

G O D D T #6

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Mike Deckinger 25 Manor Drive Apt. 12-J Newark, New Jersey 07106

Elmurrings #1

Your account of the Watts riots, in presenting how the incidents grew in size and severity, provided a reasonably different slant to the story. The press has seen fit to over-sensationalize what took place. Depending on what paper you read, the racial angle was expanded, the political differences were given as the real reasons, or for the sickies who inhabit the world of the Enquirer the violence was depicted with gruesome close-ups that looked as if they were literally snapped in the middle of a fight (or a killing). This ugly situation obviously had more dimensions to its structure than the one commonly presented of a mob of Negro hoodlums wantonly destroying property and attacking whites. How did the brief recurrence affect you?

Wasn't it Len Moffat who debunked the popularly circulated story of the California librarian who objected to Tarzan's uncertain marital status with Jane? I don't remember the particulars behind the formation of the hoax though the press (again the press) accepted it as suitable human comedy type news fillers. True or not, there's hardly any concern to be expressed, since no matronly librarian, no matter how pure her motives, could possibly insinuate her influence into the printed pages of each and every Tarzan adventure. And certainly the Apeman, who has fought lions, tigers, gorillas, and any other protagonist ETB could fling at him, could easily beat a morals rap. Tarzan undoubtedly would have swelled with more pride over fathering a pack of lusty young apes than a bawling infant.

The Rambling Fap #38

Consistently picking losers is human and plausible, if not very satisfying. At least relating your misfortunes would provoke sympathy and understanding, but hardly doubt. Pity, more, the sainted individual who always picks the winners. Who will believe him when he tells of his feats? And how could a game of chance, or luck, be just that, with the outcome known in advance.

The talk of keeping a protective firearm about the house is something rarely discussed around here. Owning weapons in New Jersey is not quite illegal, but the state makes damned sure that by the time you do get a gun, you know who to thank for it. You have no one but Lee H. Oswald to thank for the current wave of anti-gun indignation, and proposed legislation that would sharply limit the availability of firearms. If Oswald had used a rifle he had built himself, stolen, or been given the reaction might not have been so strong. But the gun that killed President Kennedy had been purchased through the mail, and the feeling was that if an unbalanced youth like Oswald could obtain a rifle with such ease, and use this rifle to kill the President of the United States, then drastic changes were necessary at once in gun-control laws. The drawing-board theory offers the utopian premise that crime will be cut down if firearms are rendered almost impossible to obtain by anyone but the law-enforcement officers. The fallacy is that this works halfway, the citizens are deprived of a means of defence and the criminals find it just a trifle difficult to obtain their weapons. But obtain them they do, and the crime rate continues with unabated intensity. Newark has had no riots, which is a bit surprising, when you consider the strong non-white citizenry, and the little Harlems in certain less reputable sections of the city. We live on the very outskirts of the city, so the possibility of personal violence is lessened even more. If it ever comes to the point that a defensive weapon is needed urgently we have some wickedly sharp kitchen knives.

Rotsler's art folio is based on an interesting, and potentially workable theme, but suffers from either poor stenciling or faulty construction. The human figures appear to be unusually disproportionate. While this can be overlooked in some instances, Bill Rotsler's showing an inability to depict the human form is unforgivable. If there is anyone who should be acquainted with the curvature and structure of human anatomy...

I've always felt strongly repelled by the military mind and intellect, if it can truly be called such. Military expediency and discipline appears to be little more than a classification which justifies all the abuses and indignities that the individual personality can be compelled to suffer in the process of becoming a fighter, defender of freedom, or whatever the rallying cry may be now. There certainly is no respect granted to the individual, and where none is granted, none is given either. And a government that must perpetuate itself by forcibly subjecting others to an almost total lack of freedom and choice has something wrong with it. Ray Nelson had an excellent article in HABBAKKUK a few years ago (which has since been quoted several times) in which he offered the conclusion that if the common foot soldier fired at his commanding officers, instead of the "enemy", the wars would be ended a lot sooner. It's too late to test this promising theory in Korea but Viet-Nam does give some possibilities for Nelson's suggestions to be put in practice, assuming that a general can be found within a thousand miles of the place.

The Man from U.N.C.L.E. seems to base its appeal on the pin-up qualities of its two male leads, the stories are seldom original or offer anything that can remotely be called new. Even the various gadgets are refinements of other more successful gimmicks. The show is neither a bright satire of the Bond/spy epics, nor a realistic appraisal of a true espionage agency. It falters and flickers between the two qualities without achieving a purposeful resolve. Secret Agent is no better and usually far worse. The other futile attempts to cash in on the spy craze: HenryPhyffe, Get Smart, and I Spy leave a bad taste in my mouth when I say them. And a ringing reverberation in my head when I think of them, so I don't think of them very much.

