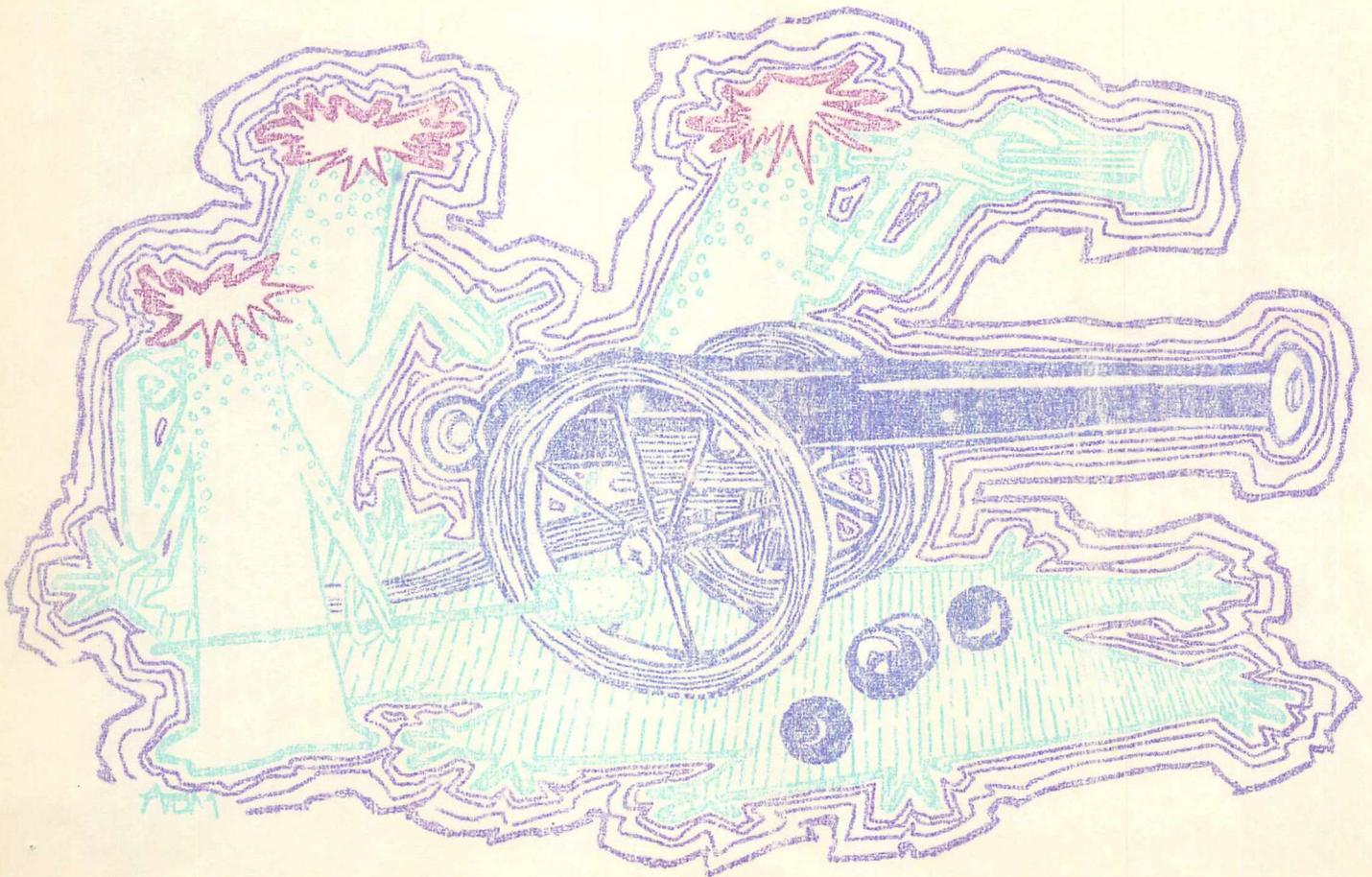


KLEIN BOTTLE

No 5 August 1960





KLEIN BOTTLE #5, August 1960, is published for the 92nd FAPA Mtg. by Terry and Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California. A select number of waitinglisters receive it, too, and we hope they'll comment or even write an article or three.

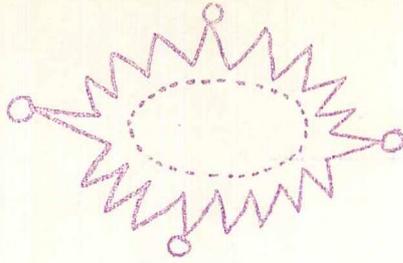
When you're justifying the margins, be very sure to plan ahead.

Cover	Arthur Thomson
...Any Bottles, Any Barrels...	Miriam
The Kookie Jar	William Rotsler
Some Words With The Devil	Terry
The Transcendental Skwee	Miriam
Comments on comments on comments on	Terry
Klein Comment	waitinglisters, mostly
A Letter To The Editor	Charles D. Hornig
Bacover	Bjo

INTERIOR ARTWORK:

William Rotsler, Ray Nelson, Alva Rogers, Trina, Denness Morton, and Bjo, in about that order through the issue. Sorry, we charge exorbitant prices for the deluxe edition of KLEIN BOTTLE with page-numbers.

Alva Rogers is this issue's Good Man, having mastered his own illo for "Some Words With The Devil". And while Bjo will never be a Good Man, she was very obliging about doing illos for us in the middle of a party, and we appreciate it. That bacover, by the way, is an actual true illustration of a scene at a party at Joe and Robbie Gibson's place; the caption was spoken by Sid Coleman.



... ANY BOTTLES, ANY BARRELS ...

being a sort of an editorial
rushed off at the last minute
by Miriam Carr

The title this time is sort of esoteric, but not too. Does anyone recognize the allusion? Coulsons, Leeh, anyone?

I'd better take back something rash I said in "The Transcendental Skwee" this issue. We really don't have any kittens for adoption--mainly, because they've all been adopted except the one we're keeping. That bit was written weeks ago; I didn't really mean to tell lies,

I want to make a correction to Terry's statement about Trina's and my opinions on why so many women don't like women. I think it's because of the competition-element, but (last I heard, anyway) Trina doesn't like women because they are dull, boring, bourgeois clods. Of course, this isn't all women, but Women...you know, like as a race. I can't decide whether or not Trina isn't giving women a chance or if she just knows a lot of dull, boring, bourgeois, cloddish women.

