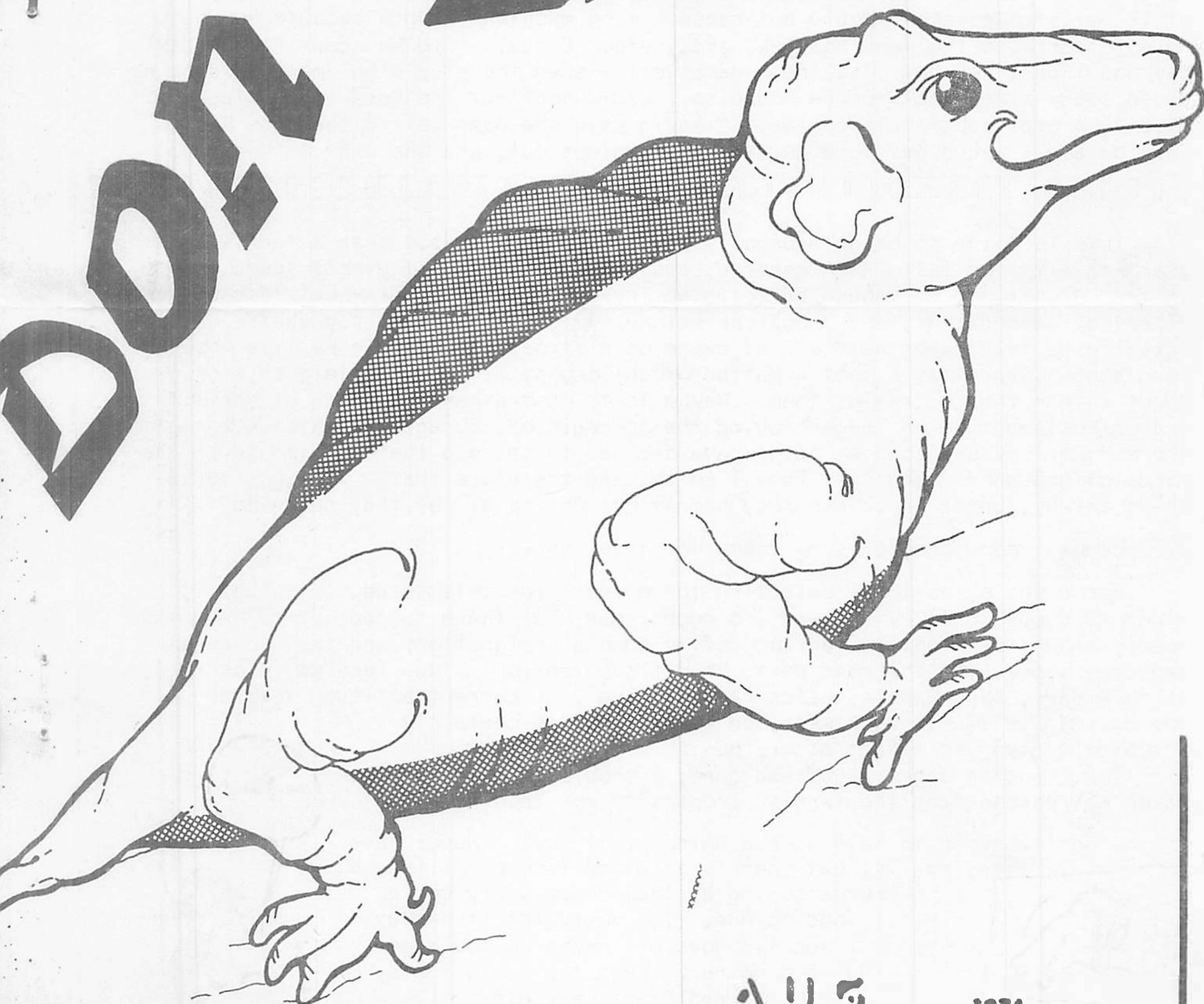


35

Don't SAUR



アリゴ.

1974

DON - O - SAUR 35

Vol. 3 No. 11

August 1974

Published monthly by Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster, CO 80030 Available for 25¢ per issue or 12 for \$2.50, or in exchange for other fanzines, letters of comment, or artwork. If you did not receive last month's zine, and believe you should have -- if you're a paid subscriber or a regular loc-er, or an art contribber, or even if you've been receiving the zine regularly for no reason at all that you know of;--OR if issue 34 arrived in such a pathetically bedraggled condition as to discourage you from reading it -- please let me know, and I will be happy to send you a fresh copy. What happened was my fault, but the Post Office is not exactly blameless either. Instead of taking the first batch of Don-o-Saurs to the Post Office to mail them, as I should have, I dumped them in the sidewalk mail box down the street. Apparently someone came along shortly after that and emptied a bottle of coke into the box. The mailman who collected from that box came to our door and gave my daughter hell. Told her he would damn well appreciate it if her stupid father would not cause him so much extra work because he would have to sort out the mess somehow, etc., etc. Claudia told me about it the next day and I gave her hell, saying I damn well wished the stupid mailman would bring those soggy zines back to the house so I could sort out the mess and decide who should be sent substitute copies. Claudia said she damn well wished the Postal Service and I would get together and hash things out, and she went to her room.

[illegible]

This is going to be an unusually fannish issue. It has been a fannish month, starting with the last DASFA meeting, and the whole trend of events seems to be in that direction, so though building up inexorably to Discon -- but then there's MileHiCon beyond that, and Bubonicon before that, so how can I say what events are building up to? Nevertheless I am aware of a strong pressure in my life toward fannishness, and it's almost a matter of philosophy with me to yield to such pressures rather than to resist them. Maybe it is just a manifestation of senility and enfeeblement -- no longer having the strength or courage to resist events, to try to chart my own course; but I have decided to believe that my life is in the hands of the ghods, and that They like me, and therefore that I will go (for a while anyway, until or unless they betray me) whichever way they nudge me.

Hence, faannishness is my theme for this issue.

For a while, as I was selecting the artwork for this issue, I thought it might turn out to be my sex and violence issue, but there turned out to be not nearly enough sex represented to justify such a designation; and the violence depicted seems, for the most part, to fit the fannish mold. The two illos on this page, for example, match rather closely my current attitude towards the United States Postal Disservice -- and that is certainly a typically fannish target of wrath.

The illos on pages eight and nine, I should think, could be taken as representing the fannish propensity for feuding.

I don't happen to have a feud going right now (I never have had, really, but there's a letter from C. William

George coming up that conceivably could lead to one, if I would let it -- but I won't. However, maybe we could get a feud going between the two artists, Jim Hyatt and Grant Canfield. (I enjoy other people's feuds but as a matter of policy (and cowardice), I try to avoid them for myself).



Possibly the means of repro for this doesn't seem particularly fannish?

Well, I admit that this isn't exactly Hektograph (sorry, I ran out of gel, so I'm having to do this on offset), but what could be more fannish than a fan with a new toy?

Speaking of which, . . .

This is as good a time as any to give a progress report on the fabulous Goldstein-Thompson offset duplicator, to tell you how I'm putting this month's zine together, and to add a footnote to the production story of last month's.

Last month as you may recall, the ghods (I have definitely decided that They are plural) instructed me NOT to get too ambitious with the offset. Nevertheless, at the very last minute almost and as an afterthought, I decided to go ahead and run one page through the offset as I had originally intended. (A gesture of defiance?

