

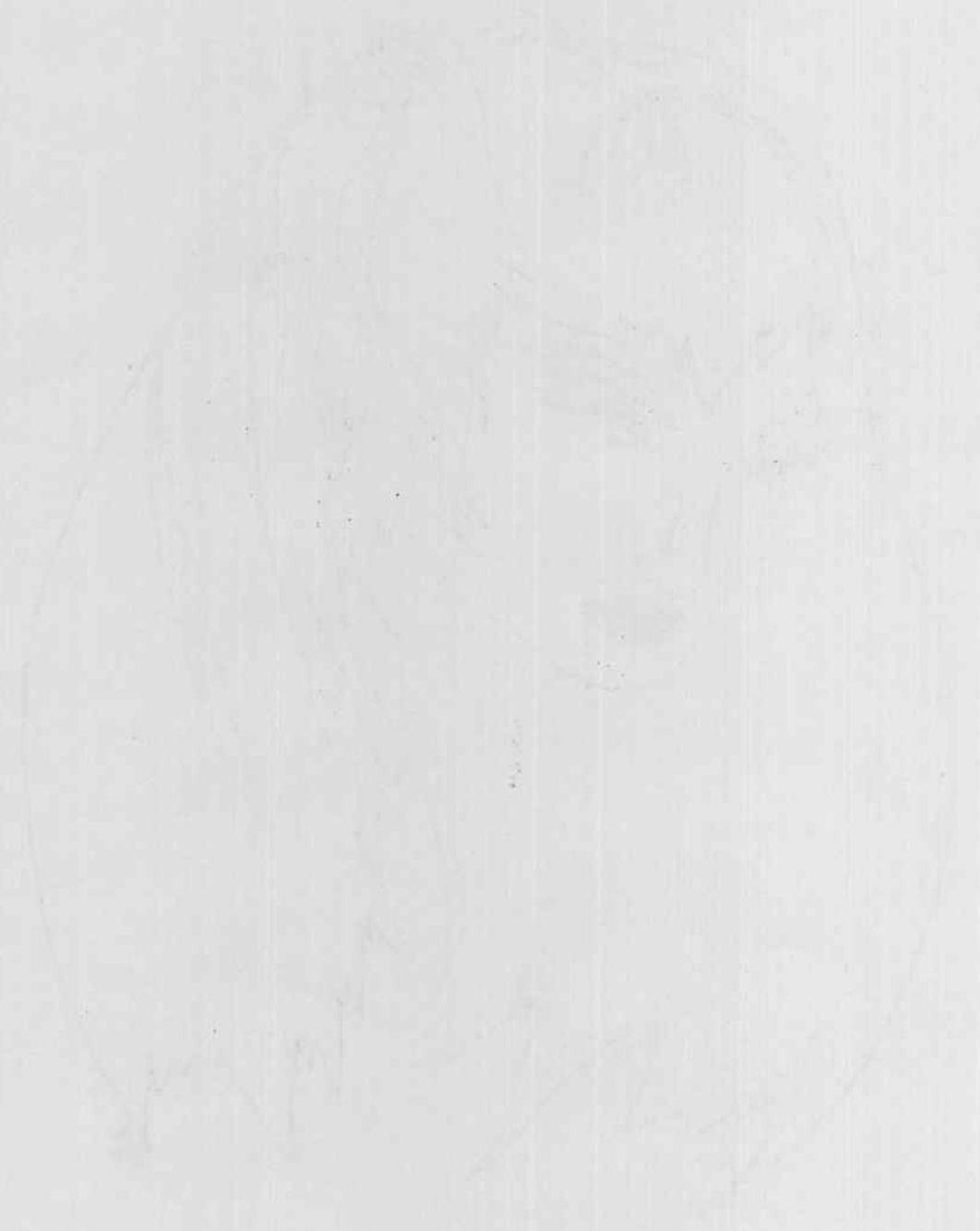
# BOBOLINGS

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Robert Jones



1882

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This is Bobolings, November 1965, published for FAPA by Bob Pavlat, 9710 47th Place, College Park, Maryland, 20741. This issue is dedicated to the proposition that eight page fanzines are almost always bad but are not, at least to the author, as bad as being out of FAPA. I wonder; has an officer ever failed to meet renewal requirements?

