

# KLEIN BOTTLE NO. 2

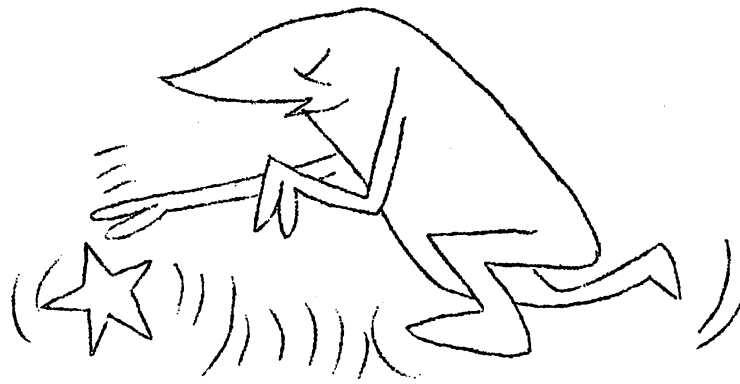
November, 1959

FAPA 89

Terry & Miriam Carr  
#5, 70 Liberty Street  
San Francisco 10, Calif







# KLEIN BOTTLE no. 2

Klein Squeezin's ..... Terry Carr  
Pedestal ..... Bill Rotsler  
Comments on comments on comments on .. Terry Carr

Cover by Atom.  
Heading for mlg. comments by Bjo  
All other interior cartoons by Rotsler

## KLEIN SQUEEZIN'S

This is sort of a hurried issue of KLEIN BOTTLE, I'm afraid. Only twenty pages, for one thing. Nothing by Miriam, for another. And, horror of horrors, I just noticed that I didn't list Robbie Gibson's li'l pome up there on the contents page, so be hereby notified that "Contact," by Robbie Gibson, appears at the end of Rotsler's column, which would be page ten if we had page numbers. And, of course, if you're counting the cover. For Buck Coulson that'd be page 9, I guess. But I guess you'll find it.

Rotsler's column is culled from the long carboncopy circulation letters he's been writing for many months now. His article in the first issue was from one of those letters, too. Bill has given us permission to reprint at will (with discretion) from these semi-personal letters, so we've made a column out of it.

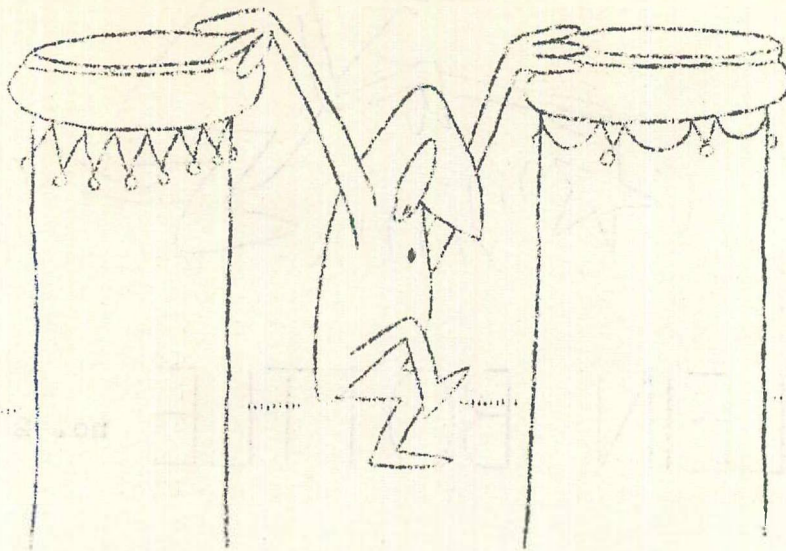
In the first issue, we promised regular publication for this zine--then we missed the next mailing. Sorry about that; the reason was twofold. First, we didn't have the extra cash to publish then; second, we didn't have the material either. Seems somebody was hold-up the Rotslerletter chain and we didn't even have any Rotsler to print just then. But we look forward to regular publication from here on out.

I hope all of you like the cover. Mainly, because it took me two hours to stencil it. Ronel was over coupla nights ago and he latched onto the only other really good cover we had. I was planning to send this Atom illo to CRY or Ted White or somebody who could use a photostencil process, but we needed a good cover for KB, so I took a chance and tried stencilling it. Hope it turns out well.

And, Atom--take it easy, willya? What do you think I am, a Gestofax machine?

--Terry





# pedestal

a column by Bill Rotsler

"Well, a pedestal is a column, isn't it?" --Miriam Carr

## WILLIAM ROTSLER, MOTHER TIGRESS

This happened between Christmas and New Year's Eve, more or less. In 1958, a "significant" year for me. It is a story of foolishness, idiocy, stupidity, the mind of man, fatherhood, bluff, danger and suspense. We open in the Four Oaks bar and cafe in Beverly Glen.

I lived at 2301 Beverly Glen Place then and at the joining of Beverly Glen with its Place there is this cafe frequented by "Glenites," actors, semi-beatniks, respected citizens. John Strait and I often ate there. I often ate there alone and it was a few days after Christmas that I was eating supper there, at the bar.

I fell into an aimless conversation with two guys sitting next to me and for some reason (I can't honestly tell you what the hell we were talking about) they took offense to me. I was broke and feeling salty and probably sounded off curtly to them. It developed into one of those nasty things that have no beginning, rarely an ending, but lots of snarly middle. I don't like to fight either verbally or physically--I find such things a waste of time (besides, I don't want to get hurt)--but I don't run away, either. Male honor...not wanting to be knifed in the back...people watching...sheer stubbornness...seeing the makings of a good story...etc.

The three of us left about the same time and they braced me in the parking lot, coming on half-drunk and salty. Got pretty nasty. I just ignored them and got in my car and left. Go to hell, buddy, was about the extent of my repartee. I forgot it and them right away.

A couple of days later I'm leaving the Oaks just as they pull in. They are sort of blocking my way and I ask them to move, please. I know it is them, but have pretty much forgotten the whole thing.

They get sore, start giving me lip. It gets kind of nasty and I tell them to move it, quick. They do, since all they had to do was pull ahead a yard or so. Thus ends phase two.

Phase Three is next evening. They are eating or drinking when I come in. I ignore them easily and read my book. They are making talk about me but I can't really hear what they are saying and there's music and talk and it doesn't seem worth bothering about. I pay and leave and they come quickly out behind me.

Let me describe them. Both are dark, one slightly taller than me and one a hair shorter. Both well-built but no musclemen. They both look like gangsters. Really like gangsters (which is somewhat like the movies would have you believe, at that), which looks so out of place with the Glenites. I've known a number of hoods, not well, but enough to feel that these guys were truly hoods. I make a point of this because otherwise this story has little significance.

They start in nasty again, right out of the blue. It was weird. One minute I'm a few steps away from my car and the next I'm in a verbal fight ready to spill out into violence. A few faces are watching from the cafe windows. The dialogue, including mine, is banal, inane and right out of a bad B picture. Things like, Think you're tough, huh, punk? (When the shorter one said this I almost laughed: so B-movie-ish.)

Now I've told you how I've learned to bluff tough. One thing is that you don't talk when it is not necessary. I just looked at them, ready (but not very willing) to defend myself against two half-drunk hoods. Point One: I truly didn't think it would get to violence...that's part of how it makes me start in on bluffing. Point Two: if it did get rough I thought the people in the cafe/bar would stop it before I was too badly slugged. Point Three: I don't like being braced, bluffed, roughed or even spoken to by A-hole hoods.

They are coming on salty and I am paying more attention to tone, body posture and eyes than to words. The whole thing seemed idiotic. But it built to a pretty violent point. Then the shorter one said something that turned me into the Mother Tigress.

I can't remember what it was exactly but it was like, "Your wife lives on Genesee, doesn't she? And your daughter goes to Laurel Child Care School."

I was half turned away because I had been continuing my course to my car throughout. The reference to Lisa and the fact that they had checked me out, checked out my ex-wife and my daughter, really struck a nerve. That was when I got scared. But I had no time to be scared just then. I turned back immediately, braced and ready and breathing fire. I was really angry, instantly and as deadly as I could ever get. I was a real mother tigress protecting its young. I realized my anger, of course, and did not try to contain it one cubic inch. Full barrel. They had been coming on so tough that the next line of mine, in context, doesn't sound as foolish and melodramatic as it will here.

