

# PLEASURE UNITS 4

---

PLEASURE UNITS #4, April, 1963, the first anniversary. This comes from the home of Gordon Eklund who currently resides behind the mailbox which reads 14612 18th Avenue S.W. This is at Seattle 60, Washington. This publication is intended for submission to the 63rd mailing of SAPS, April, 1963. Gumshoe Publication #15.

---

## MAILING COMMENTS ON SAPS 62

SPY RAY (Enay): What are your sound sources of information, Dick, that gave you the information that it is impossible for the current nuclear stockpiles to destroy mankind? My sources estimate that the United States only has between 15,000 to 50,000 nuclear warheads. The fifty thousand figure comes from the government itself, but is apparently a little bloated. This, keep in mind, is for the United States alone. I haven't the slightest idea of the number of warheads now kept by England, the Soviet Union or France; but Russia at least should have a few thousand here and there. To me this sounds like quite a bit of energy to be dropping on this planet and still expecting to have some life left over at the end of it all. Not, mind you, that I'm advocating experimentation to discover the exact number of warheads needed to destroy each and every one of us. Not from bloody handed warmongers, or us more friendly and humane types.

POT POURRI 26 (Berry): I've noted with amazement more than once the difference in word usage existing between the United States and the British Isles. Take for instance "homely." You are using it here as a complimentary term, referring to the home. Over here something that's homely is thought to be ugly, plain and definitely unbeautiful. The phrase, "homely fanatic" would be a bit unfitting over here, or at least seem as if it were. I do recall the Britisher on the television program who was wondering why his American date had poked him when he complimented her on her extreme "homeliness."

COCONINO 2 (Hannifen): The Army booklets are suitably ghodawful I suppose. They are definitely aimed at being read and understood by every possible order of intelligence, so I don't suppose it should be surprising that the style of writing is not overly intellectual. However, did anyone but me notice how similar in typeface and paper one of the booklets was to the Gideon Bibles?

How did you make out in your campaign for the N'APA OEsip, Owen? You win big? I realize that this stuff was written a while back, but I'm one of those types who believes everything he reads in a SAPS mailing. Fans are slans and don't tell lies, you know.

Why does your friend need material for his prospective SAPSzine, Owen? Perhaps the answer to this question is obvious, but I can't discover a worthwhile answer. Personally, in an apa I am much more interested in reading the work of the member, rather than some outsider. I won't ignore the work of a non-member, of course, but I feel that the purpose of an apa is mostly that of communication--communication between members. I know that I'm more interested in reading the work of a member than I am in reading something penned by someone who will probably never again appear in the mailings. Perhaps this attitude has something to do with my similar opinion that all fanzines, general and apa alike, should be written mostly by the editor. I'm more interested in reading about people and their feelings than in learned presentations of absolute nothing. I think many people agree with me on this point. I have noticed that the majority of the highest rated fanzines of recent years have had an abundance of editorially written material.

NIFLHBIM 2 (Hulan): I feel that the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were inexcusable blunders, best explained away by war hysteria. I will admit that the use of atomic weapons may well have saved many lives in the long run--on both sides. However, I have never had it explained to me well enough so that I might comprehend the reasons why this country could not have dropped the bombs on an abandoned island somewhere in the Pacific or on one of the sparsely settled islands where the Japanese still held out. Why was the attack on a major city such as Hiroshima necessary? I eliminate the case of Nagasaki here. The excusability of the first attack is a moot point, but the second is unjustifiable on any grounds.

What makes you think I deplore on-stencil composers? Really, I don't. I don't necessarily approve of them or their habits, but I don't deplore them. If you want to compose on stencil go right ahead. I'll read your comments, comment on them in return, and perhaps not have the slightest idea whether you composed on stencil or went through eight or nine preparatory drafts. Maybe I won't. What I do deplore, rather than the practice itself, is the idea that on-stencil composition is excusable. It isn't. I feel that on-stencil composition, particularly on-stencil mailing comments, are the work of the lazy, the uncaring, or in some cases the busy. I feel that mailing comments are a most difficult form to master, demanding as they do understandable prose in a brief space. I find this highly difficult, and only in special cases will I compose mailing comments on stencil. More formal material--or "creative" material as some members persist in calling it--in many cases has less need of drafted writing than do mc's. I'm more apt to put formal material on stencil without an earlier draft than I am to do the same with mailing comments.

Hardcover science fiction hit its boom years between 1949 and 1953. Previous to that first year little stf was published between hard covers. Just after the war, though, a number of fan groups began publishing hardcover science fiction. To the amazement of the larger publishing houses the books sold and sold well. These companies quickly jumped on the bandwagon, issued hardcover science fiction in large quantities, and got off just as quickly as they had climbed on as soon as the bubble began to burst. Today there are very few general publishers doing much work in the field. Doubleday is the only one that I can think of right off hand that does much stf publishing.

I haven't read Second Stage Lensman, unfortunately. When is some enterprising publisher going to get with it an issue the whole Smith series in soft covers. I know that pyramid pocketbooked The Skylark of Space a few years ago, but as far as I know nothing has been done since. A shame, I think.