It's hard to find fault with your thoughts over taxes. Those who legitimately approve of some administration undertaking should be free to provide whatever support they choose to, but those who offer opposition to this course, by the same token, should not be forced to give their money to help finance and action they consider to be wrong or unjust. If everyone who agreed with the government's actions in Viet-Nam gave monetary support, while those who didn't were exempted from such payment I'd guess the situation would be a lot different. Not necessarily improved, or worsened, but certainly different.

Our two cats learned in a surprisingly short time where the litter, or sand box was, and how it was to be used. Since their initial introduction to this sanitary convenience there have been no "accidents" or "mistakes" from either. The cheapest, and most economical liner you can use is the commercial kitty litters, available at supermarkets and pet stores at about 65¢ for ten pounds. A few inches spread along the box can last for months as long as care is taken to sift through it every few days. The cats prefer it clean, and whenever you enter the apartment, after being out for several hours, and the advantages will immediately become apparent. I once tried newspapers, finely shredded and freely spread about, but once their absorbency reached the saturation level their effectiveness was shorn away and it became too much of a bother to change them so frequently. Would that dogs accepted the principles of being housebroken so easily.

The Vorpall Dragon #1

Your statement on page 9, Phil, deserves an answer. You say: "I also think a great deal of Bruce Berry, I did before Jennings tried to ruin him..." If Berry was ruined it was through his own hand. Jennings, as publisher of a potentially explosive "true" document overlooked the courtesy of checking his facts before issuing Berry's ravings in fanzine form. I'm sure Jennings was aware there would be a reaction to "A Trip to Hell" and might at least have tried to verify the charges Berry made about the fans he wrote of. Berry, as author, seemed to feel that his statements would immediately be taken as truth, because of the documentation offered by some impressive, but totally meaningless and irrelevant-to-the-issue legal papers. The effect of the account is quite apparent today. Those maligned in "A Trip to Hell" have suffered little, if any loss of character or reputation from it. Bob Jennings has all but vanished from fandom. My contact with active fandom today isn't as extensive as it has been in the past, but I can't recall any mention of Jennings name within the past few years. I don't know what Berry is doing today. He may still be a practicing artist, but for all I know his drawing tools are soft crayons and thin paper, under watchful and protective supervision.

Some of the older radio programs you talk of have been repeated; a local New York outlet did so on both its AM and FM facilities a few years back. X Mimus 1 is hardly ancient. It last on WOR until about 1961 when it had switched from Astounding to Galaxy. The transcriptions were usually well handled, with the story line practically identical to the magazine form. John Campbell had his own, twice weekly radio program about that time too, called EXPLORING TOMORROW. I don't recall much about it, other than that Campbell delivered a short opening to a slickly dramatized story. I'd be happy to see repeats of LIGHTS OUT and TALES OF TOMORROW though I suppose the likelihood is remote. The latter presented some excellent adoptions of sf stories, frequently taken directly from the magazines of the time. The former always scared hell out of me, that is, Frank Gallup's reflecting cranium did. These two programs are unique in that they were performed live, at a time when videotape was a new concept. The actors and actresses were playing the parts at the exact time you saw them, not three months before, as the situation can easily be today. The spontaneity of a live performance is more rewarding than observing a pre-recorded act which has obviously been pruned of all infractions and heavily polished until its perfection shines like a beacon.

I suppose it would be terribly unnerving, after surviving the long climb to the top of the FAPA w/1, to have the rug pulled from under you, so to speak, and be back in the same position that you started from three years hence. This example of demonstrating the absurdity, or unworkability of a particular piece of legislation, by carrying it to its ultimate extreme, is certainly nothing new or unique. I'm reminded of the case of the New England sheriff, who just a few years ago decided to lawfully enforce the provision of a noxious blue law banning all forms of labor on Sunday. This law had been in the records for something like the past two hundred years, but rarely enforced, since the towns were small and every favorable vote was essential. So our hero went for a little ride in his car, rounding up everyone in sight who was performing any sort of work. Work, in this instance, included washing the car, watering the lawn, golfing, swimming, changing a tire, or even acting in a small summer stock production. But the time he was through, this conscientious lawman had over a dozen criminals in tow, none of whom were guilty of anything more unlawful than cutting grass. I don't recall what the outcome was, or if they

(the guilty ones) were ever convicted, but it was a defini definative demonstration of an unsound regulation. If you wish to focus your irritation at falling afoul of the Blackball Rule, put the blame where it belongs; on the existance of such an amendment. Rich Brown was merely carrying out a legal, approved, and sanctioned course of action in chopping you off the w/l, along with everyone else.

