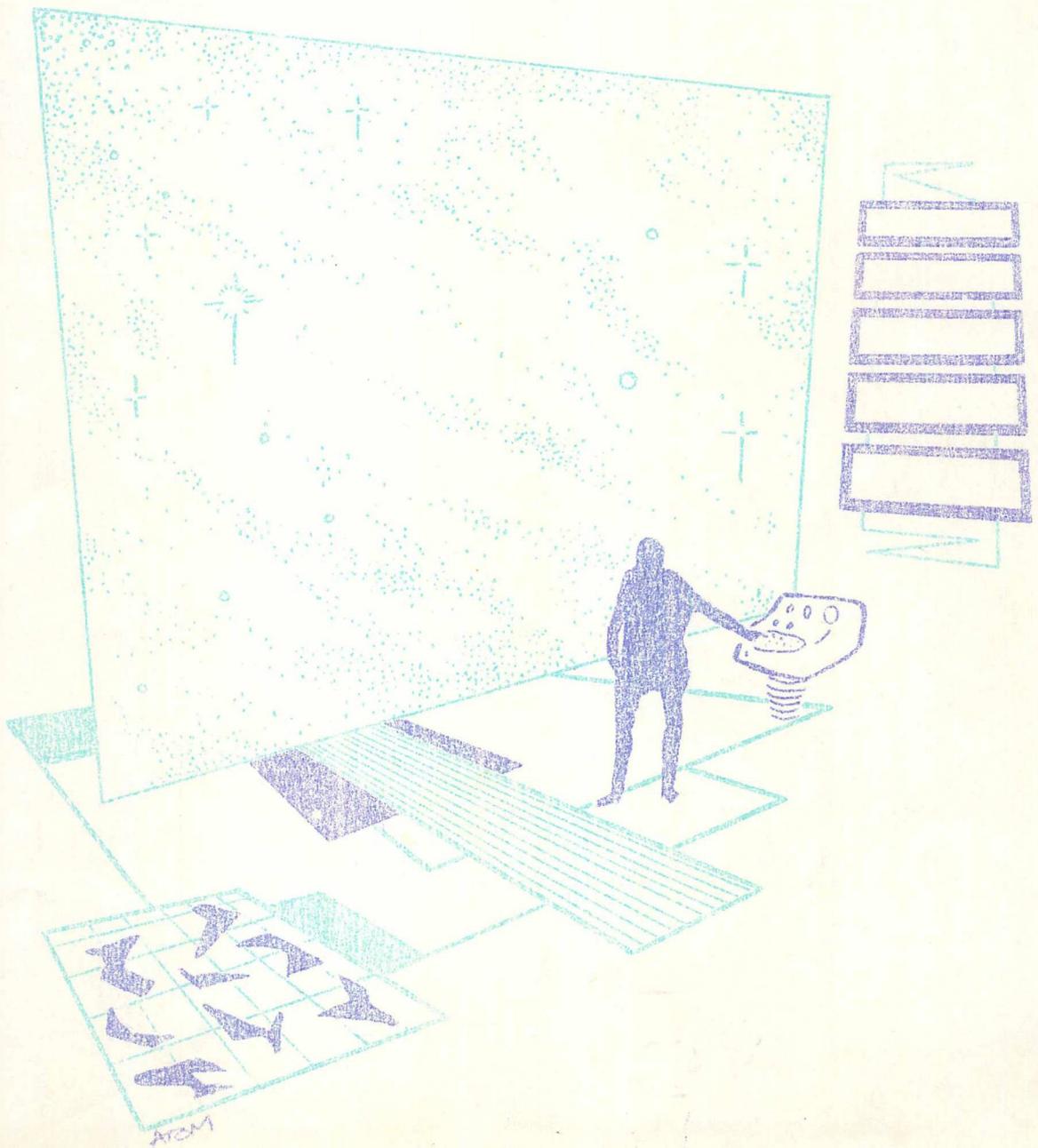


KEN BOITE

Number 6 November 1960



Boyle

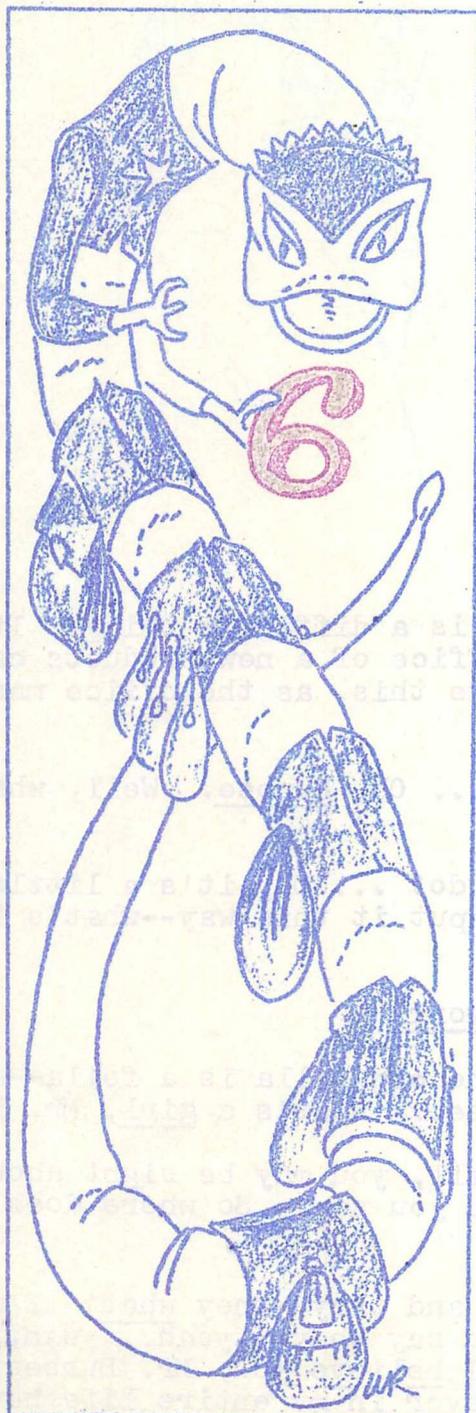
Klein

Number 6



KLEIN BOTTLE

November, 1960



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Klein Comment.....	two readers

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F. M. BUSBY
F BURBEE HAD TRIED
TO PUT IT ON
THE MARKET
IN 1927



(You know, marketing a new invention is a difficult thing. It's specialized. Now if you had been in the office of a new-products company in 1927, you might have heard something like this, as the office manager answered his phone...)

Hello; who is this? ... Mr. Burble? ... Oh, Burbee. Well, what can I do for you?

You have an invention! What does it do? ... Oh, it's a little difficult to explain. I see. Well, let's put it this way--what's it for?

For fun. I see. Well, how does it work?

There's these two people...right. The big fella is a fella--and the little fella is a what? ...A girl. I see. What's a girl, Mr. Burbee?

I'd have to see it to believe it? Well, you may be right about that. Okay, we have these two people, like you say. So where does the invention come in?

You say the two of them get together and they--they what? I'm not sure I understand you, Mr. Burbee. You say they...yeah...yeah...yeah... Look, are you sure... Why, yes, I believe you, Mr. Burbee. Certainly I believe you. It's just that never in my entire life have

If Burbee Had Tried To Put It On The Market In 1927--II

I ever heard of such a thing. ... Oh, you're not surprised, eh? Well, look--all I mean is, are you sure it works like you say?

Oh; you've tried it out yourself. I see. And how was it? ... You wouldn't let the public in on it at all, if you weren't so public-spirited? ... And besides, you need the money. I see.

All right. By the way, do you have a name for it yet? ... Sex? How do you spell that, Mr. Burbee? ... S-E-X. I see. Pretty concise, isn't it? I mean, don't you think maybe a name with at least one more letter?

Well, all right, Mr. Burbee. ... All right... Okay, so Sex isn't a four-letter word. It was only a suggestion... Yes, three letters will be perfectly all right.

Now, Mr. Burbee, the way you describe this--well, I was just sort of wondering...well, won't it be a little bit conspicuous, maybe? ... Oh, you figure it for more of a home-type operation... In private... Like taking a bath, huh?

Well, I don't know, Mr. Burbee... Well, I'm just trying to visualize this bathtub...

Not in the bathtub? ... In bed. Well, I don't know about that, Mr. Burbee...

Well, it just doesn't seem to excite my interest, somehow. In bed. I'm not sure the public will go for it very well. You're going to need some sort of a tie-in.

Oh, you have a tie-in. And what is it, Mr. Burbee?

Babies... Everybody likes babies? Yes, well--well, sure they do, but...well, how are you going to tie it in with babies? ... You...? You...? I see.

Well, if you say so, Mr. Burbee. Sounds pretty far-fetched to me, but okay...

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Burbee. How about the stork? We don't want to have the S. P. C. A. on our backs, you know. ... Gotta make way for progress, huh? Well, could be.

But hey--what about the doctors? That Little Black Bag is a pretty solid item with John Q. Public. ... Oh, you're working on that angle... You're going to cut the A. M. A. in for royalties on the babies end; well, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. I do wish you had waited and let our Legal Department write up the contract on that...

No, it's all right... It'll be all right... Yes, you're right, Mr. Burbee; we'll have our hands full with the stork, anyway...

Okay, fine, Mr. Burbee. Now when can we have a demonstration?...

If Burbee Had Tried To Put It On The Market In 1927--III

We have to demonstrate it for ourselves? Well, now how do we go about that?

Like you said before, huh? A big fella who is a fella and a little fella who is a girl--and they... Yes... Yes... Uh-huh... Um... Okay...

Yes, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. We'll give it a try here at the plant and let you know how it goes.

Oh, just one thing, Mr. Burbee. Do you suppose you could drop around here for a few minutes later this week?

Well, it's just that it would be a big help, Mr. Burbee, if you could come in and look over the fellas here at the plant, and tell us which ones are girls.

Yes, that'll be a big help, Mr. Burbee. Okay. Fine. We'll be seeing you.

--F. M. Busby



Well, I don't know Mr. Burbee... Well, I'm just trying to...
Not in the factory? In bed? Well, I don't know about that...
Well, it just doesn't seem to excite my interest, somehow. In bed, I'm not sure the public will go for it very well. You're going to need some sort of...
Oh, you have a wife-in-law and what is it, Mr. Burbee?
Nobody likes... Well, you are you...
Well, if you say so, Mr. Burbee...
Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Burbee... We don't want to have the S. S. C. A. on our backs...
But hey-what about the...
No, it's all right... It'll be all right... Yes, you're right...
Okay, fine, Mr. Burbee. Now when can we have a demonstration?

THE CASE FOR CARYL CHESSMAN

BY MIRIAM CARR

There has been a great deal of discussion of the Caryl Chessman case. Most of it has been vilifying him. Most of the people who were against his execution felt this way because of their feelings against capital punishment itself, or their feeling that his crime was not serious enough to warrant such penalty. I'd like to offer my opinions on why Caryl Chessman should not have been killed on May 6, 1960. These are my opinions about the case itself, not the issues of the morality of capital punishment nor the degree of heinousness of sexual assault. Those issues I'll leave for people more eloquent and knowledgeable than I.

The data from which I've derived my opinions is of a nature that you can check it, but it will take effort. It is supposedly information that is free to anyone--but people who have been following this case in the newspapers since I was ten years old have never heard it. (I wonder why the public mass media have concealed these facts.)

Gene Marine is head of Public Affairs on Pacifica Radio station KPFA. This is a listener-supported, non-profit radio foundation; there are no sponsors, government supports, or university affiliations. This sort of radio station, which is responsible only to its listeners and the F.C.C., is not afraid of offending people by allowing programming which defends an unpopular cause.

Gene Marine did two programs that I heard which offered information that was pro-Chessman. One of these programs, "The Coming Death of Caryl Chessman," was distinguished by receiving the Peabody Award for excellence in radio. (The Peabody Award is the radio award.)

Mr. Marine got his information from the court records and from taped interviews. I will be quoting liberally from the mimeographed transcripts of these programs. (I am taking the liberty of quoting without permission, for which I hope Mr. Marine will forgive me.)

These, then, are the reasons why it is apparent to me that Caryl Chessman did not receive the benefits of due process of law.

Dr. William Graves, who was prison physician at San Quentin in 1952-54, said of Chessman: "It was my feeling" (even before Chessman's first book was published) "that his personality wasn't the type that is ordinarily associated with acts of sexual criminality. These people are usually dependent, weak personalities who have to get their sexual satisfaction through forceful means."

The Case For Caryl Chessman--II

I am quoting from authorities on the Chessman personality not to show so much that Caryl Chessman did not have a fair trial, but to point out that many people whose opinions should count heavily have well-thought-out and -considered opinions which at least tend to point out that Chessman was not the guilty party in the so-called "Red Light Bandit" case. These "character references" are in a way, I suppose, beside the point. However, I want to show that there are arguments for Chessman's innocence besides arguments on whether or not he had a trial according to due process of law.

Under cross-examination, Chessman admitted robbing a bookie in the Firestone area of Southern California, of \$2300.00. There has been no refutation of this story that Chessman was robbing bookies, a fact which provides some background for this comment by Al Matthews, Chessman's original legal advisor, on whether Chessman committed the "Red Light" crimes: "He was making money; he was knocking over these bookies. There's no possible basis--why should he go up in the hills and knock off couples for what?--when he could get two or three thousand by mugging some bookie. It doesn't add up, that way. He'd have to have some sexual quirk. I don't know of another case where there has been a robber of, let's say, the stature of Chessman who had the sexual quirk."

Chessman said, of the idea of his having the psychological quirk that makes sex criminals: "Bring in the psychiatrists if you think I've got it."

In an interview with Gene Marine very shortly before his execution, Chessman was calm, affable and friendly until there was a chance mention of Mary Alice Meza, one of the victims of the "Red Light Bandit". I quote from Gene Marine's writeup of the interview: "At that point he insisted that the one thing that concerned him was that he had been humiliated, that he had been shamed for all these years, and that he was not a sex criminal. He described himself in no uncertain terms as a highly unsavory character up until the time of his last arrest. He said that he was by no means trying to pretend that he had ever been Little Lord Fauntleroy, but that he was not a sex criminal. He leaned forward, his face taking on something of a dark aspect, as his leaning forward threw his face into shadow, gestured violently with the flat of his hand as he talked, emphasizing each word, each syllable, argued very strongly that the one thing that really disturbed him about the whole operation aside from the fact that he was going to die, and die, in his opinion, futilely, was that he was not a sex criminal and that he was going to have to carry this stigma with him until he died."

Dr. Isadore Ziferstein, who has followed the Chessman case since 1954, said, "I would say from my own experience, and my readings and my study--I have formed a certain impression of the kind of person who commits rape or the kind of perverted sexual assaults upon women that the 'Red Light Bandit' committed. I would say that the rapist is generally a man who is both afraid of women and full of a hatred of women. He has to assault women because he feels deep down that no woman can willingly give him what he wants. At the same time, there is hatred against women, and sexual assault accomplishes these two purposes: he gets what he wants forcibly because he can't get it voluntarily, and it's an outlet for this tremendous hatred that he feels. Chessman does not strike me as the type of personality that you see in the rapist. His major crimes--the ones he's been accused of and that he admits to--have been armed robberies. We can call them expressions of tremendous hostility against father-figures. Never before this 'Red Light Bandit'

The Case For Caryl Chessman--III

business came up, has Chessman been accused of any crimes that would indicate hostility to mother-figures. And so it's extremely difficult for me to visualize this man committing these crimes. It just doesn't figure."

Not everyone who was quoted on his opinions or knowledge about Chessman's character had such vindicating things to say about him. In 1954, Charles Fricke, the judge at Chessman's original trial, was quoted in the Los Angeles Times as saying, "After forty years on the bench, I have never had less sympathy for a convicted man. I can't imagine a worse crime than the vicious treatment to which he subjected those two women. It's worse than murder."

Caryl Chessman was arrested and convicted on eighteen counts rising out of seven separate incidents, all of which took place in January of 1948. He was sentenced to death on two counts of kidnapping for the purpose of robbery, with the infliction of bodily harm. This law which provided for maximum sentence of death is commonly known as the Little Lindbergh Act. In Chessman's case, as in others, this kidnapping is a highly technical thing and involves a movement of only a few feet.

On January 19, 1948, a man driving a car at least very much like the one in which Chessman was later arrested parked in the Flintridge Hills above Pasadena, threatened the occupants of a parked car with a gun, stole \$5.00 from the woman's purse, and ordered the woman into his own car a few feet away and demanded sexual satisfaction from her, under threat of violence. That woman was Mrs. Regina Johnson.

On January 22, 1948, a similar incident took place on Mulholland Drive, which is in the hills above Hollywood. In this case the bandit said, "This is a stickup," and was told by the man that neither he nor the girl had any money. The bandit did not take either the man's wallet or the girl's purse, nor did he make any further attempt to take any property from them. He ordered the girl, who was then only seventeen years old, to get into his car. The bandit drove the girl into an area she did not recognize, and forced her to perform the same "perverted" sexual act as in the previous case (oral-genital intercourse). He then ordered her to remove her clothes and lie on her stomach in the back seat of the car; he removed his own clothing, placed his sexual organ between her legs, and satisfied himself. They got dressed and he drove her home. She didn't go to the police, but the man who had been her companion did. The police went to her home, where she corroborated the story. That was the case of Mary Alice Meza.

It is interesting to note that with all the activity that went on in the car of the bandit, the police found no pubic hair in the car which Chessman was arrested in and which was identified by both women as being the car in which they had been assaulted. This car had not been vacuumed or cleaned out; it was full of dust and head-hair, some of which was identifiable as Chessman's, the rest of it not identifiable at all. It is also interesting to note that both women described details about the bandit's car which could not possibly have been the same in Chessman's car; testimony to this effect is in the court record and was undisputed at the trial.

