

This isn't really a feeble attempt at a
gorgeous multi-color cover. Actually, it
is just a feeble attempt at . . .

SELF-PRESERVATION # 2*

It is published by Lee Hoffman
(who was once a master mimeographer)
for the 99th FAPA Mailing and Sundry
good people,
with the blessings of the Great Ghu
who, by now, is an Old Ghod and Tired.

Spring 1962

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basement
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*I think

21 February 1962

For several months now I have been thinking about doing something about putting out a FAPAZINE. What I was thinking about doing was buying a new typewriter -- well, a new one to me -- something less used than this one.

After what I went through getting out Five-Yearly I was pretty well disgusted with this machine. It wouldn't cut stencils worth a tick, and also was practically inaccessible, tucked away on the typer table in my office-room.

So I went out and priced typewriters. I was on the verge of giving the man my money, when something came up to dissuade me...I discovered something I think I want more than a typewriter and subsequently have chonked the cash into the bank instead, to await developments. So you are stuck with this stuff -- unless it won't cut a stencil, in which case I suppose I am stuck with it.

During the long period of dread of facing the effort of trying to eke a legible stencil out of this old machine, I have been eating lox with bagels and thinking of all kinds of ideas for articles and things I wanted to say. But you know how that is.

Last night the FAPA mailing came:

LIGHTHOUSE: As to the Ancient Greeks, I was somewhat prejudiced against them during my youth by all the hoorawing about how great they were, and a lot of this prejudice still lingers. I muchly enjoy any evidence I come across in my reading to the effect that they didn't originate something I'd previously heard them given credit for, or the like. I realize that in your comments you are not so much stomping on the Old-Timy Greeks for their institution of slavery and the like, but rather on the modern scholars who fail to take note of such in their hymns to the Greece of yesteryear. However I think there is a point to be made. (Unfortunately, though I feel a comprehension of this point within the very marrow of my bones, there's a fair chance I won't succeed in expressing it in the stick. Anyway, I'm willing to give it the old school try...)

I believe that a lot of people, including many of the highly-touted scholars, have difficulty in empathizing with basic differences in ways of thought. I don't mean the simple differences in criteria such as we encounter daily, but deep-rooted cultural differences, such as missionaries frequently have encountered. Especially for a person who is oriented toward liberality and equal rights of mankind, it is difficult to comprehend the concept of the man who is not a man -- the slave, the outsider, the member of another tribe. But that's a damnsite older concept that the one of equality, and it is one still frequently to be found.

Digging a little lit on primative cultures, one finds that often finds that a particular people will have a name for themselves which implies

their state of being men, as opposed to all other people, whom they would seem to consider as a different life-form. This is, for them, as simple as it is for us to conceive of ourselves as "men" while we consider the other primates as something else. To comprehend the status of the slave in a slavery-based culture, we have to dig this difference in concept.

At present our nation is loaded with people who are active trying to eliminate lingering vestiges of just this concept. Some figure logic will do the job and others would prefer to rely on force. Both approaches seem to have worked to some extent on some occasions, and slowly, spasmodically, the change does seem to be coming about.

My point here is that the real, the important, change is a cultural one, a conversion of something as elemental to the individual as the sense of sight or sound or the translation of a word of his language into a concept by his mind, rather than just arguing him into accepting the acts of equality. We change this concept by changing the rules and practices of man so that in time the individual, or else his descendants, will come to accept the new way as the normal way.

But back to the scholars of Ancient Greece. (And a lot of other scholars on other subjects, as well, I think.) Many of them fail to comprehend that the differences between those people of a past time and we, ourselves, are not the more obvious superficial differences, but the culturally elemental ones that are felt rather than thought about...that shape our actions more forcefully and less obviously than our conscious and reasoned thoughts. As a matter of fact, the more I read about the ancients, the more awed I am by the relatively few superficial differences between those temporally far away peoples and ourselves.

To pick up a point for illustration, I was reading a tidbit by a character who was obviously an Aztec buff, and who got somewhat embarrassed by their practice of tearing hot hearts out of human torsos. By me, though this is an evil (you should pardon the expression) practice to us nowadays, the average Aztec of the time probably did not conceive of it that way at all (unless perhaps when it happened to be his heart). He probably felt it was as natural a thing in the course of life as we feel the slaughter of beef animals to be, or the murder of laboratory animals in the name of science. (I rather like that latter idea -- glad I thought of it. There's probably a strong similarity between a science-oriented people killing small animals in the hope of improving their lives through scientific advancement, and a religiously oriented people killing animals -- or people -- in the hope of improving their lives through religious advancement. Religion, you know, is actually a form of science. The Bible is full of religious-fiction. In fact I will tell you a charming religious-fiction story from the Old Testament a little later on this issue.)

I think that the point I started out after back there was something like this: while it is perfectly natural for scholars (and others) who are dealing with Ancient Peoples to think of them in terms of the scholars' own ways of thought, it is important that said scholars maintain a comprehension of the possible and probable differences in basic concepts, and it would be nice if the scholars could convey a sense of this possible difference to his readers. Fortunately there are scholars who do so.

Somchow all of this reminds me of the Wars of the Sense of Wonder of a few years back...and of those wonders of modern technology, the subway trains hurtling at magnificent speeds practically beneath my feet at this very moment...

