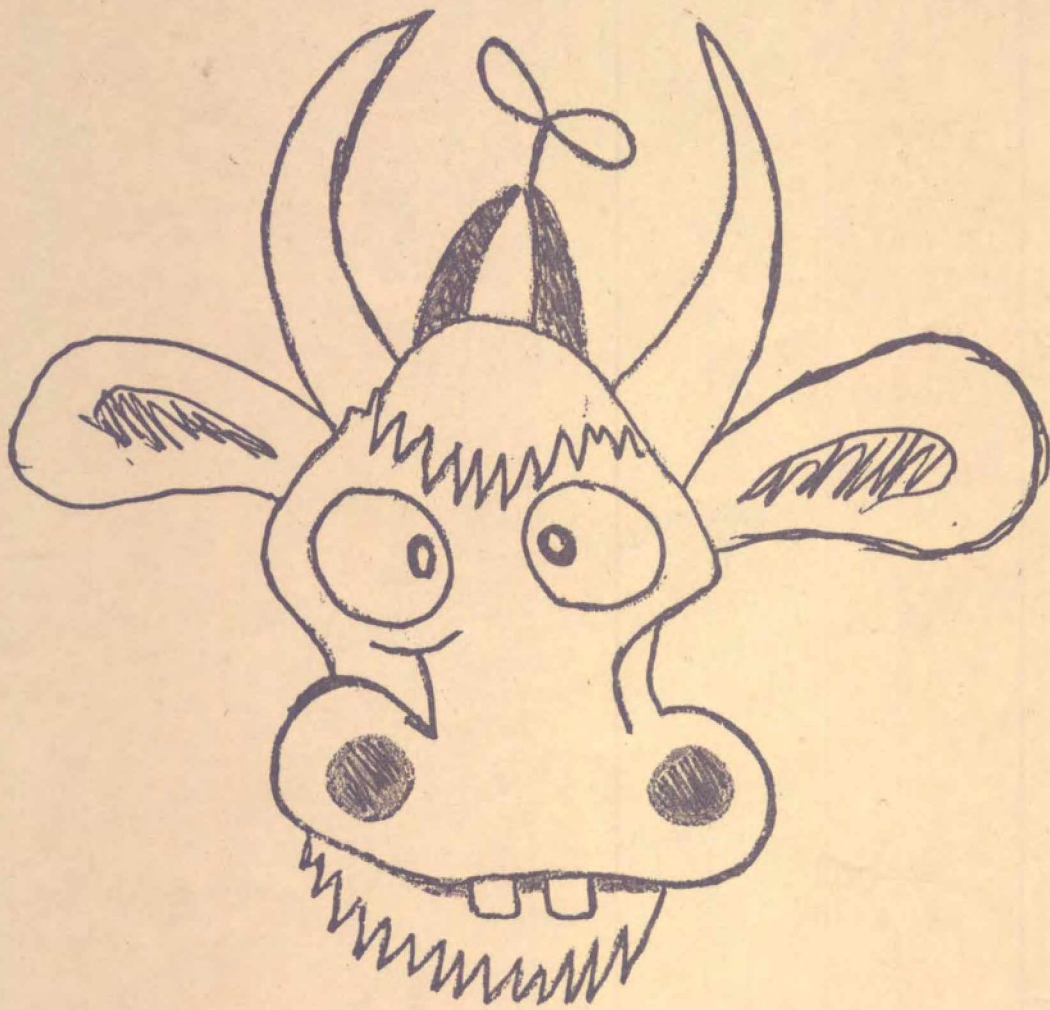


C O P R O F I L E



#1

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COPROFILE one is for N'APA (hi, N'APA!) & others (ni, others!) & should be in the Dec. mlg of N'APA, mlg 39, says RoyTac. So Merry Christmas & like that.

Your raunchy

old editor herein is Art Wilson, quondam OMPAN, whilom FAPAN, long-time fringe-fan. By long-time I mean from about 1953 or so. Previous to that I read Science Fiction non-selectively, e.g. if the odd H. G. Wells story got in my way I would read it before pressing on to other activities.

