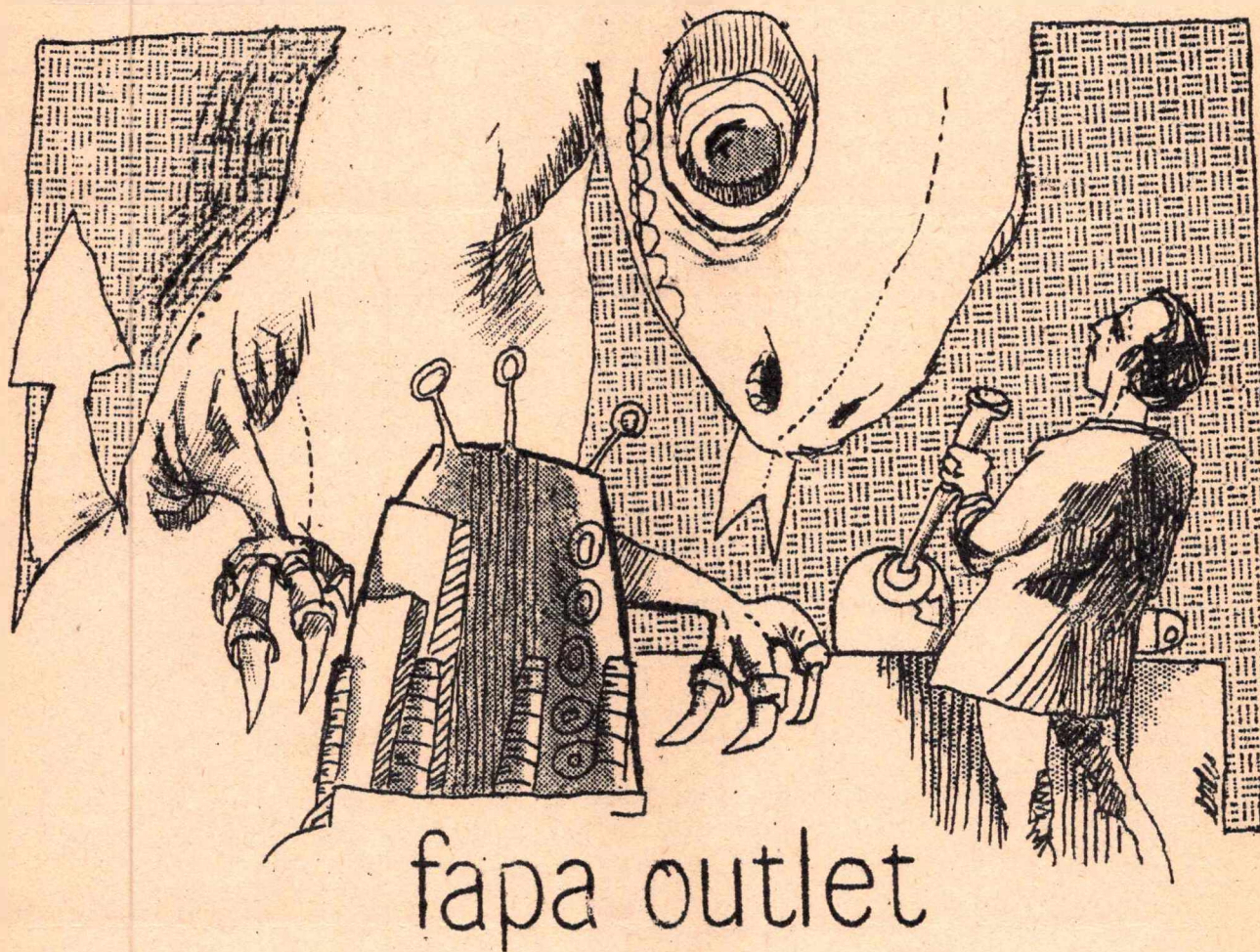

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"Welcome to FAPA, Steve Stiles!" So spake rich brown a few months ago. "Welcome to FAPA, Walter Breen!" said others.

I'm glad I have a chance to write FAPA mailing comments; the experience will prove handy when I enter this organization in the spring of 1975. I might be even more enthusiastic about this project had it not been for last night, when, while going home, I noticed many, many young men going home with beautiful young ladies under their arms. And what did I have under my arm?---"Crossroads In Time", the FAPA bundle and six mimeograph stencils.

Significant!

