

KLEIN BOTTLE

NO 4



This is KLEIN BOTTLE #4, produced for the May 1960 FAPA mailing by Terry and Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California.

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A DAMNED SHORT EDITORIAL

This is an extremely rushed issue of KLEIN BOTTLE, I'm afraid--it might not even get to the OE's in time for the mailing. (In such an event, we hereby authorize the OE's to postmail it and bill us, if they will.)

THE PANTY RAISER is reprinted in toto from a one-sheeter distributed through FAPA to these many years ago. Dunno the exact date, but both I and that youthful antiquarian Ron Ellik estimate it at around 1945.

We thought the Speer quote would be fitting, especially dittoed on second sheets.

Tucker sent his piece in a plain, sealed envelope with no note attached, so we don't know if he was submitting it to KLEIN BOTTLE, INNUENDO, or GOOJIE PUBLICATIONS. Since the next issues of INNUENDO and GOOJIE PUBS are already crowded, and since KLEIN BOTTLE would be published first, we stuck it in here. Besides, this way we get to reject a Tucker article and still print it; we trust other fansmen will turn green with envy.


Elmer Pardue sent us a four-page article which was unprintable. He asked us if we wanted an article and suggested some titles; we selected "F. Towner Laney, Chestnut Tree Poet". So he wrote it for us, but apologized for its unprintability; seems he thought he could change some rhymes and names and make it printable, but he couldn't. "But I thought I'd send it along for your archives anyhow," he wrote. Thanks very much anyhow, Elmer. I guess.

"The Cause" was written several years ago and recently rediscovered, so I printed it. -tgc

KLEIN BOTTLE



THE KOKLE JAR



by William Rotsler

Enthusiastic Rotsler fans are hereby warned that the material appearing in this issue's column was written way back last August and September. We'd print more recent stuff, but these are the most recent Rotslerletters we've received...which may give you some idea of why we're a bit grotched. But anyhow, Rotslerletters always have deathless stuff in them, and deathless stuff is never dated.

The cartoons, by the way, are even older: Rotsler did 'em shortly after the Russians got up their first and second satellites. But we feel that this datedness only makes them more fitting to go with this column...

And now, come with us (and Bill Rotsler) back to August, 1959...

ANATOMY OF A GYPSY:

Friday night I picked up Mina (looking SEXY SEXY in a low-cut black cocktail-like dress) and Maggie Ryan and we scampered off to Stan Freberg's party. Stan has a new house in Benedict Canyon, rather ordinary outside (big, but ordinary) but beautifully decorated inside ...very charming.

The party was absolutely charming. 35-40 people. Billy May was there, Jud Conlon (of the Jud Conlon Rhythmaires), various writers, admen, musicians, sundry friends. I met Rex Goode of the famous team of Follis & Goode (famous if you are an arty type) and somebody who was nice and is art director of Channel 5. Maggie spent the evening with Bob Guidi; Mina and I spent most of it with that funny, funny man Ken Sullet. (He asked for some drawings so the next day I did the first 15 of a series of Great Moments of Western Love-Making.)

It was just keen, delightful company, no drunks, no hassles, all the champagne we could drink, lots of hors-d'oeuvres and later a delicious dinner. I really enjoyed myself.

Then the evening was capped with a full scale musical comedy, "Anatomy of a Gypsy". An "original cast" based upon the music of "Gypsy" and the ads of "Anatomy of a Murder," which were designed by Saul Bass (who could not make it), with lyrics by Stan's staff. It was a surprise for him ("The best birthday gift I ever had.") and was CHARMING, if I may use such a fey word herein. Here is a portion of the program:

The Soiled D'Oily Opera Company presents ANATOMY OF A GYPSY
by Musso and Bobby Franks (1)
A Nathaniel Leopold-Arthur Loeb, Jr. Production

About the cast (not necessarily in order of appearance or

(1) Musso and Franks is a famous Hollywood restaurant.

The Kookie Jar--II

importance)

ROBERT KLEIN (Farciot Edouart)--Brings a refreshing breath of amateurism to the production. Mr. Klein is best remembered for the scene he created in *Cyrano*.

DOTTI IRWIN (Frieda Cleavage)--Was last seen at the Geneva Summit Conference where she popped out of a cake. Her appearance, however, caused a ripple of comment and, indeed, was the only point of agreement in the entire conference.

ALAN BARZMAN (A Tennis Shoe)--Was discovered on a stool on Sunset Boulevard selling guide maps to movie stars' homes ...only yesterday.

SUE SINCLAIR-SINGER (Florence Foster Jenkins)--Miss Sinclair-Singer read for the part of the witch in *Snow White*. She didn't get the part...but still managed to corrupt the Seven Dwarfs.

CHARLES HARDING III (The Client's Rich Kid)--Was first seen in "*Edward, My Son*"...and last seen running barefoot through Grauman's Chinese.

JUD CONLON (Fred Waring) is a graduate of the Heidt Conservatory, where he studied under the acknowledged master, Jonathon Edwards. His twinkling pianistics and sparkling arrangements highlighted the recent Plummer Park (2) production of "*Joie de Vivre*".

After a listing of the songs (the whole thing was FRAUGHT and FILLED with "inside" gags...some were so "inside" Stan was prompted to say even the family didn't get them all) was WHAT THE REVIEWERS THINK:

"...and to think, a child has done this horrible thing." --Forbes Business Week.

"...Wally Moon went three for three today." --Sports Illustrated.

"...It smarts." --AMA Journal of Medicine.

"...Loved him, hated her..." --Dorothy Parker.

"...I predict that Canter's will become the Lindy's of the West." --George Jessel.

"...Sexy, it ain't..." --Jewish Daily Forward.

"...What? Me worry?" --Alfred Newman. ((Barzman said Mad is required reading at Stan's.))

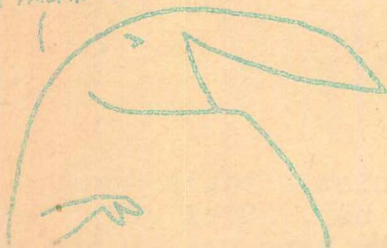
The whole thing was delightful and very funny. I got mentioned, too.

THE KOOKIE JAR:

Sometimes I wonder at all the nuts I know. Maggie. Judy. Lisa Drake (the stripper). Pat. Anita, her 23-year-old aunt, who is trying

(2) Plummer Park is where I often take Lisa to gambol in the grass and sand.

YEAH, BUT SPUTNIK DOESN'T HAVE
A TAILFIN TO ITS NAME!



The Kookie Jar--III

so hard, at any price, to get ahead. The girls with the plastic chests. George Gerber, who may make thousands off a new gimmick of his, a plaster tombstone that reads RELAX--IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK. Hope Hathaway, running wild in Vegas. Terry Higgins, the 17½-year-old with a chest measurement MUCH better than twice her age. Burr, who has photographed the inside and outside of breasts. Pseudo-elegant Ed Jay, trying to peddle my sculpture. Rita. The LASFS. Bob Pike, trying to get a fugitive from justice. Ken Sullet, who's mad in such a nice way. John Berrick, who just got a job as prop man at Columbia, thereby resigning his full "beat-hood" and going on a "withdrawal". Martha Bolling, the hooker. Colette & Pat & Cindy Carr. Anita Burkhardt. Sherlee Quimby and her full-bodied bloneness. Denise Roberts (Miss North Hollywood) and her twitchy attraction. Lucy Tiller, up from Mexico to sell peeks at her body. Ramona Rivez, trying to make the color of her skin not count against her. Alison Sanborn, trying to parley her huge bust into a fortune...enough to pay for the illegitimate child she's carrying and will bear. Big, fleshy Norma Jean Spry, willing to do anything to get out of the dark ghetto. Gloria Pall, trying to regain the lost glory. John Abbott, trying to make a buck, frantically and any way he can. Dottie Irwin, tremulously eager to sing, knowing those good years are forever gone. Bert Schonberg, painting wilder and wilder, trying to stay ahead of himself. A girl called (A) who tried in vain to commit suicide and escape a personal world she can't stand. Girl (B) trying to commit suicide first in little pieces on ten score beds, then with sleeping pills. Girl (C) with four abortions and a deadly, horrible fear of the fourth--the fourth segment of a horrible dream she's had on the abortionist's table three times before, convinced the fourth section will kill her. Girl (d), going happily, smilingly to the Mexican abortionist to have her second one in 14 months...only nineteen. Girl (E) who peeled for me today in Abbott's office (for inspection for possible posing), displaying a big-hipped, not-bad-at-all body under a pockmarked, plain face. Girl (F), getting a divorce. The man who lives a few doors away who is quietly running a pornographic department store (we believe). Dick Bock and his saintly beard and saintly-aimed life, overdoing it. My landlady and her weird attachment to her dog. Abney. Poor Lisa. Girl (G), dying of cancer, first going the full nympho bit, then taking her children home to her sister's to let them adjust before she dies. Girl (H), once beautiful, never having lost it by her lights.