The Thought of the Outside

I wonder if you, Lon Atkins, as a Chapel Hill resident, are familiar with "Blood on the Old Well". This quaint document was brought to my attention by the fringe-fan who receives unflattering attention in the book.

The deep South snowstorm you were in the midst of makes our Northern winter far tamer by -- comparison. I hope you realize you're destroying one of the popular images of the South, by even hinting that it snows there. To a Northerner the South has an unvarying climate of hot, humid, rainy weather, during which time absolutely nothing of interest takes place, except for a lynching or two. To suggest that there is any change in this standard is to imply an equal uncertainty in such unrelated standards as Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny. I've found that since I travel to work by bus, and don't have to rely on my own driving skill in poor weather, the prospect of increased snow or ice doesn't bother me. Our buses have been surprisingly faithful in adhering to set schedules, even when traveling time was lengthened by poor road conditions. I haven't yet bought snow tires for my car and I don't think I'll bother with that expense.

Cat Fur #1

Your title strikes close to home; I've been finding this item all over the apartment : during the last month, in small, floating strands that have the adherency of strong glue whenever they land on a fabric. It does annoy me a trifle to discover that a pair of newly cleaned and pressed blue pants have faint white stripes over them, and are, in effect, no longer blue pants. The stuff is almost impossible to remove, and when I finally do manage this feat the fur floats onto something else.

Questioning whether or not the State Department has forgotten the meaning of diplomacy automatically assumes that one time they did know, and this I have serious doubts about. The international situation has become most mucked-up and confused whenever the government has lent a hand (or a dollar) in an attempt to relieve some condition endangering the people. We are just beginning to see the outcome of the mammoth blundering and mishandling of the Vietnamese case; not only are the "Viet Cong" our enemies, but the other viets, the so called good guys don't care too much for America either. This policy of supporting a non-communist dictator because we fear he may go communist is a clear indication of how short-sighted the platform is. There are many arguments against it, but I'm sure the people living under the dictatorship don't much care whether the tyrant is communist or non-communist. And I'm disturbed over Ambassador Goldberg's speech of last month, in which he gave words to the effect that the United State would reluctantly permit the communists to take over Viet-Nam, if the people voted for them in free elections. And if we do disapprove, what then? Is it our policy to emulate the enemy by overthrowing the popularly elected government, communist or not, and establishing that sort of government which we feel is best for the people? The only consoling note I can think of is that if Goldwater had been elected the mess would have advanced to an even greater degree. It hasn't yet, but LBJ is rapidly approaching the Goldwater potential.

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Binx #1

I hope your trip e was pleasant and without incident, even if you did have to go by way of St. Paul. It would appear that another fannish exodus to the west coast is in swing again, comparable to the spirit that gripped a number of masochists in the late 50's and early 60's. What possible attraction could California hold that would cause residents of other parts of the country to suddenly spill over? Maybe that's what the thought of being governed by Ronald Reagan can do to people.

BT #18

A most delightful look into your other fandom. I have a vague familiarity of the off-beat ads you quote. Les Nirenberg sent me several Canadian weekly papers about four years ago that seemed to be devoted in its entirety to news items by and for such odd characters. (The worst of the lot was a yellow sheet mis-titled "Justice" which I've never seen on a New Jersey or New York newsstand). All the magazine had several pages of classified lonely hearts ads, much along the line of the examples quoted. I xeroxed up two pages of the choicest (from "Justice") and ran them intact in one of my first fanzines. The xerox process is an exact photo-copy process, the ads appeared precisely as they did in the newspaper. I had originally run off a large number of copies of this fanzine, all the supplies and equipment in its production cost me nothing, I did it where I worked, so it cost me no more to make 100 copies than it would have to make 10. I wasn't too discriminat in distribution either, I freely passed them out at ESFA meetings, and this way a copy of the fanzine got in to the hands of a non-fan who used to show up every few months. Said non-fan knew nothing of science fiction, but had a taste of old fantasy and mystery stories, and had heard a little of fan m. I gave him a copy of BEDLAM and heard nothing about it until about three weeks little when I received a scrawled, almost unreadable postcard from an ESFA character, a close friend of the fantasy fan at ESFA. This pathetic person made it plain in his postcard that he enjoyed everything about the fanzine, but particularly liked the ads, and he wondered if I could tell him what news items they were taken from or if I knew any dominant women I might introduce him to. I thought this was pretty funny, but I wrote back to him, telling him to check the New York newstands for the newspaper and giving him a subscription address. I also mentioned that I wasn't familiar with any dominant women but if I did run across any I would be sure to refer them to him. I really couldn't tell him anything more; I wasn't a middleman on a lonelyhearts circuit and I certainly wasn't going to go out of my way to see that he was properly matched with a companion who shared his likes. I later told the ESFA member about it and he seemed a little irate over my flippant attitude towards the whole affair. "It's a very beleivable request," he assured me, "I'd like to meet some dominant women myself". I haven't seen him for a couple of years, but then I don't go to ESFA meetings any more either. I don't know what he's doing right now, possibly being dominated.