I have read Gray Lensman, though, and a couple of others in the series. Gray Lensman I enjoyed very much. The lack of gigantic scope in the book, at least in comparison to some of the others, didn't bother me to much. In fact I think it heightened my enjoyment. I've always been a somewhat Earthbound science fiction reader. What particularly turned me on about Gray Lensman, among other things, was the fascinating disguises Kinnison would occasionally done to hide himself from his enemies. Wild Bill Williams, for instance, as a character, was a hell of a lot more interesting to me than Kinnison himself.

There is very little in the world that irks me more than the tendency to use the term "intellectual" as a swear word. It is a sad note on our culture that it is often used as such--both outside and inside SAPS. I'm glad you didn't fall into this pit, Dave, even though you might have been tempted to go along with Jane Ellern in her usage. Perhaps this trend is but a sign of the fact that the common man is he who is worshiped in our society. Someone out of the ordinary is to be feared, and watched closely lest he do something to destroy our homes and families. Intellectuals, unfortunately, are somewhat out of the ordinary and I suppose it is only to be expected that those who couldn't be intellectual if they tried with all their might like to think intellectuals are swearwords.

I don't think our freedoms have necessarily declined recently. In some ways they have and in some ways they haven't. However, what frightens me is that those losses of freedom that have occurred have occurred voluntarily. The people were happy to see themselves lose a little freedom here and there, since it apparently made them a little more secure. I don't think we have lost our freedom, but I do think we are now in a dangerous course that could lead to this end--through sheer apathy and ignorance. I sometimes think Earl Warren was right when he asserted that if the Bill of Rights were put up to a vote of the people, it would lose resoundingly.

RESIN 12 (Metcalf): When I was receiving Now Worlds and its sister publications, I got a lot of them in very poor shape. By the time many had arrived through the mail their covers and pages were bent and wrinkled, and often the spines were split, and there were tears in the covers of some of them. Galaxy has always impressed me as the worst bound of the science fiction mags, though, particularly just after they enlarged their pagecount. I sometimes wonder how many of those issues could survive a reading without falling apart. Then, too, many of my second-hand GALAXY's were purchased in poor shape, many without back or front covers. And these were some of the better copies I could find. But I don't really sweat it over magazine binding. I'm more interested in what is inside than in the mag's appearance. The stories in a coverless magazine are just as enjoyable as those in the same issue even when that issue is in mint condition.

OUTSIDERS 50 (Ballard): In the book version of Burroughs' The Moon Maid the three short novellas, "The Moon Maid," "The Moon Men," and "The Red Hawk," were combined together to form one story. This was done in a number of Burroughs books, most notably The Land that Time Forgot and Escape on Venus. The idea is far from alien to the science fiction field. We'll remember City, don't we? I think in the Ace edition something else was done, but I don't have that book to check. "The Moon Maid," as a short novel wasn't much, true. Just a typical Burroughs romance, similar to all the Mars and Venus novels. The latter two parts, however, are quite different. I particularly dug the manner in which ERB described the destroyed Earth after the Lunar invasion, and the manner in which man rebuilt his society. This was not only some of the best writing Burroughs ever did, but also some of the most serious. Someone else in this mailing claims Carson of Venus was serious work. I don't know, having read only Escape on Venus in that series. However, I do know that The Land that Time Forgot, not to mention more mundane creations like The Mucker are definitely considered serious. Burroughs may have been 99% hack, but I see no reason to believe that he couldn't stoop to serious science fiction or general type literature when he wished. He just liked to eat, and eat well most of the time.

THE ZED 302 (Kanderson): The highest order of animal I have ever cleaned is a clam and that was frankly traumatic. I admire your stamina in cleaning a deer; a fish would be daring enough for me. I'm not going to make a very good survival type when the war comes, am I?

WEST 12 (David McJohnstone): Say, man, how would you like for me to send you, absolutely free of charge, a list of Brand New Unused Topics for Apazine. Variety is indeed the spice of life, you know, and it is also the spice of interesting SAPSzines. Your themes are nearly as varied as the tone of Richard Eney's mailing comments on the publications of Ted White. I know I've said this before, but I keep hoping that someday I'll say it in a mailing that you'll actually bother to open. Or am I expecting too much?

WATLING STREET 15 (Lichtman): I'm pleased that you dig the little mag racks at the City Lights Bookshop. They do seem to get around. A few months ago I happened to be sitting in my typing class, when a friend who sits behind me pulled out a thin little publication and pushed it under my nose. This, he said, had been buried beneath some textbooks in his desk and he wanted to know what it was. I took it over for a brief examination. The contents were composed of a series of cartoon like sketches, beside them were a few brief lines of poetry. The verse itself was not humorous, and neither were the cartoons. But the two coupled together were quite pleasing and I really enjoyed reading the little thing for the next couple of days until my friend burned it as subversive trash. He's somewhat of a square. Anyhow, the book came from the City Lights Bookshop of San Francisco, or at least so it claimed. This rather surprised me, I was familiar with the City Lights Bookshop, and I wondered a bit how the thing had managed to end up where it did. I mean really, is this what you would expect to find in the middle of a pile of old books, located in the middle of a typing class, located in the middle of a high school, which in turn is located in the middle of a conservative upper-middle class suburb? I never did find out who left it or how it got there. I'm afraid that if I had it would have been somewhat of a let down. I'm sure it would.

