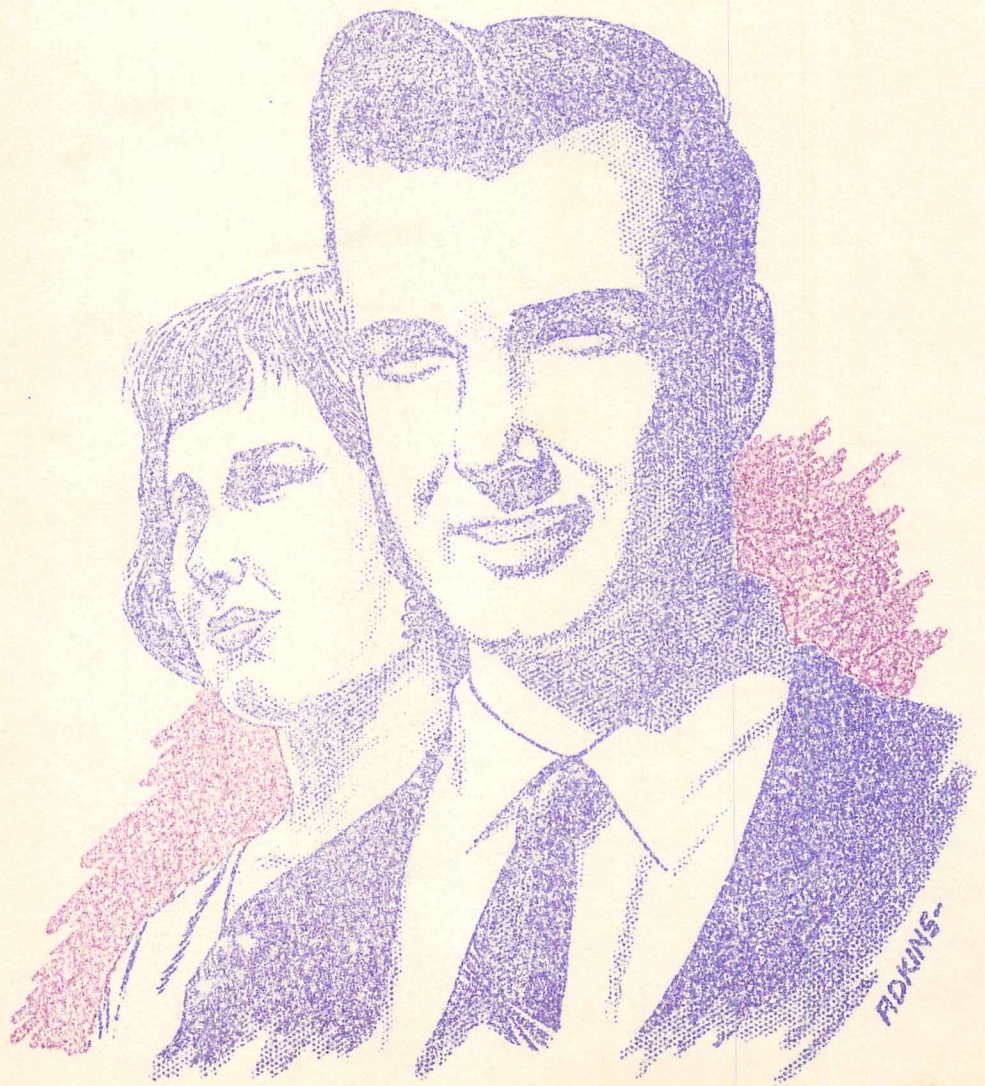


KLEIN BOTTLE

Number One





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May 1959

Edited and published for FAPA by Miriam
and Terry Carr, 3320A 21st St. San Fran.

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Cover by Dan Adkins, from photos of us
Bacover by Dave Rike, from ideas by Pote Graham and Terry Carr
Interior cartoons by Rotsler, Bjo, and Atom

A STATEMENT OF POLICY

Behold, a FAPazine with a contents page! This is not mere pseudo-Campbellism on our part, but rather, it ties in with our intention of publishing a semi-generalzine for FAPA.

It occurred to me that FAPA hadn't had a regularly-appearing zine which published contributions by other FAPAns since the demise of Lee Hoffman's TANGENT. And, as I said to Miriam, FAPA needs such a zine, sort of. After all, we have several members who seldom publish but who can write quite readable material...such people as Bob Silverberg, Bill Rotsler, and so forth. We plan to throw open the pages of KLEIN BOTTLE to them, and to any other FAPAns who may want to do an article or story or whathaveyou for us from time to time.

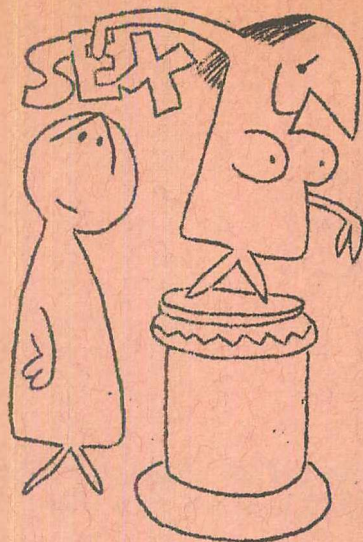
It's an idea which interests us, and we hope you FAPAns will support it. We're also sending KB to the top ten or so on the waiting list, and should they want to contribute we'd be glad to see their stuff too.

In all cases, of course, we reserve the right to edit or reject submitted material, just like any other selfrespecting fanzine.

Miriam's mailing comments, to begin next issue, will be titled "Mrs. Carr Says". This should gladden those fans who have been asking me for such a column since before I even met Miriam.

Just one more note: the cover doesn't do Miriam justice, but it's not Adkins' fault--the photos we sent of her weren't very good.

--Terry Carr



A TALE OF DARING-DON'T

by Bill Rotsler

I had a job in Dallas late last year, and John Strait, who has a silver plate in his head (after eleven months of combat from Chosen retreat on, he left some of his head bone in a shattered helmet) was to go with me. We didn't get started until late in the day and it was the evening of the next day, the first Saturday after Thanksgiving, that we

arrived in El Paso, Texas.

John and I talked ceaselessly all the way down and I told him stories of the ten months I had spent in El Paso during the war. I also told him of the prostitution across the border in Juarez, of shops and dirty streets, that in 1945 El Paso had the highest VD rate of any city in the US & A, etc etc. All this boiled down to the fact that John HAD to go to a whorehouse.

"You're kidding," I said, though I knew he meant it. "Disease runs up and down the walls like Hickory-Dickory-Dock! My god!" I tried to dissuade him but it was no use. With me or without me he was going. I decided to go along, to keep him out of a fight if possible (he's been in hundreds of fights, professionally and bar and amateur since he came home from Korea to find his girl married) and besides I was curious, for I had never been in a cathouse. Note: I was going as an observer ONLY, I assure you. I didn't even want to touch the door-knobs.

So we got a motel on the outskirts, cleaned up and walked across the International Bridge over the teensy trickle that marks an international border. John wanted to head for a house of "ill-repute" immediately but I started my first line of stalling and steered him into a bar or two. The Chinese Palace was still open, I noted. In 1945 a buddy of mine and I had sat there drinking Russian vodka, talking to a Canadian flyer drinking, I think, Irish whiskey, and watched a "Hawaiian" floorshow composed of Mexicans.

We met a group of young Mexican guys that seemed happy and harmless and who invited us along to some place they knew. We went along with them cracking jokes and kidding the smallest, who said he was "el jefe" of the gang, until they led us out of the "main" part of the turista district. John and I looked at each other and dropped farther and farther back within the group. We both thought they'd say, "It's right up this alley," and if they did we were taking off. But our suspicions were groundless for they brought us to a second-story dancehall, full of "the natives," quite dark, quite respectable and containing one of the loudest bands it has been my displeasure to hear since that one Jim Culberson took us to 2½ years ago, the one we were going to throw ice cubes at and stand in front of the horn players sucking a lemon to ruin their lip. I made a number of drawings, most of them insulting ones about the band...then one of our compatriots whisked them off to show the band and I expected a riot...but they liked them

and laughed at length.

Well, it was about midnight and we decided to leave and I thought I had passed the crisis and we were tired and I wanted to go to bed (alone, I trust you will note). I thought I had sidetracked John... but I was wrong. He was determined to finish the evening in the hitherto unexplored bordellos of Mexico. Awk. I thought if I just went on to the motel I was liable never to see him again so I agreed to go along.

