



THIS WASN'T THE DAY THAT WAS

Here it is, in all dewey-eyed innocence, dol-drum #2. It doesn't make any difference what I call it; nobody will spell the goddamned thing right this time, either. But that's another story. This zine is still within the iron-fisted domain of Dave Locke, whom Kent McDaniels says "must have some kind of a powerful personality". Actually he said "must have some kind of a powerful personality or something".

Bill Plott is again doing the publishing, but he wouldn't be doing it if he knew that Dave Locke was a low and dirty subversive element who is mingling with the other, true-blue, members of SFPA. Dave Locke doesn't even live south of Indian Lake.

Sorry I missed the last mailing. I didn't intend to. I even had three pages of mailing calments written out in longhand on various scraps of note-paper (I write MCs after I finish each zine. Sometimes they'll go directly on stencil, sometimes on note paper, and sometimes on the zine itself. Now you know how I do MCs), but too many jobs and too little spare time crowded the zine off my schedule. I want to hit every mailing, but that'll probably be hard to do. I can do it by rushing it through in my spare time, but, when I stick a stencil in the typewriter, if I can't relax and do that stencil with a lot of home-brew and a pack of cigarettes lying next to me I probably won't do it at all. Minimum activity or not. The way I look at it (through my glasses, which I can never keep full) an apazine should be your most pleasant publishing experience. It's meant as a vehicle to express 'you'. You pull a crisp stencil from its pack, fit it with cushion and film sheet, and, off the top of your head, you fill it with white lines of type. You do it slowly, so it won't be sloppy; but if you try to be overly-careful you'll take the fun out of the whole thing. You try to keep in your mind some idea of what you're going to say before you commit it to stencil, because poor sentence structure means a lot of corflu. And you finish the stencil knowing that you've not been addressing the other apans (exactly), or writing for your own amusement (exactly), or writing for the sake of writing (exactly). You've been playing a game. You've been trying to write good prose that pleases you and holds the interest of your readers, you've been battling a multi-tongued piece of machinery that'll trip you up the first chance it gets, and you've beat a blank stencil that wanted to stay blank. You first-draft your writings and it's no fun; you're not committing yourself.

Having yourself a ball doesn't necessarily mean good reader reaction -- if you're worried about such a thing, and you must be or you wouldn't bother to run off more than one copy of your fanzine. But if you're interested in what you're

writing, it will show and it should help. It really should. Ghod knows I'm interested in whatever topic I bring up. Why aren't you? Huh?

Down below here somewhere you'll find an un-written interlino. It was taken from a Bill Plott letter, and should be as good an interlino as such things usually are. I thought it would be only fair. You know -- Bill searches everybody's letters for something that he can print out of context. He's printed hand-baskets full of things that he says I've written, and I thought it only fair that I should be allowed to look over one of his letters for something funny to print. So one day I found something, and I told him "ha, ha. I'm going to print this". And he replied "I'll castrate you if you do". I mean -- you know. My gosh. He tells me of all the terrible things that will happen to him if I print these particular eleven words. Never let it be known that Dave Locke would utter in the public ear any eleven words that could wreck the life of Bill Plott. My gosh. Here then, in this space, I will not print those eleven words.



"-----" Bill Plott

If any of you will send me a stzmped, return-address envelope, along with five dollars (check, money order, or stamps), within 21 days you will receive a photocopy of the letter in which Bill Plott wrote Those Eleven Words.

Back there on that other stencil someplace I mentioned some mailing comments I'd made. Now I wouldn't ordinarily make any attempt to salvage mailing comments that are a quarter year outdated, but I wrote a little poem to answer Rick 'Captain Marvel' Norwood and so in the interests of filling up space and all like that I'll print it here.

I've read your zine, I must confess;
With how much interest, I digress.

Reviewing in poetry
Was really a mistake,
For wording things backasswards
Does not good poetry make.

Rick Norwood
with poetry and fiction
croggles me
because
I
wonder what he thinks
of himself
already.

obliged to put money in the collection plate and thusly they have to pay to be good. I can sit at home, tune in the religious programs on tv and radio, and be good for nothing. My mistress is religious enough for both of us. She goes to church regularly. She loves to sing in the choir.

Monday --- To hell with Monday. Every damn horoscope you pick up gives a forecast for Monday. Hi, Jack Douglas.

Tuesday - Today is the day when you should recognize your responsibilities as a parent (if you're not a parent, this is the day when you should recognize how lucky you are). You should ask yourself if you have neglected these responsibilities in any way, and make any necessary adjustments. Some of you may have children who are at That age where you should explain to them about The Birds And The Bees. You may be uneasy about doing this; I know that I certainly was last week when my wife practically ordered me to explain the situation to our son. So, reluctantly, I took him aside and explained about The Birds And The Bees to him. I asked him if he remembered that time last year when his mother wasn't home and those two lady missionaries from the Jehovah Witnesses came to our house. He said he remembered. I asked him if he remembered our inviting them into the house, and talking with them, and then taking them into our bedrooms, and then taking them. He said he did. "Well," I said to him, "it's something like that with The Birds And The Bees, too."