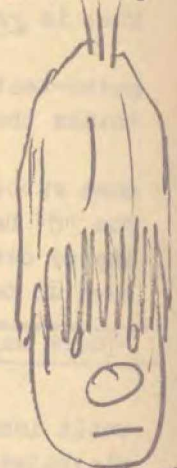
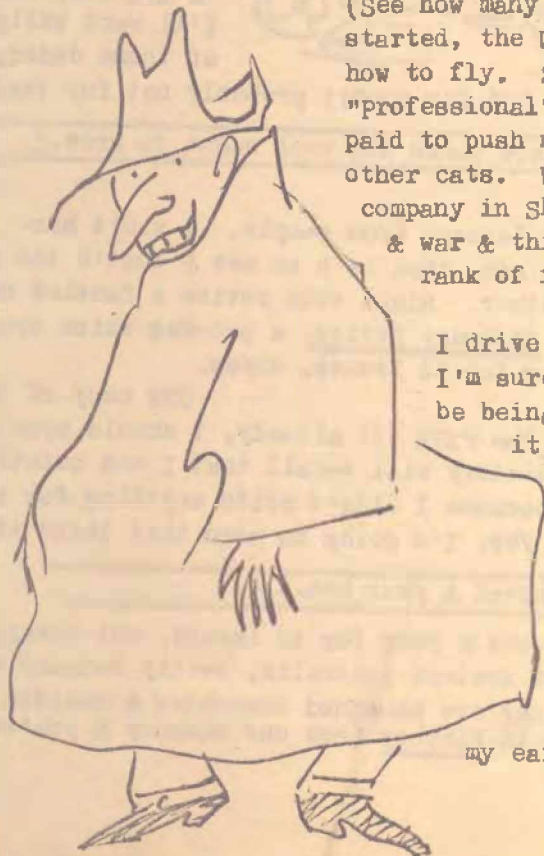
Before getting carried away with senile reminiscence & things, I do pronounce that Wally Weber & his Keen Machine are my pubbers. This means, aside from being a Good Deal, that all typos herein are my very own, all illos are, maybe not exactly how I wanted them, but are the way I MADE them, misspellings & grammatical errors are all mine & if the type makes you seasick, blame it on Baby Hermes, baby. Baby H. has all the parts necessary to speak French (garçon, Hélène, Noël, hôtel) but not much else going for the dear old thing. She's handy for writing letters; my handwriting is spectacular but leaves room for ambiguity.

Then, back to senile reminiscence. I was born in 1922, Year of the Dog, which makes me old enough to be a member of First Fandom had I known of fandom back then. Alas, I squandered my formative years reading Tarzan, Doc Savage, the Shadow & other pulps, plus all the travel books I could find in the school or town library. I recall Harry Franck, who walked over a large amount of the earth & then wrote pleasant books about his trips. I recall Richard Halliburton, that elegant liar, who also wrote pleasant books about traveling. (I didn't know that Richard was a liar until I got to Agra in 1943 & looked at the pool in front of the Taj Mahal, that same pool which Richard claims he swam in by moonlight. Richard was either a liar, or crazy, or drunk at the time. The pool in front of the Taj is approximately two feet deep, the color & consistency of pea soup & contains large amounts of camel drek.)

To make an unfinished & dull story short, I joined the US Army in 1940 to get out & See the World.

(See how many other travel writers were liars.) When WW II started, the US was short of pilots & taught a bunch of us guys how to fly. So since 1942 I have been a professional pilot. "professional" doesn't mean I'm still military; it means I get paid to push machinery through the air, like Tom Swift & those other cats. With mutual relief, the Army Air Corps & I parted company in Shanghai, in 1947. After seven years of fun & games & war & things, I had risen to the dizzying heights & dazzling rank of first Lieutenant, generally called "1st John".

