

PERSONAL SLIPPER #4

is published in the usual frantic hurry by Ted Johnstone, resident at 619 So Hobart Blvd, Los Angeles 90005, U-S-&-A. Why is it that I can sit around for a whole year doing nothing but reading FAPA mailings and thinking about how I ought to get something more than minac -- or non-ac -- in the next mailing, and then when suddenly I have three days left before the deadline I am galvanized into a sort of hysterical beating upon a typewriter until the deadline is upon me and the required activity has been performed -- or, hypothetically, hasn't? Now if I really had a Cosmic Mind, I'd know enough to be able to find, sometime during the other 362 days, a few of them could be set aside for the cutting of carefully-prepared, well-thought-out, worth-while, and other hyphenated adjectives, stencils. But I guess I don't have a Cosmic Mind. For that matter, I think my tendrils are tarnishing. I've started rubbing them with Brasso and the trouble may go away with regular application, but the indications are still there.

Now regarding the contents of this zine. Since I don't have time to do anything original for the mailing, even mailing comments. MCs involve a careful reading of the mailing, and I don't feel up to reading and understanding 465 pages of fannish material in 48 hours, less time out for food, sleep, and the LASFS meeting. Therefore, since I can't do something original, (except an occasional misspelling) I shall fill my pages with stuff I have done lately.

Now, none of this has been published anywhere -- in fact, only the film script has even been written down. But instead of making vague references to it here, I'll put a proper introduction on each piece. I have a few things I want to natter about on the remainder of this page before I get into the plain and simple stencil-cutting that will follow.

First, I want to announce gleefully that I just got a new recording of UTOPIA, LTD., by Gilbert & Sullivan. This was the operetta that can just after the GONDOLIERS; it closed in 1893 and was never revived. There was a recording made some years ago, but it was deucedly difficult to find. Then a couple months ago the Los Angeles Savoy-Artes staged a production, and announced a recording. The production was fine, and the records arrived yesterday. They are now playing through for the fourth time. The plot is weak and dispersed, and fond as I am of Gilbert I'm afraid this is generally a failure on his side. But Sullivan has rarely been in better form. Musically, the whole thing is completely delightful. The patter songs, the marches, ballads, dances and contrapuntal choruses are bright and melodic. I would place the score well up in company with IOLANTHE, YEOMEN and PIRATES for my own preference, if not in agreement with yours. The songs Gilbert turned out are generally good, if inclined to vary disturbingly from Brechtian bitterness to glowing romantic idealism. But the whole handling of the plot is punk. There is never any sense of impending and inevitable disaster for the hero as there is in the other operettas; neither is there a main plot with a number of secondary plots complicating things; there is rather a number of secondary plots -- nad no main plot. And things are not all that complicated. The recording is already one of the prizes of my collection -- if anybody out there is interested in adding the pressing to his presently incomplete G&S collection, send \$10.35 to the Los Angeles Savoy-Artes Recording Fund, 381 Crane Blvd., Los Angeles California, 90065. This is an unpaid plug.

My fringe-fannish wife has offered to write a page or two for this zine, in the interest of establishing herself in publishing fandom as she is already established in the LASFS and recent Conventions -- I hope she can get it done tonight.

Today is Thursday the 11th of November, and the time is 2 p.m. The deadline will fall in 57 hours. A short while ago, while checking through the last FA, I discovered that I also owe dues this time, which means I've got to find out who the next Sec-Tres is and get \$3 to him in the next 57 hours too. Now somewhere around this Hobbit-hole I have the announcement of the results of the recent elections -- and failing that, I have the sample ballot, and if I saw that I'm sure I'd remember who won. But I guess I'll have to ask Pelz tonight, and either mail the dues with Pelz as a witness to see I've paid, or else wire them to whoever it is tomorrow. Oh, wurra, wurra, wurra....

One thing you may notice -- there will be less in this Johnstonezine of "Here's what I'm going to be doing real soon now", and more of "Here's what I've done recently and what I'm working on at present".

