

# PLEASURE UNITS      NUMBER    TWO

---

PLEASURE UNITS, Number Two, is published for inclusion in the sixty-first mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Avenue, S. W., Seattle 66, Washington. Other copies are free on request, if I remember to run any extras--I rather doubt anyone will ask anyway. Gumshoe Publication #11.

---

I hope I haven't surprised you too much by coming out of my shell, and publishing a second issue; but, here, after all has been said and done, is my second issue. The first issue, written rather hurriedly, and mimeod rather poorly, appeared in the 59th mailing. It is best forgotten. I'll probably have the same thing to say about this issue, when it comes time to publish a third number.

I missed the last mailing. It came at the wrong time. You see, it was going to be done as soon as I got out of school for the summer. This would leave me with over a month to do it in. Even though this wasn't enough time to do a really good one, I told myself, I would at least keep my string of consecutive mailings (now Seattle joke) alive. I started on an issue of Bramble instead. It got done; Pleasure Units #2 did not. Though I've fiddled with the idea of doing mailing comments on the 59th mailing, for this issue,

---

## DEPARTMENT OF NAMING NAMES\*

Karen Anderson  
Larry Anderson  
Wral Ballard  
Richard Bergeron  
Ruth Berman  
John Berry  
Walter Breen  
F. M. & Elinor Busby  
Terry Carr  
Calvin W. Demmon  
Howard Devore

Jane Gallion  
Dick Eney  
Owen Hannifen  
Gordon Eklund  
Jack Harness  
Bruce Honstell  
Lee Jacobs  
Ted Johnstone  
Lenny Kaye  
Alan J. Lewis  
Bob Lichtman

Miko McInerney  
Ed Moskys  
Norm Metcalf  
Fred Patton  
Bruce Polz  
Art & Nancy Rapp  
Dick Schultz  
Bob Smith  
Burnett R. Toskey  
Doroon & Jim Webbert  
Wally Weber

\*In certain sections of this publication you will discover that various incidents have been mentioned without naming any names. The above list has been supplied for your benefit. Whenever you happen to come across a spot in which no name has been mentioned, you are referred back to this list. Choose one, only one, of the above names. See if it fits. If, to the best of your knowledge, it does fit, put it in the correct spot. If none of the above names fit, well, that's tough. Answers will not appear in the next issue. . . . g.

---

but, as you can well see, those plans went aglay. There's only so much time... So, those people who had zines in the 59th mailing, will have to get along without mailing comments from me.

This issue is all full of mailing comments, as you may have noticed. There may be a short article at the end of the zine expressing a few points very dear to my heart, but, besides this, the whole thing is mc's. I must not be a very original person. Not uncreative, you will notice (though this may be true) but unoriginal. I have to have read something, somewhere, to set me off before I can write something. So I write mailing comments, and original type stuff is rather lacking. I'm not sure whether this is a bad thing or not.

If you'll read the article, at the end of the zine, you will discover my opinion of on-stencil writing. What you undoubtedly do not know, though you may well have guessed, is that I'm busily composing this page directly onto a bright blue stencil. This is the first time I've done this in well over a year. I've written things, for my fanzines, off the top of my head, yes, but every time I've had something to work from--a rough draft of some sort. This time I have nothing but my mental notes, which say: "Say something interesting for a page, so your page numbers will come out as they should." Maybe I ought to scratch something on the bottom of this stencil as my answer to L. Garcone, but I control myself. That, I'm afraid, would be too, too much.

Editorial columns in SAPSzine may well be a bit of damn foolishness. After writing twenty-three pages of mailing reviews, I find it rather difficult to come up with interesting items with which to fill up this bright blue stencil. I notice that a number of other people have expressed this same feeling. I think from now on I'll know enough to do the editorial type comments first, and then do the mc's.

Today, and the rest of the week, will be a rather pleasurable time for me. Not only am I busily saving my membership in the Spectator Amateur Press Society, but it is my last week as President of the Nameless Ones. You remember the Nameless Ones, of course. They're what passes for a local club in the Seattle area. Actually, I think if it wasn't for Wally Weber, and the fact that he writes funny meeting minutes, I could have made the previous statement in the past tense. That might not be a bad thing. At least in that case I wouldn't have had to serve as President for a period of six months. But, fortunately, as I mentioned up there somewhere, that period is quickly coming to an end. After the job I did as President, I rather doubt I'll have much to fear in the way of re-election. If, that is, they can find someone new to take the job...

I've been reading stacks of old SAPS mailings the last couple months. Let's see, those were mailings 22-23, 25-37, and mailing 40. Things certainly have changed. SAPS, during most of that period, was a wild, wacky group, who said very little seriously, and when you thought they were saying something serious, you probably had read them wrong. SAPS is full of serious articles these days on a variety of topics--sex, religion, foreign movies, politics, the world in general, draft-dodging, and even science fiction. I guess it must be a sign of maturity. SAPS is well past middle age now, and things mellow in the years. It's really too bad that a little more of the wild, wacky atmosphere has not been able to stick around. But, then, I'm afraid that I'm not the person to change that. I'm a serious constructive type myself....How do you stand, sir?

...Gordon Eklund

# MAILING COMMENTS

(SAPS 60)

by  
Gordon Eklund

NECHEVR 1 (Danford) Aptly titled. :: Actually, this is a nice, neat readable two pages of natterings. It makes me wish that you had been able to produce this effort (with four more pages) in time to make the mailing. Of course, anyone who has been on the waiting list has no valid excuse for not knowing that six pages had to be done in a new member's first mailing--an error you apparently made. Why not get back on the waiting list again.

A MINISCULE PORTFOLIO BY LEEH (Hannifen's frank) Thanks for running this too short collection of drawing through SAPS, Owen. The final one of the four drawings is unfortunately reminiscent of Prosser at his gruesome worse--though the technique in the Hoffman drawing is, perhaps, better. By the way, what ever happened to the two sets of mailing comments you promised for the 60th mailing, anyway?

DIE WIS 6 (Schultz) Good try at book reviewing. :: Applying Sturgeon's Law of 90% of everything is crud to extra large apa mailings not only means that the larger the mailing the more crud, but the larger the mailing the more pages of 10% good material will be found in the bundle. I have nothing against large apa mailings, except that they're so damn difficult to do respectable mailing comments on. Even this current 396 page bundle is rather hard to do comprehensive mc's on. I might even go so far as to say that the fact that the 59th SAPS mailing was over 500 pages in length had something to do with the fact that Gordon S. Eklund was not represented in the following mailing. I just could never get up the energy to begin checkmarking the mailing. Of course, I didn't have to do mailing comments, but I'm pretty much of the school of thought that says mc's are a Good Thing and ought to appear to some degree in every apazine.

For someone so critical of others who accept "the official line" of things, I'm quite surprised to see you advocating buying the "official line" of thought brought up by book reviewers in criticizing Stranger in a Strange Land. They might be wrong, you know.

I hate to bring this up, really, but for some reason you come across with the most irritating fanzine personality this side of G. M. Carr. Maybe, like her, you get a wee bit too carried away on certain things. Of course, you do often disagree with me, which may have something to do with it.

THE DINKY BIRD 3 (Berman) I never tend to notice the color of people's eyes. I suppose it is quite easy to discover what color a person's eyes might be, but I have known people for years without ever having the faintest idea of whether their eyes were brown, blue, green, or polkadot. I understand the different people tend to notice different features of people when first meeting them. I, for instance, tend to notice the color, and so on, of a person's hair. Others notice eyes, ears, or even noses.

I wasn't at all effected when Gagarin orbited. I suppose I should have been, I was to some degree when Glenn went up, but wasn't. I was a bit pleased that man had finally orbited the earth, but the Russian flight had long been expected, and I find it difficult to get really enthused about something after the act is long over. With the flight of Glenn, and of Carpenter, there was a feeling of actual participation in the flight, and an attitude of edge-of-the-seat wonder as to whether the flight would succeed, fail, or fall in between these two extremes. One could achieve the sheer thrill, with the American flights, of seeing history in the making. I suppose that the fact that the flight of Gagarin was put on by another country other than my own has something to do with my lack of reaction to the flight--and the two(or three) flights following--but I don't think that is too much an important part of my feelings. There is a little patriotism in the best of us, but very little in me. The Russian tactics of secrecy take most of the enjoyment and thrill out of their flights.