Instead, however, I managed to sidetrack him, spying a mucho-neoned bar that said in foot-high letters BURLESQUE. Sublimation, I thought to myself, little knowing. Although there was an entrance on Main Street (or Avenida Juarez or whatever) it was boarded up. But an obliging youth (you know the kind) escorted us around the block to the real entrance. We trudged up wide, dark, much-turning stairs to the second floor, entering into a long, wide, and very dark room, virtually empty, with a bar running along the left side. This room opened into one corner of a squarish room about 50x60 feet with the bar from the first long room curving left to the cash register. A shallow stage with a 15-foot square apron thrusting into the room was on the left and a bar ran across the back of the room, with a large window running across the whole wall overlooking the main street. It had a mural painted on it whose only charm was that it was so murky you couldn't tell what it was.

This room was full, crowded with Mexicans and a healthy scattering of tourists. A remarkably pretty dark-haired girl in a "nightclubbish" evening gown was "dancing" and parading around the apron. She was, I presumed, an American, as were about a third of the "entertainers" that evening. She took off a portion of her skirt, twisted around a few times and the curtain closed on her. In about thirty seconds it opened again and she came out, danced around for about two minutes, took off something else, retired behind the curtain (still quite respectably dressed). This went on for some time but John and I were having our problems and it was with some surprise I next noticed she had nothing on but a G-string. I had time only for a glance (honest!) as I was very busy as you will see.

But back to the beginning. As John and I entered the main room we were beset by at least four overly painted whores apiece (most were either over or underage, too). I have had, in my time, to pry female fingers from my person but never more than one or two at a time. Four or five apiece was quite a chore. I won't say it was a pleasant one, either. Ugh. Naturally they pressed us to sit down but we insisted we wanted only to look for awhile and managed to slough off a few, though the die-hards remained.

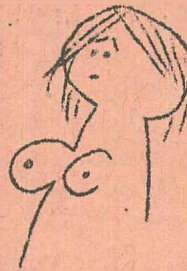
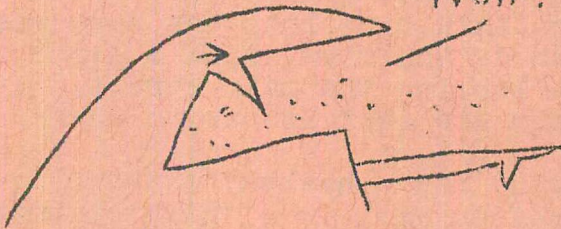
Presently one of the throng surrounding John struck his eye (not literally, though you might have expected it). About that time I looked down at a rather avidly clutching miss and was pleasantly surprised. She was the prettiest by far of the lot and was particularly pleasing as she looked like Hollywood's version of an Oriental made over with dye, makeup and slightly slanting eyes from a Parisienne or a Swede. She was Mexican, however, and really quite pretty.

Knowing we would sit down anyway in time, John and I picked these two and sat. Trouble started immediately.

We were facing the stage, with John sitting almost behind me. We ordered drinks, John gave the waiter a couple of bucks, which was not enough so I, not realizing John had paid, offered a five. The change for the drinks came out of the five and he made \$2 clear and suddenly couldn't speak very much English. We were getting mad and the fastest razzle-dazzle I have ever seen started. While we were fuming and trying to get our change the ladies of the evening ordered another round. About three rounds were consumed and John and I thought we

ought to pull out. John was eager to go off and cement a relationship with his "girl"; mine informed me that a key was necessary and must be obtained from the bartender. Although I had no intention whatsoever to go with my slant-eyed miss John and I did not want to be separated. So we all went to the bar at the front where drinks were instantly ordered, but not by me. I sighed, said what the hell, feeling a little sorry for a country that had children and grandmothers begging in the street and girls in whorehouses. I handed the bartender a ten dollar bill, the only kind I had left. He went off, always within sight, but did not come back with either the key or the change. My throat was very sore and I could not speak very loud and the place was a noisy bedlam, if I may be permitted the term.

SEX IS YOUR LUKE
AND SEX IS YOUR
TRAP!



I attempted to attract his attention and was failing and was getting sore. My nameless millstone ordered another round and he heard her readily enough. Back of the bar was higher and he was head and shoulders higher than I'll old me ...but when he leaned forward to hear her I grabbed his wrist and in a pleasant tough-guy

way and in a hard-to-hear voice told him unless I got my change (some \$7) he was coming over the bar.

Now I have seen a GREAT many gangster movies (fortunately more than the thugs that will presently enter the scene) and long, long ago I learned how to act tough. I have been in remarkably few fights and they have been, in the main, one-punch fights with me as dubious victor (drunks, guys littler than me, etc). But I learned early how to bluff and that tough guys, really tough guys, rarely had to act tough: they were tough, knew it, knew their capabilities. I just borrow that cloak and appear to be an amiable guy at heart but if you want to start it I am going to be the guy that finishes it and there is no doubt in my mind about it. That is my cloak and so far no one has seen fit to call me on it to the point of actual combat. Anyway, this is the background for the next hour's role.

Perhaps a word about how we looked. Both in levi's and rather rough looking corduroy shirts and leather jackets. I have a beard, as you know, and only a nut wears a beard so you can't be sure of what he'll do. John was growing a beard in frank imitation of me. But John has the "typical" Irish fighter-brawler face, a rough face naturally that can look incredibly tough, nasty and about half-insane when he's mad. He has BRIGHT red, fantastically curly and uncombed hair and beard. He is without a doubt one of the roughest looking guys I have ever seen. He is not too big but is very fast. His knuckles on his right hand are actually flattened from hitting things and people. Anyway, we did look, I think, like we could handle more than one apiece, even though I don't think I can fight worth a goddamn.

So this bartender went off, came back with the drinks, and looked at me for money. I just looked at him and said I didn't order anything. The girl didn't touch her drink and the bartender looked significantly at someone behind me. I ignored this and beckoned to the bartender who leaned forward again, thinking I wished to speak about the drinks. I reminded him of the money, looked at him as hard as any Private Eye ever did, and told him he was coming over the bar. He

tried to pull back a little but was too far forward and down to have any leverage against my grip on his forearm. I fully intended to yank his arm forward and down, smashing his face into the bar if I could, and then be "most" solicitous about his "slip" and brush him into respectability again. But he soon returned with change and the key.

Just before he returned with the key John's "girl" excused herself and disappeared for a moment. We thought nothing about it and waited a few minutes. Then I realized and John agreed that it appeared I had all the money and John none (which was true, almost), and "his" girl had taken off. This made him mad as he figured we had been swindled enough to pay for her in advance. I agreed, especially since I was going to dismiss my arm-tugging would-be paramour who was always trying to drag me off. But we were not to split, John and I, and I was merely going to wait nearby as he conducted his transactions. (I'm not as pure as all this might sound, just scared to death of social diseases.) Well, time passed and no girl. "My" girl kept up the salestalk but since she was the bird in hand, she did not get away although she tried it repeatedly with guile, stupidity, sex, excuses, anger and stealth.

Finally she was making so much noise that hard-faced types began to come around asking what was wrong. We told them to either shove off or find the other girl. We backed into a corner, next to the back bar and the wall. In ones and twos the hard-faces (luckily only one bigger than me) kept coming around to bluff us, only we weren't bluffing. Finally I turned to a skinny bartender behind us and asked for the manager. He went off and came back but no manager came. A fat whore tried to con us that she was the boss. The "suave" waiter who had first shorted us came around like he was someone of authority, talked to the girl, then us, told us he didn't know what the thing was all about, that the girls were just guests like us, etc. (When we first got up from the table to go for the elusive Key, I towered over him and in my very best Hollywood gangster manner ran my fingers up the underside of his lapel, backed him to a chair and said something to the effect that he must have thought he was very sharp, very tough, and grinned at him like Mike Hammer is always saying he does. I scared him, I know, and I must say I enjoyed it tremendously...it was a lovely part and I reveled in it. Like they say of the bullfighter who is so brave before he is first gored and not-so-brave afterwards, I've pulled the tough-guy bit a number of times--though never so much as this one time--and have never been seriously called on it. I enjoyed the whole thing...I'd never been in anything like this before, and I was quite aware that I had some story material brewing, as you can see from this long account and the relish with which I tell the story in person. Ah, life's little adventures...)

I got John aside and told him that it was obvious we were getting nowhere and let's pull out...BUT, I was very sore about the short-changing and razzle-dazzle. I was feeling reckless (and curious) enough--and broke enough--to tell him I'd thought of a plan that would be about the dirtiest trick I had ever pulled on anyone...but I didn't care.

