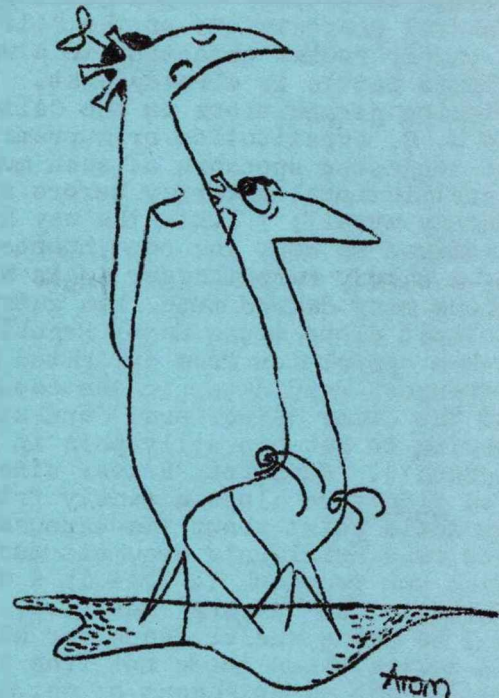


GOLDURN BUBBLE #4 Formerly "Cauldron Bubble." Published by Billy Blackbeard on GAFIA PRESS for APA L, AFA F, Marion & Walter Breen, John Boardman, Dick Bergeron, Ray Nelson, Lee Sapiro, such artists as get involved, & anyone else who asks for a copy (pauvres meides...)

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CAREER OF AN AMERICAN BEETLE: Firewater in '63 ... Flyswatter in '64.  
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HUGO YOUR WAY... Topping a saucy stack of Atomart in Friday's mail was the adjoining cartoon and caption, as current and apropos as if Atom had dashed it off a la Rotsler at Thursday's LASFSession, rather than with unfammy prescience in Brookham House a month ago. Since this Bubble is also Effervescent, I should explain that the general surprise and dismay in Local fandom at the omission of a drama award from next year's Hugo ballet was as twiddledop to the atomic blast that rent the Pooftops on Bushrod Lane and set the Atlantic subsea telephone cable to snapping like a liontamer's whip scant minutes later -- at four A. M., in fact, chez William Dunbar, on an Ellison to Ella hookup. "No drama award?" raged Harlan Arl; "I'll give you some drama!" The tattco which ensued on Ella's right eardrum finally wakened her, whereupon she hung up, but not before He had vowed to present his views in person and with tempestuous forthrightness at the London convention in '65. :: To judge from reactions to the account of this telefoaming at LASFS, most Ellers and others present Hartily support He in his outrage, if not in his rape of EP's slumber. To cavalierly dump an established and expected award without prior notice or basing its abolition on scindly and publicly argued principles suggests a lack of cool bordering either on con-tempt for fandom or simple administrative inellaptitude -- perhance both. :: Perhaps the surest and quickest way of sootching (ah there, Willie Doonbar!) this silly shenanigan is for some American or other group holding a regional con in '65 (our own Westeroconcom, perhaps) to buy a Hugo, circulate ballots throughout fandom, and make a separate but legal drama award on its own. I'm sure Bruce would cover the cost of such a ballot -- if responsibly and soberly presented -- in RATATCSK, and I will frank it through SF TIMES. My own nomination for the award, by the way, is Ray Bradbury's extraordinary "World of RB" at the Coronet Theatre in L. A. A pity that most of those not resident in the southland would have to vote for it on hearsay... or should I write, "Hear-Rays?"



You'll be glad to know that I have decided to let you publish my condemnation of the whole system of Hugo awards.