I get more enjoyment from reading a review of something I have read than I get from reading a review of something I am unfamiliar with. A good review, whether of a book, film, record, or what have you, should not depend too greatly on previous familiarity with the work at hand. Unfortunately, there seem to be all too few good reviews written these days. The critical ability, style, and digressions of a good critic are what make his work enjoyable to me, rather than comparing notes. With a bad book review, you find them all over fandom--I've even written some myself--comparing notes is nearly the only worthwhile thing the reader can get from the reviewer. Some good reviews, though, depend rather greatly on the familiarity of the reader with the work in question. I point to Virginia Blish's "La Dolce Vita" review in Warhoon in the 59th mailing as a classic example. I got little enjoyment from the piece, simply because I have never seen the film, "La Dolce Vita." I was able to recognize the article as a damn fine piece of writing and criticism, but I most surely didn't enjoy it, as I probably would have if I had read the work in question. The review wasn't a bad one--it certainly was worth more to those who had seen the film than a vehicle for comparing notes with the writer. It was something else entirely. It was a good review aimed entirely at those who had seen the film. I seldom, if ever, read book reviews for the purpose of deciding whether or not I should read a certain book. Occasionally, I will decide to read a book due to favorable reviews from writers whose tastes I admire, but this is not a reason of mine for reading a review. Book reviews are read, by me, for either stimulation, enjoyment, or both.

OUTSIDERS 48 (Ballard) A good zine here to start my third page of mailing comments with, even if this is one of Wrai's gaffiated numbers. I have lately been in the habit of putting the date on my mailing comments as I stencil them, so let it be mentioned that the first page of mc's were cut to stencil on September 3, 1962 and that this page and the last sheet, and anything from now until you see another date has been stencilled on September 4, 1962. This is no doubt quite boring, but I must keep this one brief tradition alive.

Wrai, perhaps you're suffering from a case of post-con gafia left over from your Season attendance. Even better, maybe you have pro-Chicon gafia. Your symptoms sound more like something of this type rather than plain old lack-of-interest gafia. I have a feeling I'm going to have post-con gafia this year, too, and I didn't even attend the con.

Yes, the local post office people may well be fine typos. I sometimes wonder, though, why it seems that I apparently know more about post office rules and regulations than those people working in the local post offices. For instance, at the time the post office discontinued Form 3547 for printed matter and parcel post, and substituted the placing of "Return Requested" on any third class mail in order to get it back, at least once (perhaps twice) I was told to erase the words "Return Requested" from bundles I was sending out. Apparently, the post office hadn't yet learned to differentiate between "Return Requested" and "Return Receipt Requested." I've had two more similar foul ups over the same matter, the latest occurring a couple weeks back, but I've been able to convince them, after much arm waving and loud explaining, that I don't want a return receipt (whatever that is).

I occasionally enjoy reading certain things aloud to myself. At times, particularly with deeper poetry and Shakespeare, I find that reading aloud, or mumbling under my breath, enables me to comprehend what I am reading to a greater degree. I don't like to read prose aloud, however. I read at a faster rate than I can possibly speak without stumbling over my words, and find that I try to keep up with my silent reading speak while reading aloud.

My mother used to read out of books to me when I was very young and impressionable. I can't truthfully remember whether I enjoyed it or not--I would suspect that I did. Of course, in school, in the lower grades, the teacher would read aloud to the class. I do know that this was always one of the highlights of the school day for me. I can remember in what I think was the fifth grade how the students used to bring their own books, and really have great political battles in an attempt to get the reader to read this book or that. There used to be massive elections between as many as twenty or thirty different titles to see which lucky one would be chosen to be read. I won once. You see, I brought a copy of Robin Hood, that I had received from a book club my parents had enrolled me in, but which I had never read. This was at the time just after Disney had made a big thing out of Robin Hood and the book was easily "elected" as the chosen one. I was quite proud of my brilliant choice in reading matter. Unfortunately, my joy was rather short lived. It seems the book was written in a style that was more like Shakespeare than Edgar Rice Burroughs--"thee", "thou," and so on are strung profusely throughout the book. Nobody among the kids thought much of the book, and they weren't shy about telling me

what a damn lousey choice in reading matter I had. I liked it, very much so in fact, but nobody seemed to share my opinion. Finally the book was finished and I took it home. It was then time for another of our little votes, and I brought a Zane Grey book--in a children's edition--that I had received for Christmas. I don't know whether they didn't care for the sound of the book, or were bugged thoroughly at me--probably a bit of both--but the book only received one meager vote--my own. With hung head I took the book home--Spirit of the Border, I think--and haven't opened it to this day. Haven't opened Robin Hood to read it again either, but have at least thought of giving it a re-read to see if the old sense of wonder is still there.

I wonder if you, Wrai Ballard, could assume the SAPS honor of going for the longest string of mailings without owing any activity for the next mailing. Come to think of it, you'd probably also hold the record in this category for total number of mailings without owing any activity--Rupp may have you there, though, I'm not sure. Anyway, after you, Busby, and Toskey exhausted so many other "records" I'm surprised you missed that one.

This comment started out as 24 lines of rough draft. Sometimes I feel that I do more composing on stencil than the admitted on-stencil composers, whom I greatly deplore. I even threw four full lines of comment completely out.

SPY RAY (Eney) When putting this title on stencil, I typed the word "SPRY" in place of "SPY." After thinking that I really ought to let it stand, I changed my mind after finally deciding that even after carrying the pun out to its full length and coming up with "SPRY WRAI," the title wouldn't be particularly apt in view of the relatively thin issue of OUTSIDERS in the last mailing. Anyway, this one's Eney's not Ballard's.

The fact that fan parodies, in both fiction and poetry, of mundane and stilted works are better received than serious efforts of fiction or verse may have something to do with the fact that such humorous pieces are judged to a great deal on in-group references or, in the case of a parody, quality of the translation to another medium. Serious work must be judged by professional standards, and very few amateur writers can hope to meet these standards. I might add that writing a parody of an established work is more difficult than writing an original piece. I might add this, I say, but won't, because I'm not altogether certain that it would be true. Fans seem to do better, in nearly all fields, when doing humor rather than seriousness. Take a look at the large number of competent fan cartoonists, not to mention the half dozen who are much more than competent, and then look at the quality of serious fan artists--the competent ones can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

POT POURRI 23 (Berry) This is one of the best issues I've seen from you.

It stands on a plane with a very few other publications as one that I've been moved to laugh aloud while reading--not counting those publications in which the editor or writer was not aiming at a humorous reaction. The wedding tale is particularly a fine bit of humor. I just wish the zine was a bit more able at bringing forth comment.

September 5, 1962

There certainly have been a great number of reports, often contradicting one another, dealing with the Russian man-into-space program and its possible failures in the past. It ought to be considered a black mark against the idea of the Russian theory of complete secrecy involving spaceships that these reports have sprung up in such numbers--some of them possibly having some facts within them. The Russian attitude on this question is apparently that it is better for the world to speculate about their failures, rather than to know for certain, or, even worse, to witness a Russian man-into-space failure. They may be right.

Yes, I can well recall when I was in knee-pants (not really, I never wore them) that I used to come home every once in awhile with an injured bird, or a young one that couldn't fly. Invariably they would die soon after I had brought them home, often on the very same day. Actually, this used to effect me very much, and after a time I quit bringing home stray, injured birds. I'm not certain whether I simply wasn't able to discover any more of them, or whether the fact that each and every one died had the effect that I wouldn't look to closely. Since writing the first draft of this comment some two or less weeks ago, my younger brother (aged nine or so) has brought home, let's see, exactly two stray birds. One was apparently injured, the other was supposedly too young to fly. It tends to bother me a great deal to have to animals brought into the house, because from personal experience I know that they'll die. The fruitlessness of a young child's attempt to save the life of a creature so tiny that it hasn't learned to master the control of its appendages must have a deep moral hidden in it somewhere. I only wish I could find it.

Now for two comments I forgot to put into their correct places...

NEFF SHORT STORY CONTEST BLANK (Rapp) Well, at least Art Rapp didn't totally miss the last mailing.

NIFLHEIM (Hulan, w1) Your letter in DISCORD was wide open to, what you'd term, the "wrong" interpretation from readers. I had thought of you pretty much as Breen had, though not quite to that much of an extreme, after reading your letter. You ought to realize that when a person has only one small item, like your letter in DISCORD, from which to base an evaluation of a person's political thought, or any thought, they're liable to make an error. You might say that a person has not right to try to form such a complete opinion from such meager evidence, and, although I agree with you, people happen to be human for the most part, and will continue doing things like this for ages to come.

RESIN 8 (Metcalf) Do I detect a note of bitterness in the Air Force impressions and reminiscences of Norman Metcalf? By the way, Norm, just when are you re-enlisting?

Well, if the fact that local activities bear such a close resemblance to SAPS has something to do with the fact that the so-called "New York/Berkeley Axis" has been missing mailings, and/or dropping out of SAPS, why haven't the Los Anglos or, even, Seattle blocs done the same thing? I'd say the reason has something more to do with the basic fan attitudes found in New York and Berkeley, and the vast differences between the fairly similar fandoms of these two cities, and the fandom found in Los Angeles. You're oversimplifying again, Norm.