Then there's me.

SMALL STORY:

Babysitting tonight I was telling Lisa a story. Often I use the old bit of telling about a child that just happens to have the name of the child I'm telling it to. I asked Lisa what did she think would be a good name for a princess who lived in a big cardboard box with one mouse, two kitties, three dogs, four birds, five goldfish, six martinets, seven abracadabras, eight men o' war, nine elephants and ten molecules.

"Princess Daddy," she replied, quick as a wink. So we did a long



The Kookie Jar--IV

story about Princess Daddy, the prettiest princess in the world, who met a handsome prince.

"Kiss me," the prince said. "I am enchanted. Kiss me." She did and he turned into a big toad.

THERE ARE STILL MIRACLES:

Wednesday, 12 August, 1959. There are still small miracles and great blessings in a complex bureaucracy. Remember the Bank of America? The one that repossessed my car and gave me a credit card (then took it away)?

Well, they sent me another credit card.

I owe them \$417 and they sent me another one. Actually, I predicted this might happen. Any organization so befuddled as to repossess a car then give me a credit card is obviously confused. When I got the first card I filled in a change of address form and when they took back the card I told Judy and Maggie that it would be just like them to come through with another one from their change of address division. They did, silly folks.

MY PACT WITH THE DEVIL:

I must have one. Why else would I get a credit card? In fact, it occurs to me that Bloch or Tucker or someone might get a story out of it. What would you do today if you arranged a pact with the devil and he gave you all the millions you wanted? The tax people would be on your ass in a moment. All the fortune hunters, con men, people with things to sell, real estate Johns, charity jokers, etc would all be at your door.

Obvious answer is credit cards. The devil could just give you all you want, perhaps starting up one called CREDIFLESH or CAT-CARD or PORNOCARD or ROUE'S CLUB or BORDELLICARD or something that would supply you with the fleshly needs. With the increase of crime and such, the rise of credit cards to something Big...it just might be an arrangement of The Dark One.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, LOVE AND PHOTOGRAPHY:

So there I was...last Thursday...in Fern Dell with Misaye (pronounced Me-sigh) Kawasumi, three cameras, film, two cars and a load of clothes. We shot ourselves stupid in a variety of clothes (her changing on sidewalk next to car or in car) and she looked positively gorgeous. Then we came here to my place for lunch, then drove out to the Malibu Movie Colony at the ocean to shoot in the patios and on the stairway and the many tiny, secluded landings and sub-patios that lead down a cliff to the sea. We shot along the rocky shoreline (me getting my slacks soaked to the crotch) and had a fine time.

You know, where you are shooting glamour stuff of a woman that really interests you you are really making love to her. "The four of us are making love to you," I said, indicating my three cameras. Then, because I was getting all enthused I did the thing I sometimes do with

The Kookie Jar--V

beautiful girls with lovely mouths. I get to looking at their mouths, and having created a great aura of glamour and imagination and appreciation and admiration I fall into it myself. I often catch myself (with Judy and Gloria Darrin and Misaye and Mina and Dottie Irwin and one or two others) starting to lean forward to kiss them. Mentally, if not physically. I rarely do (except with Judy and maybe Mina, who I know so well) because the fact of not doing it is far more romantic than the physical act of doing it. And romance is what I want and need at that point. Kissing wouldn't really be vulgar and it wouldn't be out of place...just different...romance is more important than sex for picture-taking. Making a woman feel beautiful and desired and attractive, honestly so, is the most important thing. Besides, it is fun to do so, and also profitable.

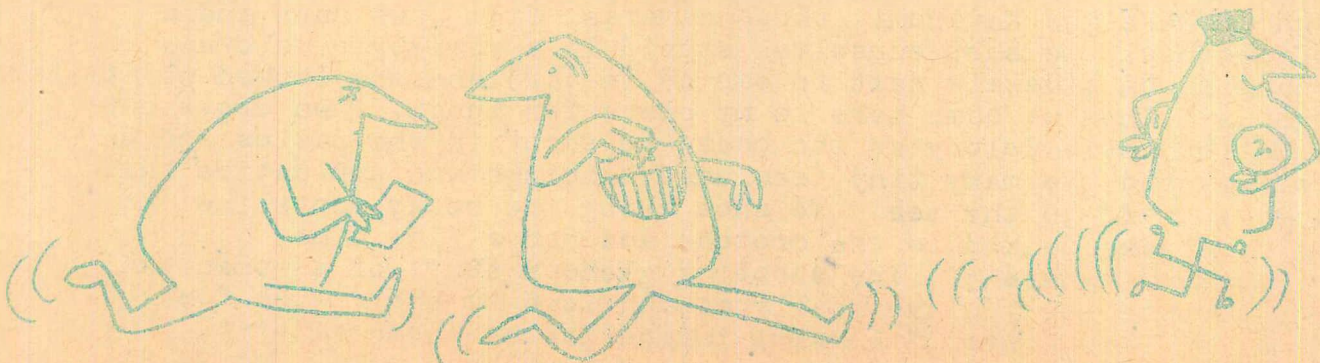
At any rate, I had reached that point with Misaye and caught myself and started fumbling with the hundred pounds of gear hanging round my neck. "What were you thinking about?" she asked with a laugh. I told her and said it was the first time I had ever been caught at it. Actually, I usually point it out myself, because it is just part of making the woman feel desired. But this time she called it because I didn't feel I knew her well enough to start that sort of thing. (Why am I going on like this? I dunno...I have some time to kill, have read myself out and thought it might be fun to go backstage with me, to go deeper into one aspect of something instead of skipping lightly over things like running across a rocky stream as I usually do.)

Perhaps some of the above sounds calculated and cold. It isn't really. I try to react honestly and originally and unrehearsed and without cliches. I like women so naturally I react to them. They feel good (or should) that that makes me feel good and so on. I am just also aware that my male reactions are useful to me, the photographer. So much for that at this time.

YOU HAVE A GREAT FOLLOWING AMONG THE NAVAJOS, BILL:

Sat., 15 Aug. So I made this 20x30 inch birthday card for Bjo Wells' surprise party and took it over to Forry Ackerman's. Bjo came along later and was seemingly much surprised. Burbee and Isabel were there, with giant pots full of Isabel's fine (but oh so hot) chili 'n' beans. Forry, Bradford, Dick Daniels, Ellie Turner, Steve Tolliver, Ron Ellik, John Trimble, Ernie Wheatly. Had a talk with Dale Frey. Sylvia Hirahawa came in late and looked good. Stan Wool-

RACE? WHAT
RACE?



sten, Mr. & Mrs. Kris Neville, Elmer Perdue, Jim Caughran, Jane & Lee Jacobs. There were others, I know, but can't remember. Jerry Steir was there, reading Henry Miller's "Sexus". Helen Urban, Bill Ellern, Zeke Leppin, plus Fritz Leibor for a time.

