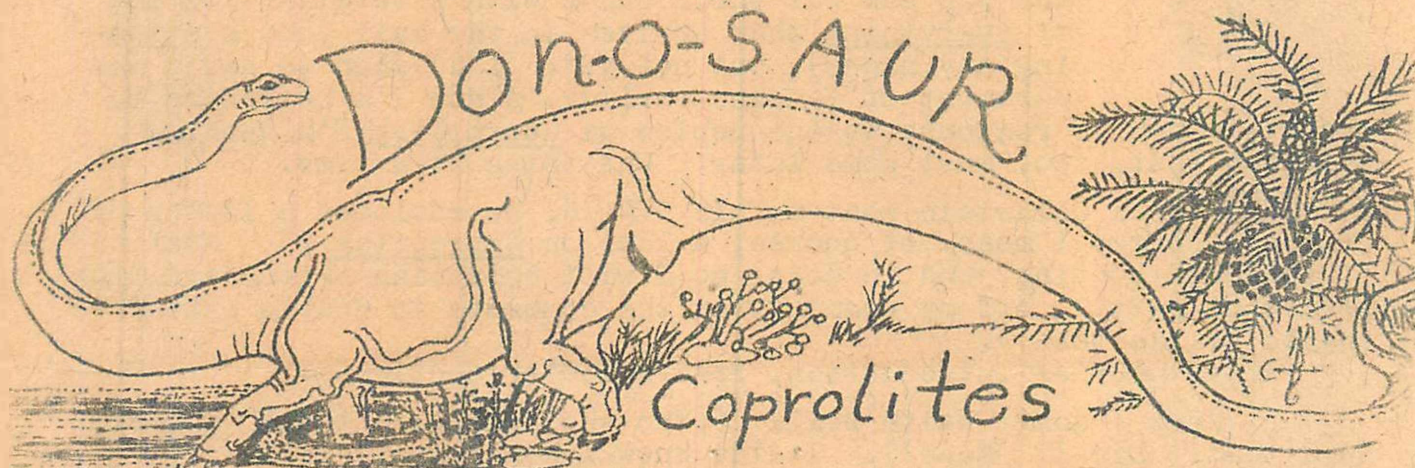


Still primarily an apazine (this one for D'APA 24)  
but gradually becoming a personalzine of more gen-  
eral circulation -- almost anyone can receive a copy.

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\* NO. 24 \*  
\*\*\*\*\*



This is D'APA election month. Since I heard more protests when I offered to withdraw my candidacy than when I first nominated myself, I've decided that I am a candidate and will serve if elected. To give credence to my words, I hereby cast one vote for myself. Though I don't want to be too hasty. If anyone else would like the job ...

That's what I thought.

Would you like my acceptance speech now or shall we wait till next month? You'd rather dispense with it entirely? Well, no, I'm not willing to do that, but I'll compromise and settle for a brief campaign statement:

I promise that if elected I will do my best to do my duty to ... ah ... well, to D'APA. Seriously, if I'm to be the new OE I promise to do the very best job that I possibly can. Specifically, I promise to have a DASFANNY each month, to number it correctly, and to try to spell members' names correctly; the DASFANNY shall give the current status of each member and shall include a statement of rules and policies. I promise to try to have a cover for each issue. I'll invite covers from anyone and try to use, sooner or later, either as front cover or backcover anything suitable that's submitted. More important, I promise that there will be a D'APA each month; I will do my damndest to avoid a repetition of last month's fiasco in which no one knew for sure whether we were skipping an issue or what, and as a result of which several regulars did nothing. After I had mailed my zine out I received some in the mail (so at least this month, I will actually have MAILING comments!) and ultimately I was able to staple together an apa consisting of five zines and a DASFANNY, but no cover. Other people who did a zine may have decided to hold it until next issue. Anyway, that's a messy way to do things; it won't happen again, not if I'm the OE. It may be necessary to make alternate arrangements from time to time. I promise that whatever arrangements are necessary will be made far enough in advance so everyone can know about them.