Oh, not really; it seemed like the logical thing to do at the time -

I felt that I had the permission of the Authorities), and it worked -- sort of. Page 4 was legible anyway, wasn't it? Much fainter than the other pages, but still readable. I had not yet figured out the ink flow mechanism.

sigh...now tell me
how offset works...
one more time.



I'm not sure even now that I have mastered the inking problem; the physical appearance of this zine will give the answer, because this month I am going all the way with the idea that I was playing with last month.

I'm not going all the way to offset just yet. Fred Goldstein is; he has even sold his mimeograph, burned his bridges. Not me. I still like my mimeo and hope to get a lot of use out of it yet, and for this issue I am using it to get the pictures, except for the front cover, for which I paid \$5 to have a metal plate made. Fred had his artists draw pictures directly on the paper masters, with lovely results. I'm sure I'll be using that technique more and more in future issues (unless I do as the Coulsons are reputed to have done and go back to mimeo entirely). For this issue, though, I am mixing the media, and I expect you will let me know whether the results are satisfactory or not.

There are several topics I want to touch on lightly this issue. ("Topics" is the wrong word, but I'll let you try to figure out what I'm trying to say). For one thing, I intend to reprint a bit of fannish fiction (for reasons that will become clear enough when we get to it). Then I must tell you a little about last month's DASFA meeting and of the making of the not-likely-to-ever-become-famous fan film, Pleasure Planet, based loosely (oh, ever so loosely!) on the SF porn novel of the same name by Edward George (aka Bob Vardeman.)

That film may have its world premiere at some room party at Discon -- and that would lead me logically enough to want to tell you something about my plans for Discon except that, really, what is there to say? Except that I will be there, and I will be checking name tags carefully, hoping to meet in person as many as possible of the friends I have made through Don-o-Saur. I don't know if any of the other Don Thompsons will be there, but to be safe [huh?! from what?] I will tell you how to distinguish me from the others. My name tag will include my middle initial -- remember that there is Don A., Don B., and Don C., and I am the number three man. In addition, maybe I can get one of my artist friends to do me a dinosaur name tag, and I'll just have to hope there aren't too many dinosaur fetishists at the con.

(I wonder if the second half of that sentence means anything? I wrote it and then left, and just came back and in trying to pick up where I left off find myself somewhat baffled and bemused. No matter . . . I hope).

Another way you will be able to recognize me is by my physical appearance. I am tall and skinny (6'2" 140 pounds), with a short beard, longish hair, except on top, where there ain't none at all, and I will probably be wearing rumpled trousers and a vacuous grin. Oh, yes. I wear glasses. If you decide to look for me, a likely place to start would be the Hucksters Room.

Anyway, I really hope to see you at the con.

And now I must tell you a little about this piece of fan fiction I am reprinting, and about its author.

Ted Peak is the treasurer of DASFA. He is a former OE of D'APA. He publishes an apazine called KATANA and a genzine called FANITY FARE. For quite some time now, Ted's apazine has carried a feature called Backwards Visions. The time is the future. The narrator seems to be Ted's son. The senile old storyteller who bores the young man to distraction with his endless reminiscences of the old days is Ted himself in his dotage. The episodes always

satirize some aspect of current DASFandom, and sometimes the satires are biting indeed. I have Ted's permission

to reprint, from the July

1974 issue of KATANA:

The Perils of Publishing

I stood over my machine, watching the words print evenly and the paper flow smoothly into the piles designated. I pushed the ink button, and switched colors for the illo, and to emphasize certain words. The machine switched back automatically. The papers piled up, each in order and collated for the stapler and address machines. I yawned slightly, knowing that I had a full fifteen minutes work left to deliver the complete copies of my zine to the post office. All in all, I figured I had spent thirty minutes in publishing my weekly zine, FANITY PRESS.

I heard Dad come into the room, and quickly looked for something to stick in his hand. If I could get him reading, then he wouldn't talk, and I'd keep my sanity for another day. I was too late.

"You like that machine, hum?"

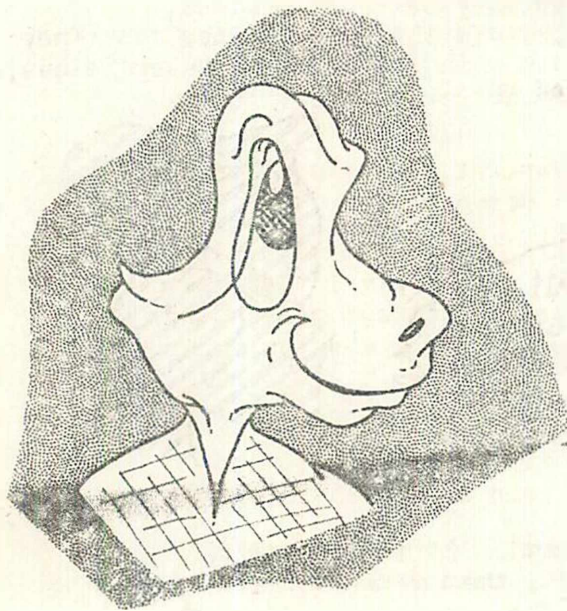
"Why, sure, Dad. You just type out what you want to say, then print it. It's all self-contained, just like everybody else's."

"Oh, yes, but I remember when things didn't go that well for fans. I remember such horrors as mimeograph machines."

I didn't say a word.

"Well, since you asked, a mimeograph machine was what most people published zines on during my day. It was done on a special stencil, run off on an ink machine onto special paper that absorbed the ink. It usually took several days to do a zine, unless you were fast or sloppy.

"Everybody was doing theirs on mimeo until Fred Goldfart showed up one day with a steam driven, computer controlled, six-foot by three-foot Super Amalgamated Brand Printing Press. He took it over to the Den



Yeahhhnn....

of Antiquity (or was it Iniquity?) at The Don's and set it up.

"The reaction was immediate. There were people who were astounded that such a thing should really exist. They lusted after it. They wanted Fred and The Don to do all their zines on the fantastic press. They rushed home and gathered all the material that they could lay their hands on for a zine. There were recipes for Faan stew, con reports from fifth hand sources, book reviews of books they wrote themselves, and art. All sorts of art, even the design left in the kitty litter.

"All these enterprising publishers showed up at The Don's and waited for their chance to publish.

"Then Fred came out to them, his face downcast. He shook his head at the assembled multitude, then mumbled, 'It doesn't work.'

"The crowd was thunderstruck. 'Not work?' they muttered. What could possibly have happened? It had to work. The kitty litter was drying, the books were rotting, and Ken Mallard had almost gone blind sitting in movie theatres to write film reviews. There was too much at stake for it not to work.

"Charlie Martian, the token alien, asked, 'What's wrong?' Fred merely shrugged his shoulders. Then The Don himself came out, and everyone genuflected. Charlie, never one to keep still, asked again.

"The Don smiled slightly, a chilling sight. 'It just doesn't work. If any among you wants to try to fix it, come forward.' Of course, the whole crowd pressed forward, but The Don merely selected one to try, telling the others that if the first failed, then others would be given their chance.

"Several people tried, but failed. Randy Rockhead even spoke binary to it, but it would not budge.

"Then Carol Van Naughty came forward. She wore a blouse open to the navel, a skirt that barely reached her shapely upper thighs, and her hair was in a carefully tousled throw. She smiled sweetly at the Don, dodged his hug, and artfully slapped away a pinch at her almost exposed bottom.

