

GODOT -- five
FAPA Mailing lll
Mike Deckinger Apt. 10-K 25 Manor Drive Newark, New Jersey 07106

The Silver Springs Science Fiction, Root Beer and Go Association Journal
/Louis R. Chauvenet and Ron Ellik/

If fans genuinely had little in common there would be a noticeable decrease within fandom (both apa and non-apa) of arguments concerning such diversities as religion, politics, jazz, sex, and many of the topics normally subjected to critical scrutinization. Because these topics have some sort of fascination, however insubstantial in some cases, they are frequently the butt of converging viewpoints. Everyone looks upon them, but just a little differently and with a shade more bias than his neighbor.

The day the Kennedy half-dollars were issued to the public, a co-worker, who was originally employed at a nearby bank until circumstances forced his resignation, slipped over to this bank and bought up ten dollars worth of the coins from a teller he had been friendly with, even though limitations had been set on the amount sold to outsiders because of the expected popular interest in them. He then returned to his present location and proceeded to offer the Kennedy half dollars to fellow employees for one dollar apiece. Quite a surprisingly large number of persons paid an extra 100% for the privilege of obtaining this coin. Many confessed they bought it only as a memento of the late President, and had no intention of spending it. One person complained that the coins were inaccurate since they didn't show the bullet holes.

I've seen both merry-go-rounds and carousels and they both looked reasonably similar to me. If there is a difference it may depend on the location of the structure, rather than its appearance.

I can't help but agree with you concerning Philip K. Dick. Many of his newer novels are merely doctored expansions of older short stories, in some instances several short stories unsatisfactorily tied together. He was better before The Man in the High Castle.

Cold weather can be adjusted to quite as readily as warm weather. A heavy, ice-laden snowfall that piles up in mounds along the ground, and transforms streets into glass-surfaced driving hazards is just as objectionable as a hot summer day when the mercury reaches 90 or above and the humidity hangs moist and suspended in the air. Few geographical areas exists in a partial compromise of these extremes, so the best alternative is probably a spot that undergoes periodic climatic changes so you can experience regulated dosages of both.

Sercon's Bane #23
/F.M. Busby/

The apartment house we live in has a dozen, coin-operated television sets conveniently located within the laundry room, and operable at all times. A quarter is inserted in a slot on the side of the set, and this begins the programs, prefaced by a stream of water that spurts out of the inner viscera of the machine and soaks the interior. This is verified by staring through the round, and movable screen on the front. There is only one program visible, however, and this resembles a combination of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" and "Moby Dick". Occasional soapsuds may lash across the screen, but since there is no accompanying audible pitchman pushing a laundry product, we look upon this as an ineffectual example of subliminal advertising.

"To me it is fantastic that we who object to a particularly sordid offence are the ones to be condemned..." Then lets keep the objections on that level, instead of resorting to foul and needless personal attacks that neither cite the alleged offence, nor exonerate the aggressor.

Membership cards aren't entirely admission tickets to a convention, since at most past cons, outsiders could easily enter, irregardless of whether they had registered. I think of them as a form of receipt or acknowledgement, affirming your membership in the organization, and of course a keepsake in the future, of the past event.

Vaughan Meader, accent unspecified, opened with a new, un-Kennedy comedy routine at a New York nightclub about six months ago. The critics were not too kind about his act, they found it uncertain and with few bright spots and I haven't seen any word of him resuming the act elsewhere. He has a new comedy record out, but the strength of it lies in the monologues and dialogue, rather than flip impersonations. He hasn't perfected his art of mimicry beyond the unusable JFK stage, and is still fumbling for a solid foundation.

Wraith #23

/Wrai Ballard/

The new tax laws theoretically lessen the taxpayer's charges, but I wound up owing more this year than I did last. I also had the sticky nuisance of filling out a New York State income tax form for nonresidents, since I worked there last year, as well as the Federal form. The New York forms have been simplified to the level of a multiple problem that a computer would zealously sweat over.