I rather doubt that hardcover books, with the exception of the science fiction book club selections, are any more widely read in fandom today than they were in 1940. The rise of the pocketbook field is more apt to be the reason behind the fact that books rate higher on popularity polls now than they did way back when. Stranger in a Strange Land seems to be an exception here. For a book which only appeared in hardcovers, it gained a surprisingly large amount of discussion, praise, and damning. But, as you no doubt know, the volume was sent through the SF Book Club last summer. I think it has been placed into softcovers now, too. The other day I spotted a kid in school carting a pocketbook version of the book around. I bet he was surprised at what he found...

NUMBER 1 (McInerney) Welcome to SAPS, though why I have a right to say this since you've published more pages in SAPS than I have is unknown. :: I don't agree that the smaller the waitlist, the better the apa. You can usually figure that when an apa has a lengthy group of waiters, there's usually a pretty good reason, inside the apa, for all those people being willing to wait outside for years. Joining fever can't account for all of them. Of course, it is nice to be able to get the waiting listers into the apa before they grow too old and tired to feel like publishing anything worthwhile. However, complete lack of waiting list has nothing to do with Nancy Rapp's (?) original remark.

I seldom, if ever, recall dreams after waking. Occasionally, a particularly vivid dream will stick in my conscious for a few hours, but very seldom much longer. Oddly, the only dreams I remember are a string of very gruesome, even stfnic, nightmares I had around age seven, or eight. A few of those I can still remember quite well as I type this. I remember one quite well for the fact that it was originally black-and-white, but right near the end it switched to full technicolor. I must have dreamt that one right after seeing The Wizard of Oz.

Even if the science fiction magazine field dies, there is no valid reason for expecting stf discussion in fanzines to follow. The pocketbook field is thriving. Even now, most of the stf discussions in fanzines are dealing with the field of pocketbooks. Redd Boggs' reviews in Discord, and the new series of William Atheling, Jr., mag critiques in Axe appear to be throwbacks to the day when the prozine review was a major vehicle for fan writing.

You didn't like the paper I used in Pleasure Units #1? That's odd. You see, the paper used in that mag was the very same brand and quality as that used by F. M. Busby, Elinor Busby, Wally Weber, and maybe even other Seattle SAPSites in their SAPSazines. Cry also uses this paper. I bought the stuff from Wally Weber, for cryin' out loud.

Richard Bergeron's writing stle closely resembles that of Redd Boggs, according to my own style hearing. I can't very well imagine an old and tired fan such as Redd publishing a 60 page quarterly fanzine, can you? Especially for SAPS, and under another name. Bergeron must be real, even if he and Boggs do have the same initials; Warhoon is too big and too good to be published by a hoax. Hoaxes do not win Hugo's.

I wanted very much to see La Dolce Vita when it played in my Favorite Neighborhood Theatre. Unfortunately, I am only seventeen years of age, and the sign on the window proclaimed that "No one under 21 years of age



This and the previous stencil cut on September 18, 1962, in case you wondered.

will be admitted to see this film." Censorship strikes again. I hope none of this who did see it left the theatre corrupted mentally.

This is a Serious Constructive Interlineation

FLABBERGASTING 23 (Tosk) Do all teachers of our youth have such lecherous thoughts while teaching a class of students which contains females? Why...why...that's Un-American. Someday I'd like to show a copy of some of your revelations as to your thought processes while teaching to some of your students. And, if you answer the question which led off this paragraph with a, "No, only the males have such thoughts", I shall give you a vote for Best Humorist on the next Egoboo Poll.

Though I live very close to the Canadian border, though not as close as you, Toskey, I have never been to Canada. In fact, I've only been out of the state of Washington thrice in my existence. Two trips to visit relatives in the Colorado/Kansas area, and one brief journey through Oregon have been my sole excursions. I hope to break this record next August and September, though.

You like Poe's poetry? That's rather surprising. They're supposedly on a much lower level, for the most part, than Poe's short stories. I've had a personal liking for his poetry for some time, which even out distances my casual approval of his fiction writing. Glad to find someone else who agrees with me, even if your poetry tastes, as evidenced by the rest of your list, are terribly common. I keep picturing Toskey explaining to me, very seriously, that he prefers the poetry of Ted Johnstone to that of Shelley, any day. Don't take the above too seriously, Toskey. I realize that poetry, like all the other arts, is by and large a form which has to be judged subjectively. Means of arriving at critical judgment can be made; the only problem is that each man has his one method of arriving at critical opinions.

I seriously doubt you when you claim the Mensa test was the only IQ Test you have ever taken. Perhaps you meant that it was the only IQ Test given you in which you learned of the results. Even though I was not aware of what was happening at the time, I now realize that I was given IQ tests by the dozens throughout grade school and even up through junior high. The last one I had was given in my Sophomore year of high school. Since that time I've had other similar tests, but none that I know of are judged on an IQ scale.

A legitimate use of the initials IRA is for the International Rowing Association. This is, by the way, no relation whatsoever to other IRA's.

We have a massive stump in the middle of our back yard. I have no idea where it came from, I presume from a tree, since it was here when we moved into this house 12 years ago. My father has been trying to get rid of the thing for years now. First he tried to dig it up, but after finding out that not only were the roots terribly long, but that the ground was quite hard in the area he gave it up. Since that time I would estimate well over 50 fires have been built around the stump and it still remains as firm as ever. Dynamite won't work--we'd lose the house too.

September 19

(more on Toskey) On what do you base your opinion that people are "more civilized" now than when the first contact was made with the Eskimos? Perhaps you have noted a bit of civilization I have missed. Science? Well, our wars certainly are Bigger and Better these days. We can wipe out the whole human race quite easily. But, is this civilized? We have televisions now, yes, and airplanes, and movies, and transistor radios. But, is this civilization. What I am getting at with these lists is that things such as those items listed above do not make the people of the century any more civilized than those of the 16th. We have color tv sets, but are we more capable in the field of learning to exist with different cultures? Nothing I have witnessed has pointed to that conclusion. Nothing. The very same ideas, thoughts, and beliefs that brought about the reaction of the Europeans to the Eskimos will provide the stimulus for the reaction of the human race to any culture found out there, name your own star. We're not more civilized; we're just more concited.

The above remarks should not be taken as disapproval of attempts to get man into space. I am not one of those who contends that we should stay out of space until we solve our problems on earth. Like the idea of an Atomic War, the day of the first contact seems so far distant that I find it easy to ignore the probabilities of such a meeting. Perhaps it is far distant in the future; perhaps it will occur tomorrow. If the former, one can only hope that by the time this date finally does roll around--and it will happen some day, I'm sure--mankind will have become "more civilized" and joy will reign about the world.

I notice that "The Ordered Products of the Rings" was not, as I first thought, an article on Tolkien. :: Though I may not appreciate violin solos as much as I should, I must admit a checklist of them has something over a similar listing of Bible editions.

WATLING STREET 13 (Lichtman) I used to walk a great deal, when I was very young and a bit helpless. I used to spend a great deal of each day either in walking around the countryside, usually with some destination in mind, or pedalling my bike around. I used to head out for the local business section every single day in the last years of grade school--usually in order to bring home with me the latest "Top 40" music survey. Even through junior high, I used to walk the three miles home every day rather than take a bus. This probably had something to do with wanting to see friends on the way home, but sheer energy undoubtedly was in on the picture somewhere. With a friend hitchhiked over to his sister's house, some ten or more miles, dozens of times. Usually this meant walking most of the way, since rides seem terribly scarce around here. We even took the distance by bike a number of times. Now that I've entered my old age--well it seems like a long time now--I'm not nearly so spry as once was the case. I have to k ck myself into walking the four blocks to catch a bus to school in the morning. I never walk into the business district anymore. I wait until my Dad, or someone like that, is heading over and ride with him. The idea of walking into Seattle would never enter my mind. But I took the distance, ten miles, by bike more than once--a lot of hills too--and came close to walking the full distance at least once. The only possible point to this lengthy discourse that I can

think up right now is that this might in some way prove to Wrai Ballard that high school kids are, high, soft. I have a deep feeling, undoubtedly to be proven correct in the writing are this, that the distances I have rolled off to show how energetic I used to be will seem terribly short to the more hardy members of SAPS. See now what I meant, Wrai?

How much of the mailing do I read? Well, that depends. I could pretty well answer: "All of it" in some cases. For instance, when I do mailing comments on an apa mailing these days I will go through and read everything in the mailing while hunting for hooks to hang mc's on. This system is one I just started to use, though, and has been used but twice: on the 60th SAPS mailing, and on the latest OMPA bundle. Before that I've used various systems but, by and large, the current one has proved the most successful. On mailings I am not planning on writing extended mc's on, though, I don't read 100% of the material. I couldn't give you an estimate, but the total would probably range between 50% to 90%, depending on the apa and the amount of time I have for reading. I'd like to be able to read every fanzine I rec' ve from cover to cover, including every page in between. I doubt very much that anyone, outside of the rankest neofan, is able to do this. There's only so much time...