So I told the above-mentioned joker that we didn't mind the shorting, the razzle-dazzle, but we didn't like the stealing.
"Senor!"

I told him I had put a ten dollar bill (all I thought we could get back of the \$12-\$14 spent) in my pocket, that slant-eyes had taken it and given it to the other one, who had disappeared. The roof went up. Everyone was talking, protesting. Throughout it all John and I were tough, but amiable and reasonable, and quite unbluffable. The tempo increased. More tough boys came around with "What's this all about?"

and muscles akimbo. We just asked if he was the manager and he bluffed and snarled and we asked him to get the manager. I was getting very annoyed and turned again to the skinny bartender behind me. I asked him, politely but firmly as we were doing all along, to get the manager. He was just about to light a cigarette and sneered something I didn't catch. I don't know what came over me (an overdose of tough-guy TV shows maybe) but I backhanded his cigarette right out of his mouth, brushing his lips and smacking down his hand. (Personally, I am delighted with this bit; it was like watching someone else.) He snarled, stepped back a little like he was going to fight...but I just looked at him quite levelly with my hand at the end of the swat and if he had moved I would have put him on the duckboards. He actually gulped I think and became rather unsnarly and went off in search.

But, of course, nothing happened. So I said to John, "The guy at the cash register may not be the manager but is obviously someone of authority. We are getting a run-around so let's go to him." We dragged Miss Juarez of 1958 over to the cash register at the end of the bar next to the stage. I explained the "theft" and more roof was launched. "Get the girl back," I said. Much talk. Very much ignorance, ignoring, bluffing. Tough-guys were beginning to edge in close. John and I looked them over in what I hoped passed as a professional appraisal. I eventually counted up to eight jokers. Some were looking at us, even talked to us; others just stood close and looked into sub-space or at whatever was going on on the stage. I did notice a few white faces and worried hands clutching drinks looking at us from the tables at our hips. At least one pair of young USA tourists got up and left, looking at us all the while.

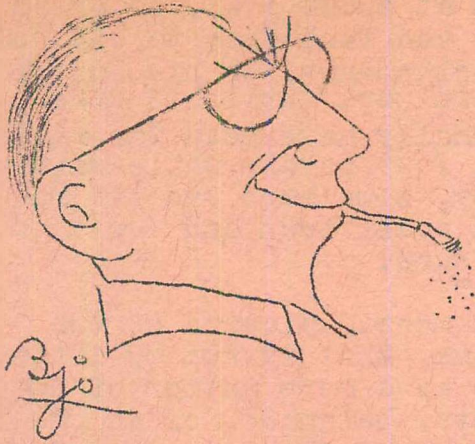
At one point the cashier half-agreed to send for the girl, so Miss Juarez and I sat down and John stood behind. We quite ignored the "tough boys," which annoyed them. We appeared to ignore them, anyway. (Standing on the stage steps before I sat down, with John standing on the floor at my side, we looked over the eight guys, looked at one another in an unrehearsed look that delighted me; in an attitude of two guys who had fought in many a fight together we had wordlessly distributed the eight between us, then looked back at them and away, forgetting them. It was delightful, subtle, but visible and unplanned. I loved it.)

After much time the missing girl appeared, hotly demanded we tell the truth. We did, with straight, honest, annoyed, tough faces. She stole, we said. MUCH fuss. The cashier again threatened to call the police. "Fine," I said, pointing to a phone behind the bar, obviously a house phone, "that will get things straightened out. Can I get them on that? And," I added quietly, "I'd like to call the American consul, too." Well, er, ah, now these girls are very poor, and, ah ...they shouldn't steal, though...but, ah...

Then I knew I had him licked. He offered me \$5 out of the goodness of his heart. "No, no," I said with great sincerity, "I don't want it from you...I want it from these girls." The first girl then walked off and it was several minutes before I spotted her hiding behind a clutch/group/pride/covey/passel/herd/flock/pack or whatever whores are known as in bunches. She was sent for. I rather sternly said to get her and we were going to go to the cops. I knew I had him licked. The girl came back and in a moment I was offered with heart's blood two five dollar bills. I thanked him, looked over the tough guys and as we went out said to one uncomprehending lad, "Straight shooters always win." It went unheard in the noise and I had completely forgotten it until now. Now that I think of it, I rather like that. Nice touch.

We exited amid scowls. The whole thing had been like a movie.

--Bill Rotsler



A Letter From
Good Ol' Cheerful
Bob Bloch

Hi! Of course I want to offer my congratulations to you both. But maybe a bit of advice might be helpful, too.

First of all, as a young married couple, I want to warn you about the bathroom problem. As you've probably discovered by this time, the bathroom is the most important room in the place.

The bathroom is where the wife keeps all her combs, brushes, hairnets, powder, rouge, lipstick, cold cream, hair-rinse, perfume, shampoo, deodorants, cleansing tissue, mascara, eye-shadow, depilatories, hand-cream, face-lotions, nail-polish, polish-remover, tweezers, cuticle scizzors, nail files, curlers, etc.

It is also the place where the husband would like to keep his razor, if there was any room, which there isn't.

So my advice to you both is: don't be misled by all the foolish articles debating which is the most important to a happy marriage--the double-bed or twin beds. You know the answer by this time: the most important contribution to a happy marriage is twin bathrooms.

Incidentally, if you checked the list of toilet articles enumerated above, you'll note that I omitted bobby-pins. That's because a wife never keeps bobby-pins in the bathroom. She puts them there, but they don't stay there. They keep turning up everywhere else, instead--in ashtrays, under the bed, in the little cracks between the wall and the kitchen sink, at the bottom of the bird-cage, and in the center of TV dinners.

You may be surprised to see me bringing up TV dinners, but if so that's because you've never had one. If you do, chances are you'll bring it up too. Avoid those urpful concoctions as you would the plague. No marriage--and damned few stomachs--can survive a diet of TV dinners.

Now, you two are not squares. You can read between the lines and see that, thus far, I've more or less subtly pointed out little aspects of marriage which appear to be to the disadvantage of the husband. Let's be fair and admit that he has advantages, too.

For one thing, marriage means more leisure time for the man--more time he can freely devote to study, creative effort, or constructive thinking. Let us say, for example, that the two of you have a dinner engagement with friends or are planning to go out for the evening at 7:00 PM. In the average household, this means that the wife probably starts to get ready around six o'clock, while the husband defers until

the last moment and gets shaved and dressed at about 6:45, so as to be ready promptly at 7:00. It is then that he can feel free to sit down with a good book, a few advanced college assignments, or his Encyclopedia Britannica and get in some really solid work until his wife is finally ready to go at 8:45 PM. I personally have read the entire Great Books Course and written no less than four novels while waiting for my wife to utter the welcome cry of "Hey, come here and zip me up!" over the years. Now that we live in a small town and don't go out any more, I scarcely ever get any work done.

But I see I am, all unwittingly, painting a morbid picture of the perils and pitfalls of matrimony. Believe me, that is not my intention. Far be it from me to depict marriage as a mere matter of domestic crisis--of budgets bravely begun and never balanced, of arguments over who wrapped the garbage in the front page of the paper before the other had a chance to read it, of leaky faucets and balky radiators and short-circuits in the toaster and blown fuses and defective wiring and cracked plaster and peeling wallpaper and dirty dishes and nicks in the furniture and muddy footprints on the carpet and noisy neighbors and toilet-bowls that back up and overflow.

There is more to marriage than this. As Sigmund Freud, that wise man, pointed out so many years ago, all life is a struggle between eros and thanatos--or, as we enlightened ones call it, fanac and gafia.

