

PLEASURE UNITS #6, JANUARY, 1964

Like it says up above there, this is PLEASURE UNITS #6, intended for submission in the 66th SAPS mailing, January, 1964. The editor and star author is A3C Gordon Eklund, 1501 AB Gp, Travis AFB, California. This is a Limited Circulation Publication, available to no one outside the Spectator Amateur Press Society, and aren't they fortunate? This is about the 17th or 18th fanzine issued under my publishing house, if I could only remember the name I used. Ho.

MAILING COMMENTS

Mailing 65:

PILLAR OF FIRE 6 (Brown): One of the easier ways of getting that nasty thing known as a Military Obligation over with is through one of the 6 months or so Reserve or National Guard programs. For instance, had I enlisted in the Air National Guard rather than the Regular Air Force, my active military obligation would be over now--with less than 4 months AD. Barring recall, a slim chance of that, my total military obligation remaining would be to attend one meeting a month of my ANG unit. In the RegAF, I've got $3\frac{1}{2}$ plus years of active time left, plus a couple more on Reserve status. Most of the ANG's I met, while at tech school in Mississippi, were college grads with a great deal to lose and little to gain from military time, finding that 5 months in the Air Force beat two years in the infantry by a good margin. The Air Force, generally, is much kinder to their ANG members as well. While in basic training, they have rooms of their own--two man, I should say--rather than open bay barracks, with thirty men in each bay. These people are also rushed through the time they do have to spend on active duty, putting in as little extra Basic Training as necessary--I had to go through two more weeks after I left the large basic training center in Texas; ANG's went through 4 days. And don't expect to be told All About the plan by your Friendly Neighborhood Recruiter. Mostly they keep mum on the subject, not being able to gain the manpower points through ANG's to help them meet their monthly quota of enlistees. This meeting of quotas being, I understand, a rather difficult task in certain areas.

Gad, I've only published five SAPSzines, excluding the one you are now eagerly reading, but I had a rather difficult task remembering exactly what mailings these zines were sent through. Let's see. Hmmm. PLEASURE UNITS #1 (6pp) went through Mailing 60. Then I missed a mailing, but got a 2nd issue into mailing 62 to save my membership (24pp). Then a hit three more mailings with issues 3, 4 and 5 (20pp, 16pp, and 36pp). I missed mailing 65, due to unforeseen circumstances, laziness, and lack of a typewriter. This issue had better appear in mailing 66, if I want to remain a member of our Select Little Circle, and will, I guess be somewhere between 20 and 24 pages in length. It won't be more than 24 because that's all the stencils I have, but I do have nearly 19 pages of typewritten notes for these mailing comments and already seem to be about a paragraph ahead of myself. Oh, yeah, I got a couple of totals here from the above listing that I had better list, 'cause they caused me much strain and vigor in coming up with. That's 102 pp of SAPS material and an average of 20.4 pages per issue. Aren't you thrilled?

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I take it that you maybe seriously think that government isn't necessary. Let's look at it this way. You and me, we're real high type people. Fine minds and all that. We don't need a government, because we can get along all right without it. We don't go around shooting people, wouldn't think of robbery, can cooperate and live with others without letting our personal power drives get out of hand in this soft situation. We wouldn't, but what about that cat over there, the one with the two left eyes, what are you going to do with him? You sure he's going to do all this high type stuff without his big daddy government standing over him ready to club him one when he steps out of line. For 99.9% of the population--from an impartial survey conducted by a prejudiced person: me--government is quite necessary. Barring large scale extermination, and that'll take a lot of gas chambers, you can't make it, fella. And, hell, Rick, I didn't even bring up that foreign nation over to the left there that doesn't go along with your high type ideals or the fact that this big, wonderful, no government in the sky philosophy in action would necessitate a good deal more co-operation, altruism, each according to his need etc., type stuff than what we have now. It might be less individualistic if it could work. Which it can't. Ayn might not really approve. As for constructive ideas, all I can say is my own personal little governmental philosophy. Namely, that we ought to go along with what we have now and try to mold it into being less of a necessary evil and more into being a necessary force for good--for the good of not only you and me, but that two left eyed cat over there, who I see has just moved around the block.

The military, I have discovered, does sort of require reading in bits and snatches I have discovered. I have already outlined my personal preference in reading a book rapidly at one or two sittings rather than reading it slowly, bit by bit, over a few days. I get much more enjoyment from books by the former method, not even, often, being able to sustain enough interest in very good books to finish them while I use the former method. In fact the only books that I can recall reading while in the Air Force, prior to coming home on leave, were read in one or two sittings in the course of a few hours when I had nothing either military or social to do for some time. I left a lot of very good books, ones I enjoyed reading, things by Steinbeck and Hemingway even, unfinished because I just didn't have the time to read them like I prefer to do. Then, too, there was a helluva lot to do in our few off-duty hours, and reading was often quite far from my mind, other more active recreations taking precedence.

DIE WIS 10 (Schultz): Despite having led a sheltered childhood--I spent ten years in a treehouse--I played baseball, too, when I was young and energetic. Our games, though, were more calm and quiet and far less violent than yours. Like, we limited ourselves to breaking windows rather than bones; we were traditionalists. This window breakage wasn't so terrible from my point of view, but would Dad was often critical. We played out in my backyard, complete with trees for obstacles, and the windows being broken were his. The trees added tremendously to the sport of the game. By the time we'd all reached ten or so, we'd gotten a bit too strong for our ballpark, and the trees gave the defensive team a better chance. A powerful smash, bounding off a fir tree into the pitcher's mitt wasn't too rare a sight. There were never more than five or six of us playing at once, occasionally it was just one against one, and the trees sort of acted as outfielders. The fences, if you could call them that, were rather short. But skill was involved in hitting the home run. You had to aim it just right so that you'd miss all the trees, keeping it low, getting just enough

height to clear the garage out in right field, the only clear tree place in the yard. Hell, I got so proficient that I hit 32 homers, all over the fence of course, we didn't count the fake stuff, in my best year. A couple no-hitters--three innings--as well. But after a while we all got just a bit too powerful, and our aim got too perfected. When you either hit a home run or strike out every time the game gets a little monotonous. And having to break the game up two or three times to hunt for the ball, which might end up two or three yards away sort of hurt things to. So we all gave up and joined the little league and competed against the coaches son and lost most of our enjoyment for the game. Losing baseballs at \$2.50 a piece once or twice a week had gotten just too painful for my father. This, not mentioning the assorted breakage. It was fun, like.