Seattle is pretty much built on a hill; just like, apparently, San Francisco--I've never been there, but I'll take your word for the fact. I've never driven on Seattle hills, mostly because I don't drive very often or very legally. I have indeed walked up and down the hills of Seattle very often, if that's any compensation. Whenever I'm downtown, as I was today for instance, I try to make a point of walking up a hill or two and then down another hill or two. If I don't walk up at least one good, high hill I feel as though I'm not actually in Seattle but instead out in the flatlands somewhere. Then, too, I find that I enjoy watching other people walk up and down the same hills I'm on. The most interesting people walk up hills I have learned, and they all do it in a different way. Some people walk up hills in the same manner they handle flatlands. That is, trying to walk straight up, looking right up at the sky. These people are the odd ones. Mostly I laugh heartily at them. I also make a point of laughing heartily at those who cling tightly to a guard rail or, when no guardrail is present, seem to be climbing up on all fours. All the fascinating things seem to happen on hills, you know. Bank robberys, shootings, muggings--all on hills. There was even the old tale of the cat who, while struggling on all fours up one particularly steep hill lost his grip on the guard rail and went careoming down the hill into Puget Sound. He's sort of a dead legend, if you get what I mean.

I liked this very much, Bob. Short as it was.

THE BINKY BIRD 5 (Berman): I wonder why it is that I my all my better SAPS type typoses while cutting the titles of other zines onto stencil for heading purposes. Last time my uncoordinated fingers re-christened Richard Enoy's publication to SPRY RAY. This time I almost had you done as a KINKY BIRD. Fortunately I possess corflu.

Carl Brandon, at least in name, does seem to get around. As part of my activity in trivia fandom, I make a point of thumbing through very old and very dull books whenever I am in a library. A few months ago while in the school library busily engaged in this activity to the ire of the librarian, a fussy old bitch, I chanced upon an old psychology textbook. Actually it wasn't old, but it certainly was not well used. The latest checkout date on the inside cover was sometime in 1948. Anyway, while thumbing through this volume I chanced upon an appendix which included a transcription of a number of interviews with psychiatric patients. As you might expect, and from the lead in you ought to, one of them was Carl Brandon. This Brandon was an undergraduate at the U of Michigan and was getting very poor grades. This had adversely affected his emotional balance. Because of this he had come into contact with the authors. Anyway, the interview delves deeply into the possible reasons for Carl's poor marks. Poor family relations, sexual frustration, an aunt who didn't like cats are all brought into play. At the end of the interview the author pens a note to the effect that Carl has an I.Q. of 74. He didn't mention the aunt who didn't like cats, though. I thought it was a real wonderful thing. Don't you?

THE PINK PLATYPUS 2 (Armistead): I think my in-person personality is very similar to my in-print one. At least I can discern no radical difference. I am, sometimes, much quieter in person, but that would be all. I think this is true for most fans. It has held true for those that I have met.

I don't care for a lot of poetry either, though I'm not quite ready to damn the whole field. I think this is due to the fact that all through grade school and junior high school as well I was literally forced to read poetry. Much of it I could not understand and that that I might have been able to translate I ignored because of the rest of the field. I don't, mostly, think people should be forced to read things. Still, I can read and enjoy more poetry than I used to be able to. I do dig and search for items by people such as Whitman, Byron, Shelley, Gray and Burns. This liking has all appeared in the last year or so, too. I still like the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe, one of the few poets I could stand while in my middle teens, though I feel very uncultured doing so.

I consider Billy Graham one of the most repulsive people in existence. Mostly I ignore religion. I'm not interested in it myself, nor do I believe, but if someone else does I'm not about to try to convert him to my way of thinking. Similarly I hold very little bitter hatred or even mild distaste with most things connected with religion and churches. But somehow Billy Graham has always managed to raise my ire. Maybe because I can only view him as a Grade-A Phony. I would think that those interested in religion would view it as a quiet thing, deserving meditation and thought, not pulpit pounding and assorted harangues. Apparently I was wrong, if the tremendous and frightening respect and admiration given to an ass like Graham can be used as any indication. William Saroyan, writing in The Nation, gave Billy Graham a very high ranking in what amounted to his personal list of Kuggheds of the Year. I think he was right.

WARHOON 10 (Bergeron): No, Richard Bergeron, I'm very sorry but I can't say that I love Warhoon. I read it; enjoy it; and very often re-read it. It's one of my favorite fanzines but I do not love it. On the other hand, I do think it is possible to love a fanzine. You admit that you have, and basically I suspect that I have too.

The very first readable fanzine it was ever my pleasure to encounter was a copy of the Terry Carr-Ron Ellik Fanac. I quickly subscribed and they began sending me issues. For a number of months Fanac's arrived regularly and were read eagerly. And re-read. And re-read again. It was that sort of thing. I think, looking back over that period of time, hoping that Terry Carr won't think I'm fawning or anything, but you could easily say that I "loved" Fanac if you wanted to. You see, it was the very first fanzine I ever read regularly. It represented to me, in most ways, this new found joy of mine--science fiction fandom--another wonderful place in which I could escape from the horrible realities of adolescence. It represented to me a Brave New Adventurous World I was just discovering in all its wonder. I suspect that many fans have had the same experience. Your own allusions to Skyhook imply that perhaps your experience was indeed similar, Dick. Perhaps so. Anyway, Fanac suspended publication after a few months and after a new

editor had taken over the reins things were always somewhat different. I think if Warhoon, or Cry, or Yandre, or Skyhook had had the same early influence on my fan career I would have regarded it similarly. It isn't surprising to me at least that the only time my emotional regard for a fanzine came close to that in which I held the Carr edited Fanac was Void, for its four or five 1961 issues. This occurred at approximately the same time I was getting involved to a large extent in fandom as we know it.