By the way, did you know that the Babylonians, or possibly the Sumurians, practically invented the zero? (Sometimes when you are working from punch marks in old shards of clay it's hard to be absolutely certain about things -- especially if you think maybe there are more pieces of clay with punchmarks on them that you haven't found yet.)

Very early in the course of their keeping tallys for tax purposes, these ancients found out that it was handy if they could alter the numerical value of a given symbol by altering its position in relation to other symbols. They eventually got onto the idea that if, for instance you had a series of numbers with a column representing units, one representing 10s of units (or would it be 12s of units with them?) and one representing 100s of units, and you didn't have any 10s of units to put in you could leave that column blank. But this had the disadvantage that some copyist might squinch the 1s and 100s too close together and a later reader take them for 1s and 10s instead. So occasionally they'd drop a symbol into the 10s column which represented "not" (or "naught" if you prefer that pronunciation). However, they weren't sufficiently consistent about this and didn't give it the kind of PI that they did their sexagesimal system, so it didn't catch on. According to Edward Chiera, who is a very readable writer as well as an impressive scholar, along about 500 B.C. a cat called Nabu-rimanni (or something to that effect -- the ancients were often careless about consonants and generally ignored vowels completely in their writing) took to employing what had previously been a ditto sign for a zero when whipping up astronomical charts.

By me the Babylonians, Akkadians, Sumarians, and such are somewhat more interesting than the Greeks. The scholars, at least, don't tend to portray them as spending all their off hours sitting around being philosophical, moral, arty and so forth all the time. They had other problems. For instance:

In Sumer some three and a half to four thousand years ago, they seem to have been troubled with juvenile delinquency, and parents were having difficulty understanding the younger generation and its ways.

There were schools where parents with good connections could send the kids for a smattering of education, which seems to have consisted mainly of learning to read and write, copying the classics, being disciplined with a rod, and probably, learning the right rituals for getting through to the more influential gods. One of the classics that got copied frequently has been translated into English from a mess of shards dating about 3,700 years ago, though the story is probably somewhat older. It starts with a bit of dialogue between father and son:

"Where did you go?"

"I did not go anywhere."

"If you did not go anywhere, why do you idle about? Go to school, stand before your 'school-father', recite your assignment, open your schoolbag, write your tablet,...after you have finished your assignment and reported to your monitor, come to me, and do not wander about in the street. Come now, do you know what I said?"

"I know, I'll tell it to you."

"Come, now, repeat it to me."

"I'll repeat it to you."

"Tell it to me. Come on, tell it to me."

Etc.

I suppose the Greeks may have had problems like this too, but I refuse to worry about it for them.

Speaking of democracy in one perverted form or another, there was some trouble between Erech and Kish one time, and some envoys from Kish dropped around to see one Gilgamesh, king of Erech with an ultimatum. Gilgamesh took the problem before the "convened assembly of the elders of the city" and asked them to vote in favor of war with Kish. However, the old boys were chicken. When Gilgamesh proposed: "Let us not submit to the house of Kish, let us smite it with weapons." they replied; ""Let us submit to the house of Kish, let us not smite it with weapons." So Gilgamesh "Before the fighting men of his city put the matter, seeks out the word..." And the fighting men of the city give him back, probably with the rousing cheer of a mob inspired to action: "Do not submit to the house of Kish, let us smite it with weapons." This all took place about 2,800 B.C., and neither side won. It all ended with a temporary sort of stalemate and an uneasy truth, with envoys from each side probably visiting the other side and saying, "If you make one little move in the wrong direction, buddy, we'll

smite you with weapons again." And the other side saying, "Nnnagh, we got bigger weapons than you got." And each side saying the other side was a dirty tyranny and should be wiped out in order to protect the world for free people, and stuff like that.

The translations, by the way, are from Samuel Noah Kramer.

Speaking of Pericles, my favorite author on this subject (and a number of other famous people) is Will Cuppy who said:

"Pericles was the greatest statesman of ancient Greece. He ruled Athens for more than thirty years in its most glorious period, from 461 B.C. to 429 B.C. Or, rather, the people ruled, for Athens was a democracy. At least, that's what Pericles said it was. He only told them what to do. 1...

"1. Strictly speaking, the Age of Pericles may be said to have ended in 430 B.C. when Pericles was found guilty of embezzling public funds. It was never the same after that."

Mr. Cuppy said a lot more about Pericles, too, which is well worth the reading, and I suspect that you probably already have read this tome: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY. If you haven't, I think you should. Like, it's available in a 35¢ paperback, even.

By the way, I've been planning to get around to Towner Hall again, but things keep interfering -- like weekends scheduled thusly: sleep all day Saturday, square-dance Saturday evening, drink all night, and ski all day Sunday (except for travel time and eating). It kind of doesn't leave much time for visiting -- or fanac. If figure, though, to have made it over again sometime before publication of this ish.

Terry: in ref to your comment about me as a mechanic in your Mailing Comments, you are quite right. Automotively I am a lay-theoritician. I know, like, a lot of stuff about cornering, but haven't the practice to have applied it to any extent; have done quite a bit of mechanicing on small two-strokes, but would be completely at a loss if confronted with a slushomatic transmission; etc. Running a car through tech and preparing it for tech are two somewhat different things. I've had rare opportunity to get my hands into an engine compartment for a more practical purpose than determining whether the components are likely to fall out if the car is put into motion. This is hardly the same as figuring out why the car won't go into motion.