BETE NOIRE-Boggs- I'm afraid I'll never be able to really communicate with children; I have a tendency to talk down to them and I think they know it. A few weeks ago, for example, Carol Carr and I were talking about Amusement

Parks when a small girl-child walked up to me and said, "I like roller coasters. Do you like roller coasters?" "Oh, gh, oh," I replied, "oh no, little girl, I do not like roller coasters. Roller coasters go up in the air and frighten me. Do they not frighten you? No, I do not like roller coasters. "You're a schmuck!" she said so I turned back to Carol and told her about my neurotic fear of sliding panel doors.

On the other hand, occasionally I try to act on an adult basis with children, and sometimes this doesn't work either: I remember the time I tried to help a tearful little girl get her money back from a deliquent candy machine. When everything failed, I advised her to explain the situation to a movie usher. "Some help you are!" she sneered. I wanted to molest that kid: I wanted to kick her in the ass.

"Spellbingling" is indeed a noble word.

MINIMAC:(Jacobs) The people who wrote BATHTUB GIN were brows, Lupoff, Norwood and myself. I think you can readily assume cowardice in that we didn't readily identify ourselves. We were stilted at the time (and sober, as a matter of fact).

THE VINEGAR WORM-Leman- Les Gerber sang your folksong to ATOM the day before he left for England, and whether the two events are connected I'm not prepared to say. Anyway, Les made it sound almost legitimate, and there is a faction within the Fanoclast that's prepared to go do to Washington Square with Les and pretend to be an admiring crowd. Then, all the hippies, percieving the phony crowd will say, "Hey, this must be the new singing sensation of the year." Overnight "Bad Earthquake" will become famous.

This is the second stencil I'm typing of this page, incidently; when I first read of how John Boardman was condemning you as a race-nut I wrote a big Indignant paragraph. Now, as I understand it, John was taken in by a genuine bigot wearing your nametag at some convention.

TARGET:FAPA:Eney- I thought that the anti-Breen minority would have the good sense to drop a lost cause once Walter was in FAPA. Well, that's one on me!

Chalker: You have the tendency I noted in PRA "17"; that is, lumping together all of New York fandom into one big lump and then assigning that lump the real or imaginary evils of two or three NY fans.....but then, doing this together with trying to identify NY fandom as the "Anti-Con Mob", (three's a crowd, not a mob) is all to your advantage insomuch as NY is competing with Baltimore for '67 bid. Even though I am naive, I have a suspicious mind.

DAYSTAR (whhops, left out the "*")-Bradley- I had a whole bunch of comments to make on this issue, but one of my brother's friends is talking about old comic books in the other room and I am eaves-dropping.

Having a mother with fannish inclinations, a fan brother and a neofan son sounds like either a gas or a real drag. I've often thought it strange that my brother is so completely un-fannish (Jeff is a body-building nut, hates books and has even been known, upon occasion, to look down at jazz and sportscars), but I suspect that a lot of it is in reaction to me. Randy, my youngest brother, on the other hand, likes books, has a good sense of humor and is very liberal minded.

I am suddenly taken with the image of a fan family which extends right down to the fourth generation; "Great-gran'per, tell us about how the Beanie Brigade was in your day," and, "Did Al Ashley call you a bastard?"

Someday I hope to marry a femmefan, or a woman at any rate.

APERCU-Janke- I've been pleasantly surprized at the attention that Akhenaten gets in the fan press. Why, I've even seen an indication of interest in the old Carr S---. When I was 16, Akhenaten became my first Art Hero. It's no surprize that he tried to push a monotheistic worship of Aton, as that was his patron god. What surprizes me was his pushing of a new style of naturalism in art unseen since the Old Kingdom in Egypt. Until 1375 B.C. artists were mere craftsmen following how-to-do-it formulas set down for them hundreds of years before; portraits and statues of royalty, for example, all looked alike, and human beings in wall relief scenes were depicted in extremely artificial poses. Akhenaten did away with all that and was possibly condemned as an abstract expressionist, although history does not record this. I have a postcard from the Metropolitan which depicts Ak. and his wife---he's in a very relaxed, slouching position while his wife is showing him some flowers. As a result, people today have a very good idea of what Akhenaten looked like. He had a fine fannish face. As a matter of fact, I think I know what led him to push his new religion and style in art: Egoboo.

((At this point, I'd like to thank all those FAPA members who sent me an autographed "No Smoking" sign from the Pacificon. It made me feel "good all over". I particularly appreciate the "I love you" note. Thanks, Calvin!))

"Do nosehairs have souls?"