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It has been a year since the last issue, and I always feel that a little bringing-up-to-date is required after that kind of an interval. We're still at the same address as last year, and the house is little changed in that interval. Draperies have been added, the fireplace tile is finally in, and we're more at home. The new kitchen cabinets that Peggy wants haven't yet been started, nor has the light in the closet been repaired, but a house takes a heap of living. I've possibly gotten further with the yard--three new roses, a camelia, two small hollies which we're trying to start for some of Peggy's Pennsylvania relatives (any bets on whether we have one male and one female or two females?) and some dozens of bulbs.

The household has changed more than anything else. First addition was Mrs. C, a green-eyed white, which adopted us about July 10th, just after we'd returned from a vacation on the Atlantic. Next came Honey, half toy collie and half cocker spaniel, which we picked up at a pet shop in August, just after we'd returned from a week visiting friends in Tennessee, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Third was Puggins, a black kitten given birth to by Mrs. C in September--63 days after Mrs. C had adopted us, 63 days being the gestation period of a cat. Mrs. C has now departed, but seven-week-old Puggins is sitting on my lap purring as I type this. A further addition to the family is expected on March the first. The doctor assures us that the fact that Mrs. C had a single birth doesn't lessen Peggy's chances for a single birth in the slightest.

As to activity, we missed the London convention due to lack of funds, the Midwestcon since Peggy's dad chose that date for his marriage, and other cons for various other reasons. We were at the Disclave, and are still recovering from Friday's Halloween party. It's one of the nice advantages of having a party in your own home that you don't have to drive home afterward. At least this year I could have--last year was quite another matter.

The car has also been changed--the Buick's hunger for gas was always a minor annoyance, but \$150 for a transmission job--after I'd just finished putting an equivalent amount into the front end and exhaust systems--was a little more annoyance than either Peggy or I wanted. The TR-4 we'd previously liked had been sold, the Alfa 1600 was the wrong color and didn't perform quite as much better than a 1300 as it should, but the Mercedes 220 SE was fine at the price, so I now own a Mercedes. It's not a sports car, and lord knows it's not a draggin wagon, but it's a pleasure on trips and fine in town, and gives me a rare chance to watch poosh hotel doormen wonder whether they should believe the car I drive or the Levis I wear.

I've had my share of both failures and successes in the last year. Failure to find any skiable snow last winter (what a miserable winter it was in the east! I even drove intentionally into the worst storm of the season, only to find too much wind and too little snow--and the next three weekends, when I couldn't get away, would have been excellent. I'm still unhappy about last winter), and success in beating Ellick in a game of Go. Failure to set the bridge world on its ears in duplicate bridge, and success in not winding up dead last one time. The other time I played I was dead last. There may be more on duplicate bridge next time around--Peggy and I both enjoy it, we've some capability, and if Tuesday baby-sitters are available we'll undoubtedly continue.

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There was probably a lot more to my year, but it's enough reporting. Back when I was talking about family, I should have reported that the cat, Mrs. C, and the dog, Honey, never got along together. For a few days they did establish what Peggy described as an armed truce--"Mrs. C has the arms and Honey has the truce." Puggins carries smaller, the identical, armament, but a much more amenable disposition, while Honey is willing to make friends with anyone; the only real trouble now is that Honey thinks Puggins is her toy. Well, she hasn't swallowed any of her other toys yet. Hopefully Honey has the good sense to realise that Puggins might scratch on the way down.  
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One side of marriage that I didn't really expect was the creation of a new park. I've lived in the DC area for almost twenty years--sixteen excluding time in Chicago, San Francisco, and the Army--but never before my marriage had I been to the national Arboretum. Ergo, it must have been created after my marriage. Probably a slum clearance project, though how they managed to move in 100 and more feet tall beeches and oaks is rather beyond me. It's quite a fantastic place; in most cities it would be praised as one of the finest city parks in the world but here you learn of it only by accident.