Your friend, who found it more profitable to quit instead of competing with the company's raises deserves to work for The Diners' Club, where I was for a year. He wouldn't have to worry about the ascending effects of raises, since the company doesn't beleive in granting them.

Bookstore browsing is a sport I can no longer indulge in. There just aren't any in this area and the most I can do is content myself with glancing through the skimpy paperback section of one of the college bookstores.

I always thought a drunken tape was one soaked in gin.

Frozen dinners are acceptable eating, but a form of cheating when you claim you cooked them, since they are prepared by a simple thawing process, and very little culinary talent is needed to produce one. I do the cooking when my wife is out or working, and thus far the results have been fairly agreeable with both. On a dare I baked a cake, which came out springy and tasty, but was ruined by a poorly prepared icing mix that suffered from a lack of water, and hardened before I could evenly spread it over the cake.

The Rambling Fap #36

/Gregg Calkins/

But Walter Breen's value as a writer has been proven; it should be self-evident to anyone who's read Walter's apazines, or his contributions to genzines that he can and does write with a great deal of skill, authority and clarity, from critical evaluations to fanciful fiction. This in no way affects him or the Boondoggle, but it's certainly a point in favor of his presence in FAPA.

Glue (or cor-flu) sniffing is an acceptable vice as long as you stay away from New Jersey. It's now a crime for a shopkeeper to sell model airplane glue to minors, because of the high incidence of teenagers purchasing the stuff and then going off on prolonged glue-sniffing binges. Because of this new provision, there are such ludicrous examples of its enforcement, as the case of a candy storeowner who sold a tube of glue to a ten year old boy who had just purchased a model airplane. An overzealous policeman happened to observe this forbidden transaction and notified the authorities. The shopkeeper was arrested and held overnight while the boy was questioned and exhibited a bedroom full of model airplanes as evidence of his good intentions in purchasing the glue. The authorities decided the storekeeper had committed no crime and released him.

I don't see how the death of Ian Fleming would affect "The Man from U.N.-C.L.E.". The program was conceived as a flabby take-off on the Bond books, but Fleming exerted no influence beyond that, and his death created no gulfs that the scriptwriters couldn't cope with. The only new program on the idiot-box that seems to be worth spending time on is "Profiles in Courage" which features stories of a remarkably high degree of maturity and depth, certainly more than the cardboard and clumsy plotting of a typical adventure or comedy show. "Profiles..." has been accorded very distinguished and praiseworthy reviews, commendable enough to convince the men behind it that their time was justified in creating the series. Whenever a program receives wide critical acclaim the inevitable occurs; it is removed from the air, on some pretext regarding the minority of viewers and the difficulty the sponsor has projecting his message to a limited buying audience. The recent motion pictures, many of them uncut have been welcome. No medium that presents THE MIRACLE WORKER, JUDGEMENT AT NUREMBERG, EXODUS, BLACK ORPHEUS, and HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR can be accused of totally wallowing in the mediocre.

There's no doubt "The Addams Family" is superior to "The Munsters". But in both cases there's little attempt at any probing originality and the stories emerge as weak social commentaries. The former program relies too heavily on the gag situation of introducing an outsider, unfamiliar with the Addams' bizarre habitat, to the household, and drawing on the humor of the individuals' shock, consternation, and astonishment. This is acceptable once or twice, but overuse deadens the effect. On the positive side, the Addams are always self-assured and robust, they display complete mastery over themselves and intruders. The Munsters are timid and quite hesitant when it comes to normal social relations. The severity of their introversion retards the normal flow of wit.