"'Let me try,' she asked. They agreed. She walked around the press, then announced, 'Everybody leave.' Fred started to protest, but The Don waved him still. 'Let her try.'

"Outside the door, The Don and Fred listened. They could hear a rustle as if clothes were being removed. Then they heard Carol's soft voice cooing unintelligible words. Gradually her voice grew huskier, and soft moans could be heard. Abruptly, the only sound was that of some very heavy breathing.

"Suddenly they heard the clatter of the presses, the hum of the computer, and the whistle of released steam. The press worked. Everyone was ecstatic. Carol opened the door, her hair disarrayed, her clothes rumpled, and a sleepy look about her eyes.

"'It works!' Fred yelled. 'How did you do it?'

"'Really simple,' Carol answered. 'All you had to do was turn it on.'"

So much for that sort of frivolity; now back to the real world.

I was going to tell you about the July DASFA meeting, and I'm still going to try, but first I cannot resist relaying a report, the authenticity of which I'm unable to vouch for; I got it second or third hand. It seems that somebody brought guests to the meeting -- non-fans, a man and wife (or a woman and her husband, if you prefer). When the meeting was at its most chaotic, just as all the trufans were really getting into their roles, the visitors left, with the murmured explanation: "We thought we were going to hear some book reviews."

The July meeting had its beginnings in January, when Judith Brownlee was elected director of DASFA for the coming year. One of the first things she did was chart programs. For July she tentatively scheduled a dramatic reading session -- selections from some of the masterpieces to be read aloud; I think that was the original idea. At a later stage we almost decided to do a presentation of a science fiction play. The problem was in getting the cast together for rehearsals. In fact, she couldn't even get us all together to decide exactly what we were going to do.

July approached. The dramatic reading was postponed indefinitely, and Judith announced that at the July meeting we would make a movie.

Everyone was asked to bring something -- costumes, props, scenery, ideas, anything. All anybody knew to begin with was that Fred Goldstein (who has had acting experience) was to be the director and Ted Peak (who owns a pretty good 8 mm camera) was to be the cameraman. Everything was to be improvisational. We were to take a half an hour or so deciding on the general nature of the story-line and doing the casting, and then Fred and Ted were to take it from there.

I don't know whether Judith knew when she decided to do the movie that Bob Vardeman was going to be at the meeting or not. It probably wouldn't have made any difference. It was inevitable that VardeBob should be saddled with the script-writing. Ed Bryant, DASFA's dirty-old-pro-in-residence, wasn't at the meeting, so the visiting dirty-old-pro had to perform his functions.

(Actually, mostly what BV did at the meeting was autograph copies of his book, Pleasure Planet, by Edward George ((Fred Goldstein had brought six or seven copies of the book from the porn shop where he works -- oh yes, it is a pornographic book-- and sold all of them at \$2.08 each)) but he still gets screen credit -- or blame-- as the script-writer).

I do not create well in committee situations, so I did not volunteer to help with the script. Bob and Fred were accepting ideas (and in some cases rejecting them) from many other people. I hung around close, though, to see if I couldn't get myself cast in a starring role.

And sure enough . . .

Back when I was giving you a physical description of myself--remember?-- I neglected to mention that when I am painted green I bear a strong resemblance to the Kelly Freas cover illustration on the September 1954 Astounding, for Fredric Brown's Martians, Go Home. Freas included that picture in his first series of posters. I have that poster, with the others, on the living room wall, and Carolyn noticed the resemblance clear last October and persuaded me to enter the MileHiCon masquerade contest as the Little Green Man from Mars. So I did, and I won an award for "most humorous."

As I was hanging around the script table, trying to look conspicuous, Fred pointed at me and said something like: "Go get yourself painted green. You're going to be the toadstool King and we need you in one of the early scenes."

Judith had brought her make-up kit. She also has had stage experience, but she chose to work mostly behind the scenes on this particular production. Concern for her reputation, I guess. Anyway, she spent a half an hour or so on me, doing a thoroughly professional job of turning my face from its usual sallow to an icky green. She was still working on me when the filming of the first scene began.

Maybe I can give you some idea of the nature of this film by presenting a sequential summary of at least part of it.

Okay, the show starts with Jungle Jim (played by Jim Branche, who happens to be black) leading his native bearers (three or four white guys) through the jungle (played by Thamzine Epperson carrying a potted plant).

In the next scene, the Toadstool King (me) is sitting on his toadstool, fondling a lovely young lady (Rose Beetem). One of the native bearers (Paul Angel) rushes in and for no apparent reason jabs a pistol into the King's eye. The King falls dead.

(We had to stop the action at that point for another ten minutes or so while Judith bloodied my right eye).

While Paul is dipping his finger into my eye and tasting the blood, Chuck Hansen enters with a Doctor of Savagery degree and seems to take Paul captive.

Now there's a scene where Jungle Jim is horse whipping the natives (the blood on their backs looks very convincing). The natives revolt and try to stuff Jim into a cooking pot. The cannibalistic orgy is interrupted by a missionary (Emile Greanleaf), who adds salt (or maybe it's pepper; I dunno) and decides to keep Jim for himself.

At last we get to the sex part.

There's this mad scientist (Frank Holland -- and believe me you'll never see a more authentic-looking mad scientist; the casting for this role was nothing less than inspired). His prisoner is a beautiful young girl in a scanty costume (played by Carol Van Natta ((that is, the girl is played by Carol; the costume is played by a costume)). She is hooked up to an orgasmatron (played by the coat rack), and the professor is conducting fiendish experiments upon her.

This scene is interrupted by a traffic cop who stops the action to let a couple of Errol Flynn-type fencers play through.

Things begin to get a little confusing in here, and my memory is not wholly reliable. I don't remember whether the alien invasion comes before, after or during the orgasmatron scene.

The space ship was played by a plastic disc hurled by Rose Beetem, and the first take was marred by landing in the middle of another sword fight, and the second wasn't much better, so the effect is of the aliens just suddenly being there. Anyone who will have watched this much of the film cannot possibly be bothered by an abrupt transition.

The aliens are played by all the members of DASFA who were not cast in starring roles. Some are in alien costumes and some are not, but you can take my word for it that in the alien crowd scenes, everybody looks alien. (It must have been at about this point that the people who were expecting book reviews took their departure).

One of the finest scenes in the entire movie was totally unplanned and unrehearsed. Gail Barton, disguised as a creeping throw rug--or was it a bear skin or sheep skin? something godawful shaggy-- encounters the mad professor and totally devours him, while all the other aliens stand around in a circle and applaud

45 cal. Thompson Power



and stamp their feet and jump up and down in delight.

Other things happen in the movie (such as there's a scene with Ken Millett at a typewriter, wearing a horrifying mask; Jeri Libby sneaks up on him from behind; Ken whirls around and tears his mask off, revealing an identical mask underneath), but they don't seem to have anything at all to do with the rest of the ~~monumental~~ production. Not that it matters, I guess.

There are a lot of interesting behind-the-scenes shots (at one point we were thinking of making a separate show, to be called The Making of ... but we hadn't even decided on a title yet, and we decided it would really be simpler to splice the extra footage in with the main feature -- in addition to which some of the finest acting is done by Fred Goldstein telling and showing the actors how to play their parts.

