

PLEASURE UNITS - 3

This is Pleasure Units #3 published with high hopes for inclusion in the 6th SAPS mailing, January 1962, by Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Avenue, S. W., Seattle 66, Washington. A few extras may yet see some distribution, but I doubt it. Gumshoe Publication #13.

MAILING COMMENTS ON SAPS 61

THRU THE PORTCOLE 1/2 (Smith): John Baxter's ~~struggle~~ the James Bond series was most enjoyed. However, I do wonder what brought on the statement that: "Fleming's grasp of the facts of intrigue has a journalist's accuracy, but where imagination is required, he tends to be somewhat fanciful." This is no doubt all well and fine for I believe Ian Fleming serves as a correspondent for the London Times. But, my copy of Fleming's Doctor No contains the following bit of information to be found in a brief biographical squib on the back cover: Fleming served "as assistant to Britain's Director of Naval Intelligence." The time given is World War II which is quite a bit farther along the time stream than Baxter's claim that Fleming writes of Chicago, 1930, and John Buchan's middle east, 1901." :: Other than these minor quibbles, I can find little to do but nod humbly in agreement. It was, as they say, one of the best damn things in the mailing.

SAPY 1 (Crilly): From where do you get the idea that "a more likely explanation (of man's origin) is that ET's colonized Earth in the dim past"? This does not impress me as overly "likely," and seems to be bogging the issue, of where did man come from, a bit.

THE DINNY BIRD 4 (Berman): "The Case of the Coffee-house" impressed me as being perhaps one of the best (ie enjoyable) pieces of fan type fiction it has been my pleasure to read in SAPS (Ballard Chronicles excepted here, of course). :: I read the first couple of ~~novellas~~ in the "Hothouse" series, and they did not exactly leave me eagerly awaiting more of the same. I thought them ~~to be~~ terribly dull, totally lacking in the fundamentals of interesting writing, over lengthy and, for that matter lacking in most everything (in particular interest and especially that old Sense of Wonder.) Murray Leinster did the same idea up much better, and much more interestingly 40 years ago with "The Mad Planet" series (this one did, by the way, have very much of a sense of wonder to it). I'm not sure whether I'll go along with Howard in asking for the return of Brian Aldiss's 1959 Hugo, but I do think

the one he was awarded this year was not completely deserved. It may well have been the best science fiction short story of 1962--though I hate to think what the rest of them must have been like.

OUTSIDERS 49 (Ballard): That's really a fine cover you got there from Wally W. Weber. Aside from being a genius, at least he keeps referring to himself as one, he draws a witty cover illo. :: You say that you enjoyed watching the now defunct tv series "Man and the Challenge" because it was all full of lovely, watchable type females. That may be true, sir, but I think it to be decidedly unfannish. Why, "The Man and the Challenge" I remember occasionally gawking at was quite stfnal in orientation. After all, it was fiction about a scientist, and fiction about science must be science fiction. Couldn't you at least have rationalized a bit for us who are still science fiction fans by saying that you liked the show because of the fact that it proved that sex could be done well in science fiction. You, sir, have disillusioned me. I thought you were indeed a serious and constructive fan, but I see now that I was in error. I guess you must be one of these now trend type fans Wally Weber is all of the time telling me about, who have risen above science fiction with the benefit of their high IQ's. :: A fine, though unfortunately short issue with many a fine line. I had nearly three more pages of me's typed out for use in this place, but I have finally decided to censor them. I hope this doesn't make you curious or anything like that.

WATLING STREET 14 (Lichtman): This was one of the three best things in the mailing (right up there with HOBGOB & RETRO). With Wrhn out of the mailing this time, somebody else gets a chance at the "Best Damn' Thing in the Mailing" title, without having to pull a Weber to do it. :: Hmm, I just noticed that I finished typing Wally Weber's name on this stencil for the third time. I mustn't get carried away here or I'll turn his head. I suppose it would be best then if I left out this here article right beside me, titled "Wally Weber, Fan Face of the Year." Mustn't repeat myself too often I always say. :: Ted White, I haven't the slightest idea where radio commentators went. Come to think of it, I wish someone'd tell me what ever happened to the use of radio for something other than music or sports broadcasts. I think, though, Ted, that if you really looked hard enough you could fine a good ol' "God, mother and country" type conservative commentator hiding under a bush here and there. If you really looked hard, now. I think fear of offending minorities, or especially majorities, has done a lot for the disappearance of all but the most wishy-washy types on radio. The advertising industry (which of course must please everyone) has such a tight grip over radio, and even more so television, that no one dares to say something out of the ordinary, or even to have an opinion, for fear that they'll get squelched and promptly removed as a danger. A danger to life, liberty and the pursuit of money, of course. :: I wonder, now that I think of it, whatever happened to radio drama. I suppose Ted Johnstone might be able to give me a pretty good answer to that. I wish he would. One day, it seemed, it was there in all its slender, and the next day it had totally disappeared from the airways. When I was eight or nine I still listened to "Bulldog Drummond," "The Shadow," and "Sky King," despite the influence of tv. Before tv, even though I only existed without the thing for a few years, listening to "The Lone Ranger" was a passion that I never even thought of breaking myself of. God, them were the days, all right.

I suppose my newspaper reading habits might be considered poor. I read a 'paper in my spare time; the amount of time I spend each day in reading newspapers fluctuates with the amount of free time I have. Usually, though, I do spend a half-hour in the morning, before leaving for school, reading the more interesting sections of the Post-Intelligencer--sports, comics, editorials, front page. Then, later in the evening I spend perhaps forty-five minutes reading mostly the same parts of the Times. Any extra time I find lying about during the day, when I either have nothing to do or don't feel in the right mood for doing chores I ought to be doing, I'll read the P-I a bit more thoroughly. I do prefer the Times, but it has the misfortune of being the evening newspaper, and I simply have much more time for reading a morning sheet. The Times' editorial policy of unblinking Republicanism, though it seldom takes a stand on anything but local issues, turns me off; but it may be better in the larger sense than the Hearst philosophy of 100% Americanism--"America First" as its trademark states. And the Times has better comics, too.

RESIN 11 (Metcalf): I'm not a bit surprised to learn that P. Schuyler Miller prefers to read Stapledon in one sitting. Not that I've ever read any books by dear old Clif, mind you, but I've found that I must read nearly any book in one long run through it, if I'm to get anything but the most superficial enjoyment from it. I'm not a fast enough reader with fiction, nor can I sit long enough in one place without getting the fidgets, for me to read most books in but a single sitting. However, I do find that once I start a book, I seldom stop for anything but food, sleep, and Mother Nature. On a really long book I may stop reading for an hour or two while I do school work or something, but if I quit reading for any period longer than this, I can seldom get back into the swing of things again. I really suspect, though, that any book that's really worth reading will force the reader to keep with it; it will simply get too good for the reader to even think about quitting. A bad book won't bring about this reaction, and is probably best left unfinished anyway.