Mary Alice Meza identified Chessman as the "Red Light Bandit" by looking down on him from a window while he stood in front of her home. There was no lineup. Chessman was standing beside a plainclothes officer; the officer was not handcuffed, and Chessman was. She picked Chessman

The Case For Caryl Chessman--IV

out immediately.

Chessman claims he was mis-identified. He said, "The police call the victim and say, 'We've got your bandit; come down and identify him for us,' and before the victim comes down he reads all about the guy's arrest in the papers. So all right, let's take a look at the facts. I'm six feet tall and weigh over a hundred and ninety pounds, and I look it. My build is what they call muscular. I wear a size 46 coat. All the police reports on the bandit definitely fix his height at between five-six and five-nine, and his weight between 140 and 170, with a thin to medium build. How about that? And some of the victims said the bandit was an Italian and had a slight accent and talked in a monotone. I'm not Italian. I don't have an accent, and anybody can talk in a monotone."

It is on record in police files, court records, and newspapers that Mary Alice Meza had a record of neurosis before she even ran into her attacker. People have said that his crime against her was akin to murder, since it seemed to push her even further over the edge of sanity. Whether this is the case or not, it seems dreadful to me that a man can be condemned to death because of the testimony of a person who was indisputably mentally unbalanced and couldn't even describe closely the man she identified.

The most important thing about whether or not Caryl Chessman was treated fairly by the state of California is the actual proceedings of his original trial, the trial whose validity he contested for twelve years.

Caryl Chessman determined to represent himself in his original trial. He was being at that time maintained in the Los Angeles County Jail and had to conform with the rules there. He found his access to law books, even the Penal Code, restricted. He was unable to communicate with the court by mail unhampered. The time in which he could interview witnesses was greatly limited. Then he decided that he did need a lawyer after all. He asked the court for a continuance--as he had been warned not to do by the court--and he did not get one.

After Chessman went to court he found he was unable to get transcripts of the official court records of his case. Prisoners are not allowed to have such things, even though they are defending themselves and wish to review the previous day's proceedings. These transcripts were available to the prosecution, as they would have been to the defense had Chessman been represented by a lawyer.

The real blowup happened when the court reporter who had transcribed the proceedings died, with only a very small portion of his notes dictated. The law provides that the same court reporter who transcribes a capital case must be the one who has recorded the proceedings. This same reporter must then, having prepared a transcript of his notes, certify that transcript is correct. The law does not provide for any alternative proceeding. At least it didn't until the Chessman case.

The Deputy District Attorney who had prosecuted the case set about to find someone who could transcribe these notes and make up a usable transcript. At that time, several of the court reporters in Los Angeles County went on record as saying they felt that the notes themselves were undecipherable. The original court reporter, Ernest Perry, had not been well and his illness was reflected in his notes. Also, like all stenographers, he had adopted shortcuts and abbreviations known only to him. On September 7, 1948, a contract was negotiated between Stanley Fraser and the L.A. County Board of Supervisors; he had

The Case For Caryl Chessman--V

the job of transcribing Perry's notes for the fee of ten thousand dollars. Stanley Fraser later testified that his transcription of the notes was valid, but no test was ever made to determine his ability to transcribe same. Eight years after Fraser's original testimony that he had transcribed Perry's symbols without adding or editing, he admitted under cross-examination that he had, in fact, both added words and changed them. There are at least forty places in the record where he admitted that he had left Perry's symbols completely untranscribed. At one point there were seventeen successive symbols left untranscribed. At another point, eight lines.

The record shows that Chessman claimed that the transcripts were not valid on more than one occasion, and that he could not get a ruling or even a formal recognition.

In re Chessman not having a daily transcript of the trial: civil liberties attorney Paul Posner, who came into the case in 1957, said that the state had the right and perhaps even the obligation to allow Chessman access to the daily transcripts. That the county was not within its rights to deny Chessman these records just because he was a prisoner. "The law of California does not require a person to have a daily transcript, but everybody believed this to be an exceptional case in not granting Chessman one," said civil liberties attorney Paul Posner. *

Getting back to the issue of the validity of the transcript made of Chessman's original trial, it should be known that Stanley Fraser, the substitute court reporter who had transcribed the dead reporter's notes for a paltry ten thousand dollars, and who later admitted that his job was full of inaccuracies and omissions, had been introduced into the case by the prosecutor, J. Miller Leavy, and was the uncle of Leavy's wife. And Fraser was, and for some time time had been, a chronic alcoholic! And yet Caryl Chessman's continued pleas for re-trial were completely ignored.

All the information which I've presented to you before I brought up these facts about the court transcript was perhaps irrelevant to my basic premise that Chessman did not get due process of law. However, I do feel that it was interesting and important information in that to my knowledge a great deal, if not all, of it was ignored, glossed over, or misrepresented in the sensation-seeking press.

The important thing about the case, though, is whether or not Caryl Chessman had a fair trial--whether he had the opportunities to prove his innocence (which should not, theoretically, be necessary under our supposed system of "innocent till proven guilty") before a fair-minded court. In connection with this, I'd like to quote Al Matthews, who was Chessman's defense advisor at the original trial: "...no possible--no break of any kind was given this man in that court. No break that I know of. Not one. Not one. I've defended, I think, five thousand men now, and I don't know anybody that was nicer and more courteous to a judge than Chessman was to Fricke, and Judge Fricke did nothing whatsoever in any way to give him any kind of consideration whatsoever--none, none at all."

Here are some of the things regarding Chessman's trial to which Matthews referred. The transcript shows that in beginning his examination of jurors, prosecuting attorney Leavy said that "...in this case I do not believe the evidence will show that the defendant has murdered or killed anyone yet." It is also on record that during his examination of the jurors, Leavy more than once made statements to the effect that Chessman had not killed anyone yet, and statements to the effect that

*Both Judge Fricke and prosecutor Leavy admitted this.

The Case For Caryl Chessman--VI

the evidence would clearly show a death penalty justified. Judge Fricke allowed this histrionic behaviour from the prosecution.

The two women, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Moza, described their attacks in livid detail; Mrs. Johnson even broke down on the stand. I'm sure this had a beautiful effect on a jury of eleven women and one man.

Matthews, counsel for the defense, asked the court whether or not he could argue to the jury, and the judge said that only one of them could argue. Technically, Matthews was not Chessman's lawyer, but legal counsel. In a capital case, two people are allowed to argue ordinarily, and the court could have permitted Matthews the right to speak. This is another example of the court not giving Chessman any breaks. It seems that juries always cringe when the defendant leaves his counsel table and argues directly before the jury; they get the feeling that a wild animal has been let out of its cage and therefore fear and distrust him more.

A minor item, but significant in whether or not the trial was technically fair, was that Chessman was charged with both robbery and grand theft for the same offense. Of course, this seems minor indeed when one remembers that he was tried on eighteen counts at once--not separately, mind you, but all at once. Normally, a man could demand and get a new trial for just such a thing as being charged with two offenses for the same crime.

Chessman said that he objected to the fact that the state was allowed to consolidate all eighteen counts against him. This is a point which was at issue in the transcript, since the transcript shows no such objection. It is important whether or not the transcript was faulty here since Chessman had no legal right to appeal any issue unless he had made objections at the original trial.

It is obvious, is it not, that the substitute transcriber's admitted "at least forty" omissions and changes from the original notes are of tremendous significance.

I could enumerate many many more points, as I have 31 regal-length pages of transcription of the statements of many many people importantly connected with the Chessman case.

If anyone has any arguments or questions about this article, I'll welcome hearing them. However, I'd like to recommend that you follow the advice in Caryl Chessman's message to Gene Marine:

"If I could tell you one thing to tell people, it would be this, 'Don't read Gene Marine's article and don't listen to the radio programs on Pacifica Foundation, and don't read the article in Frontier magazine, and don't read Chessman's books, and don't listen to anybody. But don't listen to the other side either, and don't read the newspapers, go back and read the transcript of the original trial and decide for yourself whether I'm guilty or not!"

I wish to apologize for this article's not having been written and edited well. I feel very emotional about the subject, I had more data than I could digest easily, and I'm afraid I'm lazy as a writer.

After starting this article, I went up to KPFA and discussed it with Gene Marine. He very graciously gave me permission to quote copiously, for which I thank him very much.

--Miriam Carr

The Gondoliers

or, The King of Barataffia

by Ron Elik and Bruce Pelz

In 1958, Carl Brandon set out to parody one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas--"The Sorcerer". Nothing ever got done beyond the construction of a few brief rhymes and a sort of an idea, and by the time of the Solacon it was still just an idea. After the Solacon, nobody was interested in the parody, because it was no fun faking brandonizations when the show was all over. In 1959, Bruce Pelz wrote Berkeley fandom, saying he'd like to help with the parody, only why not work on "The Gondoliers" instead? So "Carl" read the latter, and a correspondence was struck up which, unfortunately, died before the parody was half finished.

What was done is presented here, because the idea of a three-way contest for the TAFF race might have led to an interesting parody and perhaps you might like to do something with it.

-ooo-

In the original, the problem was about the identity of the King of Barataria, who had been raised as a gondolier by an old man who couldn't remember which was the king and which was his own son. The plot involved a female who had been wed as a babe to the king and who wanted to know which was her husband, a Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor, and the Duke of Plaza-Toro. We revamped this somewhat to make the crown of Barataffia the sought-after which had been lost, that two males were fighting for it, and that (bad prophets we!) the female eventually won it. The Duke became Robert Madle, the Inquisitor became Ron Bennett, and you can guess the other identities.

The main song that stood by itself was a quintet sung by the Duke, his attendant (unidentified fannishly), the Duchess, Casilda (female lead), and the Inquisitor:

All: Try we life-long, we can never
Delve the roots of fandom's will.
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
Our audience with talking kill?

Luiz: Fandom's just a ghoddam fad!

Duch: Or a way of life that's mad!

The Fandoliers--II

All: Fandom's just a ghoddam fad,
Or a way of life that's mad!
Wherefore waste our erudition,
Daming neos to perdition?
Fandom's just an intermission--
Let us take what's to be had
Set aside the mad enigma,
We shall it outgrow anon!
Live but for the glorious stigma:
Recognition at a con!

Luiz: Pub the zines and drink the brew!

Duch: Everyone likes egoboo!

All: Pub the zines and drink the brew,
Everyone likes egoboo!
Fandom's fancies flit unceasing,
Complications keep increasing,
Gafia will bring surceasing,
Though it's often overdue!

-oOo-

Then we gave into temptation to poke fun at a convention fan, and wrote the following for the Duke to sing about himself:

Duke: In enterprise of fannish kind,
When there was any pubbing,
He caught up later, from behind,
So friends he'd not be snubbing.
But when a con was in the plan,
His place was at the fore, O--
That celebrated, dedicated, antiquated Closed-Door man,
The Duke of Confabore.

All: Fan-talking through the night, ha-ha!
You'll always find this wight, ha-ha!
That celebrated, dedicated, antiquated Closed-Door man,
The Duke of Confabore.

Duke: When to evade a feud at hand
Dissembling was needed,
Not even one of CRY-hack band
Could do so well as he did:
He ventured points on either side,
And neutral stayed once more, O--
That unaffected, ne'er rejected, well-connected
fannish guide,
The Duke of Confabore.

The Fandoliers--III

All: To fen with feet of clay, ha-ha!
 He always showed the way, ha-ha!
 That unaffected, ne'er rejected, well-connected
 fannish guide,
 The Duke of Confaboro.

-oOo-

And once wasn't enough; we even had Don Alhambra stand up and
 explain all about the Duke, so that no one could misunderstand:

I won the crown and brought it here
 To cache for next year's winner
 With a highly renowned conventioneer
 Who promised to hold the trophy dear,
 And yield it up only when there'd appear
 A trufan--no beginner!

Everyone knew he'd bear this out,
 And that no one could use a lever--
 Of that there is no manner of doubt,
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt--
 No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
 To his terrible taste in pubbing,
 That highly renowned conventioneer
 Got deeply involved with the Ghreat Ghod Bheer
 When all of the fans made it very clear
 His zine was not worth snubbing.

For, they said, he too often would flout
 Their fannish endeavour.
 (Of that there is no manner of doubt,
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt--
 No possible doubt whatever.)

Time sped, and when at the end of last year
 I hinted most discreetly
 That maybe that able conventioneer
 Should soon be announcing the fannish peer,
 I found he'd quit his fannish career--
 Gone gafia completely!

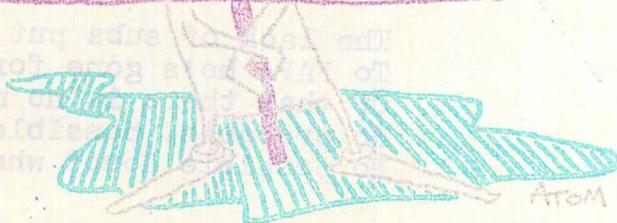
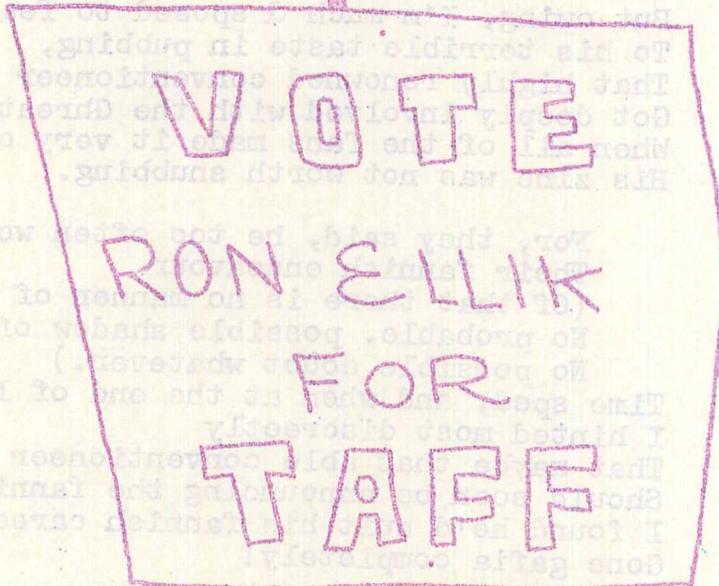
The lack of subs put him to rout;
 To FAPA he's gone forever.
 Of that there is no manner of doubt,
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt--
 No possible doubt whatever.

The Fandoliers--IV

So now we're faced with decision grave
(I swear I've not been drinking!),
For each candidate swears that the other knave
Is only a beatnik with a shave,
And he is the only one who'll save
The fannish world from sinking!

As Solomon I'm not cut out;
I'm ne'er one-half so clever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt,
No probable, possible shadow of doubt--
No possible doubt whatever.

--Ron Elik & Bruce Pelz, 1959



From

CHESSMAN'S LAST WORDS

BY ELMER PERDUE

CHESSMAN'S LAST WORDS
(underlined 60-point roman caps)
'TAKE IT EASY' TO EXAMINER GIRL REPORTER
(120-point roman caps)

These were the headlines that glared at me as stealthily I slank into the Main Street entrance to the City Hall one morning not too many months ago. Stealthily, on account of I'd slept through the alarm, and was mayhap fifteen minutes late. And they glared at me, as I recalled a breakfast conversation with a peroxidized white Russian (peroxide equates with white) some time before...

"Almah, honee, how about some scrambled eggs for my lover boy?"

"Thank you, my dear. But you're an odd vegetarian--scrambled eggs. And last night you fed me some halibut..."

"Oh, pooh. Hens and fish have no karma, babee. Besides, they're easy on my lover's sweet little poo-poo. But talk to me about Dodie, babee."

"And Dodie?"

"Almah, honee, he's seeing no-good people after school. You know, those bastads feed him bacon sandwiches!"

"Bacon, Zoia?"

"Bacon! It comes from those horrid meat-eating peegs, them isotope peegs!"

"Pooh indeed," said lil' Elmer. "Besides, it's high time you did something about your little Dorian. He's eleven now, and should learn to sleep alone. You insisted that I spend the night, and what do I find between us but your eleven-year-old son. What kind of romance is this?"

"Almah, lover, it's all right. Were you ever a mother, honee?"

And so forth through acres of conversation, during which I reassured Zoia that even though I was never a mother, I'd spoken with many homosexuals; that more than a few of them blamed their homosexuality on the matutinal wrestling matches with the parent; and finally, seeing she was losing the argument, Zoia said:

"Sweetie-pie, what about this bastad Chessman? Why are they gassing him?"

I answered her in plain Anglo-Saxon.

Chessman's Last Words--II

"Baybee! If you were Dodie I'd wash out with soap your mouth. But why do you use these feeelthy words to me?"

So I replied, blithely inventing the citation, "If you were to look up the leading case of *People vs. Vest*" (knowing the late Senator Vest, author of "Eulogy to a Dog," would not mind) (on 23 N.E. 2nd 233, you'd find where a man was convicted of fellatio and cunnilingus. And his lawyer appealed, citing a section of the New York Constitution that required statutes to be written in plain English. So this man went scot-free because no person should be required to study Italian and Greek in order to know what was illegal...so that's why I used those feeelthy words, Zoia darling."

And then the conversation went on, over the breakfast table, finally ending with the question on my part: "Zoia, lover, if this man at gun point forced you to hold normal sexual intercourse with you, there's a possibility of a nine-month period during every minute of which you'll hate the memory of the forced rape job. And there's not a court in the whole United States that would authorize a legal abortion. And on the other hand, if you took it the way Chessman was supposed to have required, there'd be no danger of the nine-month carriage of a rapist's child. Now, if the enforced choice were left up to you, which...?"

With her wide-opened eyes gazing at me beneath her peroxidized brows, this lady of Czarist ancestry explained to me as one would a child:

"Babee, maybe I'm schtupid. Maybe I'm prejudiced. So don't ask me, sweetie--remember, I'm a vegetarian."