Getting back to my system of doing mailing comments, I might mention what I do when I don't plan on doing complete mailing comments, but just a few. In that case, I will read those zines which I do comment on with the thoroughness I use in attacking a SAPS bundle; those who I fail to comment on will only get around 50% of their pages read. I used this variation in commenting on the last N'APA mailing (June, 1962) and it worked fine. Despite my basic approval of my commenting and reading system, it does have one major fault. The bigger the mailing the more apt I am to get bogged down in reading, and, as a result, never get a word of mailing comments done. As an example of that bit of unfortune I point with shame to the 60th SAPS mailing which contained nary a word of anything from Gordon Eklund within its pages. The fact that the previous mailing had run on for nearly 520 pages, coupled with that old devil procrastination, made sure I missed the mailing. I usually do mc's first, and if those don't get done, I miss the mailing. I was rather pleased, after momentary displeasure, that the last mailing had only about 400 pages. I'm afraid I might have ended up back on the wl if SAPS had chosen that time to come up with, say, 600 pages again.

I think its easier than you think to get to know a person's "real" personality through print and letters. After all, just which is the truer person: the image of a fan given off through his writing, or through his actions in person. I'd say fans, being supposedly rather shy in person, are more apt to display their thoughts while sitting behind a typewriter than they might sitting with you at a convention. If Fan X is obnoxious as hell in his fanzines, but very friendly in person, who's to say which one of his "personalities" is the "real" one? I'm glad you "don't quite agree with yourself anymore" on this question. I have found it somewhat pleasing to note that most fans are very much like thier fanzine personalities when meeting them in person. Toskey, Weber, the Busbies, and other Seattle types exhibit this tendency; G.M. Carr, on the other hand, is supposed to be quite different. From personal experience, though, I sometimes find myself doubting this.

I wish you'd name names. I am quite interested in finding out just whom you consider those "members who produce sickly, emaciated mailing comments in precisely sufficient driplets to maintain their memberships" to be. If you list my name: forget the whole thing. But if my name is on your little list, who is? The group in SAPS which does mainly minimum activity are those who seldom produce mailing comments. I think you go a bit carried away in, correctly, damning those who do sickly, short mc's. Like, I think you exaggerate. This surprises me after your revelation of having read a book which told you how to write "clear, definite prose."

If you are serious in claiming that you aim Watling Street at "a select group of non-SAPS, even non-fan, recipients," I wonder what sort of reaction you get from these people. After all, I can't imagine a non member getting particularly carried away with the lengthy FAPA-vs-SAPS discussions that fills up such a large portion of Watling Street #13. On the same note, I wonder how this group of non-fans feel about having page upon page of Coventry analysis aimed at them. Personally, I don't aim my publications for any certain group. I publish as much for self satisfaction as for egoboo from others. And, after all, isn't personal satisfaction egoboo.

THE SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE (L. Anderson) Although, Ted White's micro-elite to be as readable as most Pica, your typeface, probably because of the ditto medium, is damned hard to read. I was glad you used it only on one page this time.

COLLECTOR (Devore) A great two pages on the Midwestcon. Ed Wood would explain to you that the reason Midwestcon attendance is down is due to the fact that fandom is dying--and fandom is dying because it has deserted science fiction. By deserting science fiction, Ed means that nobody produces bibliographic articles these days--on John R. Fearn, he means. So that's why fandom is dying, and that's why Midwestcon attendance is down. Good old logical Ed Wood.

John W. Campbell, Jr., would be proud of your campaign against the local ladies who receive money for every illegitimate child they produce. Or, perhaps, you don't recall JWC's series of editorials complaining about just that two years back. I think he was using it as an example to show why democracy won't work in the Congo; or was it showing why the Dean Drive worked. Memory fails me.

The only time I've been really ill, for a great length of time, was nearly ten years ago when I had strept throat three years running. Each time put me out of school for around six weeks. I get headaches rather often, but this is undoubtedly due to the fact that I think much too hard.

SLUG 3 (Weber) Are you sure Paul Stanbery isn't a pseudonym for L. Garcone, or has staying with Toskey been too much for Paul. Hey, why doesn't Stanbery recruit L. Garcone to Coventry.

Goshes, Wally, what makes you think I found anything wrong with your introduction of my to this august body in mailing 58. All I said was that it wasn't complete, so I thought I ought to add a few notes to it. You don't expect to be able to write everything about me in a mere two pages?

I still harbor a faint hope that someday you'll decide to join a fan club that I'm already a member of. I have already mentally plotted out the introduction you're going to receive--it'll be a winner, of that I assure you. However, you'll no doubt stay safely hidden away in SAPS and in the Nameless Ones where you are the grey bearded old timer speaking words of pure wisdom, and I am the fuzzy faced young sprout hangin on every semi-colon of your writing. You've given me such a great help in my fan "career" Wally, that I'd really like to do something to repay you. Unfortunately torture is illegal in the state of Washington.

Dropping from the seriousness of the last paragraph into humor now, I'd like to say that I've been racking my mental resources the last few months trying in vain to come up with a rebuttal to Wally's introduction. I give up. It can't be done. Wally Weber may be a nasty, bitter genius, but he's still a genius. Who else could write an article, title it "The Truth about Gordon Eklund, make it sound like it's full of downright lies, and still write only truths. My only real worthwhile idea, in regards to writing a rebuttal, was to title my piece "Some Lies About Wallace Weber," and then fill it full of lies that sounded completely truthful. But I finally had to decide that I couldn't think up enough lies about Wally that could be printed in a family apa. If I ever come up with a good idea, some decade real soon now, I'll give it to Wally and let him publish it. I still think I ought to sue him...This has been the humor for this issue--more next time.

Since you consider that a good piece of writing shouldn't be disqualified for Hugo competition because of copywrite date, I'd like to let you know that my Hugo nominations ballot next time will include War of the Worlds for the novel award, Unknown for the prozine trophy and Quandry for the fanzine choice.

I think you're half right, Wally, when you say that most fans don't stay around fandom long enough to improve their publishing competence. I think you'll discover that any fan who publishes, say, three fanzines, each of fairly respectable length, will show a great deal of improvement between numbers one and ten. However, where you have the right idea, is that it is true that only a few fans stick around long enough to fulfill their potential. I think it is a very unfortunate thing that so many fans gaffiate before they have even scratched the surface of their possible potential. Fans, young fans in particular, tend to rise above fandom as soon as they begin to reach any sort of fannish maturity, and disappear never to be seen again. It has been said that egoboo is the only reason fans stick around. I think this is, by and large, correct. Egoboo after some time pales, and the fan finds no reason to stick around. People like Willis, Boggs, Tucker, and Rapp, who publish great stuff year in and year out, have learned to realize that while basic egoboo soon becomes stale stuff, receiving it from those who don't give it off without thought is still worth aiming at. I also have a feeling that this group finds something more worthwhile in fandom than mere egoboo.

Now that you've learned how to spell Paul Stanbery's name correctly after only a half year, do you want to make a wager on the length of time it will take Dick Bergeron to learn how to spell your name correctly.

If it will make you feel better, I'll let you know that I don't consider a 400 / page SAPS mailing to be undersized. I consider that pretty large, in fact. But, after all, I wasn't around in the days of the 700 and 800 page mailings, to my everlasting relief, and I have not gotten a warped sense of what size an "average" bundle should be. I think that 500 pages is terribly large for a mailing; a regular giant of a mailing. I must be living in the past; others would pass 500 pages off as, maybe, average.

POR ONE? 14 (Doreen Webbett) Ah, yes, the Post Office. I suppose that if I hadn't realized many months ago that they are a rather stumbling lot, I might actually feel sorry for them because of the piles of abuse thrown their way. I have noted one giant step forward on the part of the post office recently. They seem to finally realize that "Return Requested" on a package does not mean "Return Receipt Requested." I have mailed, umm, maybe four or five packages since the first of the year with "Return Requested" written somewhere about the front. Every single time, I swear this is true, they have read this as "Return Receipt Requested." Come to think of it, even this is an improvement. When I first started putting "Return Requested" on such things, they told me: "No, sirree, you can't put them thar' words on that thar' package." They made me mark them off. I tried explaining about the post office rules next time I went up there to mail something, but they out talked me or something. At least, I ended up with "Return Requested" marked off my package. Next time, bighod, I'll get them, I swore. Well, I think I did. At least these days, as I said above, they don't make me cross "Return Requested" (off the package, but start off a line of questioning about the lines of why do I want a "return receipt." I tell them I don't want no return receipt, that I don't even know exactly what a return receipt is, that all I want to do is mail my little package through their service. Finally the clerk comes up with a punchline that goes something like this: "Heh, Heh, heh," he/she starts out, "them thar' words don't say 'return receipt requested' after all, do they? They just say "Return Requested. He, heh, heh, I can't read so hot this morning. Heh, heh, heh." And then I smile, showing clean white teeth, and walk out of the post office sure that my package will arrive within the year, maybe. Now, this wouldn't be so bad if it happened once, or even twice. But, like I said way up there at the top of this stencil, it has happened four or five times--exactly the same way. Benjamin Franklin couldn't have realized what he started.