One of the reasons for the great hurry here is that I'm supposed to be writing the first couple of chapters of a novel for Ace, and T. Carr, boy editor, is in kind of a hurry for them. The novel is titled THE DAGGER AFFAIR, and it hopes to be one of the series Ace is putting out based on the IDAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. TV series. The outline is pretty good; the problem now will be fleshing it out to 60,000 words of acceptable quality. I'm having some difficulty getting started -- I got the first thousand words written yesterday, and didn't like them at all. So I'm using this FAPazine as something to get my flow of verbiage oiled up and rolling smoothly, and when I get it all taken care of, I'll go back and tackle that first chapter again. I know that once I get started, it'll be easy to keep going; it's just the initial inertia that's the problem.

Also on the literary front, I wrote a novel some six months ago, which was rejected by Wollheim and is now off under consideration (and has been for over a month) by both Fred Pohl for IF and Jerry Gross for Paperback Books. at 1¢ a word, IF would pay \$400, which would pay for the new engine our car needs; and leave us \$100 towards that new tape-deck I want. Well, we'll see. If they both reject it, I'll keep on sending it out, and if nobody wants it, I'll give it to the NFFF Manuscript Bureau.

Writing is mostly what I've been doing for the last almost-a-year. I had a job in the advertising dept. of a large manufacturing concern for two months, but they laid me off because "it just wasn't working out". I never did find out exactly what they meant by that. But since then I've been squeezing words on to paper, more or less, as well as I could.

This fall Lin and I have signed up for a couple of night classes at the local City College -- since she managed somehow to get her degree without a single unit of any Life Science, she's taking Psych 1, and since she's got a good electronics background, she's in a one-semester intensive course which should qualify her for a First Class Radiophone License from the F.C.C. And since I haven't done any TV or Radio work since my graduation over two years ago, I'm taking one class in R'TV Acting, and another class in TV Production.

The acting class is fun -- there are four people in the class of twenty who show some glimmering of talent, and I'm one of them. The TV production class is terrible -- there's hardly a wisp of the "professional attitude". Most of the people take off at the least opportunity, will not work at all unless kicked several times -- and complain when they in turn have to kick each other into working on their productions. There are only two people in that group I would even trust on the floor of a working studio! Each member of the advanced group is supposed to do a production -- only half of them are ready anywhere near their scheduled dates. My production ran on time two weeks ago, and despite what I thought were some glaring flaws (not helped by the fact we had only one hour of rehearsal time for a fifteen minute show) the instructor told the class it was the best production of the

entire semester. It was an interview show, very simple to set up, light, and shoot. The main problems in the production came from insufficient rehearsal, a shambling fumble-fingered crew, and the fact that I was indeed awfully rusty from two years of inaction.

But I had the foresight to make an audio recording of the entire sound-half of the show, and I have that tape threaded up on my little Emerson taper beside me right now. And you are going to get the benefit if a transcription of the entire show, you lucky people.

I took the idea from some improvisations that Hannifen, Stanbery, Simpson and I had been doing some weeks before. I gave Hannifen the job of Host on the show, and assigned characters to Paul Stanbery and Don Simpson, to play as guests. I wrote copy for the open, the introductions, and the closing, and a couple of commercials for a product which I made up everything about except the name. To my designs Don Simpson made up a set of graphics -- that is, camera cards with the name of the show, the name of the sponsor, and the name of the host, as well as a couple of white-on-black cards with the names of both the guests so I could superimpose their name across their picture a couple of times. Beyond the basic characters agreed upon in advance, the introduction, announcers' copy, and commercial, the entire thing was ad lib by Hannifen, Stanbery, and Simpson. And I think they did a damn good job of it.

Herewith, the script for the whole show.

MUSIC UP : Overture to "Yeomen of the Guard" by Sullivan. Hold for 18 seconds, and take under.

VISUAL: CARD -- "SPOTLIGHT"

ANNCR : Boskone Pharmaceuticals, manufacturers of THIONITE, present SPOTLIGHT, where you meet the men who work behind the scenes to make out lives what they are.

VISUAL: CARD -- "Tired? Tense? Take THIONITE" and pic of Bottle.

ANNCR : And remember, THIONITE can work behind the scenes for you, to make your life better and happier, every day.

VISUAL : CARD -- "OWEN HANNIFEN"

ANNCR : And now here is your host in the SPOTLIGHT, Owen Hannifen.

VISUAL : CARD SUPERED OVER SILHOUETTES ON SET; FRONT LIGHT COLE UP, LOSE SUPER.