I had heard about it once before my marriage. Mom had gone there with some friends in the spring, and came home raving about the azalea and rhododendron plantings. This is azalea country, so the report didn't particularly attract me, and I continued to ignore the arboretum. This spring, however, right about pear blossom time, Peggy and I were admiring the beauty of spring and I remembered mom's old comment about the arboretum and azaleas. Having some spare time, and more than a little spring fever, a relaxed drive sounded attractive. As I remember, it was past the peak of the azalea season, and we were somewhat disappointed with the display. But we discovered that the arboretum was much, much more than an azalea garden.

I don't know how much land area the arboretum occupies--at least two square miles, possibly twice that much. Some little of it is given over to cleared land; wide grass plots, possibly bordered with roses, chrysanthemums, or other flowering plants, and frequently with hundreds of naturalized bulbs. The rest of the area looks like a semi-maintained natural woods. The semi-maintained appearance is

intentional, as is the naturalness, but both are merely appearances. Some of the trees--the oaks and beeches mentioned before, and many others--are surely from natural growth. The Deodar cedars, Japanese quinces, and Chinese holly are equally surely imported into the area.

We have yet to go there without finding something beautiful. Once was about four weeks after the dogwood season, when I decided to take the turn into the dogwood area in spite of the fact that it was too late for dogwood blooms. Sure enough, old *Cornus Florida*--the dogwood native to this area--was bloomed out. But two other types of dogwood, neither as showy as the native dogwood but both beautiful in their own right, were still in full bloom. That was the trip when we also discovered the fern garden, and the cactus garden--the last rather minor, but still highly impressive for growing in this area at all. (The *Yucca* is the only cactus family member that I know of that will grow in DC).

Once this spring, and again this fall, we visited the camellia garden. I don't know how many plants they have--probably 500 or so--but both times we were impressed with how many of the camellias were in bloom. *Camellia Japonica* is (largely) a spring bloomer; *camellia Sasansqua* is a fall/early winter bloomer, but the arboretum always seems to have more of whichever variety is in bloom at the moment. Nor are they nagardly about plants--Crimson Tide and Narumi Gata (both *Sasansquas*) are the only ones that I can recall seeing as many as three bushes of. (Prepositions, oog.) It's a wonderful place to go to select the things for one's own yard--there are very few camellia varieties that will grow in DC that can't be found in arboretum's collection, and seeing an adult plant in bloom is a wonderful aid in selection. The Pink Perfection now growing in the back was selected because Peggy and I liked the one at the arboretum, and it will shortly be joined by Showa-No-Sakai, similarly chosen.

It perhaps wasn't fully ethical, but Peg and I picked up some *Camellia* seeds on the last trip. Since *Camellias* don't normally breed true from seed, and since the arboretum doesn't depend upon natural seeding for its *Camellia* planting (most of the plants still carried their label showing the nursery supplying the plant and the year), scrounging a few seeds from under the bushes seemed reasonable. With luck, some five years from now, a few of these seeds may be blooming bushes, and I'll then find out if any of the seeds were really worth planting. If any were, I'll "donate" a cutting to the arboretum.

Every few years I discover a flower. It was azaleas that I first discovered, some fifteen years back. Roses were a happy discovery, some ten years ago. Somewhat later came gladioli--a flower I've since given up on. Now, it's obviously *Camellias*. I like an unfussy plant that you can put into a hole, spend a few moments on a few days a year, and the rest of the time depend upon it to grow and be happy and come into flower when its time for that plant to flower. Glads--in this area--have to be dug up every year; that's why they went off my list. They may yet get back on the list for I still love the flower. I hope *Camellias* like our yard.

It has been a while since I commented on a mailing. Well, it's been an almost equal while since I read a mailing as thoroughly as I did the 112th. So, I'll comment.