Every day in every way I'm getting more bourgeois. -Trina

To be pseudo-Campbellish as all getout, (modest fanfare) PREVIEWS OF C*O*U*N*G A*T*T*R*A*C*T*I*O*N*S. If I get them written, there will be two articles by me next issue, one on the case of Caryl Chessman and one on my experiences at the HUAC hearing in San Francisco this last spring. We also expect to have Bill Rotsler's Solacon report, or at least part of it. We have on hand, but didn't have time to print this time, a humorous tho sick article by Elmer Perdue. Don Wilson is writing an article for us at this very minute that will plunge all fandom into war, or set us back one fandom, or at least upset Ted Pauls.

The editors of KLEIN BOTTLE wish to express thanks to Karen Anderson, who helped run this thing off, and to Danny Curran and Bill Donaho, who said they'll help collate.

See you in November.

Miriam

a turtle
in a box





THE KOOKIE JAR

by William Rotsler

(NOTE: This issue's column covers Rotsler's writings from October 1959 up to February 1960.)

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE I MIGHT AGREE WITH YOU IF I DID:

Called up Bjo, found "the hired plonkers" were there putting out a bunch of fanzines, so I drove down to "help". First time I'd been there.

Cast: Trimble, bare-chested with the hair on his chest looking like fall-out from his moustache. Ernie Wheatly, about whom there are certain tales of high living at the Detroit Convention. Rick Sneary, who had the best lines of the day, including the chapter heading above. Al Lewis, trim and proper and contained as always. A bit later there was Jack Harness, his usual smiling face thrusting his harsh eyes at you. (Heard a beautiful line by Ellik: "Harness is as clear as a three-dollar bill.")

They were all busy doing this and that. Ernie and I helped Trimble assemble Bjo's SAPSine GIM TREE after I had drawn a cover for it. I did an invitation to the 25th Anniversary LASFS meeting that will annoy the more conservative members of the club. The cover for GIM TREE had a few digs at SAPS ("SAPS is for the people who couldn't make it in FAPA"). I had a nice time.

MOMMY, THE MAN WITH THE CEMENT LEG IS HERE!:

John Strait, who had a Big Accident recently, is back in town. The heading is what a friend's daughter said to him back east. Brief rundown: the driver of the car was cut in two by the steering wheel when they hit the car carrier. John went through the windshield, breaking in eleven places from right knee to ribs. Scraped all the flesh off his right foot. Sliced left knee cap in two. Split his tongue, smashed his back teeth. Fractured his skull when his head hit the back of the truck ahead...a jagged piece of steel cut his jugular vein...his life was saved by the truck driver who lifted John off a steel point...he was left lying across the hood because they thought he was dead...found later he was still bleeding. He was unconscious five days. Meanwhile they literally shoved his head bones back into position, and replaced the crumpled silver plate in his head (from Korea). He is now in a body cast from the right ankle to high on the ribs and around his hips. He cut off the top

The Kookie Jar--II

part (armpits down to above waist) of the cast so he could take off from the hospital and hitchhike back to L.A....in blizzards, etc. Was let off three miles from town by a farmer back east and took four and a half hours to walk on his crutches through a snowstorm or sleet or something. I told him he'd better keep out of states with hanging because that was the only way he was going to go.

I'll do his biography some day as "The Short Happy Life of John Strait".

I SPOKE AN OBSCURE MATHEMATICAL FORMULA AND ONE OF THE GUESTS MELTED INTO THE CARPET:

Burbee said that, explaining a smear on Ackerman's carpet. Bjo, Elmer Perdue, and Isabel Burbee were there. Kris and Lil Neville dropped in later. We had the "usual" excellent dinner ala Isabel. Lots of good talk, as you might expect.

Burbee: "I do most of the talking in my family...whenever I can get my wife to shut up."

Neville?: "I had a hard time translating British into English."

Burb: "What's wrong with that? A doctor makes his living off sick bodies and we make our living off sick minds."

This last one referred to the fannish religion we got on again. If you remember, some time ago a number of us decided at a party to make fandom a duly recorded religion, thus accruing benefits taxwise, half-fare on jets, etc etc. (We'd all be ministers, you see.) This time we thought of a working title--Cosmic Brotherhood, thunk up by Burbee. We work on a "Cosmic Schedule" (WR) and can publish a fanzine Bible. Fanzine can go for, I think, $\frac{1}{2}$ a copy as religious tracts. I suggested putting the religious stuff on the inside back cover so you can tear it off and throw it away. The rest of the fanzine is devoted to the social activities of the religion, Brother. Panac, in other words.

Burbee says that with three people to sign up and \$15 we can register a new religion and all is legal. We must, apparently, maintain some sort of semblance of a religion, but we figured that with any questions coming up we would just send Kris Neville around with one of his famous sermons to convince them.

I reworded the thoughts of several people into, "Our new religion, invented tonight, is 5,000 years old. It was born the first time a man yearned for the stars." We will claim our religion to be suitable for Today, for the Space Age, for Tomorrow.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON:

I saw Lisa, who was suffering from a slight cold. Abney had been giving her a geographical lesson--"Here we are and here's Mimi and Granddaddy and up here in Denmark is Knud's mother and father," etc. Lisa asked if she could ask a question and took the pointer and pointed at South America and said, "What is that?" Abney told her and Lisa said firmly, "Right!"

THANKSGIVING 1959:

Coming in over Beverly Glen Boulevard I saw John Strait hitchhiking...picked him up, took him to the place he's staying. Found out he had been hit a few days before by a racing T-bird on narrow, dark, twisting Beverly Glen...broke his cast and one crutch...the car zoomed off...otherwise unhurt. (You can't kill John Strait.)

The Kookie Jar--III

HAIKU ARE YOU? or, I DON'T KNOW THE FORM BUT I KNOW THE FEELING:
Let's see if I can write a few,

a great bubble night,
with stars running wetly down the sides,
surrounds us like God.

lying on my pillow,
I hear the crunching beat of my blood,
and see raindrops blindly strike the
window pane.

you smiled and touched your lips
with brushing fingers
to carry the smile to me.

the warm wind, gentle as
a lover's touch,
moves her hair, an ornamental
nimbus,
and my lips kiss its movements.

I become one with ruffled
blanket
sharing dusty time, my thoughts
roam the ceiling
listlessly probing.

here,
where a continent slides into the ocean,
I sit and feel the wet fragrance of
the sea.

FORREST J ACKERMAN, YOU ARE THE WILDEST!:

17 Dec. I came home tonight from a hard day at the factory and the phone rang. I sighed and shuffled over to it, limping ever so slightly from a bad left knee and wearing only shorts and a sock with a teeny hole in it. A rather timid sounding shemale voice asked if I were William Rotsler and I naturally had to admit it. I don't hide my light under a bushel (whatever in hell that means). She said her name was Sherry Everetts and, uh, er, she...umm... "Maybe I better read this to you. 'I come to you with a half hour of my time as a photographer's model prepaid by a Mr. Forrest J Ackerman.'"