So now I drive obsolete equipment (C-46s) around for Air America. I'm sure there are better ways to make a living, like maybe being born rich, but I'm overspecialized & stuck with it. Besides, it's interesting (mostly) & exciting (sometimes) & terrifying (hardly ever). So I'll stay as long as possible, probably until I bust a physical examination. Jack Speer, with his theory that "all fans are handicapped", will be delighted to know that now I am flying on two waivers; one each for eyeballs & earbones. I've needed magnifiers for close reading for the past five years; just this summer I got a waiver for my earbones, which are calloused around 2000 cycles.



FRINGE-FAN

But that's after 26 years of listening to propellers saying "wowowow", not too bad I guess. Don't know what my handicap was when I joined fandom, if indeed I ever did "join" fandom. I've been left-handed all my life-- is that a handicap? What is your handicap, Jack Spear?

Among other possessions, I have a 3-year old, seven-teated Dachshund named Bubbles. Maybe this is a handicap; Bubbles actually thinks that she possesses me.

The logo & cover of this is an experiment with some rubber stamps I had left over from the days when I carved rubber stamps. The "C" has been lost from the serpentine alphabet; I made do with the "U" tipped over. The fabulous beast is probably a cow, although even I know that cows do not have front teeth. Besides, this is the Year of the Monkey.

屎書

"There was an old Honky & his name was Uncle Ned; he lived a long time ago..."

A word on the title: my very first fanzine was SCATALOG, which went to three whole issues of spectacular hohumville before being set aside. (SCATALOG is not dead, playmates; merely resting.) Students see that COPROFILE is a companion mag portmanteau words. If I ever need a out of it with foreign languages rather For Sinologists, the Chinese there in the northeast corner, For completists, it should be like "sure SHOE" except in South & Grant Street, where it should "see SUE". Well, don't blame me plicated; I didn't invent the

The only editorial think of for COPROFILE is to troops; I don't want to bore any doing here in firstish. 45 copies of this mortal prose; to whomp up at least a hundred which I'll send here & there for locs, probably. Not for money; probably not for trade.



of etymology & fertilizer will instantly to SCATALOG & that both titles are third title in the series, I'll weasel than revert to Anglo-Saxon, good heavens.

equivalent is over sloppily done. pronounced about China, Hongkong come on more like if it's com-language.

policy I can entertain the body, the way I'm N'APA only needs I'll want Wally of these dudes,

"He had no wool on the top of his head, in the place where the wool ought to grow."

Maybe only if I like you, baby.

I won't print many letters from people. I won't participate in any fannish feuds; if I call a man an ass, then he's an ass & that's the end of it. I might review a book now & then, SF or other. Might even review a fanzine now & then. For people who like reviews I recommend Saturday Review, a pro-mag which specializes in that sort of thing. Eight bucks a year for 52 issues, cheap.

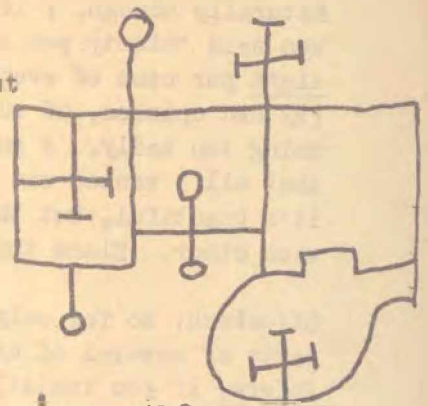
ONE copy of thish is aimed at Bill Evans, he should put me back on the FAPA w/l already, I should crawl back into the elephant's graveyard. Students of fan history will recall that I was quietly dropped from FAPA away back in 1964 or -5, just because I didn't write anything for 15 months, fa Chrissake. I'm also on the SAPS w/l; yep, I'm going to need that third title.

"Hang up your fiddle & your bow; lay down your shovel & your hoe..."

Last year I subbed to Playboy, eight bucks a year for 12 issues, not cheap; after eyeballing I sent them to Roger Dard, he of Western Australia, mainly because they were banned down there at the time. This year they are unbanned downunder & besides I got disappointed at the quality of short fiction in Playboy (see one mammary & you've seen them all?)