STUPEFYING STORIES 57 (Eney): I didn't actually find anything commentable in this, Richard, but thought it wise not to be so unkind as to pass one of the thicker items by with a mere noted. Akrea is almost as dull as Coventry--almost, but not quite. Imaginary worlds belong in the creator's imagination where he can enjoy them. They may be interesting, but I have never been able to gather up enough stamina to make a really serious effort at figuring out what this fantasy or that imaginary world is about. They're far too complicated to make enjoyable reading for the outsider. At least you're not offering positions in your world, Dick, for which you deserve a 21 gun salute--no, not in the head.

ENGRAM 2 (Deindorfer): Gary, I really didn't have any idea of what you were trying to prove at first, but once you got warmed up I discovered, to my amazement, that there was really some good, even great, stuff in here. The Odyssey parody, if that is indeed what it is, is really fine stuff, with some very good lines and some even better thoughts. I certainly hope that Saps doesn't become too "rough" for you, and you drop out. :: How does a photograph itch?

FLABBERGASTING 24 (Toskey): My brother is addressed as "Jim." Odd, considering, as my father says, that his name is Alfred James. :: No, Paul Stanbery does not seem particularly gung ho over Coventry. At least this has been the impression I have gathered from listening to and talking with him. His letter in SPELEOBFF 17 does, however, seem to imply that he still retains some interest, other than a paternal one, in the thing. Too bad, I think. :: Flash Gordon serials? Ah, yes, Flash Gordon serials. Many years ago, about ten actually, this was the pinnacle of creative magic as far as I was concerned. I think I watched the first two or three about four times each. I really dug them; at the time that is--I haven't seen hide nor hair of any of the three pictures since that time. I watched them on tv of course, being a child of the television age, and was thus able to see them as they were meant to be seen--in serial form. At the same time, on the same series I think, I was also fortunate enough to have the privilege of viewing a group of Don Winslow serials made back during World War II. I recall much more of these than I do of Flash. Let's see there were the sneaky slant eyed Japs, (not to be confused with the friendly, industrial Japanese) and the cowardly American traitors who sold defense secrets to the enemy. One of the most memorable moments in the whole serial was where one of these cowardly turncoats got his just due. The Japs locked him (dirty, cowardly traitor) up in a human torpedo, and launched him plus torpedo at a Yankee ship. I have yet to figure out why they didn't just shoot the guy to get rid of him, rather than go through all the trouble of building a human torpedo. I guess this just wouldn't have aided the war effort. I seem to recall that Don Winslow saved the day, and the dirty cowardly traitor anyhow. So, I guess you can sleep well at night. Like I was saying, those things are much more effective when viewed as serials. I think being seven years old might be of some aid, too.

SLUG 3 1/2 (Weber): Some real great stuff in here, Wally, but much too short. Thanks for the many complimentary things you say in here about me and my fanzines. Yes, I suppose I may well be the "best new fan since Sam Moskowitz." You make me as to blush. :: I found your attack on Toskey, though, quite unkind. I've met Tosk a number of times, and will say from that experience that every word you say about him has no basis in fact. I have never, I repeat never, heard tell of him stealing candy from a baby, or showing smutty pictures to children. If Toskey hadn't known you for so long, Wally, I think fandom might find itself with another libel suit. But what you say about Bruce Palz, now, though perhaps in extreme, does have some basis in fact...

THE GLASS PIG (Demmon): I have nothing against the great outdoors, Cal, except that in the State of Washington the great outdoors is always so damned wet. You see, I get out there to take a good look at the great outdoors, just like a Good American, but rain gets all over the fronts of my glasses, and I'm so busy trying to keep them wiped, that I haven't a chance to do any nature watching. About this time, I give up, blow my nose, and go home and listen to a football game.

HOBGOBLIN 9 (TCarr): "The Truth about Cinderella" is fine stuff, Terry, and I suppose you're safe from libel suit from the direction of Disneyland. :: Ted White: If it'll help any, I'd like to see those record reviews, and the book reviews as well, in print.

: Redd Boggs: I'm not at all patriotic. At least I'm not if you define that word in the sense that it's almost universally misused these days. I don't think most of the members of the "younger generation" are patriotic either. They do, perhaps, think of the U.S. as the biggest and the best, in both the East and the West, but they are as much repelled by open show of patriotism as am I. I think you know what I'm referring to by "open show of patriotism." I don't mean a willingness to support U.S. government actions nor, of course, do I have in mind the attitude I satirized above as a belief that the United States was mostly better than everybody else--this is as much conceit as it is patriotism. By "open show of patriotism" I am mostly referring to such little dillies as saluting the flag, singing the national anthem, listening to speakers sing the praise of that ancient hero or this current general. The "younger generation" listens to this stuff, and does this stuff, sure, but they don't exactly consider it the height of good fun. No, sir. But, then, doesn't patriotism always stem from the older generation? Aren't they the ones who are most usually carried away by manifest destinies and songs that bring tears to the eye? This has always been my impression. And, as a result, even though I don't think the younger generation to be overly patriotic now, by the time they are the older generation, a good percentage of those who look down on open show of patriotism now will be leading such displays. All except me of course: I don't dig that sort of thing any time. Patriotism is a thing of and by the older generation--aka the fuzzy thinking old gophers. They can have it, though I shan't say exactly where they can have it.

COLLECTOR (Devore): I liked your Chicon report, even though I was over half done with it before I realized I wasn't still in the middle of a long mailing comment. At least use typed headings, man. : Yes, Blanchard in '66 sounds like a fine idea. One I can support.

THE PINK PLATYPUS (Armistead): Your mc's are indeed developing quite nicely, as is, for that matter, nearly everything about your writing. : I think really good mc's are combinations of both long discourses, actually tiny essays, and what you aptly term "short snorter" comments. I think if you'll reread some of the mailing comments of those whom you name as fine mailing commentators, I'm sure you'll discover this variety in their work. A long series of page long essays, disguised as mailing comments, is as dull an idea of reading matter as is a zine composed of one sentence mc's. : Some of the better mailing commentators do indeed lean more towards the essay type of mc, while others lean toward one sentence, or short paragraph comments with an eye towards flipping that "good line" in as often as possible. The really good mc writers do combine these two styles, as I said above. Good mailing comments are difficult to write, I would suspect. I know that it takes me much more time and thought to write six pages of mailing comments, what with all the reading this necessitates, than it would take me to write a six page general type article. Mc's require a more diverse amount of thought as well. In an article you need think along but one subject line, while in mailing comments many different subjects are touched upon, some covered as thoroughly as possible in a few short paragraphs, and others hardly mentioned. Yes, mailing comment writing is no easy task for me. And I'm far from being a writer of good mailing reviews.