I broke up. There was more about her being a Christmas gift, 34-23-35, light-red hair and coming to the house but I was laughing too hard.

Forrest J Ackerman, you are the wildest!

EVERYTHING I'VE SAID CAN BE SAID IN MIXED COMPANY--BOYS AND MEN:

Burbee said that. Sunday morning I had breakfast with Ernie Wheatley and got to know Dan Curran and Brian Donahue better; seem like nice guys. Early in the afternoon the people started to gather for the combination housewarming and Farewell To Ellie Turner Who Is Flying To Germany With Child To Be With Husband Party being held at the new home of Trimble/Wheatley/Pelz.

Pelz showed slides while I talked to Burbee in the kitchen, and I made Bruce reshoot the ones with Grennell. Funniest slide, however, was Caughran and Ellik in front of the Steve Canyon statue.

Burbee had some good lines. He asked me what I was short on in QUOTEBOOK and all I could think of was Truth and Night. So he starts. "Day engenders more Truth than Night." "Marriage pulls the curtain down on sex." "The average woman won't screw in the daytime till she's 28." "He's counting to five in the Chinese manner." (You have to hear this story to get this one.) "You look like a man who could piss valuable trace elements." (Burb says he always urinates at the bases of trees because they could use those trace elements he feels sure are in (at least) his urine.)

The Kookie Jar--IV

Others spoke, too. Rick Sneary said, "He doesn't know which side his swash is buckled on." He also passed on Stan Woolston's "I never drew a tesseract that wasn't somehow out of whack." Ellik said something in his stumbling way that I cleaned up to "A homosexual is one who has not kept faith with his sex."

I'VE GOT TO MAKE A MOVIE TOMORROW AND MY STAR IS LYING DEAD DRUNK ON THE FLOOR:

Saturday night I drove out to the Edge of the Earth (San Fernando Valley), drove past the corner of Willis and Roscoe Avenues, and eventually wound up at the housewarming of Lee and Jane Jacobs.

Ed Cox was there with Bjo as his date and later, when Bjo got loaded (she did not remember anything of it the next day), she sat in my lap and blew/kissed in my ear like Lisa does which makes a sort of muffled explosion go off in your headbone, inside. She doesn't remember that or teaching me how to cut out a string of paper dolls or other, more embarrassing things. She finally ~~passed~~ ~~off~~ went to sleep on the floor, lying on EdCo, who didn't move and so eventually went to sleep himself. (Thus the section heading.) Just as well. Bjo was beginning to tell Ed, "Hit him!" and point at me and Ed would look faintly distressed and say something like, "But he just gave me a Tattooed Dragon!"

Kris Neville was there and at one point I was sitting by his wife Lil, who is colored, with Bjo on my lap, and Lil got to horsing around and suddenly stuck a piece of candy in my mouth. I didn't know what it was and backed away and managed to nip her fingers with my teeth. She complained I shouldn't do that because it was National Negro History Week. I said she was too historical, licked my lips and murmured, "Hmm, chocolate"....which broke her up.

Other lines: "You go to the Horsehead Nebula and turn right." (WR) "What's escape velocity for a soul?" (Miller and Jane were discussing Seventh Day Adventist theology about how long it takes to go to Heaven or something silly like that.) Wilson quoted someone and I missed the source: "You guys belong to two different heresies."

Anyone know the source of a line from an Angel Record (possibly Donald Lamb or Donald Swan, part of an English comedy team), "If God hadn't meant us to eat people He wouldn't have made us out of meat."

STRIPS OF BACON: SEX IS HARDLY QUOTABLE:

"Well, don't you look nice," Buni said as I entered Ciro's (where I work) wearing a suit and tie.

"I was on a date," I said.

She looked amused, looked at her watch. It was about midnight. "You didn't score?"

I looked as arch as I could, considering my flat feet. "Sex is not everything, my dear. Sex is merely the figment of your imagination."

"Not my imagination!"

"Sex is as sex does. Dot dot dot, QUOTEBOOK."

"Huh?"

"It's a book I'm getting ready to publish." I looked down her bodice, almost to the belly button. "Say, you've sure got a cute belly button."

"Ring for service..." A customer wanted his hat and it was

The Kookie Jar--V

a few minutes before I could talk to her again, cozy in the back room.

"Gerald Fitzgerald said it was better to live lustfully than to love listlessly."

"Who's Gerald Fitzgerald?"

"An unheralded philosopher of our time." She was standing so close her nearly bare breast was against my arm. "He...uh...he also said he wanted a nice girl that was just a little bit promiscuous."

"Who wrote this quote thing? Gerald Fitzgerald?"

"Well, he wrote a lot of it. I'll give you a copy. It says sex is the friendliest thing two people can do."

"You tell me that all the time."

"I may have ulterior motives. I haven't decided."

"Well...when you make up your mind, tell me." She went to wait on an impatient customer, swinging the derriere which was only clothed in large mesh tights.

"Sex is the coloring book of sensuality," I murmured as she swayed around the corner. Then to myself, "...Dod dot dot...QUOTEBOOK."

--William Rotsler

Some Words With The Devil

by

TERRY GARR

"I've seen through your little game, you know," said John Elsworth Gaines.

"Ah," said the Devil, scratching absently behind his ear with the tip of his tail. "And how is that?"

"These contracts," said John Elsworth Gaines, "are not as binding as your stories have made them out to be."

"My stories?" said the Devil.

"Yes indeed, your stories," said John Elsworth Gaines, who was a short, red-haired man in his middle thirties. "You see, I've been reading up on that subject--contracts with the Devil and so forth." He nodded respectfully to the paper gentleman across the table from him.

"Ah," said the Devil. "A little basic research?"

"Quite right. You use the term 'research' for a reason, but it is valid. Basic research, the scientific method--what better way to deal with the Devil?"

"What better way indeed?" murmured the Satanist majestically. "So I have taken up scholasticism as a sideline this past year."



SOME WORDS WITH THE DEVIL

by

TERRY CARR

"I've seen through your little game, you know," said John Ellsworth Gaines.

"Ah," said the Devil, scratching primly behind his ear with the tip of his tail. "And how is that?"

"These contracts," said John Ellsworth Gaines, indicating the parchment spread before them on the table, "are not as binding as your stories have made them out to be."

"My stories?" said the Devil.

"Yes indeed, your stories," said John Ellsworth Gaines, who was a short, red-haired man in his middle thirties. "You see, I've been reading up on this subject--contracts with the Devil and so forth." He nodded respectfully to the dapper gentleman across the table from him.