I forgot to mention that we had two cameras going during much of the shooting. I had been so busy getting out Don-o-Saur and Coprolites and the DASFANNY (that's the OO for D'APA), and running off other people's zines that I didn't have time to even think about bringing costumes or props or scenery, so I just took along my camera and a few extra cartridges of film. And it's a good thing I did, because almost as soon as the filming started, the batteries in Ted's camera went dead. He had to use mine for the first half of the film while the Elder Ghoddess, Doris Beetem, went out somewhere, and by what means I dared not enquire, found some fresh batteries. From then on, Ted was shooting the movie action with his camera, while I was shooting Ted and Fred and the crowd with mine.

It was fun. A sort of con atmosphere quickly developed, and I'm not surprised that the visitors were freaked out.

My only regret about the whole thing (Judith's too, to some extent, I'm sure) is that Judith's professional-quality job of making me up was pretty much wasted in the film. I'm sure she spent close to a half hour working on my face to get me just the proper shade of green, and then she had to invest even more time and effort and paint to get my eye properly gory.

My scene in the movie takes maybe 15 seconds -- 20 at the very most. There's a quick shot of a foot-stool-sized toadstool (red and white candy striped). Then there's the shot of me on the toadstool with Rose in my arms -- good view of Rose; all you see of me is the back of my head, which is green, however. Then Paul rushes on, jabs his pistol at my eye, and I fall over. There's a three or four second view of my face while Paul is tasting the blood.

Fred Goldstein believes in fast pacing in his films.

I really kind of dig wearing green makeup, and after all the trouble Judith had gone to getting it on me, I was in no desperate hurry to get it off.

One of the old established customs of DASFA is that after the meeting, and before the Dead Dog Party (another oec), we adjourn to Barry's, a nearby eating establishment, for refreshments or a midnight snack.

I received an ovation when I entered Barry's with my green face and red eye. Most of the applause was from fans, of course, but some was from the regular customers. The waitresses seemed neither disturbed nor amused.

The people who work at Barry's are finally getting used to us. And I kept the makeup on at the Dead Dog Party. I won three chess games.

LOC PICKING

I'm starting the letter col several pages earlier than I wanted to, but I'm hurting for time again -- even more than usual.

I'll start with the most antagonistic letter I received -- the one that goes best with the two illustrations on these pages:

C. William George
Editor/publisher
AGAINST THE WALL
P.O. Box 444
Westfield, NJ
07091

If you'll
permit me to
reply to your
comments in
Donny 34 without
editing them out,
I simply have to

point out that the true believer fundamentalist is a poor analogy to use in comparison with my reference to Dr. Rothbard for further information about pre-Penn Pennsylvania.

Your fundamentalist friend was trying to duck a question of faith or opinion; I am trying to help one of your readers find out specific factual information which has been documented by a historian. There's no analogy at all, and it was terribly unfair of you to state it as such.

Dr. Rothbard has researched the libertarian society of pre-Penn Pennsylvania and is widely recognized for his work. It is not a question of libertarian theory but a question of the factual existence of a functioning entity. Dr. Rothbard is eminently qualified to answer any and all questions on this society; all I would be able to do is cite his work.

Now, as for libertarian philosophy, I will stand upon my own two feet. Please keep the two (theory and historical application) separate and let's not muddy up the argument!

Well. Okay. I do seem to have a knack for making invidious comparisons, don't I? Not everyone appreciated my comparing marijuana to automobiles, either. In both cases I think my main point in making the analogy was misunderstood, but that's my fault; and in the present instance at least I really do not want to muddy the argument, so I'll apologize. Maybe it was the original question that was at fault. It seems to me that the basic issue is not whether libertarian societies have existed anywhere in the past, but what grounds there are for believing they can exist in the future (given the present that we find ourselves bogged down in now).

Dr. J. E. Pournelle (aka Jerry Pournelle) sent some observations along those lines. His letter is headed:

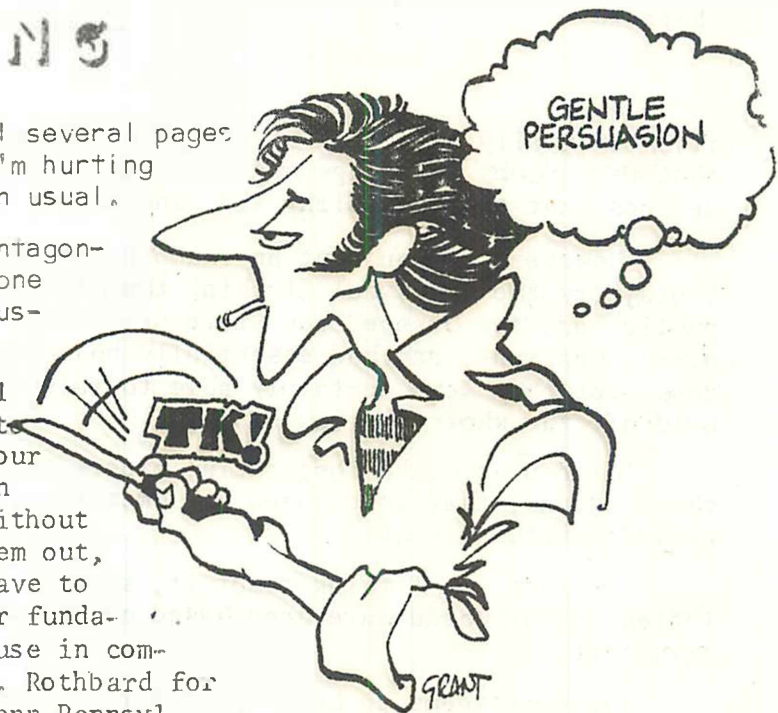
THE COMMITTEE OF NINE BILLION
To Expell

The United Nations from
The Kingdom of Heaven

"Get THEM Out!"

Dr. J.E. Pournelle
12051 Laurel Terrace
Studio City, CA 91604

... It seems to me that the trouble with libertarianism is emotional: it's hard to get people to grow up loving that kind of society (after all,



it's not really a society at all) and it's likely to be taken over by some outfit that uses drums and flags and trumpets and charismatic leaders and all the other devices that take unwilling kids and turn them into Legionnaires.

However, if you want an example of one later than 18th Century Pennsylvania, try the Transvaal (I think the official name was the South African Republic) and the Orange Free State prior to the Boer War. The governments were always bankrupt, and had essentially no element of compulsion against the citizens; yet they were certainly able to raise an army of defenders who damned near held off the whole British Empire.

Of course, like most social orders that have had a maximum for freedom for the citizens, they were based on something very like slavery, although legally called something else.

In fact, as I think about it, some of the most free and libertarian societies in the world have been based on slavery, or at least on a very rigid class structure.

Freedom seems to be maximized in aristocratic social orders; so much so, you know, that Ortega y Gasset, certainly no devotee of tyranny, once wrote that "There are those who accuse me of being an admirer of aristocracy; my sin is much deeper than that. I believe that a society is a civilization precisely to the extent that it is aristocratic, and when it ceases to be aristocratic it ceases to be a society."

The quote isn't precise, but it's very close, and the spirit of it is, exactly right.

Yet a rigid class structure doesn't necessarily have to be a caste system; there could be mobility within the classes, couldn't there?

All I'm sure of is that mass democracy, objectively, seems to produce the busy-body state that wants to look into your pockets, clean out your closets, and consider any little thing you do as its business.

[Is this getting too serious for you? Well, that was the second half of Jerry's letter (you notice how quickly I manage to get on a first-name basis with the pros?); the first part of it, which now follows, swings us back a bit toward fannishness.]

