

KARUNA

I'LL BLACK BALL
'EM RIGHT
BACK!



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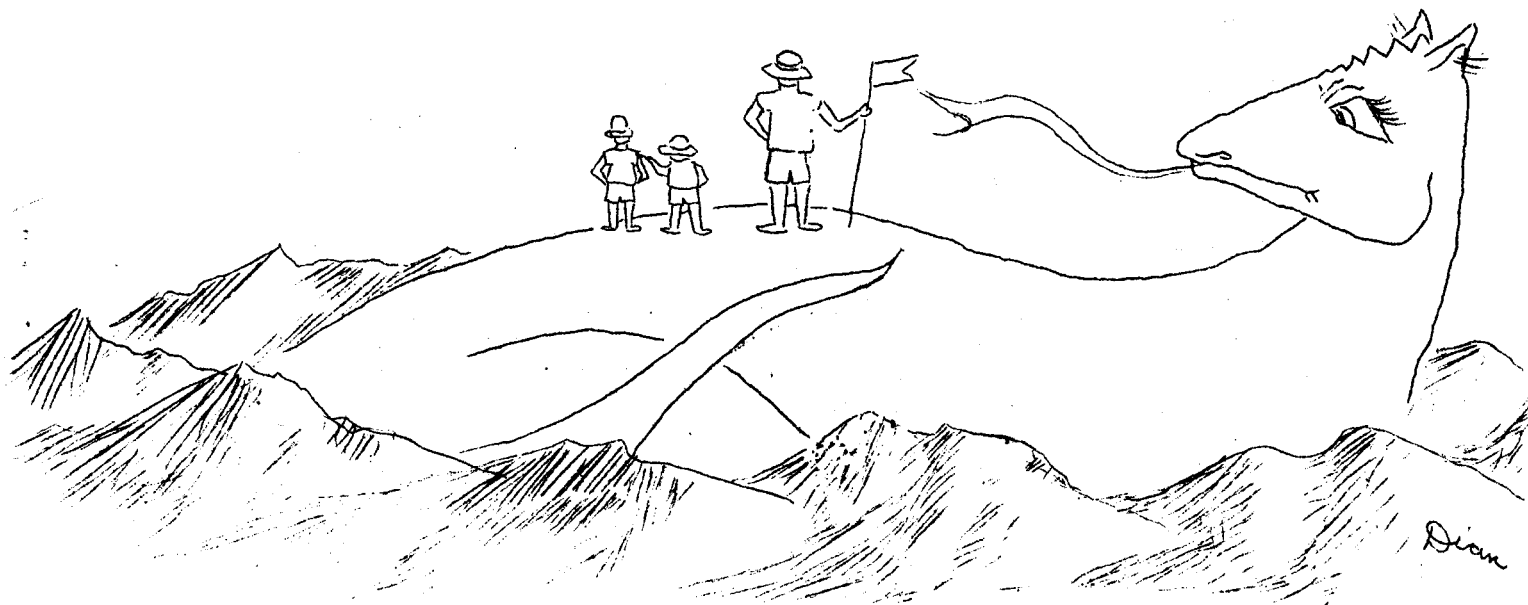
Greetings one and all. This is my very first FAPAazine published for the 100th mailing of FAPA. Thanks to a lot of very good friends in FAPA and other places, here I am. I regret however, that it took the death of a very nice person, and good fan to make it possible.

I will try to make this mag as entertaining and interesting as possible. I will also include a minimum of Contrainiana. By this I mean none. Well, anyway, here it is, and here I am. Onward for Roscoe.

Here is a little about ME, in case you have heard of but don't know me. I am an LA fan, sometime member of the LASFS, ex-resident of the Fanhilton, and I live in Redondo Beach. My main interests in life are food, Siamese cats, goats, and collecting blackballs. I am also interested in poetry, Egyptology, and antique jewelry. Fandom to me is just a hobby, though most of my friends are fans; and I like publishing, though I get a little behind at times. I am also a charter member of the local 86 club, which may or may not have some connection with my activities in fandom. On the personality side, I am rather volatile, tending to get upset easily and over it easily; I don't often carry grudges, and try to refrain from carrying on my feuds in print which may make quite a few of you heave sighs of relief. This doesn't mean that I don't enjoy a heated discussion at almost any opportunity and on almost any subject. Also, sadly, I tend to go off half-cocked sometimes, so if I make sweeping statements, you can be forewarned to take them with a grain of salt; I'll probably retract next issue.