DAILY BITES (Weber & Toskey): You don't expect comments on this, do you?
You do? Okay, I'll bite...

Your publication, sirs, upset me a bit. You see I've got this thing about flying insects and bugs, too, especially the big ones. Most people are bothered by mundane things like spiders or snakes, but bugs bug me. I was going to relate one episode here from my basic training days. I was standing guard duty late one night when a giant Mississippi bug flopped into the room, making so much racket, and chasing me up the stairs, that I couldn't fall asleep. But I'll skip that. Instead I'll just jot down a little psychological note to the effect that this all probably goes back to my childhood when, at age three, I got hit in the eye with a flying spitball, immediately mistaking it for a bug of some sort. I'd tell you about the Great Bedbug Episode but that would have no more to do with the Daily Bite than anything else I said.

WATLING STREET 17 (Lichtman): Although I've never been a particular admirer of the work of Poul Anderson, I'd tend to agree that he is in touch with the mainstream of literary thought and that his better work certainly shows promise of his someday turning out some very fine writing. My error in stating or implying that such was not so. However, the great proportion of his work, at least that written prior to 1961 when I mostly deserted the science fiction field, was not exactly, ah, earthshaking. For every Three Hearts and Three Lions or Brain Wave there was, sadly, a dozen Bicycle Built for Brew's. Rankink Poul with the other names I mentioned was mostly a poor thing. I still think of Poul, despite his 15 or so years of experience, as a young writer, with a great many promising writing days ahead of him. Something that can't be said for the other names in my list. Someday I'll have to go back and discover just why I used those particular writers. Someday.

I dig the work of Calvin W. Demmon very much. I think he's witty as hell and equally as clever. Since I'll undoubtedly never get around to writing that Letter of Comment I Just Must Write--the fifth in a series of those-- I'll let you in on the fact that Cal's Discon report in Grunt literally cracked me up. Usually if a fanzine gets one frigid smile out of me I consider it the height of fan humor, but Demmon's four page conreport actually had me laughing out loud. Not once, but many times. And, then too, he completely missed the mark in a couple of places. I'm not going to sit here, looking down on you all, and give a blow-by-blow account of why I find Calvin W. Demmon's many writings excruciatingly funny. I don't like to do that sort of thing, and couldn't if I cared to. I find him hilarious most of the time, though, as I said, occasionally missing the mark completely, and that's fine enough for me. He may be a bit oversold. Not every word he

happens to scrawl on a sheet of paper in funny. Not even every episode that sees print strikes me as clever. He writes a lot of Very Bad Stuff. But he writes a great deal more Very Good Stuff and a surprisingly large amount of exceptionally fine material (the hell with the capitals). Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is a matter of taste, mostly.

THE DINKY BIRD 8 (Berman): The Fellowship of Nothing still lives I see--I hadn't noticed it around lately. Sometimes I almost regret that I quit reading it around chapter 5. But mostly I don't. The spectacle of seeing nice, pleasant, kind Ruth Berman making all sorts of ghastly puns is something I'm very happy not to witness.

SAPTERRANEAN 9 (Breen): Your comment that the only people whose opinions regarding your poetic writings mean anything to you are close friends and professional poets was read with satisfaction. In Mary McCarthy's Groves of Academe there's this very important scene in which this poet becomes highly disturbed and very reluctant to assent to a request that he read some of his work aloud to a group of college students forming his audience. The anonymous narrator promptly informs us that the reason for this display is the poet's fear that the audience might enjoy his work and that he would then have to battle to keep in mind that he cares only for the opinions of other poets--and, then, only the Good Guys among the other poets. All this time the other poets on stage are turning green and gagging something fierce about this most improper idea. This scene rather set me back when I read it, but I'm happy to see that Miss McCarthy didn't overly exaggerate for satiric effect. Which is unfortunate.

Your comment to me asking if I "would 'hardly care less' if /you/ were the sociologist doing research for a thesis on fandom" is a bit loaded. But unless I want to appear two-faced, which is a most difficult and painful appearance to live up to, I gotta tell you that it would make no difference to me. You see, I'm selfish. I can't see wasting my time and energies sending an extra copy of my fanzine to a library in hopes that someday and somehow those mimeographed pages might be used in the writing of a thesis. Not only that, Walter, but I don't give a damn about theses on fandom. For a man of your apparent talent, I see it as a waste of time. If nobody sent fanzines to UCLA, hell, it might even lead Walter Breen to write some extremely important paper that would effect us all in a good sense. Save mankind even. Otherwise you might have been wasting your time writing about fandom for a rather undeserving audience. And all this is not as facetious as it sounds.

Music in Mississippi is not as bad as you might guess. Hell, Walter, the town nearest the base did have one--count it--one radio station. And what's wrong with rock and roll and hillbilly music, anyway. Especially at five o'clock in the morning. Actually the music situation wasn't too bad after we got rid of the lad from Kentucky who thrived on the Grand Ole Opry. He carried a dangerous weapon with him--his transistor radio. Actually, you could pick up a number of not-so-bad areas from there: Houston, New Orleans, Dallas, even Chicago with a powerful radio. Come to think of it, the music situation was much worse while I was situated at San Antonio--not a small city. My barracks companions were mostly much younger than the guys I was with in Mississippi and, as a result, played bad music longer and louder than I heard it later on. I did get a chance to view the rock and roll situation for the first time in several years--really having no choice. I found that it isn't All Bad, some of it honest, but that the infrequent enjoyable selections were destroyed by repetition. Good music can stand constant repetition and still remain enjoyable but popular music can seldom, if ever, stand such a treatment. Repetition, unfortunately, seems to be almost the keynote of pop-music stations.