CADENZA-Wells- I liked "Report from Woe-Berlin"; it reminds me of my situation as I am just wishy-washy enough to believe that no one school of political thought holds the "Ultimate Truth" for the solution to the many and varied complex problems the human race has to put up with. As a result, I find myself being condemned by conservatives and liberals, each type jumping me for being a part of the opposition. Nor am I moderate. And to confuse things further, I also like Ayn Rand. I think I believe in helping the poor and not hindering the rich (which, come to think of, is not as mutually exclusive as that sounds.).

~~SELF-PRESERVATION-Hoffman-~~ I may be craggled that, although I live in New York, I've never gone to see Lee Hoffman. I think that it's because I'm shy, and, then again, I think that old fans should be permitted to gaffiate easy. I was surprized that Andy Porter (ex-phonefan) had visited you. "How did you do it, Andy?" I asked. "I didn't tell her who I really was," he replied, adding, "she draws better than you." (which is Andy Porter's favorite schtick)

When you claimed that you were Deadwood, I was tempted to start this paragraph out with, "Well, Deadwood,..."; not out of maliciousness, not because of the lingering dregs of Seventh Fandom that every young fan carries within him, not out of accepting your self-description, but with the sheer power of the weirdness of the concept of starting out a paragraph by calling Lee Hoffman "deadwood". I think that Quandry is shackled to your ankle or something.

Do you really think that fandom is filled with a lot of petty, fearful, hate-mongering types? Wild. I think that you've stepped so far back that your perspective has forced fandom towards the vanishing point. Although I think that this current "feud" has brought out the worst in some fans, there are still a lot of fans I dig, both on the level of personality and on the level of writing/art ability. There are even some in the anti-Breen camp that I'm perfectly willing to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not....." I'm sure they'll appreciate me for that.

"Cataract of lies, falsehood by omission..."

WHY NOT-Lewis- I just wish I could find some of the writings of Stephen Willis Stiles, age 10½, but I think that the discovery might prove too painful...(I remember writing an essay on "Why Comic Books Should Be Banned" when I was eleven; little did I know that a few years later I would be collecting such items as "The Vault of Horror", "The Haunt of Fear", etc.)

Although most good museums feature a wealth of displays, the novelty quickly palls for anyone living in easy walking distance of a museum. I've been going to the Metropolitan for years, and the exhibits hardly ever change. Sometimes I get a real thrill when someone has put a David where a Delacroix should go.

What does the cover mean? Is that mouse about to make Goldwater?

TERRY CARR IN ASPIC: I wish I could put out one-shots like this.

SERCON'S BANE-Busby- When I was a younger fan I believed that there were any number of ENF's just waiting to run me out of fandom if I made a misstep. This idea was my Analogue.

Al Lewis is a friend of mine, but, my, he sure is a sneaky little devil, though! #Buz, you left out one attitude in your list: "I don't believe it. (3) I've thought the matter over very carefully." #I don't like sour grapes, but the line, "Welcome to Walter Breen, FAPA!" was pretty funny.

STEVE STILES

RPM#8, f/r 148.4216-Metcalf

Well, here I am in the Cult. ("Gosh, this certainly is strange. Do I need a passport?"--Sam #11) I'm reminded of a recent adventure of a certain segment of FISTFA (the Fanoclast's sister organization) who went down to see a picture called "Olga's Girls", a picture we all wanted to see because of the weird coming attractions. As it turned out, the flick was quite sadistic. After about an hour of whippings, stranglings, bondage fetishism and tongue removing, I turned to rich brown and said, "Does this make us members of the Cult?"

I think I'm at a disadvantage here insomuch as I don't have access to recent past F/Rs and thus don't know what past arguments some of the people herein are referring to.

It seem to me that fandom's latest war has become as complicated as a spider's web; it is at such a complicated stage that one has to research through all sorts of fanzines to see Who has said What ("For rebuttal of Charge 3.a refer to fanzine K, footnote C, paragraph 3.").

Metcalf: Later on Donaho tries to paint the anti-Breen camp as a jolly, fun-loving group of comedians, but you seem to disprove this theory with such bits as, "dragging in red herring", "you do have a lot of cheek", "reveals your first magnitude simple mindedness", "You've yet to get it through your head", etc., etc..... I would say that your style of feuding is very crude and in drastic need of a rehaul. It's uncool, one might say. Or "Emotional".