But to get on to the point you were making when this came up, you are quite right. I know that in my own case, I am more likely to start hoorawing in print about a subject because I have recently discovered it and am still enchanted with it, than I am to carry on at length about something I have long been adept at. (Actually, I can't think of anything at the moment that I have long been adept at.). I would have probably been carrying on in print about the Bible a year or so ago when I first discovered it, but at that time was feeling somewhat stifled about FAPA. I am all enthused about it right now and will un-

doubtedly carry on about it in this ish, neither because I have newly discovered it nor because I am an expert about it (I'm not), but because I recently re-discovered it. I was reading around in the temporal vicinity and went back to the Good Book to check a few things, got fascinated by the begats, and the next thing I knew my enthusiasm was rekindled.

I, personally, am avidly (possibly even activly) opposed to FAPA sponsoring an award of any kind. Besides, I think this whole award & Hugo business is pretty silly. I think Oscars, Emmies and the like are equally silly. If something is good, it is good, and people with taste will recognize it as good (see Steve Stiles on Rembrandt in the Shadow Mailer -- I don't fully agree with him, but he's after a similar point.) The FAPA Laureate poll is fun and I wouldn't want to see it discontinued, but I have a deep-seated faith than the rest of FAPA doesn't take it all that seriously either. But Awards -- gold plated rocketships and naked women -- honestly?

"Wheneve two fans father in the name of sci-fi, he's there." ???

Terry: Have you any further info on the idea of Amenhotep III's wife having influenced him in his monotheistic ideas? By the way, it is my personal opinion, based primarily on readings in Exodus (the one in the Bible, not the popular novel) that Moses was not a monotheist. Neither do I think that the scribes who put that book into written form in its early days were quite so either. There are too many bits and pieces which look like examples of polytheism, surface-ground to give a monotheistic outer appearance, probably by later writers (and King James' interpreters) without making any more direct change than religious feeling required. I haven't yet decided just when the worship of YHWH actually took the form of the adoration of a one-and-only god, rather than the worship of a particular god out of the many available. This is partly because I start reading about earliest known sources and never manage to get past the Hittite imperial period, or at best, the Trojan war in that direction, and somehow get deflected from the pursuit of the development of Judaism in the course of following up some other interesting lead. However, when I find out, I'll let you know.

The Fort Mudge Ramblers a bluegrass group? Mighod!

Speaking of IQ tests, just what does one measure anyway? (I'll tell you my answer to that nextish if I remember to, but I'd rather hear other people's.)

I think I've spent enough time for the present, saying the various things LIGHTHOUSE has inspired to my mind. I think I'll go take a bath now.

Having taken my bath and relaxed a while by lying on a pack of cigarettes and browsing through more of the mailing, I feel prepared to carry on with this.

NUL-F: Dorf - I'm a little surprised you liked SFFY # 3 so much. I wasn't all that impressed by it myself. Probably at least in part because I had so much material lined up from top-flight contributors, that just never got here. Think maybe they misunderstood and thought I meant I wanted the stuff for issue #4? Anyway, I appreciate your comments about the color mimeo work. You know, almost immediately after I finished producing that issue I got a phone call from the Vice-President of a very large printing firm which specializes in quality color letterpress work, asking if I would join their staff. I gave this idea due consideration and finally decided I would. They have 8 two-color Millers, 3 five-color Cottrells and 3 five-color Miehles. Big ones.

TEW: Talk about sleeping in cold rooms, recall that charming snow storm a while back, when the mayor got carried away and banned all pleasure vehicles from the streets of New York, or something of that sort? Well, someone plonked a snowball through my living room window -- that's the one immediately over the bed. (I wasn't home when it happened.) It couldn't be reglazed until the thaw a number of days later. Right now the kitchen window is broken -- the one immediately over the bathtub. It has been for a year or two.

Come now, Ted, you should know whether or not you ruined fandom.

I have decided never to talk about my dreams in FAPA. If I did, someone would no doubt hop to and start putting Freudian interpretations to them.

I am very happy at this business of Good Men from the outgroup having access to mailings, doing comments and communicating with the group by way of members' zines. Being staunchly opposed to the past proposals to increase the membership, I am delighted by this kind of compromise, which makes it possible for some well worthwhile people to participate while waiting.

That face of Breen's may look pretty in some uses, but comes out very unattractive in these vast pages of solid-type text. Spacing between paragraphs might help. As it stands it is very uninviting.

Speaking of Breen:

NUL-F: Actually Breen croggles me. I am glad he's in with us, even though as a hitch-hiker.

ANKUS: Yeah, sure, it would enhance the prestige of FAPA to present an art show trophy -- just like it enhances the prestige of every bleeding prozine in the entertainment field to give an award to something or another and get plugged on TV or something as a result.

I am interested in your comment to Pete G. to the effect that he would not give a damn how smart/intelligent a fan was, as long as he was friendly and witty. Since I've never met a really witty person who wasn't, to all appearance, intelligent, I wish you'd develop a bit on this bit.