I have a movie to recommend to SAPS. It is a science fiction movie. It's called King Kong Versus Godzilla. I recommend it because it may very well be the worst movie I have ever seen and, if you're anything like me, you'll enjoy seeing a very, very bad film as much as you'd enjoy seeing a very, very good one. The film is a Japanese picture and as viewers of such classics of poorness as Godzilla and Rodan must realize the Japanese have a talent, far overshadowing their American counterparts, at making horrible movies. In unintentional humor King Kong Versus Godzilla tops anything I've ever seen, excluding the last Elvis Presely picture I saw. The latter film probably rates so high only because it was the first time in my long career of saying Witty Things in movie theatres that I actually good a laugh from an audience. It was probably the first funny thing I ever said, for that matter, but it was definitely highly egoboo pleasing. Oh, yeah, since you're probably all about to dash off a letter to me explaining that the King Kong thing is unknown to you but that I've aroused your curiosity to such an extent that you can't sleep nights until you find out who emerged victorious from this battle of the mighty. So, I'll tell you that good old King Kong clobbered Godzilla, using Judo on him--seriously. It was a Japanese picture, you know.

SPACEWARP 77 (ARapp): What's so unmilitary about a bulging waistline? It has been my generally gathered impressions that promotions must be based on the size of one's pot-belly. How else can I explain the general, ah, plumpness of the military personnel with whom I have been in contact during the last few months. Somehow all of this has led me to question the sincerity of the Air Force Physical Fitness Program. Or, maybe the fact that the Five Basic Exercise Plan, as put into use at one base I was at, required the participants to do calisthenics rated as proper for 8-11 year olds.

Rather than collecting coke bottles with the location of the plant stamped on the bottom, I have adopted a similar but, to me, far more enjoyable hobby. I collect money. You see all bills now have the federal reserve bank at which issued stamped on them somewhere. I have found it rather difficult at times to keep my collection going and have yet to amass a complete collection. My notes state that at the time they were written I had bills from Dallas, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and San Francisco in my wallat. I'm a bit poorer now, so I'll let that suffice. But I did note adding a rare and previously unavailable bill to my collection a few days ago. A real, honest-to-God Chicago. I think I spent it on a dirty book yesterday, which just goes to show how rough the life of a collector is.

IGNATZ 34 (NRapp): I once considered the term "youse" to be one of those legendary things that nobody said but that you saw in the comic strips every week. But having spent all weeks in the same room with a guy from Hicksville, New York, I see I was wrong. People do say "youse." Another childhood illusion shot to hell. Since everytime I mention this particular lad I tell a story about him, I guess I can't can't very well let SAPS off the hook. Anyway, this very same guy, the very same guy who said "youse" had a favorite dialouge he used for every newcomer to the barracks. His first question was inevitably, "Where ya from?" Now this was safe enough. But if the answer just happened to be New York City, or the Bronx, or Brooklyn, or something like that, the new guy was immediately pounced upon, Staker's, for that was his name, eyes wide and breathing heavily, and asked, "What gang did ya belong to?" If he got a negative answer he looked disappointed and unbelieving, like nobody can live in New York and be gangless. I'll have to introduce him to Sam Moskowitz. Or Christine.

PILLAR OF FIRE 5 (Brown): You did a pretty good job of pointing out the errors in your own story, "Two Fans." What bothered me the most, however, was the unbelievability of your switch from Pete going away to war in the Faulkner story to his going away to a convention in the parody. Going away to war is something final. Pete can't be expected to return for many days and then only temporarily if he did. However, science fiction conventions don't last quite that long. Very few people get killed or wounded, physically, during their course of events. Pete could be expected back soon, so why the tears and general foofaraw over his departure? Unfortunately, I've read the Faulkner story, in my Sophomore Lit class, high school variety, so even the quality of your stolen lines can't make up for the parody. Too bad. People do improve in 5 years, though, as can rather obviously be seen.

POT POURRI 31 (Berry): Sorry, but I'm not a stamp collector or overly concerned about the success of American propoganda, so I can't get all riled up over our trailing Russia in the space-stamp race. I've noticed that very few American commemoratives celebrate current events. Most of them are issued in celebration of the anniversary of some past deed. I'm not about to try to figure out why this is so, though I might venture a guess that the time element may be a factor, but it does make stamp buying more interesting for me. The propoganda value may be lacking, but I know all about John Glenn but I really had no idea that it's been 50 years exactly since Melvin Schwartz, the brilliant Polish polotician, outlawed pink race-horses. Fascinating. Informative. But you did miss something that I caught that may cheer you up, John. Didn't you notice that no matter how slack the US has been about their space commemoratives, we've always managed to get somebody like Toga or Uruguay to issue a stamp for us celebrating our further conquests. In the US this is known as being thrifty.

I never expected to see a person like you, who has impressed me as being quite self-confident about his writing, apologising for including an article that you feared might not interest some people. Like, let me say that I liked the fossil article very much indeed and even if I hadn't, it's your fanzine and your interest and your money. Print what you want to print, for crissakes. I'm not interested in fossils, but I did enjoy your article. I'm enough of a collector in other fields to understand your enthusiasm.

SPY RAY (Eney): Mostly what you're trying to say here, I take it, is that it is not impossible to wipe out mankind with nuclear weapons but improbable. Highly so. I haven't done the figuring involved, but I'd tender a guess that enough weapons are now stockpiled to reach the 10^7 KT figure you set forth as the sterilization point. This doesn't disagree with what I said last time. But then I was mostly baiting with those stockpile figures, not just for kicks but because I was quite interested in seeing your reasons behind your opt mism. I got them and I'm pleased.

But let's look closely at this thing and just see whether your picture is rosey or not. I think we can agree that there is little liklihood, with the current two nuclear powerhouses aimed at each other, of every last individual being wiped out. But there, too, isn't going to be much left of this country and that other, unmentionable one accross the sea. Those people left are going to be little better off than those who perished in the bombings. Western Europe ought to be hit as well, leaving little of the supposed civilised world left. Then, too, even though sterilization of the whole planet has been ruled out, that figure of 10^4 KT, taken from a

reliable source--I recognize it; that makes it reliable) is a great amount of fallout to be floating around without some effect. A few more problems should be added to the burden of the surviving world.

And all this figuring is dated 1963-64. In a few years the Chinese, if they can get ahold of delivery vehicles, are going to have to be counted in. While they may change, right now they make the Russians look like Switzerland when it comes to aggressiveness. Even ignoring that for the nonce, the day may come when there are a dozen or so other nuclear powers, from the giant powers down to little Togo. Imagine a world with not only a Third Force, but a fifth, sixth, and a few dozen more thrown in for kicks. Personally I'd rather not.