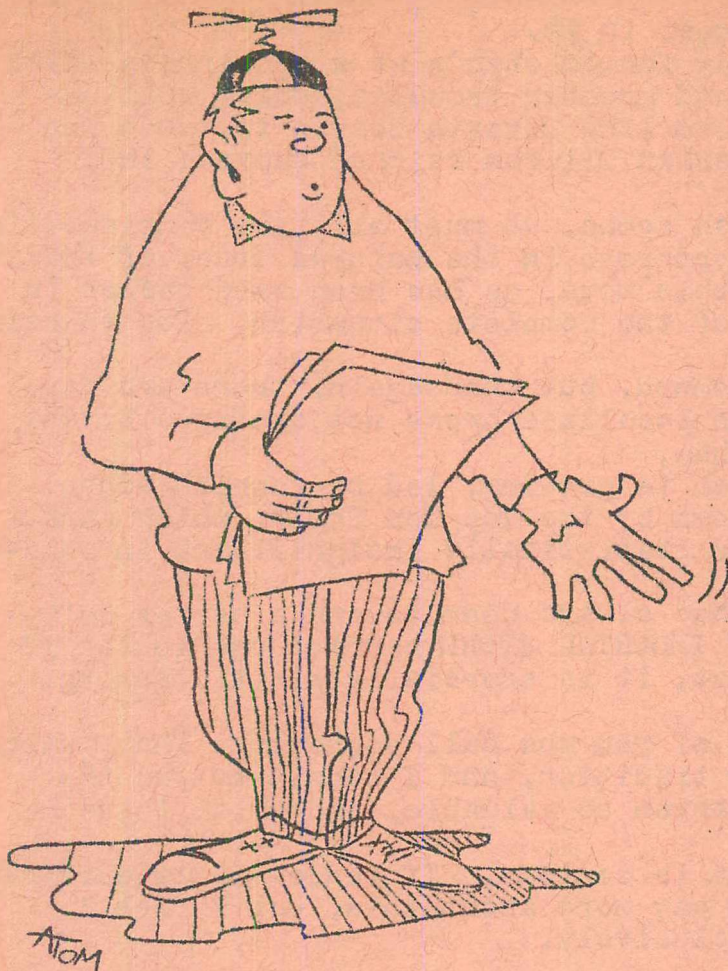
Fanac is the foundation of a happy marriage. Never forget this; guard this great gift carefully, and persevere in it.

And have fun, huh?

Bj



"Well, that's done!
Five hundred and eighty-
two campaign posters
saying 'Terry Carr for
TAPF!' ???!"



PREFACE:

It seems to us that in recent fanzines far too few of the contributors actually said anything. Neos rush into print long before they are ready, and many editors, because they are bereft of any decent material to print, fill their pages with these empty neoish blatherings. Seeking to curb this situation, we have written an article which may, with minor changes, be run in any zine, on any occasion, for any purpose--or none at all. We call it:

A SIGNIFICANT PROBLEM

by Tedsyl Ford

There's been a lot of talk lately in some of the fanzines I've been reading, and in some cases to an even greater extent in other well-known fan pub-

lications which have appeared in the past few months. As an old time fan put it--and others since have echoed in various publications of their own in succeeding years--this is a good thing.

For it is self-evident that fandom as we know it has been around for quite awhile, although there are those in fandom who are too young to remember that event. So many times, even though we have had to put up with invasions from the reporting staff of Time, and only recently--since the atomic bomb, really; not so long ago as some of us may think, although as mentioned above there may very well be those for whom this event occurred.

Therefore, there have been a number of large organizations, traceable easily back to New Fandom and before, and subsequent fan organizations of that period which have existed. I think I can safely state, without any fear of successful contradiction, that fandom will hand down to future posterity as a matter of tradition a few thoughts of such nature--past, present and future--which stretch before us. Of this much at least we can be assured: when anyone steps up to lead the grass roots of fandom onto that path which leads through the cries of the inevitable mad dogs among us, we must forsake none of our tru-fannish ideals; and make no mistake: in any overall approach this much is obvious, and it is a sobering thought.

Don't be mislead; although you may not expect such a movement from within our ranks, even now plans for it are being laid. It is up to us to do our best to counteract such measures with the best we can.

It is perhaps more than coincidence that has seen in the last five years the coming and going of a number of new faces on the fanzine scene, and honesty demands, whether we desire it or not, to admit this.

There are unmistakable signs, for when I was in New York, I attended a meeting on the subject, and I believe that this is of such importance

that every fan should take interest in it.

I haven't any illusions; today fandom stands at a crossroads which could see it immersed in newer and greater troubles, which will undoubtedly make Seventh Fandom seem like Seventh Heaven to those who cannot remember the days when Harlan Ellison reigned supreme in a birdbath.

To keep abreast of the fannish scene, we must all give consideration to this situation, in order to progress in the natural order of tradition. Whoever would challenge this move, as has been said before in other zines, must be cognizant of the complete situation. For therein lies the way to the solution.

In such a move I may be condemned, but then again, there are factions in fandom, particularly in localized areas not confined to any vicinity. We cannot overlook them.

Nor another new movement which is growing, led by fannish school-teachers and jd students, as shown by the Top Ten Polls, which cannot be overlooked, and which will be statistically insignificant in relation to the Greater Whole.

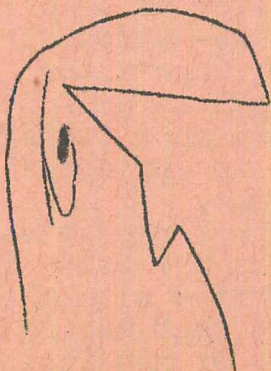
The primary aim, of course, has always been toward a better solution. And in this respect, THE IMMORTAL STORM carries one lesson if no other, and as a matter of fact, it is especially disillusioning. Yet we must not regress.

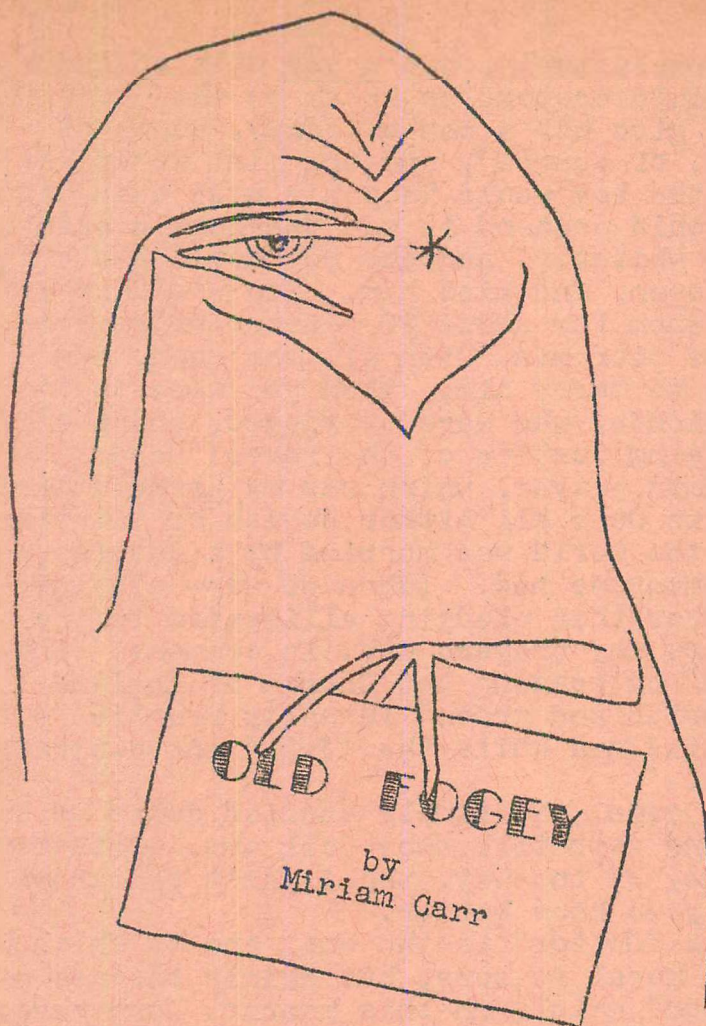
I think I must demand of all of you who call yourselves fans, with unyielding determination in our tradition, and I submit to you the facts, which have in the past proven so valuable, and which leave me to draw but one conclusion.

Beyond a doubt this condition is serious. If fandom is to survive, we must not deny this. I could say more about this, but I feel I should emphasize this point conclusively.

--Sylvia and Ted White

FANDOM
WILL
OUT!





Robert Paul Smith has inspired a lot of discussion with his book, "Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing." When I read it in 1955 or so, I thot Smith was all wet, as my childhood had been pretty much the same as his, plugging in a few different inviromental factors. For he said that kids didn't do the same things any more--not like when he was a kid. But I did, and I'm 21, which I think is at least 15 years younger than he.

But, by crackey, he's right! They do "nothing" now, but really nothing, not like "our nothing". Thank God my childhood pre-dated widespread television ownership! The kids around here can't go outdoors after dark, and from the sound of the T-V upstairs and the looks of the acrials all over, you can just bet they aren't playing or roading!