Perhaps you read of the case in Newark in which a mansion, fitted out with numerous gadgets catering to these weirdos, was located by the police after one of their men had infiltrated the operation by posing as a customer. This funhouse was being run by a former model and her boyfriend and the story has allready made "Confidential", so there must be plenty to it. I've been through the neighborhood several times, perhaps I have even unknowingly passed by the house while festivities were being conducted. And Newark is supposed to be such a quiet town.

Sercon's Bane #27

Whenever I encounter some account of a successful reducing try it makes me wonder how the reducer will ever be able to take as much pride in anything else, as he obviously does in the complete loss of five or six unnecessary pounds. I'm an amused sideli~~ne~~ observer when others tell of their fantastic reducing schemes, since there's a very slim like-lihood that I'll ever have to travel the same road. The commercial weight reducers seem like needless and over-expensive crutches to the basic will power that dictates how much you eat. If overweight is caused by too much eating than the obvious answer is to effectively cut down on the eating. If a glandular condition is the problem than medical attention is required, but in either case commercial weight reducers are not essential. I'm repelled by the patronizing, cure-all claims of most of these products.

I quite agree with your opinion of "Batman". The program acheives the perfect balance between cold spy imitations, and labored and unfunny "satires". It's fortunate that the two leads are such accomplished non-actors that they can play the roles as if they were reading dialogue from a comic book, complete with frantic expletives and sentences always ended with an exclamation point. The camp element is unusually well treated, such as this except ezc excerpt from a show of just a few weeks ago, as spoken by one of the guest villains: "Confound it, I never thought it would be so hard to find the sarcophagus". Taken out of context and lacking the proper delivery, it doesn't sound so funny as it did on tv. But when performed within the story, these lines are tossed about with unerring swiftness, and perfectly fit the stereotyped, cliched aspect of the charactors themselves. Of course there are objections; many old time comic fans dislike observing the dynamic duo behaving like clowns. I would hardly call the depiction to be that of clowns but some people have no sense of humor whatsoever.

The main appeal with the Volks, as judged by their advertisements, is the unchangeability of the auto's exteriour. The ad agencies take special pains to point out that the surface design of the Volks remains the same, suffering only minor internal improvements. This may be fine, and a sign of progree in the acheivement of an ultimate design, but what of the guy who loathes the shape of the Volks, and refuses to buy it only for that reason alone. There are far more attractive cars on the road, even if they do undergo annual metamorpheses.

The trouble is that Christ needed publicity men to spread his word, so to speak. He couldn't have gone around from town to town and country to country, preaching what he beleived to be right. Right now his self-appointed disciples are still hard at work, compounding into eternal confusion what was very simple when first uttered 1900 years ago. The danger of interpretative religion is that frequently the interpreter tends to read into the writings whatever he prefers, to further his own ends. The skillful man can make the Bible say whatever he'd like it to say, and in the process condone every sin and crime known to humanity.

Your review of "Greek Love" just doesn't move me to comment. I would wonder, though, what the purpose of writing this book was. Is it the author's own personal conviction that the world would be improved by relationships of this nature or has he devoted a lot of space to a subject that is fascinating, but nonetheless uninvolving. And you, Buz, displayed superhuman restraint in not openly postulating that J.Z. Eglinton may also be a prominent FAPA member.

Grandfather Stories #2

If everyone was as concerned about inequitable tax deductions as you are, the government would find itself with a lot less revenue to play with after income tax time. I once read that the amount of money overpaid to the Internal Revenue service is a staggering sum. It seems there are still many people unaware of what constitutes a legitimate tax deduction, and rather than risk the chance they may be wrong, and subject to a fine, they don't claim the deduction at all, and wind up paying more than they would lawfully owe.