That's enough. I promised myself not to indulge in recriminations but if I continue along these lines I could easily slip into violation of the vow.



FOUND  
IN THE  
MAIL  
BOX

I will have some mailing comments in a little while, but this section is primarily for comments about Coprolites that were made in letters rather than in a zine. I may eventually follow the pathway of certain fan-edds who pad out their zines with a detailed listing of everything that arrives in the mail (not mentioning any names), but not yet. I do plan to add a department of fanzine reviews, since I'm beginning to receive a few in response to the copies of Coprolites I'm sending out, but that, too, must come later. One thing at a time.

When Fred Goldstein sent me his GVP 16, he enclosed a letter of comment (sorry; I mean, of course, a loc) on Coprolites 23. Most of it is worth quoting, and in doing so I will establish a standard procedure of setting off my comments on the comments in double parentheses ((like this)).

After a brief introduction, Fred's letter continues:

"I know I don't write well. ((Who the hell said that? I never said that. Did I? Nope)). I also know I don't spell well. ((Okay, I did say something about that)). Of course it's easy to correct spelling, but I do GVP because it's fun for me, and correcting spelling isn't. I go about my GVP fiction in the same way -- off-the-cuff. In essence, what I do when I write GVP fiction is simply mess around. I have no desire to be a good and/or professional writer. My desires lie in another (possibly related) area, that of acting and broadcasting. You see, Don, in order for me to write a story as it should be written, would involve hard work. Work that, at present, I am not willing to do. When I sit down to write GVP fiction, I don't know what's going to happen -- I don't use an outline, notes, or anything. What is seen in GVP is simply a first draft -- That's all I'm willing to do.

((Fred, believe me, there is absolutely no need for you to be the least bit apologetic about GVP. It's a truly impressive display of a wide range of talent, all the more so for not being in your primary field of ambition. It's almost scary to think of what GVP could be like if you did take time to rewrite and polish -- but mind you, I'm not even hinting that you should; that would simply force me to work even harder to try to keep up with you, and we both agree, don't we, that our purpose should be enjoyment with our zines, not hard work? -- Fred's letter goes on)):

"Now that that's out of the way, let's get down to the important stuff: You have done it! I woke up this morning relatively happy, got COPROLITES in the mail, and began to read it. I felt the same until I got to "Collectors Coup." I feel like screaming. I feel like tearing what hair I have left out by the roots. If I had only known! Don, you just gotta inform me the next time something like that sale is going to happen. You don't want my death on your hands, do you? (I still have those 1933 ASTOUNDINGS, though! it's some consolation).

((Fred was not the only one who was more shocked and bitter than actually charmed by my account of the pulp sale in Boulder, and I have to plead guilty to the charge of extreme selfishness in not notifying various deserving individuals. And I'll compound my culpability with the confession that I did actually think of telling a few people about the sale -- oh yes, Fred was one of those I thought of, and so was Gail Barton -- and I deliberately chose not to tell anyone. Why? Simple meanness of soul, that's all. It's



one of the crippling things that happens to collectors; as our holdings grow, our capacity to be generous shrivels. It is a shameful thing, but it took Fred's letter to make me feel ashamed. For what it's worth, I do promise to let you know if I ever hear of another such sale -- but that's with the full realization that such an opportunity may not happen more than once in a lifetime)). Fred's letter concludes:

"The review of the 6 p.m. news particularly impressed me; and with your permission, I'd like to use it (with small, inconsequential rewrites) in the genzine. okay? I'd appreciate it."

((I was assuming that the question was purely rhetorical, but in case it wasn't, the answer is YES. Permission granted; and I'm just curious as hell to see how Fred intends to use that)).

\* \* \*

Following are excerpts from a letter from Russell Parkhurst of Des Moines, Iowa:

"Thanks for the publicity: i.e. mentioning that I was an artist (of sorts) & that you would be using some of my drawings in future issues of Coprolites. I can use all the publicity I can get. ((The drawing on this page is, of course, one of Russ'--I just hope I haven't hopelessly messed it up with my amateurish job of pasting in an electrostencil. This is an entirely new process for me)). That pulp sale you went to sounded like an excellent opportunity. I only wish that someone would have something like that here--only, perhaps, with emphasis on hardcover books rather than just pulps. We only have one SF/fantasy dealer here in town. His name is Ivor A. Rogers; his prices on stuff range from 'the sublime to the ridiculous'-- depending on your viewpoint, that is."