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Remember the Sabines, and make them pregnant...  
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APATAH COCKTAIL Easily the finest item in APA L's Fourth Distribution was Jack Harness' masterful takeoff on the late Barry Goldwater's contribution toward the destruction of our natural resources, WHERE I STAND. In fact, Harness's gibe at this political crapbook is the best single effort in APA L so far. APA Lause, please. :: Easily the most ridiculous item in APA L #4 was the title-page typing which labelled this bundle "Second Distribution." The umbrage is doubled by the fact that this is also the first disty without a labelled cover -- if it weren't for Boggs' statement that his EYE TO THE PAST, whose artwork provided a cover this time, was "published...for...distribution 4," there would be nothing in the first four pages to countermand this bland goof. APA Lexy, all. :: The most delightful and unexpected item was, of course, Bjo's EXPLETIVE #1, delivered in the dian and hustle of the back room too late to be tabled with the contents and therefore a real surprise when reached in fore-to-aft reading. Here is more wit and charm in less words than anyone else Locally can manage except for our diamond in the riffraff, Homefree Boggsart. Bjo's sketch of Katwen is nothing less than a joy, but she has given it an odd and alarmingly misanthropic caption: "This machine is a miracle of modern engineering (circa 1890) -- but it was free." What are we to make of that? :: Bruce: I wonder if Gilbert quite realizes how outspoken criticism of current Minutes can prove to be a misplaced petard capable of hoisting him into the Secretary's seat come next elections? Personally, I have nothing but admiration for anyone able to both listen to and record the creaky cocoricos and grounded gaffs which usually pass for action in the LASFS cockpit these days. ... As it happened, Stine's inclusion of the "Goldwater

gunk" in the third disty inspired Harness' satire, and accomodated all Ellers with the original of the take-off. One of Stine's self-celebrated uncool (is Stine fandom's own "Man From U. N. C. O. O. L.?" ) acts that accidentally did the apa more ghood than ihl... You people that voted for Proposition 14 puzzle me; I don't dig your angle. Do you simply want to register a protest, for the historical record, as it were; or just carry out a delaying act; or both? The language of the proposition revoking the Rumford Act is unconstitutional a thousand ways from Thursday; worse, it flies in the face of the clearly stated objectives of the Civil Rights Law as enacted by Congress. No number of frantic and fearful propositions on the California ballot is going to enable a home owner to exercise a purely racial objectiva to a would-be purchaser of his property in the long run: the absurd battle is already lost. (In fact, one commentator observed that about half the winning propositions on the California ballot were written and voted for as if there were no U. S. constitution or Supreme Court, and so "a helluva waste of the taxpayer's money;" he suggested sponsors of such mugwump know-nothing propositions get the opinion of a good constitutional attorney before scaring up signatures for the things.) I almost voted for Murphy myself; I liked the way he dodged all but the vaguest links with Goldwater and promised to work for continuance of the Bracero bill, and I did feel Salinger was something of a bloody carpetbagger -- as was Bobby Kennedy in New York. I wanted Keating to win there very damned much: his gutsy and open detestation for Goldwater during the campaign (almost alone among major Republicans except for Romney) should have earned him only a token opposition from delighted Democrats, rather than a battleaxe swipe from one of the strongest candidates in the country. I'd rather see Bobby mayor of New York first (shades of the Jimmy Walker era!) and an end of that utter ass Wagner (did anyone else notice him trying to get his silly phiz in front of the TV cameras when BK was making his victory speech?). Question, Bruce: since you do admit you like to vote for Kennedys, how come you didn't so close a family friend as Salinger? :: Fitch -- it's clear you misunderstand my whole point about the espousal of "Might Makes Right" ideology in Heinlein, Rand, etc. You read Heinlein's argument much as I do, but draw exactly opposite conclusions from it. What you overlook is that in a world of shortages which makes capitalism a viable economic concept, the "strong" man (i.e., the typical Rand and current Heinlein hero) who garners all he wants and/or needs for himself and his immediate cluster of sycophants or protectees is taking these goods not from some always-abundant cornucopia but from a thinly-spread wealth the diminishment of which must invariably impoverish or cripple numerous others who because of ill health or mental or spiritual incompetence cannot compete equally with him. Of this latter unfortunate, Rand -- much more frankly than RAH -- says simply, "Screw he; his ill-fortune is no albatross around my plump neck." For both of them, decisive action for ego-release and personal gain is the ideal end-all of existence; that it also constitutes what has been known for eons as the "law of the jungle" disturbs them not one whit. It is these people who, of course, are miserable and distraught in contemporary society; they simply do not grasp what the twentieth century is all about. That every man has a right to sufficient health and shelter and food to enable him to compete for luxury goods -- not essentials -- from as equal a starting base as society can provide is a concept as alien and distasteful to them as the simple truth that a man has the right to move freely in a society without fear of public insult or rejection because of his religion, race or political credo. ... Inasmuch as about half the men you name as examples of philosophers who profited from their work died in poverty, you haven't even established a point I can take issue with. ("With which I can take issue," is better, but such are the hazards of nattering on stencil...): Of course people want (or at least tend) to behave ruthlessly in the day-to-day struggle for life's goodies. It is the extraordinary accomplishment of the past century or so that through the impact of a few genuine idealists on the public-at-large which has been permitted to vote its better side in recurrent elections, governments of real generosity of spirit have passed and enforced laws which protect the weaker from the stronger in increasingly more comprehensive areas of life. The day of the Morgans, Fords, Rockefellers, Capones, Perons and Hitlers is really about gone; "prestige" is going to based, as it always should have been (and was in a few places for a few limited times in the past), on talent, intellect and personality; not single-minded seeking of or arrogant abusing of financial or political power for its own sake. ... True, my approach in judging the improvement of man's lot is materialistic; material advancement is about the only aspect of contemporary society which lends itself to irrefutable statistics. However, if a society provides its members with freedom to education; self-expression in art and opinion; untrammled travel, residential and marital/sexual privileges; and full political rights to change everything the majority agrees should be changed, while at the same time utilizing mechanization techniques to supply the fundamental needs of every citizen -- and this seems irresistably the shape of things to come, at varying stages, throughout the world -- it is hard to see how any rational viewer can consider this "slavery." The thing that most distinguishes man from animal is the time-binding creative ability based on an intellect superior to any other in nature -- not the ability to grab as much from each other as the law of a given era will permit, and a developing society which finds itself emphasizing creativity by and for man at the expense of free-wheeling personal property accumulation is certainly more "human" than animal in any sense.