And that's why I don't love your fanzine. Because I have never really loved a fanzine for itself, but only as a symbol of something else, if I'm not getting overly mystical sounding here. I can admire and enjoy Warhoon, but don't expect me to love it, though maybe you'll succeed in converting Don Fitch.

I really surprised myself by enjoying Robert Lowndes article on "La Dolce Vita." I've explained before that I have not seen the film and doubt very much that I will in the near future. As a result I did not care for Virginia Blish's earlier article on that subject, last year sometime. I can sometimes enjoy deep articles on movies or books when I'm unfamiliar with the work in question. But not in the Warhoon circle apparently. I approached the Lowndes piece expecting to be as out in the dark as before. But, as I said, I liked it. I haven't seen very many movies at all these last two or three years, outside of television, and many articles on films leave me feeling very confused.

Walt Willis's interesting suggestion that Warhoon's staff alter their Initials to conform with that of the magazine itself is unfortunately unworkable. Names that would appear out of this such as Wreen and Wlish are much too complicated in pronunciation to expect we who subvocalize to manage them. Billis on the other hand is wonderfully easy to handle. So, too, is Wergeron, but I shan't go into that.

Walt's page on his trip is wonderful and moving. I sometimes feel that I ought to leave the country for a few months. Perhaps after being away for some time I could learn to understand and perhaps even to appreciate it more than I do now.

I haven't read the James Blish novel that Baxter so beautifully takes apart and probably won't. Despite this I did find much of interest in Baxter's opinions on the science fiction juvenile as a whole. I have not read a great deal of juveniles. When I first started to read science fiction I started immediately with the adult variety. It wasn't until a few years later that I approached any juveniles at all. One that I did read during this formative period, however, is one that Baxter mentions: Heinlein's Have Spacesuit-Will Travel. The only reason I read this one was F&SF's failure to describe it as such. Digressions aside, the book did have some effect on me. As Baxter notes much of the earlier portions of the novel were taken up in behalf of propaganda for the cause of self-teaching and the great need of youth for a firm science education. Heinlein also had something to say about the shoddiness of American schools. This stuff really effected my attitudes, forcing me to immediately decide that I would become a scientist and would go to the library the very next day and start learning on my own. My grades

at the time were very poor, particularly in science. Heinlein opened my eyes to how I was wasting my life. Indeed he did. For maybe a day, or at the most two. I rapidly flunked a science quiz, found out that there were just too many good television programs on to allow me to go to the library to learn, and mostly I learned that I wasn't really that interested. Heinlein may preach, he may convert in many cases, but I seriously doubt on the basis of my own experiences that he can keep his recruits in rank very long. Not long enough for him to set up a State Church or anything like that.

Like Ted White I have a definite lack of interest towards classical music. Unlike Ted I feel that my personal lack of interest comes not from a great interest in the field on the part of my parents (they weren't and aren't) but because all during grade school I had the field shoved on me against my will. Radio programs full of classical music were piped into the classrooms, giant assemblies were held in which the magnificent six year old musicians would destroy any European composer that came into their head, and mostly we were forced to live with it. As you might expect, I was deathly bored by the whole scene. The same thing occurred during junior highschool, the same laughable but dull school concerts, and right up to the present time. I've noticed that the quality of playing in these school orchestras has improved somewhat in the last twelve years, but not much. At the age of six I was not quite ready to dig the vistas of classical music I fear. In obviously ruptured form, things were even worse than might be expected. I can only despise classical music and that I did, like everyone else I knew. The whole concept is the same as that befalling the eight year old whose parents force him to play the violin. The hell wants to play the violin at that age of life? Especially when it is forced upon him against his will. Same with classical music; the same with poetry as I mentioned earlier in this zine. On the other hand, Jazz, which I had little or no contact with as a youngster, impresses me now as something meaningful and quite wonderful. Jazz is something that I dig very much and am highly interested in. Not so with European-classical-serious music. What was this about the success of educating kids in "good" music?

George Price presents the first rational argument against fan centered convention programs. However, as you might expect, I am still unconvinced. I did not attend the Chicon III nor will I be at the Discon next fall, but if I were I think I would appreciate some recognition of the fact that I was there and that my dollars had contributed to the con just as much as the money of a non-fan. Surely the Chicon with its massive program schedule could have squeezed some fan slanted item in somewhere. Like I said up there somewhere, I'm unconvinced.

I am amazed, truly amazed, hell, even astounded, at the inability of Sam Moskowitz, who it is said is a mature if not thinking man, to tell the difference between unintentional minor inaccuracies and outright lies. Hell, one of the so-called lies he has discovered in the reportage of Walter Breen looks very much like a typographical error. And, if Walter Breen did not succeed in conveying "honest opinion" in his con report, I'd like to know just what it was that he did do. Dishonest opinion, perhaps? I certainly wish Sam Moskowitz would get off his high horse long enough to point out the sections of "Our Fan in Chicago" in which Walter Breen lied about his actual opinions. Good grief. Good grief!