Someone had a somewhat attractive girl there that interrupted a true and sexy story Burbee was telling so Burbee careened the story into what sounded like a joke about a fellow who fell in love with a kangaroo named Harry who had a small 48-star American flag tattooed on his chest...he was hoping the girl would go away so he could finish but she didn't and he got trapped in a corner with this story he couldn't think of a finish for. She started asking if we were intellectuals or something and Jerry Steir, Burb and I "put her on" something terrible. She had a story of something and I said we had a little vanity house here. "If you don't mind mimeography," said Burbee,

Jim Caughran gave the almost unexplained quote that caps this section. Burbee said at one point, "All orgies are well-mannered."

At another very amusing point Ellik, Perdue, Zeke, the Nevilles, partly Burbee and others were discussing the possibility of making fandom a bonafide religion...appointing or electing reverends that could travel half-fare (to conventions!), have income tax benefits and so on. It sounded like a great deal of fun, even if it ended up with us writing in DRUID after "Religion?" on official forms. I pointed out that in Tucker we already had our fannish diety that had come back to life. We have a great evangelist in Kris Neville. Ron Ellik is slavering over moving from Vice President of Fandom to Arch Deacon of Fandom. After all, I pointed out, fandom is a way of life. We could work out details of afterlife later.

It was a fine party.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D CRY OVER A DOG TURD:

Said Helen Peteler. Seems their dog, old and faithful Cheeta, finally died and they were cleaning up the ranch, getting rid of the last evidence of Cheeta's presence.

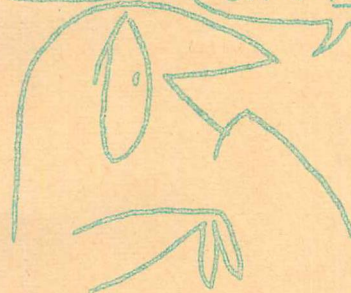
AN AMERICAN TRADITIONALIST:

In talking to the Petelers, we somehow got onto the subject of how I am a breast admirer, or T-man, and how most of America is bosom conscious these days. I noted there seemed to be a fanny and leg reaction growing but that I was happy, riding the crest of American mainstream thought along these lines, that the current American titillation was along the lines of my own fetishes, sickness, kicks, etc. Helen called me an American Traditionalist and I guess I am.

50 CANDLES LIGHT A STUDIO:

It was Harold Gerber's 50th birthday so Bill Edwards, Dan Easton and I went out to get a cake and champagne, etc. It was 103° in the Farmer's Market. There Bill bought an automatic slingshot. (In case you wonder how the hell a slingshot can be automatic I'll tell you...

WELL, MY GOD, YOU CAN'T EXPECT US
TO GIVE UP TAILAINS TO PUT A MINT
OUT IN NOTHING!

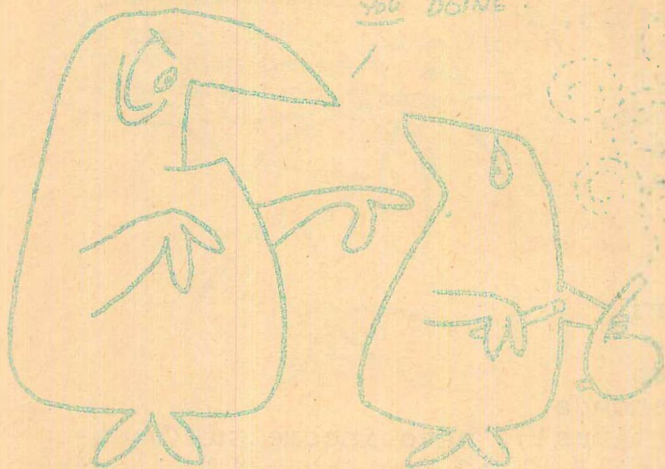


The Kookie Jar--VII

hollow plastic frams filled with b-b's...a plunger in the curve of the Y that pops out one b-b at a time and all you do is hold the pocket of the sling down there to get it.) We set paper cups up on the edge of a flat. Edwards was declared the Best Slingshot In Majestic TV and I was a slow #2. It was fun. Haven't fired a sling in over 20 years. Bill bought it because the cats were using his big sandbox in his backyard as a community potty.

Then we darkened the stage and lit the 50 candles (which lit the interior of the place) and in came Harold to the traditional song.

YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, AREN'T
YOU? WELL, WHAT WERE
YOU DOING?



Then we all thrust upon him handfuls of money...because he's the money man in the outfit...only it was Confederate loot. A bit later we popped off champagne in the only room I've ever been in where I didn't worry about ricochets. Then we found we had forgotten paper plates for the cake...so we used the Confederate money. The big wheels like John and Harold used \$100 bills...Ken Clarke used a fifty and Dan and I were most humble and forelock tugging as we whined whether it was all right if we used a twenty.

Yost, Gerber, Gerber, and I spent an hour, hour-and-a-half talking to Earl Hansen, the rough,

tough actor that will play the chief on the "Atomic Submarine" show. (The other actors will have to watch it because he's a natural to steal the show...a sort of latter-day Long John Silver.) Earl had us in stitches, absolutely crying with laughter. You know what about? If you can imagine it, it was about a German prison camp he was in during the war...about the thieves, escape plans, deals on food, corrupt guards, long marches to other camps as the Americans advanced, about almost starving to death, being machine-gunned by Gestapo & SS troupas, fear of being strafed while on the road, begging for food from Germans on the road, the final liberation, the shooting and almost shooting of the guards, the ride back to Paris with disenterary ripping them wide open and all over the plane. Earl says it was Stalag 17 only before and after...on the road...but the real story cannot be told. Because the real story of prison camps is shit. Literally and actually. Everyone was sick and their lives simply revolved around it. Know why they were strafed on the road? The pilots could see miles of white paper littering the road behind them and each day knew just where and who they were. Deathly sick they got to Paris in a cold, driving rain. They stumble blindly out of the ship, hoping they can make it to the hospital before they collapse. Earl had us crying telling how they got out to face a red carpet, lines of rigid soldiers and crowds of weeping, shouting Frenchmen. They were lined up, dying on their feet, while a Frenchman read from a big scroll. Finally they were released and stumbled into trucks...30 miles to hospital...no food in three days...Earl hit the bed...woke up to find the soldier in the next bunk (circumcision case...in a splint) was ready to fight him for something. Turns out nurse tried to get him to

The Kookie Jar--VIII

undress and get out of the filthy prison camp clothes he was in (literally full of feces, vomit, lice, etc) but he swore at her so badly the soldier said there was no excuse for it at all. Funny stories of how he got back to the USA by simply bulling his way out of hospital and on board. Funny bits on trying to get a new uniform in the USA...my throat is still sore. Isn't it horrible? Laughing about his impressions of the few remaining Jews they found in a concentration camp, without any hope left, giving such looks of hatred at the guards that they were ready to shoot them for it. This was funny, the way he told it. I know it will make you all quail and say "He's sick!"--but Earl made it funny.

MISCELLANY MEETS THE WOLFMAN:

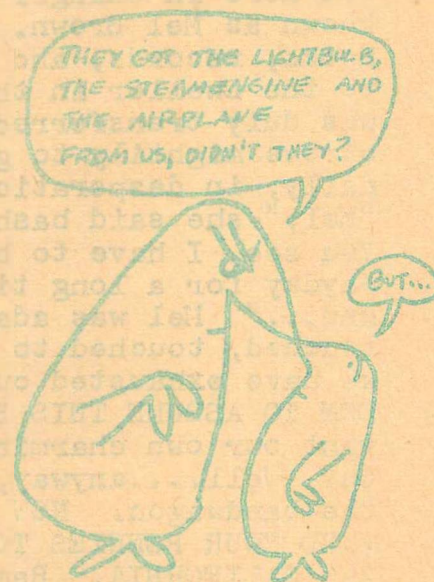
Had a coke with Jim FitzGerald at Art Direction. Showed my portfolio. Saw first (done by Jim) of a series Art D. is calling "Great Holidays of Western Man"...the 4th of July, beautifully and amusingly done. Next will be for the Jay MacArthur stepped ashore in the Philippines...a drawing of him with a chest full of green stamps, wine labels, stickers, etc.