HANNIFEN : Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Sharing the SPOTLIGHT with me tonight are two men whose job it is to help you form your opinions. You probably have heard of the organisations they represent, but you probably know very little about them. Tonight we will find out why.

Our first guest is Mr. Paul Stanbery. Welcome to SPOTLIGHT, Paul. Now, just what is your job, and who do you work for?

STANBERY : Well, I'd prefer if you'd just call me Mr. Stanbery. It's... it's that way with the organization, y'know...

HANN: Just what is your organisation?

STAN: Ah, I'm from the C.I.A., actually, ah, Central Intelligence Agency. That means we find out about, uh, Central Intelligence, basically; we're sort of the Agency for it, you might say.

HANN: That's clear enough, I think... But what do you do specifically, though?

STAN: Well, I am a public relations officer. You see, the problem with our organization, as you probably know, ah, we're spies... and, ah, you can tell by my trench coat hear... I just wanted to show that to you... Ah, I am a spy, but I am a public relations spy. You see, being as we're an undercover organization, nobody knows anything... I mean, whenever you hear anything about us it's a flop, you see, and so... I'm a public relations man --- I represent us to the public, to present our, our story, so to speak. Today, for instance -- ah, you want to know what I did today?

HANN: Yes. I noticed a button here saying "I Am An Outside Agitator"...

STAN: "I Am An Outside Agitator" -- I don't know whether that goes over with your cameras there... Ah, I was today appearing in a student demonstration, carrying one of these signs, "I Love The C.I.A.", and I felt that this would go in well with the Viet Nam and all that, y'know... Communists, all of them... Common knowledge, actually, common knowledge...

HANN: Oh well, this I hadn't heard. Apparently, since you're inside the organization, you would know more than us...

STAN: I'm inside -- all the way, really -- and I, I shouldn't really talk to you about too much of this, but to tell the honest truth, I infiltrated all over... Well, for instance, the last job I was on -- y'know, the Viet Nam -- now I know about that from the inside. These Viet Cong are really sneaky! Well for instance they spread a story about us -- y'see, they spread all these dirty lies that the C.I.A. was preparing a village, y'know, killing off women and children and all this, and putting Viet Cong labels on it. Well, actually, we wanted to do that, but it didn't come off -- and the Viet Cong were, ah, very bad about that... Really...

HANN: Well, why didn't it come off?

STAN: Well, ah, I'm, I'm, I'm not supposed to talk about that sort of thing...

For instance... See, the only thing that the public hears about us is these bad... y'know, they come up to me on the street and say, uh, y'see, uh, when I'm not, y'know, when I'm not inconspicuous, as I am here, y'see, normal student garb -- the trench coat, nobody would recognise me... the beard... This is all... y'see, if I had this shaved off, and was photographed, something like this, everyone would recognise me. They'd know who I was -- my usefulness as an agent, y'know would be... uh... I mean, television, y'know, nobody's... uh...

HANN: During the marches, this must be a bit awkward for you; to be in the march, but to be sure you're not photographed.

STAN: Well, uh, really in the march, y'see, I've been in my disguise. Ah, ah... something's wrong here... ((FIDDLING NERVOUSLY WITH HIS BRIEFCASE)) What I really wanted to talk to you about... Hoh... ly attache case, now, you gotta be careful how you open it... See? I got this out of a James Bond movie. It's pretty gaudy... Ah, we are allowed to mention James Bond on the air, aren't we? Rival sponsors, y'know... UH! There we go... ((OPENING ATTACHE CASE))

HANN: Ah, should that little wire be still attached...

STAN: Please... Oh, here's what I... here's a book, y'see... I'm masquerading as a student, with the Henry Miller, and all that... ((HOLDS UP COPY OF PB OF SEXUS)) No, I didn't bring it along with me... but it's in there someplace... What it was, was actually an explanation of, y'know, the Singapore Story -- how we tried to bribe the mayor of Singapore, y'know, and ah, we only offered him, ah, a hundred and fifty dollars, or something, y'know, instead of the hundred thousand we'd promised him. We actually only paid him off a little, of course. Well, this, now, these aren't actual stories -- because, y'know,

the C.I.A. is, is really quite an efficient group. Of course, we don't want men who are too intelligent -- as I've always said, well, intelligenece is not a thinking man's game, y'know what I mean? You gotta play it, with the group...

