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Vituperations

Bill Donaho

THE FANTASY AMATEUR Such a quiet, humdrum FA. No muss, no fuss, no sweat, no strain.
O. Fishil Dunn You can do better than that, boys....

BIXEL The best thing in the mailing in my opinion.
Rogers (via Metcalf)

HOO HA HAGERSTOWN Will Hagerstown ever replace Peyton Place? I can see Harry on TV
Drunken Bums Right Now. But perhaps a Hagerstown Confidential format would be
more appropriate. However, the casting might be a trifle difficult
for that one...

HORIZONS But the evidence seems to indicate that man is a gregarious animal and,
Harry Warner given a choice, will huddle together with others of his species. Hermits
or even quasi-hermits seem a definite exception to the general reaction
of mankind. But perhaps the question is: how gregarious? Most men do want some sort
of privacy, though the things considered "private" vary from culture to culture. Never-
theless, to a large extent Man has gotten to where he is by cooperation and non-greg-
arious animals just don't cooperate with each other. And our closest relatives the
primates travel and live together in bands or herds, even when there is no environ-
mental pressure to do so.

In my own case I note that as I grow older I become less gregarious, less inter-
ested in being with people or living with them. I get more and more fond of my own
ways and patters of doing things and less and less willing to modify them in adjusting
to others. Also, I am becoming less and less interested in the social round.

If moisture and insects don't get to cereals and they're kept in air-tight
containers, they'll keep for years.

POSA HIKOMPOS You make me almost sorry I didn't get to the N.Y. Fair. Almost. I'm
Bob Silverberg reasonably sure that even if I still lived in New York, I wouldn't have
gone. Although I've visited Chicago's Musuem of Science and Industry
quite a few times, the only things that have stuck in my mind are the trip through the
coal mine and the village street from the 1890's. The futuristic stuff has slipped
out of recall.

THE PATTTER OF FANNISH FEET At the Westercon when the saxiphone came into the N.Y. suite,
Len Moffatt I also put a closed door between me and it. But in my case
I went out on the balcony and closed the door. Didn't do
much good though. God it was loud! But even though you and June and I seem to have
attended substantially different Westercons, there were many points of intersection, and
I enjoyed the Report.

LEN'S LETTER I've been rereading the DOC SAVAGE reprints too, though I haven't actually
Len Moffatt gone to the point of rereading my collection. However, Astrid is so
GoshWow about Doc Savage that I'm loaning my magazines to the Andersons
when they get back from Europe. I'm nostalgic about Doc too since I was buying Doc
Savage years before I bought any other prozine. And my only letter to a prozine was
published there sometime in '43.

STUPEFYING STORIES I must say I'm pessimistic about anything effective ever being
Dick Eney done to stop the Population Explosion. Oh, I expect there'll be
an effective, cheap pill and it'll be widely distributed. That'll
help some. It'll radically alter our social and sexual mores and should slow things
down a little. But Gawd help us enough people like alot of children so that I expect
the population to increase slow and steadily till it reaches the saturation point
where it is held in check by natural causes like pestilence and starvation. Technology
will help enough so that more and more people will be able to eke out an existence
and cities will become even more monstrous a la "Caves of Steel." And the standard of
living will eventually go Down, Down, Down. Even by 2,000 things should be pretty
much in a mess. Oh well, most of us will be Safely and Cozily dead by then.

THE QUATT WUNKERY While of course New York has the most "immense concentration of
Charles Wells culture" in the country, San Francisco does pretty well on that
score too. It has far more cultural opportunities available than
anyone can take advantage of, excepting only the theater, and even there it gets road
companies, etc. of all the successful plays and has quite an adequate "off Broadway"
and summer theater circuit. And it has a high concentration of creative people living
and working there, something that in this country can only be said for San Francisco
and New York. Unless one counts Hollywood.

Also, San Francisco manages to avoid most of the major drawbacks of N.Y. It
possesses the advantages of a large Metropolitan area and those of a small city. I've
also heard it said that New York (or at least Manhattan) and San Francisco are the
only cities in the country in which it is possible to live without owning an auto-
mobile and not to be put to great inconvenience and disadvantage.

'Round the turn of the century Europeans used to say that by European standards
there were only three cities in the U.S.: New York, San Francisco and New Orleans.
New Orleans is no longer a metropolous of the first rank, but both New York and San
Francisco maintain that privilege.

But New Orleans would still rank with Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. And
there's just no other city in the country entitled to be called a cultural center.

Los Angeles, of course, is just an unghodly concentration of small towns. (As
born and raised Angelino Jack Root says, "There's nothing wrong with Southern California
that couldn't be fixed by dropping an H Bomb on Los Angles.") However, fair's fair,
and it's new art museum is a very Fine Thing indeed.

PANTOPON I think Eleanor Arnason is right when she says that Olivier's production
Ruth Berman of "Henry V" revived interest in Shakespeare's history plays. Before
that critics had kind words for Falstaff and for "Henry IV, Part I"
and some for "Richard III" but no others. Odd. At the moment the history plays are
among my favorites, but I suppose the BBC's "An Age of Kings" helped that along. And
"An Age of Kings" was a magnificent production. Seeing the history plays as a cycle,
with the same actors playing the same roles throughout the different plays added
immensely to the effect I think.