Wednesday Today is the day you should give up smoking. The stars tell you this. And if they don't smoke, why should you? Don't be afraid to give up smoking; it's not hard. I've done it dozens of times.

Thursday - This is a good day to mail Bambu a check for five or ten dollars or so, to show him that you appreciate the way he has guided you through these turbulent weeks. Good Astrologers like me don't grow on trees, you know. They swing from them.

Friday --- This should honestly be one of the best days to belt your mother-in-law that I've ever forecast. Oddly enough, Friday is the day that my mother-in-law is coming to visit us. My wife always starts an argument with me when her mother comes to visit. I never let her in.

Saturday - Saturday is 'Be Kind To Dogs Day', according to the heavens. When you think about it, friends, a dog is really a divine animal. I mean, what do you have when you spell 'God' backwards? And what do you have when you spell 'Lord' backwards? Or 'Jehovah' backwards? Not much, I'll admit, but God must have loved idiots like me. He made so many of them.

MAILING

COMMENTS

Well, I think maybe I'll do some mailing comments. As long as I'm not busy. I've browsed through all of the zines for personal egoboo, but I haven't read any of them completely except for SPORE. So I'll do that one first. Might as well. It's probably the best. It mentions my name nine times.

SPORADIC....Bill Plott

I didn't have any trouble making plane connections, it's just that both planes were late. I've been on planes nine times, and I've only been on two that didn't give me any trouble. The plane that was to take me from Glens Falls to NYC was way over an hour late (I've forgotten exactly how late. Maybe an hour and a half, maybe an hour and a quarter), and I had to be re-routed at New York. In Glens Falls they told me it would be a half-hour bus ride from Idlewild to Braniff. A bunch of blubbering idiots; Braniff was just next door to the terminal I arrived at.... I believe it was 11 o'clock I boarded the plane, and due to heavy fog we didn't take off until 2 a.m. The flight back home is as frustrating to mention as my plane ride back from the Chicon. I left DC on an earlier shuttle than I was scheduled for (as long as I wasn't busy), and got in Newark with lots of time to eat and browse around. Just the same, I didn't arrive on the shuttle I started out in... Just as it got into the air one of the propellers happened to stop working (I was sitting, of all places, by the window overlooking it), so they decided maybe they'd better drop back down on the runway again and put us on another shuttle. It was nice of them. The Mohawk from Newark to Glens Falls (never fly Mohawk; their planes are made in Japan) had some sort of mechanical difficulty also. They even admitted it. The damn thing refused to stay on one level... But they were nice about it. The stewardess came around with a wad of cotton in case it was necessary to wipe the blood out of your ears. Well, it wasn't that bad, but the sudden pressure changes kept you yawning all to hell. The whole flight down and back still wasn't as ridiculous as my round trip to the Chicon, so maybe I'll have to tell you about it sometime. It's another story, sort of.

I see you chickened out on publishing the funniest thing about Mr. Vanderwerf's visit to the N3F room that night.... When I think about it, I don't believe I'll print it either.

I don't know what you're doing wrong with that one lettering guide of yours, but every 'S' looks like a '6'. You're consistently doing something wrong there someplace. Wot happens?

THE SOUTHERNOR....Jefferson Davis

You left out a word in one of your sentences. The word was "not". "Not" is the word that you left out of the sentence. Look, Jack! See the word that Bill Plott left out of his sentence! The poor word, it is sad. The poor word feels left out. Tsk.

"This news should not cause anyone to panic" "we are all going to fall apart and die with this mailing." Good grief! Jack, stick that poor word where it belongs! "We are not all going to fall apart and die with this mailing." Phew...

TO SAVE A MEMBERSHIP....Dave Hulan

I didn't state the things you say I did; and the things you think I didn't state, I did. Yes? Let us go over what you say and compare it with what I really said (this is called 'dissecting you').

"David is an extremely intelligent fellow long noted for his insight and logic (except by you, who are an atheist.....)"

Katya Hulan

"It is one thing to demonstrate the fallacy in a proof, and another to say that this therefore proves the counter-statement." I said the facts and the logical proofs for an atheist to support his beliefs can be found in Paine's book, because Paine didn't think there were any factual or logical reasons to believe in a God. But Paine did feel there were personal reasons (faith) for religious belief - I stated this - and I therefore wasn't attempting to say that THE AGE OF REASON "proves the counter-statement" (the atheist viewpoint). What this book does do is factually or logically disprove every reason for being religious except one: personal faith. I therefore repeat that an atheist can find good reason to use this book in furthering the acceptance of his viewpoint.