Russ also confirmed my suspicion that I had sent him my copy of D'APA 22 and he offered to return it if I couldn't get another copy; but I'm happy to report that Ted Peak very kindly and very promptly responded to my plea and hand-delivered a copy, so I will insist that Russ keep the copy I sent him.

Incidentally, unless I hear some strong objections, I'm going to invite Russ to join D'APA -- whether I'm elected OE or not.

((Russ, I didn't hear any objections at all, so this is an official invitation)).

I have several other drawings of Russell Parkhurst's. I plan to use one more of them in this issue. One is intended specifically for the cover of my next S\*C\*O\*R\*I\*O\*N book list, and still another is being saved for the next issue of Coprolites when, among other changes, I will begin a new numbering system (it'll be volume III, No. 1 instead of No. 25). But I don't want to tell you all about next month's zine -- wait and see!

Meanwhile, here's another letter for me to dispose of:

You know who Frank Denton is, don't you? Paul does. Rose and Carol do; Ted might. For the unenlightened, Frank Denton is, among many accomplishments, the publisher of ASH-WING, a fanzine that gets a star from Charlie Brown in the LOCUS listings. On at least two occasions recently, Charlie Brown has specifically identified Frank as "one of fandom's better writers." That's who Frank Denton is. He's also in Slan-apa and publishes two or three personalzines. Frank is a young fellow, about my age, perhaps a few years older (at our age, a few years one way or the other don't matter). I first met him a couple of Westercons ago. Frank considers fiction writing a worthwhile thing to do. He's been extremely interested in the Denver Writers Workshop and has ardently wished for something comparable in Seattle. At this last Westercon, in LA, Frank and I worked out an arrangement whereby he could participate in the Denver Workshop. Nothing has come of it yet, partly because Frank has been vacationing in England. A few days ago I got this letter from him:

"I've been home from England for 8 days now and I've decided that I must force myself back into the swing of fanac. Would you believe that this letter is the first fanac that I've done for 7 weeks, excepting a visit to Keith Roberts in Henley and Beryl Mercer down in Cornwall? Don't you feel flattered?

((yes))

"I received sometime during my hiatus two issues of Don-o-Saur Coprolites and have devoured them with all due reverence. I was especially interested, of course, in your story, "Softness...". I think it reads extremely well, but I have to agree with the criticisms that follow in #23, especially those having to do with Gregg and Charlotte. A secondary motivation is needed, perhaps. Why did Gregg invite Charlotte as an observer? Something more than just her curiosity? And were the fantasies real? Was there ever really any overt sexual approaches to Tammy by her grandfather? Or did Charlotte just jump to this conclusion?

((Oh, I don't know; I'll have to rethink the whole story, and I just haven't settled down to it)).

"Anyway, it looks like pretty darn good writing to me. I imagine that you'll be hitting with a story one of these days soon. ((Not unless I write)). Meantime, I can't seem to get



cranked up since my vacation. The only thing that's running through my head right now is a minor mystery story and I may give that a crack just to start getting words on paper again. While I was gone, I got one story back from Ted White with a nice rejection. 'Good start - trite ending.' Such is life."

((Frank, you're way ahead of me. There's nothing in the way of story ideas running through my head, and I haven't gotten any rejection slips for the simple reason that I haven't had any stories out.

((I owe Frank a loc on the zines of his that he's sent me)).