Since you say that the Clintons described Walter "chasing their son as described in the Boondoggl" at the time of the hearing, how come the Clintons say, "Our names were used in the 'Boondoggle' without our knowledge and certainly without our permission---which would not been forthcoming in any event. Misstatements of fact regarding Walter's activities, personally known to us, were made in the 'Boondoggle'." Why is that, Norm?

Your opening remark to Boardman implies that there are a whole lot of pro-Breens who believe, in reality, that Walter really is a vicious child molester. Yes, and we all have great black handlebar mustaches and go around muttering, "Aha, ne pro-oud beauty!"

The Great Breen Bribery: It could have happened that way (though I doubt it), on the other hand it could've happened thusly: you go to Breen to get your \$ and during the course of your visit Walter, quite naturally, could've asked you if you signed the blackball. After you said no, Breen asks you if you'd be willing to sign the reinstatement petition (nothing wrong in that). So you, desiring to get your money, decide that buttering up Walter would be wise.

Is it true, Norm, that there are those in the anti-Breen camp who've called you a "Jellyfish"?

Donaho: The expression of humor depends on one's values, and I daresay that there are some in the pro-Breen camp who don't regard fandom's current embroilment as a laughing matter. Humor is also subjective, as is amply illustrated by your comment, "My God, I never dreamed Ray Nelson could draw such lousy and ineffectual cartoons as he's been doing on the matter." Of course, you're the target.

Rogers: I have no idea of the outcome of this mess, but I think it highly presumptuous to predict that Donaho will go down in fan history as the Good Guy and Breen as Anti-Fan. As far as I can tell, thus far, the Anti-Breens seem to be a small but vocal minority anxious to spread the word at every opportunity (as Eney did in his should've-been-neutral fan poll results mag).

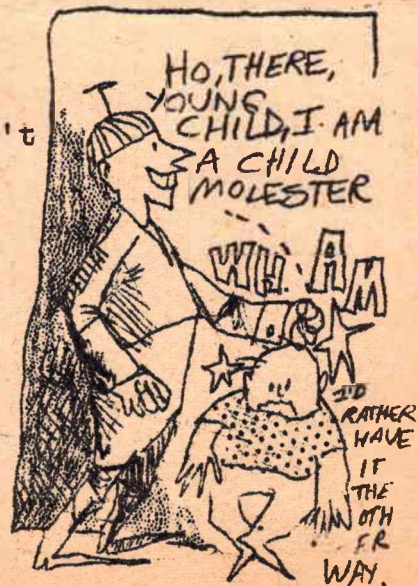
I'm amused to see that the argument about whether or not Walter is a child molester extends into whether or not Walter is a science fiction fan. Straw-grasping? While I doubt that WB is a vicious pervert, I know he's a s.f. addict, for I've often seen him reading the stuff. I also have witnesses. For this reason, Walter Breen should be expelled from fandom immediately. (For further proof, I refer you to much of his writings in Warhoon.)

"Well don't get over-emotional about it!"

Eklund: I agree with you about the lasting effects of this mess. And only a few months ago I neutral fan was telling me the whole thing would blow over in a few months. I would think that with the Exclusion Act and FAPA blackball settled--one by the passage of time and one by popular decision--the noise would die down, but as long as things remain unsettled and unproved the final decisions will have to be made by individual fans in regard to their relationships with Walter----which is the way things were in the first place (only much more objective).

Well, I would've liked to comment more, but that would take more time and effort than I have (hey, I'm employed!). Besides, I see that rich has made all sorts of checkmarks and I don't want to make PRA repetitious.

Incidentally, as an ex-Apex member I can't help but make a comparison between the two groups; looks as if the comments in the Cult is much more shallow and brief--in other words, surface communication--than in Apex. I also notice that the mood in the cult is rather bitter and bitchy; Apex, in it's worst days, was all sweetness and light by comparison.



JESUS BUG--Main- This issue is a very handsome one, Andy--the same as most of your publications, only more so.

"Hey, Andy Main; show us your Sprained Ankle Trick!"--wot, again--I disbelieve, sir.

Shiner reminds me of my own Alma Mater, Music and Art (or one of my Alma Mater~~s~~, anyway; Visual Arts was smoother, much milder), particularly the "Oh, aren't we so terribly Intellectual and Learned" ("So now what do we do?") attitude you mention. I suspect that this is fairly common in the higher schools of Higher Learning---maybe youth & undeveloped egos is a good excuse....and that sounds rather snotty too. M&A sported a lot of psuedo-bohemians and their Mumsies and Daddies were very rich. I remember the time when I was riding from school to a Washington Square anti-bomb drill demonstration; sitting in front of me were two fellow students who were also planning to participate; "I've told Mother all about it, and she'll have the bail money," said one. "Mine too," said the other. Then I remembered that my mother could hardly afford such a luxury and I got off at my home stop. The conformist tendencies you note was also present; dress and social compatibility was strongly stressed; like, fitting in was just as important as education. One teacher insisted that students keep their collars buttoned during 90 degree + June weather (but she was a rather special case).