By the way, I recently found out that I'm an old fogey. Burbee's two youngest kids informed me. Not in an unkind

way, mind you; they were gentle. Terry and I were over there one Saturday last month, and I was teasing Linda Burbee about her Elvis Presley pictures. So she and her brother Johnny came back at me with a lot of questions about my "youth". Well, I had to admit that when I was in Jr. Hi. I had had pictures of Stewart Granger and Jean-Pierre Aumont. The Burbee kids looked at me in dismay. They had never even heard of those actors, and told me quite politely but firmly that I was waay behind the times.

An old fogey at 21. Zounds!

Well, maybe I'm an old fogey now, but when I was a kid I was surely with it, by crackey. I mean, we used to play lots of games which, when I look back, were pretty rowdy. We used to play "Getting Engaged," "Getting Married," "Having Babies," "Doctor," "Inny-Annie-Overs," "Capture the Flag," "Fly-Sheep-Fly," "Work-Up," "Tackle," "Hit-the-Bat," "Kick-the-Can," and countless other games which our peers didn't approve of, for one reason or another, and which I never see kids playing any more.

Now, kids may very well be playing many of them yet, and I'd never know. Some of them aren't the kind they'd be likely to play out-of-doors.

But as for the others...how could one possibly play "Kick-the-Can" in secret?

Let me tell you about those "forbidden games" and let you judge whether or not kids today are beknighted without them, or if you agree as to our folks' disapproval.

"Getting Engaged" was a game similar to "House" which was our interpretation of courtship as we observed it from radio and movies.

We played this game in couples exclusively, and never with an audience. Thusly: first the boy would pretend to knock on the door, the girl would let him in, he would give her a box of candy, bunch of flowers, or a book (all pretend, of course), and the girl would accept the gift, close her eyes, the boy would keep his eyes open, and kiss the gal. Then, the girl would pretend it was the next evening, go to his house with flowers or whatever, and the boy would close his eyes, the girl would keep hers open, and kiss him. You would keep it up, reversing who was visiting whom for about 20 minutes or however long it took to get bored out of your mind with all the mush, and then the boy would ask the girl to marry him. Then you were engaged and ran outside to tell your friends, who were overjoyed, and people commenced screaming, "Dibs on being Justice of the Peace!" and I would run get the manual of common prayer, which was my grandfather's Episcopal prayer book, and tho we were all either Jewish or Catholic and tho every young person in the world was married by a Justice, this was the only Marriage Ceremony we had. (When we were playing "Church," we never got any further than pledging allegiance to the U.S. flag, because we didn't know any prayers etc. in common.) Anyway, we played "Getting Married" by reading the Church of England marriage rites, and then the "bride and groom" (usually Frankie Freudenthal and me) would run like mad while the "J.P." and congregation threw anything handy at us.

"Having Babies" was a simple game. We simply stuffed dolls up our tee-shirts and then jumped up and down till they fell out. Both boys and girls used to play this game, by the way, tho I can't remember for the life of me why. I mean, we know better.

Now, among these indoor games "Doctor" is the only one to which I can see any objection. Not for moral reasons, but mainly because of our ignorance. We played "Doctor" mainly in this manner: one person would be the patient and the rest of us would be doctors. This game was inspired, I believe, by the Doctor Kits which most of us had, but dispensing sugar pills, etc., soon became too tame. We found better uses for the tongue depressors, which were really Fopsicle sticks (which we called "ah-sticks" anyway). The patient would undress and be covered head to foot by covers, with only the genitalia exposed. With these tongue depressors we would perform various bits of "delicate surgery" which would invariably accomplish nothing but tickling, causing the patient to have to urinate, and therefore we called this operation The Wee-Wee Enema.

After a few months of performing no operations but The Wee-Wee Enema, this too got tame. One time we put a hairpin in Sally Going's rectum and, since nothing happened, we forgot about it. So did Sally. It seems that that evening, normal body processes being what they are, Sally found her bowel functions impeded by a small metal hairpin. She tearfully told her folks, "I can't go potty--it hurts!" Mr. and Mrs. Going called a real doctor, who discovered a bobby pin in Sally Going's rectum.

"How did you get a bobby pin in your rectum, Sally?" he asked.

"Why, Johnny Cavanaugh put it there," she said.

"Why did Johnny Cavanaugh put a bobby pin in your rectum, Sally?"

"Oh, we were playing."

"What were you playing, that Johnny Cavanaugh put a bobby pin in your rectum?"

"Doctor."

"And how do you play 'Doctor,' Sally?"

And Sally told them. And they were not pleased. In fact, they were furious, and the whole neighborhood of kids was in great trouble. I don't remember how we were punished, but I know we didn't play

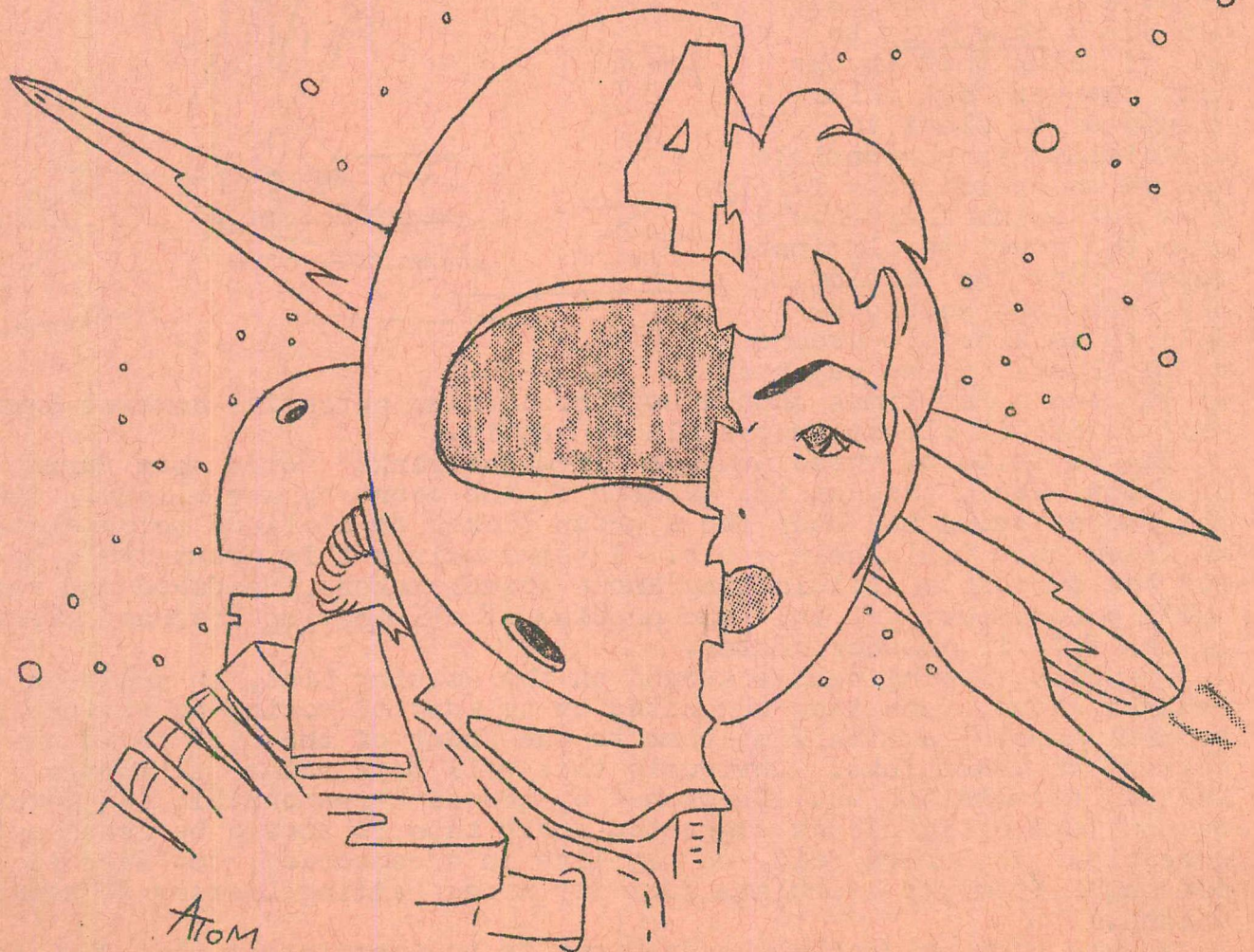
"Doctor" any more after that.