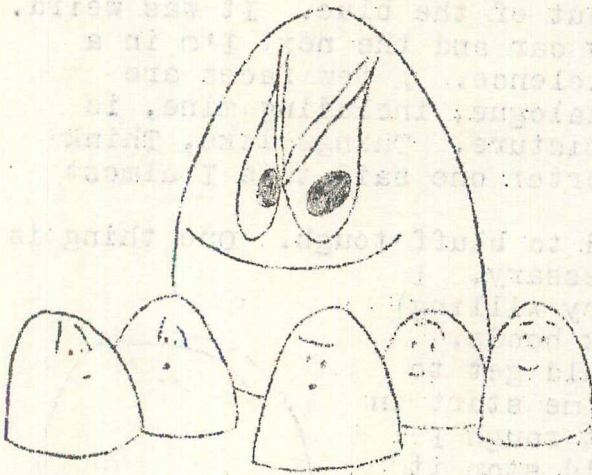




Pedestal--III

Full bore I said to the shorter one, "Buddy, you'd better kill me right now! You lay a finger on my daughter and I'll kill you!"

Now doesn't that sound like Mickey Spillane? (Maybe he's my inspiration.) At any rate it stopped them cold. I was just aware enough of what I was doing that I knew they were stopped, then pressed harder so they wouldn't react against their embarrassment at being stopped by one guy (an artist, to boot, because they knew that about me, too). I took a half-step towards them, really braced now (no bluff this time, except in letting all of the anger show) and said something to the effect of, "You lay your f---ing hands on my daughter and you're dead!" (I realize it is reiteration but it was all I could think of.)



I glared at them, they looked back rather startled (I admit to getting a wee kick right then because they were stopped cold), I turned and jumped into my car and roared off in a spray of gravel.

I didn't go back to the Oaks the next night (I had been thinking about the better part of Valor), and the night after that Judy called me up and that started us off on our mad affair. The night after that was the big Beverly Glen New Year's Eve fire. It was several days before the buzz and noise died away enough for me to even think about

them.

But I started carrying a gun.

I stopped at the Oaks for lunch or breakfast a few days into 1959. One of the many guys I "know" there (I'm terrible on names) went way out of his way to tell me those guys were tough, had gotten into lots of fights, were generally believed to be members of the Mafia, etc. etc. Now you and I know lots of things are blamed on the Mafia that they didn't do, and vice versa. I discounted most of that part. Maybe yes, maybe no. One of the things about gangster/thief/crook types is that nowadays they don't get into any more trouble than they can help--i.e., driving reasonably carefully, not getting into bar fights or drawing attention to themselves if they can possibly help it. Yet at the same time they would have ways of checking on me, etc. So my .38 was always to hand, under the seat where I could reach it easily with my left hand and also if I had to go out the door fast I could still get it. My cars are always so full of crud that no one ever noticed the camouflaged gun. Too much Spillane? Maybe. No use taking chances, I figured. Besides, I must also admit to getting a kind of kick out of it all. It was just a little too real feeling in one way to be too damn funny.

Judy never knew it but every time we went into my place at night I had either a gun actually in my hand (camouflaged in some way) or in my belt. I stashed all three of my handguns (.45 Colt Automatic, .22 Ruger Auto. and the .38 Special) in such a way that there was one handy throughout the apartment within a jump.

In part this was like playing a game. I wanted to see just how well I could play it. My apartment was across the end of a dead-end street and the place was either wide open or so easy to get into

## Pedestal--IV

it was silly. I reasoned that if someone was going to give me a good working over they'd just wait for me inside (just like the movies) or outside. Lots of trees and dark places all around. The reason I felt this way was an early statement of intent along the lines of "you'll get it some dark night, smart-ass" just prior to the Mother Tigress bit. (This whole thing seemed to be built so much out of NOTHING that it was hard to take a lot of it seriously... except they did and several of the Four Oaks patrons cautioned me not to fool around with them.)

Here are some of the precautions I took.

I wrote the whole thing out and put one copy (complete with descriptions) in, of all places, the ice box. Another copy was in the medicine chest. I intended to send Ben Ruffner, my attorney, the original but frankly felt silly sending him a thing to open "in case". I balked at that. I told no one about it. I frankly felt a little idiotic about doing such a scene over it.

I checked with two of the people at the Laurel nursery about enquiries but they knew nothing.

One night I came home late, about two a.m., parked and started to go in. I thought I saw a movement inside, just like someone getting up off the couch, which was in front of the windows. I froze, melted into the dark shadows across the driveway that runs left from the end of the street, running across the face of the apartment house and up to a house behind. It's always dark there. I thought, if Sandy Hill sees me from her place over mine she'll think I'm bats. I was wearing levis and topsides which are silent as hell. I went up the hill around the house, slipped quietly into the crud room (an open sort of storage room between garage and house) and sneaked up to the tiny, tiny window that looks into my bathroom from the darkness of the overhanging house. (It's like being under the house at this point; it's kind of a wild place.) I waited there silent as anything for fifteen minutes (maybe it was three--it seemed long) tautly listening for any sound, looking for any movement I could see through the tiny slit into the living room. Nothing. Finally I decided I was being an idiot. I went on around and tried to go in the back door quietly but fell over a can. I checked, with a .33 ahead of me. Nothing. I was getting jumpy, I decided.

One night Judy came home with me and I was convinced someone was there. Nothing said so, just feeling. I waited until we got almost to the door and asked her to go back and get something from the car. I went in and turned on the light, ready to dive. Nothing.

One night I had a feeling about a certain car parked halfway down the block, so turned around in a driveway, parked a block away, walked over to Beverly Glen (which almost parallels Beverly Glen Place), walked up, went over the bank, crossed the glade full of grass and trees and crud, and came up on the house from a rather unexpected side. I listened for ages at the bedroom window, certain I heard tiny murmers inside but thinking they might come from a neighbor's radio. Finally I decided they came from my place and two



## Pedestal--V

guys were talking. Well, I said to myself, I'll just have to call them, I can't go sneaking around forever. (It would just be my luck to get picked up as a peeping tom...with a .38.)

So I decide to go in. I creep past the windows to the back door. I open quietly. (This time I don't fall over a can.) There are voices inside. Two voices. Just murmers but steady. My mind is working, spotting them by sound. Right by the end of the couch. By the door. You can't see into the living room from the tiny back porch but you can from the kitchen. I ease open the door and am halfway through, going quiet. A tiny creak. I decide there is only one way to do it. Fast, quick and just like the movies. (I think I'll stop going to such films.)

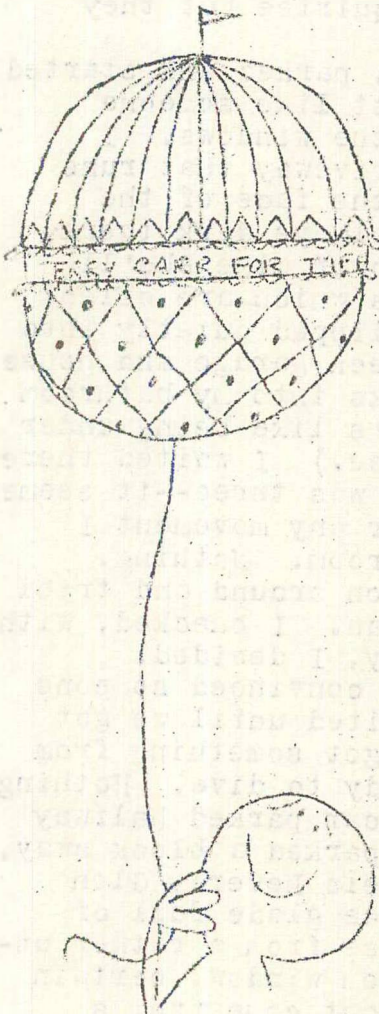
I charge through the back door, do a broken-field running bit around the boxes of crud piled there, swivel-hip into the kitchen, jump the two steps down into the living room, jump sideways out of backlighting and land in front of the fake fireplace with a very dramatic "Freeze!"