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so switched to Sat. Review, as see above. It's OK for reviews, but tends to bleed, editorially. If that's too vague, I mean specifically that it belongs to that great, slobby, amorphous Thing known as Liberalism. Don't get me wrong (O well, if you insist, do get me wrong) for many years I thought I was a liberal. You know the bit-- I don't hate blacks nor Jews nor Mystic Orientals nor other minorities; I don't even hate hippies unless they get upwind of me. I do hate passengers, but that's an airplane driver type of hangup; when I'm a passenger I hate myself. But the Liberals, fa Chrissake, come on like Babes in the Wood. In print at least, they're almost as naive as those other innocents, the Neutrals. Judging from available evidence, they (the libs) think that World Communism, for example, is another nohum bit like World Esperanto, or a small difference like that between "deep-dip" Baptists & the "sprinkle" Baptists. This is ignorance, & since most liberals are highly literate it must be a form of specialized blindness, aka wishful thinking.



SEAL OF
GLASYALABOLAS

"GLASYALABOLUS, a mighty president who comes in the form of a dog, but winged like a griffin..."

..CEREMONIAL MAGIC. A.E. Waite

"There is no more work for poor old Ned, he has gone where the good Honkys go."

Now I know; somebody broke my soapbox. Gee, I feel foolish standing here knee-deep in kindling wood. For people who need labels, I have no use for the "far right" either; the John Birch Society & McCarthyism is dangerous flapdoodle.

Since leaving FAPA (badges ripped off, drummed through the fleet, etc.) I seem to have met more fan than ever I met whilst therein. To recapitulate; the first fan I met was Helen Wesson while she was still living in Yokohama, while I was still on the FAPA w/l. Then one year I met the Busbys & all in the same house, Greg Calkins & WWeber. Then another year (just last year, come to think on it) met DAG, who took me off to LAFSAS; met Bruce Pelz et al. Met Willy Rotsler. Went back to Busby's house, met Wrai & Carol Ballard. Just this last August, roared down to Singapore & met Ron Bennett. Goshwow, I'd have to take off my shoes to count all the fan I've met, nose to nose. One year, like maybe 1969, which will be the Year of the Pig, I plan to attend a Con (WesterCon, most likely) & meet a whole bunch more of fans. Whatthehell, I've never met a fan I didn't like...

Department of vivid writing: "He growled wickedly at the sandwich he held in one mighty fist, bit at it viciously."...COSMIC ENGINEERS, Clifford D. Simak

Hobbies. I have more hobbies than good sense, it seems. I like to take color-slide pictures & sit around with a slide-viewer, eyeballing them. While growing up, Verichrome black & white was a big deal; I should develop it in the basement in the fruit-room cum darkroom & run it through the hypo & wash & dry so we could grab off a print & see how the dude looked. Guess my technique was sound enough; those prints are thirty or so years old, with no fading yet. But I let the experts process my color stuff. My camera is a Japanese built 35 mm slr, 2nd hand & about ten years old; tired but still works. Has a built-in exp. meter, which I need. One of these days I shall procure the cheapest Polaroid that will handle color; then we'll have some fun.

I also like to browse through Marboff's (Marboro's) & other discount-houses for cut-rate books & records. Just the other year I noticed an Irish record for sale, cheap. Remembering that my father is the professional Irish type (e.g. he celebrates St Patrick's Day; he dances the jig; he says "Curse the Sassenach," etc.) I hauled off & bought the disk, but wanted to hear it before sending it fatherwards. Finally I bought a third-hand, portable, stereo phonograph, played the record, approved it & sent it popside. So there I was, stuck with a record-player; what to do? I started buying cheap records & now have about 50 of them.