\* \* \* \*

Yes, right, okay, what you said. Mailing comments. It won't take long. One reason I'm doing this is to provide a sort of basis of comparison for other people; since we all had to compile our own apas, let's see if we all came up with the same zines (I'm betting we didn't). Anyway, here is my D'APA 23 (I corrected the DASFANNY figure), and my comments pertinent thereto:

\*\*\*\*\*  
HEY!  
LET'S HAVE  
SOME MAILING  
COMMENTS  
OKAY?  
\*\*\*\*\*

ONE TREK MIND: (Hand delivered along with that extra copy of D'APA 22 and the Bob Nelson cover for D'APA 22). Thank you, Ted. I have no further comment. Yes I do, too. Suzanne's name is spelled with only one "z".

COMPUTER ZINE # 2 (Gordon Gard): This is the one that I'm betting most of you don't have. Gordon was among the minuscule crowd at the picnic last month, and in fact was the only one other than me who had done a zine. He gave me and the few other D'APAns present a copy, but if he mailed copies to all the other members I'd be very surprised. The zine consists of reviews -- of The Clones, Things to Come, and of The Final Journey, the Gates Planetarium show. The review of Things to Come was informative. The others lacked detail. One suggestion, Gordon: Name your zine! D'APA, which you've been using for a heading, is the name of the publication in which your thing appears. You will notice that each individual contribution has its own name. I called yours Computer zine only because that's what popped into my head. You can do better; be creative! Also, it's customary to include your name and address somewhere in the zine. Okay? Class dismissed.





MCs continued:

FOOTNOTE: (Headnote? sidenote? whatever). The art on the previous page is by Tim Kirk, pirated and used without permission. I got it from an advertising card distributed in the Huckster Room at Westercon by

the book store  
218 Regent St.  
Inglewood, CA

\*\*\*\*\*

ments you made in your letter, maybe I should move along.

FRIENDLY DRELB: Rose is a trufan. She is unable to write just one page. She never takes time to explain what she is writing about, and always raises more questions than she answers, probably assuming that her reader has access to the same background information she does. This is nearly always an erroneous assumption. Example: what is the Price/Stern booklet on "What Not to Name the Baby"? Who are Price and Stern? When was the thing published and by whom? Why? How come you were reading it? (Yeah, now that I think about it, that's a damn good question; why were you reading it?)

It was with a feeling of shock and a pang of guilt that I read your cryptic comment to Suzanne about pet names. Your mention of Pyewacket did it. For having mentioned Pyewacket once, almost casually, I then neglected, many months later, to say anything about his death and transfiguration. I won't go into detail now; it's too sad. Pyewacket was a beautiful, intelligent and affectionate black cat, and he died of a kidney ailment, slowly but with the quiet dignity that cats have. I was able to make his last hours a little easier (for me if not for him) by putting him in a bathtub of cool water. He had always detested water on his fur before, but now it did seem to make him a little more comfortable. I didn't let him die in the tub. I realized after a while that he wasn't going to get better, so I wrapped him in a bath towel and took him to the veterinarian's -- and left him. His spirit lingered around the house until just recently in the form of a very ugly, not-at-all-friendly, and seemingly downright stupid black cat. It would hang around the doors, often yowling in an almost-Siamese voice (Pyewacket had practically no voice at all) and would sometimes dart into the house and downstairs and then would scramble around bumping into things in its hysterical haste trying to find a way out. Honey and Chao, the two Siamese, would scream at him and bush up their tails, but the dark intruder mostly just ignored them. It seemed terrified though of the human members of the family and would never let us get close to him.

Recently we got a new kitten and the ghost of Pyewacket, if that's what it was, has vanished.

The baby is a Burmese. Carolyn had really wanted a Himalayan but she found out how much they cost. Doug had wanted a Burmese anyway (Claudia just thought it might be nice to have another cat, of almost any kind; so did I). So Carolyn got the Burmese a few weeks ago at about half price (expensive) since it doesn't have

GOLDSTEIN'S VANITY PRESS: Only two pages, huh? Out of breath, huh? So that's your weakness -- no stamina! In the long haul then maybe I can match or possibly even surpass your performance. In two issues you produced 14 pages; in the same two I had 22. But wait till I see your 20 pages this issue, right? OK, but just you take a good look at mine next ish! (Look, I'm willing to negotiate a peace-with-honor, but you've got to stop the bombing first). Since most of your zine was mailing comments, and since I've already commented on the com-



papers. (Also, it did have ear mites, but we didn't find out about them until later.