HANN: If you're intelligent, if you think for yourself, you may do things wrong?

STAN: Well, you're... always representing the government -- whenever anyone knows who you are -- and y'know, that's, that's bad...

HANN : You've got to be able to follow orders and do what your superior tells you?

STAN: Exactly! Exactly! Remember... Be A Creative Stooge -- that's really the whole organisation's plan... I'm, I'm very proud of it, myself -- I'm tremendously proud... I do have to wear this, ah, I mean, beards, y'know, they're not too respectable... But basically, I think that, ah, ah....

HANN: Now, you mentioned Viet Nam, Paul -- you were there for a while. What did you do in Viet Nam?

STAN: In Viet Nam, well, I was preparing, uh, these villages... and also I was trying to find out about what the Viet Cong were doing. This is very difficult, because they, ah, don't send us information on what they're doing, on their maneuvers, so it's rather difficult to figure what they are... We heard that they were guerrillas, so we spent the first months going through the Saigon zoo looking for... But afterwards we expanded -- ah, some code expert had, uh, decoded the word wrong... This was our problem...

HANN: I have always heard that the C.I.A. people have all sorts of interesting equipment for espionage. Do you happen to have any on you at present?

STAN: Well, actually, uh, actually, aside from this case, I haven't got... uh, did you see GOLDFINGER? Did you see that car in GOLDFINGER? They had that in our... in our... uh... I was really hot for that car... And all they give me is a 1928 Maxwell... It's very hard, y'know -- not even a machine gun under the hood... It's really -- It's really disgusting how the government... Ah, I'm only speaking, of course, of --- I love the C.I.A. Ah yes, Alan Dulles, ah, disarmament... I, ah, certainly enjoy being on this program, representing our organisation, and I just want to say, to all those young people out there who are looking for a career in spying... I know they got a lot of opportunity cheating on tests... and things like this -- they certainly... ah, the C.I.A. is a field of major importance, ah, in today's spying field.

HANN: Thank you, Paul, and...

STAN: Yes, well, uh, yes, uh... Is that a camera?

HANN: Yes, we have our publicity man out there shooting photographs...

STAN: Cameras... Photographs... Hahaha... Well, ah, I'm sorry, I'll have to be going! So long, You'll have to understand, I'm sorry to talk and run so to speak, but y'know... I, I don't want to blow my alias...

HANN: Thank you Paul Stanbery...

STAN: You're welcome.

HANN: ... of the C.I.A., for allowing us to put you in the SPOTLIGHT. We'll put our next quest in the SPOTLIGHT in just a moment, but first I'd like to talk with you about THIONITE. ((TO CAMERA, IN CLOSE-UP))

HANN: ((PRODUCES BOTTLE AND HOLDS IT UP TO CAMERA)) Boskone Pharmaceuticals has been manufacturing THIONITE for over twenty years. Since it was first put on the market, THIONITE has increased steadily in popularity among those in need of a quick lift and gentle stimulation. When you are tired, when you are tense, nervous and upset, but must keep going, THIONITE will keep you going at peak efficiency with no unpleasant side effects. And best of all, when the job is done, you can relax and enjoy yourself. Now, THIONITE is no substitute for sleep -- the directions on the bottle warn against overuse. But when you're on the ropes from overwork and stress, one THIONITE tablet will put you back in fighting trim in just minutes, without impairing your efficiency in any way. The working principle behind THIONITE is not an increase in nervous tension, as in the old-fashioned stimulants -- this is tension that impairs your ability to function normally. Only THIONITE calms tense nerves, strengthens tired muscles, eases the pressures on your body so your mind can work freely. If you work hard at anything, keep THIONITE handy.

Our next guest prefers to describe himself as a Public Relations man rather than a Publicity man. He works for an organization which is in some ways similar, and in other ways quite different from the C.I.A. His name is Don Simpson. Welcome to SPOTLIGHT, Don.

SIMP: Good evening, Owen.

HANN: First, to get the ball rolling, just what is the difference between a Publicity man and a Public Relations man?

SIMP: A Publicity man concerns himself just with publicity -- that is, getting his organization in the public eye. Whether it's, what we call "positive publicity", that is, good things; or "negative publicity, is not really of that much importance. But a Public Relations man has a much more delicate task. He's got to be concerned with the image of his organization -- that is, how people react when they hear his organization's name, see its emblems, or its operations.