Things aren't rosey now, not hardly. World War III would cause the sort of damage unimaginable to 90% of the population, most of whom still think in World War II terms. You've heard of Senator Goldwater, too, I take it? Things are mostly looking up in the field or trying to find some sort of solution to the problem of how to stop man from killing man off in such enormous bunches. Since Cuba Week things have reached a point where I'd say that they were more optimistic towards a rosey future than anytime since my birth. I've had about one week of life without the Atom Bomb hovering over the world. I refuse to let myself be optimistic about the whole thing, but admittedly I really don't sit around all day muttering to myself about gloom and doom and organizing peace marches. The Air Force won't let me, or I might. Ho.

The clip-on tie is a good thing. I dislike ties, too, wearing them only when I have to and not really caring for it even then. I tie very sloppy tie knots most of the time, too, so that sort of settles the problem. Even the Air Force now sells clip-on ties to go with one's dress uniform which I see as on the side of progress and painless necks.

I can manage to keep a straight face when I say that the Japanese might have been persuaded to surrender by dropping an atom bomb in a non-populated or, preferably, sparsely populated section of the islands. And I never blush. Like, the number of days between the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings was hardly enough time to expect a surrender out of the Japanese. I will particularly argue about the uselessness of the second bombing. The overthrow of the warlords in power would have occurred and led to the surrender without the second drop. Revolutions take time and that was nearly the only way a surrender could be expected. It might have been caused by even the hypothetical exploding of a Bomb away from a large city. I think it should have been tried. I don't know whether it would have worked. But you're being sort of dogmatic there weren't you, Dick?

I used to have my qualms about getting shots by the needle method. Used to, I say, because I have since been introduced to the air-gun (is that it?) method and can state my unequivocal preference for the good old needle. Like, there's less blood, pain, and generally misery with the latter.

ENZYME 5 (Castora): Answering your question about where one draws the line between patriotism and nationalism is difficult at best. The two are often mixed up and, I'm afraid, I've been guilty of this a few times in the past myself. To take a stab at your challenge, though, let me try to state a few of my own ideas.

Patriotism is love of country. It is not necessarily love of the status quo or love of the current governmental methods, but it is love of country, of it's people, customs, and beliefs. It seeks to bring about greater good for the country and for the people of the country. It is a progressive force, constantly seeking the completion of ideals which may never be reached by man.

Nationalism, on the other hand, is not love of country. Not really. It can take the form of love of things as they are, but is, in reality, not love. It is more like hate of attempted changes of any attempts to be different politically. It usually takes the form of hate towards other countries. Love of country does not necessitate hate of other countries, other ways of life.

Patriotism is a fine thing. Under my own definition, I suppose, I am patriotic. But I'm not nationalistic. The latter is more like paranoic hate. It is patriotism gone mad. Patriotism is a force for the greater good and has led to many of the finer moments in history; nationalism is a plague, invoked under the cloak of patriotism to cause such disasters as the last two world wars and numerous other unfortunate incidents in the history of mankind.

Does that answer your question?

You missed the point. My story, "A Statesman's Diary in Pleasure Units 5 caused me more than a few doubts when I wrote it. I was afraid that a lot of people would miss the point of the whole piece. It was supposed to be a satire on politicians in general, regardless of party or philosophy. It tried to show, in a rather heavy handed manner admittedly, my personal opinion that politicians are a rather sorry lot for our supposed leaders. I felt that the story had to be slanted one way or the other, towards conservatism or liberalism, since it was pretty well impossible to get my point across if my diary writer had been a political neuter. So I made him a conservative Republican, being a bit more inclined in the opposite direction, though considering myself mostly a neutral. The story could just as easily been written with the protagonist as a liberal Democrat. With very few changes, I could write it that way right now, coming out with exactly the same thing that I put into the original. Fortunately nonone but you translated the piece into John Boardmanish partisan satire, which is, I agree, mostly crap. Congratulations on being non-perceptive.

I often find myself picking up these little trite speech mannerisms and expressions myself, usually from extended contact with somebody else who uses a phrase frequently. I don't have any I'm currently using but for about a month I was using "Ain't No Big Thing" usually reduced to "No Big Thing." I picked it up to bug various people who couldn't stand the originator of the phrase but I found it quite helpful in putting down the million and one things I come across daily that ain't Big Things. Then, too, I was trying to cultivate an image at the time of being rough, gruff, uncaring and much against sentimentalism. It helped in that regard, too. But I dropped it and changed my image or something. I think I decided to take a shot at the Baby Sitter image, a most difficult one to obtain. I dropped that one after leaving Mississippi, though, the climate effects you down there. :: On the same note, every few months I get infected with a case of "man," or "like" or numerous other hip type stuff that maybe lasts a day or so, but doesn't seem permanent. No Big Thing, I tell myself. Dig?

FLABBERGASTING 28 (Toskey): I've watched a couple of television shows since I got home on leave. The only one I've particularly appreciated is something called "The Lieutenant," which is all about the rough, tough trained killers of the Marines. IT's all very military and everything, probably designed to make those on leave eager to go back or go AWOL. One or the other. It isn't very true to life, though, which disappoints me. When I used to watch television all the time, the stories were true to life, by God. Not true to life, I say, because this Lieutenant impresses me as a pretty good head, though much too military. During my lengthy military career of six months I've gathered pretty much the opposite impression regarding lieutenants. This may be influenced to a great extent by the sad fact that the Officer in charge of Training when I was going to tech school had just finished flunking out of a similar course given to officers. Easier, even, I always tell when relating this tale, because they spend a great deal of their time teaching the officers how to best sign their names.

Anyway, I don't like tv, much, so I'm planning my own show. It'll be all about a bunch of Hollywood millionaires who suddenly Go Poor, so depart for the Ozarks to make a living after their oil wells have turned to dirty, green water. They drive a Cadillac and it's got sex in it and it's definitely all neat and most original. I'll have to sell it as soon as I can afford a stamp.

I've been doing a good bit of whodunnit reading lately. I've found that detective stories are one of the few types of reading matter that I can read easily under barracks conditions. Science fiction might qualify, too, but it was a little scarce in the vicinity. I also have developed a taste for the novel of suspense lately, having read a couple of very good ones. There are very close similarities between the detective novel and the suspense story, often being very difficult to tell apart, and my taste in one field has led to my taste in the other.