An interest in space travel, and astronomy was a major reason why I started reading science fiction. One of the most re-read books of my younger days was a little hardback titled, "The Real Book about Space Travel" and another was a similar volume known as "All about the Stars." As you can easily see, these were quite Buck-Rogersish--especially for 1953 or so when nobody thought rockets to the moon was very possible in the next 200 centuries--or at least their skepticism seemed that way to an eight year old. With this interest in the possibilities of travel to other planets, I suppose that it is only to be expected that the flights of Glenn, Carpenter, Gagarin, and other unlikely named gentlemen rather thrill me. On the day Carpenter went up, I kicked myself out of bed at 4:00 a.m., a previously unheard of event, and watched the take off. What I saw on television on the Glenn flight I will always remember. As I said before, the Russian flights haven't turned me on particularly, but there is even an aura of greatness about them. The whole thing rather goshwows me with the sheer suddenness of the whole deal. Less than ten years ago I was a hopeless eccentric

by fellow eight year olds, simply because I thought man would get to the moon. Today, I doubt that anyone, outside of lower Sambonia, has any ideas to the contrary. Things got even worse for me when I started reading science fiction ("Do you really believe in that crazy stuff?"). Then the Sputnik went off, then another. Soon dozens of other satellites followed, and even moon rockets. Things got progressively better, and the great public began to slowly, but surely, wake up. So, I watch flights into space, and I enjoy doing so. I think man-into-space flights, while a meager beginning, are a beginning. This is something I have been waiting for, for a long time. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

THE ZED-800 (K. Anderson) At first I couldn't believe my eyes, but it does look as if Bill Donaho, writer of disparaging comments on Coventry, has been successfully recruited into the best (7) of all fantasy worlds. I'd like to hear his comments on this. :: Your Western report is, as I expected, well done. One of the finer bits in the mailing. The fact that it is not particularly informative about the doings at LA may well be a major reason for its success. I will say that it's one of the few things I've come across recently that really deserved to be sent through more than one apa.

STUMPING (Jim Webbert) Welcome to the membership roster. By the way, are you, sir, the very same Jim Webbert who, in my presence, some time ago, swore never to join a large science fiction fan club, or take an active part in what has come to be known as fandom? Well, whoever you are, I'm glad to see you in these quarters.

Even though I still haven't figured out if you are really the Jim Webbert I know, I can only mutter a quiet, but well meant, "thank you" for the idea of keeping L. Garcone locked away in Dr. Toskey's basement. A finer idea has not appeared in print since the Shaver Mystery. If I can have the honor of being the reason for keeping that illustrious illustrator locked up for the next four years, more or less, I shall feel, well, somewhat proud.

THE SPECTATOR 60 (Foyster, more or less) Well, I might as well mention after this that my English 12 literature text, "Great Tales of English Lit," contains a section devoted to "Selections from the Spectator." I haven't yet gotten up the nerve to turn to that section just in case the "Spectator" in question might be the one we all know and love....anything's possible, I guess--anything.

AFROGIWOOD 1 (Foyster) Two Australians on the roster, that's not too many, I suppose. But, come to think of it, you aren't officially a member at the time I type this, which rather ruins that punchline....well, one Australian: that's still not too many.

Bick Schultz will no doubt pause to inform you that it is not necessarily what the African wants, but what the important segment living in Africa wants. Of course, I haven't yet been given a good definition for important, but I suppose that, in context, it's a synonym for "white men."

I applaud your decision to go into the army, if they call you up, even though you consider yourself a pacifist. It's so seldom that a person has the interest in what they believe to really find out if they're right or not through experience. Military service may make a man out of you, all right, but it's questionable whether that sort of man is desirable.

THE AVENGER (Moskys) Half the enjoyment in reading a really good book is in the expectation of being able to again read it. Re-reading books is one of my key enjoyments; I only wish I had more available time for it. I have an ability of being able to forget minor details in stories that enables me to get more than the usual amount of enjoyment from a re-reading. While I'm reading, I never remember the names of characters, unless they're exceptionally memorable, from one chapter to the next. After reading the story I couldn't name you a single character in a book. As I said, though, there are exceptions. I did much better on the "Young Man Mulligan" references than I ought to have done. Getting back to this re-reading, and forgetting of events in stories, let me mention an example. In 1957 I read a hardback version of Isaac Asimov's The Stars Like Dust. I enjoyed it. About two years later, I purchased a run of the first year or so of Galaxy. Among the stories in the set was a three part serial by Asimov titled Tyrant, I think. I started reading this and enjoyed it. It wasn't until finishing the book and noting an advertisement of a hardcover edition to appear that it suddenly struck me that the reason parts of this story sounded familiar was that I had read it before. The advertisement clearly stated that the hardbound version would be called, The Stars Like Dust. Though I haven't tried to re-read the book, I think I would indeed go through it again this day, and still have many of the original joys of the story pop up and seem totally unfamiliar. Fortunately, I may as well add, this forgetfulness doesn't happen to such an extent in reading non-fiction, particularly text books, where I want to remember what I read.

It is very difficult to evaluate one's own writing, particularly while writing it, or just after finishing it. I have heard it said that it is a good thing to let a manuscript sit around for two or three weeks after finishing it so as to be able to view it objectively. I must admit that I don't know the reason behind this, but I can say that I've found it to be true. Most of the time, though, I don't let something sit around for two or three days waiting to be viewed objectively, certainly not weeks. If I did, I'd be much less prolific than I am, and my wastebasket would be constantly full of manuscripts.

MEST 10 (Johnstone) The name is what it says in the heading at least. :: I hate to start out comments on a SAPSzine I enjoyed, on a nasty note, but you repeat yourself too much. What I mean is that you are beginning to run your news into the ground. I am getting a bit, hell, very tired of reading about your activities in the Radio-TV department at San Diego State. I think this is because, after reading the same thing for the fourth time, it no longer has quite the same kick to it. It has also popped into my brain that maybe you, as a person, are far too personally involved with the business to write coherently, and interestingly, about the subject. Perhaps, as they say, you goshwouth too much. After numerous apazines, Cult letters, and two columns in SALAMANDER I have begun to yawn once to often to keep quiet. Thought you might like to know.

If you may a documentary on the moon, what makes you think it would be stiff? It would just be another old documentary film, much in the manner of Frank Buck. Of course, if you really want to do something Big, you might shoot the first science fiction movie of a lost race on the moon to be shot where the story takes place.

According to recent reading, the idea of Wyatt Earp as a brave, bullet proof



Never shoot to kill, lawman is falling into disrepute. It seems that the original biography of Earp, or at least the accepted one, was mostly gathered from one source of information: Wyatt Earp's wife. Other relatives of the Earps' have spoken up, calling the whole thing a pack of exaggerations or out-right lies, and claiming that Earp was anything but a Westernized Sir Galahad. The biography I speak of is the one written by, I think, one Stuart Lake. This book was used as a basis for the television show of some years back. Despite claims against him, though, I haven't noticed any national movement to have the name of Wyatt Earp stricken from the hall of heroes.

In case you're interested, there was an article on Ian Fleming in a recent issue of LIFE. Couldn't give you the date I'm afraid, in case you missed it by some chance. The article was mostly about Fleming as a writer and man, and only incidentally on James Bond as a creation. Speaking of Ian Fleming and James Bond, I may as well mention that constant reference to the series finally convinced me to read at least one of the books. My first was THUNDERBALL, which I liked fairly well, well enough to decide to read at least one more. Well, I've read not one, but two more, and one of them, GOLDFINGER, is easily better than THUNDERBALL, or the short pieces in FOR YOUR EYES ONLY. I am surprised at the ability of Fleming to suspend reader disbelief. It isn't until after the book has been finished that one realized just how fantastic such things as robbing Fort Knox, and stealing an H-Bomb are. This being, I suppose, what makes the series popular.

Coventry. Oh, yes, this being your publication I don't see how I can get by without saying something about Coventry. I wish you'd put me down on the unfavorable, or at least neutral leaning unfavorable, roster. When reviewing GIMBLE 3 in mailing 59, I said nothing nasty. This was because I am basically a kind and unnasty soul. But I wouldn't want you to take silence for approval. I have nothing against childhood fantasy worlds, as you will know having read my article on that subject in IPSO. It is only when they're taken out of childhood, robbed of their privacy, and used as a crutch for a bunch of grownups refusing to accept the fact that childhood is long over, that I must express a bit of disapproval. Coventry fits all three of the above complaints; it fits them very well.