Chessman's Last Words:

'TAKE IT EASY' TO EXAMINER GIRL REPORTER

Somehow, that headline, occupying as it did the entire width of the top of the paper, appalled me. What a god-awful waste of publicity! Six million people picking up the Examiner, and where there could have been something informative, maybe, like: Chessman's Last Words: 'Chinese Vinegar is Poisonous Until it Has Been Cooked' to Examiner Girl Reporter; or, '\$250 an Ounce is Too Damn Much for Mouse Milk' says Chessman as he Enters Gas Chamber; or 'Poltergiests are a Spontaneous Manifestation of Psychic Phenomena.'

Instead, what do we get? 'Take It Easy.' Then I thought, this man should have known that his last words would be headline material. Why didn't he sell out for a commercial to build up his estate, such as 'Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot'?

That got me started on what would be the best of all possible commercials for Chessman to deliver. Right immediately I ruled out two major utilities--gas and electricity.

In this area natural gas and electricity are major competitors. Each utility is so completely audited that it'd be almost impossible to hide a dime's payoff. The gas industry is so regulated from wellhead to service tap that nothing can get by. And the industry is afraid of public opinion. The American Gas Association sponsors Playhouse 90, which last year had an episode covering the Nurenburg trials. For genocide. And at the climax, when the prosecutor stood and said accusingly, "three million people killed in your gas chambers!" some idiot on the network pulled the sound switch on the last two words, so the man's mouth just moved and nothing came out.

So, what are the chances of getting the AGA to sponsor: Chessman's Last Words: 'Three Times Faster with Gas' to Examiner Girl Reporter?

The light and power companies, too, are in a bind. There's a

Chessman's Last Words--III

sales-promotion gimmick called Medallion Homes, for those which are fused 100 amp or better and have multitudinous outlets for existing appliances and for those as yet undreamt. Gas and electricity bootlickingly battle before subdividers, attempting to influence the choice in kitchen, in air-conditioning, in what-have-you. But most electric concerns are governmental agencies, and as such are thrice audited. Nowhere could we hide the bribe that might make Chessman say ironically,

'Live Better Electrically.'

Somewhere among the hucksters, the Madison Avenue boys, then, we must look for Chessman's last words. And within them for the hard-sell boys that don't mind the sick sick if it brings in the gelt gelt. So I submit: 'I feel GREAT--and Anacin doesn't Upset my Stomach.'

Or for that matter, even such an institution as Forest Lawn, a local cemetary. Chessman could merely have murmured, 'Foreverness,' thereby neatly summing up Good Housekeeping, Forest Lawn, and avoiding the unpleasantness that came later when Forest Lawn refused to accept his ashes for burial. Which seems mighty stupid to me.

Either a man consists of body and soul, or consists of body only. If body and soul, then the soul has gone elsewhere and no evil adheres to the residuum. If body only, then what's the point to foreverness and perpetual care and cemeteries anyway?

The hell with it. I'm getting tired. After several months of occasional mulling, the best I've come up with is 'The Flavor Tastes Best when the Filter's Recessed--Smoke Parliaments.' Somewhere among the sixty-four other memberships, some joint, some back-door, there's a mind that has already beat this article to the point and has come up with better last words. Well, what were they?

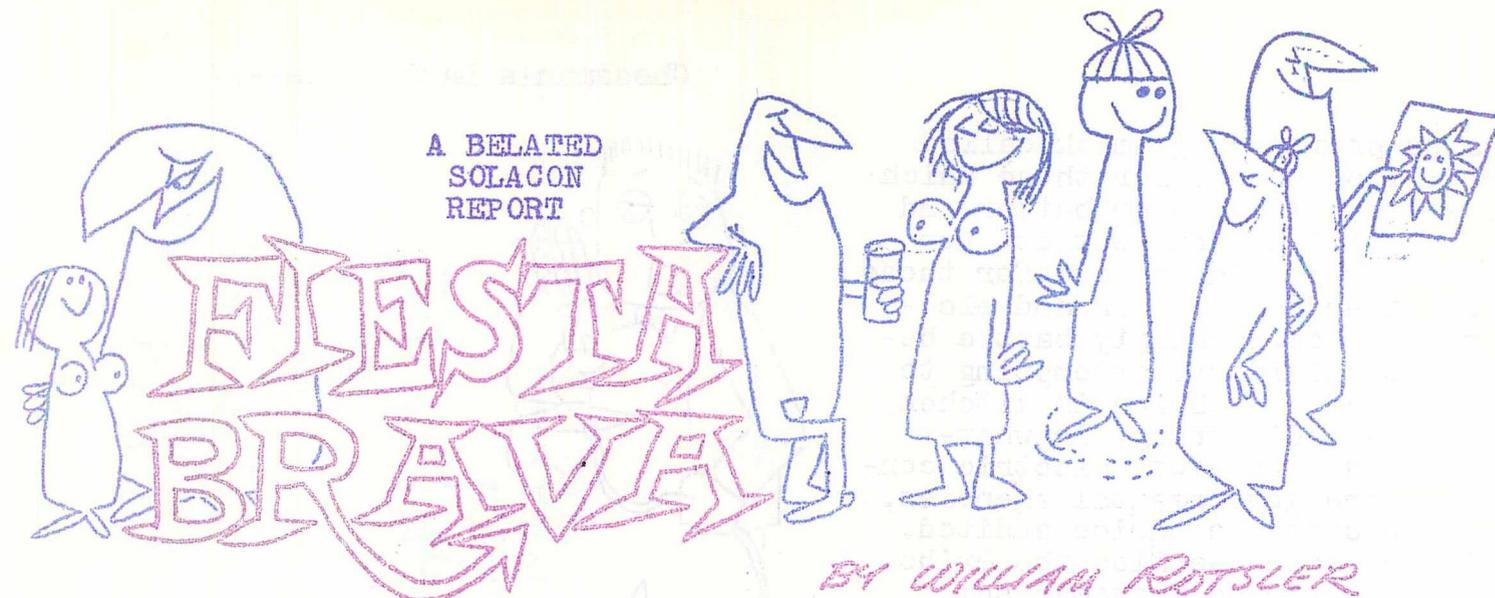
--e. b. perdue

P.S.: 'Would You Believe It? I Have a Cold.'



"And now for a word from our sponsor."

A BELATED
SOLACON
REPORT



BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

MIRIAM MEETS A LIVING LEGEND:

"Where is he?" shouted Miriam.

"Across the lobby," I said. "There, that little gray man." She stood there almost on tiptoe, her mouth open. "Unlike Syd Stibbard you are not seeing the wallpaper through him...that's his shirt."

She literally dragged me over and I introduced her to Al Ashley, who seemed a bit stunned at being a relic, a marvelous relic. "She wants to hear it, Al," I said. He looked up at me smiling faintly, with a questioning look. "She wants you to call her a bastard," I said. Al looked nervous and shy and embarrassed and somehow, I thought, rather pleased. He mumbled something gray about her being a woman (he was about at the right level to appreciate her qualifications as an apprentice Rotsler girl) but I said go ahead.

Al smiled.

"You bastard," he said.

Miriam Dyches squealed.

WHERE'S TERRY CARR?

I seem to have spent the whole con saying, "Where's Terry Carr?" I came to know Terry Carr at the Solacon and to like him very much. I spent a lot of time with him and with Miriam and some of the time we laughed and listened to others and drank and some of the time we spent trying to get Miriam sober and some of the time we were apart.

But one of those nights we went to Walt Liebscher's Home For Wayward Boys, far out near the Pacific Ocean, only a block or so from Al Lewis' House. Bloch, Lieber, Djinn Faine, Karen Anderson, Dick Sands and many others were there. Walt, uh, lives with a decorator (plus what seemed like a male harem) in a very pretty, very chic, very Hollywood-homosexual-slanted home with fire brands lighting the curving drive and phallic symbols and lots of glass walls and a pool at the bottom of a sweeping, curving walk.

Bob and Barbara Silverberg were there and said they were much impressed by California living. I found Bob very likeable, almost defensively shy, quiet; Barbara lived up to all her nice advance publicity and is quite the complementary figure to our prolific writer. They said they were overwhelmed by the houses here and I said it was a pity they didn't have more time, as I could show them better, more heterosexual homes.

The bathroom had swinging doors, each with a slot at eye level, sitting down. I don't know why. Miriam said, "Terry, you stand guard while I go to the bathroom."

A bit later Miriam, her future husband and I wandered into the bedroom to find a triple-sized bed, with a picture of Mother on the nightstand. We all sat down on the end and watched various goings-on out through the glass wall. Miriam said she wondered if having a girl, maybe the first girl, sitting on the bed would make anyone nervous.

"Lie down," I said, "and we'll make it unlivable."

The high point of that night was when I was sitting on the high hearth, talking to Bloch and attempting a pen and ink seduction of Djinn Faine. Karen Anderson came up to stand talking before me (I guess it must have been after the costume ball) in her magnificent lady vampire's costume. Earlier she had run down the ramp, spreading her wings perfectly into the full thirteen-foot wingspread as she curved down the wooden walk at full run. None of us there would have been the least surprised if she had curved off flapping into the sky. I was surprised she didn't. Anyway, I looked up at Karen and said, "Do it again..."

Instantly she turned and ran out the nearby glass sliding door and down the ramp and away. Wow...like, wow, man!

I DRAW ON DJINN FAINE FOR INSPIRATION:

I drew on a lot of people. Every time I saw naked female flesh I'd whip out my special India ink pen (my polite company phallic substitute) and draw on it. On Bjo I drew "Rates Change After 6 p.m." with a drawing of a real sexy broad. At the costume ball someone named Arlene (Brennan?) was sitting in my lap listening to me try to talk her into going nude with a meat-chart-like series of dotted lines on her, a la Martian meat chart. To Sylvia Dees (later White) I said, "Take off your clothes and show them my masterpiece."

But Djinn Faine drew best. Some skins are oily or dry, stubborn to an ink pen, yet draw well with ballpoints, etc. Some are fine, some N.G. Djinn was fine. Just like paper. I drew things all over her, on all sorts of exposed surfaces and in her low-cut sleeveless costume ball thing she had lots of drawing area. It is an old line of mine to look at a large expanse of bared bosom and muse, "What a place for a tattoo" or "I could create a masterpiece!" or "Lie down and I'll do a mural."

So I drew all over her and when she went up for the judging of costumes she told the announcer that she was a space ship pleasure girl, "with original Rotsler drawings all over!" But the announcer was chicken.

Later, Djinn said turnabout was fair etcetera and on the ballroom floor, before hundreds, she opened my shirt and drew something crude on my chest. I lay there wincing with pain, trying to make her understand an India ink pen doesn't work better by bearing down and that there was a little needle in the end. I thought I'd permanently bear a Solacon memento.

For future studies on the use of human skin as an art medium I refer you to Djinn Faine. The Skin You Love To Draw On. Of course, on her you could do something of a monumental scale.

THE EMOTIONAL HANG-OVER:

Conventions are hard work. A few days after the Solacon was over Burbee said, "Sunday seems like a thousand years ago." I know I worked hard at it. I did, I thought, over 200 drawings, but later Terry Carr informed me he and Miri alone had probably that many in their luggage that was stolen.

Fiesta Brava--III

I remember lots of bits and pieces. I made only the scratchiest of notes, doing most of my pen work on flesh or 3x5 cards. I remember talking with A.E. van Vogt about his availability to bribery as a judge ...to E. Mayne Hull about my art...to Bloch about the finest article ever to appear in the fan press (his thing on me in INNUENDO, natch)...to Ackerman on photo models...to Don Day about my age, which he seemed to doubt...to Burbee about Burbee...to Lou and Cynthia Goldstone on my art (I'm a sucker for myself)...to Tony Boucher about Freberg and my cartoons...to Miriam on sex...to Ron Ellik on Carl Brandon (Brandon Lives!) ...to Pavlat on TAPEBOOK and Grennell...to Ted White on getting rid of Terry Carr by sending him overseas via TAPP...I introduced Bob Shaw as the brother of the man who edited Infinity...to Djinn Faine on going to bed...to Ron Bennett, our Guest from far-off exotic England, about how well John Owen captioned my drawings...

I remember being trapped in a crowded elevator that kept missing floors or if it did stop not being able to get out in time. I remember giving Miriam a ham-wrapped carrot at my house on our way to Liebscher's. I pointed out E.E. Smith as the masculine image E.E. Evans held of himself. I remember asking Boyd Raeburn to say something in Canadian and then consoling him. "Don't worry," I said, "there's nothing really wrong with having an English accent."

I remember ducking the banquet and hunting up a Japanese restaurant in Little Tokyo with Lee Jacobs, Bob Pavlat, Max Keasler and, I think, someone else. (Probably Pete Graham.) I remember going to the Costume Ball as a "genuine Rotsler Rotsler," and how impressed I was with John Lackey's magnificent costume and the fabulous Karen Anderson vampire thing. I remember talking with Boyd Raeburn, mostly out at Burbee's, and finding him a most likeable fellow, who rose nicely to baited remarks.

I have here some cryptic, pencilled notes that I don't seem able to relate to anything. I'll let you have them. "Terry Carr drinks his meals fast." "You're just flotsam and jetsam washed up on the North Beach of Life." "She's a sucker for the unorthodox approach." Karen Anderson said she heard a fur-coated woman in a phone booth say, "I can't tonight, darling; I'm up to my ass in Christian Science." A line from the costume ball: "There are science fiction fans for you--when a real alien shows up you give him first prize and send him on his way."

"Miriam and Terry make a lovely couple," someone said. "A couple of what?" I asked. Rick Sneary, who single-handed and alone, armed but with a slogan and determination, wrought the whole Solacon out of his fertile imagination. He was around, playing the role of Rick Sneary.

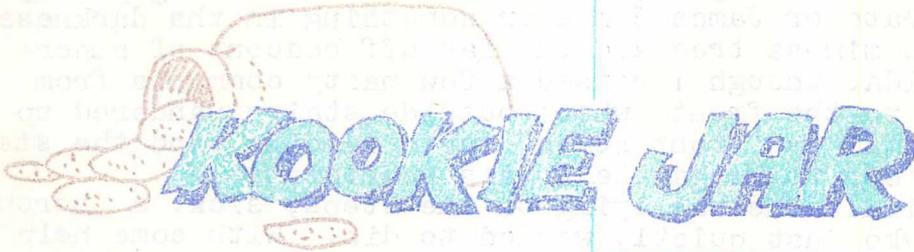
I remember The Great Caption Contest being won by Elinor Busby. We were up in someone's room and Elinor asked me to do some drawings for her and I did and she started feeding me lines to illustrate and soon Raeburn and Jacobs and others were in and I'd point at someone and say, "Give me a line" or "You!" or something. If they couldn't give me a good enough line they were out of the game. Elinor seemingly could not open her mouth without releasing a caption, interlineation or coverline. After I told her this, however, she got self-conscious and the well seemed to run dry. I guess it was a shock to find she was Significant.

The Solacon was really my first Con, as I only dropped in on the Pacificon for an hour or so, and remember visiting only one, maybe two Westercons briefly. I had fun. I had a lot of fun. I enjoyed meeting just about everyone. Even G. M. Carr was nice to meet. I'm glad they don't happen every day but I'm looking forward to the next one.

Science fiction fans are nuts, but generally nice nuts.

--William Rotsler, March 1960

Bill Rotsler's column, called
this issue from letters of
March 1960.



A VOICE FROM THE PAST:

A sexy girl just called, interrupting my watching of "The Lawman" and my cartooning (I always do two things at once), and gave me a hard time identifying her. It turned out to be the ex-Vida Solomon, now married to an L.A. cop.

Well, Vida showed up with a rough, good-looking husband who didn't have much to say but seemed a nice guy. Vida never looked so good, despite now being a mother and about eight years older than when I saw her last. I have a number of memories concerning this young lady. KTEIC tells ~~all~~ some:

Vida, when I knew her in 1951-52, was 17-18 years old and fired up with ambition and more goddamn vitality than five girls her age. She made me feel rather old and sedate at 24. She was (and is) a full-breasted, bouncy "voluptuous jewess" and for some unfathomable reason she thought of me like a Big Brother. I tried on many an occasion to dissuade her from this folly but no matter what happened she always thought of me as someone to go tell her troubles to. How can you make love to a girl when she's telling you about parental trouble or boy friend trouble?

During her typical adolescent revolt she had cards printed, giving the address of the very arty jewelry store in the world-famous Farmer's Market, where she worked, and my address as places to contact her. She used to bounce into my apartment on Hollymont at any hour of day or night. I told her something she did not know this evening: once she popped in and there was a woman in bed with me, under the covers. She didn't realize and I must admit I thought it was amusing, though I got her out of there pretty fast before even her blank mind figured out those lumps could 't all be me.

She used to come to my parties and be bouncy and almost excessively bosomy and so goddamn alive and eager and ambitious. She wanted to be a dancer, and was doing movie work at the time. At one of the first parties she attended at my place she got drunk...roaring, wildly, sick-making drunk. I used to serve that great seduction drink, Purple Jesus, made of gin & grape juice and mixed in a galvanized tub. We stopped using it when we found a few parties had eaten all the galvanizing off the inside of the tub.

Vida had promised me that she'd only have two drinks, given her by me, since I knew she just had no experience drinking. Well, she got two from me, two from Gerald FitzGerald, two from Sydney Stibbard, and so forth. Suddenly I realized she was nowhere about. Oh, god, I groaned,

The Kookie Jar--II

thinking one of my gentlemanly guests had carted her off to the grassy sward behind and above the apartment, a badminton court carved out of the side of the 45° hill that 6255 Hollymont was on, overlooking Hollywood and Vine, some three blocks down the hill. I felt responsible for her, even if she was not my date. (I often picked up two to five girls and brought them in wholesale lots for the pleasuring of my guests.) So I go out and look at three tight groups of folks discussing poetry or the money exchange rate or James Jones or something in the darkness under the stars and the mimosa tree and the far-off beacons of super-market openings. No Vida, though I raised a few nasty comments from guests. So I went out to the front, where outside stairs wandered up 51 steps from the street. My "front porch" was a landing, and the stairs meandered up another floor to Margarita Moya's apartment.