On the statistical side, I am 23 years old, I.C. 132, divorced and plan to remarry in September. 5' 6½" tall, brown hair, blue eyes, freckles, and a few other accoutrements like arms, legs, etc. If it means anything, I have also earned for some reason, the title of "kookiest person in JAPS". I can't imagine why.

Anyway, here I am. I hope not a complete stranger, though FAPA is to me a strange land. I hope we will get along well. Now to antagonize a few people so I will get mailing comments.



THE STRANGER SHRUGGED

or

HOW TO CHANGE YOUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE AT THE DROP OF A HAT

Los Angeles, located in Southern California, has never been noted for its level-headedness. A very observant man once said that in his opinion, the country had been stood on it's side and shaken, so that all the nuts fell down to Southern California. Having lived here for some time, I am forced to agree with him. There are more cults, clubs, religions, con men, fast buck artists, fans, and other oddenda here per square inch than any other place in the nation. Los Angeles is the home of the X-15, Pershing Square, Disneyland, and Coventry. It also contains the only bawdy house in the nation where enough money will get you ANYTHING.

It has also become the home base of a new disease that seems to be gathering more fen as proselytes than Bheer. I call it philosophical promiscuity, or Readers Syndrome. It is caused by reading novels of sociological significance, and the incubation period is anywhere from immediately to about six months. It depends on whether the reader is a pouncer or a ruminator. It is characterized by the victims inability use material he has read in a creative manner, that is taking ideas and portions that seem right to him and incorporating them into his own philosophy of life. He rather picks out a character in the current vector, whatever novel he happens to be reading at the time, and totally submerges his own personality in that of the character. Those who are so unfortunate as to be incurable eventually become Coventrainians. To those of you who are familiar with Coventry, let me here say that I was once a Coventrainian. That I am not nowone, and the reason for the change will be gone into at a later date.

The reason for my linking Coventry with the disease Readers Syndrome, is this: Coventry contains not one bit of originality. It is taken bit by bit from science fiction novels, fantasy, and stories. The only vestiges of originality are those minor things in the courts and countries of separate people. Coventry itself is an Okie spindizzy from Blish, the name is cribbed from Heinlein, and the countries names from everyone from Tolkien to Andre Norton. The exception to this is Haidrqm, presided over by Raiyn of the Tower, Don Simpson, an LA fan of great imagination and no small talent who had his own fantasy world, a whole planet, worked out long before Paul Stanbery ever came on the LASFSce. His Coventrainian country is unique, not cribbed, and is a facinating sort of thing. He helped me on the palace buildings in my own country, which though based on some tale by Andre Norton, was pretty much my own till Stanbery began to object wildly. Well be that as it may, you can see my point. Coventry is where sufferers from Readers Syndrome go to be embalmed.

In the short time I have been active in LA fandom, I have watched two major and several minor stages of Readers Syndrome become critical and be replaced by new ones. The Tolkien trilogy seems to be a recurring thing in this particular group, while the Justice Society of America (comic books to you) is also a minor chronic symptom. The major stage that I first was involved with seemed to be Stranger in a Strange Land. I watched and, I must confess, participated, when the group discovered it, took it to their collective bosom, became water brothers, and watched again as Creeping John Gaultism overtook the nests; the hitherto devoted

water brothers declaiming "I will never live my life for the sake of another, nor will I expect another to live his life for me." The Gaultism stage is one I could not share. Not only could I not share it, the sudden reversal made me slightly ill. I was fortunate in being around at the time of these particular two stages of the disease, so that the fact of it's being a disease was pressed home so completely. Nowhere, I believe, can you find two such totally divorced points of view. That of the anti-altruist Ayn Rand, and that of Stranger--Thou art God, tat tvan asi, the brotherhood of all grokking things.