"Ah," said the Devil. "A little basic research?"

"Quite right. You use the term facetiously, I realize, but it is valid. Basic research, the scientific method--what better way to deal with the Devil?"

"What better way indeed?" murmured His Satanic Majesty:

"So I have taken up scholasticism as a sideline this past year.

Some Words With The Devil--II

And I've discovered some very interesting facts about you." John Ellsworth Gaines leaned forward in his chair, causing the light from the single table-lamp in the small room to move shadows across his features. "I have discovered, for instance, that your business dealings have not always been as profitable for you as I had at first thought."

"I've had my difficulties at times," the Devil admitted mildly.

"As a matter of fact," continued John Ellsworth Gaines, "for centuries you had extremely few successful cases. Lost almost all, it seems, when it came time to collect the souls. Of course, most of the stories involved some sort of Divine intervention, but I don't think it's necessary to assume that. The people of the Middle Ages were, after all, quite in a rut as regarded their way of thinking."

"Ah," said the Devil. "I remember that."

"I think," said John Ellsworth Gaines, "that you proved over and over again to be a poor student of law." (The Devil raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.) "In case after case you were defeated. In fact, not once, up until the time of Dr. Faust, can I find evidence of your having collected a soul for which you had bargained."

"Those were lean years," said the Devil.

"Lean years indeed," said John Ellsworth Gaines. "Here, let me show you something." He rose and went to a shelf of books, returning with a rather bedraggled volume of some age. He set this in front of the Devil, opened it to a marked page, and standing behind him pointed over his shoulder at a certain passage.

"This is James Russell Lowell, published in 1882. See the passage here about you: 'In popular legend he is made the victim of some equivocation so gross that any court of equity would have ruled in his favor.' And here: 'One is tempted to ask, Were there no attorneys, then, in the place he came from, of whom he might have taken advice beforehand? On the whole, he had rather hard measure, and it is a wonder he did not throw up the business in disgust.'"

"Hmm," said the Devil.

John Ellsworth Gaines closed the book and returned it to his shelf. He waved a hand to indicate the rest of his library.

"There is more here--documented cases, trials of witches and sorcerers and the like. But Lowell sums up the matter quite clearly." He sat down again across the table from his guest.

"It would seem that, for a large part of your career, you were totally incompetent. No offense meant, of course--I'm merely stating the results of my research."

The Devil waved a taloned hand in a mild gesture, and shrugged. "I wouldn't think of arguing the point," he said. "You're quite right."

"Thank you," said John Ellsworth Gaines. "Now, considering this, what am I to think of the stories prevalent in more recent years? Stories of your extreme cleverness, of the way you have proved over and over again that your contracts are unbreakable."

"You referred to them earlier as my stories," said his visitor.

"I did. I think these stories are fabrications, pure and

Some Words With The Devil--III

simple--propaganda on your part. I think that, having been proven a fool at law, you undertook to build up a reputation for yourself as an invincible opponent in such matters. You wrote and circulated stories of incredible subtlety and foresight on your part, inevitably leading to the downfall and ruin of all who tried to break their contracts with you."

The Devil frowned slightly. "I don't quite see the point of your theory," he said. "Why should I want men to think of me as an invincible opponent? Surely that would forestall them from coming to me with their business."

"On the contrary," said John Ellsworth Gaines, "I don't think there is much anyone could do that would cause a decline in your business; it seems to have a perennial attraction for mankind. We all crave wealth and success, and we are willing to go to great lengths in the pursuit of them."

"I've noticed that," said the Devil.

"So I don't think you need fear a... shall we say...recession, in your line," continued John Ellsworth Gaines. "Rather, the only thing you need fear is being beaten out of the souls for which you bargain. And it seems obvious, knowing the background, that your recent propagandizing is aimed at quenching all hope in the hearts of those with whom you do business, so that they will feel it useless to try to outwit you. Thus, you are saved the inconvenience of legal battles to collect your prizes--contests which you have found from experience so often go against you."

"Truth to tell," smiled the Devil, "there hasn't been such a case in court for centuries."

"Then you admit that what I have said is true!" said John Ellsworth Gaines, standing up and leaning over the table.

"A very great deal of it is true," said the Devil mildly, inserting a cigaret in his long holder. He struck a talon against the bottom of one hoof and watched it flare into flame.

John Ellsworth Gaines placed the tip of his finger on the document on the table as the Devil lit his cigaret. "Have you read the fine print?" he said.

"Yes, I have," said the Devil. "It seems quite acceptable to me. In fact, I have signed it already." The other looked, and saw that this was so.

"And now," said the Devil, "will you sign? This has really been very diverting, but as you say, there is no recession in my business, and I'm afraid I have other appointments."

"You are willing to make the compact, in spite of the fact that I know all that I have told you?" said John Ellsworth Gaines.

The Devil shrugged. "My services cost me little inconvenience. At any rate, I've already signed. Now--will you?"

John Ellsworth Gaines hesitated, and the Devil smiled.

"Mr. Gaines," he said, "I get the distinct impression that you do not really care to sign that document. Having drawn it up yourself, having bragged to me of your discoveries about me, still you hesitate. Why is this?" He blew a slow, lazy smoke-ring. "Could it be that you have merely summoned me in order to tell me of your discoveries, with no intention of consummating any bargain? Perhaps you thought I would be afraid to sign after finding out that you know my secret? Well, as I say, my services

Some Words With The Devil--IV

are quite easy for me to perform. Now, have you enough conviction to sign? I have already admitted, quite truthfully, that I am very poor at the law."

John Ellsworth Gaines frowned. He turned and paced the small room twice. Then he looked up. "You are trying to frighten me," he said.

"And are you frightened, Mr. Gaines?" said the Devil, extending a sharp quill to him.

"No!" said John Ellsworth Gaines, and taking the quill he jabbed himself (rather clumsily) in the wrist, and signed his name with bold strokes on the parchment.

The Devil stood up. "Thank you very much," he said, bowing. "Now, as I say, I must be off to another appointment. Business is extremely profitable these days."

John Ellsworth Gaines laughed, a trifle recklessly, his eyes narrowed and his head cocked. "I don't think you'll find it very profitable in my case," he said boldly. "You see, in addition to my studies of old books on witchcraft and demonology, I have spent the last fifteen years of my life studying and practicing law. I have a quite thorough knowledge of the subject, if I do say so myself."

"Then you should have no trouble, with my help, in achieving great wealth and success in this life," said the Devil. "However, for the rest--" He waved the contract briefly.

"These days," he said, "I cheat."