I suspect Elinor Busby will explain to you, if she's still interested in SAPS, that the only thing she has against Eleanor Roosevelt is her choice in men. Me? Well, I figure that anyone Westbrook Pegler hates can't be all bad.

INCOMPLETE SAPSITE (Henstell) What's the point of the capitalless typing. I used to type without the use of lower case letters, but quickly gave the practice up.

RETRO 25 (FMBusby) RETRO has been one of my favorite SAPSazines since I first began reading the mailings. Despite its shortness this time, and the all prevailing note of disillusionment, it still remains high up the ladder. Tell me, are you disillusioned, or am I just reading it into actually innocuous writings?

Say, you're not complaining about the bar-cons at the Alexandria are you. I have a feeling that the Alexandria isn't the only place a barcon could be

held; I have a hunch that any con every held in Barcelona would be apt to turn into a BarCon.

Let's use our imagination here, if you please. Surely, somewhere, somehow, there must be a SAPS record which F. M. Busby can claim. Let's see, most consecutive mailings while male member of dual membership. How's that sound. Now you can walk up to the man-in-the-street and say, "I hold the record for the most consecutive mailings hit while a member of a dual membership in SAPS!" Another obvious one is most consecutive mailings with the least amount of white space per page in the mailing. You needn't thank me too profusely for discovering these hitherto unknown honors for you. I'd do the same thing for anyone.

BDYDCOMZ

I never really had a great interest in children's mags when I was young and not particularly defenseless. The closest thing I could come to your Child Life would be my relationship with Children's Digest. The only resemblance being that I read Children's Digest when I was young. I never did care for it, seldom read more than half an issue in fact, and it wasn't long until I stopped completely. Before that I had read another in the same chain (for pre-school and beginning school tots) known as Humpty Dumpty's Magazine. I didn't particularly go for that one either. Instead of reading magazines, I belonged to a string of book clubs ("Children's Classics", "Around the World," and "The Real Book Club,") which my parent's enrolled me in. I was hastily enrolled in the first of these at age eight when my mother caught me expressing an interest in her book files--she didn't want me to get a warped mind by reading adult type books. I don't think I need go into the fact that I taught myself to read well, after getting the opening principles in grade one, from Walt Disney's Comics and Stories. I think you'll agree that that would be far too much for one paragraph. And, anyway, it'd just bug your wife.

I believe in the existence of Richard Bergeron. Warhoon is too big and too good to be published by a hoax. I've read two issues of the early Warhoon and either someone's doing a mighty fine job of style cribbing or Mr. B. is quite real. Hoaxes don't win Hugos.

I hadn't been aware that any fanzine pacifists had come up with the conflict of having to choose between starving to death, being beaten, having their wife raped, or breaking their vow of non-violence. Can you, sir, name me three "out of the flock of fanzine pacifists" who have not allowed themselves to starve to death, or be beaten up, but instead have shown that principle-vs-practice is a fault of theirs. You've got a very neat question, there; but, unfortunately, it does not apply. Perhaps you're merely exhibiting your limitations, but why limit the thing to fanzine pacifists--of which there are I feel far fewer than you might think?

I doubt whether Larry McCombs originally was referring to fanzine pacifists, but he was speaking of the great unwashed pacifists throughout the world.

I realize the inherent difficulties in speaking up against violence of all kinds, though all the while considering it a bad thing, and do not consider myself a pacifist. Non-violence is a fine concept, a good one, the only trouble being that they (meaning the pacifists) think the deal is going to work with people--something I am skeptical about.

I think you'll find that some liberals will scream when the right winger (Nazi, Fascist, White Supremacist, take your pick) begins to have his civil rights stepped on a bit. It may be that the liberal is more concerned with the civil rights of the left than of the right because he considers the depriving of rights of the former group to be a more immediate problem. I think you'll find that it is the Communist, rather than the Nazi, who is getting the rough deal, despite a few minor occurrences to the contrary. At least, I haven't noticed any wide spread attempt by conservatives to get the Nazi Party outlawed in this country, or, even, to register on a little list. The problem of "double standards" seems to work both ways. Conservatives are more concerned with putting the Communist in his place, while letting the Nazi go right on with his preachings, and the liberals are more concerned with saving personal rights for the Communist, ignoring, for the most part, the occasional attacks on the Nazi.

THE GLASS PIG 2 (Demmon) Having a tendency to crash my own head against any available object, I feel for you and your splitting headache. Bumping the head is, I tell you, a headache. O Well....

You certainly are a funny man, Calvin W., and I certainly wish you'd do for us a full, and complete, con report sometime. You don't remind me of any current fan writer, by the way; you have a style of your own, and it is, for all intents and purposes, a very good one. Having had occasional stabs at writing in a style similar to your own, I realize just how difficult your style is to write in--and do it well. This being one reason why I frown on imitation Calvin W. "Biff" Dommons. Of course, the fact that these imitation G. W. "B." D's usually fail miserably in their imitating has something to do with my distaste...

RESIN 10 (Metcalf) Just a minute, wasn't that Harry Byrd, rather than Orval Faubus who came up with a large group of Southern votes from Democrats who didn't dig Kennedy's racial policies. Not much difference between Messrs. Faubus and Byrd, so you are forgiven.

My only contact with Talbot Mundy was with "The Grey Mahatma" in a 1953 FFM. I didn't care for it, for the most part; and, since you call it one of the better ones, I'll stay fairly clear from Mundy from now on. I am, though, interested in the Tros of Samothrace trilogy from descriptions, and would buy them if the Gnome Press editions (only ones I'm familiar with) weren't priced so steeply.

Okay, Norm, your electoral college chart speaks for itself. I have no beef with the figures as they stand. I do, however, think I can clear up some of the difficulties in why they stand as they do. In the South there is only one political party: the Democrats. This is particularly true in Presidential elections. The reason for the low voter turnout in the South is obviously due to the fact that the results are a foregone conclusion. Voting in the South is the same thrill as voting in Russia with only one party to choose from. The only difference between the two places being that in the South the voters have their choice between going and not going to the polls, while in Russia the voters have no choice--I think. I wonder what John Berry, and Bob Smith, too, think of the discussion of American politics in such esoteric manners :: Pleased you decided to stay in SAPS, Norm. SAPS needs some dedicated serious types.

WARHOON 16 (Bergeron) I would presume that the work Heinlein does for fun, involving "picks, shovels, trowels, and wheelbarrows" is building fallout shelters. :: I can't speak for others, but I can find little interest or appreciation in me for the American Indian. The selection of poetry Willis reprints in his column I find to be vaguely enjoyable, but it in no way creates a feeling of personal empathy with the Indian because of having existed on the same continent. Of course, I find very little appreciation for the Indian in this country. Americans are so filled with tales, books, stories, legends, and anything else you may wish to mention dealing with the Indian that, by the time he has reached the age of thirteen, he has become bored stiff with anything having to do with the Indian. Such is the case with me. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and I can assure you that I have become far too familiar, at too young an age, with the Indian to be able to bring up much of an interest in him, and his people.

I feel that American culture has ignored, rather than assimilated, Indian culture. American culture is purely European. True, it is an assimilation of many different European cultures, though predominately English. The only difference between American and European culture has been brought about by the American being forced to pioneer, to build a nation out of dirt, trees, mud, and stone. Contact with a civilization of people who were, for the most part, an example of Eastern, rather than Western, culture has had no effect at all. The white settlers ignored the Indian as savage and backward, his culture was destroyed, and he was forced into being as much like the European as possible. America is a Western culture; in no way does the Indian, and his Eastern ideas, reflect on what the American culture developed into. In fact, to many the United States represents the personification of Western ideas and culture. Whether this is a good thing or not is a moot point, of course.

It is somewhat strange that American television has not done more with science fiction. It has done more, though, than your quoted reviewer lets on. In the earlier days of television, a program known as "Science Fiction Theatre" could be found on for a half-hour of prime time viewing. This program lasted about two years, though I have seen it since as a syndicated repeat. The stories presented were straight science fiction, not fantasy or horror in disguise. The program wasn't particularly outstanding, but it was there. Previous to "SF Theatre" there was a short run of half-hour programs, the title of which I cannot remember. Here the emphasis was on horror, though the programs were stf. It lasted but a short while, and as I said I can't remember the title--some of the episodes do stand out in my mind, so I'm sure it did exist. Other than these two programs, there was the showing of Bester's "Murder and the Android" which was pure stf. Twilight Zone, though predominately fantasy, has explored stf, and done a better job of it than the other two programs. I don't think I need mention such offerings as "Captain Video," "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet," or "Space Patrol" even though the latter two were childhood favorites. Science fiction has been presented on television. The programs just happen to be few and far between.