It's hard to believe in a durance vilier than Lee Thorin's.

Gah, George Metzger's army stuff is depressing. However, on the lighter side of life, I remember one friend of mine who went to his draft board with his pockets full of baked beans, and then he told the examining doctor that his best friend was in his fly and he pulled the zipper down and, sure enough, there was a little face on it, with a hat and a bow tie and everything. As it turned out, the man was really insane. If I get into the Army I would like to see one of those Army Films; "Hey, fella, she looks pretty nice doesn't she? But actually, she's full of disease."

LIGHTHOUSE-Carr- Here's another fine looking fanzine.

Gah, George Metzger's army stuff is depressing. This reminds me of the fella who went to his draft board on a unicycle. Naturally, he was turned down. But as he was going home, congratulating himself on the success, he was hit by a truck and instantly killed.

My favorite "Doctor Jazz" lino was "Hello Centæl, get me Doctor Jazz. Hello, Ted?"

Carol's column was a gas. I think that Carol is a clever writer. Maybe someday she'll run for TAFF too.

Like Pete, I am unable to escape my fannish roots even in mundania. Mike McInerney tells me that he was recently sitting in a coffee house when he heard a stranger at another table talking about an amateur magazine he was planning to put out. "Excuse me, stranger," said Mike, "but I couldn't help over-hearing you. Are you talking about a fanzine?" "Yes," replied the stranger, who was Tom Conroy, "but not a fandom fanzine, not a fanzine that those nutty fans put out, not a fanzine put out by guys who eat, sleep and breathe fandom. Evaf hear of Steve Stiles.....?"

LAST PAGE EDITORIAL by rich brown: I promised Steve Stiles to get this issue of PRA into the right mailing, and the only way to do that (it now seems) is to postmail. I'll be sending my three extra copies of PRA to Bruce Pelz Special Deliver to prevent a re-occurrence of what happened the last time I tried this, so this is an official FAPA postmailing. (I sent him four copies last time, one third class and the other three printed matter; both were mailed on the same day to the same address. I find it passing strange that one seemingly arrived and the other did not; stranger yet that the "missing" one or ones were not returned, since four or five came back from FAPAs who had had address-changes. But enough: Dian Pelz recently pointed out the advantages of being wife to the OE; I suppose there are corresponding advantages in being OE, eh?)

I would like to reply to Bill Donaho's remarks in the last FAPA mailing but must content myself with speaking of only one small segment of it. He thinks continued feuding on the Boondoggle matter could help his TAFF campaign. I seriously doubt this. While a campaign slogan of "England Sent Us The Beattles -- Let's Send England A Louse" might be interesting, I doubt it would get Bill many votes. But there's no need to conduct the TAFF race on such grounds: people on both sides are saying to forget about the Boondoggle and, for once, in this instance, I agree. Remembered it would lose Donaho votes; but, by all means, let's forget about it. Discarding the Boondoggle and allowing Large William to run on his previously fine record, I still don't think he's the logical choice -- not running against Terry Carr, he isn't. Compare HABBAKKUK with INNUENDO; Terry's work (both for quantity and quality) with Bill's in SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, The Cult. Compare the creation of the Carl Brandon hoax to...what? Compare the work done on FANAC's, FANNISH's, and the Fan Poll...to what? Compare the publication of such volumes as PURPLE PASTURES, THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, and THE STORMY PETRAL to...again...what? I do not think the TAFF race is -- or should be -- a battle-ground to carry-on, or attempt to justify, a feud of such gigantic proportions. TAFF should send the best candidate it has; there are times past when it has not. Whether you think of TAFF as a reward for services rendered fandom or as a means by which a group of fans on the receiving end meet a fan whose quality of fannish works made them want to meet him, there is really only one solution to the problem, and that is to vote and urge others to vote for the best candidate. For that reason and no other, I am voting -- and urging others to vote -- Terry Carr for TAFF!

--rich brown, 1964

FROM:
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nyc, new york

send to: Dick Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit, Michigan



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