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Is it true George Solthers has a desire named Streetsars?  
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GOING ON WITH DON FITCH DEPT. (Formerly "Apataph Cocktail") To your next point, DF, I feel the Bomb represents far less of a real threat in the world now than ever before. Baring the remote chance of a real fanatic -- as I believe Goldwater was nearer being than many Americans like to let themselves think -- getting control of a country with an effective hydrogen bomb stockpile, I think simple self-interest, based on the realization that no one can win an atomic assault, will lead world statesmen to agree to an effective testing ban before such relatively irresponsible powers as Red China can develop both a powerful Bomb and a real striking force with which to deliver it. I certainly am not more "frightened" -- I would prefer the word, "concerned" -- with the Bomb than I am with the threat of mass starvation in India and China -- or bone-aching poverty in too many parts of this country. As to your last point, please enumerate and specify your "periods of great prosperity before" -- remembering that great prosperity exists even today in only a few small corners of the world: the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Monaco, and, to a lesser extent, Western Germany and the low countries, since prosperity to be "great" in any definitive sense must mean no poverty, no jobless, and no apparent stagnation of economy... :: Rotide Rednamalas, esq: your pages are invaluable in APA L for their light, breezy account of IASFS doings from week to week; in years to come, they will provide an anchorage, a rallying point for memory in leafing through these assembled zines. This week, it seems to me, you've raised a point of club policy -- without meaning to -- which may lead to difficulties in the future unless it's faced squarely now. You raise the issue of the legality of the "poor man's" rump meeting at the Gymnasium where the assembly and distribution of APA L #4 took place while the Fanquet/Anniversary meet was in progress elsewhere. The rump meeting took place largely because a number of fans who lacked three bucks and/or interest in the formal affair wanted to get out and obtain their disty for the week in spite of it. Provision should certainly have been made for this rump meeting, and a legal basis for it given, at the previous regular meeting. However, I am not so much concerned with this one instance, which resolved itself after a fashion, as I am with future special meetings at the playground, where the program is of such a nature that a high admission -- for the Clubhouse Fund -- may be properly levied on attendees. In the past, those who were broke or not interested simply wouldn't attend, or would join the others at Kal's later. APA L somewhat complicates this pattern, though, in that contributors or those desirous of an assembled copy who at the same time do not desire to attend the special program will find themselves forced to wait outside the clubroom until the program is over, having had to make a special trip to the club just for APA L alone -- or else do without a disty altogether that week. This is manifestly unfair on the face of it -- inarguably so -- and I am frankly at a loss to see an easy solution. We cannot readily do away with the special, more costly programs without sabotaging the Fund; at the same time, we can't expect APA L contributors or collectors to make a trip to Silverlake simply to cool their heels on the porch or lawn until they are allowed to come in and pick up their distribution for the week. A larger assembly room with a separate outside entrance might be a solution of sorts -- if we had such a set-up. Or assembly on special meeting nights at another place, say the Lab -- except that this would penalize contributors and collectors who want to attend the program, as you and Tom felt penalized by having to miss part of the Anniversary Fete to get your distributions at the club. The answer? I wish I knew. I think it should be discussed, though -- and the sooner the better. :: Hobbit: your atten-