No one was there. It was the radio, turned almost off when I had answered the phone just prior to leaving earlier that evening. A disc jockey was interviewing somebody in show biz. I really felt foolish. I stopped creeping around, though it was a week or so before I stopped carrying a gun, and until the day I left that place I always approached it with senses alert.

John Strait scared hell out of me one night. I came home, checking "sort of" as I went in. Turned on the light and was looking towards the bedroom when I heard someone stir and start to get up off the couch. I flipped around, thinking that this was almost the first time I hadn't had a gun on me in a month. I almost jumped for the bedroom behind me without looking. But it was John, rubbing his eyes and yawning. Whew!

So that's the story of William Rotsler, Mother Tigress. Maybe I did scare those guys. Maybe they weren't tough, much less Mafia. I dunno. Maybe they forgot about it right away. But they did check on me, they knew where Lisa was, and I guess they thought they had me scared with it. They did, but the reaction was different than they expected. The reaction was so instant and so complete it sort of scared me, in fact. Physically I moved as fast as I have ever moved, although all I did was turn towards them. But I know I projected more than I've ever projected anything in my life. It was Basic, whatever the hell it was I projected. I know I would have been scared of me, even with a friend. Maybe it was because it was not really bluff that it was so goddamn good.

There's one thing about a guy with a beard, too. Obviously, he's a nut so you never can be certain what he will do!





WILLIAM ROTSLER PUTS ON HIS HERO SUIT

I did it again. I put on my hero suit. I don't know why I do these things. They're stupid and I'm stupid. I'm like the bull-fighter that's so brave before the first goring. Someday...

I was on my way to a LASTS meeting...

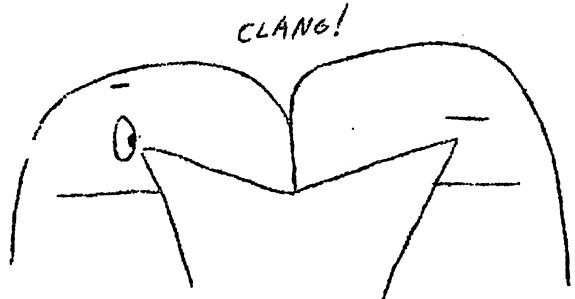
I was driving down Vermont, near 8th or 9th. A street car is left, there's the island and one lane. I'm going into the lane when I hear a GUTTY scream from a recessed doorway right in my right ear. I get a flash of a woman in a doorway and a man figure standing before her. The scream really made me sit up straight. It sounded like she was knifed.

I hit the brakes and ride through the intersection and slam into the red zone across the street. The street car goes clanging by. Cars are passing but no one is paying attention. I open the door and put one leg out, looking back into the night. It's not too bright down there, at least where they were, and I couldn't see too

clearly what with her being in a recessed doorway. The guy sees me stop, at least I think he does. I start to get out. (That's when I put on my hero suit.) Some semblance of caution penetrates and at that same moment I spy, among the LITTER of props in my backseat, an English

Commando knife. It's a deadly looking thing, not too large, but looks like a Shakespearian knife. This one I had buffed off the dead black coating they carry so it was metal color. I reach down and pick it up, snake off the scabbard, and start walking towards the corner, holding it by the blade and running up my forearm out of sight. (I figure it would just be my luck to have a cop come by and pick me up for carrying a knife and get my hero suit all dirty.) I walk slow since he is not touching her. He tosses me several nervous glances. He's in shirt sleeves...about my size, slightly round-shouldered but beefy. As I step up on the curb I ask, "Is anything wrong?" or somesuch square statement. The guy tosses me a grunting something and begins slightly to edge off. He looks at me and I flip the knife from my left to my right hand and now the blade shows. He edges off, grumbling something. As soon as he gets a few feet off and I'm about a store front away, the woman comes out and starts back towards the corner, away from the man. I ease up, start back with her. "Anything wrong? Are you hurt? Can I help?" Dialogue's not very good, but functional. She mutters something about never mind. She doesn't seem drunk, but highly annoyed. She, too, walks somewhat bent over, like her stomach hurt her. I say to myself, Well, hell, and start thinking about my car being in a red zone and just my luck for a cop to come along, etc.

I look at the woman going up the side street then just as I start to get back in the car I glance back to see the guy has come back and is shuffling along about where I first saw him. I stop. Walk back to the bumper. We look at each other across a hundred feet. He slows slightly. I flip the knife in my hand. (I was kinda proud of this because I kept my eyes on him and didn't look at the knife. Try it without looking sometime. He probably couldn't see me that well but I knew.) He stops to light a cigarette. I wait. He lights and looks up. I flip it again, hoping I won't miss and



## Pedestal--VII

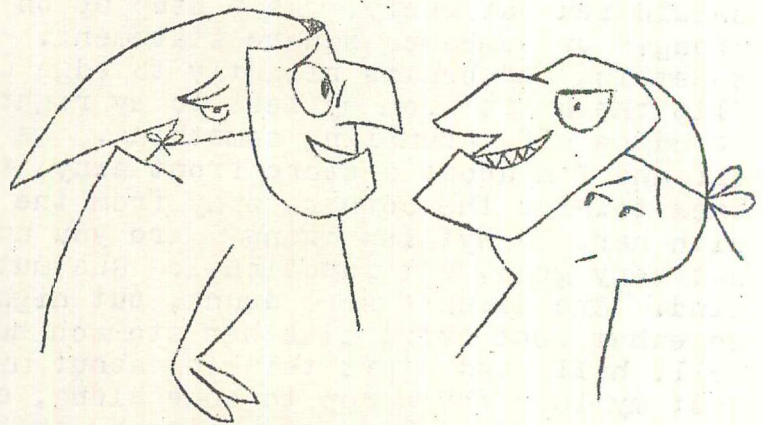
drop it stupidly. He turns slowly and saunters up the street. When the woman is out of sight and he's way up the block I go to LASFS. I left my hero suit in the car.

### A POT OF POURRI

Did I tell you about watching Scientist the Reverend Jack Harness "retrogress" Ted Johnstone at a LASFS meeting? Naturally, Ted turned out to have an extra-solar, extra-galactic history...no leading, mind you, no sirree...and there was this lovely line by Jack that went something like this: "When I snap my fingers you will be landing on Aldebaran IV."

Ran into Mel Welles, who is known far and wide in the arty sets for sponsoring young artists by giving them materials, small bills, etc. We got to talking. He's very funny. Talking about his wife (who is a fashion model, actress, hair model) he said, "She's using the Method for hat modeling." At 14 she was learning Zen in a small town outside Dallas.

I was walking back from my car one day, wearing only faded blues and carrying some matt board and an Eames table when a woman accosted me with, "Are you an artist?" I was amused and said, "Yes, ma'am." It turned out she just couldn't help asking, because she too was an artist...and it turned out to be Cleo (short for Cleopatra) Usher, wife of Rod, sister-in-law of Fred, both well-known in arty circles as designers and artists. Cleo used to be a model and is still quite pretty in some ways. She invited me to dinner the next night and she lives just two-three doors away. We had squid and okra. The other guest was a Richard somebody, the first mystic I've ever met with a sense of humor. All three of us (Rod, Richard somebody, and me) had full beards. It looked like a convention. Rod cut out to take in a lecture he was committed to and Richard and I talked at length about his writing. He is one of those guys that refuse to submit his precious work to the evil, commercial eyes of publishers and so publishes himself. He mimeographed his first two books, legal size, 150 pages. I about broke up. A fanzine! I gave him long hints on stencils, inking and all that jazz and even went home and brought back a few copies of excellently-done mags like GRUE. He was fascinated and inspired. I rather like him, maybe because he can sit there talking about visions and not be stuffy.



A few weeks after Abney and I were married and moved to the ranch a photographer named Wilbur (now Burr) Jerger came up to shoot Abney. He brought with him a damp bikini-like bathing suit used earlier on another model. He shot her picking oranges and other stupid poses of the idiot commercial pinup photog. Then he took her (and Gerald C. Fitzgerald and myself) down to the abandoned gas station at the corner of Camarillo Road and Highway 101. Then he shot this IDIOTIC story of a girl dreaming of returning to scenes of former glory or somesuch silliness. It appeared in TAB magazine about a year later. GCF and I broke up laughing as cars careened,



truck loads of Mexican laborers just about crashed off the road looking at the girl in the bikini, etc.