And, to pick a nit, I disagree with your "he (Paine) denies that there is any logical reason for believing either way." As an old college debator you should know better than to make such a tinkercy statement. If you show that there is no logical reason for accepting the viewpoint of the 'positive side', you don't need to 'prove' the 'negative side'. Provided you are arguing the existance or non-existance of something he who argues the negative doesn't have to prove a damned thing. The fellow who's arguing the positive has to do all the proving, and if he can't do it that's his tough apples.

Since you like to give examples and forinstances, I'll give you one. Two idiots are arguing the existance of something. Tom says that buried in the snow at the north pole of Mars there is a frozen hound dog with three teeth missing and a tail that was bitten off five thousand earth years ago. Tom has in his hand a book that says the same thing, in much detail, and with two thousand year old eye-witness accounts that there is actually such a dog buried in such a place. Tom's words are not proof, and what the book says isn't proof either. Jerry says the entire story is horsefeathers. Who has to come up with the proof? Tom does. And he can't come up with any; all he can show is his own personal belief that the story is true. All I can say is: it's Tom's tough apples....

Sure, Dave, I'll grant you that religion hasn't been disproved. But if it can't be proved, it doesn't have to be disproved. At least, it doesn't have to as far as I'm concerned.... Like you say, God is in the unproved category, and that means he's no better a theory than any other the human race has come forward with and been unable to prove.....

follow the field at all any more. Now if you get EFRussell, or Chad Oliver, or Fred Brown, or Phil Dick, to write you a science fiction or fantasy story for your fanzine then maybe I'll read it, but otherwise.... I get Tired of looking for good amateur fiction, so unless your name is BJPlott, DGHulan, or BGWarner, you can take your fiction and go to hell in a handbasket with it. Not that I want to be hostile, but.... amateur fiction to me is about like con-reports to Buck Coulson. As Mother used to say "You may have good fortune, and you may have good luck, but you'll never have anything better than a pair of roller skates when you want to go skating."

George Proctor.... Your artwork is promising, and if you'd do a little bit of writing in your own fanzine other than mailing comments maybe I could say something about that, too. SCIMITAR #1 wasn't a bad firstish apazine, but an apazine has to contain your writing, and lots of it. Even if it's only nattering like mine, your zine has got to express you. Apas deal in personalities, and their purpose is to let you say what you want to say, write the way you like to write, and to exchange silly-as discussion with your fellow members. Outside material is fine, but don't neglect your own writing.

Larry Montgomery.... and the same goes for you, too....

Rick Norwood.... Well, as long as this is what you like to write.... I've read your fiction before, and it's competent fan-stuff, but I still couldn't get interested in it. Now if you could start a serial something like that one you put me in over a year ago, that made you cry.... Did you ever get ahold of that, or did somebody kill it?

What does Bill Plott see in the title of this thing?

Kent.... You've got to understand that Bill Plott is a very sneaky individual. But he's hardly the only fan who's ever disguised his fanzine. I'm pretty good at disguising, too. In fact, I'm so good at it that you probably think this is a fanzine.

Jim.... I can't think of a diddle-de-damn thing to say about STF. You seem to be showing a little more common sense and treating us to less unintentional humor than was in your firstish, and this is, of course, A Good Thing. STF may turn into a fairish genzine if you'll use more articles and less fiction. I have a Thing about fiction, you know.

)))) There's this matter about the next SFPA OE. It's too bad that BJPooa is going to be too busy to continue on as SFPA OE even though he has gone awol on rotc. And all like that. Briefly, if no Southern fan steps forward, I'm willing to take the OEship for one ('1') year. To do my bit - to be a good joe - to 'Help Out'. So if no one else wants it, I'm available. One other thing: elect Bill permanent treasurer, so there'll never be any doubt, at any point in the future of this young apa, as to the whereabouts and safety of the treasure. Organization money has 'disappeared' before, even several times in fandom, and if we take this precautionary step now a not improbable hazard will cease to exist.

POSTMAILEDANIA

There I got all nicely finished with the zine (even if I did go below the bottom margin on this page across here) and ISCARIOT gets dropped in my mail box. Actually, I've got a post office box and ISCARIOT was slid in. Gently. But why did you bend the edges of your zine, Al? And those muddy foot-prints all over the bacover. Tsk.

I must be getting stupid, Al Andrews. I cried and felt chastized all through your review of dol-drum #1, except for the end when I beamed and kissed the back of my hand. Such nice compliments. "Humor, satire, amusement". Then I bawled again, when I realized that no one had ever given my writing such nice endorsements before.

You're putting me on.

And I didn't even 'get' the cartoon.