BIXEL. I'd frankly forgotten that a fanzine could be as interesting as Bixel. There were no hooks onto which I want to hang comments, but the talent that Alva has to hold my interest shouldn't go unnoted. # This is a matter upon which I don't want to consume space in the FA, since it's only quasi-official. A member complained that Bixel should not result in credit to Metcalf's activity. The constitution is thoroughly clear--publishing is sufficient to receive credit. The colophon credits FAPA publication to Norm Metcalf, and the Secretarial records will so indicate. What I want to see membership comment on is whether the publishing proviso should be in the constitution. Publishing is, to me, manual labor. It's something that can easily be bought. It's a necessary part of apa activity to most of us, simply to save the cost of having publication done, but it is not in the same category as the writing, illustrating, and sometimes editing that give FAPA its particular character. We can't do without the publishing end of the game, and more than we can do without the typing or the purchase (or other acquisition) of paper. I'm coming to believe that publishing should not constitute renewal credentials, and that the constitution should be changed, but I'd like to see some membership comment on this. Particularly I'd like to know if I've failed to recall some member who frequently meets (or met) activity requirements primarily as a publisher, and yet was a "good" member to have in FAPA. I can't think of anyone in many years who really needed the publisher credit to remain in FAPA, nor can I think of any reason FAPA would want on its roles someone whose primary renewal qualification was the speed with which he could turn a mimeo crank. # The foregoing wasn't named at any individual, and particularly not at Norm, who receives publishing credit for Bixel, nor Boyd Raeburn, who recently complained that I'd overlooked credit he should receive as Queebcon publisher. Both Norm and Boyd have more than sufficient credit from their other mailing activities.

HORIZONS. Hugos should exist as a small thanks by fandom for something well done. An author's payment is not exclusively money. I don't believe the professionals are particularly happy with the way it is decided who will receive a Hugo, but I have noted a genuine appreciation on the part of many pros at their selection to receive a Hugo, and a rather overwhelming desire to receive a Hugo by a couple of others. Apparently the award carries something with it.

POSA HIKOMPOS. Your writing sounds very much like Ed Cox's. Has this always been so, or am merely noting a freak resemblance? In either case, my appologies to which ever one of you that feels insulted, and my congradulations to both of you.

THE QUATT WUNDERY. There must be a city in the US with a really desirable climate. Granted that D.C. is not it, nor New York, nor LA, nor San Francisco (the latter because of

its lack of a winter.) The whole southeastern US is unduly hot and humid, the plains states suffer too great extremes of temperature, and the northwest is either far too cold or far too wet. How about Denver and San Bernadino?

NIEKAS. Beautiful publishing job. Peggy, leaning over my shoulder, just said "Most big fanzines are kind of boring, but I didn't find that one so." I agree, with both halves of the statement, and regret that you'll apparently not be including this regularly in the FAPA mailing. I'm very impressed with Niekas, and wish I had the time available at this time in my life to devote some time to it. It would have been great to have had Niekas available when a much greater percentage of my available time was devoted to fanzines. I can still enjoy and admire your effort in putting out a fanzine second to none in appearance.

BLEEN. Religion probably teaches some moral values. In any event, it has served to keep alive at various past times the notion that moral values exist. Religion also results in the creation of notable cathedrals--an architectural form of limited use but marvelous beauty. While these facts are not sufficient to make me religious, they are adequate reason for religion to exist.

DOORWAY. Yes, A Bas was a good fanzine, even if the Derelicti Derogations always left me feeling stupid because I never managed to get the point. Or maybe that was the point. # I've already found occasion to use that "Eating people is wrong" line as a verbal (oral) interlineation a couple of times. It's quite successful as a conversation stopper.

THE OFFICIAL FANTASY AMATEUR. Excellent spoof.

THE BULL MOOSE. Does Canada have much homesteading left? (No, I'm not thinking of it.)

PHANTASY PRESS. The cover looks like Bob Stein to me. If it is, it is old.