One of the better ones, though one I read since being home on leave, is John Buchan's classic The Thirty-nine Steps. It reads exceptionally well for a book nearly fifty years old. I saw the mid-fifties film based on it, not the Hitchcock version, and from what I recall the movie was modernized considerably. But not bettered, by any great extent. The suspense element in the book is the chase. The hero is suspected as having committed a murder and is being chased by not only the police but a masterful group of German spies. The story is fast moving, well written, and exciting. The ending is a little bit of a letdown after the story. I dug it, though, very much.

The other particularly memorable suspense novel I've recently read is a bit more recent: Mary Stewart's Wildfire at Midnight. This volume is as equally spellbinding being most aptly described on the front cover as being "in the Hitchcock manner." It would make a good movie. The story is set on an island off England, with witchcraft and assorted sorcery being added to the plot. The story is basically a whodunnit, though it can't be called a detective story, mainly on account of the lack of a detective. The heroine, in fact, is quite certain of whodunnit, until, at the end, she gets chased by the Real Killer all over the island, only to be saved by the guy she thought did it. I was very pleased with the book and if there were 24 months in a year, I might someday find the time to read something else by the author, who i-pressed me very much by her ability to write a suspense novel, keeping the reader's interest, while maintaining a very leisurely pace, even taking time out for descriptive

passages. All this detective/ suspense reading has been doing me some good, though, because I'm picking up a pretty strong talent for guessing the killer's name. This talent has ruined three books and one Alfred Hitchcock movie for me in the last couple months. All of this reminds me of a comic book cover story about Donald Duck of a couple years back. But, as Walter Winchell or Harry Truman, or Mickey Mouse used to say, that's another story.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 4 (Foyster): Mervyn Barrett's chronicles were uneven, but at his better moments he was very good indeed. He gave me a sense of being there, of seeing the events through his own eyes, which, I maintain, is the only true purpose for the travel report. I wish I could say as much for the multi written account of a Sydney trip, but I can't. It might have helped if one of you individuals, while you were so busily filling my head with your fabulous meetings with people I've never heard of (who's John Baxter?), might have bothered to explain to me what the whole bit was about.

THE UNNAMABLE (Foyster): I disagree. I don't believe that a Pillar Poll teller has any sort of inalienable right to use a form of his choice. This is especially true when that form is so ridiculously involved, like Metcalf's, that the chances of getting more than a half dozen replies is very slim indeed. The current form may not be perfect, heaven knows, but it is simple, workable, and gets close enough results that both OMPA and FAPA use the same basic format. But I really can't blame you for your attitude. I did notice that you were ranked much higher in the post-poll Metcalf took. Your ranking may or may not have had anything to do with the fact that you were among the two or three individuals who returned the Metcalf ballot. Down, John, mostly I jest.

If I may offer a bit of constructive criticism, your mailing comments would be far more comprehensible if you'd paragraph or, at the least, use some sort of indicator to denote changes in theme. Bunching everything together in one fat paragraph, as is your habit, is giving me an extremely hard time at trying to translate your written words into comprehensible thoughts. As an example in your comments to me, you're discussing poetry memorization. I'm reading along quite happily, being generally interesting. Then suddenly you stop, with no indication of change in theme, and come up with, "Borrowing is the lowest form of creation." Now, this is a nice maxim and I agree pretty much, but it sort of sent me for a loop, coming, as it did, in the middle of a paragraph on memorization of poetry. If this weren't bad enough, the next sentence is something about Nobel Prize winners. I can't conceivably see how this fits into either poetry memorization or borrowing as a subject. To be trite, it tends to derail my train of thought.

And, by the by, I have looked at a list of Nobel Prize winners in literature, many times, long before your request. Some of the awards I consider well deserved, other highly undeserved, and many I can't opionate upon because of lack of knowledge about the work of the winner. Then, too, I feel that a lot of very deserving individuals have been ignored by the awards committee. This is all very nice. But, like why do you think I need to check the list again? You're not communicating with me, John.

About the only pleasant thing about Bob Smith's departure and lack of desire to return is the rather happy fact that I no longer have the problem of trying to keep you and Smith apart in my mind.

HIEROGLYPHIC 4 (Kaye): One of the few pleasant things about spending four months living in the sovereign state of Mississippi, is the educational value. One can learn more from one week in the Deep South about life in a racially segregated land than from 50 or 100 books or speakers. It's an eye-opening experience and, if this wouldn't be a fate I could not wish upon anything or anyone, I'd seriously recommend that anyone who is truly gung-ho about integration go down there and look around. The living conditions of the Negro in the South are far worse than anything I've seen in the North. Negro ghettos in the big cities of the South, like Memphis, are much more closed and in many ways more filthy than their Northern counterparts. Conditions in rural areas of the South are unbelievable. You can drive along what appears to be a highway with nothing but cotton fields or forests on either side. Suddenly out of nowhere, there's a shack, any I mean a shack, with a dozen or so Negro children running around in front of it.

In the North the people at least keep a pretense of being all liberal towards the Negro. But it wasn't until I got to the South that I was given a lengthy lecture on how to properly walk down Southern streets. If you come to a Negro, my instructor explained, you don't move to the side. Whether it be man or woman, you keep walking straight and they'll move over. They'd better, he explained, if they know their place.

Somehow, since my adventures down there, I've been less enthusiastic about protest demonstrations, sit-ins and similar manifestations of protest. Mostly I get the idea that a lot of the people really for this idea don't know what they're talking about, or have much idea of what they're up against. Living in the South depressed the hell out of me and, at least momentarily quenched my idealistic, freedom-for-all attitude.

Ted White: Mostly I agree with your observations about club recording jazz music. I've often found, however, that many of the finer jazz records come out of concerts, which often seem to be something special for the musicians involved. The lesser concert recordings often are full of the same faults found in most club recordings, but where the audience is receptive, and the musicians in general good form, some very fine music emerges.

OUTSIDERS 53 (Ballard): You're out of it, Wrai. "The Goblins will get You" is a very well known poem. I found it in nearly every literature text I used throughout grammar school. I think I even memorized the poem once or twice. You could help me in one way, though. What's the name of the gentleman who wrote the poem? I've been try to recall his name ever since I first came across mention of the poem in OUT, and I can't for the life of me think of the name. It's right on the tip of my tongue, and has been there for three weeks, but I can't quite come up with it. I think his last name may be Riley, but I wouldn't bet on it. I'm too stubborn to look the information up.