There I found Vida. She was lying on the steps, sick; a thoroughly miserable young woman who just quietly wanted to die. With some help from, I believe, Mina Mittleman, I sponged her off and GCF or Sydney and I carried her downstairs to Gerald's car and locked her in. She was limp, mumbling that she was all right.

We went back to the party, for it was only midnight or one and the night was young.

An hour or so later Ernest Reshovsky, a photographer soon to leave for Europe and some fame, heard a scratching at the door. He had been photographing part of the party (cartoonist Steve Duquette & wife, soon to leave for NYC & fame; photographer Tommy Mitchell & model wife Jimmy, soon to become the highest paid fashion model on the West Coast; actress Helen Winston in very short hair, notorious at the time for having had her head shaved for "Botany Bay," though her scenes were cut from the movie; starlet Joan Whitney; soon-to-be-Mr-Super-Beatnik-Himself Wally Berman of "Art is Love is God" fame; and others). Ernie reached up and opened the door but saw no one there; he looked down and saw a hand scratching at the screen. I went over and looked out to find that Vida had crawled all the way up the 51 steps on her hands and knees and was lying there on the steps scratching to get back into the party and live it up. Syd and I carried her down to the car and I went back to tell everyone the party was over and to go home.

I got in back to keep Vida from falling off the seat and GCF & Stibbard got in front and discussed philosophy and wine while we drove her home. On the way I made an effort to wake her up, climaxing in slapping her face several times.

She lived with her parents, had forgotten her key and her doctor father was very strict about her, even more so when she was out with gentiles. A good Jewish boy she should marry. (Her brother, by the way, was the little kid who once came out with a toy roulette wheel and won 20¢ from me.) So it was essential she be awake enough to walk into the house on her own power.

I got her out of the car and stood her up and slapped her stupid until she could sort of walk to the door. She wasn't my date so I had no intention of being around when an irate parent came to the door at 3:00 or 4:00 or whenever it was. I stood her up facing the door, asked her if she was all right, she mumbled yes, I pushed the doorbell, heard someone start down the stairs.

"Well, uh...goodnight," I said and started away. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her start to fall backwards stiffly. I whirled around and grabbed her at about a 30° angle and found she was out on her feet.

There I was...an unconscious girl, a mother coming down the stairs,

seconds away from mayhem. Slapping had not worked--what to do? I was off balance trying to hold her up from catching her and slick! something popped into my heartless, cruel mind.

Looming up at me out of the darkness was a pair of huge, white breasts, framed and supported by a tight bolero jacket. Suiting action to thought I reached out with a free hand and (gulp) tweaked hard.

Vida stood up straight, wide-eyed and straight-faced...I started down the walk...the door opened and she went in.

Checking with her a few days later I found she had no memory past a few drinks so I left her in blissful ignorance. When she phoned this evening we fell to hashing over "old times" and I told her the full story, at which she was properly amazed.

RESIDENT GUARD:

In the last letter I wrote of staying with Pat Gold because she was afraid of the murderer returning to her apartment house. Well, I dropped around to see Gloria Saunders, the "Dragon Lady". I found out she is involved with a real-life gunman, a shooter for the Mafia. Honest. (Life can be so complicated; dull, dull, dull, then whowie!) He may come around tonight; she said she had a date but didn't, so I volunteered. I'm just an idiot who is curious, I guess. I wonder if I'll ever learn.

Pat Gold just called and hung up huffy. Actually, she is being SOO big about it. I was supposed to have dinner with her tonight at her place and she had bought steaks and I'm cancelling out to go with another girl ("According to the Code of we Resident Guards," I said, "we must go where we are most needed"--that didn't go over too big) and wowie. She's leaving for Sun Valley and I won't see her for weeks and weeks and she's sore mainly, she said, because she had bought all this food and, uh, er, I sure am a nice guy. Only thing is that this is no more than the third or fourth time in my life I cancelled out on a date, yet dates are cancelled on me all the time.

HELP!

The phone rang just now and I answered it and a female voice said, "Bill?...Help!" I'm afraid I didn't react quickly. For a moment I just stared at the knotty pine knot on the wall and thought--gawd, which one? But it turned out to be Miki Benoff, the woman I did the sculpture for recently who wanted some help on a piece she was involved in and couldn't figure out what was going wrong.

I explained what had been happening and why a female voice saying "HELP!" is a bit disconcerting at this time.

THE SWEET DREAM OF SLEEP PURSUED:

I believe it was Burbee who said I was living five to fifty times faster than the rest of you and maybe he's right. After leaving the Freberg office and finding a parking ticket on the car I bought a pair of steaks, peas, violets, a bottle of vodka and took it all to Gloria's for a nice dinner. It has been sooooo long since I bought a good steak.

She still expected the hood to arrive at any moment (he called twice) but the evening was not without drama. A member of the House of David (not the team) and a Lichenstein baron dropped by. He's an interior decorator, a fag, and friend of Gloria's. He wants me to do some sketches for a piece of exterior sculpture for an office building, having seen my cartoons. (You figure it; I can't.) Then some baby a couple of doors away in Gloria's apartment house ran a sudden fever over 106°

The Kookie Jar--IV

and the doctor was not coming and it was stark drama there awhile what with the mother an idiot, the grandmother a former concentration camp inmate who does not always function too well under stress. Red Normond and Gloria saved the day and I got home and in bed about 3:30 this morning, after some 44 hours without sleep.

FAPA MUSEINGS:

Rick "Master Fan" Sneary and I were talking Sunday about the deadwood problem in FAPA (Rick claiming he's deadwood). We decided you'd get on the FAPA waiting list, publish fanzines therein for the long years it would take you to work up to "first" FAPA, then FAPA, then the "second" FAPA. FAPA II would just be the "good" FAPAns, like. Then a third FAPA would work its way out...survival of the fannest...until at some far-off date there would be just one fan, THE FAN, a whole apa unto himself, publishing frantically, meeting ever-increasing deadlines and ever more furious fanac...publishing with one hand while writing comments on that yet to be distributed fanzine with the other...faster and faster...right hand feuds with left...his mimeograph roars night and day producing one copy (plus two file copies) of an ever-increasing series of fanzines...Volume 1, Number 1, Whole First Issue, Not a Reprint, First and only copy...he racks his brain for titles, for novelty, for a higher standard...he duns himself for contributions...when his mimeo breaks down from overwork he begins to write fanzines in his head, endowing them with full-color covers, photographs from outer space, lost novels by great writers, the finest writing of all time, collector's items in binding alone, illustrated by Old Masters, posed by movie stars, interviews with Jules Verne and H. G. Wells...then electronic fanzines that reach into your very being, making you a living, breathing part of each issue...he wars with himself...his feverish mind (that he cannot turn off) blackballs his physical being out of his Ultimate APA as deadwood...his fine mind works faster and faster...the mailing comment section gets far ahead of the article-writing part, writing comments on articles not yet written...his art work department creates masterpieces of electronic art clued directly to your sense organs...but the editorial department rejects it with a curt note that there must be something better. The art work part resigns, the article-writing section collapses from overwork. The mailing comment section coasts along for a few hundred articles, each comment better than the article itself, taking up the better part of a millisecond. The editorial section alone survives, retreating further and further into the mind, boiling and distilling the very essence of fandom itself, until, quivering and mumbling in the dim recesses of a comatose brain, it murmurs the Ultimate Word, the Ultimate Essence of Science-Fiction, Fantasy, Fandom and all tengerental elements of mundane... "Fanac...fanac...fanac..."

CHRIST ON A WHAT?

Chuck Griffith, the director of "Troubled Giants," the Arab-Israeli movie I'm supposed to do the art direction on, dropped by Friday night. He brought with him an actor who looks like a finely featured Ricardo Montalban, a very nice guy who studied painting in Paris for six years, is 37 now. He told me some funny stories about models. The best one follows.

They would often paint a naked male model on a cross and usually they would tie his arms and legs to the cross and, standing on a little ledge, set him up as Christ crucified. Well, the directoress would in-

The Kookie Jar--V

terview new models right in class, having them strip and stand on the model platform one after another to take a pose or two to look at their figures, posing, how they took directions, etc. All very swift and as the class was painting. Well, this one day they had a series of three or four fine, well-built models of some beauty being interviewed. The last in line was a statuesque, full-figure-in-beautiful-proportion, Anita Ekberg blonde type. She undressed, stepped up on the platform directly below the naked, crucified model, hit a quick pose or two, turned towards the model Christ and hit a real sexer. Suddenly a female student yelped, another actually passed out and the place broke up. The male model was yelling "Get me down!" and straining against the ropes. Laughingly everyone took him down and he fled in complete embarrassment. They were painting Christs with erections for weeks.

BACHELORS ANONYMOUS:

Bachelors Anonymous...when you feel marriage coming on you call a friend and he comes by, gives you a drink, and sits with you until the feeling goes away.

Husbands Anonymous...since hitting a wife or ex-wife is a felony, you call another member and he goes by and slugs her, which is only a misdemeanor if he is caught. It is constructed along the lines of Murder, Inc.

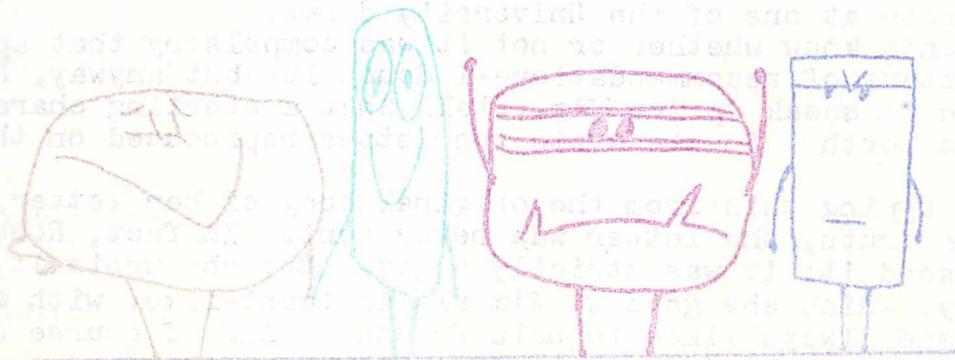
POT OF POURED MISCELLENY:

"Death will not release you even if you die," said Ernie Wheatley, who, at last night's LASFS meeting, also said, "Before you sit down, stand up" (and identify yourself). Last night's meeting was both the most serious and one of the funniest I've attended. No lines really stick in my mind (except Director Ted Johnstone's "If you impeach me I'll rule you out of order") but the mood was good.

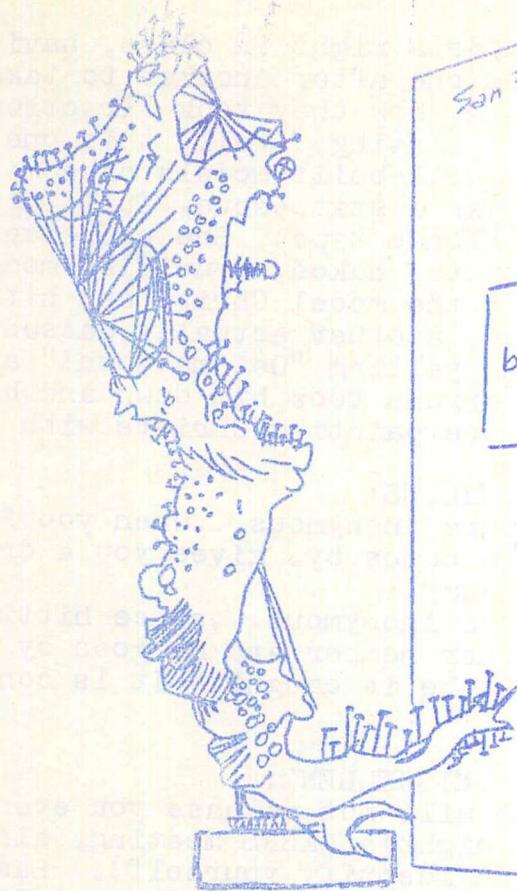
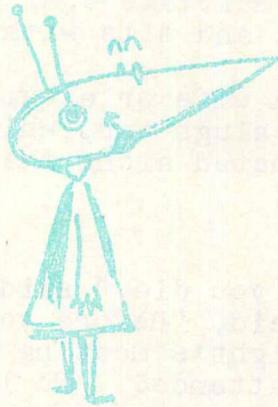
Found card with Solacon notes that bear the following notations. "I'm going to explain to your mother what sex is, Ron." Old FitzGerald line: "I feel so lousy this afternoon I think I'll put on my dark glasses and go to a drive-in movie."

"We carry a St. Christopher's medal to keep from being hit by Catholics."--Dickensheets.

--Bill Rotsler



"Alpha Centauri?"



San Francisco Museum

sculptures
by Seymour
Locke

COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON

by Terry

Every now and then the time comes when I decide to Clear Out The Ol' Desk...get rid of the myriad notes, interlineations, clippings, and miscellanea I've been meaning to write about for months or sometimes even years. Well, brace yourself, because this is one of those times.

I have here, for instance, a letter that Robbie Gibson wrote to the University Housing Office six months ago. At that time Jim Caughran and Ron Ellik were rooming together, but they had just decided to go off on their own starting with this fall semester, and Jim was checking into getting a room at one of the University dorms.

I don't know whether or not it was compulsory that applicants present letters of recommendation--I doubt it--but anyway, Robbie felt called upon to speak up for Jim...tell what a sterling character he was, and so forth. So she wrote the letter reproduced on the page opposite.

I'm typing this from the original copy of her letter, by the way. To tell the truth, the letter was never sent. In fact, Robbie never intended to send it; it was strictly a gag. But she wrote it, and made a carbon copy, which she gave to Jim all innocent-like, with a few words about how she always liked to help friends. And of course she had no use for the original of the letter, so she gave it to us.

You'll be happy to know that despite this letter, Jim Caughran got a room at a University dorm.

April 28, 1960

University of California
Housing Office
2620 Bancroft
Berkeley, Calif.

Gentlemen:

My husband and I have known James Gilbert Caughran for almost two years, and, in most ways, these two years have been memorable. He has been a guest in our home in Berkeley many times, altho we have just moved out of town.

We would like to recommend him for Residence Halls housing. His roommate, with whom he has shared an apartment at 1909 Francisco, will also undoubtedly recommend this.

In personality, we find Jim congenial and very out-going. At times he has been so out-going that he has traveled to and thru many foreign countries and climes, altho he has not yet been to Hong Kong. I am sure that he will remedy this as soon as possible.

Jim's parents are, of course, US citizens, altho they are living in Pakistan while their son is going to school in the States. The family seems to be on good terms, inasmuch as they frequently send him souvenirs and trophies of the hunt, such as alligators, human heads, etc. His mother and sisters recently took a vacation around the world, partially paid for with US Government trip-tickets.

Jim has many friends in this country and abroad, and a few here in Berkeley. He is noted for his incomparable manner of telling funny stories, and for the hilarious typographical errors he can produce at drunken fan parties. These latter are usually in Seattle or Los Angeles, on weekends. He delights in mystifying his acquaintances with the apparent ease with which he covers long distances, despite his seeming lack of funds. He is manually dexterous, and plays poker skillfully.

I can vouch for the fact that his name does not appear in our criminal files in the Campus Police Dept., which would also indicate that he has not been arrested in Berkeley. I can not, of course, say as much for other cities, Bay Area or otherwise.

I am glad to be able to write this letter of recommendation for him, inasmuch as certain others of his associates have backgrounds which are personally and politically undesirable in many ways.

Very truly yours,



Mrs. R. Gibson - Campus Ext. 3584

I trust it is needless to say that everything said in Robbie's letter above is absolutely true, at least nominally. That's why I think it's so funny.

We saw Jim the day Robbie gave him the carbon of the letter. He told us that he was sure it was just a joke, and that he wasn't worried a bit. And I guess maybe he wasn't, because his voice hardly quivered at all.

Here's another thing I've been saving, this one for two years. It's a letter from Boyd Raeburn, dated 9 Sept., 1958, and I have one section outlined, presumably for print sometime. It's one of those things that I just can't throw out, but don't really know where to print them until I start on a potpourri like this:

"I hope you're being a little more active than I am, and driving Carl Brandon to work on 'Seventeen'. Returned to quite a flurry of work, and having this evening free I have been lolling languorously and watching TV and similarly wasting my time. TV all full of program called 'The Californians' with tale of people in San Francisco being shanghai-ed off to Berkeley to work for a group of publishing giants and when this guy got back to SF he found his print shop was gone but the president of the NFFF chapter of San Francisco said 'Oh horrors we will put a stop to this evil activity for fanzines are abhorrent to us in that they are likely to bite us in the leg' and disguising himself as a Nameless One he dashed off to the Co-Existence Bagel Shop which he knew was the hangout of the Publishing Giants procurer. (The reason he used a Nameless One disguise was that he thought a Bagel Shop to be the San Francisco equivalent of a Tea and Crumpet Shoppe) However, the Publishing Giants' agent immediately recognised him as an imposter in these surroundings, as his hands had no callouses from bongo playing.....

"Howinhell did I get off on this kick? All I meant was to write a brief note."

Now really, if you had got a letter like that from somebody, would you have been able to throw it out unpublished?

By the way, the background on the letter is that it was (note date) written just after Boyd got home from the Solacon; on the trip to the con he had stopped in San Francisco for a few days, during which time I had broken the Brandon hoax to him and to prove it had shown him the first two chapters of a Brandonization I was working on, based on Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen". Unfortunately, this ms. was in the luggage which was stolen at the Solacon a few days later, and I haven't as yet had the energy to start over on it; I suppose I will someday, though. Also, while Boyd was here Dave Rike took him over to North Beach and they toured the area a bit, dropping in on a "beatnik" party or two. I guess it all made some sort of an impression on Boyd.