--tgc



These are mailing comments and general natterings inspired by the last mailing, composed on master with no forethought whatsoever by Miri Carr:

THE TRANSCENDENTAL SKWEE



This has been a rather hectic weekend at Carrhaus. Saturday night we had a small, informal meeting of the GGFS. The program consisted mainly of the kittens squeaking and trying to get out of their cardboard box. The gray-and-white tabby male (who is being called Tigger pro-tem) is the only one who can get out of the box without help. He's the smallest, the thinnest, the youngest, the noisiest, the smartest, and the most fearless. He's also the most cat-like, as at the tender age of three and a half weeks he does a great deal of pretty posing and batting at things with his paws. He's also the best purr-er, not to mention being the only male. We think we'll be keeping that feller.

One out of every 22 1/3 FAPA members (not counting us) has a chance to win a beautiful half-Siamese, half-domestic kitten. Genuine--accept no substitutes! Free, free, free! That last, gentle Fapan, was my own silly way of telling you that we have three

kittens to find homes for--Tigger pro-tem's siblings. They'll be about ready to leave their mother about the time you get this. Any takers?

Well, I've certainly strayed from the subject, talking about the kittens. After the meeting, I went with Sid and Alva Rogers to a bohemian-type party in the City. Art and Trina Castillo were there, and when I wasn't eating bourbon candy I was arguing beat-and-square with Trina. It really got terribly wild and heated, and though it was terribly entertaining to everyone else we didn't really communicate much. I got home from the party about a quarter of three, and found that Terry had a whole house-full of fans waiting for me. There were almost as many people here at 2:45 a.m. as there were at 8:30 p.m.--so, in my capacity as President of the GGFS, I called a meeting to

The Transcendental Skwee--II

order. Forty seconds later Terry moved the meeting be adjourned, and I so adjourned it. So maybe the Golden Gate Futurian Society is the only club in the world that's had two such consecutive meetings. (Our Honourable Secretary-Treasurer, Sid Rogers, collected 25¢ dues from wayward member Keith Joseph while the second meeting was in process.)

This afternoon (Sunday, July 10) I was awakened from a nap to find that Honey (Wood) and Rog (Phillips) Graham and Jim (Tightwad) Caughran were over for a visit. Honey and Rog came to return a book and talk about the Westercon, and Jim came to borrow my vacuum cleaner.

I suddenly realize that I'm not really telling you about anything; I'm just sort of name-dropping. So while I'm at it, I may as well mention that Terry and I spent a delightful evening with Lou and Cynthia Goldstone Friday, and saw Danny Curran on the bus on the way home. Barnaby Conrad.

B*A*Y*C*O*N is the name of the 1961 Westercon. It was voted in unanimously at the Boycon. The convention committee consists of such sterling folk as Honey Wood Graham and Lew Kovner (co-chairmen), Karen Anderson (publicity), Terry Carr (publications), Bill Collins (European agent), J. Ben Stark (books and displays), me (secretary-treasurer), and Rog Phillips Graham (Men's Auxiliary). The Baycon promises to be quite a swinging affair, and you are all urged to send your dollars (\$1 per membership) to me right away. (Make checks payable to me, Miriam Carr--the address is 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif.) We have members from seven states already, and the lowest number now available is 31. There will be a raffle, with the winner being drawn from the membership list (not just the attendees). So your dollar will do more for you than just give you the privilege of attending the con at the Leamington Hotel, getting your name in the Progress Reports, giving you the satisfaction of supporting the Fourteenth Annual Westercon; it will also give you a chance on a valuable prize.

So on to the mailing reviews, like.

Karen Anderson

ALIF: Not only is this the best fanzine that Danny Curran ever saw, but I liked it, too. I especially liked your haiku and the artwork. I really liked Doheug, too, but I didn't dig most of the allusions and it's just not the same when someone explains them to you.

Wrai Ballard

WRAITH #11: Wrai of course you're forgiven for those mean and nasty things you said to me in the last SAPS mailing about a person who doesn't fan when they're sick is just a good for nothing. I'll forgive you for talking like that if you'll refrain from calling me "chick". Wrai I'm sorry you weren't feeling well last mailing.

Wrai I know what you mean about Wally Gonser sleeping, I saw examples of it both in Seattle and in Boise. He was even more of a doormouse in Boise. He was worse in Boise because of higher altitude and something to do with oxygen. The altitude in Boise is about 4700 ft. Wrai--what is it in Blanchard? When I teased him about being a doormouse he told me that he really isn't, he sleeps so much

because he only has one half a lung and when his oxygen supply gets low he just goes to sleep.

Elinor Busby

SALUD #2: I think parsley tastes wonderful too, Elinor. In fact, during one of the more impoverished periods of my lifetime whenever I ate out I'd just have a beverage and parsley, so I could get full for 10¢. I still always eat the parsley garnish that comes on other people's plates, because I'm one of the few people I know who will eat it at all. Barbara Gratz garnished a cake with parsley once because I was so famous for being a parsley-lover. The parsley was supposed to represent trees. Oh well.

R. & J. Coulson

VANDY #7: I guess you aren't older than you thought, Buck, because I have seen "The Magnificent Ambersons". Of course, I hadn't seen it when I made that rash statement about never having heard of it. I didn't think it was a real good movie, but I enjoyed it. Does that make sense?

Juanita, you're absolutely right; the average Fapan is not in 172 other apa's. He's in .72 other apa. That was a typo of the first water; I only wish I could rationalize them like Bill Danner did with "higways" but I'm afraid that one was too far out.

Dean Brennell

BLEEN #9: I loved the cover, and my enjoyment of it was heightened immensely because I was present when Ron first saw it.

I agree with your opinion of VANDY; the Cculsons write very interesting ramblings (and rumblings). I think they should chatter more in YANDRO.

Bill Donaho

(LIMBO #2:) I've learned to appreciate A. L. Lloyd, too, even though he's much more ethnic than he is a good singer. In fact, I don't think he's a very good singer at all, but he does know quite a few interesting songs that no other recording artist seems to know.

Harry Warner

HORIZONS #82: "Die Frau ohne Schatten" is scheduled to be presented by the San Francisco Opera Company this coming season. I think they tour, so maybe they'll come to Baltimore, D.C., or Pittsburgh.

:: ::

I'm sorry that I didn't do more and better mailing comments, but I didn't really feel like doing any...but Terry beat me over the neck and ears until I did some.

THE END
CASTLE FILMS



This is going to be a damn short set of mailing comments again... but Wait Till Next Mailing, he said with a thin-lipped smile.

Jack Speer

DEUKALION: For a novel-length treatment of the questions raised by Heinlein's "Jerry Is A Man," see "You Shall Know Them" by Vercors, which is an absolutely fascinating piece of work.