The very first issues of GALAXY were among the best science fiction magazines I have ever read. More good stories, and even great ones, ran in the first, say, 20 issues than in any other similar run of issues for any other stf mag--though UNKNOWN may be an exception. I still consider the idea of presenting good adult science fiction in a high class format, with good word rates to be a very good one. Unfortunately, something apparently happened

to GALAXY and, after a fine beginning, it deteriorated to just another prozine. I tend to blame its editor. Like Campbell, H. L. Gold failed to realize that variety is necessary for a magazine to be good. Presenting the same type of story issue after issue, page after page, is a good path to follow in order to loose respect, and readers. And, unlike Campbell, the type of story Gold preferred was terribly unmemorable. I don't read GALAXY any more, and so I don't know what sort of job Pohl is doing at the editor's desk. All I can say is that he certainly couldn't make the mag any worse.

I was very pleased to see John Baxter reviewing the British prozines. They receive very little comment on this side of the Atlantic, when actually they're better than any American mag. I subscribed to all three of the Nova group, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, for a year. Though I have to admit that I've only gotten around to reading a very few of the twenty odd issues received, those I have read have had a surprisingly large number of fine stories. Missing is the editorial dictates, the same crap time after time, that it found all through the American market. I'm even thinking about resubbing to SCIENCE FANTASY, and for someone with my current lack of interest in science fiction this is something, let me tell you. I don't even think a second about doing any such thing for ANALOG, GALAXY, or IF.

Oh, you'll find philosophy in EE Smith space operas too, John Baxter. Little bits of quaint home-spun thought can be found here and there throughout much of his work. The difference between Smith and Heinlein is one of intent. Heinlein purposely writes his stories around an idea; Smith's bits of philosophy look as if they accidentally crept into the story. Smith's bits are there; but they are never longer than a paragraph and never interrupt the story. Heinlein used to be much the same way. His philosophic meanderings in individualism, and on how to be a man did not interrupt the story, no matter how they saturated the story and the ideas of the characters. After reading STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, I think he's lost his touch, though. Heinlein's earlier works (pre-1959) were written about an idea, perhaps, but they were adventure stories, and they made damned good reading. Heinlein was always skilled at keeping the philosophy and the story in just the right amounts each to make his writings readable. This was true until STRANGER appeared. In this book the philosophy ran away from the story, which got bogged down and never got going again. I think STRANGER was both Heinlein's greatest success, and his greatest failure. It was a failure in story content; it was a success in presenting his ideas to his readership. I think Heinlein is still writing to tell a story. He has unfortunately lost his touch, momentarily I hope, to keep the story going in face of the ideas he wants to present. If he is only writing to "expound his philosophy," why, pray tell, has he been quoted as calling STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND a failure. It certainly succeeded in expounding his ideas. Heinlein does write to "expound his philosophy," but it is not the only reason he has for writing.

I'm probably much more familiar with pre-post war films than I am with the current product, thanks to the wonder of television. I have spent literally hours and hours watching movies from about 1940. The only good reason I could give you for wasting my time like this is that 1940 films give me a sense of wonder. They utterly reek with history. The ideas, thoughts, customs, and beliefs of the era in which they were made can be more understood by watching bad actors on a movie screen, than by reading two or three history books set in that time. Not only this logical reason, but I have another one too. I like to watch 1940 movies; they're enjoyable. All this

talk reminds me of my pet unfinished project. For many months now I have been laboriously planning a lengthy article on Frank Capra films. The article would delve deeply into the manner in which the movies Capra directed picture the changing attitudes of the people of the '40's and '30's, and the growing awareness of world problems as the war approached. Particular emphasis was to be placed in contrasting the thoughts and ideas in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" with those found in "Meet John Doe." But, as I said, this article is unwritten, and will probably remain so. If I wrote the thing right now, I would feel terribly low-brow writing about old American films, when the trend is to write deeply and at length of the current foreign product. I wouldn't want myself to feel that way, of course. Secondly, and finally, I haven't seen most of the movies I would need for reference for a couple of years at least. The television schedule of films is far too erratic to rely on. It seems that whenever the movies I need are shown, they are shown late at night before a morning in which I must get up early. Either that, or, even worse, they're shown while I'm at school learning how to get along with my fellow human being. With the whole of television against me, I don't see how the article could ever hope to be written.

At the age of 12 I first discovered the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs. It was the happiest moment of my life. I had been reading science fiction for some months previous to that time, and, in the course of that reading, I had come across the name of Burroughs. The next thing I knew, I had a copy of The Warlord of Mars in my hands. I read it; I loved it. One book by Burroughs followed another. First some of the remaining Mars Books, then Tarzan, after I figured I might as well read him, even if he wasn't strictly science fiction. By the time I was 14, I had read nearly one-third of the published books written by this prolific writer. Each one I enjoyed. Each one I read hurriedly. Each one was purchased as quickly as I could raise the needed cash, and get myself to a downtown bookshop which contained his work at reasonable prices. Edgar Rice Burroughs, and his characters, provided me with an escape from the grim reality of early adolescence that even science fiction could not bring me. Tarzan became my ideal, and John Carter my hero. I attempted, in my vanity, to emulate these extraordinary gentlemen, and be as brave, as strong, and as courageous as they. However, by the time I was 14 I had quit. I began to read serious science fiction, and Burroughs was deserted for the fields of ANALOG. The only satisfactory Burroughs I approached and read at that time was THE MOON MAID, easily his most serious sf book. When Amazing reprinted a John Carter short novel, I laughed myself sick at what seemed a parody of every thing Burroughs has ever written. I had grown up. I had passed Tarzan by, and I had left John Carter behind me. Now, as an experiment, I am trying again to re-read some of my old Burroughs stuff. At the moment I stencil this line, I am 50 pages into Tarzan, of the Apes, and I am enjoying it. Tarzan, of the Apes is the most fondly remembered of all my Burroughs recollections. I am no longer reading it entirely for escape, though the real world still isn't so great to me that I don't have an occasional urge to escape, but mostly for nostalgia. I am trying to again understand what made me think so highly of Burroughs five years ago, and even less. I am now reading partly because I realize that Burroughs was a capable fiction writer. He brought me escape, then ridiculing laughter, and, now, nostalgia. Whatever the serious sterner may think of that filthy hack, Edgar Rice Burroughs, I still have a warm place for his works in my heart. Maybe this will explain why I agree with Bill Donaho when he says that there is still something worthwhile in Burroughs. There most certainly is.

I have heard of people contradicting themselves before, but Seth Johnson, here in the lettercol, is simply ridiculous. From the same paragraph of his letter I quote: "If Kennedy were anywhere near that ethical and scrupulous he would never have permitted Cuba to be invaded..." The second quote, now: "I'll grant you however that Kennedy is a most... ethical man." Say that again, please.

You put much more effort, in the re-drafting field, into your me's than I do. I type out a first draft. This contains the ideas and topics that I wish to incorporate into my mailing comments. I let that set at least over night, as long as I possibly can let it, for sure. Then permit I type the final draft onto stencil revising the comments as I go along. The final draft, on the stencil, resembles the rough draft, usually, only by the fact that the topics, and basic ideas are the same in both. Any serious writing, i. e. not for fun, as with fandom, goes through at least one other draft. On things for school I have gone through as many as four drafts, but more could have helped out. I cannot write well organized work directly on stencil, or onto a finished paper. Each successive draft organizes the piece better and polishes style up a bit.

Your comments on the Fan Achievement Awards come closer to those of my own than any others I have yet seen. I plan to go into this at greater length in the next BRAMBLE, but I may as well say something here while I am thinking about it. The concept of issuing plaques, trophies, statuettes, any thing in that line turns me off. When you start thinking fan writing is worth something like that, you're taking yourself too damned seriously. The idea of a comprehensive, fandom wide poll incorporating the categories of the FANAC Poll, and any others someone might come up with, appeals to me. The non-appearance of the last two FANISH's to this date stands as a very good reason why fandom needs a poll to take the place of the FANAC one. If the FANAC Poll results were published, I could see no reason for another set of awards. As it stands, there is reason. I rather hope somebody does something about it, if they already haven't, so that some sort of fandom-wide ego-bee poll can be held for the year 1962.

As an end to these comments, let me congratulate you, Richard D. Bergeron, for your dual victories on the FANAC Poll, and, I now understand, in the Hugo voting. Need I bother to point out that this marks the second successive year that a SAPS<sub>z</sub>ine has taken home the Hugo. And, unless something spectacular happens during the final months of 1962, I suspect SAPS may not have much trouble with a third one.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE FICTION ON MODERN AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC (Jacobs) This is the sort of serious constructive article that separates SAPS from FAPA--even if this was rejected from a mailing 8 years ago. In SAPS we're not afraid to take out science fiction seriously. I hope Ed Wood get a copy of this sometime. He's been claiming that fans think they're too grown up for science fiction.