Forry was pleased to observe my foot-high Robbie The Robot toy for the first time. Wondered why in all his travels he had not seen one like it in other fans' homes. He fairly lept from the chair when he saw it. It is the same robot that we tried to mate to Djinn Faine one night...but she is now a mechanical toy reject. A foot-high robot reject, that is. He walked up to her, then turned away. Maybe he just didn't feel up to it. Even a mechanical man has limits.

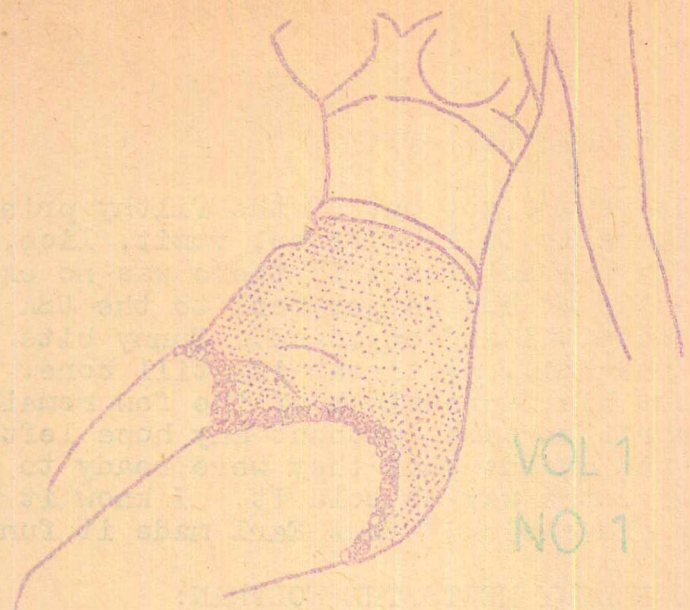
How about THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE SQUIRREL, Ron?

I stopped to see Ed Jay today (checking on the progress--if any, which I doubt--of the last batch of sculpture designs I did) and he told me John Smith, he of the tapestry-making fame, had been dabbling in magic. He got some spells someplace (a bargain basement named Merlin's Mart) and tried to be a bird. He did the pentagram bit and got down and waved his arms and futzed around but only, according to Edward, succeeded in becoming a rabbit.

Ron Ellik is trying to make sex a four-letter word. In fact, the other night we formed The Society To Make Sex A Four-Letter Word and merged it with The Society For The Preservation Of The Standard Transmission (which has already merged with The Society For The Preservation Of The Open-Cockpit Airplane [Shaw] and The Society For The Sure Suppression Of Volunteer Guitarists [Bus] and The Beard Approval Board [Buz and me]), all in one paragraph.



THE PANTY RAISER



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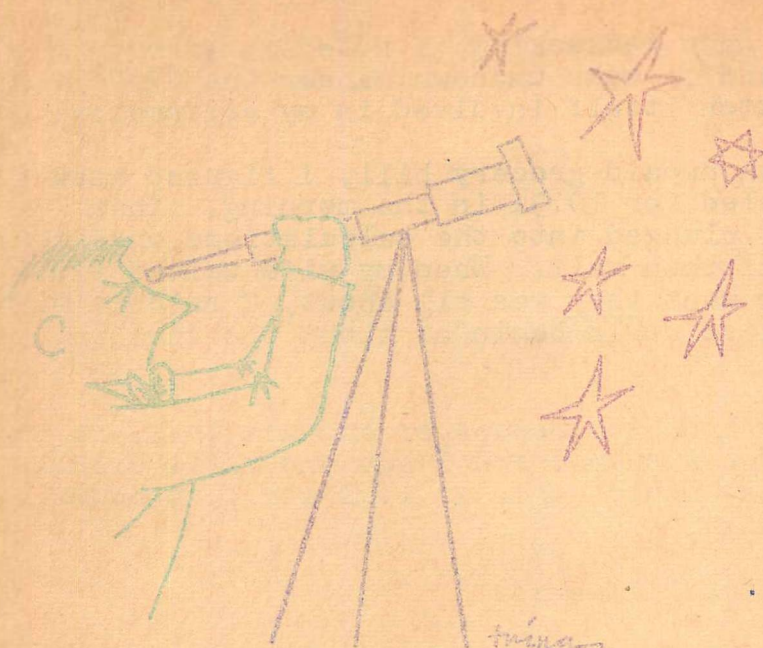
Being The Opening Of A Huge Campaign To Raise Funds TO BUY MOROJO SOME PANTIES

Out here in Shangri La, there is a huge and bellowing mass of blondness known as Mel Brown. It is a wastrel from the year one, a mad buyer of books, records, and PE red cars. Anyway, it owed a vast sum of money to the Dweller in the Garage--a debt which, with all legal flourishes, was duly transferred to Morojo. For many moons, this innocent maiden strove mightily to get some money out of Mel...all, alas, in vain. Finally, in desperation, she shyly whispered of her horrendous plight. "Mel," she said bashfully, "I just have to have a payment on account. You see, I have to buy some panties to wear to work, and it won't be payday for a long time yet, and it isn't right, and I feel a draft, and..." Mel was adamant. He is that way. But the rest of us were touched, touched to the very quick. We gave...gave till it hurt. But we have exhausted our somewhat puny finances. NOW! IT IS UP TO PANDOM TO ASSUME THIS SACRED DUTY, THIS UNDESCRIBABLE OBLIGATION. Do we want our own charming Morojo bunning around here without any panties on? Well....anyway, the following kindhearted souls have gotten on the bandwagon. NOW HOW ABOUT THE REST OF PANDOM GETTING IN ON THIS? SEND YOUR PENNIES TO MYRTLE R. DOUGLAS, 6638 SOUTH BIXEL, LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA. Remember, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE!

DONORS TO THE NATIONAL "Pantys For Morojo" FUND:

Bob Thacker	1 1/2	Donna Grossetti	1 1/2
Mari Beth	1 1/2	Flora Grossetti	1 1/2
Mel Brown	1 1/2	Joanna Grossetti	1 1/2
Fran Laney	1 1/2	Arto Doquel	1 1/2
Jimmy Kepner	2 1/2	Jackie Laney	1 1/2

TOTAL TO DATE 15 1/2



operation moonwatch

by Bob Tucker

There was a total eclipse of the moon on March 12-13, last.

I knew this because I'd read the news in a couple of fanzines published by Andy Young's Other Fandom, and prepared myself ac-

cordingly. We serious and dedicated amateur astronomers pride ourselves on our optics and so my first step was to inspect my powerful little three-and-a-half inchers to make certain all was well. Whisking off the dust-cover I peered into the tube. The beady eye of a disenchanting sparrow peered back at me. The sparrow snarled and I backed away with alarm. Somewhat aghast, I recalled that the telescope had last been used by Andy Young and Dick Eney while they were visiting here last summer, and I conjectured that the bird had slipped into the tube while their attentions were momentarily distracted. It may have been when Andy slipped on the watermelon seeds and pumpled my lawn; or it may have been that moment when Eney abandoned the horizontal telescope with an exclamation of sheer astonishment, to stare naked-eyed at a bedroom window down the street.

(I know the sparrow wasn't there when Andy berated me for the 'scope's supposedly low resolving power: "Tucker, this eighth fandom toy won't pull in the black star of Fornax!" Smiling suavely, I blew away a couple of beard hairs from the eyepiece and invited him to look again. He was quite crestfallen but he stopped the habit of stroking his foliage.) Cleaning out the sparrow and the sparrow's nest and the sparrow's deposits, I polished my optics in the best insurgent manner and set out the telescope on the read deck to adjust it to the weather. It was two below zero, and the sky was hazy--enough to undermine the enthusiasm of all but the most eager amateur.