Finding a name for the baby was almost as much trouble as finding the baby to begin with (she was about 9 weeks old when we brought her home). Our first thought was to get something Oriental or Burmese sounding, but not necessarily authentic since the Burmese cat as we know it is not authentically Burmese. (Did you know that Burmese cats were developed at Yale University?-- a cross between one parent from Burma (male, I believe) and a Siamese? I didn't know that until after we got our Burmese).

Anyway, after spending a week or so weighing and testing such names as Anapurna (so we could call her Anna for short) and Katisha (so we could call her Kat for short) and several other names from The Mikado, such as Pitti-Sing and Yum-Yum, we finally agreed on a totally non-Oriental-sounding name.

Silkie.

It was Claudia provided the name, not me. A Burmese cat's fur does resemble seal-skin, so Claudia, an authority on English and Celtic folk ballads, was thinking of the enchanted seal creatures of the Hebrides and Orkney Islands ("I am a man upon the land, I am a Silkie in the sea"). I immediately accepted the name because of A.E. Van Vogt's indestructible, telepathic, shape-changing Silkies, and no one else had any objections, so it was finally settled.

Actually, the two Siamese did have very vociferous objections-- not to the name so much as to Silkie herself. They were no fonder of her than they were of the ghost of Pyewacket, and even after about four weeks they're not really reconciled.

But getting back to FRIENDLY DRELB: Rose, I share your sense of indignation about the religious kidnaper. (Has anyone told you you're beautiful when you're angry? You are. I'd like to see you get angry in print more often -- but not at me. And don't apologize for it; let yourself go; really tear into your victim; it's good exercise for your vocabulary and definitely your best writing).

I have to admit I've been somewhat confused as to the legality of Ted Patrick's activities. I thought kidnaping was a federal crime. Period. Apparently that's not it. Apparently if an adult kidnaps his or her own child it's a civil matter? At least not in federal jurisdiction. But the two women in Arvada were 21 and 23. They were seized forcibly, taken across state lines, subjected to intensive brainwashing procedures, amounting to virtual torture -- and Ted Patrick, as far as I know, is still walking around loose. For that matter, why aren't the parents who cooked up the scheme in jail? They were guilty of a criminal conspiracy against other human beings. What difference does it make that the other human beings were related to them by blood? Do parents own their children? Even after the children have reached the age of legal adulthood?

It took me a little while to realize what was really bothering me about this whole thing. It's not a matter of the age of the girls. It's that question: Do parents (legally) own their children? In some respects, it seems, under our archaic legal code, they do. Up to the point of actual severe and noticeable physical injury or death, parents are free to do any barbaric thing they wish with their own children -- including the cruelest barbarity of all, indoctrinating them in a set of narrow and malicious religious beliefs. (The Chinese have given up the practice of binding



girls' feet, but we and they both cling to the custom of binding children's minds. Jealously, we cling. Fiercely. It's an infringement on the sacred rights of parenthood for anyone to even suggest that children should be free of parental abuse.

The whole concept of children as property (anybody's property, parents' or the state's) is wrong! It has to be wrong; I know it's wrong; to me it seems so self-evidently wrong that I'm amazed everyone else doesn't see it. Kids know it's wrong. When they're kids. But the dumb shits; they grow up and forget, and become concerned with the safeguarding of parents rights!

I tell you, I just don't know what to do about the human race. Personally, I don't see much hope for it.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., doesn't see much hope for the human race either, far as I can tell. Colin Wilson, on the other hand, definitely does, and so, most certainly, does William Peter Blatty, and G. K. Chesterton was an even more notorious optimist. No one in the United States has ever heard of Jo Imog (well, I never had) but she seems to be more in the Vonnegut-Thompson contingent, while Michael Moorcock, I suspect, bounces back and forth, and I can't decide whose side Thomas Tryon is on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 WE SEEM  
 TO BE IN FOR  
 SOME BOOK  
 REVIEWS  
 \*\*\*\*\*

It does seem that a lot of the reading I've been doing lately has been concerned with The Human Condition. I'd like to tell you about some of the books I've read recently, if you don't mind.