Pantopon
/Ruth Berman/

I've read selections from "Houseboat on the Styx", by John K. Bangs which may fit your definition of a good farcical horror story. The dialogue is sharp and flip and provides most of the laughs, the situation is outre but not humorous. Thorne Smith might perhaps approach this genre, though his books weren't strictly horror stories. John Collier and Roald Dahl weave irony into their stories, the horror frequently comes from the climax which also provides the ironic twist to the whole series of events. I don't think a horror/humor story, that's successful as a horror story and a humorous story could be written. The two qualities are at extremes, any dosages of humor meaningfully detract from the horror content.

Jock Root for TAFF
/Blake Maxam/

It's good of Maxam to explain who Jock Root is. Now will someone, perhaps Root, explain who Blake Maxam is?

And is there any significance to having both Root and Carr, in their individual TAFF plugs, depicted in a frantic pursuit of a fleeing female? Does this indicate some pertinent characteristic which the proponents are reluctant to declare outright, but feel compelled to hint at?

Phantasy Press #47
/Dan Macphail/

It's unwise to immerse oneself in the past, but we can cite what's gone before, in order to draw some abject lessons governing future behaviour. The past teaches, the future merely presents uncertainty and doubt.

Metzger was striking at the dedicated opportunists who see nothing beyond their service and performance to the military, while at the same time utilizing this order as a convenient outlet for their emotional pressures, and directing these energies against the one object that can't return the hostility; the common soldier. There is no comparison between these men and the civilian who takes a job at an army post in order to make ends meet. The latter is a more reliable and dependable sort, but the former, because of his position, is the more formidable of the two and the least worthy of emulation.

This is Sgt. O'Reilly
/Earl Kemp/

A charming fable for the budding mind. A sequel could be written on the habits of the Southern policemen, who have turned out to be the greatest thing for law-breakers since gunpowder.

The Bull Moose #3
/Bill Morse/

The inability to hear everything being said in your proximity can be a distinct blessing, as well as a nuisance. Another co-worker of mine, Henry by name, was totally deaf in one ear, and partially in the other. He wore hearing aids but preferred to maintain conversations by relying on lip reading, which he was quite accomplished at. (A favorite trick of his was to watch televised sports matches and "read" the cuss words coming from prominent sports figures when embroiled in an argument). Henry had the misfortune to be a pawn in bureaucratic fumbling as practiced so painstakingly by this firm. He found himself alone in a department with a half dozen old women who chattered as if they had not spoken a single word in the past thirty years and were trying to make up for the unpardonable breach. Henry merely shut his hearing aid and did his work quietly, competently, and with no vocal distractions. The last I heard of him he was given his Army physical for possible induction into the Armed Forces. The interrogating officer called his name four times before Henry heard him.

CLEOPATRA certainly was a vast disappointment. The few worthwhile moments of the film could be pared down into a series of vignettes lasting twenty minutes at the most. The rest was an incohesive mass of rapid dialogue, opulent settings, and remarkably poor acting, with the exception of Rex Harrison, and possibly Richard Burton. Elizabeth Taylor should have gotten her asp out of there. But then most spectacles are rarely comparable to the extravagant build-up they receive through the press and other media. Once the customer has paid his admission fee the responsibility of the exploitation unit ends.

Life imprisonment should mean precisely that, with no opportunity for the condemned man to be released after serving a shortened term. Too many officials regard prisoners when convicted as men paying back their "debt to society" for the commission of some foul, anti-social act that can not be tolerated. But beyond that, there is also the truth that someone who commits a crime, with full awareness and comprehension of his act, can do so again and again. Imprisonment must convey not only the sense of repayment, but the more meaningful determination of preventing the individual from ever repeating himself. If this requires his imprisonment for life, then the course is justified. If the crime calls for the death penalty then either the convicted one is to receive it, or else the jury is as guilty as he is.

The Quatt Wunkery
/Charles Wells/

I doubt if self-defence is preferable to calm acceptance when it comes to facing a squad of older, boys with destructive inclinations. Most students treat athletes with greater respect than scholars, and a boy who handles his fists

with enough effeciency to inflict some noticeable pain is likely to fare better than the bookish, reserved student who uses words in battles. The boy who can do litte when picked upon establishes himself as an easy target for any young punk who wants to assert himself in the front of others.