ARKHAM SAMPLER (Meskys): I see you choose your reading matter in the same manner I do: by mood. I've got stacks and stacks of unread stuff lying about around here, most of it stf stuff, but there are more mundane volumes as well. I find that at certain times I'm in just the right mood for reading, say, a good bit of pure escapist adventure stories. While at some other time, I wouldn't touch anything remotely resembling a pure adventure yarn, but instead I want something that is deep and will make me think; or at least try to make me think. :: I see that you also share what I think I'll call the reader's dilemma: there are far too many books around worth reading, and far too little time to do this reading in. I can think of literally scores of books I've just had to read for years. Unfortunately lack of money and, most importantly, time has prevented me from reading such things as: The Grapes of Wrath, In Dubious Battle, DeSpasso's USA trilogy, The Thin Man, Moby Dick, Billy Budd, Silverlock, The Worm Ouroboros, A Farewell to Arms, Franny and Zooey, Lensmen books, much, much other science fiction and detective stuff, not to mention all kinds of non-fiction. Now that I've listed the books I haven't read, perhaps I ought to do a list of those I have read. Somehow, though, I can't quite gather up the energy for this task. Anyhow, I've always tended to be more interested in things I haven't yet encountered than things I have met and passed. :: I, too, refuse to waste an extra copy of my Sapszine on the UCLA library. My reasons are much the same as those listed by Bergeron in Wrhn 17, coupled with a belief that the whole idea of saving fanzines for posterity is a bit on the silly side, to put it mildly. I personally don't think posterity will miss Pleasure Units much; and I'd rather have a copy of my zine at least scanned and then thrown in the wastebasket, rather than have it locked away in some cold room in a library never again to see the light of day. :: I do think Harry Warner's idea that all these supposedly fine lines that appear inconsequential on the surface, but somehow touch of a public reaction so that they are repeated constantly ("The Face that Launched a Thousand Ships" etc.) all came from some now lost classic of mankind. Yes, I say to myself, and the title of this book must be "It Certainly Is a Wonderful Thing." And, by the way, it is.

MISTILY MEANDERING 2 (Patton): The Karon Anderson Appreciation Issue is a fine idea, and you pull it off quite nicely. But you shoulda used blue paper, man, blue paper--not white. :: If you liked Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath, may I suggest you try Of Mice and Men, which ought to either disgust or fascinate you. You might try In Dubious Battle as well, though I haven't read this one myself, but which I've heard goshwowed at enough to come to the conclusion that it must be at least worth trying. It's not too surprising that you dug Steinbeck while yawning through other modern writers. Steinbeck is mostly an escapist, far more so than science fiction writers. Oddly enough, though, Grapes is generally acclaimed as his least escapist tract, along with the above mentioned In Dubious Battle. Someday I may get that article written that I've been threatening to write on Steinbeck's more sentimental creations. It was to go into Bramble 3, but that apparently won't be appearing for some time, if ever, and then it was supposed to go into this issue of Pleasure Units. It probably won't be in here either, unless I get lots of spare time over the holidays next week. Maybe next time.

Yeah, I've been digging the Burroughs stuff Ace has been putting out, too. I read Pellucidar a couple Cays ago, and, while I thought the dialouge horribly stilted and pompous, much of the action dull, and the whole story somewhat preposterous, I pretty much enjoyed myself. I got a Tarzan thing here, too, that I bought at the same time. As soon as I get this zine and a couple other items out of the way, I'm going to read it. :: As for the Moon Maid itself, which I read about four years ago, I've always thought the last two books in it to be pretty much the best stuff Burroughs ever wrote. The descriptions of the destroyed earth and the manner in which the people begin to rebuild their culture are particularly effective. :: Nothing irks me worse than to be reading through a stack of old fanzines and come across one in which the editor never bother to inform the eagerly awaiting public of his name. I heartily approve of the theory that every fanzine ought to list the publisher's name, in a prominent place, and might add that his address might be added for the sake of future fan historians. It's always nice to know the location of some now forgotten fan.

PSILO 6 (Gallion): This may not have been the best zine of the mailing, it wasn't, but it was the most irritating. I'm afraid that I tend to be more sarcastic than usual when badly irritated. I plan on Coning things down a bit from my first draft, which literally drips with sarcasm, but probably won't succeed completely in cutting out the more nasty nasties. I try to sooth myself by remembering that this whole thing was rather fuggheaded, but, being mostly a quiet, calm young man, I have not fully succeeded. :: The purpose of an apa for me is to use it as a place for enjoying myself. I don't give a damn about people who are in the group to get free criticism for their "literary efforts," since most of these literary efforts are pretty sad. If you want criticism on your more "literary" gems, I suggest you sign up for the Palmer Institute of Writing. I'm sure they'll be pleased to help you. No mailing comments either. :: Not being one to let "fannish tradition" push me around, I'm not going to let the fact that SAPS was formed to trade literary criticism influence me. No, sir. :: By the way, where are all your efforts of fiction. If you want "literary efforts" in SAPS, why, pray tell, aren't you putting them in? Why instead are you doing, perish the thought, mailing comments. Ah, sweet consistency! :: Now that you've publicly announced your dissatisfaction with Bruce Pelz, would you tell us whether you intend to declare war on him or not. Remember the Geneva Conference. Or does that affect Coventry? :: If you're really interested in a real live "amateur journalism society" rather than a "sewing circle group" why not try the Natioanal apa? From the stuff I've seen from that group, your poetry ought to fit in perfectly. And your "new and untried fiction" as well. And there are no mailing comments. Think of that. :: It most certainly is "Amazing how the beat types fade into obscurity when faced with an alalytic refutation of their semantic wordwooze." Yes, sir. And I think this is such a damn' brilliant remark on your part, dear, that I don't blame you at all for not waiting until that filthy "beat type," Walter Breen, had a chance to answer the Lieutenant's "analytic refutation." Not only that, but I, too, realize that his answer to Lt. Hulan was merely "semantic wordwooze," and that, even though he had a page of answer, he was merely fading away into "blushing obscurity." :: Your citing of the Masons and other faternal organizations to back up your point that it's all right to belong to something with a lot of foolishness mixed up in it. I've never noted in particular acceptance in the fan press of the

customs of these groups in the fan press. You don't prove the necessity of one bit of immaturity by citing a similar, though more widespread, example of more immaturity. And, the argument that it's all right 'cause everyone else is doing it', has never held much influence in this area, or, I suspect, with Bob Lichtman or Tod White, whom, I take it, you are trying to convince. :: Great stuff here, Jane, please stick around. Saps has its share of Angry Young Men, and now it has its very own Angry Young Lady.