Saw Stan Freberg. Hadn't seen him since his return from Australia, so he had something to tell me. "You're very Big in New Zealand," was his first line to me. "I was signing autographs at a theater in Auckland, New Zealand, and this fellow comes up with THE TATTOOED DRAGON! He asks for my autograph and I say, 'THE TATTOOED DRAGON!' He asks me if I know Bill Rotsler and I say, do I know Bill Rotsler! That's dedicated to me! I open it up and show him and he says well I'll be." Of course, I was getting a big kick out of it and told Freberg he wasn't the only one that was known around the world.



At one LASFS meeting some idiot was talking about telescopes, so Ellik, Kirs, myself and others had an "insurgent" LASFS meeting out on the porch, where we talked sex and science fiction. We joined the meeting later on, but not before such lines as Kirs' "Let's cooperate! You take the hairy parts and I'll teach him (Ellik) the subtle perversions." I said, "Kirs is

teaching Ellik theoretical perversion." I told them the story of meeting Freberg and forgot to add that Stan said, "You are the Jules Feiffer of New Zealand" (since Feiffer has not been introduced there as yet).

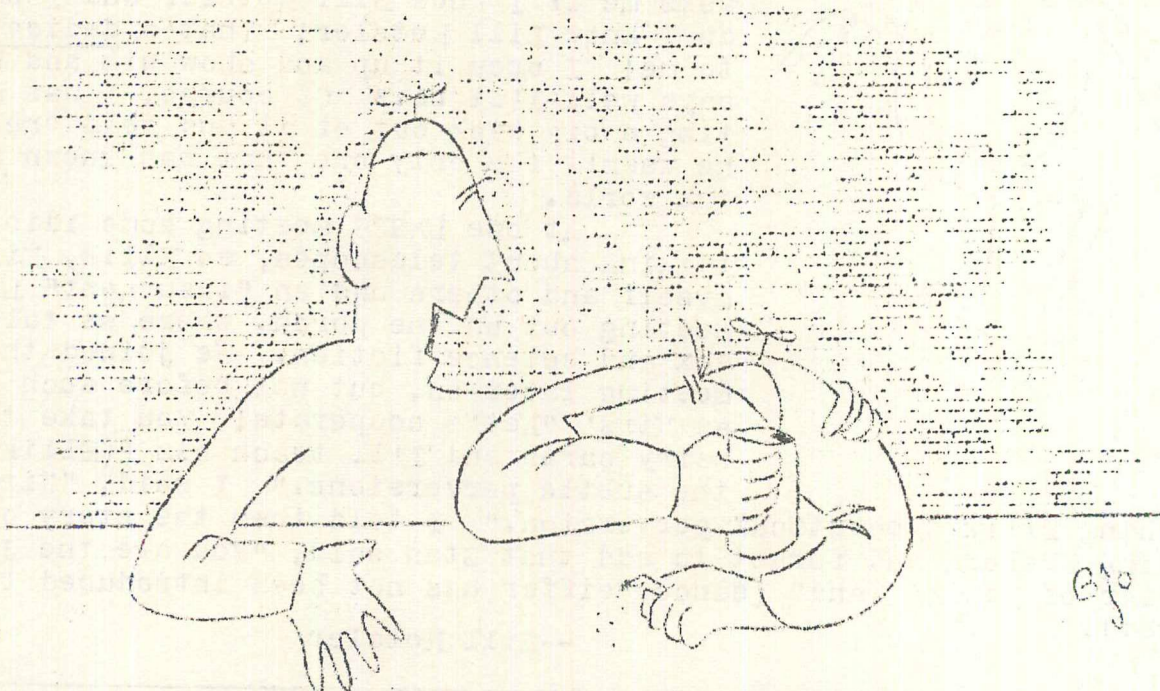
--Bill Rotsler

### CONTACT

by Roberta Gibson

There upon the asteroid  
 Percy Ever Sludge, the third,  
 Made contact with the alien,  
 Felt his Sludge-ish heart bestirred.  
 Percy'd been in space three years,  
 Marking claims for Space Sludge, Inc.,  
 Ne'er-do-well of noble clan,  
 Banished 'fore he hit the clink.  
 Family knew his predilection  
 To a bottle or a wench,  
 Sent him out to boost the bankroll  
 Far from chance of public stench.  
 Percy's training overcame him--  
 Alien built to female specs--  
 Shy demeanor, jewelled zap-gun,  
 Breast-plate temptingly convex.  
 "Percy Ever Sludge, the third, miss,  
 Hope you'll think of me well-met."  
 Sweeping low in courtly curtesy,  
 Rising, doffed to her his helmet.  
 There upon the asteroid  
 Alien knew his love not deathless--  
 Blasted back to where she came from,  
 Leaving Percy Ever breathless.

COMMENTS  
ON  
COMMENTS  
ON COMMENTS  
ON



"I like your fanzine...I can't read it...but I like it--honest!"

Herewith, some comments on FAPA mailing number 88, by Terry Carr. Miriam, whom I have endowed with half my worldly FAPA membership, will most likely skip mailing comments again this issue. The deadline is leering at us.

DEMI-PHLOTZ (Economou)

Adkins' cover on KB #1 was rather flattering to me, I must admit. It was a pretty good likeness, but too handsome. Sort of like some of the pictures Pete Vorzimer used to send to correspondents and even printed in ABSTRACT once--they were snapshots of him reduced from full-size portraits taken at a Hollywood studio, and of course considerably touched-up and glamorized. For one thing, he had quite noticeable acne, which had been touched up in those photos. He looked very All-American-Boy-ish, as I guess I did in Adkins' drawing.

But I'll never cut a record anyhow. I have a terrible voice for singing. In fact, the only other person I've ever heard who sings worse than me is Miriam, who literally can't carry a tune. She was unconvinced of this until I had her taperecord herself singing--I fear it was cruel and unusual punishment, but nowadays she considerably limits her singing to times when she's alone.

As I mentioned in the introduction to THE STORMY PETREL, Laney's memoirs can't be reprinted because they are legally action-



Comments on comments on comments on--II

able. Somebody once wanted to reprint them and wrote to Laney for permission; he refused it. And of course, the publisher of actionable material is liable too, you know, so it doesn't matter that Laney's dead--the memoirs are still unprintable. It's a wonder Laney didn't get sued when they were first printed, as he said later.

A short bit of Laneyiana: Burb says Laney always referred to the memoirs as the MEMOIRS (ME as in "myself"), in a sort of pseudo-conceited tone. Sort of poking fun at himself and the ego which he apparently felt showed through all through the volume.

CLEAN BOTTLE (Coslet)

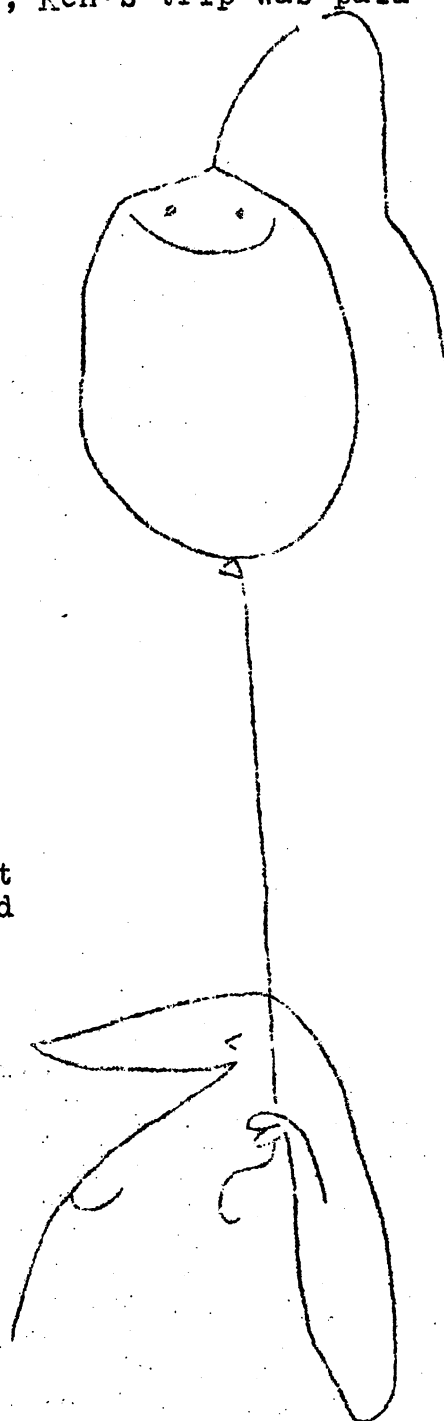
You're wrong in assuming (presuming you were serious) that if I were to win TAFF we'd get Miriam's fare to England paid too. This is not true. When Ken and Pam Bulmer came over, Ken's trip was paid for by TAFF and Pam's they paid themselves. We plan the same thing should I win. We're both working and hoping to have enough money saved by that time to pay Miriam's way. (Miri, for one thing, has been working as a model for the past couple of months.) We have vague, wild plans of a months-long vacation trip including a trip to France to visit her father near Paris, a trip to North Ireland, and taking in the worldcon on the way home. But the chances of our being able to make such an extended trip are much slighter than even my chances of winning TAFF (which I figure at one-in-three right now).