I can't remember the exact issue number, I think it was either number four or number five, of the issue of Warhoon which reminded me so much of the current version that I was convinced that Richard Bergeron does indeed exist. I may be style deaf, but the writing in that issue was highly similar in approach and in content to the revived issues. I'd look through my files and give you more complete information, Dick, but I know that if I once get started thumbing through the files trying to find that particular issue I'll never get back to these mc's. It was the last of the first incarnation I think; published by Redd Boggs. I suppose you want to check it yourself and convince yourself that you're actually real.

I feel damned silly sitting up here on my high horse trying to convince a fanzine publisher despite his denials that he is indeed an editor. But, Richard Bergeron, you are an editor, no matter what you say to the contrary. If you didn't edit Warhoon you would not have won a Hugo, nor would you have topped the Fanac Poll. If you'll re-read the letter column in this current Wrhn you'll no doubt detect that one Robert Bloch compliments you on your "editing ability." Even though you claim you do not alter manuscripts, I think the mere acceptance and rejection of same would fall under the heading of editing. Surely in that monstrous letter column you do alter submitted manuscripts. Come to think of it, I think your decision not to tamper with submitted general type material is an example of a good editor's work. If you did alter many of them, you might quickly lose part of your stable of columnists. I suspect that most of your contributors share my belief that if we've slaved over an article for which we will receive no monetary compensation and which will bring the publisher a bit of egoboo, if the article is any good at all, we should at least be allowed to keep our writing intact. I can well recall having one young fanzine editor take one of my rare general contributions and, by adding his own exclamation points, make the piece sound much more goshwowish than my cynical personage is. This perturbed me greatly at the time and is probably a major reason why I very rarely write for other fanzines. This, and the fact that I am probably subconsciously afraid of having something of mine rejected.

SPELEOBEM 18 (Polz): The general material you've run in this issue, though unfortunately uncommendable for the most part, is too good to ignore. Like, for instance, Madeleine Willis's very fine first chapter in her trip report. I do hope you'll continue to run this through SAPS. If not, I hope you'll run it through an apa to which I belong. I liked your trip report too, Bruce, and notice that I am not only in possession of hordes of puritanical relatives. Is this a national disease?

I was somewhat interested to read Fritz Leiber article/speech. I am not, though, a fan of Fafhrd and Gray Mouser. The first of these stories I read was in a 1959 or 1960 FANTASTIC. I was expecting much, having heard of the series before, and was horribly saddened to find the story incomprehensible. I thought this might be one bad one in an otherwise fine series but subsequent encounters proved me wrong. I can seldom force my way through more than three or four pages of the stuff, and no longer even bother. Surprisingly I do like sword and sorcery. I dig de Camp and Pratt muchly and have even read Conan with more than passing interest. I like the rest of Leiber's output, too. Anyway, I did find his digressions on the social conditions of the depression world quite interesting reading.

I am definitely not certain that fantasy worlds are "only legitimately a part of childhood." It seems highly likely that many are not, I suppose. I am not familiar with Emily Bronte's fantasy worlds, am too lazy to look into it, but will take your word for both its existence and the fact that it is on an adult level. However, my original comments in Pleasure Units #2 made no mention of adult level fantasy worlds. I don't object to them at all, in fact. What I was and am objecting to are those fantasy worlds which are used for the sole purpose of escape, creating of an idealized self image, and trying not to grow up. I am sure that it is possible to grow up and still retain that remnants of childhood in some sort of fantasy world. I don't think that you've shown me that this is how yours operates.

You may be right about my letting past laurels and the reputations of the individuals concerned carry me away when I praised Reep, Tucker, and Boggs for publishing great stuff year after year. I see now that I should have added Harry Warner and maybe one or two others to that list. But no matter now. The original idea still fits the people listed, though; they have published and written very fine things in fandom for many years. They haven't been active to a great extent during all this time, true. I do think you have a point, if I may stray from the original subject, about people tending to get carried away by reputations when filling out fan egoboo polls. This doesn't happen in fandom alone, fortunately, but seems pretty widespread. Faulty memory and the wish not to hurt someone by giving them a low vote after years of fine work probably has more to do with it than hero worship or reputation carrying more weight than accomplishments. When filling out this year's SAPS Poll I noted to my amazement that I had given some people votes in certain categories that they had always done well in; but, when looking back through the mailings concerned, I found out that they had done little or nothing all year long. I blame faulty memory, though, not reputation.

MEANWHILE (Foyster): I had to look back to the SPEC not only to find out the title of this thing, but also the name of the publisher--the very same one who has his name plastered all over the cover. I wish I could keep you and Bob Smith apart in my mind, you're quite different people really, but your SAPSstuff all looks highly similar. Neither one of you reminds me of John Baxter, though, who seems to be a pretty definite personality in my mind. I hope that makes you happy.

I became highly irritated at myself when I started to read my elder brother's copies of True magazine a couple years ago. I became even more bugged at myself when I started to enjoy them very much. I think the male superiority atmosphere turned me on--and it had a very delightful letter column at the time, and probably still does. They used to run letters from Nazis, complaining about True's complimenting the ACLU defending the gentlemen, irate women, complaining about the idea that man was superior, and other wild and woolly sorts. I like to think of myself as a cultured and intellectual young man. Things such as True, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ian Fleming, and Little Orphan Annie (which I dig very much, unfortunately) will be the death of me yet.