THE ZED 801 (Karen Anderson): You've done much to rid me of my skepticism as to whether the X-15 pilot was an astronaut. I still can't get the thought that the X-15 is merely a high flying airplane, not a spaceship, out of my mind, but I'm busily approaching that point.

RETRO 26 (FMBusby): Gee, now that I think of it, I was in four apas at one time. Fortunately I never had this thought while I was in all those groups, or I'd probably have gone back to God, mother, and science fiction. Seriously, I was in and out of IPSO very quickly, publishing but once, and sticking around just long enough to grasp the fact that the group had potentialities, but that I wasn't interested enough to perk up its potential. I was in N'APA for a longer period of time, about a year and a half. I joined originally because I wanted to be in an apa, any old apa, and N'APA was the only one without a long waiting list at the time. I never did feel much at home in the group, though I did publish my very first stuff in there and made a whole stack of enemies through some rather unfortunate antics. I was never much at home, though, and it didn't take much to get me out. Turning away from inconsequential personal ramblings for the moment, let me add a couple hands worth of applause to what I hope will be a rather noisy cheer in this mailing, to you, F. M. Busby, for your comments on apas. They are very perceptive comments, yes, and I think you're right: there are too damned many apas. But, how do you get rid of them? Forming apas seems to be the fad right now, like Hula Hoops a few years ago, and will hopefully die off real quick like. Yes, Omniapanism is pretty much a bad thing, and it is unfortunate that there is this small group of mostly interesting individuals who insist on spreading their talents over a half dozen apa groups. Another fad of the times, I suppose. :: As a now ex-member of N'APA, I think you're right about the fact that N'APA-SAPS biapans don't seem to "groove" in either group. Leaving aside the question of whether anyone has "grooved" it in N'APA yet, I am pretty much at a loss to explain why. The similarities between the two groups might have something to do with it: N'APA is mostly a second rate SAPS. I don't know what or how this could have anything to do with the question at hand, but maybe it does. If it doesn't, it certainly ought to. Humph. :: The reduced activity requirements in O'APA seem to be working perfectly well in practice. From a 150 pp mailing under the 16pp a year requirements, the group has pushed its way up to a 400/ pager this last time out under the 12pp a year ruling. And there seems to be quality there as well. Of course, I'm having trouble making the new reduced requirements, but I guess that's only to be expected. There is at least one in every crowd. :: Why not try to bring SAPS up on the latest exploits of Hardwick and friends? I tried here in my first draft and flopped rather miserably. I'd rather here you say it anyway. Okay?

I know that I use different speeds of reading for different types of material. Some stuff, particularly non-fiction, can be quickly scanned, reading just enough to get whatever I wanted out of the reading. Most fiction can be read at a basic reading rate, much slower than the scanning rate, though I'll occasionally slow this rate down when I'm reading something with a particularly effective style. And, then, there is the occasional thing which must be sub-vocalized before gaining any comprehension at all from it: math and science text readings, certain literature of the dark and mysterious past. I rather doubt that anyone has a set reading speed. At least, they shouldn't.

SON OF SAPROLLER 27 (Harness): I read one of those "Hawkman" comics, during a noticeably dull class, the other day, and thought it to be rather crude. I like an occasional comic, at least this is what I keep telling myself, but not this stuff--or any of the JLA crap either, for that matter. :: I don't remember the Clipp comic, unfortunately, but I most certainly do remember the 52 pagers. What ever happened to the 52 page comic? I seem to remember that when I first began to read comic books, all of them proclaimed their contents to contain 52 pages, in all color. I thought this to sound pretty good, and took it for granted that all comics had 52 pages, and that they always would have 52 pages, in full color. I read comics off and on for a number of years before I began to notice that the 52page comic assertion no longer was appearing on the cover. I still took it for granted that all comics had 52 pages, figuring that it was my increasing reading speed that led me to use apparently much less time in reading a comic than before. It wasn't until a few years after that, that I finally got around to counting and discovered, to my amazement and shock, that comics had but 36 pages. I've always thought, that this was the moment that my childhood ended. Sounds about right, don't you think?

SPELEOBEM 17 (Pelz): My middle initial is "S" and it does indeed stand for Edward. I was named after Calvin Coolidge. :: The battle over whether to use covers on the C-O or not, does not particularly impress me with its importance, but I suppose I must cast my vote anyway. Hmm, I think I'll vote against the concept of SPECTATOR covers, since I consider them mostly a hindrance and certainly not a necessary. If you put the mailing contents on the back cover, where I could get at them without opening the whole zine up, I might relinquish a bit, and say apa OC covers aren't completely bad. Count this vote as you wish. :: Well, if modesty prevents Don Fitch from accepting your consensus of the Best New Fans of the year a couple mailings ago, please tell him to keep his modesty to himself. Personally, I choose not to argue at all, being quite happy with your choices. Conscience, unfortunately, dictates that I tell you that even though you do not consider Avram Davidson or Larry McCombs new fans, Cal Demmon certainly deserved a spot in your listing.

SAPTERRANEAN 7 (Breen): The first two issues of Bramble had circulations of 90 to 100. This isn't particularly large for a genzine, but even this relatively small circulation I found to be pretty much a drag. The tiresome drudgery of stapling, collating, addressing and stamping 100 copies of each of the first two issues almost killed the zine twice--once after each issue. In fact, I suppose one could say that this is what killed the mag after all: I added up the costs it would entail to publish the thing regularly, found it impossible to get it out even quarterly, and as a result, decided to hell with it. Circulation

is the bane of the genzine publisher. I can easily imagine how a circ. of 350 might flounder FANAC; yes, I could easily imagine it. :: A fine issue.

WARHOON 17 (Bergeron) Though in the past I've usually looked down on those cowardly souls who took the easy way out and refused to comment on Wrhn, it now seems to be my time to pass up extensive mc's. I've read the thing, yes, in fact I've read it quite thoroughly, but at the moment I can't quite gather up the strength to go back through the 99 pages of Wrhn 17 looking for a mailing comment. :: On the strictly egoboo side of things, however, I can at least say that I considered Walter Breén's ^{own} report to be one of the very finest things I have ever read in fandom--or out of it for that matter. Certainly the finest thing to appear in fandom all year. :: "Our Man in Chicago" dominates the issue, despite the horrid title, but I suppose its only fair to say that the rest of your columnists--Blish, Wells, Baxter--come off nicely indeed. This is perhaps the very best Wrhn I've yet to see, and rather reverses my lessening of appreciation for Wrhn that I had been experiencing while reading the last few issues. This issue is much less pompous, or dull/serious to the exclusion of anything else than ^{the} previous few numbers. Keep it up. Top of the not-mailings.