Pardon the interruption, but Rod Serling just advised me, via the glass eye, that come Friday they are doing a story on TWILIGHT ZONE name of "To Serve Man", which, he says, was "written originally by Damon Knight". Somehow that "originally" has an ominous ring to me...

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT: I don't know nothin' from The Law and all that, but I've got a notion your waiver idea wouldn't hold whipped cream.. Slander and libel laws, according the old wives tales I hear about them, one just can't anticipate... Strange Things Happen. But I suppose a quantity of better informed people than I will express far more educated opinions than mine.

I dig those old timy catalogues and period ads, etc. But then I am a stuff buff.

You are still running on the AHMF\$3.75. Every once in a while I run into a wide-horizoned mundanite and when the conversation turns to mimeographs, I mention that I know someone who built his own for \$3.75. But I generally proceed from there to mention that I have a friend who made himself a mimeograph out of an old pair of pajama bottoms.

I have another friend, not a fan but not really a mundanite either, who was thinking for a while of building an offset duplicator of a sort -- a kind of sinister son of a mimeograph by a multolith (the machine, not the friend). He didn't do it, though.

I was doing sketches for a while for a letterpress of sorts to be built somewhat along the lines of a Speedy-L, but decided it wasn't practical.

One of my favorite presses is one I encountered in my friendly neighborhood do-it-yourself machine shop. A remarkably simple device which I feel was simply a galley proofing press. It consisted of an overweight rolling pin riding on a couple of type high bearers over a bed on legs. There was an uprise at either end of the bed, like to keep the rolling pin from rolling off. If the owner had been there at the time I'd have tried to buy it, if I'd had any money and a way to get it home and somewhere to put it, only I didn't and he wasn't.

-9-

TARGET: FAPA The art form is loverly, but I can't say I care for the appellation "Historighastlies".

Otherwise, muchly enjoyed T:F and appreciate your points of view on many topics as therein, but lack comment, damnit.

As to SFFY, somehow it seems to me to be a Right Thing for it to be produced on an archaic Speedy (or the equivilant, in the case of #3 a Pilot -- the one Agberg used to Spaceship on.) dig?

CELEPHAIIS: Bless you, Bill Evans. I trust all the funds in question finally filtered through to you. If not, holler and I will make all financial reimbursement.

I will gladly go 29¢ (or more, even) for a copy of TITUS GROAN of my own. Would even go that much for the somewhat inferior sequal.

The main reason that I occasionally walk past people I know, without noticing them, is that my mind is usually somewhat elsewhere when I'm walking. Frequently I am completely immersed in competitive pedestrianism, details of which I may go into elsewhere sometime.

Speaking of the BEGGARS' OPERA, canst lay hands on anything thereof -- records, script, or the like? I'll pay money (within reason) for same.

THE (INCOMPLETE) FAPA WHO ZOO: Gregg, I fully intend to send in your questionnaire and trust you will have received it by the time you read this. But as is stated in here elsewhere I am lazy, and may goof. If so, it is not intentional.

LE MOINDRE: Yes, Hands Off The FAPA Treasury! At least, let us not fritter it away on Artistic Enterprises. By me, donating to such Causes is akin to giving to some church or another, and I'd rather not.

Berton, as always, appreciated.

Economic aid to underdeveloped countries, and imperialistic exploitation -- yes -----

Again: I like the FAPA rules and regulations like they are. Can't see any point in tampering with them. Mayhap I am out of order mentioning this here, and am dropping comments in the wrong compartments as I browse through the mailing, but I am striking when inspired. And as far all this talk of Changing FAPA For The Better goes, I am inspired to agree with you about voting in WLers and about trying to pin the members down to a specific output per annum. A nominal minimum (the 8 pages now in effect seems reasonable) to signify interest strikes me as a good idea. If some ambitious type wants to go to the trouble of turning out 376 pages in his year, that's okay

with me. I'd rather gamble the long shot that it won't all be drivel and have the superabundant treasury surplus spent on mailing this colossus to the members than fritter it away on Art Shows, fannish Emmies, and the like. After all, if this fnz turns out to be drivel, I can always ignore it. At least, I have the opportunity to decide for myself whether or not I want to read it -- the decision isn't dictated to me. And who knows, perhaps it will spark someone into some charmingly biting commentary. As far as continual drivel goes, I seem to recall our having been able to deal rather effectively with such in the past, on a level of separate and individual cases, without having to resort to legislation.

What's with this outfit anyway? What's all this agitation for more rules and regulations? Aren't we as capable of functioning as we were a few years ago? I don't get it? So we've got an outlandishly long waiting list. Good Men will persevere. Lots of them seem to be sneaking in under the sides by borrowing mailings and commenting in members' zines, etc., already. The Shadowers have a going thing. Members who are willing to do so, are running overs and distributing them in the Outgroup. Seems to me there's enough cooperation betwixt Ingroup and Outgroup to provide a workable set-up as it is, without all this folderol people keep proposing to make life difficult for the rest of us.

Status quo, sez I. Or something equally trivial.

DAY*STAR: How does this Art Show benefit me, personally, as a selfish egocentric individual who believes that a remarkably large percentage of the stuff labelled Art and the talk about the stuff labelled Art and the Adoration of the stuff labelled Art nowadays is so much..... And just what is this that FAPA would get out of having sponsored an Art Show?