...Jodie Offutt's point about fandom being the substitute for normal social relations (with at least some subgroups of fandom anyway) can be applied doubled in spades to a lot of writers. We spend so much time alone with a typewriter and people whom we more or less control -- well they don't do anything we don't want them to -- well, they don't do much we don't want --- look, just who invented you, anyway? STOP THAT!

Where was I? We spend so much time more or less alone that we can't be quite sane to begin with. I think I've mentioned this elsewhere, and the image is McKenna's to begin with, but conventions for writers are a Trapper's Reunion; generally you look for others who've been out there in the Great Alone, partly because, let's face it, you don't really know how to act with normal human beings. Fortunately, at conventions, there are few normal human beings to begin with, and they leave fast, generally sending for the police as they go . . .

The next two pages might need a little explanation -- or maybe not. Chris Sherman dropped in from Minneapolis a few weeks ago and we spent most of a weekend together. While he was here he used my IBM Selectric and wrote a loc-- directly onto the offset master. Why doesn't everybody do that? Cut out the middleman? Screw the Postal Service!!

DON-o-SAUR

Chris Sherman
700 Parkview Terrace
Minneapolis, MN
55416

Gosh, but this is strange. You see, I'm right here, at the Don-o-Saur factory, typing my comments directly onto master. Me. Chris Sherman. I've never done this before, and its awfully exciting. I wonder if this is some kind of fannish first. Gee.

I spent the whole day yesterday with Don, trekking around the megaopolis of Denver, meeting with people various and sundry. Now, today, Don is in the room not far from here, playing with his toy, and occasionally wails of agony will filter into the workroom here. Oh, oh, I just heard a horrendous scraping noise. I'll be right back.

[He he he. Hideous laughter. I'll bet all of you think this is Don writing. Huh-uh. You'll never know when it is Don or if this issue. The Mad Infiltrator has struck!!]

Last issue of Donny, Don served me a nice steaming dish of egoboo, so I'll guess I'll have to ~~return the favor~~ ~~for it~~ favor. I really enjoyed the last issue of D-o-S, reading it after a day spent with Don listening him talk about his problems and pleasures makes it twice as good. To comments then:

Brett Cox mentions in his letter that most people have to be introverted to spend a lot of time willingly sacrificing time and energy for people who are for the most part unknown to the writer. I disagree. It takes an awful lot of guts and a pretty big ego to boot to impose yourself on someone you don't know. While the writer may not be an excessively extroverted person in mundane life, all fans by our very nature are extroverted. Some, naturally, have softer egos than others and puncture very easily, but for the most part can stand up to criticism and attack.

Reading, as Tony Cvetko mentioned, is often preferred by fans over physical contact or other activities that involve people in the clothes. Oftentimes, I'll find myself in a situation where a friend calls and wants to go out, and I'll refuse, simply because I feel more like writing or reading than going out.

Introversion, according to the massive wordbox here in Don's office, means to be centered around oneself, to be most concerned with ones own welfare and advancement. I know very few fans who have this motive very high on their list of priorities, in written or physical form.

I'll also take contamination with Roger Sween. Colleges and Universities to my mind (though I've never rightly attended one), as far as that matter, any of the so called Institutions of Learning, are quite necessary, if only for the pooling of knowledge and resources. On many occasion, I've tried to become learned in some art or another, drawing off of books or other reference material. If the subject is taught later in school, I've found that I pick it up much faster and with more comprehension than if I learned it without interference.

I can't resist adding a note regarding the Thompson residence. I've actually seen the back of the garage where the fort was built and burnt. I've met Carolyn and Bruce and Fred, and seen Don's press. It sure is different that I expected it to be. And I know why, also. Not because of Don's poor description, oh no, not at all. Don describes everything near perfectly. I just imagine it to be different than it actually is. I wonder if this is the way with all fans? Don, you here?

[Who? What? Where? Me? Oh, well I'll tell you, this is very new to me, too. It makes me kind of . . . tense. I don't know what to say. People are looking over my shoulder. No, it's just Fred. But this is weird. Chris makes me sound like a legend or something. It certainly never occurred to me that the site of that clubhouse would become a god-dam tourist attraction!

[On the matter of Introversion . . . I don't know. Basically, I am

introverted; it's been a personality problem I've had to contend with all my life and for the most part I have been able to overcome it, at least to the point where I'm able to function with a modicum of efficiency in human society. I can't speak for fans in general. I do know some others like me (and some much worse than me -- who just barely seem able to function) but it's nearly impossible to tell whether a seeming extrovert is really that way or if he's just covering up his introversion. And in that case of course it doesn't really make a bit of difference.

[Enough of that. I've got to say that I've enjoyed having Chris around and getting to know him. We had a really fannish day yesterday (Saturday, July 27) what with going first to the writers workshop and then seeing the rushes of a science fiction movie made at the July 20 DASFA meeting (script by Bob Vardeman, directed by Fred Goldstein and with a cast of dozens of Denfen), and finally in the evening attending a meeting of the Colorado Fantasy Society -- the group that sponsored WorldCon III, Denvercon 1941. I may write at greater length about some of these momentous events elsewhere. But while Chris is still here, I'll see if he would like to comment on my comments, or to add anything to what he's already said. Chris?]

It's very easy to claim something on master that ain't really true. Don't believe a word about Don Thompson being an introvert. At least not with someone who he has received exactly 4 letters and 3 fanzines from. I've found Don quite open and easygoing (as well as being a shrewd businessman ... He dragooned me into being the almost first customer for his new SCORPION BOOKS, forcing me to spend somewhere like ten dollars for a grand total of 37 books...) without the taint of introversion he claims. It could be the nature of our relationship -- fannish, of course, but I donno. Somehow, this is all starting to become very incoherent with Don over on the couch reading a book called Pleasure Planet, which was perpetrated by one of the workshop attendees and the writer of the same movie made by DASFA. Don has just blinded me with his damned movie box, so I'll quit typing for now. I'm going to go over and smash that camera. I am. Turn it off. I hates it. ARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!

[Don is here. You'll never know which of us has written what, even though the typefaces are supposedly vindictive. Doesn't that just make you want to curl up and suck on a fafia root? Don't you want to just lash out at the cruel feinds who are doing this to you? Are you overly nervous when reading fanzines? If so, Cinebar is the place for you!]

[This is the real Don. Can I sue for false impersonation? Probably not, especially if nobody was fooled, and surely no one would ever believe that I could misspell fiends. Or Cinnebar. Typefaces are vindictive! Maybe I can sue! As Chris noted, I do have my mercenary streak, manifested to him by my SCORPION activities. And since he mentioned it, maybe I should say something about SCORP... well, actually, the correct name is S*C*O*R*P*I*O*N, but it's more trouble than it's worth to put those asterisks in every time. Anyway, that is the "dealership" that I refered to very casually last month, and it's been in existence for . . . gosh, I don't know... three years, maybe. My primary motive in creating it was to use it as a tax write-off, and it has certainly proved useful in that regard. I ran a couple of ads in Fantasy Collector when I was first getting it started and issued a couple of book lists, and the first thing I knew I was getting as much business as I could handle--and almost more. It was keeping me as busy then as Don-o-Saur does now. I've been trying to get out a new SCORP list but fans keep dropping in and buying books and magazines, making the pages I've typed up obsolete, so I'll have to start over. (Send want lists; I specialize in used sf books and magazines)].