ILLEGAL POSTMAILINGS (Pelz, Smith, Foyster, etc.) It had been my impression that the illegality of postmailings was one of the sacred traditions of SAPS. Despite the fact that they're refused credit, the things are now showing up in increasing numbers. Personally, I can see the need for circulating Wrhn after the deadline (Bergeron has his list of subscribers, and I doubt that they'd appreciate having to wait three months for their issues). I realize why, and accept his reasons, but hope that the situation doesn't crop up again with Wrhn. But along with Wrhn, this time the official editor himself circulated a full envelope of postmailings, one of them from a non-member in fact, whose existence as necessary ~~postmailings~~ must be questioned. Looking them over as I sit here, I can see no driving reason why these two or three mags could not have waited until the 62nd mailing with the rest of us. The early circulation merely deprives messers Foyster and Smith of credit. But leaving all this aside for the moment, I've decided that since certain people have started to irritate me with post mailings, I'm going to irritate them by ignoring said postmailings with the occasional exception when something like Wrhn appears--when the posted mailing can be excused reasonably. Not only does it make me feel good, like unto a crusader, but it also knocks down the number of pages to comment on quite nicely, at least this once. Go thou and do likewise.

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INNER THOUGHTS

JUST BEFORE THE WAR WITH THE ESKIMOS: Ron Page was over here the other night. Like most nights this month, it was a cold, dreary, and mostly wet one. Ron and I were probing about inside my room. It was cold in there, as it has a habit of becoming, and I was spending half my time trying to keep from shivering. I had one ear tuned towards Dizzy Gillespie, who was doing his best to put a little warmth into the evening. The other ear was turned towards the window, where the rain was quietly pattering against it, as it has a habit of doing. I like listening to the rain at times; it makes me feel rotten.

Ron, who digs jazz only on days divisible by two, was glancing through a two foot high stack of books I had just finished piling on my desk before he had shown up. Ron lifted some science fiction book off the top of the stack; I don't remember what it was--some Ace thing. He gave me one of his superior looks, muttered something about trash, and dropped the book on the floor. I turned back towards the window, ignoring him for the moment.

Ron likes to read, I guess, though I've never seen him with a book, other than at my place. He sounds erudite most of the time at least, even though he never turns in book reports for school. He says that he's quite capable of critical evaluation in his mind, and has no need to put his thoughts on paper. He claims that writers are those who are too stupid to think. If they could think, they wouldn't need to use a typewriter to put their thoughts in order. He's that sort of person.

"You like this?" Ron asked me.

I glanced up at him, perhaps a bit annoyed at having my train of thoughts derailed: "Like what?"

"This," he said, "this book here."

He held up one of the books which had been sleeping peacefully in the stack. It was some class type thing I'd started for school, or at least had planned to start for school. I never got past the first page.

"I don't know," I said, "never finished it." I don't want Ron to know that I'd never even started the book. He has pretty clear thoughts about people who waste money, and even clearer thoughts about those who are, in his opinion, pseudo-intellectuals. But I wasn't in the mood right then for that kind of a scene.

He smiled: "I did. I finished it." He acted kind of proud, like he'd one-upped me. Perhaps he had.

"What's it about," this only to pass the time for a bit.

"Pride," he said, "it's about pride. Mostly that is. Or, maybe it's about stupidity. Not much difference between the two things really. At least not in my book." The last comment was more for the benefit

of his own conscience than anything.

I thought he was acting kind of half-assed, as usual. I knew he was trying to get a rise out of me. He liked to get rises out of people.

"What's wrong with pride, huh?, you don't know what you're talking about." I hoped I didn't sound overly bugged, I wasn't; I certainly didn't want to give him the satisfaction of getting a rise out of me. Getting a rise is a way of life with Ron.

"It's all wrong," he said, "Pride's all wrong. Only the man on the street has much interest in pride. Take me for instance, will you, I have no pride. I don't need it. I'd back down willingly anytime. I don't care about my pride."

"Would you back down if some bastard you didn't know walked up and smashed you one in the face? Would you walk away? "

"Hell, no," he said, "and only a coward would. Pride has nothing to do with cowardice. Eklund, you don't know what pride is. This'll teach you to read some of the damn books you got around here." He chuckled to show he wasn't mad. I knew he wasn't anyway, though, because I know Ron.

"Pride," I started, deciding to say something interesting for a change, "is something worthwhile. It's the same thing as self-respect. A man is just as soon as dead without his pride. If you've lost your pride, you've lost your self-respect. If you lose that, you've lost everything. You might as well be dead."

"You still don't know what pride is, Eklund. It isn't self-respect, it's more what others think of you. You're afraid to lose face. Get that. Afraid. Afraid to lose face. Same as being a coward. I've got no pride, but I do have self-respect, and I'm no coward. I think I'm pretty good."

I thought he was probably baiting me again. He always did.

"I used to think like you do, that what others think means nothing. But now I know that what a few certain people think of me means a lot. And if pride helps this along, well its a good thing. And besides that..."

"You're missing the point," he started before I could break in again.

"...pride helps a lot of people face the world. It has something to do with self-respect, I still think, but I'm not sure what."

"It still could be done without. If pride disappeared from human life, why I think we'd be pretty well off. It hasn't helped the world any, but I'll grant you that we do need self-respect."

"Yeah," I said mostly deciding to agree with him an end this bit, "yeah, I think there'll be another world war, too."

"And they're all cowards, don't forget that, all cowards." He picked up the Ace of novel from the floor and started to read. "Good stuff," he said, "says a lot about pride."

OVATIONS

(Letters)

First off we find a left over missive on Bramble 1.

STEVE TOLLIVER: Fie and for shame that a purely neo-neo-fan (two neos to delineate your true position) such as yourself should question a true Big Name BNF such as Mr. Weber. If Mr. Weber says that you are Mysterious, if Mr. Weber attacks you without apparent cause, then you should accept this condemnation. Who are you, a mere neo, to question the godlike judgment of a Big Name BNF like Mr. Weber? What do you know of the true machinations of fandom? What do you, a mere neo I say, know of your position in fandom?