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How do you plead, FAPA? Culty or not Culty?  
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tion is directed to the foregoing. ... I think you over-reacted to the essentially innocent rump meeting week before last. Gosh, you must have been upset -- seeing splinter groups and disaffected minorities and all. Whatever may have been the (presumed) attitude of one or two of those involved toward a "Turner testimonial dinner," the majority were simply broke or disinterested in formal dinner-type affairs -- but still wanted to get together, largely for the sake of APA L. It was, really, your job to anticipate this situation and provide for it in advance -- not to challenge those involved to "try and get the club to ratify it" afterwards. ... Where did you find "an explanation...regarding Randist theory" in Phil's zine? That's exactly what I'd hoped to obtain from somebody -- so far all I've seen in fandom in a fairly wide reading of old and current fanzines is rich brown's starry-eyed exegesis in SAM. I still think it is simply a pseudo-philosophical gloss for far-right practices and programs, a copy-cat Existentialism which emphasizes self-directed choice at the expense of other-directed decision. ... What's this about the "Shy-Fan" syndrome? I thought that was a secret organization directed by Fu Manchu. :: BaileS: whup -- wait a minute. I didn't "condemn the Branden Institute based on what I've heard of their reputation," I commented on their segmented statement of principles section by section, reprinting the full text of same. Whatever you may say about this "not equal-

ling the philosophies set forth in (Rand's) ATLAS," the fact remains that Rand herself fully endorses the NB Institute and its teachings. (This may be simply because she gets a rake-off, and I doubt if this lady is one to split doctrinal hairs where \$\$\$ are involved.) ... Her theories can't be "exploded," as such, Len -- they're largely sound enough from an extreme right-wing, cornered-rat view of the Dreadful Twentieth Century. They simply have to be exposed for what they are, and fought to the extent they provide they may delude otherwise decent individuals. Fascist theory always "works" -- so long as you're willing to ignore the less fortunate three-quarters of humanity which -- let's face it -- have to be helped by some larger authority against most of the other, ravening one-quarter which would rob them blind if it could. It is this outside help -- "big government" in our time -- which the rightists and Randists and their ilk battle so ardently. ... Your odd praise for the novel in question, Rand (McNally?)'s ATLAS, reads amusingly and revealingly if slightly paraphrased with the substitution of other names and titles, as follows: "At any rate, MEIN KAMPF does have something to say, however garbled it is in saying it. ... To my mind, Hitler's chief contribution has been his portrait of Collectivist society. You may think Naziism is pap, but you've got to give Adolph credit for doing a good job of nightmare weaving." Yes, Len -- credit where credit is due, surely. Always. That Ayn does weave a mighty nightmare, I must admit. ... If you didn't get a copy of A TEXAN LOOKS AT LYNDON, you're welcome to mine. Completism ends this side lunacy. :: Baker: I have the same problem with cookie dough... usually prefer it to the finished cookie, in fact. ... Whom have you profiled with the star on his forehead, anyone we know? Response to your Miller quote: "Sure -- if the people who are the government aren't careful who they elect to represent them and their interests." This election, the people were careful, Ed. :: Dikpat of GSO: Hey -- that was a woeful ffo pul,