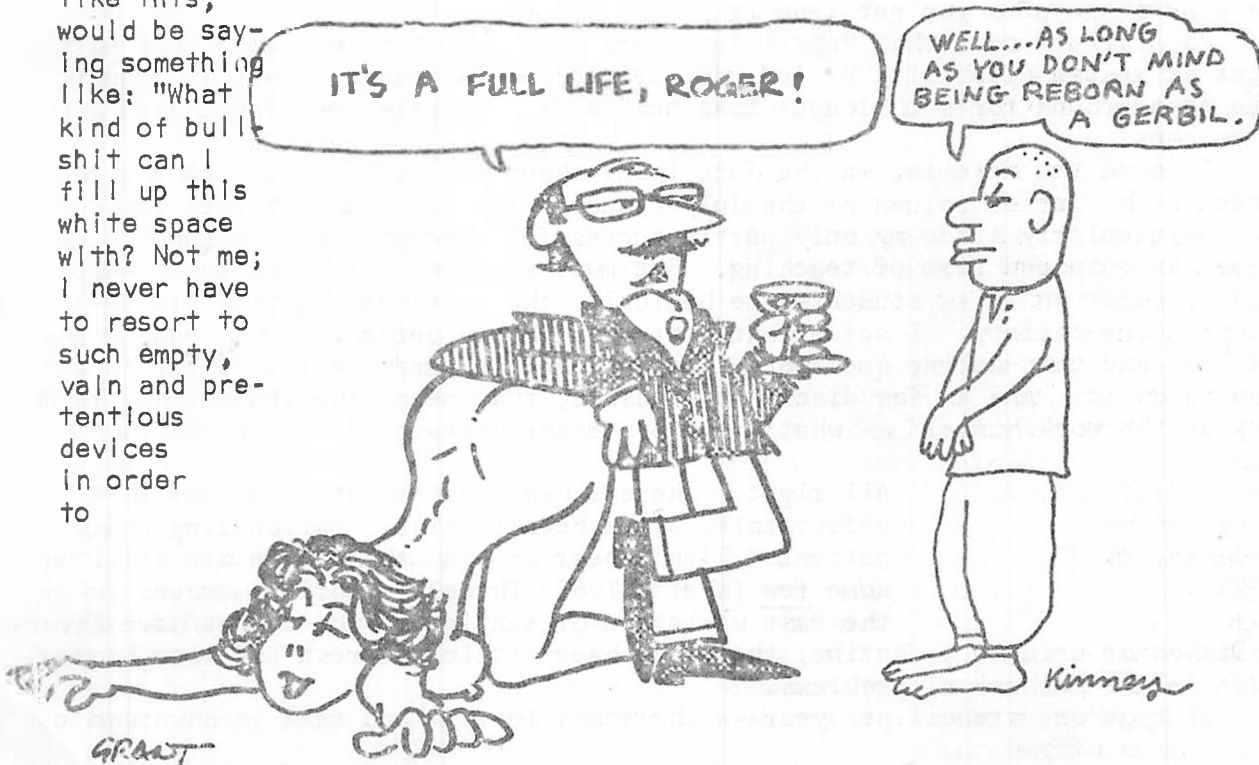
Chris Hulse
955 Ellis Court
Eugene, OR 97405

. . . On page 9 [of DoS 34] you mention "dealership." What do you deal in? Are you the owner of a bookstore? [Don't you admire the way I manage to answer questions before they are even asked?] Does DASFA stand in place of Denver Amateur Science Fiction Association? [It could; most DASFAns are holding on tight to their amateur standing; but no, the A stands for area; in D'APA, however, the A does stand for amateur].

. . . The artwork this issue does seem to be a bit better than the last two and even the cover is better than usual although it's a bit garbled visually. Your repro is excellent. What kind of mimeo do you use? [Speed-o-Print Liberator 300; I got it third-hand for \$150, which I considered pretty good at the time, but people insist on telling me such stories as the following:] I just got an old mimeo for \$8 at a garage sale. It's fantastic. It has need of a few things but it's so simple there are very few parts that can be replaced. I'm going to take it in to a service outlet and get the needed parts, adjustments, and find out how to get the best use out of it; of course I'll need supplies too. It's all very exciting! [and then there's Randy Rohrbough, who produces a perfectly legible A-APAZine on a mimeo he bought at a garage sale for \$2, but he did have to sink another \$6 into it to replace a roller].

...I've taken all three semesters of the sf course at the local college and I really enjoyed the class. However, I am very familiar with sf and had the resources for researching older stories I had missed or forgotten; most of the people in the three classes I was in had very little familiarity with sf. Some people had no background in sf. AND, one of the major problems in class was the discussion of works not specifically assigned for the class. My teacher found her largest problem that of "mundane" students complaining about being unable to enter in on many of the discussions due to lack of knowledge of the subject discussed. Since you have taught the same course I assume you know very well what I'm talking about.

[Most faneds, in a situation like this, would be saying something like: "What kind of bullshit can I fill up this white space with? Not me; I never have to resort to such empty, vain and pretentious devices in order to



Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD
20760

Just about the time my hands were healing nicely, I was working on a letterhead for Gordon Garb and slashed the living daylights out of myself. [And I want you to know, Sheryl, in case Gordon doesn't get around to telling you himself, that he IS properly contrite and remorseful about that, and it probably won't do much good to tell him it wasn't really his fault]. ...I'm still typing two-fingered -- it still HURTS and threatens to bleed - but it is on such an angle that stitches wouldn't do any good...

I LOVE hearing about the offset and you make me (if you'll pardon the expression) green with envy [there's just no arguing with Sheryl -- the letter is typed in green ink!]. But then again, I don't have the money anyhow. I love to mess around (more literal than I like to admit) with machines and as soon as all the furor about Discon is over, I want to mess around with the mimeo again and find out what the heck is wrong -- from what I've seen of the church's mimeo, I'd say MY mimeo is more than averagely(?) [oh hell, why not? school's out] inaccessible -- oh how I'd love to play with that offset... Got an idea for you to think about. I have been asking the N3F to foot the bill for an (tah-dah) offset zine of photos of pros -- get the drift? I probably couldn't have final copy for almost a year--would you be interested? I would look at the estimate I got from a mail order place after you get practice so you could tell if their price would be hard to beat . . .

[All I can say right now is: keep us in mind. As yet, Fred and I aren't taking any orders or making any bids until we know that we can produce our own zines neatly (well, more or less) and consistently].

Denis Quane
Box CC E. Texas Sta.
Commerce, Tex 75428

. . . . I found myself reading your account of the offset press in the July issue with growing feelings of envy. Of course, it's an impractical sort of envy--there would be no place to put such a monster in my small apartment, even if I got rid of all the books. And my lack of mechanical ability means that I wouldn't take proper care of it anyway. But all of the technical details you provided were fascinating, and I'll be interested in seeing the kind of results you get from it in the future.

Roy Tackett says that "until ten years ago...all fans had some sort of physical or mental disability." And most of the people I admire most in fandom have been around for much longer than ten years. It makes me almost afraid to go to cons.

I found the material in the June issue about your sf course, and the comments in the letter column of the July issue on the same subject very instructive, particularly since my only partly successful attempt. The lecture is, I agree, an outmoded form of teaching. But most students (at least in my experience) insist on it -- students are basically the most conservative single group in our society. I agree that a student should get more from reading the textbook and then asking questions than from any lecture. But just try to get them to do it. And as for discussion classes, that means the student has to do part of the work himself -- what's the professor being paid for anyway?...