Trust Mr. Weber's judgment! He is the experienced hand, he knows the full story, he sees the Big Picture! If Mr. Weber says you are Mysterious Gordon Eklund, then you have no choice but to be Mysterious. ((For some odd reason, Steve, I never quite looked at the matter in that light...go))
337 W. Riggin, Monterey Park, California#

GARY DEINDORFER: You have improved noticeably as a writer in the six months between #1 and #2. You seem to have nearly eliminated clumsy grammar and illogicalities such as could be rather easily found in your writing in Bramble #1. Lastly, what you had to say was of more intrinsic interest to me this issue; although this last couldn't be called improvement, it meant I liked the zine better.

Like Harry Warner, I think your zine has a strong aura of apazine about it. Part of this stems from the fact that your zine is so similar in appearance to the SAPS zine you did for the last mailing of that august group (it's not really an august group, but what the hell).

You had some perceptive comments in your editorial segment dealing with message and manner of delivery. Probably the most acute observation was that a fugghead is more likely to exhibit his cloddishness through fuggheadness of presentation rather than fuggheadness of original idea. Of course sometimes you find a fugghead with a ridiculous idea which he has given equally ridiculous presentation, but generally, yes, it is the presentation. I'm writing what promises to be a rather extensive treatment on the psychology of the fugghead. Walter Breen has passed on some telling observations on fuggheads and fuggheadism, and I want you to know that this observation of yours is also quite telling and has already suggested additional points for me to examine, as well as causing me to modify some previously formed conclusions.

As far as I can determine, stf fandom is the most highly developed of all the fandoms in the respect that more than any other fandom it exists for itself. It is an entity almost apart from being dependent upon science fiction. Whether this is a good thing or not is a moot point; the important fact is that it is so. It is this aspect of stf fandom that causes many of its members to be so deeply concerned with the fandom as such. The photographs Lane Harry Warner mentions in the letter column seem concerned with the problems connected with that which they are fans of, photography. The sports fans he mentions are similarly concerned with an aspect of the sport they follow, its future, not with their fandom itself. Only stf fans seem to concern themselves with problems pertaining directly to their microcosm. ((After reading Different, and having been at the Season, I would guess that Christine Moskowitz would disagree with you, rather loudly, on that point. Since she doesn't get this publication, I don't think we'll let that worry us...go)) Most of them are concerned far more with their career in fandom, for example, as a definite second life, a microcosmic life, shall we say, than as a vehicle for their thoughts on that thing in which they are supposedly interested, science fiction. The science fictionally oriented fans, while not numbering less than the fandom-for-fandom's-sake fans, are definitely much less of an influence in present day fandom than the latter. Personally, I feel that fandom has outgrown its ties to science fiction and has evolved into something else. I'm not sure just what sort of a something else, but it is a sociological entity which, I am sure, couldn't have come about without having first existed as a group of advocates of a particular field of endeavor or recreation. I even feel that the term "fan" is becoming outmoded in the sense that it is used when applied to present day fans. I can think of no better word, however, and if I could think of one there is no indication that it would be likely to catch on and be picked up as common usage within the microcosm; all I can do is note the need for such a word. ((In a letter, I mentioned to Gary my recollection of a recent article mentioning an early invention of a word, a Latin word, which was to replace "fan." It didn't catch on apparently. Neither Gary nor myself could remember the term or where the article appeared. Gary thought it was by, "Speer, Warner, or some other old Giant." I think it was Harry Warner, but can't prove it. Maybe someone out there has a better memory than I...go)) Perhaps we are advocates of discussion for its own sake. Or, more interestingly, perhaps we are akin to the little beings in Sturgeon's story "Microcosmic God" or Raymond Banks's story in F&SF a few years back, "The Short Ones." Both stories dealt with artificially created microcosms and the beings living therein. Perhaps we are microcosm fans. Yes, I think that might be it. I suspect that I am in that fandom appeals to me to a large degree as a fascinatingly sealed down version of the Real World, a place in which I can carve a miniature career, where I can live a miniature life. It's like playing with HO trains and imagining oneself as God while looking over one's layout.

Who Knows? ((I dig that bit about fans being discussion fans; I think I prefer it to "microcosm" fans. Still science fiction plays a greater part in fandom than you let on. It doesn't show any signs of disappearing entirely either. Also the fans of 1st and 2nd fandom don't appear to be that much more interested in science fiction than those of today. But, then, I may be mistaken here. I wasn't even alive during first and second fandoms-- which ought to make Harry Warner feel even older than usual...go)) ##121
Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J. #

HARRY WARNER: So many things about fan awards have happened since you produced this issue that I feel as if this is a fragment of prehistory: like an article from Ray Palmer telling what he'd do if he had a chance to edit a prozine or a complaint that there won't be any more chance for good science fiction now that the Wright Brothers have developed a flying machine. I agree with most of the things that you say regarding the fan awards. If the latest and culminating stupidity by Bob Jennings doesn't ruin everything, there is still a chance for something resembling the original fan awards plan. A semi-public effort in this direction is under way and may turn into a more modest start on the grandiose original idea, although we are currently toying with the idea of presenting it as a fan poll, not a fan award project, with no prizes or physical recognition of any kind for the winners. ((I like the latter idea; what good reason can you give for awarding a statuete or other prize for fan achievements? A simple poll, with published results, would work just as well...if not far better...go))

I've been behaving pretty much like you when I approach a prozine. I had hoped to get to the Chicon this summer, and back in June, I decided that I should read at least three or four science fiction magazines before Labor Day, to permit me to talk about them with at least a slight familiarity about the subject matter. But I literally couldn't force myself to buy them: I would go to a newsstand determined to start to carry out this good intention, then would walk away without making a purchase because I knew I had piles of stuff at home awaiting reading that would interest me more than the latest efforts of penny-per-word hacks, or I would purchase instead a paperback. The brutal fact is that professional science fiction is mostly very badly written; the science fiction story cannot by very definition reach the literary level of the mundane story that permits the writer to draw from personal experience, and hardly anyone can retain it as his major source of reading matter for longer than the few years required for the reader to get through the thrill of first encounter with the major ideas and situations of stf. People who insist on reading little but stf., decade after decade, must be either those who never get out of a rut, or seek complete escape from the present, or are so obsessed by science that they insist on having it in fringe form in their fiction. ##423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland##

WALTER BREEN: I don't really think that it's just presentation rather than the ideas that "makes the fugghead." It can make a person liked or disliked, but that's something else again. A fugghead is, in classic usage, "one who speaks before he thinks, if he thinks at all." One who comes on with his illogical notions without considering their consequences, particularly potentially harmful consequences. (And they are not restricted to fandom, alas.) The truth lurking behind your idea seems to be that most fuggheads are also LMJs--they have both the egregious ideas and the yammering, thoughtless, antagonistic sort of presentation. But imagine a subtler, more skillful G. M. Carr, and you'll see what I mean. On still another level, notice the running battle between Richard Bergeron and Bob Leman. Some of Leman's ideas I find unacceptable. Leman is an enormously skilled writer, and nobody calls him a fugghead; you would say because of the manner of presentation of his ideas, I would say because he has thought his

ideas out and built up a case for them, which is the exact opposite of fuggheadry. And as a result I can respect Leman, and would consider him a formidable opponent in a debate.