Another paper I have here is one I carried in my wallet for two years and then stuck in the APA's file, where it has resided for another year. It smells a bit musty, come to think of it. On it are all sorts of notes I wrote while walking along staring into subspace; most of these notes have been used somewhere since. One was a note for a BARRINGTON BULL editorial, which I think I decided not to write after all; it wasn't a very good idea anyway. Another is just a title: "I Spoke With Wally Rose;" I used that as part of one of the columns I did for Shaggy a couple of years ago. There are a couple of phone numbers, a record-title ("LaVerne Baker Sings Bessie Smith"--I think I wrote that down because the very concept croggled me), a gag-line which I managed to work into a CRY column at last about a year ago, the cryptic line HELP STAMP OUT DETROIT MASTADONS (I don't know if I made that up or if I saw it on a Volkswagen window), a plot for a stf story which is lousy now that I think of it...and last but not least, a quote that says:

"What sort of a day was it? A day like all days, filled with those events which alter and eliminate our times."

Comments on comments on comments on--IV

I guess I was thinking of such things as A-bombs and International Crises. The quote was a paraphrase/pun on "You Are There," of course.

Well, let's see... This next paper has been in the files for only six months or so. About that long ago we did a program at the GGFS of presenting to the members famous last lines from science fiction stories, and seeing if they could identify them. The membership did remarkably well; I wonder how FAPA can do with them? Try identifying these:

- 1) "Romance at short notice was her specialty."
- 2) "'Thank you again,' said Alan. 'Au revoir,' said the old man."
- 3) "The face was his own."
- 4) "If they try to beat me again I'll hurt them. I will."
- 5) "'Make a wish,' said his mother, 'make a wish.'"
- 6) "He thought, 'Only a madman would give a loaded revolver to an idiot.'"
- 7) "Millions of times in the ages to come those last few words would flash across the screen, and none could ever guess their meaning: 'A Walt Disney Production'."
- 8) "'What smells purple?' he demanded."
- 9) "His fingers tightened on his child--Oh, God, she didn't know..."
- 10) "That was Grenfell's dream."
- 11) "'We can't get out,' she said. 'It's the whole block.' And then the rockets started."
- 12) "Here is the race that shall rule the seveagram."
- 13) "For a moment there was silence. Then--Click!"
- 14) "The long night had come again."
- 15) "You see, sir, we spent those last two hours telling dirty jokes."
- 16) "'Lord help the cobbles,' he said."
- 17) "His futile hands clenched and relaxed again, folded on his knees. There was nothing left to do."
- 18) "'I wonder,' she repeated, the distant taint of metal already in her voice."

I'll publish the answers next issue, just like a real professional prozine. Except that maybe I'll forget it and won't, just like a real amateur fanzine.

For now, though... on to the mailing comments.

PILOTSAIL #15: I think I've discovered a method of Getting To Work On Mailing Comments that serves quite well in my case: I just pick my favorite mailing-commenter's zine and read that. It isn't so much that I'll necessarily have lots of comments on the zine, but rather that reading good mc's convinces me that they can be fun. My main problem in mc'ing is getting over the feeling that I'm putting on paper nothing but inconsequential, uninteresting trivia--like, who in the hell cares whether or not I liked "The Wind in the Willows"? for instance. But reading through a set of vastly enjoyable mc's dispels this feeling; I start thinking that if I can be half as interesting--and I'm conceited enough to feel that I can write half as well as anybody in fandom--the mc's will turn out pretty interesting after all.

Thus we start off this set of mc's with PILOTSAIL, because you are my favorite purveyor of mailing comments in FAPA, Phyllis. (Elinor Busby is my favorite in SAPS...and by the way, the fact that I like yours better in FAPA even tho Elinor is active here too doesn't especially mean that I like your mc's better than hers, but just that your mc's seem to me to be the best FAPA-type mc's and hers, even in FAPA, are the best SAPS-type mc's.)

Re judo and women protecting themselves: Robbie Gibson took judo lessons a year or so ago, and was happily chattering away about her progress for weeks or maybe even months. One night we called for a demonstration, and she had Joe come at her like a masher or something night in some dark alley. He grinned and complied, and she quite quickly and agilely...got nowhere in trying to throw him. She tugged, grimaced, gave him a dirty look out of the corner of her eye, and finally gave up. Joe's feet were still planted firmly on the floor and Robbie was virtually hamstrung. "You forget that I saw a lot of action in World War II," said Joe. And while we were chuckling Robbie shrugged and said she guessed there wasn't much danger of Joe ever attacking her in a dark alley.

You have missed something by not being able to enjoy splitting wood for wood-stoves. I'm from the Oregon hills, and though my family and I moved to the Bay Area when I was five we've often gone back to visit relatives, and during those trips I always volunteered to split wood for them. I loved it; I think it must have been the ability to let loose antagonisms with a smooth, coordinated chop of a heavy axe that made it so enjoyable. I find many purely physical pleasures very enjoyable and relaxing...sports, for instance, are enjoyable to me more for the type of activity involved than for competition (though that figures in it too). I love bowling, and tennis, and swinging a bat or pitching a hard one at a target glove, and the all-over muscle-action involved in a jump-shot in basketball...especially a jump-and-twist shot. Kind of a funny thing: I'm right-handed in everything except batting and chopping; these two are analogous motions, of course. But I wonder why I'm left-handed at them? I have a sort of feeling that it was pure chance...I, like every other kid I saw when he was first learning to bat, started out by holding the bat straight up in front of me and swinging downward with it; I figure it was probably just chance which side of me the bat ended up on when I got the idea

of swinging horizontally.

I have tried to teach myself to bat right-handed too, in recent years, with some success...I'm better left-handed, though. Similarly, I tried teaching myself to shoot a basketball left-handed, and again was moderately successful. I used to play a lot with Bob Stewart (yes, The Very Same Boob Stewart Who), and it gave me a vast sadistic glee to sink a long one left-handed when playing against him. On occasions I even played whole games left-handed even though I knew he'd beat me that way, just for the glee of the occasional spectacular shot I'd sink...and once, joy of joys, I even beat him left-handed! He was so irritated that the next game, even though I switched to right-handed a quarter of the way through, he slaughtered me.

That was about the period when the idea of ambidextrousness in sports interested me greatly, and coincidentally during the period when I was reading some of Ring Lardner's baseball stories ("You Know Me, Al")...so naturally I got this idea for a Ring Lardner type baseball story about this pitcher who could pitch either left-handed or right-handed. Think what a boon such a pitcher could be to a short-handed manager, if he was any good...he could pitch a whole double-header, one game right-handed and the second southpaw! Anyhow, I never could think of a decent plot to hang a story on, so I never wrote it. But I never throw an idea out, and here it came in handy to fill a paragraph of mailing comments bighod.

I see that I'm rambling. This may be bothersome if you're looking for direct comments and egoboo on your own zine, Phyllis, but it's actually a compliment in itself: your zine turned me on so much that I'm running off at the typer.

I'm afraid I'll have to go counter to the general FAPA-attitude of favoring Marion Bradley's circus material: I have nothing against people riding their hobby-horses in FAPA, but I think Marion is being overly-"cute" about it, with all this "Harry Warner catching now" and "a beautifully-executed double-over-under-and-sideways twister by Boggs" and such. Good heavens, Marion, don't do that! (Reminds me of the days when GIC was filling her FAPazine with little hearts-and-flowers-and-lace doodads and frills, and Pete Graham was going to publish some outrageous anti-Catholic article or something, with little flowers and such doodled in around the borders. Oh well.)

Bill Horse's mention of Nancy Mitford and U and non-U things reminds me that coupla weeks ago Karen Anderson, Miri and I were discussing fannish U and non-U things. For instance, obliterate is U; confluence is non-U. Duplicators are U; mimeos are non-U. The FAPA vice-presidency is U; the SAPS vice-presidency is non-U. Much etc.

Berry's column is quite good; I especially liked the line "iy stand is that if you want relaxation you should go to bed." Bravo!

I didn't answer John's quote-cards poll when it appeared in OIPA (like, Miri and I just got into OIPA), but I'll mention here that we often throw out quote-cards...especially Alan Dodd quote-cards. With us it's definitely a quality-judgment. I've sent out two or three quote-cards and had one returned; a higher average than most. And yes, John, there seem to be damn few quote-cards circulating these days. I'm just as glad; many were asinine, most were dull, and all were more trouble than they were worth.

Comments on comments on comments on--VII

Ted White

NULL-F: I hate you, Ted White. I hate you with a purple vengeance. You and your goddam perfect stencilling and layout and duplication. That's a wonderful cover. I hate you for having impeccable taste. (ref.: Ken Hordine's "Word Jazz".)

So that's what you were doing over the July 4th weekend, while we were at the Boycon. Every now and then it gets through to me that fans in other areas exist except at the other ends of typewriters. Most of the time I go blithely along doublethinking that nonlocal fans exist only sporadically, being called up on occasions when they must write me a letter or send me a fanzine...for the rest of the time they have personality and patterns of living, but they must live in some other time-plane or something because they're not really existing as far as I'm concerned unless I'm reading a letter or fanzine of theirs or talking to them in person. I wonder if other fans have this subconscious feeling?--I've noticed a couple of fans recently (Guy Terwilleger and Buck Coulson) being surprised and enthused to get phonecalls from far-away fans; could it be that the pleasure of talking to them is trebled by the surprise of finding that they actually are in existence somewhere Out There?

And such a writeup of what another fan was doing on a given date and time when I can backtrack in memory and remember what I was doing then seems to jog me into the same realization. By ghod, Ted White, maybe you do exist, after all!

(Try this handy test: stop and try to think what Gregg Galkins might be doing while you're reading this, or Bill Danner or Ron Bennett or Sally Kidd. If it gives you a sense of wonder, then brother, you don't really believe that fans exist any more than I do, do you?)

Bill Danner

STEFANTASY #45: It goes without saying that if I hate Ted White for the appearance of his FAPAZines, I absolutely detest you. Sometimes I think FAPA isn't big enough for both of us, podnuh.

The ads seem funnier this time around than they have been for the most part recently. And Leman and Grannell were both excellent. The Fzot Laws of Perversity remind me of somebody-or-other's Law which I heard quoted recently: When something is continually going wrong with what you're trying to do, there's probably a damn good reason. This Law is somewhat similar to my Theory of Causality, which I quote whenever anyone presents me with a phenomena I can't adequately explain: Something Probably Causes It.

That cover is a gas. How long till STEFANTASY starts coming out on Kromekote paper?

Sally Kidd

DRIFTWOOD: Nice stuff, as usual, though obviously rushed--but it's nice to see you in a mailing when you didn't need the activity-credit. Keep it up, Sally.

The Berkeley Humane Society is a first-class institution, relaxed, unhurried, and thoughtful personnel, excellent quarters. We took one of Pye's last litter in for adoption and the tad was adopted within hours of the time we left her there.

DESCANT #2: Miri and I have been having a difference of opinion: does Norm's wonderful straight-faced article on "L. M. Gainsborough" have allusion to Wansborough as well as to Ginsberg? All of the double-references seem to apply to Ginsberg rather than to Wansborough, and Miri says that that anecdote at the beginning of the article is really an old story and the name Gainsborough is really the one usually used, so that makes it seem less likely that you deliberately made up a name halfway between Ginsberg and Wansborough... but Wansborough is a fan-poet whose work could serve admirably for such satire as this, and in fact it has: there was a very straight-faced article in EYE #3 a few years back taking off on Wansborough as a Genius Of Our Time. Maybe your article just reminded me so strongly of the earlier one on Wansborough that I automatically assumed yours had reference to him too. Yours, by the way, is far better than the other, Norm.

Also by the way, there was another fannish version of "Howl" done couple years ago by Nick and (then) Horeen Falasca (Shaw), called "Yowl for Carl Brandon". It was a fabulous piece, even better than yours. Larry Stark did a wonderful taperecording of it, reading it with jazz in the background (an old Chicago recording of "Nobody's Sweetheart Now"), which Dick Eney dubbed and sent to us. Unfortunately, Eney's taper was acting up when he did the dubbing and the copy we got was lousy. But Larry was quite cooperative about re-recording it for us when we sent him a tape; it's now part of our Fan Tape Archives.

You people really should publish more often, you know. Yer triflic.

SISYPHOS: I wish to ghod you'd stick to one title, Jack. DEUKALION was a lovely title.

Greatly enjoyed this, but have few comments. Especially liked the stick-man cartoon and the linos. Seems to me that Fapans who pub irregularly usually have the best linos--do they save 'em up? Anyway, yours about Superman was so whimsical I almost died, like.

THE RABBLING FAP #23: Lou and Cynthia Goldstone were over this evening, and Lou was leafing through the FAPA mailing. He remarked that Danner's mimeography in LARK was excellent, and I showed him RamFap. He broke out laughing: "And he complains of trouble with reproduction?"

I think I hate you as bad as I hate Ted White: that heading for the Heinlein bibliography was a superb job of stencilling, layout, and duplicating.

The most interesting thing about the biblio to me was seeing that Gnome Press is apparently still in business...or was as of 1959, anyhow. It was just a few days ago that I was wondering whatever had happened to all the sfisy publishing houses except Arkham House and Advent; it's nice to know that Gnome is still going. But what happened to Fantasy Press and FPCI?

Comments on comments on comments on--IX

The "Who Zoo Nominations" list and status-symbols attached make it apparent that the list was not drawn up "a couple of years ago" in any but the loose sense. Listing Vorzimer as a "super-dread-nought of fandom," for instance, pretty well dates it to 1954 or 1955; Vorzimer dropped totally out of sight after ABSTRACT's first annish, which came out in early '55.

I'm surprised that you couldn't remember who the Ellis was on the list: it must have been Georgina Ellis, who is in FAPA right now, masquerading under some other name. "Halz" was Fred Halz, who was co-publisher with Gil Menicucci of RIEA, a pretty good multilithed imz from San Francisco; Halz was a pretty good artist and his stuff appeared in a few non-local fanzines too. He's long gone from fandom, and Menicucci died of internal hemorrhaging a year or two ago. It's not at all surprising that you couldn't figure out which Stewart was supposed to be on the list, but I submit that it must have been Boob Stewart rather than any of the others; Boob was the best-known of them. (Actually, there was only one other: both Texas Bob Stewarts were the same guy, and Roberta Stuart was Grennell. There were one or two letters in prozine lettercols signed Bob Stewart, but they too were hoaxes: Rike and Don Wegars were behind one of them.)

Rike & Donaho

LIMBO #3: I've talked over in person any comments I had on either Dave's or Bill's stuff here, but I want to go on record with a denial that I "dote on" historical spectaculars such as "Soloman and Sheba," and that I "dragged poor Miriam to see 'Hannibal'". I do dote on good historical spectaculars like for instance "The Egyptian" or "Caesar and Cleopatra," but I detest bad ones thoroughly. As I recall, we went to see "Hannibal" because (a) we wanted to see the co-feature, and (b) we didn't know it was an Italian movie. Italian historical spectaculars are always lousy, and I can't decide whether the inclusion of the American Victor Mature made "Hannibal" a better or worse movie than the couple of ones we've seen starring Steve Reeves. Reeves is an absolutely no-talent actor, but Mature is actually repulsive. I think I'd plump for the Reeves atrocities: Reeves is at least young and good-looking enough that it doesn't seem absolutely ridiculous to see him making love to some luscious Italian starlet. Besides, one of the Reeves movies we saw ("The Giant of Marathon") actually had some goshwowish settings. That's the only excuse I can think of for these spectacles, the sets; I love 'em. I'm a nut on ancient history, really.

I seem to have talked myself around to the point of almost agreeing with your claim about me, Bill: I guess I am able to get more enjoyment out of these things than most people could. Why hell, I even liked "The Story of Ruth," despite its phoniness. Those sets were so gorgeous.

I should have known better than to take up the subject of ancient history if I just wanted to make a short comment. I remember one time in The Clique, the WOJW group that Rike, Graham, Stewart and I had going a few years ago, when Pete asked me about some minor point about ancient Egypt and I came back with four pages of exposition. I just don't seem to unwind on the subject, as long as it's really ancient history. (Actually, I've been getting Far Out in my passion for history lately: not only have I studied it up to the time of the

Roman Empire, but I'm even getting interested in the Middle Ages. Ghod, I'll make it up to the present-time yet! Wonder what's been happening in the world since 120 A.D., anyhow...?)

Pete Graham

TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING: This is terrific stuff, Pete; you get better every year. (That chunk of egoboo contains a maybe not-so-subtle Nasty Crack.)

Bravo for your comments on all these supposedly-gorgeous femmefans who really aren't. I look with jaundiced eye on your citing Miri as an example ("Sexy Mir may be, but not Miss America") ...but then, I suppose you'd expect that from me.

The day of races for FAPA office between two Big Names isn't quite over yet: Calkins and Phyllis Economou are both top-notch members.

I'm surprised that it took you a couple of readings of "The Cause" to figure out that the mother didn't know about her son's VD. And you're wrong about my line "when a guy gets older he wants more than Zane Grey and Baum...Yerby, for example" being an indication that I wrote it when I was much younger. In the first place, the preferred authors were Yerby and Lichener; in the second, the point was not that an older guy wants more intelligent or Better writing, but just more adult (read: "sexy") stuff. Yerby and Lichener immediately came to mind as best-selling authors which an adult guy would normally be interested in.

But you are right about the style-differences between "The Cause" and my present stuff. Trouble is that some of the style and tricks of writing that were natural to me then were good, and I've lost them completely since, it seems. Oh well, onward and (sometimes) upward.

Yes, you got the INN with Eney's pictorial conreport; it was a spoofing-type thing in The Innish III, the latest issue at this writing.

Irene Baron just a few months ago popped up in the news by marrying Tom Scortia, I believe it was. A one-time-fan and sometime-pro like that, anyhow. She was also at the Detention last year.

"Jazz on a Summer Night" was hilarious, even if I don't agree with your estimate of some of the musicians. I like Red Allen real well, for instance...but I imagine that if the band with him was no good he could sound pretty lousy. Though he's a flashy-type hornman, he's still enough of a New Orleans man that I think he'd sound lousy if he didn't have a good ensemble to work with.