It will no doubt be said of me that in view of my reaction to Stranger, I am just as guilty as many others of Readers Syndrome. My justification is in the fact that I did not find an entirely new concept of social behavior in it. I have never held the accepted ideas of my social group. It has always seemed to me that the tired old "golden rule" could be carried to a greater fulfillment than that which I saw around me. The end product being a harmonious mixture of socialism and anarchy, a society where every one did the right thing because it was right, where envy and greed, covetousness and crime literally had no meaning, because being satisfied with what you had, you desired nothing anyone else had, and were free to do nice things for people because you wanted to, not to get something from them or impress someone. In short, the philosophy set forth in Stranger was a logical extension of that which I already held. I naively expected to get as good as I gave. In my ignorance, I expected my all too human water brothers to see the relationship as I did, mutual trust and comfort, help when it was needed, unselfishness always, and a love that transcended mere bedhopping. Unfortunately, I didn't recognize Readers Syndrome. Had I done so, I would have hesitated before giving my trust so easily. The light began to dawn while riding with one water brother who was a very bad driver. When he persisted in swerving alternately over the center line and onto the shoulder about two feet each way, I naturally got upset. Upset? My Ghod, I was terrified. Traffic, while not heavy, was normal, and my brother was having a grand time playing word games with the person next to him. When another brother had scraped me off the back wall of the car, he informed me that I was using water brotherhood as a joke; that I didn't really mean it, and that if I did, I would trust my water brothers completely.

Fellow FAPAns, to love someone and trust them doesn't imply driving off the edge of a cliff with them. It means rather that both give and improve and learn with the help of the other. That each has something to offer to the other to make him a better person; and that disregard of irresponsibility in the brother is no favor to him, but an act of unlove. Not to mention it's being very fatal at times.

I can see, after some thought, that Ayn Rand came along at an opportune moment for my water brothers. Her philosophy fitted so well with their own that their embracing it was inevitable. Her ideas that Look-Out-For-Number-Oneism and me first are what will save the world seem to fit right in with their insular views. Her stand is that altruism, and the small sacrifices we make every day to help each other are destroying America. I say that if her views are widely embraced, Americas destruction is sure. The acceptance of Ayn Rands philosophy and the practice of her ideas are the things most sure to make us less than human, and in the end, less than animal. That we ignore the suffering of others because of inconvenience to ourselves, or to gain political ends does not make us more civilized, It makes us more frighteningly close to 1984 than we realize.

If we must be selfish, let it be the higher kind of selfishness that accounts all things a part of ourselves, and that in hurting we must inevitably ourselves be hurt. All that groks is a part of the whole, and action and reaction exist in a closed circuit. Whether you like it or not, brother, it tolls for you.

I still hope that the disease will take it's flight from this stage. Perhaps the sufferers from Creeping John Gaultism will find a new vector that will turn them into people rather than sad paper ghosts. Perhaps they will leave their rounds of publishers bed-hopping, and show their faces at last. In childhood there is a time for pretending, for "playing like", but in adulthood we put away childish things, and become ourselves.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PIZZA

This column is one that I plan to make a regular part of this Fapazine. That is because it gives me an excuse to talk endlessly about one of my favorite subjects--FOOD!! I had planned to include it in my SAPSazine, PSILO, but I seem to have gotten sidetracked, what with Coventry, goats, and procrastinating. So here it appears, dedicated to one of the three most important things in life.

Way back in the days when Ugglug Prefan was chasing ehippi around the perhistoric jungle, it probably never entered his fuzzy head that someday people would refine the enjoyment of food to the point it has reached today. In this era, food is more than a means of sustaining life. Ugglug probably never thought of how his chunk of raw or burned bear meat tasted. He simply washed it down with branch water, grabbed a few berries to top it off, and forgot about it till his stomach growled again. He would probably have gagged had he been offered a slice of Bleu cheese. And he would as soon have drunk snake venom as Gewurz Traminer.