I have to agree with you on the matter of serious poetry in fanzines. Sturgeon's Law applies, with a vengeance. I suspect that the few really good poets in fandom are prone to be misunderstood and therefore often reluctant to submit anything (except light verse) to fanzines. Certainly Rog Ebert and Jean Young have been misunderstood. And it is for just that reason that I hesitated to submit any of my own poems to fanzines until this year. ((With all the crud found in fan poetry, nobody ever expects, apparently, to come across anything worthwhile in the field. There are a few exceptions to the all-crud rule with fan poetry. Yes...go)) ##2102 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California##

ED WESKYS: I see you checked "Sample Copy" and erased that. Then you checked "Last issue" and erased that. Finally you left it completely unchecked—you didn't even check that my guess was as good as yours. Obviously you don't know why you sent it, so if my guess isn't as good as yours, it MUST be BETTER! ((Nope, we're equal. Actually, with bright-eyes, I strolled down to the local post office with 90 odd copies of Bramble 2 in my sticky hands with the idea of sending them on there way. After taking a look over them, the clerk told me that she didn't think I could send the copies at 3rd class mail, but that for one more cent, maybe 5 more, she'd gladly send them at first class for me. Overwhelmed at her kind gesture, and seeing in her eyes visions of wiping out the postal deficit single handedly, I told her to go to hell. She was taken aback, refused my kind invitation, and proceeded to argue with me for the next ten minutes. Finally I went home, with my magazines (she told me to go pedal my papers) and the phone number of the Seattle PO Big Cheese. I phoned him, he told me I couldn't send my little fanzine with checkmarks on the back. So, I was forced to erase each and every check mark—a few hundred, I'm sure—and re-mail that mag—or at least make a second try at getting the thing into the mail. The second time I succeeded, and only got two or three copies back...go))

Yes, there certainly are people who lose their audiences because of the attitude with which they present their words of wisdom. And it certainly is a ~~strange~~ strange thing to find Bitchy Old Ted White as the sterling example of proper presentation. I generally think of him as an example of the other extreme, though not as violent a one as apparently Jennings is, or Willick and Gibson are. ((Ted White bitches, yes, but he's always literate, and most often has legitimate grounds for his bitching, and is at least logical--something I can't say for the other three you mention...go))

I went on a binge of SF reading in the summer of 51, a few months after I discovered the stuff. My branch library had about 150 books and I went there every week and took out 5 or 6 to read during the week. I went rather bugs on the stuff and never even talked about anything else. This turned my father off on SF and ever since he has looked upon the stuff, my reading it, and my participation in fandom with mild disapproval.

After that I have kept up reading it, though sometimes I read only one prozine in two months and sometimes I hit my old record of 5 or 6 books a week for 2 or 3 weeks. But I would say that I must have averaged somewhere around 1 book or mag a week since then, maybe 1½. When I became very active in fanzine about 2 or 3 years ago my stef reading went down considerable, but from lack of time and not disinterest. ((Well, I read little or nothing but science fiction for four years, and now I figure it's due time I found out what else has been written. I'm no longer particularly interested in science fiction, but I will read the stuff, when its good, and when I get the chance...ge))

My reaction to Salamander and Shaggy is exactly the opposite of yours. I liked the first two issues of Sal quite a bit more than recent Shaggys, though they don't compare with the first Shaggies I read. ((I didn't say what you think I said; at least I didn't mean to say it. I didn't think Shaggy was any better than Salamander, but that they both were, and are, terribly alike. I thought it would have been best to combine the two into one Big Fanzine. Now that Patten has left Shaggy as editor-in-chief, the whole bit has become outdated...ge)) Strange...I've often found that the first copies of a zine I saw were the ones I enjoyed most. Some day I'll have to re-read those Shaggys, the Cry's with the start of The Goon Goes West, etc., and see if I still consider them far superior to the current issues of those zines. ((You're just nostalgic...ge))

The last paragraph of Breen's letter surprised me--I didn't think he was capable of writing in a light vein like that. ((Bramble, the fanzine that surprises...ge))##c/s Metcalf, PO Box 336, Berkeley 1, California##

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DAVE HULAN: Your editorial is quite true as far as my knowledge extends-- I haven't read the White article in question, so can't evaluate it, but I know Jennings quite well and know that he gets entirely too worked up over unimportant matters, so that he hits out in all directions and usually ends up landing the most solid blows on his own head. For all that he's a good guy--he just takes everything too seriously. Woods seems to have the same fault. Fandom is in itself too unimportant for anything in it to be taken as seriously as either of these two do.

I have some understanding of your lack of interest in SF any more--I've been reading practically everything printed in the field for 13 years or so, but lately I've almost quit reading short stories in the prozines, unless they're by someone I particularly like. Novelettes and novels I still usually manage to read, but I just can't work up the old enthusiasm necessary to spend time I could spend reading Spengler or Pei ((which fanzine do they publish?...anonymous)) or fanacking, or working around the house, reading science fiction short stories.

If Dr. Fell and H. W. really existed they'd undoubtedly be fans, and I wish more fans would indicate appreciation for those two fabulous characters (either of which makes Sherlock Holmes look a pale skinny shadow). :: Your lack of bombast is a refreshing change from the general run of editor-written fanzines I've been getting lately, like QUANTIFIER and KIPPLE. ## 226- B Nible Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama##

FRANK WILIMCZYK: Your comments on some articles about the Fan Awards, which obviously are not intended as a critique of the awards, but nevertheless brings in your views on them. Apparently, the attitude of these people is that the Fan Awards might be OK, but fans don't like Willick. As for me, I still don't know much about Willick, but when I received the issue of PARS OF ION outlining the idea, and featuring a sketch for the proposed statuette, I nearly collapsed. I'd received the zine in the morning mail, and didn't open it until I'd reached the office. At that time, I was surrounded by four Lovely Women, and when I ran into the sketch, I hurriedly tossed the thing into my desk drawer, and couldn't bring myself to look at it again for several weeks. I'm neither for nor against Fan Achievement Awards as such, but that Thing scared me half to death! I'd be willing to bet that had not Willick offered such a fantastic atrocity as his proposed trophy, he might not have met with so much opposition.