HANN: I notice an emblem of a bird on your lapel. Is this symbolic of your organization? In fact, why don't you explain your organization a little bit?

SIMP: Well, this is a Thrush, the symbol of our organization, which is called THRUSH. The initials stand for the Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesireables and the Subjugation of Humanity.

HANN: It sounds like it has a very noble goal, Don.

SIMP: It is. But many people don't see it that way. There's, ah...

HANN: Well, in what ways don't they like it? They do not approve of removal of undesireables?

SIMP: Well, that's one thing -- like, there's, ah... The organization that is trying to destroy us. Now, we have nothing against them; and if they would just leave us alone, we would be perfectly content to leave them alone.

HANN: I have noticed, in the dramatized stories I've seen, that they are always taking the offensive against the THRUSH agents -- that THRUSH has never mounted an offensive against UNCLE -- the U.N.C.L.E. -- except as a preventative measure. Now, is this correct in real life also?

SIMP: Ah, that is correct. When they take action against us, it's, uh, always applauded, but when we take action against them in self-defense, uh, people take it wrongly. When we do something, they say we're ruthless -- when the other organization does it, they call it "efficiency".

HAN: I suppose it's just the "History Book" syndrome -- those in power write the history books.

SIM: That's very much it.

HAN: Well, why don't you explain some of the good things that THRUSH has done?

SIM: ((LONG PAUSE)) Well.... ((PAUSE)) ... I don't think we've done anything that you could actually call bad -- but most of our current operations are, uh... well, we have to watch out.

HAN: I have noticed, though, that for instance you run what might be termed a "private army", but in reality it appears to be just something to keep a lot of young men in a job, give them good discipline and training. Now, I've noticed these men, oh, marching, target practice, things like this. This has always seemed to me to be a very good part of THRUSH.

SIM: Well, no. We, ah, don't handle, ah, these things for charitable purposes -- they're for a very practical purpose. These people are using force against us, and we therefore feel justified in using force against them. And since they have the advantage of being able to draw men trained by, ah, various national armies, we are pretty much forced to get the few that they don't take, or to train people ourselves.

HAN: I have noticed that you have given a lot of work to, oh, unemployed technicians -- the German technicians after World War II, for instance, the ones who were not willing to compromise their principles.

SIM: Only because they're good technicians. It's true that THRUSH men must be of high principles, but we simply can't afford to hire anyone who is not good at his job.

HAN: I see. So you only hire the best you can of the men who are willing to work for you. What do you offer to pay them, for instance? You must give them something more than money to get this dedication I've heard about for THRUSH.

SIM: Well, we very seldom pay money, except as, ah, well, for THRUSH operations we may have to disburse money. But if we actually, ah, have to support anybody -- which we usually don't -- we pay off in goods and services. Normally we contract to deliver a cover organisation to someone, and they have to run it at a profit.

HAN: And again, you are, ah, giving jobs to people who... Well, you're keeping money in circulation and thus fighting off the depression.

SIM: Oh yes. We definitely believe in keeping money in circulation.

HAN: I'm noticing our time is about up, Don -- I'd like to thank you for coming on the show. ((CAMERA PULL BACK TO REVEAL HANNIFEN WEARING A JACKET IDENTICAL TO SIMPSON'S, COMPLETE WITH THRUSH EMBLEM ON POCKET)) Thank you, Don Simpson of the T.H.R.U.S.H. for allowing us to put you and your organisation in the SPOTLIGHT. I can't help thinking we'll be hearing a lot more about THRUSH in the future.

And thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for watching our SPOTLIGHT tonight. We'll be back tomorrow night with two more guests from the fringes of our society. Until then, this is Owen Hannifen speaking for THIONITE, reminding you to keep plugging, and one of these days we may find you in the SPOTLIGHT.

MUSIC IN: SAME AS OPENING THEME.

ANNCR: SPOTLIGHT is brought to you each evening at this time by THIONITE, for quick, comfortable consistant relief from nervous strain and tension. When you're tired and tense, THIONITE will wake you up and calm you down in moments, and leave you feeling really good afterwards. Remember -- if you're tired, tense, take THIONITE!