Adkins' prices are certainly competitive compared to the reproduction of photographs, all right--he didn't charge us anything for all the obvious labor he put into that cover. Didn't even charge us for the masters he used. In fact, he wrote half-a-page of profuse thanks for asking him. Gads! But Adkins is in semi-retirement as far as fanzine art goes these days, which is a pity.

Yes, Warner would do us a great service if he'd compile a collection of Laney letters for print. Boggs, too--I have vague hopes that maybe he'll eventually write that article based on his correspondence with Laney. Should I get enough more material on Laney, I'd be glad to publish STORMY PETREL #2. Any takers in FAPA?

DAYSTAR (Bradley)

I wish you'd change your title. As you can see, I have no asterisk on this typer, so I simply can't type your title. (Miri's typer has an asterisk, but I'm in a hurry with these stencils and I type much faster on my old Remington standard than on her fairly new Royal portable.) You don't have to change the title to DAYSTAR, but it would be handy if you'd do something



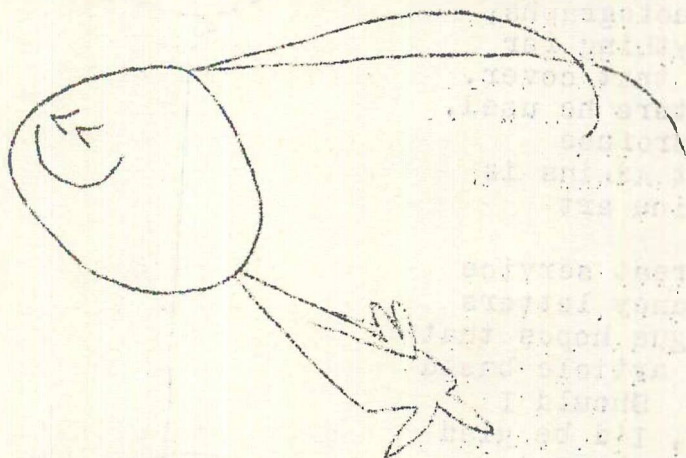
### Comments on comments on comments on--III

about that confounded asterisk. Or can I maybe have a special dispensation to omit it?

Bloch's very informative article on Kuttner neglected to mention that Keith Hammond was a young man who lived in San Francisco and had an apartment-full of cats. I don't know where Bloch got his information (perhaps from C. H. Liddell?), but he's quite wrong in what he says about Hammond. I got my information from a "Meet the Authors" autobiog which Hammond wrote for Startling or TWS back in 1947 or so. I checked the S.F. phonebook once, just for the hell of it, but no K. Hammond was listed. Maybe I should have called and asked the SPCA.

#### FAPOOSE (Busbixii)

I guess it must be a Revelation to hear Ronel chitterchatter the first time. People are always commenting, upon meeting him, that he isn't at all like the squirrel he's portrayed to be, but this is because they don't know The Inner Ron Ellik. He does chitter-chatter, especially when he's tired or nervous. Of course, during the heyday of Berkeley-Fandom-as-I-knew-it, we all chitter-chattered. Chitter-chatter is really just rapidfire and mostly nonsensicle word-play, including puns and allusions carried to great lengths. Pete Graham often got extremely irritated when we'd start off on a chitterchatter spree, but he chitterchattered a lot himself at times. During the ten days we were producing THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE we chitterchattered constantly with allusions to Burb's writings. At one time Pete stopped us during the middle of a rapidfire conversation and said, "Highod, do you realize we've spent the last five minutes carrying on a conversation composed of nothing but quotes from Burbee?!!" He was horrified.



Ron was over last night, and we chitterchattered some. For one thing, he'd received a letter from a member of the ISFS saying that he'd heard that the ISFS was a Commie-front organization (Eric Bentcliffe said this in the last TRIODE) and that if he found this to be so he was going to quit the club. Ron said he was rather surprised at this, since he'd considered the fan in question sort of a dim-wit and had ex-

pected him to say, "Geewhiz, it can't be a Commie front, because we all have so much fun and we write letters and it's so fannish and--" ad nauseum. I said to Ron, "Well, the Communists are pretty fannish --look at that con they had in Hungary in 1956." "Eh?" said Ron. "The Hungarian Revolution," Miriam explained. "Yes," I said, "they even had something like an Exclusion Act, and--"

This is somewhat sicker chitterchatter than most, but it's chitterchatter nonetheless.

Gad, Buz, tell us all the saga of "Terry Carr Through The Ages"! Is it clean?

Welcome to FAPA, people.

#### DESCANT (Clarkes)

The translations from Le Droit were quite amusing. Reminded



me of a letter that Cynthia Goldstone got from the Linards. She has been corresponding with them in French because she wants a chance to use the language. The Linards said okay, but they were no longer used to writing in French and they probably wouldn't feel any more at home in that language than she would. You've all seen the fantastic Creole English that Les Linards write--I'll now inform you, having seen a letter they wrote in French, that they write Creole French too, if that's the proper term (and I guess maybe it isn't). It was absolutely mind-croggling to see them writing along blithely in French and then lapsing into English for some words and even whole phrases.

An immensely enjoyed issue, Norm and Gina. Hope you'll publish regularly, not just eight pages a year.

#### HORIZONS (Warner)

It's a good thing I happened to mention Cynthia Goldstone up there, because it reminded me that I left HORIZONS over at Lou and Cynthia's a couple of nights ago by mistake. I'll put down what comments I can remember that I had right here.

That story about Willy Pan that you referred to in your article on Dennis the Menace was "The Phantom Dictator" by Wallace West, a 1935-vintage story which was reprinted in Avon Fantasy Reader #17. I read it there, and liked it immensely.

But I simply can't believe that this article on Dennis the Menace is intended seriously. It reads like wonderful straightfaced satire to me. The Freudian interpretations of various aspects of the strip (Dennis' supposed Oedipus complex, the alleged hole-symbolism, etc.) were just Too Much.

By the way, did you know that Batman and Robin are homosexuals?

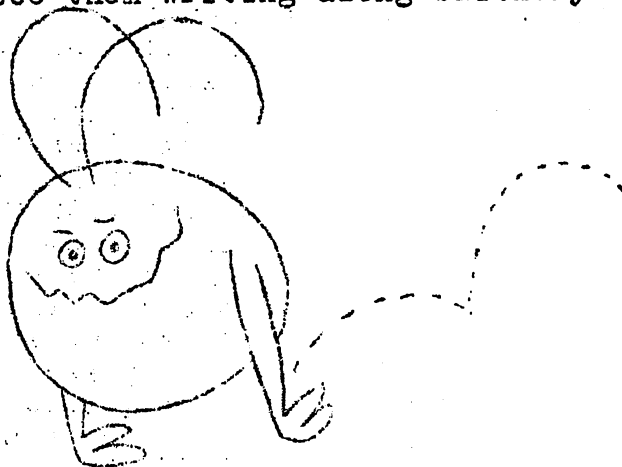
#### FOR YOUR INFORMATION

George Wetzel for the Guillotine!