In the body of Harry Warner's letter, after he's said something about sports fans fearing that their favorite sports are decaying, you say baseball is a primary example. Well, now! As a New York Mets fan (and formerly a Brooklyn Dodgers fan) I take exception to that. I doubt if you could get anybody who follows our national sport to agree that baseball is in danger of vanishing from the national scene. Of course, there are always guys around who'll give you a spiel about how the stars of today aren't fit to carry Gehrig's glove, but I don't consider them worth considering. Us True Fans stick with our teams through the bitter and the better, and when things look tough, our attitude is "Wait'll Next Year!" ((Exactly the same words I use when someone asks me when my next issue is coming out...ge)) Now, if you wanted to pick a sport which seems to be in a state of imminent decay, hockey would have been a much more appropriate choice.

Other hobbies, like stamp collecting or coin collecting, are pretty well accepted in mundania--a stamp collector could show his boss his stamp album, and beam with pride. I don't know about you, but I wouldn't show my boss my fanzine collection, unless I was looking to get eased out of my job, or maybe even sent off to Bellevue for obserbation. In mundania you can't take pride in being a fan, so there results a compulsion to justify fandom's existence, even if only to one's self. Unfortunately, we'll never recover from those teen-age insecurities which made it necessary to conceal the latest Amazing under of jackets so no one would know that we read that crazy stuff. Boy!--catch a stamp collector hiding his latest acquisitions under his jacket, or an amateur photographer keeping all his prints in the attic so no one will know what he's been up to,

I would say that SF is just the thing (unless you like detective stories, which I also read from time to time) for reading on subways, buses, trains, or on the beach--I find it pretty hard to read something like, say, Bertrand Russell, in any of these places. ((The buses in Seattle, unfortunately, are far too noisy to allow anyone to read anything on them--especially me...ge)) ## 447 10th Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.##

FREDERIK NORWOOD: I hope Bob Jennings reads your editorial. Poor Bob is really a meek and mild mannered type, until he gets behind a typewriter. I should say something to defend him, but after A TRIP TO HELL he has Fugghed of the Year pretty much sewed up, unless one side of the other of the Christine Moskowitz-Ted White feud get it. I wonder if the award could be given to all parties connected to a feud, rather than to either side, thus showing favoritism where none is called for. ((But in most cases, friend, like White vs Mosk. favoritism is called for...ge))

Fandom is condemning Bob too harshly. He isn't trying to hurt anyone, or damn anything, he just wants to help, and sometimes goes at it backwards. For fandom to take such a violent reaction to a bit of poor judgement on matters personal is all wrong. ((Oh?...Look here, stupidity can often be excused, even overlooked, but when that stupidity, as in the case of young Robert, starts injuring the reputations, and most importantly feelings of others, he has gone too damn far. He has passed the point of being excused. The CYNIC bit was a bit of faggheadry, yes, but I don't think I, or anyone else, jumped on Jennings personally--except to say he couldn't spell. The TRIP TO HELL bit, however, is another story entirely. It was this that I was referring to in the opening of this paragraph. It was, as has been pointed out by a couple of others, whose comments I hope you read, unexcusably stupid, and brutal. Anyone with the lack of judgement, leaving pure sanity out of the question for the moment, to publish a thing like that has shown himself to be a rather undesirable character for the most part...ge)) Personally A TRIP TO HELL has me half convinced, and if Bob wants to publish such a live document it's his business. ((I'm afraid his "live document" went a little too far for it to remain his business. If, after reading the comments on A TRIP TO HELL you're still "half convinced," I'll gladly whack your name off my mailing list along with Jennings. I only want to reach interesting people, and since interesting people are usually intelligent enough to dig that something like A TRIP TO HELL is a cataract of lies, I think I may be able to do without you...ge)) ## Bellingrath, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis, Tennessee##

TOM ARMISTEAD: I think you missed the point of Bob Jennings article. Bob meant to say that even though he thought the Willis Fund was lousy, he wasn't fighting it or publishing against it, so why not, dammit, leave the Fan Awards alone? Unfortunately, Bob also blathered so much about the fact that the Willis Fund was "Steamrolled" that his point was lost among the heap of senseless statements. If Bob had stopped after about 2 pages, he would have had a better article, without so much ineffectual prose that did the fan awards no good at all, and was detrimental to the project and Bob Jennings. ((And, if he'd stopped after two pages, I might not have had much of an editorial column last time...ge))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Betty Kujawa, Tom Seidman and the U.S. Post Office of Cobkville, Tennessee. The letters in this issue have been, in some cases, slashed to small bits. This will continue to happen, and wouldn't even be mentioned, except for the fact that I had some lines to fill--disgusting practice.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

DOUBLE DOUBLE TOIL & TROUBLE: The previous seven pages are old type pages (the stencils were cut about four months ago), and were originally intended for Bramble #3. Unfortunately for you folks, and fortunately for me, I regained my senses and folded the whole zine. That left me with seven cut stencils. I planned on burning them, but didn't get around to this right away.

About this time, as I was busily gathering up the strength to burn the stencils, I remembered that someone, Bruce Pelz I do believe, had said that a cut stencil was sacred. This sounded pretty logical to me. So, the previous seven pages, which you either read or ignored, are the religious section of this issue. We won't bother with a hymn right now, brother, but thank you anyway.

Seriously, I don't know how Saps will receive the idea of running genzine sections through the apa, but I suppose if you don't like it you can always go read the Coventranian Gazette.

This note was supposed to appear on page 12, but I got carried away with something else back there and didn't get it in. So, instead of knowing what you will be reading, you are now informed as to what you just read. Unless, that is, you're like me and read everything from back to front. But enough of this line.

AMEN: A cut stencil is sacred the man said, and I believe him. For that reason, I am planning on running 75 pages, more or less, of religious poetry that my Sunday school teacher cut, and gave to me for some reason when I was but eight. This poetry was all written by our class of eight year old Sunday schoolites and is Real Good. It ought to be the best damn thing in the mailing, when it appears. I ought to warn you that the stencils are kind of old, and have been sitting in the basement for ten years--but, as a cut stencil is indeed sacred, I don't plan to let this stop me. Oh, and the reason the stuff never appeared in 1953 was that the minister decided the poetry was too mushy and like gooey to force on our congregation. Look for it, now.

IT CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL THING sounds like the perfect title to use for the final paragraph of this mostly on-stencil mishmash. Like, I even made a Key Grammatical Error in the first sentence.

Gad, sometimes I get shivers up my spine, when I think of how disjointed this hurriedly thrown together publication has become. Mailing comments are supposed to be in the back, Allah says, but here I've got them in the front. Editorials, and there should be but one, are in the front he says, chipping away on a stone tablet. I've got them all over the place. Further concentration on this embarrassing theme is now proved unnecessary. Mainly, I suppose, because I've just come to the end of the stencil.