The rest of the games I mentioned earlier were more or less typical athletic-type team-games, and our parents were always after us to stop playing them on the grounds that we might get hurt, and I always used to think this was nonsense, because we never got hurt any worse than scraped elbows and knees. I have since decided that perhaps the disapproval came from our folks not wanting us to play such rowdy games with boys and girls together.

But maybe the kids of today aren't in constant danger of getting heck from their parents about the games they play. In fact, the kids of today are very lucky--they don't have to spend all their time, energy, and ingenuity playing games that they'll get in trouble for. In fact, they don't even have to play.

I guess I had the beknighted childhood. I'm an old fogey--I pre-date T-V.

--Miriam Carr



BLACK BALLS OVER FAPA

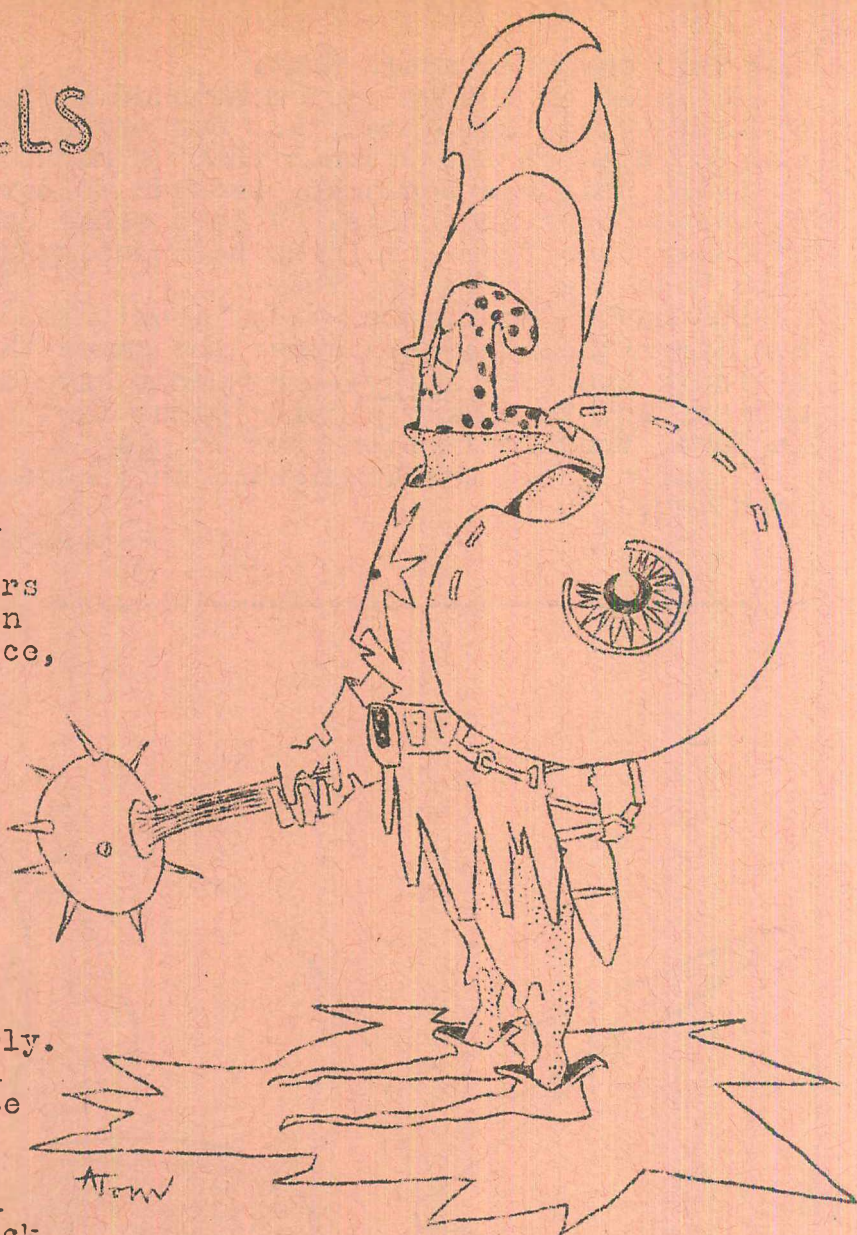
by
William Rotsler

Now about some sort of blackballing deal for FAPA ...what about the FAPA officers plus say three others from "the ranks" to vote on the waiting list once, twice, three, four times a year? The "others" could be the previous year's officers, three voted on at regular elections or three appointed by the President, who needs something to do. I think that in the main whoever FAPA thinks enough of to elect to Officialdom is responsible enough to decide this fairly. I do not think they should have the power to eliminate anyone from the Waiting List but they should be able to move people around on the List. To be put back at the end a few times should both discourage potential members and/or make it almost impossible to get in.

The addition of three members "from the ranks" voted upon during elections would prevent the packing of the court by any clique. Since the recent trend has been for a group ticket or a clique to be elected en masse this would help a bit. I think mainly this group would be for the purpose of eliminating known troublemakers, deadwood and fugg-heads before they get in. The problem of eliminating deadwood already in the FAPA is another matter.

Now about moving people around on the Waiting List, in addition to remarks above. The idea suggested by someone of voting on various potential members and raising them to the front of the List is an excellent one, methinks. Obviously this will be a rather arbitrary series of decisions but if reached by the semi-responsible (at least) members and officials as suggested above then it should be reasonably workable. As Burbee said, we may live in a democracy, but FAPA is not one. It might stimulate activity among Waiting Listers to seem worthy.

People such as Jacobs who drop out to be immediately placed on the Waiting List would obviously not be raised right up the List, since



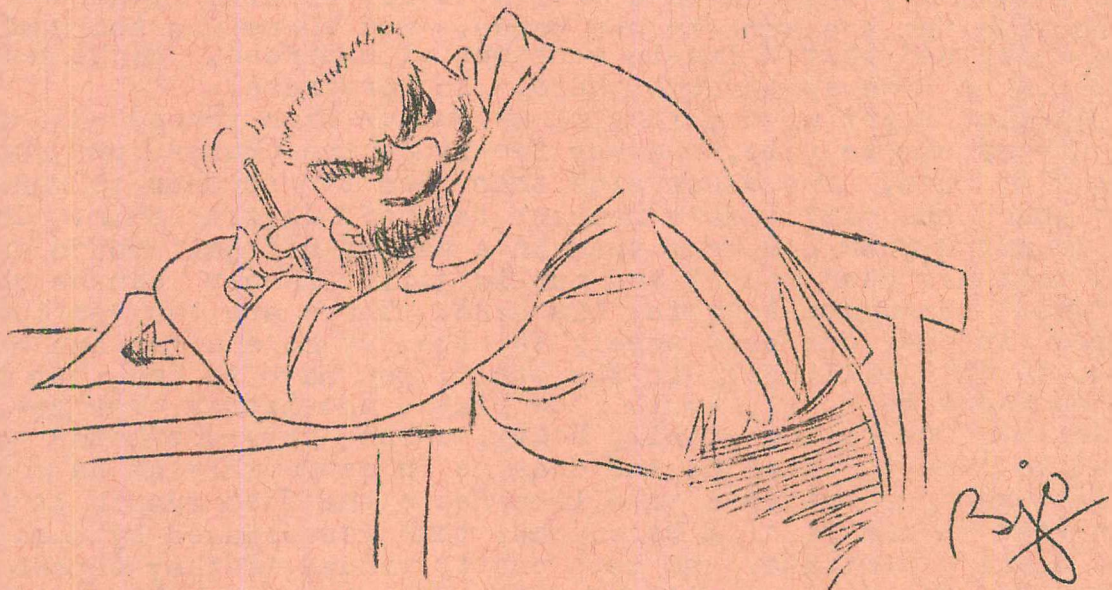
that would not be the wish of the Waiter. I'm all for this idea and I hope Carr or Ellik publish my comments in one of the forty or fifty fan-wide fanzines they publish in their capacity as the Secret Lords of Fandom.

Now about voting on members already in. Suppose the first vote was tentative...anyone getting a number of GET OUT votes would be stimulated to do something constructive to stay in. If he didn't, well...the second vote would be final. Or a committee such as the Waiting List Inquisition could "nominate" a few for consideration. There'd be yells but probably not many, other than the fans in question. Again, I trust the Committee to act with reasonable fairness. Take the case of Elmer Perdue...it would be in the interests of fapadom to keep him in, even if it is difficult at times to prod him into doing something to let him stay. I was one of those who once said Get Elmer Out but it was strictly so that he'd DO something about it.

To quote Laney, every healthy organism has a way to eliminate waste.