Personally, I have the notion that TAFF benefits more than one individual. At least the old WAW Fund did...and TAFF did when it brought us the Bulmers...,etc...it benefitted all of us who derived great pleasure from the company of the successful candidates. As an egocentric individual, I'd rather meet an interesting person than sponsor an Art Show, the purpose of which I'm not at all clear about. I seem to have some fuzzy idea that it is to help aspiring artists sell their products (would I get a commission on sales?) and advance their careers.

Aside: It occurs to me that, since on occasion some people have accused me of being a would-be artist (somebody once bought a painting from me under some such delusion) that all my griping about Art is sour grapes. If you feel this way, you won't believe my vehement denial, but I'll make it anyway.

To the best of my knowledge, I am not now, and never have been an "Artist", nor have I created any works of Art, visual, liter-

ary, or otherwise. When it comes to Art I am an agnostic, and on occasion, an outright Athiest.

Er -- it occurs to me that I should have thought all this out beforehand, and assembled the above comments, along with others scattered throughout, and put them all under...

A SALES PITCH TO CONVINCE FAPA TO SPONSOR AN ART SHOW TROPHY:

Trimbles, please consider yourselves as being commented at above as well as below.

Actually, I've probably gotten over-vehement in places throughout this book. It isn't that I object to Art Shows, per se. I rather enjoy them.

My objection, frankly, is to a tendency in recent years, to make a large tin god of Art, and Prophets of the authorities. As an individual, I am perfectly happy with the notion of there being a fan Art Show, and will probably lend my personal, individual support, if it is wanted, after all this. I'd even be willing to make a small donation toward the sponsoring of a display (even with the object of selling work, gaining recognition for the artists, and spreading ego-boos). But I am militantly opposed to FAPA officially backing such a project. The difference is probably to subtle for me to explain, but I feel it, and it bothers me.

As to trophies, I object to them in any field of artistic endeavor -- visuals, music, literature, etc. The whole trophy bit is, as far as I am concerned, such a farce nowadays, that giving them in such fields, even when it is done with sincerity, looks silly. Sporting events, clearly-defined competitions, etc., okay...although there are plenty of plate races to degrade the meaning of these trophies, too. In Art, though, there is too much that is intangible, for one thing. Can't a work of Art stand on its intrinsic merit (if it has such)? Is it necessary for us to have Leading Authorities label such things for us -- tell us what is Good Art and what is Bad Art? Even if the Artists do enjoy it, is it necessary that they be patted on their heads and told that their work is Good? Do they need that incentive?

Yes, I know that an Artist, in any field, generally needs an audience -- that communicating with an audience is an important part of his Art (albeit there have been artists who work and never exhibit or try to sell). But is it also necessary that his communication be a form of competition of a chunk of metal which will proclaim to the world (or that portion which happens to see it) that his work was, in the opinion of some Leading Authorities (or Lesser Authorities) the Best of a particular assortment?

Big deal.

SALUD This Ed Martin business -- when I received Martin's letter and started reading it, I thought it was going to turn into a petition and was prepared to sign it on the grounds that most people deserve a second chance. Having finished reading it and given the matter some thought, I have decided something is peculiar about all this.

First off, I think Trimble is in error in presenting his evidence entirely as heresay. I guess it could be quite a task documenting it, but the grounds that all the material reads familiar to a few unnamed friends seem a little weak to me. Better, perhaps, he should have presented his case to the membership at large and asked if anyone could provide documentation -- or asked Martin for some explanation before making official pronouncements.

On the other hand I note that Martin doesn't deny the accusations, or even take the fifth (or first or whatever is appropriate), and being an average person, I tend to view this omission as confession. Further, Martin doesn't petition so I assume he doesn't really care about staying in FAPA anyway.

This business about original material is a touchy one, and one that shouldn't have come up in this manner. Unfortunately, it has. Personally, I feel that this particular law should be used only sparingly, and only when the case is down-right clearly defined.

SERCON'S BANE: I flipped for your cover. As Art the drawing lacks something and probably won't win any trophies, but the sub-title is a joy.

Your comments about the Legal Matter are well thought and well put.

That's as far as I got. I got up, had coffee again, dressed and heard the doorbell buzz. Since then, I haven't gotten around to anymore FAPACormentes, and right now I'm pretty sure that I won't. You see, it's been several weeks, and....

And so at this point I bid a fond adieu to the last mailing and look eagerly forward to the next one.

If you are curious as to whom it was ringing my doorbell at the above-mentioned moment, read on, because the small talk which has been written concurrently with the comments follows. I intend to go to press shortly using what left-over paper I have around the house. If the story of Jehovah and the Golden Hemorrhoids gets left out, it will be because I've run short of paper. In such a case, I'll try to jam it into a later issue, if I can remember to do so, and the Hand of Inspiration is still upon me.

-----LeeH 3/31/62

3-1-62

LINDBERGH, BUCK ROGERS AND PROGRESS DEPARTMENT

It is a 72-point (or maybe even larger) Big Day in New York. According to someone's estimate, approximately (or was it "over"?) four million people jammed the streets today to attend the public display of Our Spaceman. That's better'n half the local population, though the way I reckon it, some of them may have come in from outside the city line to indulge, so maybe it wasn't an actual half of the city of New York out there cheering for Mastery of Space.