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The Republican Party needs funereal expenses & a new motto: BARRY THE DEAD...  
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folks, labelling one of the most forthright and honest people in fandom a liar under the impression no one would see it but Effers, then having to backtrack and grin a little sheepishly when you remembered -- a page later -- that Ellers would also read it, and that the person in question was a helluva active Eller (or perhaps I should say, an 'elluva active heller, as you shall see this disty). Something this party said must have rubbed you the wrong way once, and conflicted violently with your information -- but perhaps that info was wrong, or came from a source of questionable veracity, hein? ... The Stiles drawing was a darb. How about cutting up old OPO stencils and assembling a couple of pages of the previous vignettes he's done for you so that we Ellers can have a gander at them? And when is Steve going to do what Bill Rotsler has been growling for years he should do -- prepare a one-shot collection of cartoons and art similar to the TATCCED DRAGON opera that would give us devotees something we could show around, rather than hefting up an armload of miscellaneous fanzines for the purpose? ... Agree with you about the enervating effect of too much jungle lord heroics read at one branch-perching -- I wonder only that the continual exposure hasn't soured you on the whole shit and shebang. Wait til you get to BCMBA, the boy from J.U.N.G.L. and KA-SCUR of the deep pulpwoods. ... Luck in your new shanty: how about a snapshot of the place in the next disty or so? :: Van Arkam: I reassembled my #4 distribution so that your two zines follow in order -- I don't know why Dianzel separated them. ... Hank's definition of Cool is good so far as it goes, but I should relable it as a description of Hip Cool, the deliberate apathy that characterized the beatnik and hophead. I'm afraid, from other things Hank has said, that he confuses a mature restraint of expression, out of consideration for the feeling of others, with this artificial, affected behavior. Compulsive exuberance can, of course, be overdone too. ... Hell, man, I hit APA F with CB #2 -- mailed it to you weeks ago -- and I'm still waiting on the shore of the boundless fannish sea for some whisper of acknowledgement. Mebbe this week. ... With Gretchen, Redd, and others sending you Effers zines, your copy limits have gotta rise. Accordingly, I'm sending 30 copies of these two zines, same as I turn over to Sadista here each week. ... Will discuss your bully boy, DN, at some length in CB #6. Watch for it! :: Gilbert: there's a Sullivan Law -- why not a Gilbert Law? Anyway, you seem to be setting some sort of unofficial law for APA L -- of

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Hinkei dinkey parley fout...  
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four-page zines. As you'll notice this week. ... CARCASTILLA Atomillo (Boggstencilled), meet CB Atomillo (Schwennstencilled). ... Agree with you on your political remark to Brucifer. ... And your same, legally slanted, to PhilC-song. ... Your reviews were engaging and provocative. Like, more, huh? Your zine shames me. Back to a neat format for CB next issue. :: Kusske: Did you have to read ALL of ATLAS to find out what it was? Suggest you read Theodore Reik's excellent (if lengthy) study of your kind, THE MASOCHISTIC PERSONALITY. :: Herness: Your antigoldwaterism was a delight. Superb, I should say. GG wasn't much, though...better you should just have mentioned Tom's or Don's or Dave's zines, old man. :: McInerney: I'll try to have a list for you next week -- fresh out of space, 'pears like. TAMAN then, as in SHUD.

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NOTICE: The mysterious Calvin Double U "Biff" Demmon (long thought an invention of WARREN IFE) is depicted in all his swashbuckling panoply in CREEPY COMICS #1. Miss it not, oAMrades:  
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