And to tie in with what I was talking about before -- the rights of children -- the logical place to start is with The Other by Thomas Tryon (Knopf 1971) and The Demon Flower by Jo Imog (Maurice Girodias 1973). Neither of them do much to support my contention that children should be free; in fact the only safe place for the children depicted in these books is in a good strong cage.

You're probably already familiar with the basic plot of The Other, aren't you? You saw the movie even if you haven't read the book. I was totally unacquainted with it when Elder Ghoddess recommended it to me, so its impact on me was undiluted. There's these two little kids, see, Niles and Holland; twins. Niles is a nice boy, sweet and affectionate; Holland is cruel and vicious. But because they're twins they are very close emotionally. They can't get along without each other. Some horrible things happen -- people die in unpleasant ways. Niles knows that Holland is responsible, but to everyone else it's a deep dark mystery. Except possibly to the boys' grandmother, Ada, a sort of old Gypsy woman. She seems to have some dire suspicions, but the reader doesn't realize for a while just what it is that she suspects. About two-thirds of the way through the book, we learn (if we hadn't guessed before, and I hadn't) that Holland, the evil twin, has been dead for nearly a year. So that means ... yeah. There's an extra twist at the end which I won't give away, in case you haven't read the book yet.

The little girl in The Demon Flower is almost an exact female counterpart of Holland, except that in addition to being vicious and deadly, she is also driven by sexual hungers -- she's 11 years old. She hates her brothers and sisters and her mother (their father's dead, but I can't recall why; he doesn't figure in the story at all, unlike the dead father in The Other), and before the book is over she has managed to destroy all of them, either physically or mentally or both. The story takes place in Germany (the

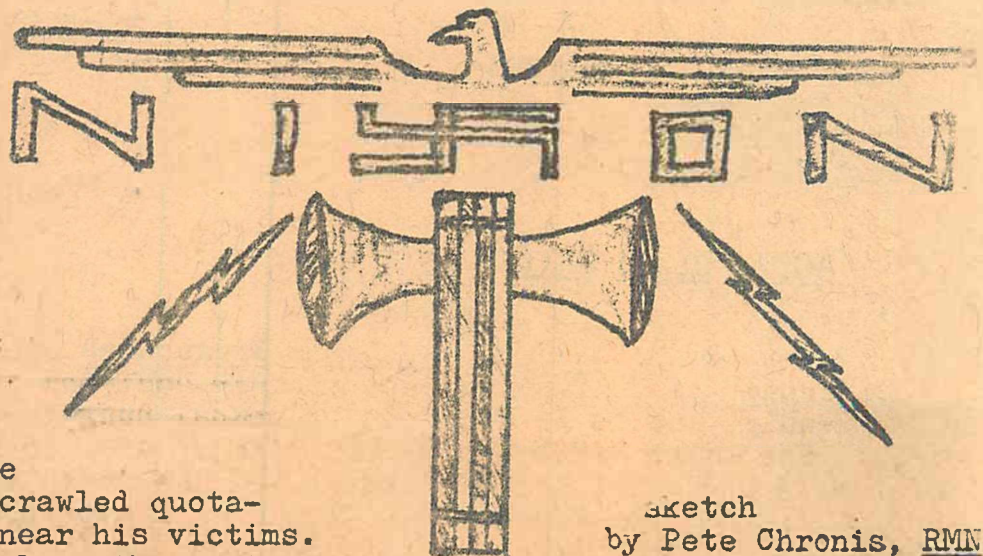


book was written in German, translated by Catherine Noren, if you keep track of that sort of thing), but the setting doesn't seem crucial. On the other hand, though, maybe it is. Maybe the book can be read as an allegory of modern Germany. The little girl is sinful and evil and unrepentant, all right; no question about that. Her behavior is shocking and detestable, and it's easy to dislike her. But no one else in the book is any better. Her brothers are responsible (partly) for arousing and stimulating her sexual interest, and they took advantage of her sexual innocence, in fact taught her what she needed to know in order to exact her horrifying revenge upon them. Her mother is an insincere, selfish, disgusting slob. Her sisters are pigs. The lascivious old and young men that she demolishes along the way simply get what's coming to them. This is an unpleasant book. I couldn't put it down.