I missed it myself. I went to work instead. For that, I get paid. It has a certain charm.

The boys on the radio this a.m. (the ones who make noise and weather reports at me while I pour coffee into myself) kept saying this was anticipated to be a bigger blast than the one the city threw for Chas Lindbergh when he returned from his history-making flight. Well, Glen (is that one or two "n"s?) travelled farther faster, and that's progress.

What I don't understand is why, in all this talk of space flight and such no one has mentioned our old friend, Buck Rogers.

Speaking of progress, our air disasters seem to be getting bigger and better, too.

Speaking of progress, used to be when I wanted to mail a letter or a small package I had to walk down to the corner and across Second Ave. to the mail box. Then suddenly, t'other day, as I hustled down to post by phone bill, I discovered the mail box was gone!

They'd moved it across to my side of Second Avenue.

For a moment I thought to myself that any post office which will move a mailbox all the way across the street for the convenience of a semi-active fa-a-an like me can't be all bad. Then I realized that they are probably just trying to get me into a happy frame of mind before they hit me with higher postal rates.

Between that paragraph and this some time has passed (about twenty-four hours, I think) and I have been indulging in contemplation, soul-searching and sincere self-analysis (about three minutes of it, I think) and I have come to a soul-searing conclusion: I am too damned lazy to ever become perfect -- or even to become the perfect fanzine publisher.

In the same way that, because I am pounding these words onto a stencil which will eventually be circulated to a readership, I am a (1) writer,

3-2-62

and (2) a publisher (I was going to include "editor" but couldn't stretch my imagination quite that far), I am also in my own way a printner.

Now, a printner is, by me, somebody in the trade or someone with a C&P in the basement who is also, if you'll pardon the expression, a particular kind of nut. . . .

Being a letterpress printner -- or at least an employee of one -- by trade, and having been fascinated by the printed word getting that way since the days of my youth when I rode by bike around town and stopped to stare into store-front job shops at the marvelous machinery that ate white paper and regurgitated printed pages, and those lovely days when I hand-fed a Gordon for pay (my first for-cash real job) and watched sharp that it didn't bite me, and the short time I was a staff member of a publication that turned out to be a one-shot which was put out by a small job shop where I got to hang out for a while (ghu, what a sentence!) I am partial to letterpress printning.

During the course of learning more about letterpress printning, I have naturally, developed a certain interest in the strange branch of printning which is typography. Betwikt this aspect of my interest and such things as copy-examining, etc., etc., etc., I have become far more critical of such things than ever I was in the past. A result of this is that the letters and such I prepare at work are far more carefully typed -- with much attention to right-hand margins, spacing, etc. And as I began putting more and more attention into the fine detail that goes to make for an attractive page of typescript it occurred to me that this would have a tremendous effect on my fanzine publishing. No more trashy looking crud-sheet fanzines for me, I thought. My publications would be things of optical beauty, regardless of their literary merit. Pairs of pages would be pre-planned and matched to each other, layoutwise. Body text would be carefully positioned, margins carefully planned, etc.

I even considered pre-drafting and possibly even some dummying, in order to achieve the kind of quality I appreciate.

Then I started this issue...

The issue started suddenly on the crest of a breaker of enthusiasm. There was no thought of pre-planning in my mind at that moment. It was GO all the way...and now, looking back on what's done so far, the strike-overs, the sloppy obliterating, the margins that wander, and the rest of it I am rueful and filled with the realization that I shall never be perfect. . .I'm too damned lazy.

-3-

3-2-62

Right now the President seems to be making a speech. The essence of it, as I make it out, is that we are going to start setting off bombs again, but they will be clean bombs and won't hardly add to the radiation in the world around us at all, not even so much as we get from natural sources, and he'll be terribly sorry if anybody dies from it.

"Out of the trenches by Christmas!"

3-3-62

Ghreat Ghu, what a mess!

A while back, under the impression that it might help, I moved the typewriter into the living room. For a week and a half now I have been intermittently indulging in fanac and as you know a typer is the epicentre of fanac. Subsequently, the assorted pertinent equipment has been centripilating toward the typer and you should see the living room (better you shouldn't see it). In the course of my comments, the FAPA mailing has spread itself out all over the room. While trying to locate answers for Gregg Calkins' poll, I have managed to scatter my incomplete collection of my own publications from hither to yon. Stencils lie about in scraggly piles. And under it all somewhere is the debris which accumulates in the living room during the normal course of my life.

I almost dread the day this goes to press.

However, my fears may be in vain. As yet, I have no idea as to how and where I'll get paper for this, so maybe it won't make it to press after all....

Several hours later.....

The whays of Ghu are delightful. It has to have been an ahct of Ghu -- too much to be coincidence. I mean, like, I hibernate into the world of Mundane for weeks, sometimes months (sometime years) at a time without the purple in my bhlood stirring. Then here it is, I am in the midst of an attack of fanac, immersed in fine fannish feeling (or about as much so as one can get on straight coffee and FAPA mailings)...and then there is the matter of timing, too...since I was loafing arround most of the morning in my pajamas (the quilted long johns that do double duty in chill weather) and had only just gotten dressed minutes before, in order to go fortify myself with lox and bagels...when the doorbell rang (or buzzed, to be more accurate).