WRAITH. Some ten or more years ago a movie which I remember as "I, Camera" was released. Memory says that it had no dialog, but since I didn't see it I'm relying only on a rather shaky memory of the advance notices. # George O'Brien, in the westerns, always struck me as fat and slow. I'm afraid I grew up in the Hopalong days, and he's still my image of a proper movie cowboy. Hm, I wonder if that's why I like Lorne Green in Bonanza. # No, I should not have waited one mailing before acting on the waiting list problem. It would have discredited FAPA, it would have panicked too many people, and it would not have given me any basis on which to either maintain a waiting list for new applicants or fill vacancies. Failure to act would have proved a point. I think that by acting a much more important point was proven.

SALUD. Isn't jello supposed to help correct brittle fingernails? If so, would that also apply to brittle bones?

VANDY. The Civil Liberties Union is one of the few national organizations for anything that I can feel much empathy with. When hate societies flourish, when there's a slow withering away of small enterprise, when the government more and more does that which should be done by the individual--if it should be done at all--, then is when the help that lets a man be a man is needed. I don't think that most people understand what freedom is--they didn't understand the TV show, The Defenders, and that show was about that difficult meeting point of freedom and the law.

LIGHTHOUSE. In the past I've wondered if Lighthouse was a FAPA magazine. Somehow, I've come to the conclusion that it is. # Of course the Ace editions will boost Tolkien's prestige. And it was sheer idiocy on someone's part that the books weren't copyrighted over here. Evidently no laws were violated by the Ace editions, but I don't recall that as being a real issue in the fan complaints. The question was ethics, not law. For me, the attempt to negotiate for reprint rights is sufficient to settle the ethics, and it is this small action that justifies the action of printing. I'm glad the clarification was published.

A PROPOS DE RIEN. Is the line, "Let's go, big Tonto," correct? I first heard the Lone Ranger in 1935 or 1936, over Newark's WOR since no DC stations then carried the program. I've heard possibly a thousand of his shows. But "Big Tonto" sounds wrong. It also seems to me that in the very early days of the show it was "...a hearty Hi Yo Silver" rather than "...a cry of Hi Yo Silver," but 1936 was a long time ago. # One paragraph talking of slaying Rockwell followed by a paragraph in which Fapa's record in the free speech area is evaluated as "not too good" is a little more rapid change than I can keep up with. Is you for or again? # My pardon, Jim, for expanding on your comment on taxes: the increased percentage rate on higher income levels applies only to the amount over and above the next lower tax bracket. A hearty amen, Jim, on the difficulty of getting that message across.

SYNAPSE. Right before I first joined FAPA Evans gave me a file of Sustaining Program dating, I believe, from the second or third issue, and continuing through the war years. It was my first real exposure to FAPA, and to me was FAPA at the time I joined. The last Synapse was amazingly like the old Speer. # War of the Worlds was rebroadcast. -- On further thought, the item I'm thinking of was an analysis of the results of the show, to include big chunks of the script. It was done on TV, in analysis in depth format, and was at least as good as hearing a rebroadcast of the original. I would imagine that a straight rebroadcast would create almost as much confusion as did the first one. Not quite as much, for science fiction is much more accepted and known of now than it was then, but you can still find a sucker without searching too far. # No credit was given to the February Ellern material, since the material was obviously Bill's rather than Jane's. # The



waiting list is longer than when acknowledgement every mailing or every other mailing was required. The problem, however, appears to be one of more people interested rather than one of insufficient elimination of applicants. # If Boardman bet, how much did he lose to you?

ASP. Yes, at the Disclave, someone (might have been Brown, White, McInerney or someone else) was very upset over the Tucker petition. As I recall, they felt (or the person felt) that it was unfair and uncalled for. I rather doubt that the party who was so upset was Brown--he and I talked a bit, and I can recall that he seemed relaxed, and relatively willing to let the matter lie.

HAPPY ELECTION RETURNS... Congratulations to Jacobs, Sneary and Pelz. # The grace period on dues (that is, the lack of one) has bothered me for some time. Apparently it hasn't bothered many other members. Well, I, too, can be a problem child and can prove by example. It's exactly one week till the dues deadline, and presently owing are Harness, Hevelin, Johnstone, Lewis (Alan), Lyons, Moskowitz, Pavlat, and Speer. I'll get my dues in on time. Some of the others may petition when they learn that November 13th is really the deadline. But then, of course, maybe the membership would prefer to rule by petition.