Go ahead and write that article about John Carter being the stupidest hero in fiction. I've ceased identifying, having thrown him over in favor of Superman. Superman, I figure is much more modernistic, and tougher too. And, anyway, who can identify with a hero whose wife lays eggs.

GRIGNOLINO (Fitch): I know what you mean. During the frequent times that I find myself subvocalizing some song, it is not I but whoever sings the version I know best that's doing the singing. Mostly I put this down to rationality on my own part. I have this strange personal qualm at getting highly disgusted at the sound of my own singing voice. I've suffered through enough unrequested concerts from tone-deaf individuals without subjecting myself to the same cruelty.

Although it may not show too frequently, I share your ability to identify with people, often getting more embarrassed over these people's public foolishness than my own. I've met a great many individuals who nobody else liked whom I've thought very highly of. I suppose it is only human nature to expect, and hope, that all my other friends will like this guy, too, as I do. It seldom seems to work out that way, and it undoubtedly hurts me more than the other guy, when I discover that others can't see the good points in him that I do.

Oddly, the two types of people that most often invoke this identification within me are complete opposites. I have a feeling for quiet, shy introverted people, because I am often that way myself, and realize how easily they're embarrassed. My feeling for the other type, you know, the loudmouth, is quite different. Whenever I meet one of these, which is often, I can't help but think, "God, this guy's lous, so he must be covering something up. But he can't be all bad." So I look, and more often than not, he's got his good points, hidden beneath all that noise and brashness.

But I don't go as far as you do. I dislike a great many people, very few passionately however, and hardly find this difficult to do. For instance, of the three fans you mention as invoking this identification feeling, two I can't stand, and the third evokes a feeling closer to pity than identification. Pity is a rather easy emotion to turn on, but I seldom, if ever, have much personal regard for someone I truly pity.

Mass education, unfortunately, seldom allows for the personalities of the students to be taken into consideration with such things as memorization. Most of the people I met in high school who refused to memorize required items were either just plain lazy or incapable of doing it if they had tried. I did meet a few, however, one guy springs to mind, that simply regarded the whole bit as so much foolishness and just wouldn't do it. I never enjoyed memorizing required items, though when I was younger and more expansive I didn't mind getting up before the class and showing off my wares. In fact, I never met anyone who did. Most of the kids did it, though, and I suspect that a few might be around to admitting by now that it did them some good. I'm willing.

WISTILY MEANDERING 6 (Patten): I've seen quite a bit of the country, mostly the Southern states, in the last few months. Let's see, I set foot in 7 states that I hadn't been in before: California, Arizona, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee. I only visited a couple of spots that could be called cities and didn't spend enough time in any of them to get much of an impression.

San Antonio, Texas, I spent about six hours in. It's an old town, what with the Alamo in the heart of town, and other Spanish missions sprinkled about the city. I didn't care for it, or any of central or southern Texas. There's nothing but miles and miles of nothing. The weather is horrible-- I was there in July and August--and much too dry for me. I couldn't think

of anywhere else in the country where I'd rather not live, unless it would be some of the less pleasant parts of Wyoming, Idaho or Utah.

Parts of the Deep South I saw were quite beautiful. On a bus trip from San Antonio to western Mississippi, we passed through a lot of lumber country in Arkansas and Louisiana that was much fun to look at. The only city of much size I visited in the South was Memphis. It's not a bad town, seemingly clean, and a whole lot better than the rural South, but the racial climate would keep me far, far away from it. Whole sections of the city have to be put Off Limits to white personnel, because of the hatred in the city.

I also took a conducted tour of Dallas, about two weeks after the Kennedy assassination. It was after dark and I couldn't see much. Dallas has the appearance of a rapidly growing community, very proud and very provincial. It has a surprisingly large number of skyscrapers and more millionaires, I suspect, than any other city of its size. But mostly I just visited the high points, like General Walker's mansion, while I was there.

In case you haven't gathered it, I definitely agree that cities have personalities of their own, most of which are fairly easy to recognize. I muchly prefer city living to rural living or even suburban living. Cities have much more to offer in the way of things I'm interested in. A lot of cities I dislike very much, but a few I could very easily stand to live in for the rest of my life.

I prefer the Ballantine Burroughs' volumes to Ace's for art, looks, and general presentation. Incidentally, I agree with your analysis of ERB. I only read him these days for pure escapist purposes, never managing to get through more than one of his novels a month. After 200 pages of Burroughs' contrived plots, stilted style, and oh, so perfect heroes, I can't take him again for some time. I like Burroughs very much, strictly for kicks, but I no longer consider him the greatest master of prose ever to walk to earth, like I did when I was 13 or 14.

I often use Harry Warner's trick of throwing some erudite bit of information into a conversation. Usually this information is something I've read somewhere, understood, but all I know about the subject. Art and classical music are my favorite subjects, because they're two fields I'm generally ignorant of, but do manage to read something about on occasion. My purposes are usually one-upsmanship, however, strictly for kicks, to see whether my listners will think I'm trying to show that I'm a smart ass or whether they'll dig my intention. It helps me rate my friends.

I was more pleased with The Gods of Mars than the Ring trilogy. I was 12 years old when I read the Burroughs novel, and immediately ranked it as the greatest book I'd ever read. Four years later I read and enjoyed the Ring series, but I didn't rank it as high as my 12 year old self had placed the Burroughs story. If I re-read them today, I'd probably enjoy the Tolkien books more; I definitely think they're better. Those four years between the readings of the two stories made great changes in my literary tastes. Mayhap this is what Dian had in mind.

As far as I'm concerned, Southern winters can't compare with Western ones. When I left Mississippi, in early December, more often than not the temperature was well below freezing a night, warming up to around 40 degrees during the mid-afternoon hours. Just after I left, I hear, it snowed something fierce down there. On my trip home, I left 20 degree temperatures in Dallas, with the wind blowing to beat hell, and landed an hour later to 65 degree temperatures in Los Angeles. It was rather pleasing, to say the least. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to sweat.