I suppose the publisher of this knows that he could be sued for it. Since someone in FAPA is apparently passing on FAPAZines to Wetzel, I can only hope that no serious trouble comes from it.

#### PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail)

Dammit, I goofed up the title on the cover pretty bad, didn't I? But your reproduction of the drawing was excellent, and I thank you for the amount of work you obviously put into it. Repro inside, even on the artwork, is excellent, too. I think you must have mastered your mimeo at last. Did you get a writing plate for stencilling artwork as I suggested? You don't say, but the improvement in the repro of artwork makes it look like it. I'd never have suggested such a simple and obvious thing but for the fact that I know the obvious is ridiculously easy to overlook, simply because nobody ever mentions it. For instance, when Pete Graham and I began LOOKING BACKWARD (sorry for reminding you, Bill Danner), we didn't know that mimeos used felt pads to distribute the ink evenly under the stencil. That's why the first issue of that zine had such, ah, spotty reproduction.



## Comments on comments on comments on--V

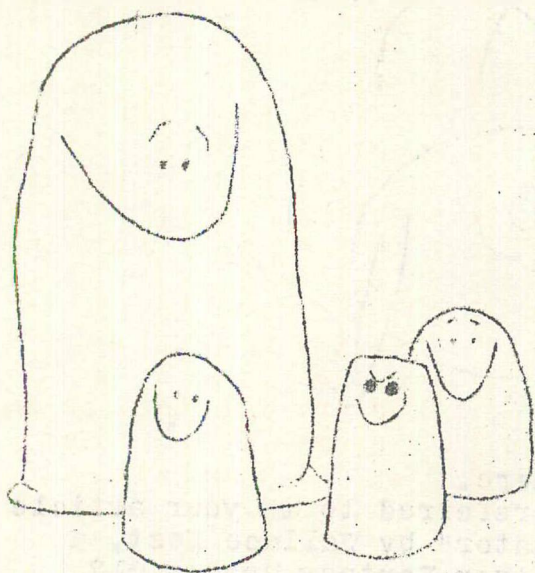
Another instance of fans being unaware of the elementary facts of reproduction (fandom-type): Last year Ronel asked me to stencil a rather complicated cover for the last issue of FAFHRD. I did so, taking over an hour at it while Ronel marvelled at my patience. Then he went off and mimeoed it, and came back enthusing over what a good job I'd done. "You got all those thick lines to come out perfect," he said, "and what really amazed me was the way you got that terrific effect with the shading-plate work!" "What terrific effect?" I asked,

noting that he hadn't inked the mimeo well enough to avoid those damn white spots that show up in shading-plate work after the first several copies. And Ron Ellick, who is a Publishing Giant with years of mimeoing experience behind him, said, "Why, that terrific effect with those evenly-spaced white spots in the shading-plate work! How in the world did you do it?"

I suddenly have a horrible feeling that I told those two anecdotes in the last issue of KB. If so, I apologize. Oh well, while I'm on an anecdote kick I'll relate another one that just came to me, though it's not connected with the preceding. (And I hope I haven't already related this one somewhere.)

One of my favorite subjects for anecdotes is Bob Stewart--or rather, I guess, Boob Stewart, since it's Stewart-the-fan I want to talk about. Boob used to be pretty serious about writing, and one time he decided to write a novel. With typical gung-ho enthusiasm, he promptly did so: he wrote a 30,000 word science fiction novel in a week. As amateur-written stf it was rather impressive: Boob had a remarkably facile, smooth-flowing style which held my interest when I read the manuscript. Plotwise, it wasn't too much: it was a post-WW3 piece, concerning a United States which had crawled back to a cultural level roughly corresponding to the 19th century, though some later inventions were serviceable again. A group of dreamers were secretly working on a spaceship somewhere in the Midwest, in an effort to escape the political tyranny that the country was laboring under. They had rebuilt a WW2 bomber to flying condition and were using it for secret cargo flights for parts and such for the spaceship. (If all this sounds anachronistic as hell, be assured that it was supposed to--it really did lend a sort of sense of wonder, if you'll pardon the expression, to the story.) There were no great scientific errors that I caught, because Bob carefully steered clear of much science in the thing. And I guess it was just as well that he did, because he managed to make a monumental flub in perfectly everyday non-extrapolative science even as it was. In one scene, the hero is getting ready to take off on a flight, and Boob described the starting of the engines thusly: "The man on the field spun the propellor, and it turned once...twice...a third time. It caught, and began to turn gradually faster and faster clockwise; then it spun counterclockwise for a brief time as it sped up, finally returning to a rapid and reliable clockwise revolution. It looked as if the plane would fly."

I almost fell off my seat laughing when I read that. Obviously (and Bob admitted it later) he'd been confused by seeing airplane engines started in movies.





## Comments on comments on comments on--VI

Your "Out Of The Past" column is very much appreciated, Dan. I only wish it wouldn't have to end as soon as you get up to the time you dropped out of FAPA. Perhaps Harry Warner would take over at that point and keep it going? This is really a worthy and absolutely fascinating thing.

I'm very interested in Eldon K. Everett's intended supplement-thing to "The Immortal Storm," too. What's Everett's address, Dan?

### INVOLUTIA (Janke)

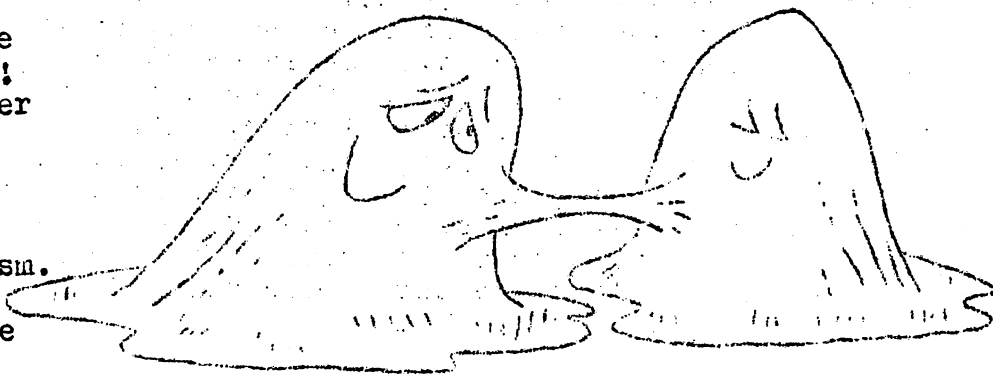
Yes, Laney really was interested in Dianetics for awhile. He wrote a long article for Helen Wesson's FAPAZine about his experiences, revealing that he approached the subject quite cynically and unbelieving but was partly converted by having seen it in action and reflecting that what had originally turned him against it, mostly, had been the crackpots who were so prominent among its following. He said it used to turn his stomach to see them act like Hubbard was God Incarnate, and he mentioned several standing lines that he delighted in using on such True Believers, like for instance "Is that all the time it takes to get to be an accredited auditor? Why, it takes longer to make a good witch doctor!" This was Burbee's line, originally, but Laney was in a position to use it more often.

As for Laney maybe getting a fugghead award for his interest in Dianetics: well, Laney's already received a fugghead award. Walt Willis sent him a FAN-DANGO AWARD (Laney's own original fugghead award) because he'd quit fandom to take up stamp collecting.

### SAMBO (Martinez)

Lo, how the mighty hath fallen! Sam Martinez, former Top Producer and President of FAPA, is now laboring under a spell of Creeping Deadwoodism. Seriously, Sam, this is exactly the sort of FAPAZine I might describe in some

bit of Brandon-style fanfiction: three pages by the editor (one of them double-spaced), a couple of baad outside contributions, a page typed at a oneshot session, and mailing comments taken over by the editor's son. Wow.



### BANDWAGON (Ryan)

There is a great deal of sports interest in FAPA, but FAPAns just don't write about it much. I suspect that's because there's so much sports commentary in daily newspapers, movies, magazines, and teevee. FAPAns write such things as book reviews and comments on world affairs, sure, and those things are written in mundane media too--but not to the flood-extent of sports commentary. Besides, the daily sports columns in the papers are probably the closest things to fan-type journalism of the personal-essay type that exists outside of fandom. So there's really no gap in sports-commentary that fans feel constrained to fill, I guess.