HIEROGLYPHIC 1 (Kaye) Stapling and collating I do not mind in a small circulation mag, like Pleasure Units. In a genzine it can get to be a drag. The collating and stapling, to me, represent the final chore to be done. Finally, after all that work, I get a chance to see what the finished product of my labors will look like. After the first couple of copies have been done, though, some of the kick goes out of it. One reason why I prefer apa publishing to genzines: It's easier on the back.

When does an editor stop being an editor and become a contributor? Well, when he stops editing, of course. And, I'm sure the esteemed Mr. Bergeron does quite a bit of editing for Wrrn; if he didn't, the fanzine wouldn't be nearly so highly rated.

HIEROGLYPHIC 1.5 (Kaye) Glad you got in after all, despite the trouble :: Please, you are committing a key error in judgment by writing out a plot synopsis of a James Bond novel. You won't, I assure you, get over to your readers the quality of a Bond book that way. As I mentioned to Ted Johnstone many pages back, the success of Ian Fleming comes from the fact that his James Bond books are literally impossible, a fact the reader doesn't realize until he has finished the book. The only thing you can accomplish by reviewing the plot is to convince the potential reader of the fantastic plot elements in the book. You can't convince him that the books are well worth reading in spite of this.

MISTILY MEANDERING 1 (Patten) The local trend in fireworks seems to parallel that of your experience. Fireworks of all kinds, and shapes are outlawed in the county. Small townships, though, sell them every year because of local laws allowing the sale of fireworks. Many years ago a 4th of July could not pass without a tremendous display of firecrackers and other parafanalia from the local kids. This was true up until just a few years ago. The last time I can remember a real big blast of fireworks on the 4th occurred just about 5 years ago, when my father broke down and bought the kids in the family a large batch of firecrackers, which may explain why it seemed like a loud day. Since that time I've heard fewer and fewer firecrackers set off. Last fourth was the worst yet. I swore I only heard two or three far away sounding booms all day long. I heard more on the days following the 4th than on the Great Day, itself--somebody's calendar is apparently off a bit. By the next fourth, I expect to hear not a bang, nor a whimper. Things change, I guess...unfortunately.

I still enjoy your book reviews, and hope you keep them up.:: Well, it depends on which Great War you're talking about as to whether it only lasted four years or not. I'd say that every war is heralded as the Great one, until the next one comes along at least.

SPELEOBEM 16 (Pelz) Let's take a closer look at this bit about "the most important people in the country." To start out with, I will always question the amount of thought that goes into something like this when the writer excludes himself from those who shall rule. You don't consider yourself one of those most important types, do you? By my definition, you, friend, are not. But, then, you may have your own definition. Just who do you consider the "most important people" to be? Farmers, Big Businessmen, politicians, rich people, writers, fans? Since each person is going to have their own opinion of whom the "most important people" are, just whose definition are you going to use to run the country with? Until you can come up with a better definition of the "most important people," or a good reason why I should bother listening to you (you're not one of the most important types by my definition, and by your own comment the unimportant haven't a right to say anything), I shall stick to my belief that the numerical majority of the people, no matter what they've done, have a right to rule themselves.

Your con-report was a good one, despite occasional drops into apparent character assassination--a basic trait with most con reports it seems. How about an encore this time, dealing with Chi?



In case anyone has been following the dates I was putting in the earlier pages, let me now tell you that I haven't been doing this for the last fifteen or so stencils. I have a feeling that no one gives a particular damn when this or that stencil was out, and since I haven't been doing it for most of this zine, I am beginning to agree with you. I thought I'd better mention this in case someone has been following the date notations and was getting the impression I had cut some fifteen stencils so far this date, because they hadn't seen a new date. It isn't so, I assure you. Today is the 25th of September, and this is the first, and only, stencil to be out this day. That ought to clear that up.

SHARE THE RAPP (LA) Just thought I had better mention this effort in order to let you know that it was read, and that its belated appearance in SAPS was appreciated.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 5 (Lewis) I hate to be the one to tell you this, friend, but this, WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP #5, is mailing comments. Not only are they mailing comments, but they're comments-on-comments. You are commenting on the mailing comments contained in previous mailings, aren't you? Comments-on-comments.

By the way, I certainly wish you'd find a new theme. I'd much rather read five, or I should say six, pages of hurried mailing comments, the usual type of mc, that is, than another run through this belabored old theme of how bad mailing comments are, etc., etc., etc. Instead of doing six pages of minae mc's, you turn out, by the clock, six pages of invective aimed at mc's. The former is original, at least. I won't bother to defend mailing comments; this has been done many times before in a much better format than I could give it here. It looks like you never bother to read these defenses, anyway, so why bother. By the way, Mr. OE, sir, I understand you thought the last bit by this guy was cribbed from a book. I recommend you make with some more research through your fanzine collection with regards to checking possible plagiarism in this piece--I know I've read this somewhere before.

INTROIBO AD SAPS (Fitch) I was about to "welcome" you to SAPS, but I see in checking the O-O that you still have a few more mailings in which to wait. This is, by the way, terribly unfortunate; you exhibit more talent in your four pages than many actual members do in twice that much space, myself for instance.

I'm surprised to see that someone besides myself does not "enjoy" WARHOON as much as other fanzines. I acknowledge the fact that WARHOON is easily the best fanzine in fandom. I gave it my Hugo nomination, and placed it at the top of my FANAC Poll listing. But, there are at least four other fanzines I enjoy, subjectively, more than I do Wrhn. The current issue, number sixteen, is by far the most enjoyable since I first discovered the magazine one year before. Possibly Wrhn, is too intellectual, possibly the layout is too apt to produce a dizzy effect. I think it may be that it is just too good. One can't appreciate a fanzine of that quality, and realize that it is that good, without thinking, deep down inside, that there must be a fault in here somewhere. Enjoyability may be Wrhn's one major lack. But, as I said, things are looking better in that department too.

## W H Y I W R I T E O N S T E N C I L

by

Gordon Eklund

It has come to my attention that some people actually right their SAPSzines directly onto a second draft. No, what I mean is that they write a couple of drafts before putting the zine on to a stencil. Anyway, I want it to be now known, to one and all that I Gordon, Eklund, write my SAPSzine, and other zines too as well, directly onto a stencil. I do this because it is much easier to write something on stencil than to go through many silly drafts ~~XX~~ which do nothing at all to raise the quality of the writing. Oh, a number of drafts may raise the quality of your writing, but it is a waste of precious time, energy, and effort. First drafting and second drafting (which is a good thing (I mean first drafting is a good thing)) are a topic of much controversy in the fan press media, and I understand outside of our wee group, and it is small, as well, as in fandom.

Let's for the time being take a look at the fan who runs through three or maybe only two or eight drafts with his silly old fanmag. He has spent four times ~~y~~ more effort than I did but he hasn't gained anything at all, whatsoever. Yes, what has he gained. Well, you know what I mean I am sure. For awhile I made a big thing out of my doing many drafts. I was wrong. Yes, I admit it. I made a big thing out of it which is something everyone ought to get to know better. It is surprisingly the low light in which fandom is held by the so-called "outsiders." Science fiction, which I read for four, five years, starting with ANALOG and then came AMAZING, whose space opera element I still dig, and which ought to be done more often.

XXXXXXG

ANALOG is aimed at the technician or the scientist (sorry, out of control) but AMAZING is a damn good prozine. He gives stuff a worse name than Richard Sharpe Shaver. He may have ruined science fiction but he was the greatest writer since G. Peyton Wertenbaker hit the field in 1926, and Hugo Gernsback too. When ANALOG wins Hugo everyone complains it is cruddy. They are just burned up cause JWC doesn't run fanzine column or participate in NFFF or other fan function, of the field. It is still a good magazine, though I don't care for its articles, stories, or editorials. They're not comparable to AMAZING or ASTOUNDING.

Campbell writes his editorials in many drafts, and they're still cruddy. I think AMAZING deserved the Hugo this year, or else I'm sure GALAXY or F&SF did. Campbell may publish better stories, but the other four are much better. Campbell has advanced science fiction further than any other one man could hope to do, as he is a good man: though a fugghead, of sorts. Let me tell you this now, for sure, don't get mad because what I say may hurt you but I've never been noted for tactfulness, but then I've never been sued for libel either. And that's my opinion of the Shaver Mystery.

This I think proves, beyond a doubt, that on-stencil composition is the best thing for you. It keeps fandom in the fun hobby class as it should because I proved so. Only the "beatnik" types do it, so don't let them carry you along because they are best writers on the FANAC Poll. Your move, Bergeron, and the rest of your detractors. If, that is, you haven't given up.

gs-9/29/62