Must be I'm coming unglued.

I'm glad you enjoyed my fanzine. I even liked yours a little bit, too. I got a lot of amusement from reading your witty satire and humor and such. I don't know precisely why, Al, but it has struck me that you can't call a spade an avacado. It just sort of has the flavor that your zine has.

I don't know precisely why, Al, but it has struck me that an apt name for your enjoyable zine would be Cherish. It just sort of has the flavor that your zine has, i.e., the sort of vehicle that takes you for a ride.

As long as we're going to be nit-picky and hottletoshin' and all like that about the whole chickenshittin' thing, I might as well go over your silly arguments again. Mainly, I suppose, what I said to Dave can apply to your position as well, but as long as you like to quote me I'll quote you.

"Yes, some of my remarks on your letter in YANDRO were directed to you personally." But you didn't send me a copy of the issue because your "review of YANDRO was directed toward Coulson, not you nor fandom in general." Huh? I can't really complain, tho, because about a month after you learned I was in SFPA and had received that mailing - you sent me a copy. Anyone want a spare copy of an old ISCARIOT?

And the other reason you didn't send me the issue was because "I wasn't sure whether you were dead or alive." That's odd, because in that same issue you said it was good news that I was still alive.

You're right, of course. ISCARIOT is your zine and you can write whatever you damn please in it. And you damn pleased to write about me and not send a copy, and then to further knock me off my swivel chair you say, in the latest issue, "If you don't want my personal remarks on a subject, then refrain from discussing that subject in dol-drum." Who came first, the Andrews or the Locke?

I'll accept your word that you'd have printed my reply in full. In fact, you'd have printed your counter-reply in full, too. And you know how you would have printed them (besides in full?): all shook up and intermixed, in the true style of editor-letterhack togetherness that GMCarr introduced into fandom many years ago.

It seems to me, sitting here on my wall, that Buck Coulson was a good joe about the whole thing because he got caught with a billboard. Everything he said was true (i.e. everything he said was true as far as I'm aware, and as far aware as I really am is as far as I'm concerned. Which is all there is to it - as far as I'm concerned), but he was shouting it too loud and you pounced on him for

it. It's the first time I've ever seen him get 'enraged' and 'involved' in anything that concerned fandom. His views are sound, but he went overboard on the whole thing. Now I've got nothing against an editor inserting snide remarks and witty natterings in his readers' letters, as long as he doesn't overdo it. But when he cuts into a letter every other sentence or so and carries on a long, serious rebuttal, that gets my goat. Even when it isn't my letter. So you've gotten my goat. It'll eat anything. Give it your old ISCARIOTS.

As to the actual business about Paine, read what I said to Dave and then come back to this. ... Back already? Full speed ahead, then.

You say that Paine persuaded me of things that I don't really believe. Now I don't know what your idea of logic is, but I'll be damned if I think you're capable of proving that I believe something when I know that I don't. I can be just as stubborn about it as you...

You missed the point. Whether Paine was some sort of a fruitcake or not, whether he believed (as you say) that personality can be separated from reason, whatever his personal beliefs on that subject were, can't detract from the fact that he did logically disprove the basis for religion. I personally think he was wrong if he believed in a God for personal reasons, but I'll respect him if it's true. You can say his arguments are not valid because he believed in a God for non-logical reasons, but if Tom Paine never existed and I set forth the same arguments (minus the 'I believe in a God for personal reasons') you would have no possible way to scoff at 'my book' because of self-contradicting mental convictions. So you see, Jack, it's the argument that counts - not the man and his personal beliefs. Whenever you think of doing anything other than taking a stated issue on its own merits, say to yourself "Al, what if this had been written by an entirely different person?", or, better yet, say "Al, pretend that nobody wrote this; then you won't be bringing in stupid things that don't bear on the issue itself." You say that.

Another tinkertoy thing you do, if you mean it seriously, is to compliment a fanzine that I hacked off. And that didn't contain enough of my writing to even begin to judge, much less did it "touch on many subjects". Anyhow, I'm glad you liked what little I did. You should go berserker over this issue.

In case you're not sure just exactly how to take anything I've said to you here, just bear in mind that even fans who've known me for awhile don't know how to take me. Some take me seriously. Some take me with a grain of salt. The rest take me with a bicarbonate of soda. Don't forget that I don't know you (or Ambrose, or Hulan, or even Norwood, Harkness, McDaniel, Labowitz, Gibson, or any of the others. The only person in this group that I know is Plott, and since he's my publisher I'd better get off this subject). I will say, though, that even Bill Plott is uncertain on how to take me. I once told him I was dead, and he believed me.

Just the same, don't take anything here too much to heart. I won't be terribly disappointed if you do, but the argument will be less fun. Absit invidia, and all like that.