THE GRAND FENWICK GAZETTE Noted.
Wells et. al

NIEKAS "Iolanthe" is my favorite G & S too, although "The Mikado" isn't far behind.
Ed Meskys I saw the D'Oyle Carte do "Pinafore" on their tour in 1956. At that time they had five or six encores to that trio in Act II with the refrain "for a humble captain's daughter and the lord who rules the water." I saw it with Eunice Reardon. She had seen them do it on their previous tour two or three years earlier when Martin Green was still with the company. She said that then they did 19 or 20 encores to it.

I agree with Mark Walstead's point of view. I think that books with large doses of religion should most definitely be kept out of children's hands. However, I think he's wrong about the Narnia books. I don't think they have large doses of religion, but rather that they have many parallels to Christian theology and myths. If the child knows these myths already, obviously no harm is done and if he doesn't know them he'll just consider them fiction and won't be particularly hurt. For myself I enjoyed the Narnia books very much except for the last one in the series, "The Last Battle" which paralleled the end of the world as told in Revelations. That was most decidedly unpleasant. I wasn't able to finish it. And the book in the series I most enjoyed was "The Horse and his Boy" which had a minimal amount of theology.

LSD has finally reached the popular media. The September MODERN ROMANCES had a story: "A Kick that Can Kill - Eating Morning Glory Seeds." (Morning glory seeds-- at least the Heavenly Blue variety and possibly Pearly Gates and Scarlett O'Hara-- contain LSD, about 300 seeds to a High.) I'm afraid the author hadn't done much basic research though. The story was just about as ridiculous as if he had written "He put Peyote in my Milkshake." Ugh. Arrgh. One just doesn't grab a handful of seeds and chew them up and swallow them. They taste very unpleasant and are very difficult to get down. One carefully washes off the insecticide and then grinds them up.

BLEEN Speaking of clubs arguing over the "picayune fine points of club-
Dean Grennell running" reminds me of Whitman House, the co-op I lived in in Chicago. It once had a two-and-a-half-hours business meeting--I wasn't there-- on whether the co-op should buy soft toilet paper or rough toilet paper for the johns. Your comment on the L/SFS business meeting reminds me of another comment by a mid-western fan. "I attended a L/SFS meeting once. After it was over I said, 'Let's go to the nearest bar.' But no one knew where a bar was. Then we went someplace and had coffee and everybody played Diplomacy or Bouree. There was no one to talk to. Remind me never to go to a L/SFS meeting again. On second thought, you don't have to remind me.

The other side of the coin may be exemplified by John Trimble's remark, "We don't like those Berkeley parties where everyone is horizontal by 1:00 A.M." He completely underestimates Berkeley stamnia I'm glad to say.

Oh well.... It takes all kinds....

DOORWAY Pity you censored out Boyd's last and greatest line in that Derogation.
Greg Benford My favorite bit from the old derogations was Trina talking about "little green Ellisons" *** DOORWAY is a Lovely Thing, but it arouses no particular comments.

TTRR REVISITED Hello, E*D C*O*X and L*E*E J*A*C*O*B*S
Cox & Jacobs

WARHOON . . . A quote for you, Dick, from Wilfrid Sheed in the liberal Catholic
Richard Bergeron magazine, COMMONWEAL: "But now, for its own complex reasons,
homosexual taste has taken up cultural junk and routed the wistful
heterosexual. Normal nostalgia has been adulterated, and the Fred Astaire buff sud-
denly finds that he is expected to like old Tiffany lamp shades (doubly disturbing,
if you don't know what old Tiffany lampshades are). He finds himself sharing a sen-
sibility with people who collect bad perfume and hang pictures of Superman in the
bathroom." Mr. Sheed seems just a wee bit intolerant though. I enjoy camp myself.

I thought Lowndes' column was extremely good this time. It cannot be too often
emphasized that you cannot love anyone else if you do not love yourself.

THE OFFICIAL FANTASY AMATEUR Oh, things aren't as bad as all that.
Norm Clarke

PHANTASY PRESS I enjoyed your review of the 10th FAPA mailing. Keep it up.
Dan McPhail

WRAITH Maybe you should try listening to one of the Rolling Stones' records.
Wrai Ballard That way you don't have to look at them, and they are one of the
better examples--if not the best--of the current Folk Rock trend.

SALUD Too bad you didn't get around to a Westercon Report, but I'm glad
Elinor Busby you managed to hang onto your half of the membership. Somehow or
other I just couldn't see Gordon's spending \$200.00 plus for contact
lenses, so I asked him about it. His uncle makes them and his parents paid the costs
as a surprise birthday present. He was against the idea at first, but has now adapted
to them and likes them very much. And Gordon does seem to be one of those people
who look better without glasses.

Your comment on contact lenses reminded me of a passage from Edgar Friedenberg's
"The Vanishing Adolescent," (a very good book, by the way): "Boys, for example, seem
to me usually more concerned with their appearance than girls and also to have more
idea what they actually look like and how other people will respond to the way they
look. Our image of a beautiful girl is so rigidly defined and constantly reiterated
by every medium of communication that it has become in a sense highly impersonal.
Not every girl can be beautiful; but even a girl who is gets less credit for it than
she deserves. It is always a little like seeing the Riviera; however breathtaking
the effect, one's very first response is that it looks exactly the way it is supposed
to, and that one has seen it before. Girls, therefore, are likely to approach
beauty as if it were an effect to be achieved, -- not an artificial effect but still
an external one--the invocation of a social norm which exists altogether independ-
ently of themselves. And their attitude toward the result is likely to be quite
detached. A vain young woman is, in my experience, rare.