Next Week: East Lynn
/Dick Eney/

Granted it's an amusing exchange but because the second quote is plainly taken out of context, it lacks effectiveness.

Horizons #101
/Harry Warner/

That's a good cover, but an odd place to wear a Halloween mask.

There must be specific geographical pockets that experience overdoses of one common name. Not only have I not noticed a situation of many "Barbaras", but I've known very few girls with that name, either in school or out. One the other hand, I've always been able to find a "Bob" or "Robert" practically wherever I went. Shall we trade two Roberts for two Barbaras?

Most older reprints don't need modification of their age, the fact is plainly visible in their first paragrph. This doesn't apply to all material, of course, but a great deal of matter depends on situations and phrases that are popular for a short span of time, and then suddenly lose their prominence.

Funerals today are still conducted as rituals, but rituals of commercialism and hard sell, when the greived can least afford to make extravagent purchases. I don't object to a ceremony being conducted when a loved one is buried, but I do find the practice of permitting others to profit at this tragedy to be vile and tasteless. And along the subject of making profit from a tragedy, I should cite a hardcover book I glanced at on a shelf in the local library. The title: ONE DAY. The author: Wright Morris. The subject matter; a fictional account of the reactions to the Kennedy assissination, as experienced by a number of charactors the author has created. It's good to know that even a day of inter-national tragedy is suitable for the theme of a fictional work, so that the writer makes his money because persons are still concerned with the shoot-ing, and not because he has utilized a particularly stimulating theme.

We have a cat, because my wife is terribly fond of the beasts, and I have reluctantly agreed to her keep, even though it frequently means being awakened in the middle of the night in order to urge the feline to cease her wall scatching, which is not only audible but damaging. The cat has never been in the pangs of budding motherhood, because she is of a timid nature and dis-likes venturing beyond our apartment door. And I will not do anything to promote the future feline race by conducting a cathouse in this apartment. Theoretically all pets are restricted from our premises, but the other tenants (some 2,000 strong) are hearty pet lovers, and the management overlooks this breach of contract. The blame really is not entirely on the pets, the children are far more destructive and noisy, than one overstarved cat can ever be. The tenants steadfastly refuse to dispose of them, either.

Probably a worse situation than finding a slushpile crammed with manuscripts patterned after old classics, is the slush pile with manuscripts not patterned after the old classics. I frequently am nudged into beleiving this is the case in most prozines by just reading an average issue. At least the old classics offered ideas and stimulation, together with bad writing and absurd plotting. Today's fiction stresses the last points too heavily.

The New York Daily News ran a poll prior to the election, in which they cor-rectly predicted the victories of Johnson, and the now Sen. Kennedy with startling accuracy when compared to the final figures. Since the News' is doctored to be read by the "ignorant conservative" I imagine the editorial staff was struck by consternation when it came to issuing an official endorsement. They finally wiggled out of this situation by ignoring both candidacies, on the grounds

was suitable for this position, leaving the choice to the voter, despite their strong (and often foolish) pro-Goldwater pronouncements of the past. Once the votes were tabulated and returns compared with the News' poll, there was little difference between the two. The News ran several articles praising itself for the accuracy of the poll, and promised to do even better at the next election. The editor's back-patting was so pronounced that he came close to dislocating his arm.

I wish you would say something about Disney-fandom. There are many adults of reasonable sense and sophistication who are admirers of Walt, as well as the vast juvenile population who consider his name synonymous with Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, etc.etc. Have you ever delved into the probable existence of an Ian Fleming fandom? I'm sure there must be an enthusiastic following, but they seem to be a disorganized bunch who maintain little contact with each other, compared to the zeal of Sherlock Holmes fans, let us say.