Elinor Busby

SALUD #3: Yes, there was a discussion of Harry Warner at your place, and the discussion was on whether or not he had a sense of humor. Jack Speer and I were sort of arguing about it in the kitchen during the height of the party. I think it started when I asked Jack if he'd liked Warner's straight-faced satire on armchair psychiatry in his Dennis-the-Menace article as much as I had. Jack replied that he didn't think Harry had much of a sense of humor and that he was quite sure that the article had been intended seriously. I couldn't imagine this, but I stopped arguing because it suddenly struck me that I shouldn't be arguing about one old-time fan with another old-time

Comments on comments on comments on--XI

fan. It's just as well I did, too, because I probably would have ended up laying a bet about Harry's article, I was that sure it was intended humorously...and of course Harry later bore out Jack's contention that it had been a serious article.

But I still think Harry has a sense of humor; it's just that I'll never take a chance on arguing with Jack Speer about it again. I might have more of my illusions shattered.

Elinor, it's quite conceivable that a man could die of VD in battle conditions, which I presupposed in that story. Like, his mother was wondering if he'd covered himself with glory in dying; that's why she asked how it happened. I guess I had a clearer idea of the characters and background of that story than I managed to suggest on paper.

My aunts' names are Maude Carle, Diris Carr, Lila Drummond, Rae Drummond, and Dolly Harrison. The latter's first name is a nickname; I either disremember her real first name or never knew it. I guess some of those names are kind of far out at that.

I'm terribly sorry I found your maiden name amusing, even if I didn't realize it was your maiden name at the time. Next time I'll put some salt on my foot before I put it in my mouth.

One of these days, when you're least expecting it, I'll write mailing comments to you in your own style. Or try to, anyway.. I'm honestly not sure I can. Alas.

Buck & Juanita Coulson

VANDY #8: Re stencilling artwork: you're right, Buck, that patience is a great virtue in that line, but so is artistic ability. As you point out yourself, most of the good stencillers in fandom are artists themselves; this is significant. I think the only exception to the rule is Gregg Galkins, who stencils artwork as well as anyone I've seen, yet maintains he can hardly draw a straight line. But the ability to transpose a drawing to the stencil or ditto master process involves a certain amount of understanding of what the various lines are for, what their purpose is in the drawing, and people rarely have this understanding unless they're artists of sorts themselves. Patience can enable a non-artist to trace accurately and surely an artist's drawing, but unless he knows just which lines are important and takes special care to get them just right, a non-artist can foul up a drawing terribly by just one or two small goofs or wiggly lines even though for the most part he's traced the drawing exactly as done by the artist. Gregg, how in hell do you do it?--do you just make sure you've got every line and nuance of shading exactly as in the original, or (more likely, considering the obvious artistic sense displayed in your layouts) do you actually understand the structure of the drawings?

I am eventually going to write an article on the stencilling of artwork...probably for CRY. I remember that Juanita did one for YANDRO, I believe, a couple of years ago, but I think there were some pretty important things she left out...mostly my theory of understanding the drawing in the first place. For instance, it's incredibly easy to stencil Nelson's cartoons, because none of his lines have to come out exactly as drawn; they're the type of lines always used in cartooning, and coming close conveys the same impression as the exact lines he draws. Other artists, the lines of whose

drawings are more precise, do stuff that is much harder to copy effectively. But I'll go into this more thoroughly in CRY.

I'm intrigued, Buck, by your saying that you don't understand my personality, motivations, or whatever. I'd always thought I was a pretty logical and consistent person. What puzzles you about me?

Gee, I've never thought of myself before as an Enigma!

Juanita, "The Wizard of Oz" has just come out in pb form from a small company, complete with the original D. W. Denslow drawings. When I saw that I immediately thought, "Ghod, what a coup! They'll make a mint!" I'll bet they do, too. Wonder if the rest of the series will be issued? Would love to have them all if in inexpensive, easy-to-store pb form...especially with Jno. R. Neill drawings.

Isn't Conway Twitty a ridiculous name? I still can't understand how he ever got to be such a big hit with a name like that. And it's very strange to contemplate how a kid who must have been despised in grammar school and junior high, just for that name, got to be a big teenage sensation. Ghod, when people named Conway Twitty become Big Names, I reflect that brainwashing techniques are getting to be too effective--I mean, he is neither an especially good singer nor especially good-looking, even by teenage standards.

"The House That Roared" has been held over at a show here in Berkeley for something like six months. We liked it very much.

Harry Warner

HORIZONS #83: I think it must be difficult to really capture the spirit of a country in print or photographic form. I always used to think I had a very good idea, for instance, of what France was like, from looking through innumerable volumes of photos and descriptions of people and places there. I felt I could recognize a distinctly French peasant by her smile and the kind of wrinkles on her face; a Parisian cabbie by the mixture of hardness and goodnatured humor in his crooked smile; much etc. But now my faith is shaken; the other day at work at the library I saw a book of photos of the U.S., published in France. I looked through it, and honestly, I couldn't recognize the United States at all from those photos! Most of them were scenes which could have been taken in almost any industrial area, and many of them showed that the French photographer had his own mistaken ideas of what constituted U.S. "color". Many many pics of people in cowboy hats, for instance--far too many compared to the size of the book.

Another thing that jarred on me was the preponderance of pictures of Negroes. Like, this is an overemphasis, I was thinking...and then suddenly I realized that it wasn't at all, that the number of photos of Negroes was in pretty good proportion to the number of Negroes as compared to whites in this country. It was just that our press doesn't publish many photos of Negroes--and as for the photos in advertising, almost none. It wasn't the Frenchman who was overemphasizing, it was the U.S. press which has been under-emphasizing a sizeable proportion of our population.

Now that I second-think on it, Harry, I suppose I was mistaken when I called you on the existence of Howard Wandrei. I think you're right about there having been two Wandreis; they were brothers, I think. But I've read stuff by Donald and not by Howard, which may explain my goof.

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Your mentioning that Budrys seems to be the "first genuine returnee to fandom from prodom" got me to thinking about just how many fans actually have left fandom never to be heard of again when going pro...fans who had been active and popular enough to leave a hole, I mean. And offhand, I can think of only one former-fan now-pro who I would love to see return to fanactivity: Chad Oliver. I don't know how active he might have been in fanzine-fandom (I was still mostly a prozine-reader up to the time he turned pro), but I do remember liking his letters to the prozines very much.

Your article on the contradictions in your personality bears out one of my feelings toward writing. When I was an avid reader of Writer's Digest and such stuff, it seemed I was constantly running into people who claimed that the test of a good job of characterization was whether or not the reader could predict what the character would do in any given situation. This has always seemed like nonsense to me: I think people are far less predictable than that, even to themselves, and to me a good characterization is one which leaves me wondering which of several alternative courses of action a character will choose in any situation. The kind of character who isn't a cut-and-dried piece of cardboard, who is alive enough even on paper to make me interested in finding out what he'll do next. Without this unpredictability, I not only lose interest in the character, but also in the story most often--because I'm not so interested in simply watching the circumstances act on him, with the only unpredictable factor being in the character's capabilities (can he get out of this mess?) rather than his personality (how will he try to get out of this mess?--if indeed he will consider it a mess at all!). But of course the character has to be drawn well enough that I can predict several alternative choices he'd be likely to choose from...otherwise he isn't even cardboard, he's just pulp paper (whether in a slick magazine or not).

Karen Anderson

ALIF: My father always kept several guns in the house too--and they were always loaded. He hunted a lot, and kept the guns in top shape and ready for use at any moment--for prowlers, etc. They were in a closet in the kitchen. When he died my mother offered me one of the rifles, but since the only thing I've ever shot was a .22 I didn't figure I'd have any use for it and let my brother have it. Like, I don't dig loud noises.

A fine issue all the way, Karen; especially liked Poul's article (quite interesting) and the fact that you seemed to be finding it more and more easy to communicate freely via mc's.

Rick Sneary

MOONSHINE: Real nice stuff, Rick. Reminded me of many things we used to do as kids. Roger Sayers and I played guns almost every day for a couple of years...in a kind of silly way, really, because every two minutes we'd stop our chasing the baddies or halt just before slapping leather to hold a conference on how the plot was going to unfold for the next two minutes. This was during the period when both of us were intensely interested in drawing for comic-books, and we would make up these terrific stories about beautiful wild horses or mysterious villains with one ear missing or something, and then get

double enjoyment out of the game because we'd go home and use the plot of the day's action in a comic-book story we'd draw that night. I got so I could draw horses' heads pretty well, but never could draw equine bodies worth a damn. Used to drive me nuts, trying to portray the sweeping action we'd imagined and acted-out that day when I could only draw the heads of horses and not the bodies.

One thing that has always intrigued me about our games when I was a kid was that everybody I knew always wanted to be the bad guy. The good guys always won in the end, of course (...well...almost always...) but they sure got outsmarted a lot of times during the course of action, and usually had quite a few hard knocks too. Being a good guy was no fun, because it was so colorless....the bad guys always wore black handkerchiefs over their faces (we pretended they were black, anyhow), and they had these terrific names like The Payute Kid or Black Slim or Potshot Kelly. All the good guy had was a name like Roy Rogers or Tom Mix or something...that, and his pureness of heart.

This predilection for being the bad guy was especially evident when we played cars...you know, with the toy cars and the roads and such cut out of a hillside. We used to spend days carefully and artistically fashioning a whole community, with roads and banks to be held up and police stations and airports for the getaway planes and underground garages for the hideouts. It was actually much more fun constructing the set than it was playing games on it. The bad guys' hideout was always The Casbah...we'd seen the movie and had been entranced by the labyrinth depicted therein, so confusing and impregnable to the forces of law and order. We wanted to have hideouts that would confuse police that well. And we were, I must say, rather ingenious (if perhaps a bit too imaginative) in our creations. We had traps along the road to the hideout...the bad guys' car would be roaring vroom-vroom along, chased by the police car...they'd come to this bend in the road...right around the bend was a small side-road onto which the bad guys' car would turn, and the co-car would roar past into the pit a little way past there. Gosh, it was swell.

The Casbah, in its most elaborate form (it got bigger and more elaborate each time, of course), included a secret entrance (a sod of dirt, hinged by the roots of the grass overhead, would open and close on a tunnel, leaving it absolutely undetectable when closed), an underground hangar for planes, sometimes a maze of roads leading to the hideout, so that only the bad guys could find their way and the cops would get lost (this is assuming they somehow evaded the numerous Pits, of course), and once or twice we even went to the trouble of digging a moat around The Casbah, filling it with water, and leaving a grass-roots-hinged drawbridge over it. We had toy boats that floated, too, and they were stationed in the moat...though come to think of it, I'm not sure just what use that sleek black submarine could ever have been put to. Oh well.

We also had this one setup for a couple of days that was absolutely a work of genius. We constructed a long long road winding down the side of the hill for twenty feet or more, with all the turns banked so that the cars could be set down at the top and they'd follow the road all the way down without a hand being laid on them for guidance. We figured this would be great for staging bad-guys-and-cop-cars chases...except that careful testing once the roadway was finished

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revealed that the cop-car we had ran faster than any of the bad guys' cars, and always caught up before reaching the bottom...invariably forcing the bad guys off the road in too-realistic a fashion; it was unnerving. So we made some changes, taking two long days of careful testing of the cars' capabilities at banking and speeds and so forth. Eventually we put the differences between the cars to good effect: we finished our new road-construction and set the cars off, one after another, from the top of the roadway. The cop-car and the bad guys barreled down the runway, banking around the turns, the cop-car inexorably catching up...and then almost at the bottom, the bad guys' car turned off onto a new road we'd made and banked for, and the cop-car, going faster, overran the bank and found itself on a different road which led it down and around a small turn, through a tunnel, and off a ramp to plunge five hundred feet (scaled down) onto the rocks below. Goshwow!

Oh I tell you, we were baddies. The cops always won in the end, of course, but not until we'd decimated three-quarters of the police force.

Water-pistols...we had a fine game we played with water pistols...a riot of fun for young, if not old. We'd mark out a playing area beyond which no one was allowed to stray, and then choose somebody to be it. This guy got a blindfold put on him and was handed a loaded water-pistol...five hundred shots. (Come to think of it, it was one of those jazzy water-tommyguns.) The others had plain old fifty-shot water-pistols. This was no game of tag or anything, but a simple water-gun fight...with ramifications, as you can already see. The unblindfolded guys would fire at will, and if they had any aim at all they could hit the guy who was it every time...but all too often by firing they'd give away their location and then the tommygun would go into action. That thing (the one we had) shot a strong stream ten feet...and five hundred shots without refilling. Once it found out where you were, you were in for it, because when he started finding you with the jet from the tommygun it was well-nigh impossible to keep quiet enough to move and not be tracked by ear. "EEEECH! AWK! CUT IT OUT! GRRMF! (blub)" The guy who was it stayed it till his gun was empty, too. It was lots of fun, believe it or not.

We also had another game we played for awhile, when my folks bought a refrigerator and stored the old ice-box (a real ice-box) in the basement. We were all small enough then that we could get into the bottom of the ice-box, and the top door (which had formerly been the door to the ice compartment) was left open...we fired through niches around this door. It was awkward, but it was possible to aim out...and you could hardly miss if you had guts enough to get up close and shoot directly in. Only trouble being, of course, that if the guy inside was waiting for you he'd get you square in the eye with a stream of water. Notwithstanding this, the guy in the ice-box usually got drenched, because we usually had guts enough to take that one blast in the eye in order to achieve the strategic position of hovering over the opening and firing directly in.

It was absolutely ghastly for the poor guy inside once whoever was outside got that close position...but we played the game a lot anyway. I guess it was because the drenching coming from being in the ice-box was amply compensated for by the glee of drenching the other guy next time, when it was his turn to be inside.

Bill Danner

LARK: I'm delighted to see so many Fapans admitting that they haven't read much of E.E. Smith. My story is pretty similar to most, I guess...I tried reading "Children of the Lens," was utterly confused and bored, and gave up. Later on, when I got to collecting Astonishing Stories, I read Smith's Vortex Blaster series of novelets in that mag; they were okay, but I much preferred Neil R. Jones' series. (Which reminds me: isn't it about time for that series to be revived again? It was revived in the early forties for Astonishing, and in the early fifties for Super Science...I'll bet Norman Lobsenz would love to get some Prof. Jameson stories for the new Amazing.)

G. M. Carr

GEMZINE 4/28: I've been making it a practice for some time now to say nothing about either GEMZINE or the Ignore GMC movement, but a statement in this issue seems to need correcting...and since it's a simple case of facts, with no interpretation necessary, I'll hope I can get my point across.

GMC writes, "...the type of supersensitive egotist who cannot STAND to be criticised cannot be satisfied with mere avoidance. They are emotionally immature (or they wouldn't get so upset at criticism in the first place) and react on a mental and emotional par with the little kid who stubs his toe and then 'punishes' the rock he stubbed it on by trying to smash it to pieces. BMC criticizes; the criticism hurts; therefore GMC must be 'punished' by being destroyed. This attempt to 'Ostracize BMC' is their equivalent of smashing the naughty rock to bits because it hurt when they stubbed their toe on it." Well, let's see...who started the Ignore GMC movement on a large scale? Ron Ellik and me. And GMC, to the best of my knowledge, had had nothing but nice things to say about us for a long time; there was certainly no personal ego-involvement on the part of either Ron or me. Who did get rough treatment from GMC?--the Busbys. And the Busbys definitely are not supporting the Ignore GMC movement.

I wonder what in the world GMC is talking about, don't you?

Dan McPhail

PHANTASY PRESS #'s 27 & 29: Or maybe it's 28 & 29...the colophon says 27 but the cover says 28. Yes, 28 it must be. Anyhow, the Special Edition was greatly appreciated.

Dan, I'm against your idea of switching the Laureate Poll to the February mailing to coincide with your X-Ray Reports. For one thing, it's hard enough to remember who did what and how good it was in the Feb.-to-Nov. mailings, even in November, let alone waiting till February. In the second place, though the X-Ray Report could be a handy guide to a certain extent, I think it inevitably would end up causing an overemphasis on quantity as opposed to quality in casting egoboo around. I hope the Poll is continued in the November mailings.

I don't think Buz's using a teletyper for his zine was a FAPA first...didn't Vernon McCain do several issues of BIRDSMITH on one while he was working for Western Union?

Seeing READER & COLLECTOR mentioned in "Out of the Past" reminds me to ask Bill Evans if he's going to do a REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST with stuff from R&C. I'd love to see such a collection.

Norm Metcalf

IDLE HANDS #1: It occurs to me that the only way FAPA is going to get even the semblance of neofannish activity in the foreseeable future is through something like the Shadow FAPA mailings. Why, Norm Metcalf is the closest thing to a neofan who's shown his face around FAPA for five years or more, I'll bet...with the exception of Miriam Carr, I guess, but that's a special case.

Neos just can't get into FAPA these days; the waitlist is too long. I don't know if this neo-block is a bad thing, particularly, but it does keep cloistered FAPANS from keeping up with the new personalities on the general-fandom scene. Time was when a neo who'd subbed to a few fmz and had a few things published here and there but who'd never pubbed a fanzine in his life could get into FAPA after a three-months' wait. (I did it like that.) Now by the time a neo gets through the Gauntlet-type waitlist he's a well-established fan and often practically burnt-out. (viz: John Champion, who was a neo-fan when he got onto the waitlist.) I dunno...we miss the enthusiasm of the neos (SAPS and in particular NAPA get that), but we get a member who is instead well-versed in amateur writing and publishing. I'd rather read a six-page THREE-CHAMBERED HEART such as pore ole burnt-out Champion does now than a 30-page FAN-ATTIC or whatever his first genzine was. So I guess I'm happy with the situation the way it is.

But I guess this doesn't say much to you, Norm Metcalf. Actually, it was intended as a sort of comment on the Shadow FAPA as a whole, and it'll have to take the place of comments on the other two zines in the shadow mailing, because even though I enjoyed them all quite muchly I'm afraid I have no comments in particular.