"Boys, in contrast, are often very vain; and their vanity is very personal; if
they are handsome, they think of their handsomeness as peculiarly their own. They
dress for it specifically, not according to social norms; a well-built, sun-bronzed
boy will fight like a tiger to keep his mother from getting him out of his torn T-shirt
and Ivy League pants with the useful buckle in the back, and into a conservative
suit designed to conceal his fearful symmetry. Boys seem to get a different kind of
satisfaction than girls from response to their physical attractiveness. Girls, I
believe, are likely to find admiration for their beauty stimulating--not in the erotic
sense, but as an awareness that physical attraction may open avenues to a variety of
interesting relationships and experiences; they become more alert. Boys seem to become

less alert; they bask in physical regard like alligators on a log. Provided there is no seductive purpose behind the response they arouse--and this they are very quick to sense and resent--it seems to reassure them, and they get sleepy.

"There is also, I think, a fairly consistent sex difference in emotional stability in adolescence; again my observations contradict the stereotype. Boys seem on the whole to be moodier, more intense, more mystical almost. The next time you go to a basketball game watch the faces of the players as well as the play. You will see few expressions of recognizable emotion; hardly anyone ever smiles; displays of anger are more frequent, but usually occur during timeouts. What one sees instead are moments of ecstasy and transfiguration, when the player seems as wholly concentrated within his perception of his function as a Hindu holy man. Players are trained for this, of course; but training must be suited to the kind of response of which they are capable, and adolescent boys are capable of just this piercing intensity. Of all sports, basketball seems more suited to their physical and emotional status: the tempo, which demands speed and endurance rather than crushing power; the ritual maze of regulations and penalties, carrying the definition of fair play to obsessive lengths; even the affectionate slaps on the bottom by which coaches and teammates support and reassure a player in a critical situation.

"Girls also play a form of basketball, of course, as do paraplegics in wheel chairs and, for all I know, purple cows; but I do not know why. Even a culture which can usually convince itself that it would enjoy nothing more than the opportunity to observe scantily clad young ladies closely for two or three hours seems to find something incongruous in the spectacle and to avoid it. The emotional aura seems wrong; a girls' basketball team is likely to strike an audience as unconvincing, in the same sense that a bad play does, even if it is technically competent. Dr. Johnson might have compared a girl playing basketball to a woman preacher.

"Boys seem nearly always to be better at games; they take them much more seriously, and learn to control their anxieties in serious situations by treating them as if they were games; how WAAFs must have hated RAF slang! When girls take something seriously, as Judith did Holofernes and Juliet marriage, they are not likely to regard it as a game; they do not play fair; they do not play. This is not absence of humor but presence of mind; humor is not expended on jokes but reserved for use as a commentary on the meaning of more complete situations. The stereotype of women as weaker and less stable emotionally than men seems to be based on the hysteria and irresponsibility that were the only rational and effective attacks that could be made against the Victorian father and husband and his equivalent at other times and places. In the absence of male domination and authoritarianism, these phenomena are not observed."

SERCON'S BANE I'm still addicted to coffee, but I intend to cold turkey it Real Soon
F. M. Busby Now. I've already cut down to one or two cups a day--and that was easy
 enough--but to cut it out entirely seems very difficult. Dave Pollard
used to drink about 30 cups of coffee a day. His doctor told him to cut it out. He
did. For two weeks he slept twelve hours a day and had searing headaches. After that
the effects begin to wear out.

I know it's supposed to be the caffeine in coffee that one is addicted to, but I don't believe it. Tea and other drinks containing caffeine just do not have the pick-me-up effect that coffee has. Tea is fully as diuretic as coffee, but there the similarities seem to end. It doesn't seem to have the same effect on the nerves nor the same power to keep one awake. I can drink several cups of tea just before going to bed, but if I drink even one cup of coffee a couple of hours beforehand: I'm in trouble. Also coffee regularly in the diet will turn laboratory rats' hair gray--an effect that has not been demonstrated for tea.

MELANGE I like John Dickson Carr's time-traveling historical murder stories very much, but for some reason I've never even heard of "The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey". I guess my favorite of that series would be "The Devil in Velvet" which is also set in restoration England. But I'm also quite fond of "Fire, Burn," which is about the beginnings of the London police force. I also like Myers' "Out on any Limb" but not as well as "Silverlock" or even "The Harp and the Blade."

ADDITIONAL EXTACY I found this very interesting, Jack, and I hope you tell us more about all this.
Jack Harness

SPIANE Congratulations on being the new veep, Rick. But don't be too hard on Rick Sneary
gool ol' Vice: Moderation in All Things.

KIM CHI Maybe it's nostalgia, but I think that in general radio programs in Dick Ellington days of yore were better than television programs are today. But I recently read an article upholding this point of view and attributing it to the same thing Stan Freberg was talking about: radio stimulated the imagination; in some senses the audience was actually cooperating with the program in creating the end product. Therefore it was not only automatically offered broader horizons, it was more enjoyable in itself than a pure spectator sport like television. Also, radio could stand, and had, a lot of repetition, but after you've seen it once or twice on TV, it grows stale.

SAMBO I like James Russell Lowell's description of Poe in "A Fable for Critics!"
Sam Martinez He said that Poe was "two-fifths genius and three-fifths fudge."