About a week previous to this I had known a moment of sinking despair. The astronomy magazines like to parade their choice bits of esoteric knowledge as blandly as any hip fanzine, and in announcing the many viewing hours of the eclipse they quoted Universal Time--which is equal to saying that all fandom begins and ends at Berkeley and therefore all fan events will be clocked according to Berkeley Time. But I was undaunted, at first. Checking the columns of figures, I discovered that the moon would enter penumbra at 6:34 hours, Universal Time; and then with the handy calculating data published on the same page I quickly determined the number of hours separating Illinois from Greenwich. With dismay, I found that the eclipse would begin at 3:36 in the afternoon.

Operation Moonwatch--II

Obviously something was wrong. Upon rechecking, I noted my error: I had been using an old envelope and in some unknown manner the "702" in the address of "Box 702" had gotten itself involved in my arithmetic.

Seizing the backside of an unpaid grocery bill, I figured anew. This time the eclipse was scheduled for 10:34 in the morning. That couldn't be correct either and I plunged into the calculations once more, using chalk to scribble on the kitchen wall. When my wife walked into the kitchen and demanded to know what that was all about, I said it was mathematical proof that the eclipse would begin at about the time the noon whistle blew.

She suggested that I telephone the newspaper and ask them, so I did. Some bored Harry Warner-type answered and I put the vital question to him. He said the total eclipse would begin at 1:41 a.m., an hour and forty-one minutes after midnight.

"But what about the penumbra?" I asked.

"What?"

"The penumbra--when does it start?"

There was a moment of silence and then, "Sorry. Try the county jail."

Penumbra began at 11:34 p.m. but I couldn't tell the difference. At a few moments before two I was chilled to the bone and a stray dog was barking at me, but I was as happy as a faaan emerging from the glades of gafia. I was observing, and knew a stirring kinship with far away Andy Young whom I believed also to be out in the frigid air, observing. We astronomers are a breed apart.

It may have been thirty minutes later when a pair of automobile headlights struck me, and I promptly hurled back obscenities at the driver who was interfering with scientific research. The headlights paused, backed up a bit the better to observe me, and then seemed to take root there. Annoyed at the driver, I moved the telescope back into the shadow of the house to escape his lights and resumed my lonely vigil. I was thoroughly startled a few moments later when a voice challenged me from the darkness. It was the village constable.

I was astonished, and rather angry.

He wasn't supposed to be there; he wasn't supposed to be roaming the village streets at that hour! Everybody in town knows that! He should have been parked at the crossroads, looking out for speeders. (A bit of background is necessary here to understand our constable and his ways. The man keeps company with a comely waitress, whose hours keep her on the job until about eleven p.m. Beginning at eleven and continuing until four or five o'clock the next morning, the two of them like to park in the patrol car and discuss philosophy, or whatever. They always park on the cement apron of a large service station which is located at the intersection of two federal highways; if the question should ever come up, he can always say that he was waiting there to catch speeders, or to chase unwary motorists who failed to see and heed the four-way stop signs posted there. Why, the man and his girl have

Operation Moonwatch--III

been a fixture at that intersection for two years or more! The village has even worked out a signal system to call him in times of need--some-one will call the electric light plant and the electrician on duty will blink the street lights three times. When the good citizens see the street lights blink, they know that trouble is brewing and the constable is being called in. And yet, here was the man prowling my property!)

He demanded to know what I was doing there at that time of the morning, and I said I was observing the total eclipse of the moon. I waved a suave hand at my faithful telescope.

He stared at it, examined it and me with his flashlight, and then asked me if I had a license to operate the thing. Dumbfounded, I replied that a license wasn't necessary--anybody could peer through one if they wished. Plainly, he didn't believe me. After a moment he said something half understood, something to the effect that he thought people needed government clearances to go around doing that.

"Clearances to go around doing what?" I demanded.

He waved a vague hand at the telescope and then at the sky, and said studying the moon and all that stuff.

"Are you crazy?" (I was probably shouting by this time.) "Why the hell should anyone need a clearance to look at the moon?"

Well, he mumbled, it's classified, ain't it?

"The moon--classified?" (I'd have cheerfully whacked a bottle of Jim Beam over his skullbones if I'd had a bottle of Jim Beam handy and it was empty.) "Now where the hell did you get that silly idea?"

Well, he said, the Russians are interested in all that stuff. And a man has to be careful--you know how everything leaks back to the Russians.

"I'm talking about the moon," I exclaimed. "That one up there!"

He said he was, too.

"But you can't classify the moon! The Russians see it every night, almost."

Yeah, but this is a telescope, he reminded me.

"The Russians have telescopes too," I said. "They've hit the moon already. They've photographed the backside already. And that means they know more about it now than Washington does!"

Well, he said, I remember reading about that.

"So okay, so I don't need a license and I don't need clearance and the moon isn't classified. Anybody can look at it--anybody! Now let me get on with it, this is a total eclipse." The moon was almost completely eclipsed by that time and was beginning to turn the custom-

Operation Moonwatch--IV

What's that? he asked, referring to the phrase "total eclipse".

"The moon is passing through the earth's shadow."

What shadow? he wanted to know.

"The earth casts a shadow in space," I explained impatiently.
"Tonight the moon is passing through it. Look up there."

He looked up and seemed to discover the creeping darkness for the first time. After a moment of fascinated study he said, I didn't see nothing in the paper about that.

"Papers don't print news until after it happens."

Well, he opined, they could have said something about a thing like this. They ought to let a man know. Staring at me rather closely he added, You knew, eh?

"Of course. I read the science newsletters, and things."

A new respect entered his eye and he nodded wisely. Yeah, he said, Larry told me you get a bunch of those classified magazines. (Larry is the village postmaster, which meant that everyone in town knew the contents of my secret mail.)

"Good old Larry. Bully for him."

Do they really print classified stuff, he wanted to know?

"Sometimes they do. Once, last year, they printed pictures of a volcanic eruption on the moon. A Russian took the pictures."

He nodded in satisfaction. Our boys smuggled them out of Russia, hey?

"Sure," I said. "Right from under their noses. They came through the mail, as a matter of fact."

Did they, now? was his pleased exclamation. Say, that's smart work, ain't it?

"You can't get any smarter than that."

Can you decode their classified stuff, he asked next--meaning the text of the astronomy magazines.

"Sometimes," I answered. "You have to know what they're talking about to understand what they're saying. I can follow part of it."



Operation Moonwatch--V

Like what? he asked. Gimme an example.

"Well, take this eclipse. Our boys knew when it would start, right down to the exact minute. They printed the information for us but they gave the breakdown in Universal Time."

What's that? he asked.

"It's a method of calculating time by the stars, you might say. They pick out a certain spot on earth--and only one--and say that mid-night starts on that spot when a certain star reaches a certain point in the sky. It's rather involved, you see. But they say it is Zero Hours, Universal Time, and our side knows the score."

Ahhh, he breathed. I get'cha. And you knew it, eh?

"Certainly. I read the coded information that the eclipse would begin at 6:34 hours Universal Time, and figured it out."

By damn! he said happily, that's fooling those old Russians, ain't it? Say, is it all right if I take a look?

"Help yourself." And I showed him how to focus.

After a startled minute or two at the eyepiece he straightened up. The damned thing looks red! he said in amazement. A dull, coppery red!

"Of course. The Russians hit the moon, didn't they?"

Well I'll be damned, he said. They're sure slippery, ain't they?