SPOTLIGHT wishes to thank Paul Stanbory of the C.I.A., and Don Simpson of T.H.R.U.S.H. -- THRUSH -- for appearing on tonight's show, which was produced and directed for THIONITE by Dave McDaniel. Your announcer has been Bruce Bonnett.

MUSIC UP, AND FADE.

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Well, that wasn't so bad. It has taken me about three hours to transcribe a 16:30 show. It was supposed to be 14:30, but Stanbory got wound up and couldn't be shut off, and as a result his segment ran two minutes over. And Simpson was doing so well for contrast I didn't want to cut him off with just three minutes of his own. I wish there was some way of getting across in this transcript the frenetic babbling of the C.I.A. man and how it contrasted with the calm self-confident assuredness of the THRUSH operative. Come to think of it, there is a way... If anybody is interested in a dubbing of this tape, they have but to send me a reel of tape and I'll dub it off for them and send it back. I can make the recording at any speed, from 15/16 ips to 60 ips. I can't imagine any use for the latter extreme, tho. And no, I don't have equipment that will play at 60 ips, but the original tape was recorded at $7\frac{1}{2}$. If I were to play it at 15/16 ips and record the resulting rumble at $7\frac{1}{2}$, the result would be intelligible only at 60 ips. So there.

And while we're on the subject, and to fill up some 25 lines before we start on the other item which will grace these Fapescent pages this time, I might mention that I am presently equipped to play and answer tape-letters at 15/16, $1\frac{7}{8}$, $3\frac{3}{4}$ or $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Soon I will be equipped for full-scale production of tape-letters, sound-tracks, audio drama, and a host of other delightful things.

Some months ago I got a Concord F-85 "Sound Camera" -- battery powered self-contained portable, with a very good dynamic mike and capstan drive. It has a remarkably fine sound quality, and I've made a number of good location recordings with it, but it takes a special tiny-sized reel -- $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter -- on which it packs 300 feet of tape, good for half an hour in each direction.

Then a couple weeks ago I got an Emerson M-313, with four speeds. It is not a particulary good machine; there's a fair amount of amplifier noise, and head-hiss when recording (and yes, I've had the heads degaussed), but it is adequate for a second machine.

In another month or so I'll be getting the first, or prime, machine -- a Concord 884. This is big, expensive, and stereo with bolls on. It also has variable impedance inputs and outputs so I can get them balanced for re-recording. The Emerson has one input and one output -- I've been able to record off the auxiliary output of my turntable so I can get music on tape (tho the quality leaves some to be desired), but recording off my Fl tuner or dubbing from the Sound Camera is still impossible until I can figure out how to balance the impedences. When I get that licked, and put together a three or four-channel mixer, I'll be set up to make some of the damndest tape-letters you've ever heard. Until then it'll be natter and music, like everybody else's. But if you're interested in taperesponding, I'm now available. Rich Brown and I traded tapes with Harry Warner a few years ago -- I sent a couple back and forth with Walt Willis a few years ago too. It'll be fun starting again. And this ends the eighth page and my minac for FAPA! Whee!

Today is Friday 12 November, and I've got to get downtown to buy some paper to run this off on. Fortunately, I have a reservation in for Hannifen's Electrex for tomorrow afternoon. If I restrict this to a couple more sheets I'll be able to collate it easily and get it to Pelz well under the deadline. I got my SAPSzine to him with 20 minutes to spare last month, and Hannifen and I sat around the Tower and drank lo-cal colas, listened to Tom Lehrer and watched the deadline fall, dropping four members. We'll probably do it again for FAPA.

Now for the second section -- another movie script. This one, however, we have a fair chance of actually shooting. It's budgeted at \$300, but I can probably bring it in for \$200 or so. Five characters, of which one is still a block in casting -- unfortunately, it's the lead.

Hannifen and I, for quite some time now, have been making weekly visits to the Silent Theater, on Fairfax. This is, as the name suggests, a movie theater that shows only silents. The films shown are all the personal property of the man who owns the theater and projects them himself, while his wife takes the tickets. At other movie shows around town you can pick out the best of the films made in the last couple or three years, with an occasional revival. But he can show the best films made over some 30 years of amazingly prolific production. Besides one feature he usually shows a chapter of the current serial, and a couple of shorts, one of which is almost invariably a Chaplin comedy.