VANDY Sometimes a parody is funny in itself, even apart from the original work. Coulsons I think "The Man from UNCLE" falls into this class. I've never read a James Bond book nor seen any of the movies, but I think "The Man from UNCLE" is screamingly funny.

LIGHTHOUSE ~~W/O~~LIGHTHOUSE was superb. I've never cared much for Bok's stuff myself-- Terry Carr I can recognize the technical competence, but it just not my cup of tea. Nevertheless I liked Jack Gaughan's piece on him. I met Hannes only a few times and corresponded with him only briefly, yet even at such slight contact his integrity and fierce dedication to his craft were readily apparent.

Pete Graham was interesting, as usual. And I think "The Prodigious Son" is the best thing I've ever seen by him.

Re "The Ace Tolkiens" I think Don doth protest too much.

I usually like Ted White, but he couldn't manage to kindle much enthusiasm in me for the Old West. I agree with him that it was "alien and adventurous as any of the most colorful settings in science fiction." But. I'm reasonably familiar with the Old West and only too well aware of its drawbacks and discomforts. In a more imaginative--or rather more imaginary--setting these painful realities can be glossed over or forgotten. I find a great deal of difficulty in doing that with the Old West.

Re The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way "recognizing Mexican divorces" an interesting legal point has come up. It makes Mexican divorces sort of superfluous. I have been told that a recent court decision states that if two members of a church are married in that church and the church later annuls or dissolves the marriage that this is a divorce that must be recognized by the law. If so, this offers all sorts of possibilities.

Your 1960 predictions for 1965 were interesting when compared with the actuality. I think you're wrong about the Cult though. In general it's been not so much a medium for feuds as a medium for mutual down-putting, with the participants quite often not taking it very seriously. Feuds have happened, but they've been the exception rather than the rule.

SYNAPSE Re the Germans using gas during WWII. I read someplace or other that all Jack Speer the warring powers had supplies of gas on hand, each waiting for the other to use them first. And somehow or other a mistake was made in German supplies and they got some poison gas shells on the Russian front. And they used three of them at Stalingrad. The Russians made a stiff protest, threatening retaliation, and the Germans profusely apologized. (The account didn't explain the mechanism for all this.) But even so this incident wasn't given wide-enough publicity for any condemnation of the Germans to materialize.

I've also read that the reason gas was not used during WWII was not of any humanitarian feelings, but because pound for pound explosives are much more effective.

A PROPOS DE RIEN The producer of a movie or TV script has more to do with the final Jim Caughran product than any other individual, even the writer. But the publisher (usually) just puts the author's product into type. * I agree with you about professional sports. The only sports I was ever able to muster any enthusiasm for were my own school teams, when I had an emotional stake in whether the team won or lost because it was the school winning or losing. I can't imagine wanting to watch any sport unless I identified with one side or the other. And I can't imagine identifying with a professional team.

The California Supreme Court recently decided that the Indians had a right to use the peyote ritual even though taking peyote is extremely illegal in California. A California lawyer I know said that in theory a church could do anything, whether it was illegal or not, but that no doubt Certain Things Would Not be Tolerated: human sacrifice, fertility rites, "temple" prostitution or even gambling stronger than bingo.

I agree with you that "The principal reason for (Kennedy's) popularity may have been the feeling of youth and of vigor which flowed from the White House over the people." And also the feeling of intellectuality, of competence, of liberalism. Man, he really had an image. Did you read Jack Vance's "Brain of the Galaxy"? In it the Elders who choose the dictator of the Galaxy deliberately chose as dictator or "Galactic Prime" the man with the image they approved of, that they wanted imitated throughout the Galaxy, rather than another who would have been a much more competent ruler. The parallel is sort of striking.

ANKUS Willis' report continues as interesting as ever. But it is sort of Bruce Pelz annoying to have such short installments. Can't you stencil more per issue?

ASP Gordon, I think the Rolling Stones are just plain ol' ugly. They're O.K. as Me performers though, but I don't think they are as good as the Beatles. I liked last season's "Down Town" so when I saw an LP by Petula Clark the other day I bought it. I dig her. She's a sort of pop rock torch singer. Note how "subversive" popular music is becoming? The John Birch society actually complained to a couple of radio stations and demanded equal time. It was told that if anyone wrote conservative songs that the kids went for, the station would be happy to play those also. I don't know what's happened to popular music. I can't see such songs as "Eve of Destruction" or "Universal Soldier" or any of their sentiments getting popular acceptance even a few years back....

MAILING COMMENTS

ON

FAPA NO 112

GORDON EKLUND

This is going to be a somewhat abbreviated set of mailing comments this time. Oh, I had plenty of time in which to bat out pages and pages of witty and perceptive comments. Only I have been doing other things such as reading books, listening to loud music, and writing brilliant and witty perceptive type comments for Other Apas.

SYNAPSE (Speer): Yes, I think it would be somewhat more accurate to term "The Man From Uncle" a spoof rather than a satire. In the public mind, it is neither. The James Bond movies, obviously Uncle's inspiration, are in themselves outrageous spoofs of the whole intrigue/spy listique. The most refreshing things about both — and about the Ian Fleming novels themselves — is that none take themselves at all seriously, despite the strained efforts of critics to read everything from Greek mythology to Freudian symbolism into the works.

I don't watch television at all. Well, very rarely. But if I have a "favorite" tv program, Man From Uncle is it. My favorite episode was one I caught last August — a re-run from the previous season, I imagine.