And I was unable to shake him for the rest of the watch. He stayed with me to the end, pestering me with questions and wanting repeated looks. The totality ended at 4:16 a.m., the temperature had dropped a few more degrees, the barking dog had been joined by a few others, and a light or two was now showing in adjoining kitchens and bathrooms. The secret tie that bound me to Andy Young throbbed strong and true, and will continue to do so until he writes a devastating letter to the editors of this journal pointing out the number of astronomical errors I've committed.

In the night's excitement the constable missed the blinking of the street lights, and someone successfully peeled open the safe in a grocery store to make away with a few thousand dollars. But it was a fruitful, scientific evening and I suspect that I've made a new convert; I would not be overly surprised to find the constable subscribing to a few fanzines. I'd quoted a few titles to him, you see, when he asked about the science newsletters.

There was a total eclipse of the moon on March 12-13, last.

- Bob Tucker

THE CAUSE

by Terry Carr



Mrs. Wilkins let me into Fred's room quietly, watching me out of the corners of her eyes almost cautiously. She shut the door behind us and leaned against it, not saying anything. I got the impression that she was afraid to break the silence, as if the room was something holy and sacrosanct.

Well, why not? I thought. Fred had always been the quiet type, sort of drawn into himself. And he'd told me, the night before it had happened, that he was an only child. From what I'd seen of his mother, she seemed to be the doting parent, always wanting to help her son in anything he might do. There had probably been a lot of love between them, the kind of love that comes from nearness and dependency.

The room was not large, and about half of its floor space was occupied by a double-bed, neatly made, with a white bedspread over it. I sat on it wearily, the heat of the day making me feel physically exhausted.

"Don't tell me he left the room like this when he left," I said, smiling.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Freddy was very neat in everything. He never left his room unless the bed was made and his clothes were put away in the closet. Even the day he left, with all the hustle and bustle, he took time to make the bed."

The Cause--II

I smiled, feeling ill-at-ease. Fred had told me to look up his folks if ever anything happened, but I didn't like the job. His mother and I had nothing in common, outside of Fred, and he wasn't a very good topic of conversation right now. To me, dead people never were. I'd seen too many of them in France.

I looked around the room, feeling Mrs. Wilkins' eyes on the back of my neck. There was a desk with a lamp over it, pencils and paper neatly arranged on the desktop. A chest-of-drawers was in one corner with pictures of his mother and father on it. An ashtray sat between them, empty.

I reached up and got it, knocked ashes from my cigaret into it. "Fred didn't smoke," I said. "Why this?"

"It was for any company he might have that did smoke," she explained. "There's another one over there."

She pointed to the top of a small bookcase next to the desk. It was mahogany, no scratches and neatly polished. Fifteen or twenty books were placed there, ranging from Zane Grey to L. Frank Baum.

"Who read these?" I asked.

"Why, Freddy did."

"On books?" I said quizzically. "Westerns? Fred was a pretty smart guy."

She looked hurt. "What's wrong with westerns? They're good reading for a boy."

"Oh, sure," I said quickly. "But when a guy gets older he wants more than that. Didn't he read any of the best-sellers? Yerby, or Michener?...any of them?"

She frowned. "Of course not," she said. "Why, in one book by that Michener they were swimming nude! Men and women!"

The Bridges At Toko-Ri, I thought. And not swimming; it was a public bath. "Well, things like that really happen," I said. "People's ideas are different in different places, Mrs. Wilkins."

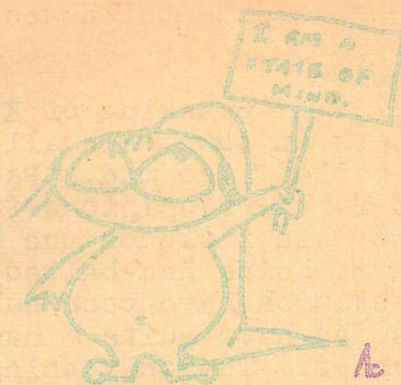
"Well, Freddy kept away from it," she said. "There's no use exposing him to that sort of thing unnecessarily."

"No," I said. "No, I guess not." I didn't like Mrs. Wilkins very much.

I took one last look around the room. Next to the bed was a small stand with an alarm-clock on it. I looked at the setting: six o'clock. A window, with neat lace curtains, was next to the chest-of-drawers. Three pictures were on the walls, all of them nondescript.

I glanced at my watch. "I'll really have to be going," I said. "I have a date at six."

THE TRANSCENDENTAL SKWEE



being a column of soundings-off, natterings, mailing reviews, and generally whatever I get around to doing. This is a last-minute, helter-skelter installment being done on May 3rd in frantic hope that it won't be too incredibly silly.

I'm writing this with a cake baking in the oven in our cluttered but happy little bourgeois apartment. Yes, Terry and I have finally gone bourgeois. We're settled comfortably in Berkeley in a comfortable, brand-new duplex, complete with a fan room yet. Those among you who read HABAKKUK (and those who don't are missing something) will recognize this as being intrinsically a waxy-waxy type scene.

We love it! We have a really nice place for the first time since we got married. Anyway, I doubt that we shall be having all these multitudinous changes of address for quite some time. It surely is nice to have a feeling of permanence about the place you live in, instead of the "well this'll do till we can find something better" bit.

Never discuss religion or politics department. I've almost always been intensely interested in politics, and have even been considered a fanatic by certain people at certain times, but recently I've become overwhelmed by a feeling of futility about the political scene.

The exercise of our vote and of our economic (buying) powers are the main ways in which we can make our influence and opinions felt, no? But Lawzy Lawzy. How does one even do that?

In most cases the ballot is a farce! You have your choice of paying unreasonable taxes, completely out of proportion to what the benefit will be, over and above what you are already paying, need I add; OR, you can let all improvements, public benefits, etc, go by the board. What do you do?

You have your choice of Mr. Pot or Mr. Kettle to represent you in the government. (The foregoing line reminds me of an old labour song, which goes in part--"You take the two old parties, Mister//No difference in them I can see, //") What do you do?

About the time you all will be reading this, I'll be voting in the Alameda County election. I'm kind of upset about the whole deal. I've been trying like mad to find out all I can about the people and issues up for vote, but so far there has been absolutely no publicity which has come anywhere near me that said anything other than "Vote For Joe Blow," "Vote No on Proposition Yes," or like that. It doesn't make for intelligent voting, now does it? There's actually only one issue on which I'm qualified to vote, that being the fluoridation of water issue. I heard a debate on KPFA, and so I may end up voting on no other

The Transcendental Slave--II

question.

Speaking of KPFA, the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities is back in town, and all sorts of people and institutions are being Red-baited like mad. Pacifica Radio, which runs KPFA, has a policy of free-forum-of-opinions-from-any-responsible-source-competently-expressed. Since this includes the broadcast of commentaries by local left-wingers, KPFA is being Red-baited. Also, some of the individuals connected with the station have been subpoenaed by the Committee on UnAmerican Activities, as have quite a number of Berkeley High and U. of California teachers. The only thing so far anyone can tell that these people have in common is that they helped take part in the CORE (Congress Of Racial Equality) demonstrations against Woolworth's chain variety stores for their Jim Crow policies in the south, and/or for taking a stand against capital punishment and the treatment of Caryl Chessman. Evidentially someone has been Red-baiting KPFA to the FCC, and so things are really pretty lively around here. Golly, by the time you read this I might even be in jail, because I'm going down to picket the Committee on Tuesday.

We seem to have this turtle, dept. The other day I heard two of our neighbors screaming across the fence at each other about how one of them had this lost turtle, see, and the other one didn't

want it. So I ran outside and said I'd be glad to take it, that I was very fond of turtles. (I am a turtle, you know.) And I brought him home. He's a rather good-sized creature--a good eighteen inches from nose to tail--and he has a fascinating domed shell with intricate polysided shapes embossed thereon. I think he's very attractive, but Terry doesn't, so the Humane Society's going to come get him tomorrow.