After having seen almost half the shorts Chaplin made, and having read his own autobiography and a couple other biographies and studies of his work, I have developed quite a regard for his work. And since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, I have made plans to make a Chaplin short comedy myself. Specifically, I'm aiming at one he might have made late in 1915, perhaps on an off day. Actually, his Essanay films had good large budgets for the period -- in the neighborhood of \$10,000 -- and he often took a month or two to make each one. This film, however, will be made more or less in the Sennett style of production -- rock-bottom budget (since Sennett was paying salaries, each was budgeted about \$1000) and two-day production schedule.

The thing will be shot with a hand-cranked camera, for a practical reason beside the idea of slightly uneven movement and varying exposure -- the spring-wound motor on the Bolex won't handle scenes over about 20 seconds, and we need much longer ones. We'll be using Plus-X film with a Wratten 40 filter to slow down the speed and adjust the response as closely to orthochromatic as possible, and I'll have the lab run it for as high contrast as they comfortably can.

It will be shot and edited as much in the style of the period as I can manage. I'll be using a very static camera -- besides, did you ever try to make a smooth pan while hand-cranking? -- and mostly full shots, without much dynamic cutting. It'll be a snap to edit, and because of the consistent use of long or medium shots I will be able to use the trick of shooting all the scenes in one setting from a single camera position at one time and intercutting. I have 39 scenes, but only six areas, and a total of 12 camera setups. With any kind of luck we should be able to knock off the whole thing in a day, but I'm allowing a weekend.

Credits are as follows:

Main Title: Twin Rings presents CAMPING OUT (Homage au Chaplin) by

Dave McDaniel

Credit Title: Tramp --

Bully -- Bill Ellern

Girl -- Luise Petti

Camper -- Ted Johnstone

Bear -- Jack Harness

Incidentally, I'm casting to type here generally -- not personality, but somatype. Bill looks more like Eric Campbell than anyone else readily available, and Luise has the long blonde hair, square Irish face and stature of Edna Purviance. Harness is in the bear costume because he has a talent for pantomime and because the costume requires somebody at least 5' 10". I have no excuse for casting myself -- I'm just a show-off. We still haven't cast the Tramp, tho. We need somebody of slight build, acquainted with Cahplin's style, and about 5'3". Probably when we're ready to go into production, I'll advertise in the trades. Blake Maxam would be ideal, but he's about 5'9", and he's got to be enough shorter than the heavy he can be effectively menaced. Anyway...

Crew Title: Camera -- Owen Hannifen
Script -- Joyce McDaniel
Characters -- Charles Chaplin, Mack Sennett
Titles -- Don Simpson

Open on establishing shots of the great outdoors. The Bully is setting up his tent under a tree, revelling in the fresh air and beating his chest occasionally while wrestling with the ropes and canvas.

TITLE: "Not far away, an involuntary child of nature". Meanwhile, the Tramp wakes up under a bush, and wanders down to the stream to wash himself. Comedy business with the contents of his bindle. Finally he drops something, and chases it off downstream. He catches it near where the campsites are. He sees the Bully having trouble with his tent, and laughs at him, partly in amazement that people should be so happy to be doing on a weekend what he must do everyday, and doesn't particularly like. The Bully, in no mood for laughter, hits him with a tent-post. The Tramp is about to counter-attack, but the Bully looms over him threateningly and he retreats. He watches, biding his time, until the proper moment when a rope hooked and pulled with the cane brings the whole tent down on the Bully. He then breaks a tree-branch over the lump which shows as the Bully's head. The Bully fights his way out from under, grabs the Tramp, and is about to bash him when the Girl comes by, carrying a full pack. The Bully drops the Tramp, and goes off to help the Girl with her tent.

The Tramp sneaks around, trying to get at the Bully without the Girl seeing him in action, but is finally chased away. Angry and frustrated, he finds the Camper, frying fresh-caught fish. He tries to beg one, but is rebuffed; business building into a fight. The Camper is about to really lay into the Tramp when a Bear wanders out of the forest behind the Tramp just as he draws himself up to his full fight and tries to act fierce and menacing. The Camper looks past him at the Bear and flees in panic. The Tramp, not seeing the Bear, cockily thinks he has scared off the Camper himself. He takes a fish, and full of confidence, leaves to find that Bully. The Bear noses around the campsite, then wanders off in the same direction.