I went to the door, as I sometimes do when this happens. And I glanced through the pane to see whether I recognized the ringer (or buzzer, as the case may be), since people who ring here usually are

looking for the super and usually speaking only Polish or something similar (the super once told me, in his scant English, that if I didn't know Polish "talk Russian").

The person at the door was a well-dressed man who, by all appearances, wasn't looking for me, unless he was a building inspector. I opened the door anyway, prepared to tell him the super was out...and he spoke the magic words: FAPA.

He had just introduced himself as L. Russell Chauvenet.

Somewhat stoned, as I tend to be by historical personages, I invited him in. Like, L. Russell Chauvenet was one of the Big Names of the ByGone Golden Past when I was a neophyte with my first stencil clutched in my grimy little hand and my eyes raised toward the Tower of the Enchanted Duplicator. According to Speer, he is the man who gave us the word "fanzine", as well as one of the outstanding members of FAPAs early days.

I pushed aside a stack of stencils and items from the 98th mailing to make room for us both to sit down and we got to talking about FAPA. He pointed out that, as #6 on the W-L, he probably has a couple of years yet to wait for membership, which saddens me muchly. (I would consider warning you, one and all, never let your FAPA membership lapse, except that if you took this advice a lot of fine people would never get in, since I have no intention of letting my membership go because I want to be here when they do, except that there are a lot of you I'd hate to lose too. Or am I being too possessive about this whole thing?)

Foosh...

Anyway, I spent a couple of thoroughly enjoyed hours chatting with Russell Chauvenet (who was in town for a chess match that happened to be in my neighborhood and so dropped by between sessions).

He is not the only W-Ler who has come by in the past few months (odd how so few fans get by here and so seldom, and then suddenly two in practically one fell swoop...) I got a phone call one evening from Owen M. Hannifin who was in town, contemplating catching an art movie. He dropped by with a friend, and made off with some of my ancient drawings, and leaving a boxed copy of GREEN MANSIONS as a gift (muchly appreciated). But he is #44 on the list now.

I wonder if Walter Breen will ever happen by....

"I am positively not Robert Bloch!" --- Ray Douglas Bradbury 1941

3/6/62

It is absolutely wonderful out tonight.

Tempreture somewhere in the high 30's, wind blowing in sharp gusts, carrying all sorts of threats of snow. The kind of weather that makes you (or me, at least) want to fling open all the windows and let it howl into the house.

But flinging open the three practical windows in this apartment is a venerated ritual taking, usually, about a week of steady work with hammer and chisel, and I'd rather not go through it more than a couple of times a year, if possible.

So what am I doing here making FAPAZINES?

One of the troubles with skiing, square dancing and other such social activities is that they tend to interfere with my TV viewing. My insane desire to sleep every night and my employer's silly notion that I should come in at nine every weekday morning has about done for my catching the Late Late Shows during the week, but considering the listings lately, I haven't missed much. Weekday evenings, when I am frequently home, I've been catching up on some reading and fanac and such and, judging from the listings, haven't missed much by that either.

But there are three shows on TV -- regular series things -- that I dig. So, of course, one is on Friday nights and the other two on Sunday. I am home Friday nights every once in a while, so I occasionally catch ROUTE 66, which I feel exhibits a remarkable degree of craftsmanship in a media where that aspect of production seems to have been almost forgotten. This past Sunday, I happened home and caught the other two shows. One is CAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU? I've seen this three times now and have had occasion to laugh aloud during each show. I'm a little afraid, though, that the novelty will wear off.

The other show is one of my long-time favorites, all decked out now as a Sunday evening programme, whereas it used to be part of the weekday kiddies' hour: In those days it was ROCKY AND HIS FRIENDS. Now it is BULLWINKLE. And it is a show I chortle over.

I recall once, a long time ago, when Rocky and Bullwinkle were wandering through cannibal country or some such, and were being entertained by a native chieftan who played them old Blue Baron records that had been left by Osa Johnson.

There is something 6th fandomish about this program that appeals to me.

"Credit Moskowitz, please then, with the 'Yngvi' of 1939..." BT

3-10-62

SURE SIGNS OF IMPENDING SPRING DEPT.

I have begun the first preliminaries of the venerated Ritual Of The Opening Of The Windows.

When I went out to look for mail this morning I noticed a wealth of sunshine and fresh air (relatively, that is) lying around in front of the house, and I thought to myself that it would be nice if I could get some of it inside. I gave the engineering problem involved some serious study and decided it was time for the First Phase of the Ritual.

It isn't really the mere opening of the windows that constitutes the problem. It is that this annual operation involves an unsealing not unlike that indulged in by Howard Carter when he set about revealing the remains of Tutankhamon. Once the Final Unsealing has been performed it is but the work of a moment to actually open or close any of the windows (well, it rarely takes more than five or ten minutes).

Despite by being somewhat of a traditionalist, I have been giving some small thought to ways of modernizing and simplifying the Ritual and have actually taken a few steps in that direction (with the result that more cold air leaked into the apartment this winter than the previous one, due to less adequate seals).