--Bill Rotsler

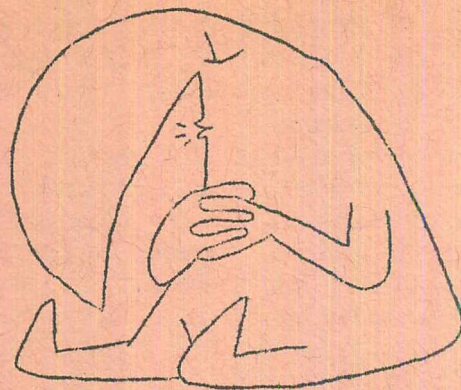
He's a stream-of-consciousness thinker.



Bill Rotsler, drawn by Bjo as he drew her.
(The drawings he did of Bjo were unprintable.)

COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON

(Terry here.)



WRAITH (Wrai Ballard):

Your mention of coasting down hills in old baby carriages when you were young reminds me of a favorite sport of mine during my, ah, youth. (Stroke, stroke.) We were living in an area which was still being built up with houses, and there were several fairly large areas still "unimproved" around there. Just a few blocks away was a long, steep hill covered with grass, at the bottom of which was a swamp. In the fall the wild grass would dry out, and we'd take bannell staves and wax them, then nail 'em together into a sled, on which we would place ourselves and shove off from the top of the hill. Wow! That was a lo-o-o-ong hill, a track of hundreds of feet, or thousands maybe (my judgment of distance is miserable for translation into inches and feet). The descent was always brief but exciting, ending on a slight rise just before the track reached the swamp. Well-waxed sleds, properly (or improperly, if you prefer) ridden, could get up enough speed to go over that last rise and deposit one in the edge of the swamp.

Of course, that area has all been "improved" now. Several years ago the swamp was filled in and a drive-in theater erected there. We used to sneak in and watch the movies for free, sometimes without sound and sometimes, when we were feeling bold, sitting right out among the cars with the speakers in our hands. But there was too much fog in the area, and that drive-in went out of business. Right now they're building a freeway through there. Ah, progress...

Another sport we had (during my Junior High years) was Heats. This is a very simple game, whereby two sides are chosen, and one is made the "it" side. The other side then gets ten seconds to run away, after which the "it" side's members take off chasing them. The object is to catch them and keep them in a marked-off jail space until all the team has been caught and put in jail. Members can be released by a "free" teammate touching his hand. There are two versions of this game: in one, one need merely tag the guy he's after and he has to come to jail willingly; in the other, you have to drag him in to jail, if he cares to be difficult. We played the latter, rougher, version. There was one fellow--a big, heavy, strong guy--who hated me, and he used to love to catch me and drag me in as roughly as he could. I was a fast runner, but in a game like Heats the fast runner is invariably the last on his side to be caught, thus gets chased by practically the whole other side, and gets pretty winded if they choose to chase him relay fashion. That's how this guy always caught me: by waiting till I was winded, then taking his turn to chase me. Very effective strategy indeed. One time, though, he'd been giving me a bad time all day, and as he was about to catch me with an evil expression on his face--a malicious smile of pure anticipation--I turned around and got ready to haul off and slug him. I was just mad enough to mean it, too, despite the fact that he usually had me buffaloed. He saw I meant business and did the most perfect coward's flinch I ever saw. I

stood there looking at him for a timeless moment, then laughed in his face and ran away.

The next day he got into a fight with a little Mexican kid and got the hell beat out of him. After those two incidents, I had no more trouble with him.

TAPEBOOK (Bill Rotsler and Bob Pavlat):

An immensely appreciated offering, particularly as we just yesterday got Pete Graham's taper to use until he gets back to the Bay Area. Both speeds (7 1/2 and 3 3/4) available, and we'll be glad to have tapes from FAPAns.

The suggestions on taping from Enay leave me wondering why it is that his tapes are so miserable, soundwise. We've had two from him in the past couple of months, and both were unintelligible for the most part. One brief section of the second tape was perfectly clear, and apparently was where he'd turned the treble all the way up on his recorder--for the rest, he sounded more like Vaughn Monroe than Vaughn Monroe ever did. I remarked once to Ron that it sounded like one of those recordings made underwater. Damn, and he was saying interesting things, too, it sounded like.

A PROPOS DE RIEN (Jim Caughran):

Just counted up and discovered that I've met only 23 FAPA members --five less than you. But then I'm a travelling giant on a much smaller scale than you. And I've met 24 if you count Ted and Sylvia separately. And 25 if you count Miriam (of course I've met her!), 26 if you count me. (I met myself one morning when I got up and looked in the mirror and decided religion was for the birds.)

I've heard that quote about English changing for better or worse myself, and liked it, but can't place who said it. G.B. Shaw comes to mind, and also--er, I've forgotten the other fellow's name. Poetry

SOLALON? WESTERCON?
DENVENTION? MIDWESTCON?
WHERE WAS IT?

Editor of the Saturday Review. Damn my undeveloped photographic memory--it never gets out of the darkroom.

PHANTASY PRESS (Dan McPhail):

I don't think you figured THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE into the total for the Berkeley crew, and that would throw off your results considerably. Placing Burbee as third highest in total of pages he's published during the year is ridiculous.

When the mailing with INC BURB came out and we saw that Burb had been credited with its publication, I sent him a postcard saying, "Congratulations on publishing THE

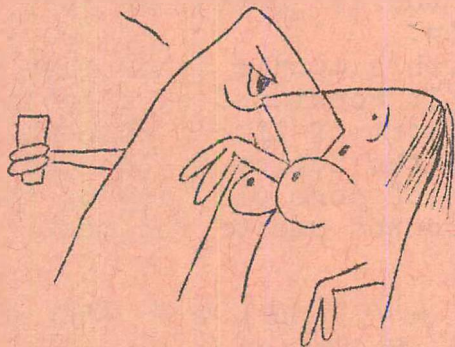
INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, you publishing giant you. We look forward to bigger and better Burbeezines in the future."

Burb wrote back, "I did not publish that thing. You fellows did. You are the publishing giants, remember? Why, you toss these things off so casually you must have just forgotten it!"

I think Burbee understand thoroughly the principle of noblesse oblige...

Well anyway, I think I'll follow your suggestion to challenge another FAPAN to match my page-count this year. Miriam, my seconds will call in the morning.

Be it known that DIASPAR #7 wasn't sent out as FAPA postmailing stuff. It was originally intended for FAPA, but Ronel ran off only 58 copies, so I sent copies hither and yon just to get them distributed. Most copies went out with INNUEENDO #8.



VANDY (Coulsons):

Do you people do your stencilling on a portable typer? It looks like it, for some reason. Though I can't point to any definite place, the lines of type in general look a little uneven, which seems to be a characteristic of portables.

This zine of ours is typed on a portable, incidentally--Miriam's. My ancient Remington standard's keys are pretty worn, and they cut stencils pretty brutally, whereas this typer seems to cut more sharply. Until we see the results of this zine we won't know which is best. Compare this zine with THE STORMY PETREL, which was typed on my typer.

Your mentioning cutting a friends two-page story to two medium-sized paragraphs reminds me of the standing joke between Ronel and me. Seems a couple of years ago I asked him to sit down and write me an article for THE INNISH on his experiences in Marine Corps boot camp, and he did so. I then edited the thing, starting out by cutting almost all of the first page. I don't think he's ever got over that, and the way I've heavily edited some other pieces he's written for me. One piece of his drew heavy praise for its punchline--which I had written. Sometimes we make jokes about me being 80% of Ron Ellik, but that isn't true, really.

We played King on a Hill when we were kids, too. Lessee, maybe our version was different from yours...or Bill Evans' it was, since you were commenting to him. He mentioned King on the Mountain, which may or may not be the same as King on a Hill. KoaH is a rather rowdy game whereby the kids strive to get to the top of some rise and then keep anybody else from pulling them down. Strictly strong-arm stuff. I suffered the worst accident of my life playing it...sprained an ankle in a fall so badly that exrays were taken to see if it was broken. It wasn't, but it kept me out of school for a week. And it hurt so bad that the doctor had to inject novocaine with a Big Hypodermic directly into the area. It's not a pleasant memory, but I can count myself extremely fortunate that it's the worst physical injury I've ever suffered. Only other bad one I ever had was a falling brick striking me in the head, but it was a glancing blow and tho it knocked me out, I think, it did little more than break the skin.