Meanwhile the Bully has gotten the Girl's tent up, but very badly, and is down by the stream with her, fishing. The Tramp works himself into a position behind them in some bushes where, each time a fish is jerked from the water so it flies over the heads of the Bully and the Girl, he can swipe it off the hook before they pull it back. Finally the Bully gets suspicious, gives the pole to the Girl, and sneaks around to check. He sees the Tramp, and watches him steal the next fish off the hook, then grabs it away from him and swats him over the head with it. There is a big fish fight, using all the ones caught so far. The Tramp is chased away; the Bully returns triumphant to the river bank and boasts to the Girl about it.

Then the Bear wanders into the same spot in the bushes, sniffing around. The next fish that comes flying overhead is snagged by him. The Bully sees the empty hook, grabs a large rock and throws it into the bush. The Bear charges out, and chases him and the Girl up two separate

trees. Then the Tramp comes back, tempts the Bear away from the Girl's tree with the last fish, so she can get down, then throws the fish to the Bully so the Bear will go after him. The Tramp takes the Girl's arm, and starts off. But the Bully throws the fish so it lands in the Tramp's back pocket. The Bear ambles off after them.

The Tramp and the Girl come to a log, where they sit and commence flirting. While the Tramp is looking modestly off in the other direction, the Bear comes up behind them. The Girl sees him and runs away, but the Tramp continues flirting until he notices something nuzzling at his backside. First he thinks it's the Girl, playing around, then he sees she isn't there. He feels around cautiously, finds the nose, the fur, the teeth. Then he rises slowly and starts walking away, faster and faster, with the Bear lumbering after him. The Bear chases him in and out among the trees until he is cornered. Then he finds the fish in his pocket, and offers it to the Bear, thus making friends with him.

With the Bear ambling along beside him, he returns to the campgrounds. The Bully flees in terror when the Tramp points him out to the Bear. The Tramp calls the Girl over, introduces her to the Bear, who politely offers his paw.

In the final scene, the Tramp and the Girl are frying fish together, occasionally tossing one to the Bear, who sits nearby.

FADE OUT.

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As in the traditional comedies, there's a lot of room left for improvisation, with enough scripting to tide us over a sequence if no inspiration strikes. Costuming will be of the period -- the Tramp of course will wear the battered derby, tight cutaway and vest, baggy pants and huge shoes that come with the rolé; the Bully will have black pants, a checked lumberjack shirt and suspenders; the Girl will be in full skirts, white shirt, high boots, and wide-brimmed hat to frame her face in the close-ups; the Camper will be overdressed in khaki shirt, jodpurs, boots, and a pith helmet. The Bear will be all in furs.

I have just decided to double-run most of this zine and use it for ONPA credit as well as FAPA -- or almost as well, or a little better. The front page will be different, as will any pages which follow this one. But pages 2 through 11 (which is this page) will go through both apas. In FAPA I don't have time for any mailing comments, so an 11-page zine will have to do. In ONPA I'll have to air-mail, which will cost a young fortune, but I can still put NC's on the back of this page.

Incidentally, I find it would cost \$2.92 to wire my \$3 dues to Pavlat -- so I'll airmail them, and telephone him tonight to tell him they are on their way. I hope he'll accept that. I mean, sure I'm deadwood, but at least I'm brilliant...

My ONPA dues, fortunately, are already on deposit in England, according to the last OFF TRAILS. So I don't have to worry about telephoning there! Sometime in the next twelvemonth I'll see about getting another 7/- on deposit there -- possibly, probably in fact, ask Archie Mercer, Sterling Agent for SHAGGY, to divert one of the 7/- subs to my ONPA credit. Ah, this international finance...

Have you ever noticed how hard it is to think of something to say to fill the last six lines on the bottom of your last stencil? I've found much the same problem in making tapeletters. As the last few feet of tape unwind, and you expect to see the white of the leader appear at any moment, the mind goes blank, and all you can say is, "Well, it looks like the end of the tape is coming up in a minute, so, uh... uh..." and so on till the tape runs out. At least on a stencil, you know just how far it is to the last line, and can plan out your thoughts accordingly. Thus.