The "office" window, being the one where air leaks are least crucial (others overlook the bed and the bathtub respectively), it is the least thoroughly sealed. And also, I have installed an arrangement of clothesline and pulleys to simplify getting a suitable grip on it. So it is the one I have opened.

Air is pouring in from the airshaft. It is a strange, vaguely familiar sort of stuff.

Overcome with enthusiasm, I proceeded to another phase of Welcoming the Onslaught of Spring. I have been painting protective pentacles around the kitchen with a mixture of liquid roach-proofing and old mimeo ink. (I didn't have a fresh paint brush.)

I got a letter from Gary Deindorfer, in which he mentions the possibility of his dropping by next time he is in NYC. In view of this, and of my having recently (within the past year) called upon by no less than two through-passing fen, I think I should issue a warning:

It is recommended you phone first. Like, if I'm home, I'll answer the phone -- but frequently I will not answer the doorbell and am, in fact, seriously considering installing an on-off switch in the circuit with it which will most probably usually be in the "off" position. This has nothing to do with my being anti-social -- just with my being fed up with people looking for the super ringing my bell and then pushing past me into the hallway, if I open the door.

NOTE TO NON-FAPAns, W-Lers, ETC., WHO HAVE RECEIVED THIS ZINE, OR
WOULD LIKE TO...

I am getting very haphazard about record-keeping, etc., in my old age. Every once in a while I get a note from some fan who claims to want to receive my publications. I mean well and if I get around to it before the note strays, I put it on a hook on the wall with the intention of sending copies to all such people who've written, when I get around to publishing something. But, like, notes stray, etc.

So I figure I am going to compile a non-FAPA mailing list and put some effort into keeping things straight. So if you want to be on such a list, please drop me a note now, even if you have already written recently. Remember, mailing individual copies is a nuisance, as well as an expense, and though I'm willing, I'm careless and lazy, too.

Also, please note, if you're on the W-L and received this out of a clear blue sky, don't assume I'm sending it to the entire W-L, the first 10, 20 or 50, or anything like that. I'm not. You received it for some other reason, or whim, and that's no guarantee you'll automatically receive whatever I publish next.

It is better to have been misunderstood and died a hero than never to have been misunderstood at all.

FINE OLD NEO-FANNISH TRADITIONS, NAMELY, BOY, DID WE HAVE PRODUCTION PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT:

As noted elsewhere, and as you may have observed on your own, I never did get that lovely lot of mimeo paper I hoped to have obtained before going to press with this. But there were some partial reams left from SFFY #3, and like a lot of fans I had accumulated a stack of ream ends from previous productions.

The latter stuff, as you probably know, is the devil to run -- those miscellaneous, mis-sized sheets that get left over or culled and tucked away to be used as crud sheets or whatever. An eyeball estimate led me to the false opinion that I could probly get all the commentary section onto that stuff, put these small talk pages onto the white paper and have some mock semblance of order. But no....

Also, it turned out that most of the cans of ink were down to dregs. There remained a little of the colored stuff from SFFY, which will explain any vague tints you may think you've seen herein. If you happen to notice any unseemly offset or spreading, this is because -- although one can pull a fair number of impressions from straight Wesson oil -- it doesn't give the quality of regular mimeo ink.

I must comment on the typer. I am thankful for its cooperation. The stencils have been cutting surprisingly well, considering the results I had cutting SFFY. I appreciate these small blessings.

4/9/62

The world is full of words, the air is sodden with them and they weary the ears and numb the senses. There is talk and parade and pageant to the point that there is no impact -- nothing.

And then they show you the films, the face of a man in a space capsule, the voices riding on sines of static...the sudden problem, the change in instructions, and the question "Why?" And, mighod, this is real, isn't it?

And we creepy, crawly human creatures are poking our noses across another horizon, aren't we?

High winds at Kittyhawk....

"When you're in the middle of a re-entry and you can see these pieces breaking off..."

Since the comment earlier thish I caught a couple more episodes of CAR 54 WHERE ARE YOU? Either they've hit a dull spot or the novelty is wearing off. But there was one bright moment in the last show: the criminals were tracked to their hiding place (a warehouseish place, to judge from the interior shown), which was identified as being (in Manhattan, of course) at 46th Street and 11th Avenue. Now, at that particular intersection there are (1) a filling station, (2) a filling station, (3) a small house with a bar or the like on the ground floor, and (4) the Graphic Arts Building -- where I work.

"How'd you like to spend Christmas on Christmas Island?"

Don't miss the exciting new sociological survey: MAN, AND HIS EPIC STRUGGLE AGAINST THAT ETERNAL ARCH-FOE, THE SUBWAY DOOR.

Did I remember to mention somewhere that the typographical error in the Morse Code on the 3rd cover of SFFY #3 was in the manuscript and that I let it stand for that reason? I never have gotten around to digging up the original, but I've got a strong notion it was there, too.

For some time now, like maybe a year or so, I have been a partner in a non-existent racing stable of sports cars. (This separate and apart from my interest in the RSV Racing Team of go-karts.) The stable is no longer completely non-existent. The senior partner, James Egan, U.S.M.C. is now in possession of our first car, a Sunbeam Alpine. (It may be some time, though, before we get it onto a track.)

Unfortunately, Jim is presently stationed in Pensacola.

Hoping you are the same*

LeeH

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