DESCANT. The rear-end cleanliness of our kitten also bothered us. I don't know what this TUP that you credit your mother with is, but the mother of our kitten cleaned up the mess, usually before it became a mess. As a matter of possibly helpful information, having observed the mother has helped me in box-training the kitten. I'm sure that my finger doesn't have the same qualities as the kitten's mother's tongue, but (since I'm too squeemish to use my tongue) gentle stroking of the appropriate area with my finger while the kitten was in the box gave her the idea very rapidly. She isn't perfectly broken yet, but the box is her regular place and the other places are more errors in planning than lack of knowledge. # You know, maybe I shouldn't have written that. I can even now see the rumors starting about me being unsafe to allow near young kittens. # I've read articles advising that The Pill, as you call it, is definitely feminizing, and implying that some women are using it more for that reason than for contraceptive purposes. # Cats and dogs unquestionably see themselves in mirrors. I've had many a kitten who looked behind the mirror for the kitten behind the glass. (Some things, like this, I remember vividly from the numerous cats and kittens I had around from 1930 to 1942. Other items, such as how very young kittens are kept clean and how pug-nosed a kitten is for the first three weeks faded from my mind in the years from 1942 to last month, when I was frequently around cats but never around kittens.)

This was a good mailing. I enjoyed almost everything, including most items not commented on. I had forgotten that doing mailing comments was fun; with luck I'll do some more for next mailing and get out of this horrible annual cycle.

This is the female two-thirds (or so we hope) of the Pavlat family, excluding, for the moment the kitten and dog. It has been a long, long time since I typed anything on stencil, longer still since I was interested in publishing a fanzine. I've often thought about it, but never quite had the time, the inclination, and the courage all at once. Yes, it takes courage, not very much, admittedly, but on the other hand I'm notorious for not having much courage.

It seems a bit strange to have a whole FAPA mailing to read, through the last five years that I have been in fandom a number of people have sent me their FAPA zines, and occasionally I've talked people into lending me their mailings for the afternoon, but never before has it been there, available week after week until I have read it, if not from cover to cover, at least as thoroughly as I wish.

Bob and Bill (Evans) periodically compare how many FAPAs they know, last time this occurred I was curious, so I counted how many I knew, now the figure rests at fifty-one. I'm somewhat astonished, perhaps that is what comes of galavanting around the nation.

I remember back in 1960, when I first heard of fandom, and of fanzines, and published my first fanzine (ETWAS), and actually got letters of comment. That was fun, I wonder why I let school and a job and things like that interfere with publishing.....I'd forgotten, I guess, how much fun it is to see one's name in print. Several months ago Heinrich Arenz mentioned me and ETWAS in his zine and wanted me to begin publishing again. I've had the bug ever since.

I seem incapable of using periods when a comma will not do as well, tonight.

What a discoordinated page! A funny thing has happened, hold your seat Ron Elik, I find that my favorite subject this semester is Math. I've always had a mild distrust for any math higher than division, yet now I find it rather fun to learn about parabolas and hyperbolas, and probability is a ball. Another course which I find fascinating is Beekeeping. (There are varied reactions when I mention that I am taking this course, Some think that it is a snap course and others think that it would be deadly dull. It is neither.) A friend had this course last year and told me how great it was, so when I needed one more class I took it. I never guessed that bees were so fantastic. I never knew that honey has different tastes depending on where the nectar comes from, nor that bees see polarized light, nor that an egg laid by the Queen which is not fertilized will be a male and one that is will be a worker bee (an undeveloped female), or a million other things, and the course has just begun.

I haven't said much, but perhaps it is enough so if Bob gets in the next mailing, as he keeps promising to I'll add a few pages, and perhaps one of these days ETWAS 1, Vol II will appear. In the meantime, good health and good luck, and all have a wonderful Christmas and a pleasant 1966. Eventually March will arrive.