I have a small advertising flyer from Forum Publishers announcing Maurice Gardner's latest book, "Island Paradise", included in a Burroughs fanzine called Norb's Notes. According to the vivid description, this book contains ten stories by the author of the famous Bantan books. The publisher is confident that this will be as big a seller as they were. "The first story is a short novel titled Island Paradise, and concerns the adventures of a shipwrecked Dr. Edgar Hunter upon Marja Island, when the services of a medical man are most urgently required, for an epidemic is raging in the village. He diagnoses its nature and effects a cure. The chief's daughter, a teenage girl, is one of the patients, and feels her life belongs to the White God. Doctor Hunter does not feel he should return the girl's affection for the very good reason, that though unmarried, he is over twice her age, and, being an American, feels he will be rescued ere long. When a year has passed and no rescue has come, it is only then that the doctor succumbs to the indolence of the tropics, and romance with the chief's daughter." Another novellette, Besbia, is about Nanya, "a white girl marooned upon a small island as a child, who, at womanhood, is acclaimed queen because of her wisdom at the death of the childless chief." The other stories involve Bantan and are, presumably, just as intriguing and stimulating as these quoted. The jacket and illustrations are by David Prosser.

I remember three or four Bomba films, with Johnny Sheffield as a young Tarzan whose mastery of the jungle and its denizens was comparable to Burroughs' character. Once in a while they turn up on afternoon television over the weekend.

I can easily sympathize with you over the hopefulness of your position. It's quite similar to conditions at The Diners' Club, where I used to work before I joined an insurance firm. Raises were granted very grudgingly and it was not at all uncommon for employees to go years without a shift in salary. The company offered absolutely no benefits, gave little promise of advancement, and underpaid those victims who were driven by desperation to maintain their jobs. The building we worked in was filthy in appearance, because the officers were too stingy to hire adequate cleaning help. The department heads, generally speaking and with few exceptions, were incompetent and inept, who won their positions through favors granted to the executives. Since its birth, the Company had been run almost singlehandedly by its founder, who became a millionaire, and with each million grew just a little bit more miserly and cheap, until his death last year when morale and working conditions were at an inconceivable low.

The definition of a mailman is hardly applicable. Most mail carriers are honest, dedicated, hard working men who go out of their way to see that mail is delivered to the proper recipient. Any oppressive measures they perform are done so on orders. They certainly have no control over mail censorship or confiscation. If anyone is to blame, it's the postal officials who enact these edicts.

Avanc #8

/Dick Eney/

As I recall, the SeaCon had a problem with the masqueraders who also felt a cloud of smoke would add a needed dramatic touch to their entrance. The only trouble was that the committee had not been told of it first, and the use of the smoke device violated some local fire ordinances. The effect was sufficiently flamboyant to draw attention to the costumers (who were local non-fans) but did not ingratiate them with the con committee.

The DOUBLE-BILL pro party you speak of was given expressly for the pros, and expressly to thank them for their assistance in filling out and returning the questionnaire that Lloyd Biggle drew up. The results were some seventy or so returned statements, many of them displaying a perceptivity and profundity that is rarely offered for nothing, in a fan magazine, no less. I don't think Mallardi or Bowers were deliberately trying to snub fandom, which they are very much a part of, but felt obligated to display their thanks to the pro participants, most of whom could have spent their time writing for money, instead of replying to a series of questions. Unless a party is actively promoted as being open to anyone, it's up to the host to decide who enters and who doesn't. Very often he is responsible for the drink and food, and he is always responsible for the room, doesn't he have the right to determine whom he wishes to share it with?