I think you have a rather distorted picture of the "common mass." I wouldn't call Holden Caulfield a part of it. The whole book was set about the differences between Holden and the superficial characters about him. He stood out from the common, ordinary mass of people. He may not really have been a giant of a character, but he was out of the ordinary. The Glass family, in Salinger's later books, are much like Holden, even more so. Seymour Glass is obviously what I'd call a giant of a character. He isn't perfect, like a Conan or a John Carter, That's because Seymour is a real person. He's cut from the same mold as the race of the human race, but he stands about the common mass. Getting away from Salinger, for a moment, I think you'll find that other characters in modern literature are similarly giants. Steinbeck's usually are. Hemingway, most of the time. And most of the rest of our modern type popular writers. Their characters do stand "head and heels above anybody else in the book." The only recent modern book I've read where I had any difficulty discovering a giant of a character was in Mary McCarthy's Groves of Academe. I identified with two characters in the book. The first turned slowly into more of a villain than anything, and the second, the villain of the first half, turned out to be somewhat weak. It wasn't until I'd finished the book, and placed it back upon the shelves, that I realized that there had indeed been a strong character in the book. She was not a really major character, like the other two protagonists, but she'd been there all the way. She had a rather quiet type strength, but it was strength none the less. She wasn't of the common mass. And neither are most of our modern, mainstream heroes.

MEST 15 (Johnstone): Since joining the AF, I've started seeing a great many movies again, and learned to appreciate the medium more than I had before. I did find that only about 20% of the films I saw managed to keep my interest, and half of those were things like Hercules and Japanese sf that were so terrible as to be interesting.

Lets see here, probably the best movie I saw was Fellini's "8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " which made me miss the appearance of Warhoon. I could have used a Virginia Blish article on the movie to help in explaining the film to me. "8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " had a great emotional impact on me. It help me to my seat throughout the showing and I came out rather depressed, feeling that I had seen something that was a true Experience. It was both incomprehensible and yet very meaningful. It was the sort of movie you see once every ten years, because they're made only once a generation.

The other movie that sticks in my mind as I could one was about as different from "8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " as James Joyce is to Robert Heinlein. The picture

"Lawrence of Arabia," something I've been wanting to see for many months. It was surprisingly good, despite the handicap of having won an Academy Award, well acted, beautifully filmed, and extremely well written. The fact that I could sit through a $3\frac{1}{2}$ hour long motion picture, with only one intermission allowed, without squirming in my seat in the least is the best testimonial I can think of to show the quality of the film. I'd like to see it again sometime.

As for 'EST itself, I enjoyed it, was happy to see you doing mailing comments again, and was reminded very much of the 'EST's of four or five mailing ago.

YEZIDEE 5 (Girard): I have a rather strange love for lyrical poetry, especially that of the Romantic Age. I really shouldn't like all that mushy, sentimental stuff, being rough and tough as you know, but I do, very much. My favorite poem, subject to change, comes from this time. It is Shelly's "To Night," which I consider very beautiful. I don't even have a copy of it, and it is only faintly memorized, but the beauty of the verse sticks in my mind as though I had read it but yesterday. I have a great many other poems that mean much to me, of all types and kinds, most of them in the eighteenth century, poetry's most magnificent century. The only one you name, which happens to be a favorite of mine, is Poe's "Ullalume," which is undoubtedly the single greatest thing he ever wrote, prose or poetry.

Hmm. Let's see now, what would my favorite ERB volume be? I can't name just one, but my favorite would probably have to come from The Moon Maid, Tarzan of the Apes, The Beasts of Tarzan, or The Gods of Mars. If I had to throw one more title in to make an even five favorites, I'd list either A Princess of Mars or else A Fighting Man of Mars, both of which are very good and nearly equal in quality. Most disliked is a little more difficult, because I rarely dislike Burroughs to much intensity. The worst I can think of are Tarzan and the Lost Empire, The Man-Eater, and Pirates of Venus. These three titles aren't bad; they're just disappointing.

SON OF SAPROLLER 31 (Harness): You meant it facetiously, but you're quite right about people living closely together getting to know each other people better and learning how not only to pick out the flaws in their characters but in your own as well. As much as I generally dislike barracks living condition, I'm quite willing to admit that I've probably learned more about people and what makes them tick, under these conditions, than I had in the years before. I've been literally forced into contact with all sorts of people, good ones, bad ones, loud ones, quiet ones. Out of all of this you can't help but acquire some knowledge of what these different types of people are like, and why they're as they are. I learned a lot about myself during this times. I've often heard it said that solitude is a fine way to get to know what makes one tick, but I found that just the opposite conditions are equally as valuable in this respect. During the last five months, I was closer to more people than ever before in my life. I knew them all well, despite really limited time together, and they knew me. I made more enemies, too, than before, but all in all, I feel that I've had a definitely valuable experience and one well worth the obvious bad features of the living conditions.

STUPPING 6 (JWebbert): I enjoyed your lead article very much indeed, having been much interested in this sort of stuff ever since I was a 10 year old amateur criminologist. Did I ever tell you about the time a friend and I formed our very own juvenile private detective agency and immediately began investigation into our first case? I didn't tell you about it. Just as well. It was a pretty embarrassing experience. You see, the "case" we worked so diligently on involved an old shoe my friend and I had discovered abandoned on the premises of a local playground. This, of course, was a mystery. I used to be quite brash, unfortunately, and the neighbors started to complain about 10 year olds coming around and all of the time asking them about old shoes. My parents heard about this, and forced us out of business. So, we became firemen, which was just as well.

Seattle, I always tell people, is the largest one factory city in the United States. An exaggeration, I admit, but all this dependency on airplane manufacturing and bombs and the like is going to hurt the hell out of Seattle sooner or later, if this hasn't started already. This situation is one reason why I'd never particularly want to settle in Seattle permanently after I get my freedom. As Boeing's goes, so goes Seattle. It rains too much, also, but we were discussing airplanes.

SLUG 6 (Weber): Gee, Wally, that was a nasty thing to say. I'm tempted to get back at you by putting down Planet Stories in a few fierce, vigorous sentences. But I'll just state the facts. I have met Paul Stanbery, attempted to read his play, and certainly don't care for your accusing me of having enjoyed it. I didn't.