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY
40329

All right. There's been just about enough of this offset talk. I've been tolerant, patronizing and patient. Please bear in mind that there are still some few (What? Two? Three?) minority members in the vast wasteland of fanzinedom who do not/have never published or printed a fanzine, therefore have little interest and less knowledge in the mechanical problems.

(I type one stencil per year--a Christmas letter--and take it downtown and have it run off).

I refer to this compulsive urge to print every detail of a printing press as the Glicksohn-Bowers Mechanical-Technical Syndrome, and have come to accept it as part of the zine scene to be endured, however reluctantly and grudgingly.

But an 8-page Discourse! And with only one small digression--and that not too satisfactory to me because, after all, we live in a 50-year-old house where water in the wrong places is old hat.

It is too much for this member of the silent minority. I protest.

Besides I wouldn't know a gestetner from a gemsbok.

Jodie

PS: I can punch a big hole in the stereotype fan: a lot of us wear contact lenses instead of glasses these days.

[And I said C. William George's letter was the most antagonistic I got? I had forgotten about Jodie's. Ah, well! I would do anything in the world, of course, to please Jodie Offutt -- except shut up about my offset. But maybe I can tone it down a little bit. Just for her. Actually, Jodie was not quite alone in her impatience with the offset discourse, but Brett Cox was at least a little more diplomatic about it:]

Brett Cox
Box 542
Tabor City
N.C. 28463

I can't say that I was terribly fascinated by the discourse in #34, since I don't know anything about offset printing and for the time being at least have no overwhelming desire to know anything about the subject. (Notice how I just jump right into these things?) How-

ever, you did sustain my interest throughout, which deserves complimenting, so I compliment you on it.

The Mysterious Faruk von Turk is a friend of Don Markstein, and has a column--indeed, he is the only outside contributor, not counting locs--in Don's excellent personalzine TAND-STIKKERZEITUNG, commonly known as STIKKER. At least that's what Don says. The man seems to be quite mad (von Turk, that is). Outside of these few meager facts, I know no more about him than you do.

[Those same meager facts are all I've received from other fans, and I am content. I'll quit prying. Let's let The Mysterious Faruk von Turk remain Mysterious. There are some mysteries, after all, that need not (perhaps even should not) be solved--such as the Loch Ness monster, Big Foot . . . and maybe even the flying saucers. What would we do for a sense of wonder if we had no mysteries?]

Contrary to what John Robinson says, a Trekkie can be male as well as female, and maybe even something else too, although most of them seem to be female. At least that's always been my understanding. It's important to differentiate between a Star Trek fan and a Trekkie. I am a StarTrek fan in that I dig the series. I am not a Trekkie, because I don't think it's the greatest social innovation since the installation of prophylactic devices in



public restrooms, and I have no desire to seduce any member of the crew of the Enterprise.

Murray Moore
Box 400
Norwich, Ont.
NOJ IPO

...When it comes to fanzine art there are two kinds, no three kinds. There is the art which you would publish in your fanzine, the kind which you aren't that particular about but don't mind seeing in other people's fanzines, and the kind that you wouldn't want anyone

to bother publishing.

There are three pieces in the July issue that I wouldn't mind having in one of my fanzines: the Barton centaur, the Canfield cowboy and the Canfield/ Kinney collaboration. All of the rest except one piece fall into the second category. At least they do break up the type, some are ok but I wouldn't really miss any of them but on the other hand they are interesting to glance at for at least one second. All except one, the Barton on page 8, no less execrable or crude than some of the others but lacking in any inherent attraction. I realize that Don-o-Saur has a prehistoric motif artistically but while a dinosaur makes an illo, a fern doesn't really seem worthy of duplication. I don't want to upset any fern fans, but really what is a fern but a piece of overspecialized grass?

[I guess I had just never thought of it in those terms before!]

I fit a couple of the fan stereotypes at least. I wear glasses, have since around Grade Seven in Public School, and I think of myself as an only child. I have one sister, nearly twice my age who got married when I was 5 years old.

D. Gary Grady
Box 25 AFRTS
FPO NY 09571

...I have met J.O. Bailey, and I think very little of the man. I don't really dislike him, but he is of the opinion that modern sf is much worse than the sf of the 30s, and while he is entitled to his opinions,

he bases them on a profound ignorance of modern sf and modern science. He objects to Mike in The Moon is a Harsh Mistress because he considers talking computers impossible. Moreover, he feels that THIAHM is typical of modern sf, which, he tells me, he has read very little of.

...In sort-of reference to Mike Glicksohn's snake, I once tried to convince my (former) wife that we should get an iguana. I argued that the iguana was an ideal pet. When a cat or a dog dies, the grief you feel erases all the happiness you ever derived from the association. But when an iguana kicks off, you feel no remorse at all.

Monty Python has a number of competitors in Britain. One group, called the Goodies, set out one week to send a pair of bunnies to the moon. When the rabbits failed to reply, the Goodies went after them and found the moon knee-deep in rabbits. They were captured by the lunar hares and brainwashed. When they returned to Earth they sprouted long ears and developed a craving for carrots. They were taken to none other than English astronomer Patrick Moore, played by himself, who pronounced them victims of a non-communicable disease. The last scene had Moore chewing on a carrot.

...Roy Tackett suggests making Don-o-Saur a center for death fandom, and I rather think that's an interesting idea. Get Goldstein to do you a column on Necrophilia. Know offhand the name of the Greek who decided that to fear death was folly, since death is nothingness and nothingness can't hurt? I can't recall it. [Possibly you're thinking of Epicurus: "Death, the most dreaded of evils, is therefore of no concern to us; for while we exist death is not present, and when death is present we no longer exist"? Harummph! Just happened to have that at the tip of my brain -- me and Mr. Roget].

Sam Long
Box 4946
Patrick AFB
FL 32925

...Rock & Roll zines. Why not? Have you noticed that parallel to the explosion in the number of fanzines in recent years, there's been a great increase in the number of 'commercial' magazines of all types, particularly of the specialized type; and of course a great increase in the number of skin and/or sex-oriented magazines. ...I never was much of a R&R fan in the late 50s and early 60s when I was a teenager, nor am I a follower of pop music today. An example of my popmusical otherworldliness: one day at work one of my co-workers was listening to someone cater-wauling on the radio. I said 'Who's that "singing"?' He said, 'Why that's Roy Orbison.' I said, 'Who's Roy Orbison?' My friend was astounded that I'd never heard of Roy son of Orbis. So I asked him, 'Ever heard of I Solisti di Zagreb?' 'No.' 'Well, we're even.'

LoCs of Robinson and Roytac: fandom can use more femfen. Femfen are nice. Even Treresses can be converted to the True Fannish Faith and exposed to hardcore SF--and other things--by us dirty old fen. ...

For Donn Brazier: the Danish poet and mathematician Piet Hein writes in one of his grooks or epigrams:

Sometimes, exhausted
with toil and endeavor,
I wish I could sleep
forever and ever;
but then this reflection
my longing allays:
I shall be doing it
one of these days.

Otherwise I kind of agree with him. My mother died in June . . . It doesn't affect me as much as it does my father, because after all, I've been living away from home nigh on 10 years now, but...I miss her, I miss her very much, for the little things: her voice, her family jokes, her cooking...