Naturally enough, I like some of the disks better than others. Was it Theodore Sturgeon who said "Ninety per cent of everything is crud"? He erred, or was being gracious; ninety-eight per cent of everything is crud. That includes music, fandom, people & the universe. (My own opinion, of course. Discussion is discouraged.) As a musical illiterate, I'm not doing too badly. I goofed on Mme. Butterfly; I bought the whole opus, only to discover that all I wanted was one aria; One Fine Day or Un Bel Di. That lasts about three minutes; it's beautiful, but the rest of the album sounds to me like a bunch of Dagos honking at each other. Since that experience I buy 'highlights' from the opera, e.g. Carmen.

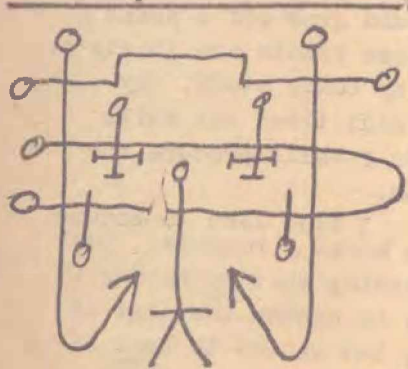
I like Offenbach; so far only have Gaité Parisienne & a mélange called Offenbachiana, containing parts of several of his operettas. I still want Orpheus in the Underworld (Orfée aux Enfers, if you insist) & Tales of Hoffman. I have Beethoven's 9th Symphony, still lacking his 5th, making do with Hiram Walker's 5th. Have goodies by T. Dorsey, B. Goodman, H. James, G. Miller, Leadbelly & the Andrews Sisters, fa Chrissake. I only need the last for "Rum & Coca-Cola", a pop tune of the early forties. Still looking for Spike Jones, Stan Kenton & a few of the other thirties/forties music-makers. Not needed are any of the "mod" players; Beatles, Monkees, Fugs, Mothers, foocy, they all turn me off. The only mod song I dig is "Downtown"; the only word in it I catch is "downtown".

I also like Flamenco guitar, & two of my other favorites are A Child's Introduction to Gilbert & Sullivan & A Child's Introduction to the Symphony. Childish or not, it's all new to me & great stuff, esp. the G & S, containing parts of Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance & Mikado. I like bagpipe music too. The neighbors are going nuts. Will need more of G & S. Will need some language ~~books~~ disks; I can no longer learn a language by eyeballing a book, if indeed I ever could.

Other hobbies include making mobiles (out of empty beer cans, what else?), reading all kinds of trashy books, a revived hobby of fanzines, & getting drunk, not necessarily in the order named. I shall experiment more herein; Wally says his Keen Machine will hack pasteups too.

For the record, I live in Vientiane, capitol city of the Kingdom of Laos. Vientiane is the political capitol; the religious capitol, Luang Prabang, is about 120 miles north-northwest of here. That's where the king hangs his crown; down here is where the action is. Laos is one of the few countries left with no narcotic laws; Thailand went blue-nose about 15 years ago, more or less, but not much more because when I first encountered Thailand in 1951 it was still loose. (Thailand—read "Tie-land" & forget all those vapid jokes about thighs). So Laos is still sort of popular amongst the rich hippies, those that can afford to get here from there. The hippies are no longer popular in Laos, which is another story.

Judging from maps, Laos is almost as big as California, but the friendly parts don't quite encompass that much. Sometime I might hang a map in here for mapophiles. I like Vientiane; it is quiet & peaceful, but the peacefulness is misleading, sometimes. (We haven't had a real coup since 1963; mortars & machine-guns going off all over town & all that; the little coup we had a couple of years ago was simply Gen. Ma of the Air Force & his chums; they got mad, so strafed the city in their T-28s & flew off to Thailand for asylum.) Yeah, let's get the Hell out of those parentheses. As I was saying, Vientiane is not only peaceful but, as far as I know, the only capitol city in the world which does not have a fire