Poor Ugglug, His palate, like that of the race collectively, was immature. His tastes were simple sweets, scours, salts and bitters. His enjoyment of a wide range of foods, even had he had access to them, would have been limited, since time and propinquity work together to bring us to the full enjoyments of strange tastes.

The history of civilization on our planet has never been uniform in its development. Had it been, I could start with Ugglug and work forward in the development of eating as an art. This is, sadly, not so. The banquets of the Egyptian Pharaohs with their quail stuffed with figs, and their date and orange in cream far surpassed the porridge and black bread of the later Middle Ages peasant. The spreads that loaded Roman tables, and the feasting that lasted for days interspersed with trips to the vomitorium would put the fanciest California barbeque to shame. However, despite the old truism that Hunger is the best sauce, I would like to show you a little of what refrigeration, rapid transit, and big business have made possible in our enjoyment of the good foods of the world, and reinforce the statement that we do not live by bread alone.

As a child, like all other children, I started out on simple foods. Foods that even Ugglug with his simple tastes would not have objected to. I made the hot dog and cocoa scene, the hamburger scene, and the mashed potato scene. I ate rice, fried egg sandwiches, lettuce and tomato sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, and that paragon of nowhere-ville, canned soup. I was even

less fortunate than most children, in that being a Seventh Day Adventist, I seldom tasted meat. We ate gluten, an abomination before the face of Roscoe. Gluten, by the way, is wheat protein, made by mixing a lump of flour and water paste and washing the result till all the starch was gone and only the stringy grey protein remained. Nuff sed. You don't want to try it.

At any rate, I ate childrens food; bland, mildly seasoned, white bread and margarine meals, not bad, but not so good either. Then one day I discovered my mothers spice supply. She had the usual basics, such as bay leaves, cinnamon, sage, and poultry seasoning(nauseous mixture). Always the experimenter, I would goop up a batch of stew, or an egg salad sandwich with some of the stuff, tasting my concoction timidly and then raving how different and good it was. Then came the day that changed my life. I discovered spaghetti. Here was something really different! I had eaten herbs. First chance I had, I made it down to the store and blew two bits of my hard hoarded scratch on a bottle of Italian Seasoning. Another 15 cents for a bottle of garlic powder, and I was in business. Goshwow, new vistas! I added Italian Seasoning to everything but the ice cream. I made my parents so sick of garlic that they contemplated leaving me on the steps of the nearest spaghetti joint. They didn't have pizza parlors in those days.

Ah well, everything gets back to normal sooner or later; but I had learned a valuable lesson. Food can taste different, and not only different different, but GOOD different. I discovered that Romaine and Red Leaf lettuce make a better tasting salad than plain iceberg. I found that it takes more than hamburger and tomato sauce to make good Spanish rice. I tasted my first Kosher pickles, and never went back to sweet. And being an Adventist, I learned the challenge of cooking good tasting, varied meals without meat. In short, I found that food could be a real adventure; and that chocolate cake and mushroom soup were only the beginning of a real love affair; a growing and facinating thing, that was to encompass not only scallops and cheese souffles, but Quiche Lorraine and Grasshopper Pie.

Right here let me pause and reassure you. When I say Grasshopper Pie, I don't mean crunchy legs and toasted feelers. I am talking about a dish created from the drink. The drink is a mixture of Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, and whipped cream, and the pie is very similar in taste as well as texture. It has a crust of chocolate wafer crumbs, like a graham cracker crust, only don't make the mistake of trying to substitute graham crackers for the chocolate wafers. It would be like pouring Ripple into an antique blown glass brandy snifter. Sacrilege. Also use colorless Creme de Cacao, if possible, to avoid an unpleasant muddy green color in the finished pie. Here is the recipe:

GRASSHOPPER PIE

CRUSH chocolate wafers with a rolling pin and press through a fine seive to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups fine crumbs. Mix the crumbs with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each sugar and melted sweet butter. Butter a pie plate generously and pat the cookie crumbs thickly over the bottom and sides. Bake the crust in a very hot oven (450°F.) for five minutes and cool it.