I don't think Kurt Vonnegut actually believes in Evil. He'd probably be more cheerful if he did, for a belief in Evil makes possible a belief in Good, and the universe isn't that simple (or do I mean complicated?) in Vonnegut's view. He knows that people hurt each other, and in various books he has accounted for the practice in various ways. In Breakfast of Champions (Delacorte, 1973 -- the current best seller, isn't it? This may be the first time I have ever read a best seller while it was a best seller--), he blames it all on the bad chemicals in the blood -- or the fact that most people are robots; you can sort of take your choice.

If you've read The Exorcist, you could at least guess that William Peter Blatty does see the world in terms of Good and Evil, and his latest book, I'll Tell Them I Remember You (Norton \$5.95) gives confirmation -- in a way. There's no Evil in the new book, at least not explicit, but it is filled with Good. On the surface it's a loving memoir of his mother, and done very well, without much sentimentality and a great deal of humor. It turns very serious toward the end as Blatty tells of his mother's efforts to communicate with him after her death -- and of her success. Blatty is a good writer. I try to believe with him that Good triumphs.

Colin Wilson views the world not so much as a matter of Good vs. Evil as Intelligence vs. Stupidity, and his faith in Intelligence is just as strong, and persuasive, as Blatty's faith in Good. The Glass Cage (Bantam \$1.25) may not be the book of Wilson's that best illustrates his philosophy, but it's the one I happen to have read most recently. A Ripper-type murderer leaves scrawled quotations from Blake near his victims. A Blake scholar solves the mystery.



Sketch  
by Pete Chronis, RMN  
copy desk chief



There are two other books that I want to mention, but they don't fit any more neatly into the Good-Evil, Optimism-Pessimism pattern than The Glass Cage does, so I'll settle for very brief summaries.

The Chinese Agent by Michael Moorcock (Ace 75¢) is the least typical Moorcock book I've ever read. It's a sort of a spy story. It's a sort of Fu Manchu in reverse. The agent of the Red Chinese is a very mild, gentle sort of fellow; timid, in fact. He sees his English counterpart as the typical villainous agent -- ruthless, deadly, all-powerful, in touch with a terrifying network of under-world accomplices. In actuality, Jerry Cornell is an agent only because it's a little better than being in prison. He has no more enthusiasm for his job than Kung Fu Tzu has for his. The situation is complicated by a Chinese-American jewel thief. Fun. Not to be taken seriously under any circumstances.

The Napoleon of Notting Hill by G. K. Chesterton (The Bodley Head, 1904) would be an alternate-universe tale if written today. Chesterton wrote it as a vision-of-the future, and the temptation is strong in the first chapter to argue with him that a hundred years would bring far more changes than he allows. Forget it. That's unimportant. Accept the premise that England has accepted a governmental system of absolute-monarchy-by-lottery, and the story clicks beautifully. Everybody is eligible to become king. If your number comes up, you're absolute monarch for life. The newly-chosen king is sick of modernism. He longs for the glorious days of yore, so he decrees that all the divisions and suburbs of London shall seek to regain their lost heritage. And if they don't know what their heritage is, the king invents it for them, along with suitable traditions and customs and ceremonies and heraldic charges. The mayor of Notting Hill takes him seriously. The book is lots of fun, but it wouldn't still be as readable as it is today if it had been written just for fun.

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 NOTES title heading? Meant to mention that Gail Barton drew the  
 IN fuse thanks, since I'm counting heavily on Gail to provide  
 CLOSING future decorations -- also for D'APA covers.//Pete Chronis  
 \*\*\*\*\* is another of those people with more talent than he knows  
 what to do with. He's a newspaperman, a doodler -- and, importantly,  
 a poet. I'll print some of his poems in future issues.

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