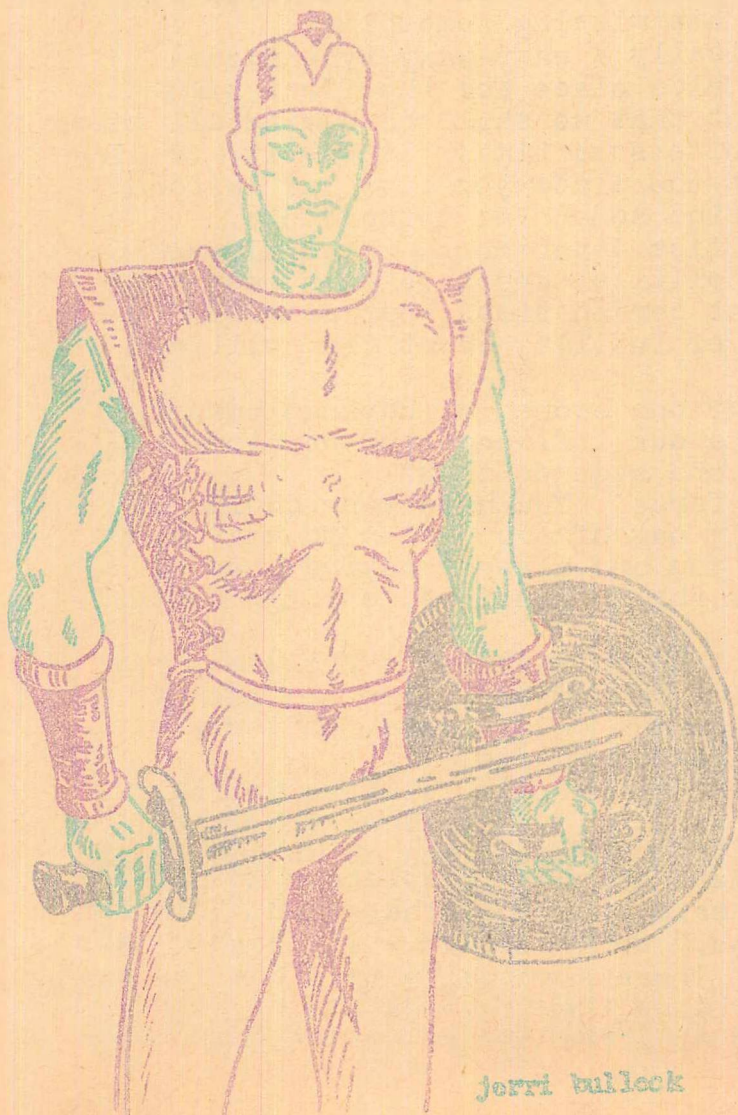
By the way, the cat's reaction to him is rather interesting. When he's on the floor she thinks he's something worthwhile to sniff, but other than that a bore. But when you pick him up she thinks he might be a dish of food, and sits up and begs.

On to the mailing comments, dept.

STEFANTASY (Bill Danner)

As usual, an absolutely beautiful job. I just loved the mag. (That's a horrible amount of egoboo for such a small amount of wordage, but by gollies you deserve even more egoboo than you get for that beautiful thing.)

I dug "The Skeptic Tank" the most, especially since Bill Donaho brought that book, "The Secret



Jerri Bullock

The Transcendental Skwee--III

Museum of Mankind," over for us to see one day. Quite possibly it was the most ridiculous book I've ever seen in my life; thank ghod every-thing that you send away for mail-order isn't such a phony deal.

I loved the "Old Rotgut" ad. It reminded me of a New Yorker cartoon I saw quite some years back; bunch of high muckamucks from some whiskey concern are having a business meeting and everyone looks quite worried except one earnest young fellow, who stands up and enquires brightly, "Couldn't we just say, Our Whiskey Brings On A Bigger Bender Faster?"

CATCH TRAP (Marion Bradley)

Your mentioning spilling the corflu reminds me of Jim Caughran. We often tease poor Jim about being awkward. (Poor guy--he really can't help it that he tends toward abrupt motions that don't suit his long, lanky frame.) One day a few weeks ago Jim spilled a whole bottle of blue obliterate down the front of him, most of it landing on his khaki pants. Jim wandered around the whole rest of the afternoon muttering, "Gawd, I'm a mess!"

Do you really throw fanzines away after reading and acknowledging them? Gee! I wish you'd send our stuff back to us, then, when you're done with it--we always seem to need more copies than we have. And would anyone else who has such a practice keep this in mind? We'd really appreciate it.

TARGET: FAPA (Rich Eney)
You drive someone crazy!

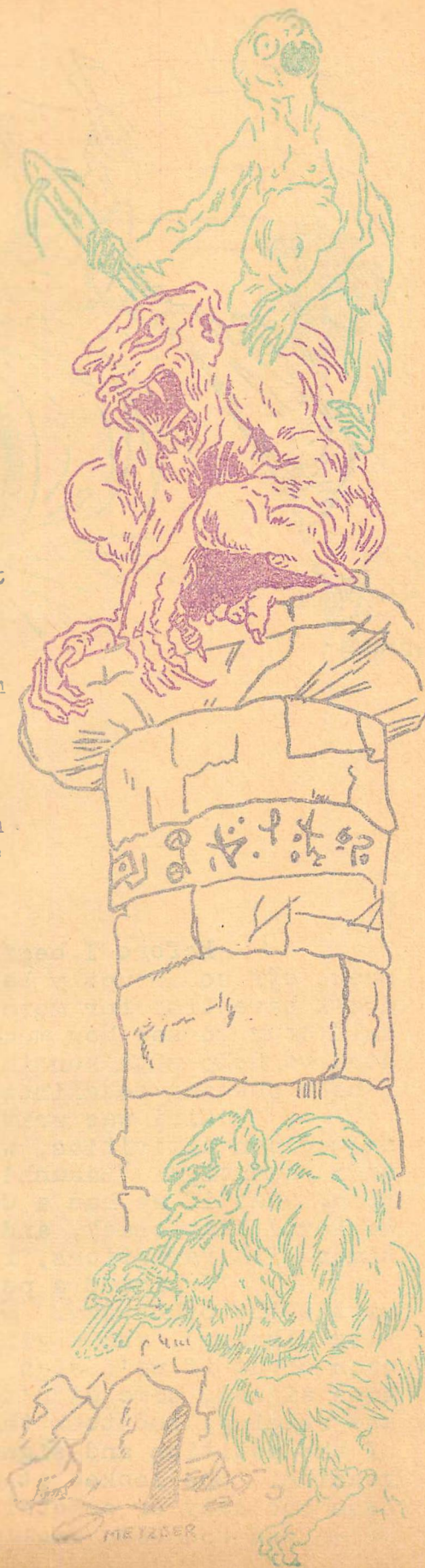
HORIZONS (Harry Warner)

I liked "Jason and the Weird Publisher" very much. I didn't think it was as good as "Jason and the Convention Fan," but quite good just the same. The most outstanding thing about Jason stories, to me, is that they read so much like they were true.

How do the Europeans manufacture 45 rpm records that are so superior to the United States variety?

X-TRAP (Jean Linard)

Welcome to FAPA, Jean! This was very interesting, and Eney did a beautiful job on it, too. Thank you both.





COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON

by Terry

Before I begin, I'll just mention that Miri's comments broke off so abruptly back there on the last page because we simply don't have time for more--like, I need to use the typer for the next half-hour to see how much stuff I can get written before people get here to help with running off the last few pages and collating. Ghod, I hate pushing deadlines!

Miri was writing a little bit about the Committee on UnAmerican Activities, which reminds me of Boyd Raeburn's comment on tape recently: "Baaahh!--can you imagine anything so ridiculous? I mean, what if we had a Committee on UnCanadian Activities? Baaahh!" We loved that crack, and have been quoting it freely around here, sometimes with variations, like "Committee on UnPenwickian Activities".