It's unfortunate that the irresponsible wing of the Breen defences was present at the convention. I fail to see how behaviour that can be classified, at most, as obnoxious, insolent, and indefensibly childish, can be used as a tactic to punish the convention and the committeemen. Disruptive tactics at any convention is taken as an affront to all those present, and that includes not only the committee members but the attendees, fan and pro, and the guests of honor. Simple indifferent picketing would have been considerably more effective, and would have been less of a strain to the more overwrought boycotters who released their frustrations by making nuisances of themselves. The Schwern/Buechley incident is tragic. I didn't witness it, of course, but from various accounts I've read, both from pro and anti Breen members, I'm convinced that Miss Schwern was very much in the wrong, and if Buechley belted her after all this nonsense, than good for him, say I. Gretchen Scwern sounds like a very undesirable element for any convention. It's too bad incidents like this were committed in Walter Breen's name.

It's good to learn the Cult is a sanely managed organization that refuses to indulge in needless quibbling over superfluous details and operates at all times with the members' best interest in mind. And I'm also encouraged to observe the Cult has such promising future FAPAns among its roster as Tapscott and Eklund.

Damballa #6

/Chuck Hansen/

You've already overcome half the battle, if you realize you can't sing when others insist that you do. It's more irritating to hear a singer who can't sing, when he knows he can. This breed can be found, in great numbers, on most A.M. radio stations.

"Baker Street" has been playing on Broadway for close to a month, and is already a solid, and lucrative hit. Fritz Weaver plays Sherlock Holmes and most of the critics find him, and the show, quite engaging. I find this innovation no more sacriligious than the plans to turn "Brave New World" into a musical next season. If you still find it hard to conceive of a Sherlock Holmes musical pick up the album at a good music store.

Themis #1

/Curtis Janke/

Congratulations, you pass your typing exercise!

Serenade #5

/Richard Bergeron/

The gadget's in James Bond's gimmicked car in GOLDFINGER operated according to specifications. His capture was due to the strength, and number of the opposition, not because of any mechanical malfunction. Pussy Galore was a lesbian in the book, and a few sly hints are dropped concerning this in the film. I think it would take more than a frantic roll in the hay to cause her to switch allegiance, but then perhaps Bond has other attractions we are unaware of.

KimChi #4

/Dick and Pat Ellington/

"It's also very unnerving to try to concentrate on a planned poker game when a party develops around one." And it's even more damned unnerving to concentrate on a planned party when a poker game develops around one.

"...I would cite the fairly common accident of getting a small bit of fuzz of some kind in the gas line." The long arm of the law?

Self-Preservation #7

/Lee Hoffman

The Ecumenical Council excused the Jews from killing Christ, with the provision that they don't do it again.

The episode of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" you refer to is actually a series of stock shots from Allen's "The Lost World" which he released around 1960. It was by no means an even passable film, surely something with Jill St. John in shorts, being chased by a giant lizard is no more adult science fiction than "Pagan Passions" was. From a budget angle, I imagine the producers were satisfied with the insertion of the older footage, but it was painfully evident that the dinosaur and other scenes were not conceived expressly for the television series.

Asp #4

/Bill Donaho/

It's Jonas Mekas, not Meeker. A Village Voice article told of the audience held for William Burroughs. After fidgeting around for half an hour, facing a bare stage, a suave, well dressed man wandered out in front of the group, mumbled a few lines, seemed to grow disgusted with his surroundings, and walked away. People waited for him to return but he didn't. Many of those assembled expressed the belief that this was some sort of hoax and the brief guest was not William Burroughs.

Both "Sleep" and "Empire" were made by pop artist Andy Warhol. The latter is an eight hour "epic" that is one, motionless shot of the Empire State Building on a cloudy day, lengthened to eight hours. The film had its premiere recently and I had assumed that those who went would have some intimation of what they were in store for. Apparently not, however; a few curious onlookers were roped in by the prospect of viewing an eight hour film. After the first half hour about thirty of them marched out of the theatre, indignantly strode to the admission booth, and threatened to lynch the ticket-taker if there money was not immediately refunded. Not even Warhol denies the monotony and boredom of the film, he just feels it conveys the emotion he envisions. This may be so, but I can achieve like boredom through many of the non-artistic tv program that are created with no lofty images in mind.