DIE WIS 7 (Schultz): This definitely seems to be my mailing for typing  
the titles of zines. I had you down for DIE WISH,  
which sounds horribly grrr some, don't you think? Suits you right for  
using this legal length paper.

I've eaten and enjoyed Chinese food since I was eight or nine. My parents  
used to make Chow Mein often, and when they turned lazy I learned to like  
other delicacies at the local Chinese restaurant. I've never gone in  
for the more esoteric dishes, mostly sticking to those placed in easy  
viewing range on the menus of the more typical Chinese eateries. I did  
try Chop Suey long enough to know that I didn't like it at all, but that's  
hardly an esoteric dish. I've never tried Japanese food, though, more's  
the pity.

Someday, real soon now, I'm going to have to teach myself not to come on  
real nasty with one sentence remarks reeking of apparent hatred. I should  
instead learn to explain myself. Maybe someday I will. Really I couldn't  
tell you why you irritate me. I simply do not know. Maybe it is because  
you come on fanatical at times, and I'm mostly a cool sauve type (oh, sure.)  
who takes nothing seriously. I think it is more apt to be your politico-  
military centeredness. I have a very low opinion of the military and  
everything connected with it. I look on politics as a necessary but still  
despicable evil. But, I do read your fanzines and I do enjoy them. Even  
when you irritate me. That's more than I could say for a lot of fans,  
including some fellow SAPS members. So, don't let me bother you, Dick.  
Go right ahead and irritate me. It's been done before and I've survived  
it this long. And if I irritate you, tell me to go to hell. I'll survive  
that too.

I think I can fit that nucleus of my attitudes towards Africa into a short-  
er space than you took, probably because I know less about the subject.  
As I see it, the old colonial white nations should get out and stay out  
of Africa--this includes the "good guys" like France and England who  
are already either out or on their way, and the "bad guys" like Belgium,  
Portugal and Spain who either won't leave or take a lot with them when  
they do. I see that the colonial nations went into Africa and raised the  
ability of a small but important segment of their populations to some  
degree. In return for this aid they took their share of natural resou  
back to the mother land or father land as the case may be. Now I think  
it's high time that Africa be allowed to make its own choice. The African  
nations can continue on to industrialization or revert back to barbarism.  
But at least they should have the coice. I think the old nations should  
get out, as I said, but I also think the modern ideological colonists,  
the United States and the Soviet Union, should get out and stay out and  
quit trying to convert peoples to the Sacred Way of Life. I think the  
Africans should be allowed their internal struggles, they're called  
growing pains in some areas, and if any outside intervention is needed  
it should come from the UN. I think Africa has more than reached the point  
where it should have a right to self-determination without outside  
pressures. They should have a right now to take care of their own  
problems and their own people. Europe has done enough to and sometimes  
for Africa for a while.

COLLECTOR 32 (Devore): I, too, wish Heinlein would forget about juveniles for a while and concentrate on writing adult type science fiction. But I suppose he has to eat, too, just like the rest of us God or not. I have little doubt that Podkayne of Mars will bring him much more in royalties than Stranger in a Strange Land. Sad, one supposes, but quite true. Then, too, juveniles are supposedly more susceptible to messages, although I personally rather doubt it.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 6 (Lewis): Despite your many kind explanations, I still can't comprehend the presence of the Coast Guard in Libya...Libya did I say? Ah, yes, Libya.. Libya for some reason has always been a fascinating place for me, conjuring up by the very mention of its name all the wonders and mysteries of the semi-mysterious Middle East. When I was Very Young, I was somewhat of a fiend for world geography. I know the map of the world like most ten-year-olds know the batting average of Mickey Mantle. Libya was always one of my very favorite spots on the map. I was always kind of turned on by the very fact that Libya had two capitals. It surprises me a bit to realize that I can actually recall what they are, Bengazi and Tripoli, right? Tripoli was pretty easy to remember, if you know the Marine's fight song at all. Bengazi gave me more than a little trouble, but I finally decided that it reminded me of Benjamin Franklin, which made things much easier.

I know this is going to come out all wrong, but I wish you'd stay in Libya for a long time. Not, mind you, that I am real pleased to see you out of the country, but Libya seems to bring out the best in your writings. You handle the creative bit real well when you're not all concerned about the number of drafts your using and the communication symbols of mailing comments. Much better this, need I say, than that last monstrosity.

I don't think the gross language of Tropic of Cancer would "automatically" exclude any concept of sensitivity. To Miller remember this language is not gross, it is not even overly lacking in sensitivity. To anyone else able to escape from cultural indoctrination the same would be true. After all, there is really no reason for "fuck" being more insensitive than "sexual intercourse." It is to me, of course, and to you too, but only because we've been taught that this is how it must and should be. A word in itself is not gross, not when another word meaning much the same thing is not.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 2 (Foyster): I, too, like Walt Willis and yourself have not the preponderance of people and places whose names begin with the letter "B." I feel highly out-group. Neither my name nor my address sport a single, solidatary "B." I do live in the Seattle suburb of Burien, though, if you'll let that count.