I forgot to say anything about that dollar dividend, in the last mailing. This may have something to do with the fact that I completely missed the last mailing. But, ignoring this for the nonce, I'll simply tell the truth. I spent the dollar. I planned to hold onto it, but got broke and all other evil things, and bought beer or some other essential with the SAPSish buck. The only thing I can visualize out of this experience is that wonderful day in the future, when I'm an old, gray fan and very tired, that I sell my fanzine collection to some completist. How'd you like to spend the last 50 years of your life trying desperately to track down one certain dollar bill, with one certain serial number, just so you could finally bind your complete SAPS mailing 65. A most distressing and smile bringing thought.

SPELEOBEM 21 (Pelz): SAPS may end up serving me in the same manner it it is serving Lenny Kaye--as a good tie to hold me to fandom. The group contains many of the more interesting writers in fandom, I have always been more prolific here than anywhere else in fandom, and it contains I fairly strong number of fans who I might consider friends. My interest in fandom has, I admit, waned in the last few months. Other than keeping in touch with a half dozen fans and reading about half of the fanzines that arrived, I was completely inactive for about six months. My fannish interests may pick up again, now that I'm out of the rather unfannish atmosphere of Mississippi. I have now become more aware of the finer things about mundane existence, socially and otherwise. I doubt, however, that I would desert fandom completely, at least for a few years. That urge for self expression comes over me still and leads to things like this. Fandom is the only true outlet I have for

this urge, and SAPS seems to be the best part of fandom in which to express myself.

Actually I have never completely re-read anything I've written for fandom. I've read maybe 3/4 of an issue of a fanzine, but never the whole thing. I find that I have rather divergent results when skimming stuff of mine, written a year to a year and a half ago. For instance, I recently re-read Pleasure Units #4 and thought it was pretty goddam good, at least in comparison to my usual reaction about re-reading my own work. Then, I re-read a Cultletter written and published at about the same time and thought it was terrible. Gee, I said to myself, I can sure write better than that now. My conclusion, generally speaking, is that it is impossible for me to objectively read my own work.

I have written things that, while writing them and after finishing them, I thought were pretty good. The whole of Pleasure Units #2, the first non-crudzine I've ever published, was one and my story, "A Statesman's Diary" in Pleasure Units 5 was another. I was very satisfied with both of these, using the story as an example to show curious people what all this mail I got was about and what I did in it. If I did re-read either of these, and I haven't, not really, I might come up with an entirely different opinion of their quality. So, I won't. Every typo, every minor misspelling, every misplaced modifier would sting, while somebody else reading the same thing might never notice them.

One thing I note about poetry memorization, is that the only time I was ever particularly enthusiastic about the subject was in my senior year of high school. I had a progressive teacher that year, who allowed her students to memorize whatever they chose, just so long as it came from our textbook, a fairly comprehensive and good one. I appreciated her liberality and memorized far more than the quota, taking the things I personally liked and putting them to memory. I did memorize a couple hundred lines of stuff that was extremely easy to put to memory, stuff like 60 lines from "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." But I tackled a fairly large amount of more difficult stuff: Byron, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson and a lot of modern stuff. This experience was gratifying, compared with the old days when some extremely dull poem was certain to be the one assigned. It took me much longer to memorize 30 lines of required material than it did double that in voluntary verse. This may say something for more freedom in education. I like to think so.

I'm always surprised at the great number of people I know who never eat breakfast. I can't survive without a morning meal, having been known to eat such unexpected items as ice cream and soda pop just so I'd have something in my stomach in the morning. I may have much in common with a character I recently came across in a Rex Stout book. This fellow always starved himself in the evening, so that he'd eat a gigantic breakfast, gaining much more satisfaction from a morning meal.

Madeleine's trip report, as usual, is one of the best if not the very best thing in the mailing, as is Speleobem itself. I may even vote for you for OE this year Bruce, seeing as how you were so kind as to send me a dollar just when I needed it the most.

RETRO 30 (Busby) I'm a little bit behind in my Burroughs' pocketbooks.

They're publishing them much too fast for me to keep up, so mostly I've just bought those that I've managed to see, when I had a buck in my pocket, that I hadn't read previously in hardcover. According to my records, which are my eyes looking at the bookshelves just above me, I have 4 Tarzan, 4 Martian, 1 Venus, and 1 Pellucidar in pocketbook. Not a very good record. My hardcovers, however, which are located on the same shelf with my J. D. Salinger's, include 8 Tarzan, 5 Martian, 2 Pellucidar, 1 Venus and 1 miscellaneous (Beyond Thirty). The hardcovers, by the way, were all purchased 4 to 6 years ago, at extravagant prices, long before anyone dreamed that the master might someday be appearing in softcovers at 40 and 50 cents a book.

Until I read your article, Buz, I never realized how free of numbers I was compared to other people. I have my Air Force Service Number and my Social Security number, and I've got a library card. I've been ignoring zipcodes, mostly, and I don't know what my current one is, so we'll ignore it. I don't have a telephone number, a draft card number, life insurance numbers, or most of the rest of the whole schuck. But I'm still young, and the numbers will undoubtedly get me before I get too grown up.

LAST MINUTE NOTES

THIS ISSUE of Pleasure Units was composed and stencilled over a two week span, while I was home on leave. This is why you'll note the use of the familiar Eklund typeface. I got kinda rushed at the last moments, which is why I missed by a couple pages on my pre-publishing pagecount guess. This is also why my projected article concerning my experiences in Basic Training doesn't appear here. It will appear next issue, if I manage to get one out. I've also got a letter from Harry Warner around here, some very fine comments on Pleasure Units 4. I'd like to publish the more undated portions of that letter, but I'm not sure whether I'd get around to sending Harry an issue of this or not. Come to think of it, I can't remember whether he ever got an issue of that last Pleasure Units that contained a letter of his.

TRAVEL NOTES: Since you last heard from me, as you may have deduced from the mailing comments, I have spent some time in a couple of God forsaken spots: San Antonio, Texas and Greenville, Mississippi. I'm currently on my way to Travis AFB, California, which is located near Fairmont, California, about half way between San Francisco and Sacramento. I ought to be at the next con, whatever it's called, my first in 3 years.

Special thanks this issue goes to Wallace W. Weber who supplied the stencils, plus film and a real live plastic backing sheet. The film was particularly appreciated, because it had been used before. I enjoyed re-reading old Slugs and Cry letter columns by this sneaky but eye straining method.