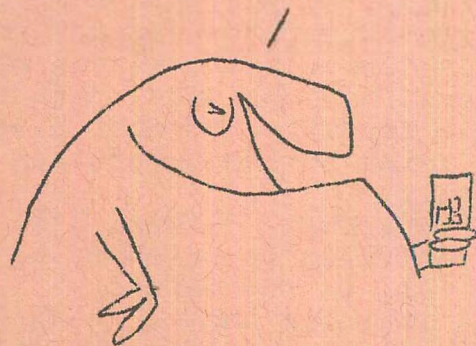
The apartment which Pete Graham shared with a couple other guys before leaving Berkeley had a terrific john. It consisted of a cubicle about four feet wide and fifteen feet long, sort of like a short hallway, and it slanted downward till it reached the toilet at the end. Save for the toilet and a tintype-type photo of some old lady on the wall over it, the cubicle was bare. It presented one of the most amusing pictures I've ever beheld..

I usually like Juanita's artwork, though it's certainly true that she can't draw feet. The drawing on page 7 looks very nice, though.

Miriam and I have been going to see stf movies fairly frequently. Most are pretty terrible, but I enjoyed "The Blob" (which is more a teenagers' picture than a stf picture, and quite amusing if you bear that in mind) and just a couple nights ago we saw a fine rerun triple bill: "Day The Earth Stood Still," "This Island Earth," and "Forbidden Planet". I'd

never seen "DTEST" before, and liked it a lot. "This Island Earth" was good at times, but suffered greatly from flaming meteors in space and so forth. "Forbidden Planet," I maintain, is the finest stf film yet made. The special effects, by a couple of Disney Studios men, were

WHO'S HOLDING THIS CON
DID YOU SAY?



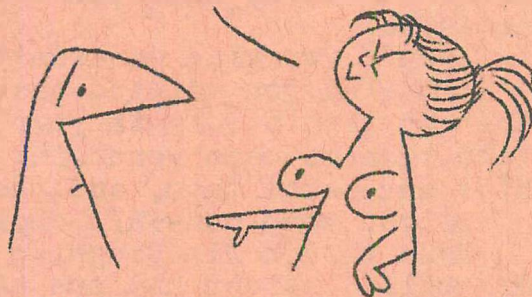
outstanding--but what impressed me most was the fact that it seemed to be aimed at a science fiction audience as much as the usual movie audience. Pure sense-of-wonder throughout, and scientific extrapolation that would go well in any magazine sf story. (Yeah, I know it came out in pocketbook form and stark--blame it on the writer of the pb.)

Miriam, after seeing these three pictures, said she wished somebody, sometime, would make a science fiction movie without a thoremin.

It's not surprising that the people from that spiritualist camp outside Chesterfield, Ind., proved to be better citizens on the whole than the bulk of the populace. We're living right below a Catholic family, whose children are extremely polite. Miriam, an ex-Catholic, says the only good thing about Catholicism is Catholic schools.

If you liked "Dear Devil" so much, Juanita, I'd suggest you look up ETR's "I Am Nothing" in aSF about a year later. Very fine piece, with a totally different plot but much the same effect.

OUT, AND NEVER DARKEN
MY ID AGAIN!



REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT (Alger):

"The Equation of Fandom" was lovely, and reminds me of an interlineation I've been saving for some time:

His blood pressure was raised 30 points by Scientology.

FANTASIA (Wesson):

That bit about the Erection set floored us, and reminds me of the story I heard recently about a local entertainer who arrived late at a fashionable party, quite drunk, and strode into the room booming to the host, "My name's Spaulding--you've probably played with my balls!"

WOW, PROFESSOR (&Young):

Extremely interesting. Have you told Ray Palmer about this yet? (I think I've just made an enemy.)

I am reminded, thinking of Palmer's bacovers and filler "science" articles, of the piece he printed around 1950 about space being terribly hot, because rockets which had been sent up had proved this. Thinking back on it now, I suppose it was probably due to atmospheric friction on the rockets, but at the time I was young and credulous and, in short, didn't know what I was talking about. Anyway, I was kind of a hotshot in jr. hi. science class, and when we got to the part in the Astronomy section about people freezing in space, I raised my hand and took exception with whatever it was the textbook had said. I said that Recent Rocket Experiments Had Proved that space was hot, and made quite an ass of myself trying to back up my assertion without admitting I'd read it in a Ray Palmer science fiction pulp. I got an F for the day, of course.

CHAPTER-PLAY (Tucker):

Good grief, man, your list of fans-turned pro doesn't include Joel Mydahl!

Yes, I wish Evans would dig up some of Koenig's anti-hiss campaign. I've seen only one or two brief quotes on this in old fmz, and am quite interested.

And I guess that's all the comment I have on this, save that it was wonderful reading and I wish you'd publish more like it.

BURBLINGS c/w ELMURMURINGS (Burbee & Perdue):

Rotsler and I had a Vile Plot we were going to pull on you, Burb, but the idea sort of got lost in the shuffle when you walked into the room and we never made any definite plans, which of course means that it'll never get done.

We were going to print up a piano-roll fanzine and mail it to you from some unknown city. It would be extremely badly mimeographed, but you would be able to recognize some of the stuff. There would be a list of old piano rolls for sale, of course. It would read something like this:

Wally Roll Motor: Rudy Foote's Dances.... ..25¢
Cot Coplan: Tr zaly Reg.... ..15¢

and like that.

The return address on the mag would not be ours. In fact, it wouldn't be any name you'd recognize. What's more, it would be unreadable.

Aren't you glad we didn't do a thing like that to you?

I'm glad you printed that quote about why you couldn't appear at the con with a bolt in your neck, because I imagine a lot of other fans than me were wondering what you'd said. Me, I wrote to the Busbies and asked them, and they sent it in a plain sealed wrapper.

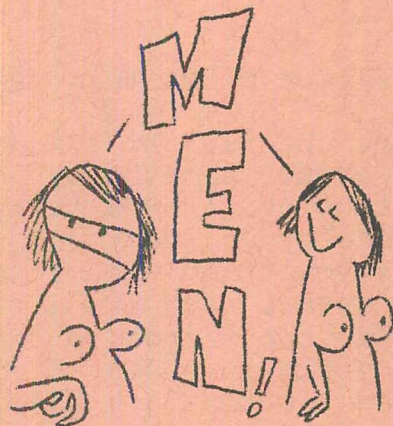
Do you send non-FAPA copies of this mag in a plain sealed wrapper?

Even though Jim Caughran has typed stencils for Charles Burbee, we still consider him one of the boys.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn):

Like I told you via letter, Boyd, I enjoyed this mag immensely, but it doesn't inspire much comment. Maybe because I'm tired right now. But I loved it all.

Hell yes, "arse" is a long-standing word in the English language. Appears in Chaucer a lot, for instance. I've always assumed that "ass" was a corruption of it. And "arse" is used over here a little, usually by people who want a slightly more proper word than "ass" but don't want to say "buttocks" or anything of that ilk.



Gad but there's a lot of talk about childhood pleasures in this mailing! I am reminded in this instance that we used to go crazy over playing cars. We had whole fleets of toy cars and airplanes to scale, and we dug roads in the sides of hills--interconnecting roads running from airport to homes and so forth. Usually we played a sort of cops 'n' robbers game, and of course we were always the robbers. (Wertham would've been shocked!) We dug underground hideouts for our cars, and secret tunnels blocked by concealing tufts of grass, and we

had special cutoffs which were for pulling into when chased by a cop car, and the cop car would speed on into the pit that had been dug just around the next corner. We also fashioned runways with banked walls, curving down the hillside, and when properly engineered these roadways would serve to let us place a car at the top and let go and it would roll all the way down the road to the bottom without going off the road or overturning. One time we made a special one, with a cutoff for the robbers just before its entrance, and the cop car would turn onto this runway and roll lickety-split to the bottom, where we had fashioned a ski-jump sort of thing which would plummet the cop car through a couple of feet (equals hundreds of feet) of air to the bitter end.

I HAVE BEEN IN THE OZARK LOVE-CAMP

by Don Rogers

FAKE

MAGAZINE

SPECIAL
↓

ANCIENT
SECRETS OF
1ST FANDOM
**NOW
REVEALED**

For The FIRST
TIME!

by Geo. Wetcell

PLUS All-Star
FEATURES

by Shaver, Geir,
Amherst, Blade, &
A Host Of Others



**WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER
DOES THIS FAN POSSESS?**

I DIED THREE (73 3 71) TIMES

by Arthur Robert Wilson Tucker, Esq.