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

...If you think
Rock fanzines are
unusual, today's
NY Times has an
article on men who raise fighting dogs --
they bet on them and watch them tear each
other to pieces. This subhuman shitheap
also has fanzines dedicated to their art--
but carefully worded and mailed carefully.
And you thought Nixon was the worst?

[Nixon Who?]

Hank Jewell
PO Box 244
Warrensburg
MO 64093

I agree with Harry Warner's suggestion that sf fans are not much (if any) different from people who pursue other hobbies. In fact [Aw, shit! God damned vindictive type faces!] it was only a short time after reading Don-o-Saur 34 that I discovered the enclosed newspaper article [Kansas City Star, Aug. 8, '74] which reminded me of



Harry's example of persons who fix up old dilapidated cars as a hobby. As the article indicates, Bob Arnold of Kansas City spent about 20 hours a week for two years and about \$4,500 for parts (plus an initial investment of \$275) on his 1933 Chevrolet Sedan Delivery.

With regard to sociological studies pertaining to hobbies, I know of at least one which was the basis for a doctoral dissertation. It was entitled, "The Adult Stamp Collector."

Don D'Ammasa
19 Angell Drive
E. Prov., RI
02914

Tony Cvetko's argument that some people remember what happened to them while they were 'dead' begs the question. First of all, there are differing definitions of death. Second, there is no way to objectively tell when the sensations occurred which the individual is remembering. They could have happened in the split second before or after 'death.' Many apparently lengthy dreams later turn out to have occurred within a fraction of a second. The brain's a funny place.

Frankly, I hope there never is objective proof about an afterlife. Since I suspect there isn't any, definite proof that I'm right would deprive many people of a means of supporting their unhappy lives. Since it is unlikely that such proof will be available in the foreseeable future, I'm not going to worry about it particularly...

Bob Vardeman
PO Box 11352
Albuquerque, NM
87112

...I think the most damning thing in the way of evidence against life after death is the Houdini experiment. No medium was ever able to give his widow the pre-arranged message and from everything I've read about the man, he desperately wanted to believe in a life-after-death. If it were possible to have communicated, I think he's the best bet.

...Most fans do not dress like the fashion plates in Playboy and Esquire because damn few people in the country could afford to and those that can have better taste. Those are all too often a fantasy offering, a "how the other half lives" type of article. I've seen very few people dress like those articles and I know people with the money and opportunity to if they wanted. Granted there are people who spend a couple yards and spring for a fringy vest or whatever, but they're more into acting out their fantasy than merely being content with spending \$1.25 and seeing it in print...

Frank Balazs
19 High St.
Croton on Hudson
N.Y. 10520

...All right, I'll compare myself with George's "stereotype" fan (he did, however, forget the wearing of a beanie). (a) you guessed it, I am male. (b) I'm certainly not an extroverted person, and have a strong tendency toward shyness -- much less so now, but not as a result of fandom. When I first started school, I'm sure I had some difficulty what with knowing both Hungarian and English (and having rudimentary reading skills in them) and, I think, during 3rd or 4th grade, I had special speech classes as I couldn't pronounce certain common English sounds, such as "th". Still, I had a few friends and we had great times. It strikes me that though I never had too many friends and shunned being a "follower" or a "leader" I often had a not inconsiderable say in what was going on. But then we usually did play with my dinosaurs or when in Peekskill in "my" yard on "my" vines and sandbox. I do know, however, that about the time I entered high school I had lost all but one of the friends (the infamous Matt Schneck) I had made in my three years in Croton. By 11th grade I started opening up again and my last year-and-a-half of high school was great -- though of course plagued by various personal problems with close friends. Worth it, however. About this time, I entered fandom. Neither was the result of the other, but the fact that I got

into fandom and into making new friends at roughly the same time shows a development that can be tied in with something that influenced these basic actions. I used to be quite a chubby little kid before 11th grade too. Perhaps this can all be tied into something general like a growing maturity . . .

...I do prefer fandom (whether direct contact or pubbing and loccing) to many social situations in the mundane world...

...On the other hand I do place fandom second to seeing a play in the company of two charming French girls... (I work at the Hudson Institute for the summer, and two French girls are here for three weeks, and most of us college-aged males enjoy spending time with them). Frankly I doubt that I would have seen the play (a community production about 15 miles away) if (among others) the two girls hadn't been along.

Wayne W. Martin
Rt. 1 Box D-64
Macclenny, FL
32063

I was just struck in the face by a comment in the let-col by Cy Chauvin. I always thought I was the only fruit cake who did not feel the elimination of private autos would lead to the end of Western Cultural Existence and the total fall of America. I don't drive

or own an auto and keep my driver's license solely as a means of identification.

I live in a community of about 5,000, about two miles away from the main part of town, bank, two drug stores, post office and a few grocery and miscellaneous stores. ...Until a supermarket opened a block away, I made that two-mile walk every day... Now I need go into town only four times a week.

When I need to get into the big city I trot into the local Greyhound and pay a couple of bucks and get trundled off to Jacksonville where I use the transit buses to get where I need to go...

I've gotten along quite well without a private auto. For those not up to walking for reasons of health in rural areas that can't maintain transit buses, the horse and buggy is most efficient, and emergency vehicles such as ambulance and fire trucks will still be available.

For those in better health, pedal cars could be developed and mass produced bike style, providing more room than an individual could carry -- though shopping carts would be simpler.

[The basic issue, it seems to me (at least the one I had in mind when I first brought it up) is whether cars can be, or even should be, OUTLAWED. I'd be the last to deny that in a truly rational society there wouldn't be nearly as many cars as there are now. But can you (& should you) compel people to give up their cars and return to the horse and buggy? I don't see how].

Now to end this on a totally fannish note, I'm going to stick with Wayne's letter. He has a post script, as follows:

You may have seen in Title that Warren Johnson was dropping out of fandom. ...I'm circulating a petition that if nothing else will tell him some of us are sorry to see him go and maybe he will change his mind. I would appreciate your signature and if you could get some of the Denver area fans to sign, it would be much appreciated...

I'll do better than that. Here is the petition. I urge my readers to sign in the space provided, cut off at the dotted line and mail the petition to Wayne Martin:

To WARREN JOHNSON: We the undersigned regret the news of your total withdrawal from fandom. While some of us may have had our differences with you in the past, we want to express the feeling that there is a place for you in fandom. Even if you can't put out your own zine, we hope you will at least continue to write letters and possibly contribute an article now and then. Fandom isn't uncaring. (signed)

ART CREDITS:

Front cover, Sheryl
Birkhead (also pages
3 & 4); Backcover:
Jackie Franke; P. 2,
Bill Kunkel; P. 8,
Jim Hyatt; P. 9,
Grant Canfield;
P. 13, Canfield
& Jay Kinney;
P. 15, Charlie
Salyman; P. 17,
Gail Barton.

I also heard from:
Pryne Bacon, Raymond
J. Bowie, Marci Helms,
Joe Hensley, Victor
Kostrikin (who sent some
sketches that you'll be
seeing next month), Andy
Porter (who asks if I will
help push Montreal in 77; glad
to--if he'll back Denver in
84), John Robinson, Dave Sell,
Dave Szurek, Jake Thomson,
Bruce Townley, and
Laurine White.

DON-O-SAUR

DON-o-SAUR #35

Donald C. Thompson
7498 Canosa Court
Westminster, CO 80030

THIRD CLASS MAIL

Printed matter only

Jerry Kaufman
622 W. 114th #52A
New York, NY 10025