## Comments on comments on comments on--VII

I like sports myself quite a lot. At various times I've gone in fairly heavily for tennis, baseball, basketball, and bowling. I mean as a participant, not just spectator. I'm a holy terror at table tennis, too, if you want to call that a sport (it's plenty active, but doesn't necessitate much physical condition). There has been some talk here and there lately (and probably all through fandom's history) about fans being non-sports types, but there are too many exceptions to make it even a good generalization. Djinn Faine was once Jr. Women's Golf Champion of California or something like that. Randy Brown played on his highschool basketball team. I've played on amateur baseball and basketball teams. There are many others. Fans are not so terribly predominantly sedentary as Buck Coulson and Bob Leman would have us think.

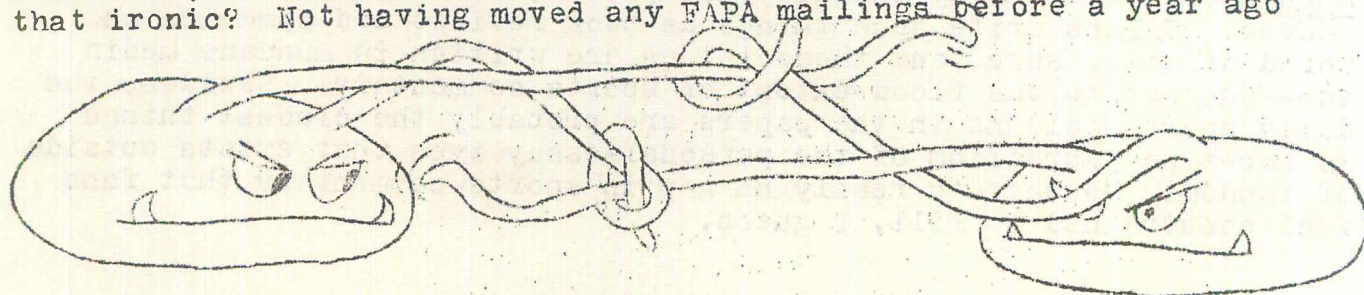
I must admit, though, that fans locally haven't paid too much attention to the Giants or 49ers. I've never seen a single game of either team elsewhere than on television. Ronel saw the Giants for the first (and only, I think) time in 1957 in Cincinnati when he was there for the Midwestcon. And Dave Rike absolutely knocked me out when I saw him the day after the Giants' first game in San Francisco, and he had a bright sunburn; he explained that he'd attended the game the day before. But of course he never wrote that up for RUR, because it would only have confused Bob Leman.

I used to save all incoming mail too, Dick. I didn't file it, though, after the first couple years. By that time it filled all of one dresser drawer (filed by date), and was beginning to overflow. And about that time Boob Stewart and I went on a kick of being extremely faaanish and remodeling our "dens" (hah!). One of the things I did was to take all that accumulated correspondence out of the dresser drawer and dump it haphazardly and disorderly onto the shelf above my closet. And thereafter, till I moved to Berkeley several years later, I continued to add letters to that pile, until it got to be a Gawdawful Mess. I called it my Letter Litter. Nowadays, having a wife with some nonfan traits (which I suspect all wives have), I throw out all correspondence after it's been answered. This would completely eliminate any litter around here if it weren't for the fact that I'm currently five months behind on my correspondence, at a rough guess, so I have a Letter Litter anyhow. Fout.

### TIMING PROBLEM (Graham)

Despite the fact that you have indeed Done It Again (Ron is still Working On Your Case, he says), this is a real good FAPazine, and we enjoyed it in this house.

Hell no, I'm not trying to forget the LOOKING BACKWARD days. As you say, they were Great Days in local fandom, like. Funny thing: shortly after reading this zine of yours I dragged out my file of LB and read through it, coming upon this mailing comment of mine in the February '53 issue: "BURLINGS: More Rotsler slop. Ugh. Aside from that, the issue impressed me as being extremely boring." Isn't that ironic? Not having moved any FAPA mailings before a year ago

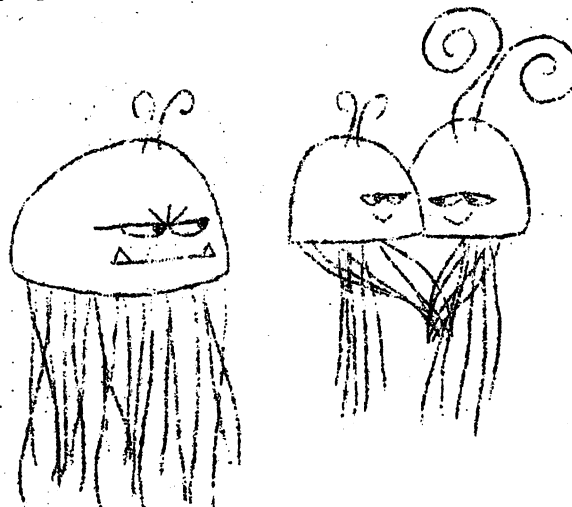




from my mother's house, I can't check to see what was in that BURB-LINGS. I think the "Rotsler slop" I complained about was a Rotsler Wench. I was quite down on them then. But I'll bet there was some fabulous Burbee stuff in that issue. Wasn't that about the time he published "Jesus In The Ditch"?

"I Went To Washington Again...and I brought my gang with me..." is a lovely title. Good piece, too. I was particularly struck by your mentioning that one of the most worthwhile aspects of such a March was that it brought the problem home to the people taking part in the March itself. Quite true, and I hadn't thought of that.

It's kind of a pity you're still in FAPA. I think you published more FAPAZines during the time you weren't in FAPA (except as Brandon) than at any other time since you first joined.



#### A PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran)

Man, you sure have trouble keeping your pages in order, don't you? I think I'll write out the numbers one to twenty in order on a piece of paper and send it over to you for your reference in future collating. (Chuckle?)

Speaking of people being Car Conscious, we have a friend named The Very Same Jim Davis who who is real overcome by car fever. He's getting married next year. "Just as soon as I finish customizing my Chevvy," he says.

I've never had any esp experiences, unless you count deja vu, which seems to be so difficult to explain satisfactorily that it might be classed as esp. Lately, whenever I get that I've-been-here-before feeling, I've been trying to grab out of my mind what's going to happen next. I've conditioned myself pretty well, so that even though that deja vu feeling is near-instantaneous, my immediate reaction, without having to think about it, is to try to see what happens next. Only once have I got an impression of the events to follow that was both strong and unconfused enough to check it against actual following events. It didn't jibe, but that could easily have been because what I foresaw was unpleasantness, and I steered clear of it.

#### BAREAN (Ellik)

The section you wrote on Randy Brown's visit was pretty inaccurate in spots, and since it makes Randy look worse than he was, I'd like to correct your mistakes and bring the situation up to date.

Randy didn't have his car "impounded for parking right under a No Parking Sign". The No Parking sign was erected after he'd parked there, but he got stuck anyway. He was mad about it.

We did loan Randy some bedding, which he left in the abandoned apartment and we couldn't get it back, but we didn't write it off as a bad debt. We wrote to Randy and his buddy from Texas and complained. They sent money to buy stuff to replace that which they'd lost for us.

Randy and his friend didn't act in bad faith quite so much as they were incredibly thoughtless (mainly Randy). One thing must be

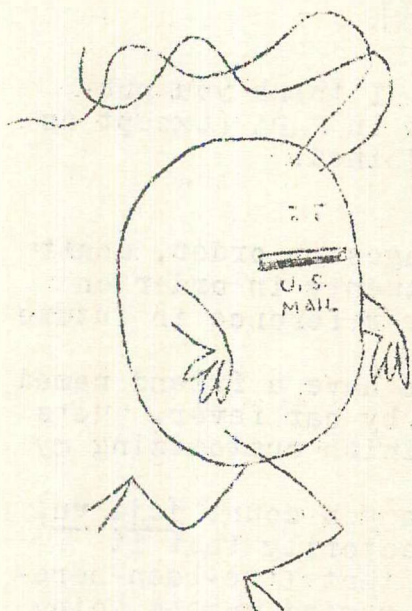
## Comments on comments on comments on--IX

said for them: they borrowed about \$15 from us shortly after coming here, and repaid it as soon as they possibly could, which was about a week later.