Soften $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons gelatin in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cream and dissolve it over hot water. beat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar into 4 beaten egg yolks. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of Creme de Cacao and green Creme de Menthe, and the dissolved gelatin. Chill the mixture till slightly

thickened. Fold in one cup cream, whipped.
 Pour the filling into the crumb crust and
 chill till it is firm. Sprinkle the pie with
 crushed, mint-flavored chocolate.

The Quiche Lorraine is something I must confess to not having tried yet. I haven't yet got ;up the nerve to attempt puff pastry. But I do love leeks, as well as onions in any form, garlic and all their relatives. A well made onion soup is a food for the gods. Garlic is.....well, garlic. Something I could not cook, eat, or I suspect live without. The Jews wandering in the desert of Sinai remembered garlic; it was an ancient divinity then, and will probably bless the tables of our descendants on other planets. From the woman who shakes a dab of bottled garlic powder on her salad, to the real garlic lover who eats raw garlic sandwiches on fresh bread spread with new butter(siiiiiiiiigh) the clove of garlic is here to stay and make it's presence felt.

One of my own favorite ways to use garlic is in garlic bread. I modelled mine after that at the Reseda Steak Ranch in the San Fernando Valley, if any local folks are interested. It is sour dough bread, butter mixed with fresh pressed garlic, none of your powders, and topped off with a dusting of parmesan cheese and poppy seeds. The result while simply prepared, is inexpressible. Another good way to use garlic to dress up a simple dish is with spinach. Now spinach is pretty grim, I'll admit; but served this way it is not only bearable, but likeable.

The fresh spinach, not frozen, is washed and picked over. It will retain enough water from washing to cook it in, thereby eliminating draining. In a large, heavy skillet or electric frypan cut up about six or eight slices of bacon and try them out along with several large cloves of garlic, sliced. Remove all but about a tablespoon of the bacon fat, and set the bacon bits aside. The spinach, cut into large pieces, is added to the fat in the pan along with two washed, stemmed and cut up bunches of parsley. Allow the greens to steam till done, not soggy, and add the bacon bits salt and freshly ground pepper. This method may also be used with green beans with great success. In using green beans, omit the parsley.

This recipe is from a book called Lets Cook It Right, by Adelle Davis. Now let me say that Adelle Davis is a health fooder. By this I mean, she advocates methods of cooking that retain the most food value while still tasting the best possible. She is not an alfalfa pill and raw egg yolk nut, nor is she a crackpot. I fell a little called on to defend her, now that I have brought the subject up, because too many people feel that the mention of health food not only has bad connotations, but is a sign of open season on the persons interested. This is too bad. I have done a little crusading in my SAPSzine on the subject. Unfortunately, a few nuts who would have gone off the deep end on something anyway, happened to pick food, and have thereby made it difficult for those of us who are interested in nutrition.

I myself use health food products because they taste better, and make me feel better. I haven't bought any white flour or Crisco for years. I do buy white sugar occasionally, because raw sugar tends to taste a little grim in coffee and lemonade. There isn't any reason to go whole hog over any thing. A little white sugar, a piece of candy, or Grasshopper Pie isn't

going to make you rot away; it is just better not to concentrate on these things, but on the ones that build tissue, and health. It is simple practicality. You don't feel your best or produce your best on a diet of these items. You wouldn't expect your car to run on cherry cokes.

Speaking of white flour, and substituting, I ran across a recipe in one of my Gourmet magazines, that was probably great made with regular ingredients, but turned into something really ends ville made with whole wheat flour and raw sugar. It is a recipe for Sour Cream Pound Cake, fattening as all hell but what exquisite taste appeal!! Made my way, it turned out fragrant, and orangey, with a texture not unlike English plumcake. With apologies to Gourmet magazine, here is the recipe:

SOUR CREAM POUNDCAKE

Cream one cup butter or margarine and gradually add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups raw sugar. Beat the mixture till light and fluffy. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add one heaping tablespoon grated orange rind, Spice Islands dried will do; One tablespoon Curacao and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup currants. Sift two cups sifted whole wheat pastry flour with $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add the flour to the batter alternately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, blending well. Turn the batter into a buttered tube pan with removable bottom and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for about an hour, or until it shrinks from the sides of the pan. Remove at once and frost while still warm with a mixture of powdered sugar and Curacao.