Ilya is tapped to masquerade as a Russian — supposedly to involve some real Soviet type Russian in a deep plot. After the word is given to Ilya of the necessity of his masquerade, the scene switches to the Russian Embassy, where a party is in progress. Ilya is dressed as a Russian to be sure: long curly hair, rimless spectacles, and an evil squint — the exact replica of Leon Trotsky. All these Russians stream by him, oblivious to the faintest resemblance. I had a whole bunch of trouble concentrating on the plot. Everytime Ilya/Trotsky would pop on the screen, I'd have to take a moment out to go "hahaha" and "hohoho" and make other childish laughter noises.

I think children are pretty savage. I know I was. For that matter, I still am, but that's beside the point. Children don't start wars like your generation does, nor do they fight in them as my generation does, but their savageries are more subtle. Dig the toys they have: Guns, knives, hand grenades, James Bond suitcases that explode at the wrong touch. Their major influence, television, is loaded with blood, gore and guts, just to keep them happy. Much of this probably comes from trying to emulate their parents, and of course I'm not talking about all children, just most of the mass of them. For that matter I suppose adults are just as savage on the whole: they're simply more adept at hiding their little animalistic quirks.

I have never heard that there was a "freedom to commit" crime. Which Bill of Rights did that appear in? ## Thanks for sending me "Breenigan After One Year." I read it with more interest than I thought I could muster for a subject which has come to bore me so thoroughly. I guess you made your stand pretty clear — too bad it was so thoroughly pointless at this late date.

What I was trying to say, and what I had deluded myself into thinking I had said, when I went on at length about liberalism a few months back was that I thought our present liberalism was a phony liberalism. I don't think either Johnson or his administration are nearly so liberal as you think. I find it hard to keep from feeling huge qualms about the progressiveness of a government backed by Henry Ford.

I think the personalities of most fans fit those projected through their fanzine writings. One has to make a bunch of allowances. People do tend to be more easily capable of communicating in print than in person once they have mastered the ability to clearly state their thoughts on paper. A "fanzine personality" is still the personality of the real human person typing the stencils. It is impossible for it to be completely different. I can think of a couple fans who are balls of fire in print, but totally uncommunicative in person. This just shows that the verbal and outgoing parts of their personalities are expressed in fanzines. Not that the two personalities are different. This also means that they are sort of screwed up — but that is a different thing entirely.

BLEEN (Gronnell): "Fink" is a good word to be sure. But it no longer has the aura of derogation that it used to have. Thanks to Steve Allen and other politicians, it has become a term of fondness: "You good old fink, you." This seems to happen to a lot of words. First they have a meaning of specific badness. Then a meaning of general badness. Then a meaning of general fondness. "Bastard" went that route; now so has fink. There are a batch of other words about filling up the Great Need left by the change in meaning of these terms. I'd quote them at great length, but people might blush and if anyone is really interested, I suspect they already know more about the subject than I.

WARHOON (Bergeron): I got rather tired of these countless things about the magnificence of the Kennedy image. While he was alive, one hardly even noticed that there was such an image. To read some of the things said one would have the vision that this guy waved his magic wand and everyone became young and gay and read books and looked at the Mona Lisa. Such was not the case, unfortunately. Kennedy was a man; he was not an image (he wasn't King Arthur either, for that matter). He should and will be judged as a man. But the really ironic things about such comments is their accuracy: Kennedy's greatest achievement as a man was in the image that he created for himself.

I was wondering when somebody else was going to notice Harry Warner's increasing dependence on a gimmick in his fan fiction writing — in particular starting his story as an article and then slowly building up the fictional element. I find this practice quite irritating at times — I mean, I was interested in reading an article about the problems fans have had with the Post Office. :: At times you are a subtle Richard Bergeron, sir. I read that line about "Tolkien sounds like a fairy tale" two or three times and was prepared to go into an immense diatribe along the lines of "What's Wrong with a Good Fairy Tale" until I dug the tongue-in-cheek reference to Gina Clarke's Tolkien Writes Fag Books piece. Sometimes I wake up on the wrong side of home plate.

SAMBO (Martinez): I didn't read this zine. I performed this negative act (God, I'm beginning to sound like Mike Deckinger) not just so I could sneer at you in my mailing comments — in fact, I'm not going to sneer at you, even. There were three other reasons: (1) I am not interested in science fiction very much (especially in fanzines of all places) (2) I am most certainly bored by Edgar Allan Poe — a dull minor American writer with an oversized vocabulary and (3) I am strangely prejudiced against double-spaced fanzines — probably from too much exposure to Ed Martin zines. But one sentence in this publication caught my eye. You say that there is little question that great scientists come about because of their reading of science fiction. Little question from whom, I might ask? I have a big question about it. Let's not get carried away patting ourselves on the back. Our great scientists have been produced because of their interest in science and in building cbombs with which to kill people. Science fiction has nothing to do with the case. I was once, when, oh, eight or nine, highly intrigued by science. I wanted to grow up and kill people, too. But a few years later I started reading science fiction in great gobs. I lost all interest in science whatsoever. Why take on the dull, heavy, brain straining tones of physics when I had papable little science fiction novels sitting about. Besides, the science fiction was far more exiting than the science ever was. After that, my lowest marks, throughout school, were in science. My high marks were in things like English. It might be accurate to say that an interest in science fiction has produced our great science fiction writers, or even that an interest in science has produced them — but if you turn it around, you're off your nut.