Randy, it turns out, is not coming back to the Bay Area for college. He's attending college in Texas again. He's got a good deal there: his parents are pretty well-off, and they've promised that if he finishes his first year of college with good grades they'll buy him a Jaguar.

We had a letter from the other fellow involved. He says that Randy is rather disinclined to show his face around the Bay Area these days. As far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't care too much about his thoughtlessness if he'd at least had the courtesy to write an apology. But we haven't heard a word from him since he left San Francisco (at which time he told us he'd be back in a week or so). The money to pay for the lost bedding was sent through his friend.

The other fellow is welcome around here any time. But I wonder if we'll ever see Randy again?



### THE PAVLAT REPORT (Shaw)

I guess I qualify as one of the "latter types" (those who stay around fandom for quite awhile) to whom you direct your question, Larry, so let's see if I can give you a sensible answer. (Actually, I guess any and every member of FAPA has been around fandom for quite awhile, considering the length of the waiting-list.)

I've stuck around fandom for over ten years now, from the beginning of my teens into the early twenties so far. Miri and I were talking, a couple of weeks ago, about why fans drop out of fandom, and I made the sage (I hope) observation that those who enter fandom in their teens drop out more often than do those who enter as adults. I think this is because so many changes come to those fans who are going through adolescence, graduating from high school and going to work or college or into the service. Their whole way of life changes several times in rapid succession, so it's not surprising that a goddam hobby should get lost along the way.

And then there's me, and quite a few other exceptions to the rule. What makes us tick? Well, in my case I think it's simply the fact that I enjoy fandom. I like to write, I like to read fanzines, and ghod help me if I don't even like to stencil. Give me a good stencil and a typewriter that will cut it well (such as now) and I can get a pleasure just about as great from the stencilling as I can from bowling or tennis-playing. But that's a pretty subjective aspect, and probably doesn't help you find the answer to your question.

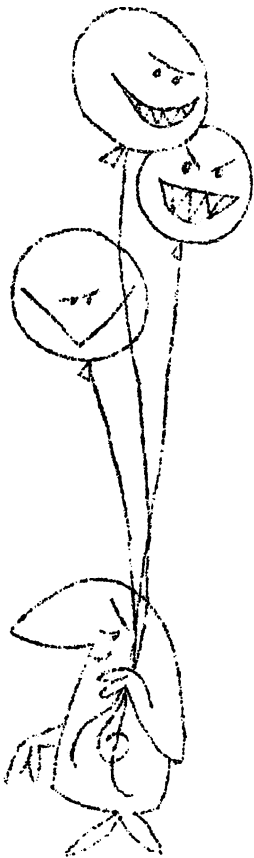
There are other reasons I've never left fandom. One of the most important is that I have a lot of friends in fandom. And their interest in fandom keeps mine alive. I'll bet the mortality rate of fans in fan-populated areas is a lot lower than that of fannish deserts. I know people who to all intents and purposes aren't in fandom at all anymore hardly who are still interested in getting a fanzine like FANAC, who attend occasional conventions, and who talk about fandom and science fiction a lot simply because some of their friends are



Comments on comments on comments on--X

still in fandom.

I guess fandom, aside from its purely social aspects, is sort of habit-forming. Harry Warner criticized a Brandon story of mine recently in which the theme was that a fan who gets really active will have trouble quitting fandom. Harry said most fans found it ridiculously easy to quit fandom when they built up an overload of fanac. He was right on that count, but he missed the point I was thinking of: that if you fan enough for a long enough period of time, you get so embroiled in fandom and fan-friends that Final Gafiation simply seems unthinkable to you.



This is especially true of me, due to a personality trait which I usually call my Inertia Factor. In general, I am reluctant to start anything, but once started I'm reluctant to stop. And I've been that way with fandom.

I suspect that your question has many answers, Larry, so I won't belabor it any further. You'll get coverage of a lot of other aspects from other FAPAns.

But I think I will ramble a little. That discussion that Hiri and I had set us to thinking of former fans who have dropped out of sight, and what we know of their activities since. We immediately thought of Bob Stewart, who's now back east in a Catholic seminary, having spent the last two years in a smaller seminary out here. Bob is obviously a case of gafia-through-teenageitus, the situation I outlined on the last page where a teenager goes through so many changes in his personal life that fandom gets left out of the picture eventually. Then there was Ray Thompson, and Shelby Vick. Both, we knew still maintain some contacts with fans, and since that discussion we've heard news of both of them: Thompson is in England with the Air Force and wants to get fanzines, and Shelby Vick just got married. He's trying to write detective stories professionally these days. Neither has been active

in fandom for years, yet we still keep hearing of them. I guess that illustrates my thesis that it's hard to manage Final Gafiation after you've been in fandom enough to establish a certain amount of fanac-under-the-bridge.

These days Miriam is leading a revival of the San Francisco s-f club, and we're getting into contact again with various fans from whom we haven't heard in years. They're still interested, just waiting for someone to joggle them into fanac even if it's merely local-club activity. A couple of weeks ago I had a phonecall from a fan who was hyperactive in local fandom when I first entered fandom. She's been having personal difficulties, but sees the end of them in sight and plans to get active again in a couple of months.

It's things like this that convince me that there are damned few cases of really Final Gafiation. The question that interests me now is: what has happened to those fans who did manage to gafiate completely? Why did they gafiate, and how did they manage to do it completely?

But I guess FAPA isn't a very good place to ask that question.

--Terry Carr





F\*A\*P\*A\*S\*U\*R\*V\*E\*Y

Please fill out and return to Liri Carr, at 70, Liberty St. #5, San Francisco 10, California, USA. Two copies are being provided so that completists will not suffer. All personal questions will be kept confidential, but you needn't answer any questions which you feel infringe on your privacy. However, the more accurately and completely the poll is answered, the more accurately the statistics can be compiled. Don't feel called upon to sign the survey, but if you all get your completed copy to me by January 15, 1959, I can have my report on the Average FAPate for the February mailing. Thanks.

- 1) What is your age (as of February 14, 1960)? \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) What is your height? \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) What is your weight? \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) Do you read science fiction fairly regularly at the present time?  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Mostly magazines? \_\_\_\_\_ Mostly books? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Or both? \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) If you do not read sf regularly now, did you do so at any time  
 in the past? \_\_\_\_\_ For how long a time did you do so? \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ How long ago? \_\_\_\_\_ Any comments? \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_
- 6) Are you in a local fan club? \_\_\_\_\_
- 7) How many world conventions have you attended? \_\_\_\_\_
- 8) How many regional conventions have you attended? (Count Western  
 cons added on to world cons as separate cons) \_\_\_\_\_
- 9) Are you married? \_\_\_\_\_
- 10) If you have children, how many? \_\_\_\_\_
- 11) How many duplicators do you have? \_\_\_\_\_
- 12) What is your average typing speed? \_\_\_\_\_
- 13) How many typers do you have? \_\_\_\_\_
- 14) How did you get into fandom? \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_
- 15) How many other APAs are you in? \_\_\_\_\_

16) If you are in more than one APA, which do you like best?  
Why? \_\_\_\_\_

17) Are you an actifan outside TAPA? In what way? \_\_\_\_\_

18) do you edit and/or publish a genzine? \_\_\_\_\_ If more  
than one, how many? \_\_\_\_\_

19) Approximately how many times per month do you attend the  
movies? \_\_\_\_\_ If less than once per month, how often?  
\_\_\_\_\_

20) What is/are your favourite type(s) of music? \_\_\_\_\_

21) How long have you been in fandom (as of February 14, 1960)?  
\_\_\_\_\_

22) Do you have any pets? \_\_\_\_\_ What? \_\_\_\_\_

23) What year or years do you consider the Golden Age of Stf?  
\_\_\_\_\_

Have you anything to add? \_\_\_\_\_

In the February mailing I will publish the results of this poll  
and compare them with a similar poll I put thry SALS last  
mailing.