I fully agree with you on sales meetings. I've been in on sales meetings of both Kirby vacuum cleaners and Collier's encyclopaedia, and believe me they were all unspeakably sordid. Kirby even had a song called "Go Out And Sell A Kirby," sung to the tune of "A Long Way To Tipperary". Gak.

Boyd Raeburn

LE MOINDRE #19: Yes, I know what you mean about radio stations that play a small number of records over and over. Here in the Bay Area we have an FM station, KPEN, which is apparently one of those little-more-than-one-man-stations, and probably short on cash. At any rate, about the only thing we ever listen to on it is "Two-Beat Musicbox". Now, I like dixieland jazz, and I like things like the Dukes of Dixieland and the Firehouse Five Plus Two --but that show uncommonly often irritates me--they have, apparently, only five records at the station. There's one by each of the above-named bands, and one by George Lewis, and one by Red Nichols, and one by Bob Scobey. These are all favorites of mine. I even like the particular albums they have. But I get sick-sick of hearing the same albums every Saturday for three hours. Many's the time either Miri or I have muttered, "Oh ghod, here comes 'Closer Walk With Thee' again," and switched off. Hell, Lewis' "Closer Walk" is one of the greatest jazz records ever made, we think, but it bugs us to have it thrust upon us at all times. Especially since we have the record anyhow.

Dick Eney

TARGET: FAPA: Ron Ellik has never killed a Communist in his life!

Donaho & Rike

(LIMBO #2): Bill, your comments on hi-fi reminded me of a passage in Evan Hunter's jazznovel "Second Ending". Seems there's this far-out horn-man who has dropped off the scene and is living alone in an apartment with cans of beans and wine and a five-buck record-player and a stack of Kenton records, like. And one of his buddies finds him, playing a Kenton 78 at full volume and Digging rapturously. "What kind of sound system have you got? Turn it down!" his buddy wails. "What's the matter, don't you dig distortion?" says the horn-man.

Comments on comments on comments on--II

I've heard Miriam and Trina discussing why women don't like other women lots of times, Bill. They seem agreed that it's a feeling of competition. Trina, I believe, only likes three women ...one of whom seems to be off the list recently. (No, Miri's still in Good Graces, I believe.) Miri herself says she likes other women fine for the most part, rarely feeling in competition with them in a group; there are only two women who affect her that way currently, and they both drive her nuts no matter how much she actually likes them. (No, neither one is Karen Anderson.)

Dave, the more I contemplate it the more I like the title LIMBO--damn that's good! You usually do have good titles, for that matter. Have you used MINDROT yet?--that's another good one that I know you've been planning to use.

Elinor Busby

SALUD #2: What do you mean when you say, "Being a Berkeley fan is the sort of thing that it takes quite a while to recover from"? Who do you consider Berkeley fans, and what is the criterion? (For instance, is Bill Donaho a Berkeley fan yet; if so, why, and if not, why not?)

Yes, I almost always do the stencilling or mastering for our zines. Miri is a slow typist, and not very accurate; she has done some pages of our zines, though. Her mailing comments are almost always dictated; she waits till she has a batch of ironing or other hand-work to do, then dictates mailing comments while working.

Redd Boggs

THE BIG THREE: TEN YEARS IN RETROSPECT: Tsk tsk, sir, you called that classic EFRussell novelet "And Then There Was One". Take a look at the number of people who jump in to correct you on that in this mailing and then reflect on the follies of approaching Perfection.

Foo to your remarks on Salter; I miss his covers very much. I think he had just the right touch for F&SF. (I must confess that I didn't think so at the time, but then I absolutely detested the work of Lee Brown Coye in Weird Tales, too, and now just a glimpse of a Coye atrocity gives me a sense of slithering wonder.)

Phyllis Economou

PHLOTSAM: One reason these mailing comments are so short is that I've misplaced half the mailing--apparently the half I had the most checkmarks in. HORIZONS is misplaced, and so is PHLOTSAM. But I do remember that I wanted to mention that women who conceal their ages and make a Thing of it tend to make me think they must be older than I'd otherwise think. I don't believe you're old enough for such nonsense, Phyllis (though I don't know your exact age, I'll admit). Nor, for that matter, do I know Elinor Busby's exact age, even though Miri knows it and has quoted it to me on occasions for one reason or another. I just don't think it's important, Elinor. Besides, I've met you, and I know how old you are. You're seventeen. A very precocious seventeen, but seventeen nonetheless.

Sorry I got off commenting to Elinor in the comments to you, Phyllis. Would it help if I said you had easily the best zine in the mailing? You did, you know.



KLEIN
COMMENT

ALGIS BUDRYS, 631 Second Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey

That's a nice cover on KB #4. Nicely drawn, nicely reproduced. Convey my regards to Trina sometime--also my wife's. I still remember the time I mistook Trina for a fuzzy little blonde and got my intellectual pretensions batted from hell to breakfast. Long may she prosper.

Rotsler is one of the most fascinating name-droppers I've ever come across. And he's a master of the situation-drop, too. "So there I was, taking cheesecake shots of a beautiful Oriental, when Stan Freberg invited me to his party." Wow! I was so impressed, Betty Taylor opened her eyes long enough to ask me why I was chuckling loud enough to jiggle the hammock at six o'clock in the morning. And the other crewmen on the Triton with me bitched because I got into a shouting argument with Audie Hepburn about whose turn it was to flip the pages, and that's why we didn't come up for air such a long time.

Credit cards--lissen, feller, I've just had my loan company contract rewritten for the third time in three years, in which time I've succeeded in lowering the principal on my original \$500.00 loan by about \$84.00, and the other day I got a letter from their home office informing me that any time I wanted \$500.00 more, all I had to do was take that letter to any branch office. (The security on that loan, by the way, is a '53 Willys, which I got from Larry Shaw in trade for a novelette which I never did write, and which is currently actually standing on a garageman's back lot as security against a two-year-old overhaul bill on my '53 Studebaker, whose engine I blew up on the Jersey pike in September, 1958, shortly after the overhaul. Moral 1: If you're going to get a valve job, get a ring and bearing job, too. Moral 2: Those People Know What They're Doing; I'm Sure They Do. Hell, I've been giving the loan company \$20.00 a month for three years, and look.)

"The Cause" is a nice enough piece of writing, but, while I never realized it was possible to die more or less rapidly of the usual forms of venereal infection in this day and age, whether you want to or not, it does seem to me that this story has been done pretty often before. (I have a whole thesis about the tendency among writers to tackle large problems--like The Silver Cord, Man's

Klein Comment--II

Inhumanity To Man, Racial Prejudice, etc.--while neglecting the small ones--like how do you make a living if you've only got one leg. ...And of the contemporary writers I know, the one most prone to this form of what I take to be diffusion is me.)