BIXEL (Rogers): I used to watch faith healers on television all the time. Particularly Oral Roberts — I guess that was the name. This was many years ago, when I was struggling through Dick & Jane in the 2nd grade. I have suddenly realized how early I lost my faith. I didn't think it was until a number of years later, after attending some Catholic classes. But I remember watching these shows and wishing that someone would go up there and show that guy off by not getting healed. I knew it was all a phony; I just wanted everyone else in the world to know it too.

VANDY (Coulsons): You seem to feel that there is some sort of parallel to be drawn between the banning of airplane glue and the attempts to ban guns. Bosh. See, you say, they tried to get rid of airplane glue and it didn't work. The same will happen with guns. Look at those deluded do-gooders and their Dodd bills. I used to build model airplanes when I was younger — a driving interest which pushed me into the Air Force. I used airplane glue to stick the parts together. I never sniffed it. I was under this strange delusion that the glue was being produced for harmless interests such as mine, not to give teenagers a high. Guns aren't made to stick airplanes together; they're made to kill people. If there hadn't been people around to be killed, there wouldn't be guns. I expect that if there were no glue sniffers around, we'd still have airplane glue.

SALUD (Elinor Busby): I never did enjoy wearing glassos. I rather hated them. They heard my nose; they made me look old, not young, happy and youthful. I also think they made me feel self-conscious. I know I feel different without them.

I adjusted to contact lenses pretty rapidly. Oh, it was one huge pain —literally so, even—at first. After about three weeks, things were much better. I'd never change back now, of course. I put them in when I get up in the morning and take them out when I go to bed. The only times I ever have the least amount of trouble are either when I happen to fall asleep with them in or when I stay up all night, getting only a couple hours of sleep. They feel sort of like sand when you try to put them in the next morning.

I didn't want to get contacts at first. They were a surprise birthday gift from my parents last summer. After they had gone to the trouble and expense I felt a strong obligation to try them at least.

My major problem while I was getting adjusted to the contacts was that occasionally, if I did something particularly strenuous with them in my eyes, both eyes would clamp shut on me. This happened the first time I wore them. I was going along fine, happy, smiling, admiring my new face in store windows. Then I tried to read something and my eyes started watering. It got worst. Then my right eye clamped shut on me. A little later so did the left. Out in the bright sunlight, even with sun glasses on, I couldn't open either eye. In the shade I could barely push them open. I staggered back to the place I had gotten them, for the first time in my life partially realizing how it feels to be blind.

This only happened one other time. I was riding a bus. But by then I had learned how to take them out and didn't have nearly so much trouble. I put them back in a couple hours later and wore them for a few more hours. It took quite a bit of shaving before the lenses fit my eyes comfortably. I found that I have particularly steep eyes, as do both my uncle and cousin who also wear contacts. I don't know the significance of this but I went around for days with a more steeper eye than thou smirk on my face.

DESCANT (Clarkes): Gina: I have sort of a bad memory, too. I remember things I'm not really interested in, dry dull facts, figures and dates. But I have a very difficult time with books. I never remember the names of characters. The basic plot only stays with me a couple weeks. A year after reading a book one, maybe two particularly vivid scenes stick in my mind — little else, except for a vague impression of like or dislike. I've often read half way through a book before realizing that, hey, I've read this thing before. Then I feel all cheated. The ending pops into my mind completely clearly. I recall all that is to happen on the pages I have yet to read.

I have the same trouble with things I write, too. I get very embarrassed when people say: "That was a funny thing you said in Science Fiction Fighting Man about dogs." I can't remember saying anything about dogs. If I do, I can't remember anything about exactly what I said. It's pretty silly to have to say: "Well, what did I say about dogs?" Besides, I don't like dogs anyway.

You're right. I can't remember getting up this morning. Maybe I didn't.

COMMENTS: Being a few random observations on the 112th mailing of FAPA made by Alva Rogers, 5243 Bahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California, and as of the 112th mailing no. 21 on the waiting list. This screed is intended for inclusion in Bill Donaho's Asp #7 for the 113th mailing.

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DOORWAY #1 Enjoyed your comments on Raymond Chandler, Greg. I lived Greg Benford in Southern California (San Diego and Los Angeles) during the period Chandler wrote about, the thirties and forties, but of course I didn't move in the circles described in his books and stories. However, I know what you mean about the feeling you get from reading Chandler that he's describing a time and place that bears little resemblance to the present Southern California. As I believe I told you this summer in San Diego Sid and I knew Chandler, having met him for the first time at a MWA party in San Diego sometime in '48 or '49. I got to know him fairly well in the following couple of years as he used to bring his wife to the clinic where I worked and would stop at the pharmacy and chat. This was almost a weekly thing.

You are slightly in error when you say that Chandler was an Englishman. He was born in Chicago in 1888 and moved to England when he was eight years old, attended school there, returned to the U.S. in 1912 settling in California. In 1914 he enlisted with the Canadian Gordon Highlanders, switched to the Royal Flying Corps in 1918, was demobilized in 1919 and returned to California. During the twenties he worked at many things, eventually becoming director of a number of independent oil companies until he was bombed out by the Crash. His first story, "Blackmailers Don't Shoot," was published in Black Mask in 1933.

ADDITIONAL EXTACY Very interesting, Scribe. I've been moderately Jack Harness curious about Subud for some time now, but not enough to do any serious investigation: this pretty well satisfies my curiosity. I guess I'm too much of a sceptic to take anything like this seriously.