The last issue of CONFUSION was number 16.

John Champion

THREE-CHAMBERED HEART #2: The cover is one of the funniest things I've seen in ages; I loved it. The whole zine is well-done, for that matter; it's so pleasant to find someone who actually takes care to write well when expressing himself. Especially liked the "Survival of the Fittest" subhead.

But notwithstanding the egoboo, Mr. Champion, you are a schnook! You went and reviewed Shirley Jackson's "The Sundial" and the zine got here when I was halfway through the book. Ferghodsake, John, did you have to mention what the ending was?

Aside from that grotch, the review was fine. I disagree with you that the characters "seem as if you might meet them any day on the street," though: the lovely unrealistic, dreamlike quality of the book comes mainly from the absolutely unbelievable characters. Nobody like those people could possibly exist. They talk English in recognizeable sentences and all, but they make no sense. It's sort of like Damon Knight's Logogenetics--it sounds as if it ought to make sense, but it doesn't. Everybody talks coherently, but nobody is in contact with reality. A fine book, yes.

Marion Bradley

CATCH TRAP 91: An excellent substitute for a mimeoscope/light box is one of those beer signs you often see in the windows of bars...with the fluorescent light inside a box and a plate of frosted plexiglass bearing the name of the beer. If you can get one, simply

slide the plexiglass out and insert one sans lettering, which you can probably get made for you (cut to size, etc., and frosted) for a reasonable price. Both Dave Rike and I use such gadgets (thourh mine actually belongs to Pete Graham, and has the original beersign still in it; Pete scraped off where it said OLYMPIA BEER but left on the slogan "It's The Water" and painted above it, "H₂O"--a quaint mimeoscope, I must say).

Are the stars next to fmz titles in your comments supposed to be ratings? If so, thanks for the three stars for KLEIN BOTTLE.

One uses letteringguides on a ditto master just like on stencils, except one is more careful lest he tear the paper master. If the stylus isn't too worn and rough there's little danger of trouble once you get the right touch.

We weren't kidding about Elmer's article being unprintable. It consisted mostly of obscene and scatological limericks about LA fandom of the forties...very funny stuff, but I wouldn't print it on a bet. Instead, I had Ray Nelson do a cover for THE STORMY PETREL #2, Chorp Dimension Edition, with a cartoon that is, if anything, even more unprintable than Elmer's article. The whole mess is now in my fanzine collection.

With ditto you draw all the colors on one master and run them all off in one run. There are limitations to this, though, and I'm getting ambitious enough that I think I'll see what can be done about mixing colors and certain other effects with multiple runs. Watch this space.

Ren Elk

THE BAREAN #6: Jerri Bullock probably did the illo we published sometime in the early 50's, but you're dead wrong in saying that "when she drew it there were no techniques available to do such a fine job of color work on ditto." Van Splawn and Dick Bergeron immediately come to mind as dittographers who were doing wonderful work at that time...they could have handled the Bullock illo quite well. And Bill Rotsler was doing real nice stuff with ditto in MASQUE, remember.

A line of yours in your comments to Elinor ("You write even more like you talk than Miriam Carr and Bjo put together write like they talk") set me onto a bemused train of thought. If you put Miri and Bjo together it's possible they wouldn't write at all like they talk. It might even make them fee-rocious.

Cozumel

TIME FINDER: On the way back from the Boycon I found myself in Portland at ten o'clock at night with a layover of 2½ hours ahead of me. I thought of calling Don Day, but decided against it because (a) I didn't really know him, and (b) it was getting late at night and he probably wouldn't be anxious to have fan-visitors at such an hour. So I spent the time in the airport terminal leafing through some old Startlings and such that we'd bought at the auction, and occasionally reading a story or parts of the lettercolumns. Now I find that at that time you were out at his place and the two of you were busily fangabbing. Oh sob; gee but those terminal seats were uncomfortable.

I'm afraid the San Francisco bookstores will disappoint you greatly if you visit them. I of course don't know about Bible-collecting, but bookstores with decent stocks of old science fiction are practically nonexistent around here of late. A darned shame.

Larry Stark

ACCENTUATE THE NEGATIVE: Some of this stuff is impressive, Larry, but you seem determined to retain the aspect of your writing which is at once the most irritating and the least necessary: using the names of real people in your stories. Look, the use of the names of real people can have only two effects; it can confuse readers by making them think of the real people and their characteristics rather than the characters as you're presenting them, or it can add a superficial illusion of depth to your characterizations by having the readers fill in a lot of background and such from what they know of the real people. In the first case, it's a definite handicap to the effect of a story; in the second, it's merely an unliterary (and hence, to my way of thinking, an antiliterary) crutch.

For Ghod's sake, Larry, if you must write these things using the names of your friends (don't you know anybody else's names?), then the least you could do would be to go over the manuscripts before publishing them and change the names. It wouldn't take much effort at all, and would be a great help.

I think my favorite piece herein is the shortest one: the Parable about the world's leading atheist. It's a lovely little thing; I've repeated it several times since reading it, to several people, among them Forry Ackerman. Everyone else has loved it, too.

And speaking of God being dead, as that Parable did, reminds me of the scribblings I've been studying on bathroom walls at the university library. "God is DEAD!" was one of the things scrawled there. Those bathroom walls at the library are sort of a fandom in themselves--or at least they seem remarkably like some lettercolumns I've read in fanzines. Or maybe like mailing comments (present apas excluded, of course). Like, somebody wrote on the wall, "GOD LOVES YOU"...and somebody else wrote next to that, "Define your terms". And somebody else wrote under that, "HURRAY FOR GOD!"

Comments on comments on comments on, anyone?

Some of the visitors to the johns are given to writing little quotes on the wall, too, in the best "Quinc" tradition. One of them was, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,/That is all ye know on this earth,/And all ye need to know."

It's kind of amusing (and bemusing) to find something like that written on a privy wall.

One guy has an absolute passion for quoting on privy walls, it seems. On almost every privy wall at the library (I was taking a survey for awhile there) there was written, in the same handwriting, "When true love is born,/Dies self, the dark tyrant."

I noted all this stuff down several weeks ago, during my little survey. I was going to write an article for VOID about it--part of the "Other Fandoms" series. It was a fine fannish idea, I guess, but I don't think I'll ever get around to it.

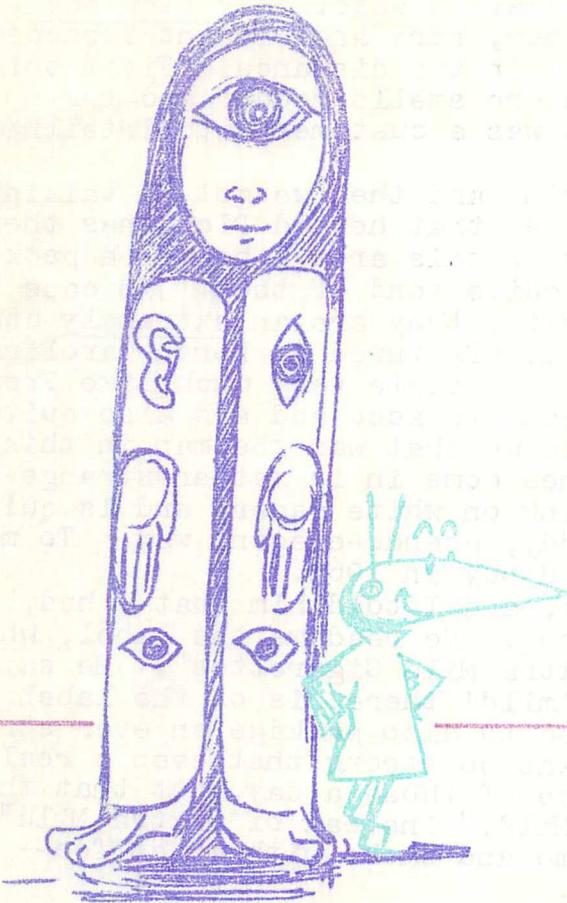
Bill Evans

CELEPHAIS #24: While reading this it suddenly struck me as hilarious to see how many FAPAns are (half-) seriously discussing the technique and reliability of weighing breasts by displacement of water. Ghod, SAPS will die laughing!

I think I've seen Gichner's "Erotic Art of India," Bill. Very interesting; a pity that such fine art of such a type will never (until the Millenium, or at least the Revolution) be representative of the art of this country. Even D. H. Lawrence seems crassly materialistic next to some of the Indian sculptured erotica.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL SKWEE

by Miri



Last night was Halowe'en, and it was a big chiz. We had only five visitors, none of whom was The Great Pumpkin, one was just a junior high school girl not even in costume...and what am I going to do with 75 little packages of raisins? Among the four costumed trick-or-treaters was represented: one clown, one witch (par for the course, I guess), one beatnik (complete with a beatnik mask that looked remarkably like beatnik fringe-fan Pete Stevens), and one little boy in an Alfred E. Newman costume, yet.

Saturday night the Little Men and the Golden Gate Futurian Society held a joint Halowe'en party. There was a girl there dressed as The Great Pumpkin, and Dave Rike was dressed as a beatnik and was wearing a mask just like the little boy last night had. Karen Anderson was a wood-sprite or something, with a very lovely and ingenious costume. Karen won First Prize for the costume, and Dick Ellington won Second; he was Fidel Castro, complete with fatigues, beard, and revolver on hip.

Today I was shopping in Berkeley, and I walked into a grocery store which didn't sell cigarets. Think of that. I don't think I've ever been in a grocery store in my entire life before that didn't sell cigarets. And this was a pretty good-sized store, too--it had fresh meat, and everything. He recommended me to a store a couple of doors east--what I'm trying to say is that the man in this cigaretless grocery store sent me to a store a few doors east of his. I thought he was silly, because the store in question was this place with clay pipes and odd ashtrays and all kinds of weird stuff in the window. I was quite delighted and surprised when I walked in, because not only could I see at a glance that

they indeed had cigarets, but the place smelled absolutely fabulous. The place smelled of very expensive leather, rare and elegant tobaccos, and of fresh coffee percolating somewhere in the distance. First thing I said upon entering was, "Oh my, this store smells good!" and the proprietor just beamed. Obviously, here was a customer with Intelligence and Good Taste.

I bought a pack of cigarets from him, and then we got to talking about various kinds of cigarets. I noticed that he had Picayunes there, and since they're fairly hard to come by in this area I bought a pack for Dan Curran, who at least used to be quite fond of them. In case anyone is unfamiliar with Picayune cigarets, they are an extremely strong cigaret, made from Maryland tobacco and manufactured in North Carolina by Liggett & Myers. I'm told that Picayunes taste very much like French cigarets, which are also made from Maryland tobacco and are also quite strong. (By the way, the person who told me that was the man in this tobacco shop.) The package that Picayunes come in is rather strange-looking, to me; it's very plain (brown ink on white paper) and is quite old-fashioned looking in a sort of shoddy, pseudo-elegant way. To me it just doesn't look like something you'd buy in 1960.

He asked me if I'd ever smoked one, and I told him that I had, and commented that they were pretty strong. He read me the label, which says "Picayune, Pride of New Orleans, Extra Mild Cigarettes". He said, "That's the only place you'll find any 'mild' there, is on the label." And then he went on to say that they used to also package an even stronger blend, in a green wrapper. He said it was so strong that even a real heavy smoker would only want two or three of those a day, but that they had the same label, only it just said "Mild," instead of "Extra Mild". Then he gave me one picayune to take home and smoke with my coffee-- which I thought was a rather kind touch.

Sunday night Robbie Gibson called me up to ask me, "Who, or what, is a Great Pumpkin?" It seems she'd been listening to a hi-fi show on a local FM station, and they'd interrupted some recording something like this: "We have a special news bulletin. The Great Pumpkin is more important than Santa Claus."

I can't imagine how a sharp person like Robbie Gibson could have escaped knowing about The Great Pumpkin, even though she doesn't take the right paper. Jessie Clinton told me she was considering teaching her son, age three, to believe in The Great Pumpkin, since they don't celebrate Christmas. I think she was just being whimsical, though.

Last night Cynthia Goldstone called me up in a funny little voice, introduced herself with a phony name, and told me she was taking a survey. "Do you believe in The Great Pumpkin?" she asked. Then I knew it was her, of course. Cynthia always plays funny little tricks on me on the telephone.

What she really called about was this serialized dramatization of Dickens' "Dombey and Son" which I'll mention somewhere in my mailing comments. She wanted to know if I thought that Walter was really lost at sea, and dead. I told her that since Dombey's son died in the third chapter and that this was the fifth already of only eight parts, that it would be kind of pointless if Walter were dead too. Next mailing I'll let you know if I'm right. My general feeling about Dickens is that he's often depressing, usually sad, but never pointless. Well, maybe... what about that stupid little Nell? Didn't she die because she didn't get to see these goddam flowers or something? Oh well...I don't know.

Anyway, on to the mailing comments.

Dan McPhail

PHANTASY PRESS #28: This was perfectly fascinating, Dan. I've been interested in fanhistory as long as I've been a fan--in fact, until I got married to Terry I knew more about fandom of the early forties than I did about present-day fandom. This was, of course, because Forry Ackerman was kind enough to spend many hours instructing me in the history of fandom, and he gave me many many issues of early fanzines--mostly the fanzines published by LASFS members, pubbed in green ink on the LASFS mimeo. Naturally, Forry had duplicates of these, since he ran off or at least helped publish a very high percentage of them. Gloat, gloat!--I have a pretty near complete collection of VOMs. PP #29 was enjoyed, but I didn't find any hooks for comment.

Norm Metcalf

IDLE HANDS #1: I'm utterly delighted with both the concept and the fact of the Shadow FAPA.

Norm, you were talking about cab-drivers in San Francisco being such maniacs...actually, I've never noticed any such thing. San Francisco seems to have the same percentage of nuts at the wheel--any kind of wheel--as any other city I've been to. But you said it when you mentioned that a bicyclist is taking his life in his hands on Mission or Market Streets. I should hope so!--bicyclists have no business on either street, except maybe real early in the morning or late at night. Those are the busiest streets in a very busy city, and they're hardly wide enough to accomodate the motor traffic that uses them already. Bike-riders should go on Valencia or Howard instead of Mission, or one of the less busy streets south of Market. To my way of thinking, this is just common sense; I mean after all, Norm, if it weren't against the law to ride your bike on the freeway, would you?

Harry Warner

HORIZONS #83: Dear Mr. Warner, I like Marais and Miranda, and I don't like Welk or Kostelanetz. But since you brought it up, what's the connection?

I don't think that KPFA will go the way of WCFM--mainly because KPFA is going on eleven years old. They are quite firmly established in the community, and now have two "sister stations"...one in Los Angeles (KPFK) and one in New York City (WBAI). The only thing that will cause Pacifica Radio to fold would be the FCC. Evidently people who think that a radio station which gives freedom of expression to political minorities are subversive, and the FCC has gotten complaints that maybe Pacifica is a "Commie front" or something. This is, of course, untrue--Pacifica has no political affiliations at all, just a sworn ideal to represent everyone who has something to say, since they are not limited by political affiliation or sponsors or university ties.

Dick Ryan

BANDWAGON #6: I enjoyed BANDWAGON muchly, Dick, but I mainly just want to throw in a Trollope comment. Terry and I like Trollope very much, too. We heard "Framley Parsonage" serialized by the BBC in twenty parts, I guess, over KPFA. We just loved it! Now we're hearing "Dombey and Son," also over KPFA, also BBC version, and also adapted for radio by H. Oldfield Box. (For them as didn't know, "Dombey and Son" is a very sad book by Charles Dickens.)

We think the Victorians make utterly snazzy daytime serials.

Boyd Raeburn

LE MOINDRE #20: Your mentioning the Brown Derby's Gay Ninety's room reminded me of a nightclub where I almost got a job once. All the drinks are a dollar at Gold Street, and all the sandwiches are a nickel. Even the beer is a dollar--but they serve it in huge, huge, gigantic mugs. The sandwiches are really elegant, too: huge platters on this buffet just piled with white meat of turkey, and ham, and roast beef, and shrimp, and all kinds of cheeses, and lovely bread...and nobody pays any attention to how much you take. All the girls wear these very skimpy sort of costumes with long black-mesh opera hose and ostrich feathers in their hair. The wallpaper is real elegant, with designs on it in very rich colours, made out of plush. The carpets are real, real deep and rich, and the whole place is just beautiful. And every night at midnight it's New Year's, complete with confetti and streamers and the whole bit. Wild, eh?

Sally Kidd

DRIFTWOOD #heavenknows: Sally, this wasn't such awfully bad showthrough at all, for 16 lb. paper. Electric mimeo going real fast?

I was very pleased to see you in the mailing, but I have only one comment, and it's really more of a P.S. to Terry's comment to you in this issue. I want to make sure that Terry really got it across to you that our kitten was adopted within a few hours of her being presented to the Humane Society--not gassed. The reason I'm so confident about this is that when we went back the next day there were still kittens there that I recognized from having been there the day before, not a whole new supply of kittens. There's no reason to suppose they would kill one kitten that had been there for less than 24 hours unless they were getting rid of dozens of them, is there?

Chuck Hansen

THE LURKING SHADOW #1: Chuck, haven't you been getting the KLEIN BOTTLES we've been sending you? If you have, then you're a real poop, because we've sent you many and never heard Word One from you, and we're not even among those mentioned who've been sending you their FAPazines. What gives?

Phyllis Economou

PHLOTSAM #15: A terrific issue, as always, Phyllis. The John Berry column was real good. He should be doing things like this for SAPS. I don't mean to seem uncouth...but after all, John's a member of SAPS, and he doesn't do anything like this there.

Yes, of course I meant that no female over 27 answered the question about age on the Fapasurvey, not that no female over 27 answered the poll. I presume that the women who didn't fill in the question about their age were over 27; however, this is sort of a priori reasoning.