"The Transcendental Skwee" is what I got through reading just before the Jerry Lewis show hit the Shadowbox tonight, and what do I find Mr. Lewis using for a gag but "Vote Yes on Proposition No," which was one of Miri's lines. How is this? *+(Before Jerry Lewis was, Miriam is.)+*

And say there, Miri, I hope to hell you're not one of the ones who got really worked over in that little brouhaha at City Hall. Next time you see all those Communist Agitators who brain-washed you into petitioning the cops for a batch, give 'em an indignant kick in the shins for me, too, hah? *+(Miri was picketing the day before the water got turned on; she only got shoved around and insulted a little. ("Commie Termites!") As to the Communist Agitators (sic), Miri intends to write an article on the whole affair for the next KB, which will prove beyond a doubt that either she is lying or 90% of the newspapers in this country were lying.)+*

Up and on!

bests,/aj

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

A long time ago the editress of Goojie Pubs said "send me something for my fanzine;" and an equally long time ago the editor of INNUENDO said "why don't you write something for my fanzine?"

And so I did. And so it appeared in KLEIN BOTTLE. Hah!

Bob T.

+(We pubbed it in KB mainly to get it into print sooner; had we held it for either Q.E.D. (next Goojie Pub) or INNUENDO, it still wouldn't have been published. I hope you're not really upset or anything. And thanks very much for the article!)

BOB LEMAN, 1214 West Maple, Rawlins, Wyoming

KLEIN BOTTLE goes, I suppose, to the waiting-listers as well as to members; and that's doubtless why I've been getting it. Whatever the reason, it's whetted my appetite to climb aboard FAPA. You're running an excellent little fanzine here--one of the few in which mailing comment is interesting to one who hasn't read all the matter being commented upon. That's both sets of mailing comments.

You (Miriam) mention that you're going down to picket The House Committee on UnAmerican Activities. Were you one of those who caught the firehoses? I looked for you in the pictures the papers had of the incident, but didn't recognize you. Why did you want to picket the committee? You say "all sorts of people and institutions are being Red-baited like mad." What does that mean? It's like saying of another committee (much televised during Kefauver's chairmanship) that it "Gangster-baited like mad" or of the committees of the New Deal, that they "Capitalist-baited like mad," or even of the committee on expenditures, that they "Administration-baited like mad." *+(To bait, as Miriam used it, means "to try to flush out". The gripe in the case in point (KFFA and Pacifica Radio) was that they were in the wrong area--like, morally it is bad to kill*

Klein Comment--III

game that is protected by law, and people and institutions whose only sin is constructive criticism of the government's methods are supposed to be protected by law from the murderous methods of such as the HUAC.)

Congressional committees are a part of our apparatus of government. The republic could not function without them. During the Roosevelt administration they were permitted unhealthy excesses (the early days of the Roosevelt administration, I should say) but since that time they have admirably fulfilled their function, even --oddly--under Truman. The House Committee on UnAmerican Activities was set up before World War Two to look into the matter of Nazi influence in the United States. It did an admirable job. And the publications and writers who are today drumming up all possible anti-committee propaganda, those writers and publications that today are making the Committee synonymous with Satan, are precisely those writers and publications that found the committee to be-- in the days when it was investigating Nazis--Man's most glorious hope, short of The Second Coming of Christ. Now what do you suppose was the basis for this sudden twist in viewpoint? Why should an admirable committee which was looking into subversion become a horrible thing when it found subversion in a different camp from the Nazi one? Surely there is no difference as a practical matter between Hitler's philosophy and Lenin's (despite the different ways in which the totalitarianism was rationalized). Why did these "liberals" suddenly discover that the Committee was evil when it switched to investigating Communists, after the Nazi peril had been destroyed?

You have three guesses.

Regards,/Bob

{(You too are referred to Miri's upcoming article on the Committee, Bob.)}

ALVIN FICK, Fort Johnson, New York

I have the uncomfortable feeling that I haven't yet written to thank you for KLEIN BOTTLE. I like, much; the illos were very good. The ones by Metzger look as if they leaped from the pages of Howard's Conan books and from the works of HPL, respectively.

Al

ANDY MAIN bem, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, California

Firstly, the cover was really nice. I have never seen ditto used in such an original fashion: not only as a method of duplication, but also as an artistic medium. How was this picture mastered? It looks like a very thick tip pencil, but those often don't work with ditto masters. {(I used a fairly soft pencil, shading with the side of the pencil-tip, as you would with ordinary pencil-shading. It takes a pretty heavy pressure, and that's why the soft pencil is necessary: a hard one would be brittle and would break.)}

Yeah, I know what Rotsler means about humorous prison-camp stories. The former (last year's) principal at our school was imprisoned in Germany for a couple of years, and has many stories to tell. He usually tells them when substituting for a class he knows nothing about, or similar situation. He told of his capture when his plane was downed during a bombing raid, his almost-escape with a group of friends from the prisoner group marching across Germany,

the tremendous organization for trouble-making and escapes in the camp in which he lived, and other things. One escape plan involved a 375-foot tunnel dug twenty feet underground, complete with lights, a railroad, and air conditioning. About 70 men escaped from that one night before it was discovered. Most were returned, a large number were shot (this was toward the end of the war and Hitler had ordered all escaped prisoners killed), and two finally made it home. And the time the prisoners stole a secret document from a General's car, along with a tool box, some engine parts, and various other items. They returned it to the Germans on request after having stamped "PASSED BY AMERICAN CENSORS" on the cover.

Now for "The Cause". It's good; not only that, it's real good, to use a Barbaraism (my sister). It's good in that you were able to tell so many things without resorting to awkwardness and openness, but instead informed the reader about Freddie in a subtle manner; it is good in that it holds the reader's interest; it is good in that the ending is totally unexpected (I didn't expect it, anyway). You ought to reprint it in a general circulation zine. ~~←(Thanks, but focksh. Halfway thru the typing of the masters I realized that I really didn't think much of the story, and the publication of that one is the prime reason for the publication of my story in this issue, sort of in an effort to wash the bad taste out of my mouth. "Some Words With The Devil" was writton much more recently (just last year), and I rather like it. Unfortunately, I couldn't find a pro editor who did; I suspect it needs cutting.)→~~

I suppose you know that KPFA now has an alter-ego here in Southern California, KPFK, and a right good station it is, too. I heard a few short excerpts from the KPFA HUAC tapes, and my only regret about the Boycon was that I missed the July fourth program on the hearings. A very apt time to be playing the HUAC tapes, don't you think? One of the parts I heard was the Congressman saying, "I take it then that you have returned to God and Patriotism?" Horrible. I wrote quite a bit about it which will probably appear in the 3rd ish of HT, the NFFF letterzine--the recent proposal that the NFFF contact Russian fen has started a discussion of security clearances and governmental fuggheadedness in the NFFF.