SALUD 22 I've been wearing glasses since I was six and in 36 years Elinor Busby I've never really gotten used to them. I particularly hated wearing them when I was a kid at a time when boys who wore glasses were often accused of being sissies by their more fortunate peers, and "four-eyes" was one of the kinder taunts thrown at us. In high school I wore rimless glasses which were hopefully thought to be virtually invisible on one's face. They were...from a hundred feet away. I used to dream then of one day being fortunate enough to own a set of revolutionary contact lenses, even though they were prohibitively expensive and bulky compared to today's lenses. Once in a while these days I rather diffidently mention contact lenses to Sid and she comes right back at me with a big fat "no" because, she insists, without my stylish hornrims (which I've been wearing now for some twenty-or-so years) my face is nothing, what with me being a redhead with blond eyebrows and lashes and blue eyes. Maybe so, but sometime I think I'd like to give them a try, anyway.

Sid and I have been married for eighteen years now and, although she wasn't a fan when I met her and hadn't the foggiest notion of what fandom was, she's been a fan all the time since. Even before I met her she had unknowingly had some tangential contact with fandom. For one thing, she worked on the same newspaper with and was a "bosom" buddy of Cleve Cartmill; and on frequent jaunts to Los Angeles she had met a time

or two my good buddy Niesen Himmel in a bar not far from the old LA Herald-Express which was a hangout for newspapermen. Moran's, I believe the joint was called. However, it wasn't too long after we met that she got a fannish baptism of fire that would have sent a less resilient female screaming into immediate and permanent gafia. We were married in Los Angeles, Himmel was my best man, and all the wedding guests (except for immediate family and a few family friends) were fans.

We were married in the First Unitarian Church and the chapel was filled with fans with, as I remember, Elmer Perdue and Dale Hart (Dale with a full beard, a rarity in those far off days) in the front row. Sid's father threw an impromptu reception for us in his suite in the Biltmore and every fan in LA was there to lap up the champagne. Uncle Elmer, offended by the pedestrian art hanging on the walls, went from room to room of the suite solemnly turning all the pictures to the wall. Sid, bless her heart, being a newspaper woman and used to offbeat type characters, right away accepted my fan friends as hers.

Later that evening we checked into the Commodore Hotel before taking off the next day for San Francisco and our honeymoon: a tactical mistake we were soon to find. The Commodore was a medium quality hotel on Seventh Street, just a few blocks from storied Bixel Street. When we registered we were told our key was misplaced so the bellboy who took us upstairs was given a passkey. As we walked down the hall to our room we could hear sounds of revelry and the bellboy remarked as how someone was certainly having a fine party. When we got to our door it sounded suspiciously like the party sounds were coming from behind it and I asked if we had the right room. By that time the door was thrown open and we stood there aghast, as they say. Unbelievably, the room was a madhouse filled with fans. A poker game was in full swing with torn up bits of toilet paper serving as poker chips and one of the beds as the table; and Elmer and Betty Perdue were sitting on the floor with their backs to the wall, surrounded by empty quart beer bottles, pitcously crying in concert, the reason for their sorrow on that festive occasion now forgotten.

Considering that this was our wedding night you can understand how unfriendly I felt toward my friends and how frantically (but fruitlessly) I tried to clear the room. In time they took pity on us and left, but not before having spirited out of the room all the soap and towels and toilet paper and short-sheeting both beds.

In a way Erik Pennel looks a bit like Will Jenkins, but I've always thought he looked more like a younger Robert Ryan.

LIGHTHOUSE #13 Another excellent issue of this consistently excellent Terry Carr magazine. And with Bok illos, yet! Gaughan's article on Bok and his method of working was fascinating, if all too brief. The insight this article gives into Bok's passion for perfection causes me to appreciate all the more the four stone lithos of his I've treasured since I bought them from him back in 1945.

Wollheim's piece on the Ace Tolkiens was a well presented brief for Ace's position in what promises to become a publishing cause celebre, what with heated discussion of Ace's "coup" in two different issues of The Saturday Review as well as in the fan press. Frankly, I can't see anything so heinous in what Ace has done: someone goofed disgracefully in failing to take the most elementary measures to protect the profes-

sor's rights; but even so, Don has insisted for some time that Ace is willing to pay professor Tolkien an honorarium even though not legally compelled to do so. Despite Don's reasoned defense of Ace vis-a-vis Tolkien I doubt if there will ever be any consensus on the ethics involved here, particularly among the pro's: the other night at a Little Men party a top pro declared that he'd instructed his agent not to submit anything of his to Ace in the future, and at the recent Westercon one of the hottest scenes during the program was a "debate" between Ted White and Harlan Ellison on this subject.

Pete Graham's Mike Rossmann vignette was beautifully done, but the thing of his that really gasses me out of my mind was "How Much a Pound, Guv?"

Metzger, as usual, was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. When George gets out of the Army, Terry, you ought to think seriously about publishing all his letters in chronological order in a separate book.

You're a pretty good prophet, Terry.

WARHOON 22 Generally enjoyed as always, but no comments this
Richard Bergeron time. Being in a generally benevolent mood tonight
I'm not even going to make any comments on yours and
other's comments on the Breenigan.

DESCANT 14 Gina: I was born and raised a Mormon and didn't completely
Clarkes lose my faith until my late teens, and by the time
I broke irrevocably with the Church and religion in general it was relatively painless. The only pain suffered by my break was the pain suffered by my mother who's faith is deep and who felt that she was somehow at fault for my falling away.