No, I wasn't one of the drenched ones at the City Hall (the famous San Francisco HUAC "riots"). Today is Hallowe'en, and I haven't finished the Chessman article yet, but I'll try to get that damned HUAC article written for this issue. (Let us all turn to page 2 now, to see if I wrote it.)

Phyllis, you are not a snob for not being Brinker's mommy. For ghod's sake--that's just too goddamned cute; I can't stand it. My mother-in-law even wants me to be our cat's son's grandmother, fer ghod's sake!

The Transcendental Skwee--V

I'm 22½ years old, and I'm not anybody's grandmother.

When do you suppose Gregg Calkins is going to publish WHO'S WHO IN FAPA?

Bill Danner
STEFANTASY #45: I'm very extremely impressed with your colour experiments. The doodle looks sort of like a kaleidoscope type thing.

Speaking of kaleidoscopes, I saw something which I thought very interesting awhile ago. It's called a teleidoscope, and it doesn't have any coloured glass or anything in it, but it has a lens instead--and of course the usual set of mirrors. You look through it and you see whatever is there, like the bookcase or the cars passing on the street or whatever, and then the mirrors make pretty designs out of it. It's really fantastic. Unfortunately, they cost three or four dollars, as they're to raise money for some Worthy Cause--which is why I haven't got one, even though I covet one.

The picture of Dean Grennell looks remarkably like Rog Phillips to me, even though I know they look nothing alike (except that they're both large-type males) and Terry says the picture looks remarkably like Dean Grennell.

The Roseygruesomes ad is a gasser.

Buck & Juanita Coulson
VANDY #8: This is mostly a comment for Rotsler, even though it was inspired by a comment from Buck to Terry which was inspired by a comment from Terry to Elinor. (Comments on comments on, like.) So anyway...speaking of Names, because I'm Secretary-Treasurer of the '61 Westercon (send your dollar to me, folks) I have the Solacon membership list. The second-to-last name, alphabet-wise, is one Isadore Ziferstein. Now, when I saw that name it sort of impressed me, mainly because it seemed somehow familiar to me--and I know I don't know anyone named Isadore Ziferstein. It is, of course, a perfectly good Jewish name, but you don't hear of many Americans named Isadore anymore and of course Ziferstein is a pretty unusual name. (Actually, there aren't a terrible lot of names that begin with Z at all, are there?)

Anyway, Terry and I were at the movies one day and I saw among the credits where they have a whole screenfull of names, like, the name Isadore Ziferstein. Now, the Solacon Isadore Ziferstein lives in Los Angeles, and I thought, Could there be two or is "our" Isadore Ziferstein something to do with the film industry? Now, of course, I know why the name Isadore Ziferstein rang a bell with me: a Doctor Isadore Ziferstein was one of the psychiatrists who worked on the Chessman case. Would some Angeleno please look up Isadore Ziferstein in the phone book and find out if there could possibly be more than one? (John Trimble, you dig phone books, don't you?) Or could it be that there is a man who is a stfnist, connected with the movie industry, and an eminent psychiatrist? All that?--goshwow.

Another name for the collection is one that I suspect of being unique. My mother went to school with a girl whose first name is/was Etidorfa. I'm not quite sure of the spelling on that, but this child was given such a name because spelled backwards it was Aphrodite/Afrodite.

I used to know a Siamese cat named Nit Nit Nir--which is, of course, Rin Tin Tin spelled backwards.

The Transcendental Skwee--VI

FAPA ELECTION RESULTS: This, I suppose, should be a comment to Officialdom, but you published it, Buck & Juanita, so it's here, like. Poor Coulsons, my comments to you aren't really comments to you, but merely Coulson-inspired. Oh well, instead of suffering from an egoboo deficiency, contemplate how inspiring you are.

In general, I'm pleased with the way the election turned out. Not all of the results are the way I voted, but I'm generally not displeased with anything. However, I do have one minor quibble. The amendment to section 2.3 of the constitution requires that it be made official that the Secretary-Treasurer demand response on at least every other FA from the waiting-listers. I was inclined to vote against this, because I felt that this was too lenient a ruling; but we changed our minds because of that "at least" bit. What with the waiting-list being so bloody long, I think that the least we can expect from our friends on The Outside is a postcard on every FA. Bill Evans, I hope you will interpret the "at least" part of that amendment in that way. Even if it doesn't prove much about the waiting-listers' interest or enthusiasm in our organization, it might at least help to cut down on that overly-long list.

Lest the use of "we" and "I" be confusing in the above paragraph, I'd like to explain how Terry and I go about voting in FAPA, and more recently in OMPA. Last year on the Egoboo Poll we each worked out our favorites and then we worked out the average of our two lists and put that down on our ballot. In cases of a standoff between us, Terry made the decisions because of droit de seigneur.

On this year's FAPA election we disagreed on only one thing, and since we didn't feel emotional or anything about the choice we just flipped a coin. (Terry won the toss.) We just voted for the first time in OMPA, and we agreed on all but two things...but this time we both had such strong opinions on the matters that we abstained on those issues.

I'd be interested to hear how the other dual membersippers go about voting.

Elinor Busby

SALUD #3: Elinor, I had checkmarks for you about Trollope, but I've already commented about him to Dick Ryan. I'm sorry you got cheated out of egoboo. I keep doing that to people.

I feel just terrible about not having comment on SERCON'S BANE. It was a real good zine and all, and I really hate for Buz to say DYDCOMZ to me all the time, but DYDPAHFCEM, F. M.!

Elinor, I don't think it's at all fey to say that Rotsler is charming, even though Karen says that Irish people are all the time fey. Karen's dictionary says it means "hilarity in the face of impending doom". My dictionary says it means, "1. Fated to die (archaic and Celtic); 2. Having the air of one under a doom or spell; also, visionary." It seems very strange to me that the common misuse of this word almost invariably equates fey with fairy-like (either sort of fairy).

I couldn't hardly agree with you more on your views of capital punishment.

I have a haiku for you, Elinor:

Dancing: the fox treads
among the pale
narcissi
in garden moonlight.

--Buson

Pete Graham

TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING: Terry and I were just talking about linos in general, your linos, Some Classic Linos From Out Of The Past, Dan McPhail's linos, and so forth. We mostly agree about linos, even though naturally we have a different sense of humour. (Separate but equal?) I think, for instance, that the subtitle to your jazz article would make a fabulous linc, thus:

...or, That Old Jazz Classic "Blue Danube"

Anyway, I like most of your linos, even though some of them aren't, really. I mean, like they're really between lines and so forth, but they're funny because they're funny lines, regardless of their in-or-out-of-contextness...like "I screwed my way into fandom; what's your excuse?" This is my main cavil at Dan McPhail's linos; some of them are really very funny, and I loved that one in PP #29, "No one who knows how to read has ever been able to successfully clean out an attic," but they aren't really funny-lines-out-of-context so much as they seem to be cartoon-captions or one-line jokes or something.

Well, I'm glad you think I'm sexy and not Miss America, because being sexy is a good thing and being Miss America isn't. I read an article about all the Miss America's in Life or Look or something one time when I was in a launderette; they all have to be able to do such weedy things as play "My Country 'Tis Of Thee" on the flute or do a hula to "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring". And besides that, they're all disgustingly fat by the time they're 35, have had three bad marriages, or else they turn out to be Bess Myerson. And besides, I'm married.

My heartiest congratulations on being represented by a magazine in the 92nd FAPA mailing.

Move back to the Bay Area, you big jerk! The GGFS needs YOU! The Bay Area YPSL needs YOU (I suppose). The Independent Californian DEFINITELY needs you.

Marion Bradley

A KERRY PORTFOLIO: This was very interesting to me, partly because of the self-portrait. If the likeness is at all faithful, Kerry looks remarkably like someone I know, but I can't place her at the moment.

Kerry's artwork seems to me to be a little bit cliché or superficial, even though I could appreciate it just for itself, without a qualitative factor in my appreciation. Mainly, Marion, what I'm trying to get at is that it seems to me that Kerry has a good feeling for textures and seems to be able to put things on paper the way she wants them to be (alas, how I wish I could do that), but the only two drawings that seem to have emotion and dimension are the self-portrait and the picture of the man and woman embracing. I thought some of the others were good too, notably the nude, and the only one I thought was at all bad was that strange drawing with the semi-nude girl and the lightning-bolt.

I don't mean to be bitchy about the folio, because I really was interested in it and enjoyed it, but I feel that she can probably do better--especially with her good technique with textures. Maybe I'm wrong about the subject-matter being cliché, but I just don't dig that many pictures of women's faces.

Before I stick my foot in my mouth any further, I'd better stop commenting on this...especially since I don't have the knowledge to be as constructive as I should be in my criticism.



Ray Nelson

(Tune: Trio "It's clear that medieval art..." from Patience, Act II)

It's clear that sense-of-wonder yarns alone retain their zest;
To charm and please stf devotees we do our level best.
We're not quite sure if all we write has the old Amazing ring,
But as far as we can judge it's something like this sort of thing:

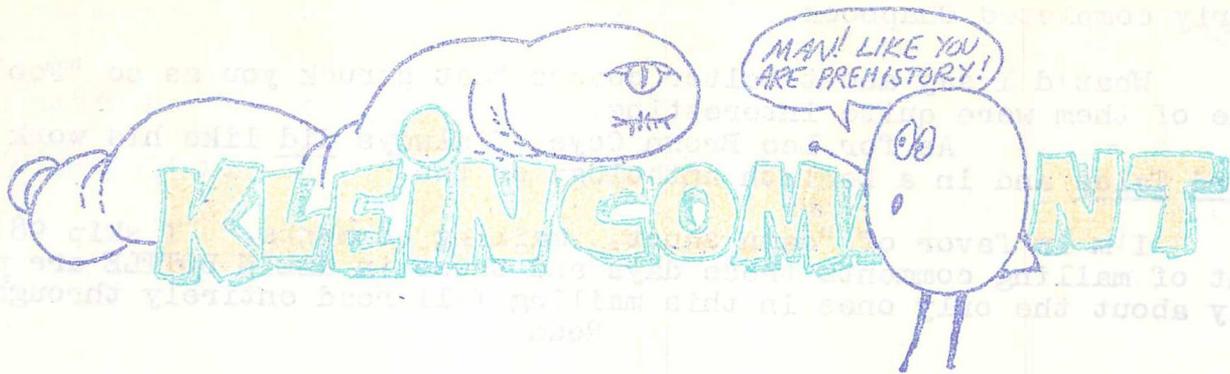
You take a hairy bem...
A wand'ring sexy femme...
You put them on an alien shore with a hero in between them.
Ignore whatever fact
Conflicts with any act
Required to keep the plot alive--and presto, you're a hack!

If this yarn doesn't sell just write it several times again,
And when you strike the proper chord they'll fight with might and main
To buy it; then you switch a bit, like just the hero's name,
Then continue ringing changes, and you're on the road to fame.

(repeat Chorus if you care to)

But if you find you have no luck, then don't blame us for that;
You can't be guaranteed a sale of crud in nothing flat.
The proper attitude will be revealed to you in time
And you'll find the basic plot is just the same as we've outlined:

You take a hairy bem...
A wand'ring sexy femme...
You put them on an alien shore with a hero in between them.
Ignore whatever fact
Conflicts with any act
Required to keep the plot alive--and presto, you're a hack!



For some reason the letter-response to KLEIN BOTTLE dropped off this time; we don't have too many letters this issue. I don't know what happened, except that Bob Leman just got into FAPA and will presumably comment in his own zine. But what happened to Bob Lichtman, I wonder? (I have a gnawing, horrible feeling that he sent a nice long letteracomment which we lost; I hope not.)

Anyway, here's the current crop, commentwise...

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

Much congratulations, Terry, on an excellent job of mastering of the Atom cover. Like, fabulous. Being a Dittofan myself, I can appreciate the work that went into this, and I doubt I'd ever go to the trouble or do it so well. One grotch only, and that a minor one: you should have run the cover on the other side of the paper. You ran it on the rougher side of the paper, which is of course not awfully good for ditto. The smoother the paper the better. (Andy, you've been here and there bemoaning your plight as a neofan--would it help if I told you that you've just told me, an experienced fan, of something I didn't know? It's true. Do all types of paper have a rougher and a smoother side?) As it is, the solid part of the gun barrel shows up very well, anyway. (How do you manage to make it solid without the pencil strokes showing?) (I use a soft-lead pencil--a 2--with a round end; this necessitates bearing down hard, but leaves no marks such as using a ballpoint pen will, for instance.)

Re "Kookie Jar": The religion sounds like a Good Thing. As an anti-religious type I find it amusing and fitting and all that. Rotsler is quite entertaining--dotdotdot skm bem commentletter.

Elinor Busby is 17?? Hah. I'm seventeen, like, and I doubt that she is. (Elinor's soul does not age like others do.)

What's with this Hornig fanletter? I detect toward the end that he isn't quite serious, but just how serious is he? He was editor of Amazing or something like that for a while, was he not? (Hornig edited Wonder Stories, and I'm quite sure that all of that "fanletter" was in jest; it was a satire on the sort of letters that plagued him as a pro-editor.)

valete, amici mei/Andy

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

You're undoubtedly right about the title of EFRussell's "classic". "And Then There Was One" was actually the title of a Ross Rocklyne yarn c. 1941 which, by the way, was much more fun than Russell's feeble little yarn. (I never did finish Russell's yarn.) I think you are the only one to mention this error--but nobody so far has mentioned the biggest error of all, an error that caused me to consider junking the

Klein Comment--II

nearly completed Chapbook. †(Did you typo on ASTOUNDING in half-inch high letters?)†

What'd I say about Salter covers that struck you as so "Foo"? Some of them were quite interesting. †(I must have misread whatever it was you said.)† As for Lee Brown Coye, I always did like his work in Weird Tales and in a Derleth anthology or two. †(Do you like Ralph Rayburn Phillips' drawings?)†

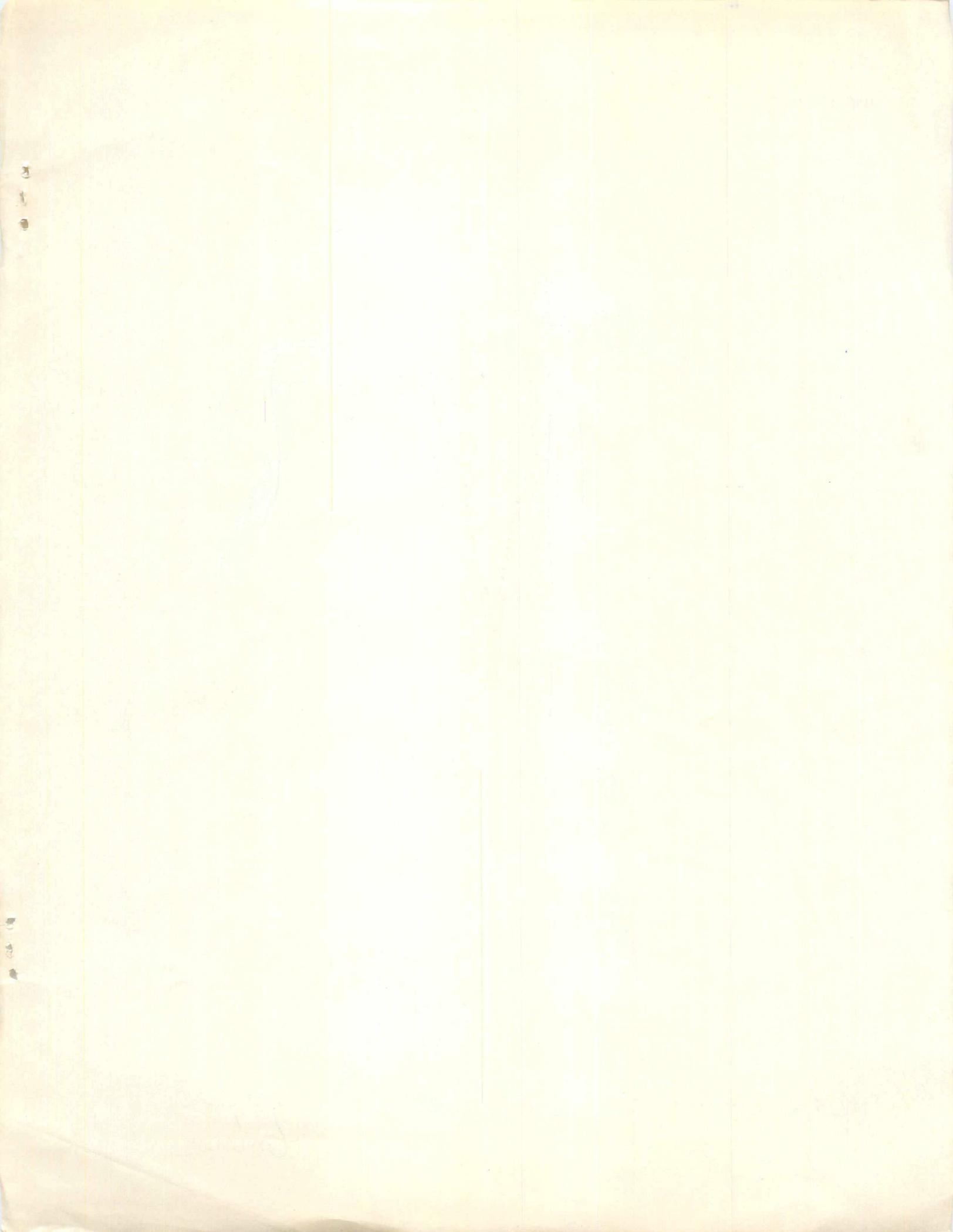
I'm in favor of "damn short...mailing comments." I skip 98 per cent of mailing comments these days and those in KLEIN BOTTLE are probably about the only ones in this mailing I'll read entirely through.
Redd

And that was the sum total of the letters of comment I can find around here. Gad, you waitnglisters...we could just distribute this zine strictly through the organization, you know.

Pooh.

--Terry

RON ELLIK
FOR
T A F F





Erina