Hail Friends! et valete,/Andy Main bem

LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

Your rush to put out KLEIN BOTTLE #4 showed too well, I'm afraid. It didn't quite make the high wuality of KB #3, but I still enjoyed it. What I can't understand about KB is why doesn't it contain the raft of hard-to-understand material that usually exists in most Papazines. I mean it doesn't show anywhere (except in the colophon) that it is an apazine. It contains very little inside apa humour or sercon articles about apa-politics. For a neo like me this is very refreshing.

I'm sorry to say this but I don't think "The Cause" was up to the usual Carr par. The ending was too predictable. I hope you won't think I'm being snotty but this is one of the places where your rush to pub KB showed.

I liked your comments and stuff. This is more like Carr. Next time I see Boyd Raeburn I'll have to remind him that we have our own little UnAmerican Activities-type Committees. They're called Royal Commissions. Although they're not as hairy or hectic

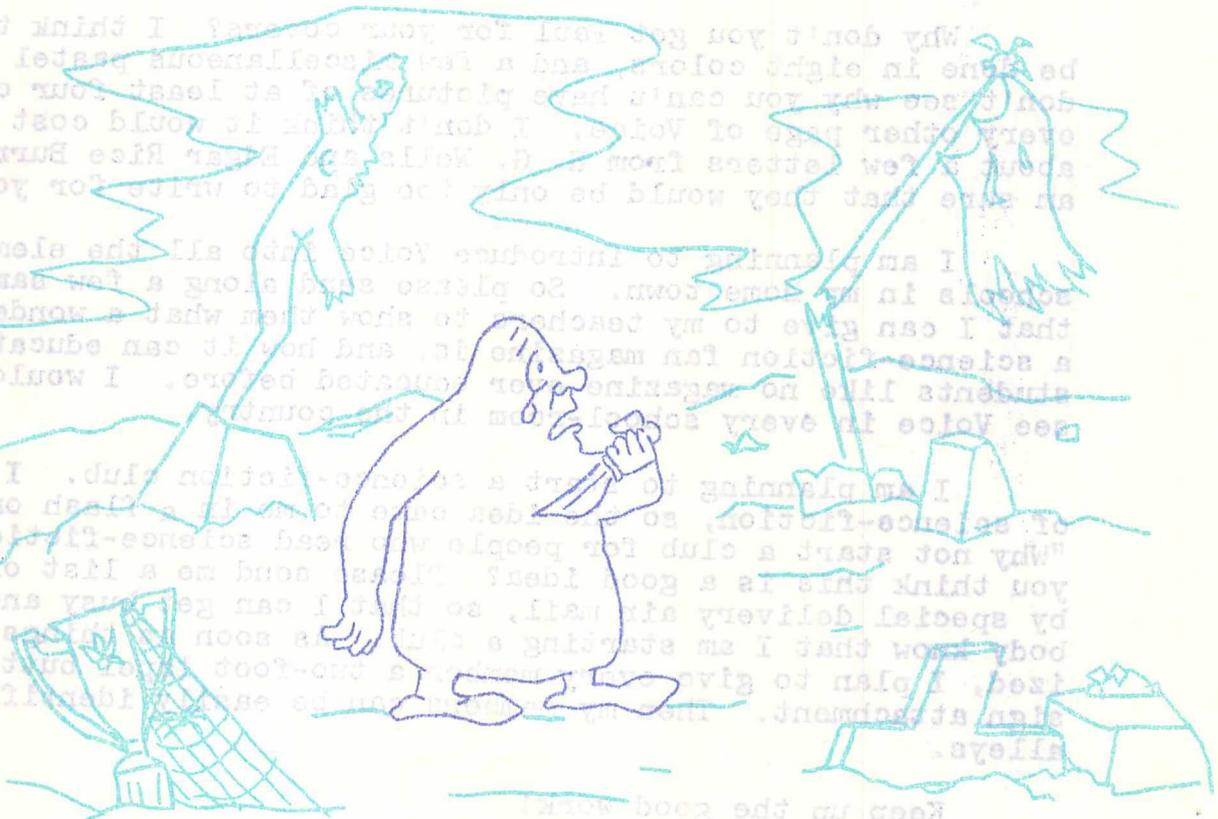
Klein Comment--V

as your UnAmerican committees at the moment, they show a lot of promise. Someday they'll rival the UnAmerican Activities Committees for "efficiency".

"Last Stop to Limbo" reminds me of the very first days in fandom when I wondered what an "official organ" was. All sorts of obscene things came into my mind as to the meaning and use of such a thing, until one day I realized that an "official organ" was nothing but a fanzine. I was greatly disillusioned.

Later..../Les

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WORTH DYING FOR!



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(from VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION #9, October 1940)

Dear Voice:

Although I am only 24 years old, I have read your magazine since the first issue. This is the first time I have ever written to an all-letter science-fiction fan magazine. I think your material is good. Your cover is good. The table of contents is good. But your so-called "Ackermanese" stinks. I don't like to see this happen to the English language. I am in favor of the English language. I have spoken the English language in its popular, Webster-like manner for a good many years. Now I will tell you what I think of science-fiction fans: I like them. They are nice people, especially when they write nice letters to the science-fiction editors. However, they must be seen to be appreciated (the fans, as well as the letters).

Why don't you get Paul for your covers? I think they should be done in eight colors, and a few miscellaneous pastel shades. I don't see why you can't have pictures of at least four colors on every other page of Voice. I don't think it would cost much. How about a few letters from H. G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs? I am sure that they would be only too glad to write for you.

I am planning to introduce Voice into all the elementary schools in my home town. So please send along a few sample copies that I can give to my teachers to show them what a wonderful thing a science-fiction fan magazine is, and how it can educate the students like no magazine ever educated before. I would like to see Voice in every school-room in the country.

I am planning to start a science-fiction club. I read a lot of science-fiction, so the idea came to me in a flash one night-- "Why not start a club for people who read science-fiction?" Don't you think this is a good idea? Please send me a list of your readers, by special delivery air mail, so that I can get busy and let everybody know that I am starting a club. As soon as things are organized, I plan to give every member a two-foot lapel button with neon sign attachment. Then my members can be easily identified in dark alleys.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Charles D. Hornig



"I knew I should have taken up stamp collecting!"