Another favorite well improved with the flour and sugar substituted is that plebeian gem peanut butter cookies. And speaking of cookies here is another one called Butter Nutties which with the substitutes and a tight cookie box are actually better if left to age a couple of days, but who can wait that long for cookies.

BUTTER NUTTIES

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat pastry flour (no salt)	1 tsp grated lemon rind
1 cup chopped walnuts	1 cup soft butter
12 to 15 candied cherries	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup raw sugar
	2 eggs, separated

Cream the butter till shiny, add lemon rind, then sugar gradually, creaming well. Beat in egg yolk until fluffy, then stir in flour in 3 or 4 portions mixing just smooth after each. Chill dough covered an hour or so. Beat the egg whites very slightly and pour into a shallow pan. Put the chopped nuts into another pan. Roll the chilled dough into small balls, about a tablespoonful apiece, then roll balls first in egg white and then in chopped nuts. Place on greased baking sheets, pressing a halved cherry into the top of each. Bake 20 to 23 minutes at 350° . remove to a rack to cool.

I seem to have gotten sidetracked on desserts this time, but I promise to mention other things in subsequent columns including Quiche Lorraine. Not everything I cook is quite so calorific.

Just one small note to end this column. Assuming that at least some of you FAPA's are wine drinkers, (no I didn't say winos) please be advised to steer clear of a noxious beverage called Swiss-Up. It is the product of Italian Swiss Colony (and the little ol' wine-maker), and it tastes like mouth-wash. It is about 20% alcohol, which accounts for its syrupy texture, and I firmly believe there is no excuse for putting lemon-lime flavor in a drink that strong. ETC. It is next to undrinkable.

While we are on the subject of wines, the next issue of KARUNA will contain a largish column devoted to the wineries of California, and some of their specialties. I took a trip around the winery country this summer and picked up not only four cases of magnificent vino, but a lot of labels, brochures, and other goodies, including enough entry blanks to a course about how to become a wine expert in six easy lessons for distribution in FAPA. I hope it will be interesting.

LAST MINUTE NOTE:

I just managed to get hold of Aldous Huxley's answer to Stranger In A Strange Land. It is a book called Island, and it is a fascinating melange of sex, Bhuddism, power politics, and sociology. The second reading is better than the first because it is so packed with ideas that it takes at least twice to assimilate all of them. Anyone for Readers Syndrome? Maybe this will be the next, though I can't see local fen using the sacred mushroom for anything but flipback. Definition of flipback: transferring the ego ala ~~Wiesbaden~~ to Coventrainian bodies. Heinlein did it with hypnosis, maybe the Amaranth Society will make it yet.

Tie-ins to the mushroom-hypnosis technique are Huxley's Doors of Perception, and Heaven and Hell. Also for those of you who are interested in hallucinating drugs, look up The Sacred Mushroom, by Dr. Andrija Puharich. It was done as a documentary on One Step Beyond a couple of years ago, and was greatly interesting.

Well anyway, it looks like I'm running out of stencil, so I better knock this off and do some acknowledgements. Cover this issue and comic strip by dear Willie Rotsler, Other illos by Dian Girard who contrary to public opinion is neither A. Leslie Norris, nor B. a hoax. She is a great cartoonist after the BJO school, and one of my best friends, though a little misguided at times. But then who isn't? KARUNA is a Purple Light publication for the 100th mailing of FAPA. Stencilled by me at 2220 1/2 Dufour Avenue, Redondo Beach, California, and hopefully, run off on Don Fitches Gestetner at the FAPA mailing session. Types courtesy of my three Siamese cats, two dachshunds, and about a million neighborhood kids pounding on my front door. See you anon.

Gene Ballou