I just recently finished the Book version of Allen Drury's Advise and Consent. I haven't seen the movie yet, though, and now that I've read the book I'll try not to do so. Not that the book was bad, mind you, because it wasn't. Advise and Consent is an exciting and often moving book dealing with a fascinating subject--at least Drury's succeeds in making it sound fascinating. The major flaw in the book is the author's

tendency to use stereotypes for his characters. The reactionary but good and lovable Senator for South Carolina, the bumbling and incompetent Vice-President, the demagogic gentleman radical from the West, the tough and phony President of the UAW: none of these characters are exactly new with Drury. However, he does manage to weave a pretty good story despite this. I thought it was one of the best science fiction novels of the last four or five years. And in the book the suicide of Senator Anderson comes through quite believably. I expect the author was able to lay the groundwork much more easily in the book than a screenwriter could have done for the film. Even now, though, the idea of a highly proud man suiciding because of the discovery of homosexuality in his past does not grab me as overly unlikely. For a public figure a worse revelation would be difficult to imagine. The only thing worse, I suspect, would be the discovery that the Senator once spoke to a suspected Communist Party member in the fall of 1933. That's pretty rough, too.

Dammit, there's not much I can do about this typewriter, unless you want to forward me the money for a new one--I can't afford it myself. I don't like the typeface either, though it's regular Royal elite and not all that rare. Paper I can, will and id chance; typewriter is a bit more difficult. I suppose I could hand letter the zine, but, ahahaha, I don't think that is exactly what you had in mind.

Gads, I always am slow at reading Berry stuff, too. In SAPS Pot Pourri is nearly always one of the last things in the mailing to get read, and nearly always one of the most enjoyable. John's column is often one of the last things I read in Cry, too. Maybe I prefer to read the more topical items first, and then maybe I've got a subconscious aversion of something about John's work. That doesn't sound too likely from here, though, but does sound like I've been reading too damned many psychology texts.

AIR MAIL SPECIAL (An anonymous and unknown Australian): You people sure manage to keep your names well hidden or something.

I creggle at someone putting a fanzine that regularly features the material of Walt Willis down for over seriousness. With Warhoon, however, I'm afraid the criticism is true--at least partly so. But even if fandom is just a goddamned hobby, or whatever the current slogan is, we really ought to be serious now and then. Personally, I think highly of both Warhoon and its editor--I like and admire both. My only complaint with Warhoon is the fact that so much of its recent material has dealt with subjects that I am either ignorant or uninterested in. A sad plight, but hardly a complete critique.

I feel that fandom is definitely a place for recreation. For kicks, if you will. But I think you're wrong in saying that Bergeron is not fulfilling this ideal with Wrhn. I can't speak for the man, but I can assume that writing an eight page article on Pablo Picasso provides Richard with a great deal of enjoyment. It is for him recreation. Maybe recreation for you is telling about a television program you just saw or maybe telling the latest joke you heard, but for him being serious

provides him with a degree of recreation. I fail to dig how being serious per se must be work. Being serious about serious things is often recreation for me. As long as I can keep a straight face about the subject matter at least.

PERIAM 1 (Ellern): I read Huckleberry Finn just last year and dug it. I had tried to read it many times before. I first started on it when I was six or seven and finally gave the book up as a lost cause a few years afterward. I never got past the snakeskin chapter and only made it that far once. I never touched the book again for many years. Then last year on a youthful skylark I started it once more; this time I read eagerly. It was a very fine book. I had much the same experience with Carrol's Alice in Wonderland. I had tried to read the family copy of that book much more often even than Huck Finn. In Alice I never once managed to get past chapter. I started this one, too, again last year; read it; and enjoyed it very much. I am beginning to think this line about young children's classics is so much hogwash. Next I'm going to turn again to the Hardy Boys...

YEZIDEE 2 (Girard): If Hodgson's House on the Borderland is anything like A. Merritt's Metal Monster, I guess I had best stay clear of it. The Metal Monster is the only story I have yet to read from Merritt's pen that I failed to enjoy. I found it to be dull, overwritten, incomprehensible, and overlengthy. It took me three weeks to plow through the thing, and only a personal unwritten law of the time forbidding me to start a new book while another was still unfinished kept me at my task. Unfortunately the book was the first Merritt tale I was to read and rather soured me on the man until I began to read others of his work. I read the Moon Pool duet about a year later and liked it somewhat. From there I went on to all kinds of other Merritt stuff and enjoyed most of it very much. The Metal Monster is definitely the most unMerritt like story Merritt ever wrote. It just wasn't my dish.

Every once in a while I try to convince myself to take up the collecting of back number science fiction magazines once more. It isn't that I really need more science fiction to read--I don't--but I found that there were few things that brought on quite the thrill that I received from finding some long sought after item at a cheap price. I keep telling myself that magazine collecting is a foolish waste of time, expensive, and dull. So far I've succeeded in keeping myself from resuming the old hobby, but I may not be able to hold out much longer. After all, I need only four more issues now to complete my file of Fantastic Novels.

SLUG 4 (Weber): Wally, you're one of the few people I know who sound more believable when they're lying than when they're telling the truth. In this case I'm not sure I know which you're doing, but, since I find little of this I can believe completely, you're probably telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Slug 4 is as funny as hell. Maybe even funnier.

FLABBERGASTING 21 (Toskey): I believe that Leslie Norris was non-existent. I wouldn't take the words of the Los Angeles fans either, but Harry Warner, Rick Sneary and one or two others were in on the hoax from the beginning and they will vouch for Leslie's lack of substance. I think I'll believe them, for what that's worth.