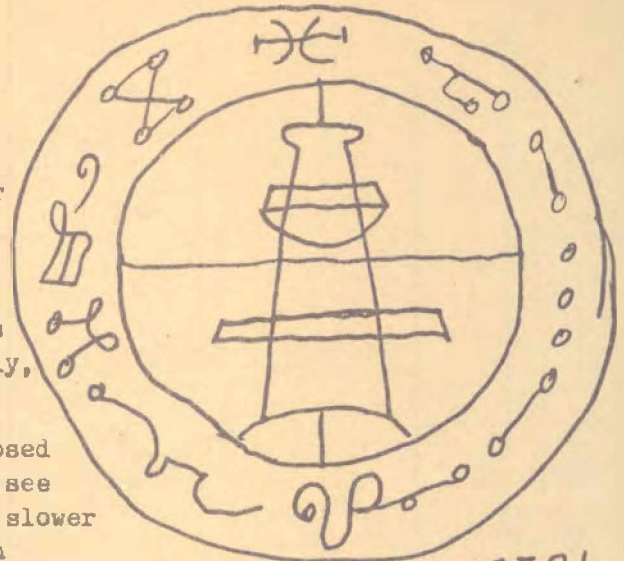
SEAL OF ANDRAS

"ANDRAS, a great marquis, comes in the form of an angel, with the head of a black night-raven, riding upon a strong black wolf and having a sharp bright sword gleaming in his hands. He sows discord & will kill the unwary. (Another codex says frankly that he can kill the Master and all his Assistants.)...CEREMONIAL MAGIC, A. E. Weite.

department, not even a volunteer, hand-pumper. Nothing. Let the sumbridge burn down, must be their motto. Not too long ago it nearly did burn down; the only fire trucks on hand were those belonging to USAID & Air America. Neither of these rigs were designed for fighting city fires; Air America's mobile outfit, for example, was made for dowsing aircraft fires; to pit it against a five-story building on fire is similar to urinating into a volcano. Fortunately, the wind shifted & the fire devoured itself.

No, Virginia, this is not being composed on stencil; if things go right this will never see stencil. It will emerge from Wally's Machine, slower than a speeding bullet, but we hope faster than peristalsis & maybe even with better results.

Keen students of fanzines, out there in fantown, will note that I am addicted to interlineations, among other things. The other, magical devices herein are taken (without permission, by the way) from The Book of Ceremonial Magic - A Complete Grimoir, by Arthur Edward Waite.



THE SECRET SEAL OF SOLOMON

"He...pulled a gaudily bound American magazine out of his pocket and started to read. 'What's the literature?' Vijaya asked. 'Science Fiction.' There was a ring of defiance in Murugan's voice. Dr. Robert laughed. 'Anything to escape from Fact.'"

ISLAND by Aldous Huxley.

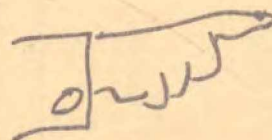
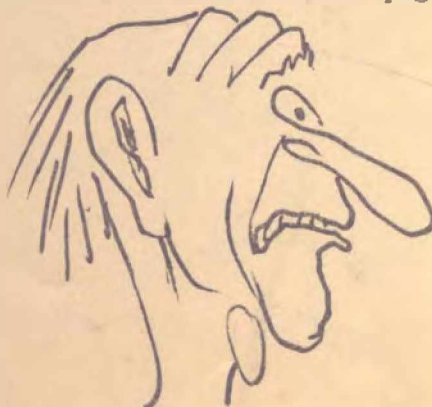
Until ^{a year ago} last June I was also addicted to cigarettes - about three packs a day worth of addiction until I quit, then started compensating with more food & booze, gained a fast twenty pounds of compensation. Sixteen months later, I still wouldn't dare to carry a package of cigarettes around with me; I'd be right back on them again. It's a cold, mean universe we're living in.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty/We all cot troonk ash bigs. / I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier/ Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs./Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane/Und she shlog me on de kop,/Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks/Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.
Hans Breitmann's Ballads, Charles G. Leland.

On hand here is the June mlg of N'APA; I shall not comment on it at this late date, except to note that I've made my left-hand margin too narrow for RoyTac's binding methods-- no one will be able to read this stuff. Probably just as well.

I think this will be the last page of COPE 1.

See you all around the campus -



Art Wilson
1-11-68

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