When I was a freshman in college after the war in the winter of '46-'47 there was a traveling fundamentalist revivalist holding forth in a loft hall on lower Broadway in San Diego who was drawing a pretty good crowd every night. He had a reputation as a real spellbinder with a high batting average for souls saved. He was billed as Little David and his age publicized as eight -- although he looked considerably older. So, in the spirit of good clean scholastic research a bunch of us from college decided one night to make the scene and observe this phenomenon at work.

After the usual impassioned buildup (which was quite impressive) came the exhortation for sinners to come forward, repent their sins, accept Jesus, and be saved. We thought it would be a gas if one of us went up to be saved and after some discussion I was nominated. I stepped down the center aisle with a suitably repentent mien, I thought, to where they had set up a row of low benches where the sinners knelt side by side, each one being prayed over by one of Little David's disciples. I took my place at the bench and was immediately pounced upon by an open faced young man who knelt beside me, put his arm around my shoulder and asked me if I was ready to purge my sinful soul and accept Jesus as my Saviour.

I said I was and then confessed to all sorts of hairy sins, some real, most wholly fabricated. He seemed quite impressed that one so young as I could have led such a dissolute life. As evidence of my sincere desire to change my life I handed him the pack of Luckies I had in

my shirt pocket, swearing off for life (currently I smoke from three to five packs of larks a day) -- this earned me a commending pat on the shoulder and a fervent "Praise the Lord!" from my confessor.

After repeated assurances that I felt the power of Jesus within me and promising to try to lead a more exemplary life I managed to break free and beat a retreat to my friends at the rear of the hall.

A childish prank? I suppose so, but at the time we were convinced that Little David and those promoting him were putting over a con on the gullible souls who flocked to his call -- I'm still not sure it wasn't. But, anyway, it was a private joke and nobody but us was aware that it was a prank.

A PROPOS DE RIEN 15 The point I was trying to make, Jim, was that unlike the author of a book or magazine story a screen writer is usually subject to interference by any number of different parties such as producers, directors, sponsors (TV), story doctors, the ringing in of other writers to provide additional dialogue, ideas, etc., to the point where frequently the final product as seen on the screen or tube is hardly recognizable to the author of the original story. See Harlan's comment on this in Lighthouse 13.

Of course, we science fiction fans automatically think of the Drama Hugo going to the writer. But what of the director? Many times the difference between a nothing picture and an outstanding one depends as much on the knowledge, skill, and imaginativeness of the director who has to transform the script into visual drama as it does on the author's deathless prose.

And what about the producer? He's the same like a publisher, isn't he? The money behind the whole thing, that is. When we set up the Book Publisher category for the Pacificon II we were thinking in terms of the editor, really, not the publisher: Don Wollheim for Ace, Don Benson for Pyramid, Ian Ballantine (of course) for Ballantine, Larry Shaw for Lancer, etc. A couple of months ago when Wollheim was here in the Bay Area I asked him where he kept the Hugo Ace had won: "It's in Wyn's office," he said.

So there you are. We on the committee and, I'm sure, the majority of the fans who voted the Hugo to Ace Books were in fact giving the award to Don Wollheim and not to A.A. Wyn; but Wyn, as the publisher and money behind Don, claimed the trophy.

Now, take a hypothetical parallel for instance: Harlan Ellison (a fictitious writer) has realized his lifelong ambition and won a Hugo for his sensitive science fiction drama, Android JD, and at the banquet proudly accepts it from Agberg/Boucher/Asimov to shattering applause from the audience. Everyone is happy for Harlan.

Harlan goes back to Hollywood and naturally brags up the fact that he won a Hugo for his sensitive script -- and doesn't this entitle him to more and better assignments and more pay? So what happens? The producer calls him in to his office for a friendly conference:

"Harlan, baby! I hear you picked up some kinda trophy at some sorta convention for our Android JD, right?"

"Right, chief. You see, these friends of mine, science fiction fans, honored me..."

"Us, baby, us."

"Right, chief, us. As I was saying..."

"Harlan, baby, don't you think that trophy would look good on this book case over here, or do you think it would look better on the corner of my desk?"

"But, chief..."

"What's on you mind, Harlan baby? You think you should maybe keep the thing? Look, baby. Who pays for those scripts of yours? Those friends who are nothing but a bunch of Beatniks, maybe? Now, when I talk to the money back in New York and tell 'em how I got a trophy here in my office I won for Android JD..."

That's Hollywood, baby.

If the drama category is going to be retained then I would urge a revision in the wording of the rules making it explicit that the award is going to the writer unless otherwise specified.

ASP #6 I thought your observations re Vietnam quite sensible, Bill.
Bill Donaho As a cynical reformed orthodox Communist who in the days of my radical youth did my share of protesting and demonstrating I get a kick out of watching the current rash of demonstrations and marvel at the profound truths that vapour forth from the messianic leaders of these movements. I'm all for peace and an end to killing, but I doubt very much that these demonstrations reviling the US's involvement in Vietnam are going to have much affect on the course of our foreign policy. Now, if the students in China and North Vietnam would rise up in mass demonstrations against their governments actions in Vietnam and demand that they withdraw their troops and stop interfering in the internal affairs of South Vietnam... Well, then maybe ^{we} could get somewhere.

Alva Rogers/October 29, 1965