MISTILY MEANDERING 3 (Patten): If you really and truly enjoyed that book you review pre--America, Fallen!--you might like Edgar Rice Burroughs' Beyond Thirty, a book that is similar in a number of ways. Beyond Thirty does not describe an American destroyed in the first world war. Instead it shows an England so badly beaten during the war that it has fallen into prehistoric barbarism once more. I forget what happened to the Germans or how, but they ended up pretty badly off, too. The United States, according to Burroughs' prophecy, does not enter World War I. Instead it completely hides behind its continental barriers, refusing even to come into the slightest contact with any nation outside the Americas. After some years pass the America are joined together to form one nation. The story takes place sometime in the twenty-first century. An American vessel is probing along the ocean borders--there are certain parallels beyond which it is a crime to pass. The ship is blown across the lines in a storm. Knowing that if they return and admit where they were, and honor forces them to admit it, they would be punished as criminals, they head for England and high adventure. Actually it's a horrible story and I only mention it to prove you don't have a monopoly on ghodawful literature. I suppose the numerous prophetic novels of today will look as crude as this one does fifty years from now.

Yeah, that tv show I was searching my memory for must have been "Tales of Tomorrow." "Science Fiction Theatre" was indeed Gernsback type stuff, and mostly it bored the hell out of me at the time. I do remember my occasional surprise and joy when "Science Fiction Theatre" would stoop to present some story taking off from a flying saucer theme. There was one about a flying saucer attack in Mexico and another about a flying saucer landing on Earth and letting a spy out. Fortunately, I've forgotten nearly everything about the two programs. There was another interesting one about a fellow who got eaten up by his electric termites or something along those lines. "Science Fiction Theatre" was still being shown hereabouts on independent stations a couple years ago, but I haven't seen it around recently. "Tales of Tomorrow" seems to have disappeared completely around the time of its early death.

We had to read our own books in elementary school, too, but the teacher could usually be convinced to read at least one book a month to the class. Most of the classes I was in from grades three to six had a large selection of books right in the classroom. Most of them were quite interesting to me at the time and I usually read all or nearly all of them by the time the year was over. My choices didn't always conform with the preferences of my schoolmates. For instance, I had an extreme fascination for the Bobbsey Twins at the time and would devour any book I could find dealing with those little peoples, much to the dismayed stares of my friends, who were busily reading true-war type epics. The school itself had a library of sorts, but it was hidden away in a secluded corner and I don't think I was ever in it more than a half dozen times in six years of school. When I was there it was severely understocked. Whether they lacked money to buy titles or whether they shipped out the better books to the classroom libraries was something I was never able to discover. The selection was rotten, too. No Bobbsey Twins, no Hardy Boys, not even very many true-war type epics. I did understand that the library carried a copy of Asimov's I, Robot, but this had to be removed when one parent complained of the horrid use of profanity in the book. I didn't

read science fiction at the time, so I can't really describe the situation. I think Heinlein's Red Planet was in the school library. At least the book was one of those my sixth-grade teacher chose to read aloud to the class. This was one of my very first contacts with science fiction. I can recall being very much turned on, even though I couldn't quite decipher the significance of Heinlein's ending. This was about the same time that I started reading encyclopedias for fun. At least the teacher thought I was reading them for fun. I had learned that if I looked like I was actually sitting right over there in the corner reading an encyclopaedia, my grades would quickly shoot up. But enough of this chatter; I could go on forever. Remind me to tell you about my collection of Classic comics someday. Oh, that was a wowser...

RETRO 27 (Busby): Gads, I don't know why Retro 25 struck me as the work of a disillusioned and tired old man, muttering evilly in his long gray beard. I'll take your word for the fact that you were actually a gay and happy young man at heart, flipping jokes and good lines left and right as you went on with the zine. It just didn't happen to grab me that way at the time. You do sound reasonably cheerful and light hearted this time, though, as you did last time. I suppose you'll know explain to all and sundry what a nasty, bitching mood you were in at the time you wrote Retro 27. Such is life...

Fortunately I never re-read my fanzines, so I don't trip across personal repetition in my mc's. See, if you'd never told me about it, I'd have never known it was there. Maybe I ought to re-read my zines, so that I could learn first hand of all my glaring errors. Whenever I do, however, I get to feeling all queasy and mostly just self-conscious. I'll spot a typo, not hard to do, and cringe all over, seeing in my mind thirty-five people cursing me under their respective breaths about that lousy typer up in Seattle. After a few of these I get the feeling for the next three months that I've put out a lousy apazine and that as soon as the mailing gets here I'm going to find myself being roasted over a slow fire in everyone's mc's. So far this hasn't held true, but this still doesn't convince me to start re-reading my own fanzines. I do proofread a bit, though not as carefully as I should, but I then try to read without understanding. It's much better on my self-confidence.

---

#### LAST MINUTE NOTICES

This is the end of Pleasure Units #4; that's why there aren't any more pages after this one. I had planned on putting out a much thicker and better issue this time, partially to celebrate my first anniversary of membership in this little club. But I procrastinated too much, after an early start, and I've really had to strain to even make the mailing (though I still remember how to split infinitives). I had a lot of school work pile up too, all of it just at the wrong time. I'm out on Easter vacation now, but this has to be in the mails today. Maybe next time I'll put out that Bigger and Better issue I've been promising. I'll be out of high school by then, and should have some time to spare, unless I go commercial and get a job. See all you good people in three months in mailing number something or other.....

---