After death, I'm quite sure that I won't mind in the least whatever may be done to my body, and like you, would prefer a quick cremation. I'm not going to make some overpaid funeral director a little richer by allowing my family to spend four or five hundred dollars just for the privilege of being buried.

Double Double

The story isn't badly written and your background information is well detailed, but I can't think of anything else to be said on it. How about some comments, instead of making an appearance via an impersonal fiction work?

Ankus #18

Isn't her dragon-fighting attire a little impractical? Especially in windy weather.

The only fault with the Willis report is that it's not long enough. As usual to observations Walt offers are quite pointed and revealing. It's futile to complain about the food served at bus stops or depots. Small uncheonettes inevitably spring up at these places which serve greasy, poorly cooked food to the sort of starving traveler who would eat at the curb if it was permitted. Making through connections is often a touchy and tricky maneuver, and the traveler can't be bothered with searching out a reputable eating place, where there is one right at hand. The only solution is to carry food with you and eat aboard bus where you can at least be more selective in your choice of menu.

Atomic Galaxy #1

Suppose you let David Tucker write all of it next time. Ghost-writing is unforgiveable in promoting a fledgeling effort.

Allerlei/Day Star

Why the sudden rush to enlist the aid of ones'non-FAPA offspring in writing for FAPA zines? David Bradley's haikus show thoughtful development.

Half the time you seem apologetic, in your account of Walter, and in the other half you sound defiant and bitter. I doubt that any of these emotions are properly relevant, apologizing least of all. It isn't often that a wife reveals such unashamed admiration of her husband. Can Walter be induced to subject you to a similar treatment? It would round out the presentation of your original essay to have such a "reply". Epilepsy is a nasty and very unfortunate condition. I know a girl who suffers from grand-mal seizures at least twice a week. The smallest consequence of this is that she's unable to get a job anywhere.

Synapse

Until the government discovers some miraculous means of changing human opinion so that births are voluntarily limited, supplying birth control information and devices is probably the only way to effectively fight the problem of over-population. There are some, true, who claim the answer can be found in increased food production which completely overlooks the main problem. Let's feed everyone, but first let's make sure there's room for them.

Is it Joe "Pine" or "Pyne"? Whatever it is, he recently began a program over a local New York radio outlet, consisting of recordings all made well in the past, of some of his more provocative interviews, i.e. Lee Oswald's mother, a KKK member, etc.etc. In the latter case Pyne was properly abusive to the Klansmen, but in the process gave the guy every opportunity to launch into a fully long winded hate speech. There was no specific rebuttal from Pyne, he replied with a few sarcastic witticisms and that was that. Is this any way to run a "contraversial" interview show?

Toilet paper is no longer a word in the english language. The correct term is now "bathroom tissue" which sounds better in verbal commercials and in print. Advertisers would like to forget the unpleasant connotations a name like "toilet paper" evokes, or the main plumbing fixture it is inevitably associated with. The ultimate in this nonsense was reached a month ago when I saw, in a downtown Newark department store, a large, cellophane wrapped package of what was obviously four rolls of white toilet paper. Printed on the box, in big letters, was the label "Hand Tissues". I came alittle closer, to investigate this phenomonan of hand tissues masquerading as "bathroom tissues, and discovered what the label actually read was: "The softness of hand tissues". There was no other marking or identification.

Wasn't the dead man's hand of Wyatt Earp a reference to the hand of poker Earp was holding when a gunman entered the saloon where he was playing and shot him? I don't remember what the exact cards were, but even today they're considered unlucky.

Pantopan #14

If certain persons are categorized according to how well they like The Man from U.N.C.L.E., then I don't think there's any doubt that I fit into the last category, whatever it may be, because I don't care for the program at all. Possibly Vaughan and McCallum might be better suited for a more specialized and skillfully written part, but the stories, from what I've seen, are all too frequently carbon copies of one another, and Solo and Kuryakin each indulge in their allotted and predetermined spy chasing and girl chasing. There is to be a "Girl from U.N.C.L.E." showing commencing next season, with Stefanie Powers as April Dancer.

It's hard to beleive the letter by your grandmother was written over twenty years ago. Everything she complains about has been increased and modified via the television tube; if she thought hearing about it was bad on the radio, have her take a glance at tv where she can see it. It never ceases to amaze me to learn how many products are panaceas in restoring one's chances with the opposite sex, and insuring his or her enjoying instant popularl popularity, and inevitable subsequent marraige, when a specific brand of toothpaste or hair tonic or mouth-wash etc.etc. is used. Where has personal initiative vanished to? Why must it be bolstered by a lot of artifical crutches?