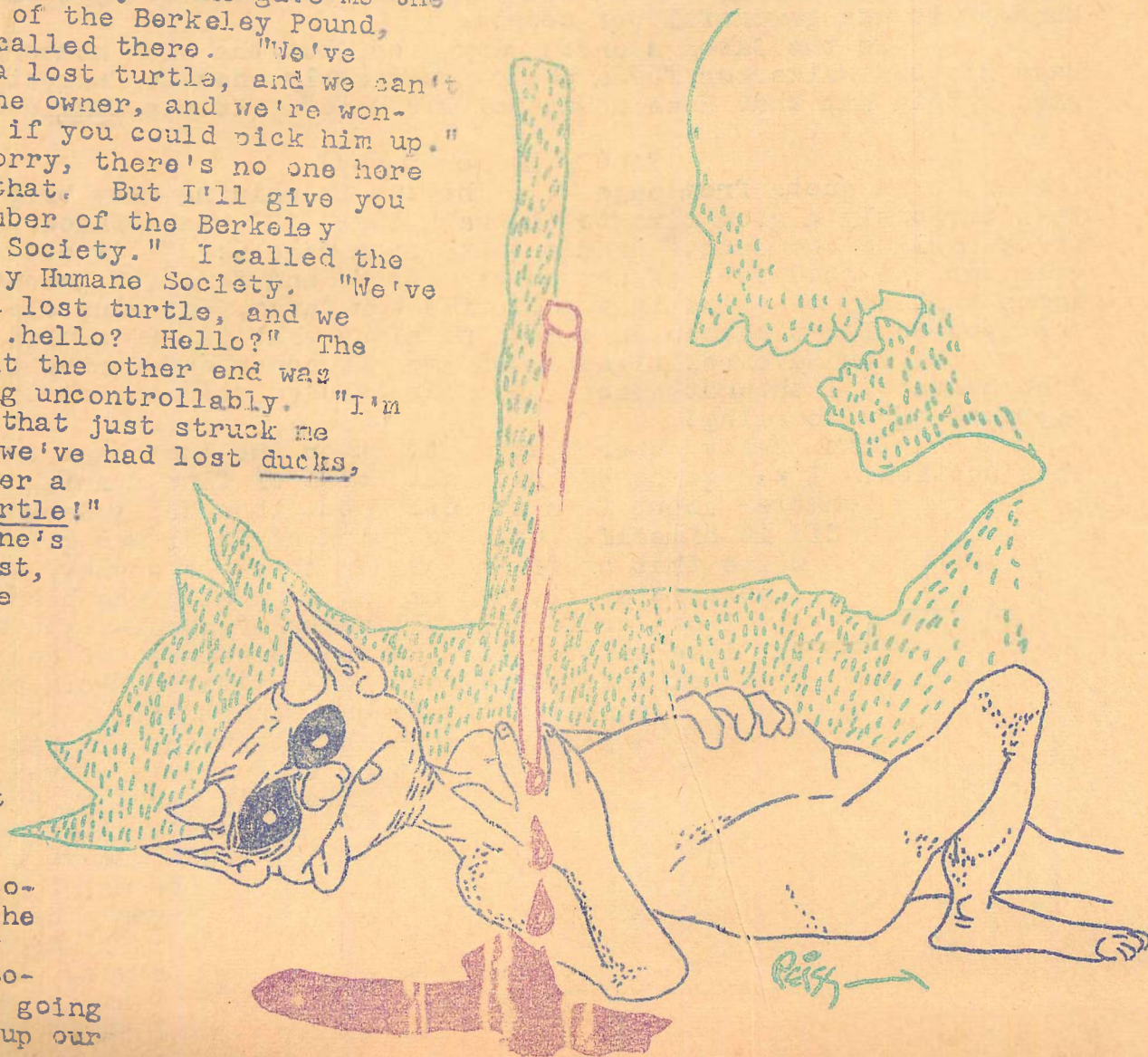
I signed a petition requesting the abolishment of the Committee the other day. Was on campus having lunch (I work at the University Library), and a girl came down the line of lunch-eaters asking each of us if we'd sign the petition. Some were interested, some weren't; some signed, some didn't. I said sure, looking up from the fanzine I was reading, and took the pen she handed me, scanned the short wording of the petition and signed it and handed it back and went back to my reading. She looked at me for a minute, apparently thinking that had been too easy or something. Some people were giving her a bad time. Which was too bad, really, because she seemed quite nervous, and also

Comments on Comments on Comments on--II

stuttered. She had the question she asked people carefully memorized and well-practiced so she wouldn't stutter right at the start. It wasn't until I'd listened to her ask a couple more people that I realized she was saying, "Do you want to sign for the House of UnAmerican Activities?" Poor girl.

And then there's the bit Miri wrote about The Turtle Who Came To Dinner. Yesterday I made a few phonecalls to see if I could have someone come pick him up. I called Information and asked for the SPCA in Berkeley. "I'm sorry, I don't have a listing for the SPCA in Berkeley. I can give you their number in Oakland." "Please do." She did, and I called. "We've found a lost turtle, and we can't find the owner, and we're wondering if you could pick it up." "I'm sorry, we couldn't do that. Why not call the Oakland Pound?" I got the number, and called there. "We've found a lost turtle, , and we can't find the owner, and we're wondering if you could pick him up." "I'm sorry, we don't do anything with turtles. I'd suggest you call the Berkeley Pound or the Berkeley Humane Society." He gave me the number of the Berkeley Pound, and I called there. "We've found a lost turtle, and we can't find the owner, and we're wondering if you could pick him up." "I'm sorry, there's no one here to do that. But I'll give you the number of the Berkeley Humane Society." I called the Berkeley Humane Society. "We've found a lost turtle, and we can't...hello? Hello?" The woman at the other end was laughing uncontrollably. "I'm sorry, that just struck me funny--we've had lost ducks, but never a lost turtle!" "This one's very lost, I assure you," I said. And she said, "Well, we'll see what we can do."

So tomorrow the Berkeley Humane Society is going to pick up our



Comments on Comments on Comments on--III

lost turtle. Poor turtle; nobody seems to want him.

I'd better get on to the mailing comments: Ronel and Jim just walked in, so this will be the last page we'll have time for.

HORIZONS (Harry Warner)

I don't like Jean's cover as much this time as I've liked her previous ones--but instead of null-egobob I guess this would be a good time to note how very much I've liked the last couple of her covers on HORIZONS. Lovely things!

Yes, Harry, Lancy is dead. Burb and a few others doubted the report for awhile, but Burb wrote off to the County Coroner and he sent a photostat of the death certificate. I've seen it.

I was active in journalism in high school; was Associate Editor on the paper (Balboa High School). The paper was at that time generally regarded as the best high-school paper in the west. pigged. One time while going through the archives I discovered that when Forry Ackerman had been going to Balboa he too had been on the staff. Used to go to the archives during study periods and read Forry's old stuff. Most of it was gawdawful, of course.

Re the Jason story: very good, but the club members should have spotted Walkerton for a phony immediately when he "almost bawled when I told him that Howard Wandrei was dead". It was Donald Wandrei.

SALUD (Elizor Busby)

A quote from page 2: "The sun is shining very brightly, and it's obviously a good time to (1) walk dogs, (2) wash windows, or (3) write mailing comments." And a quote from page 5: "It's coooold and gray out. A good sort of day to sit inside and fan." I guess you agree that any ole time is a good time for fanac, eh? Any ole time when you wouldn't rather do something else, that is, of course.

You have relatives named Emma Newcomer and Martha Doub? Good heavens, I thought names like that only existed in Bob Lemah stories! How charming!

Damn, Wally Weber beat me to it on the last page of the one-shot section. I was going to write all sorts of fine fannish chitter-chatter about flesh stencils, but then Wally went ahead and did it himself. Come to think of it, I was going to write that stuff in a Weberish style anyhow, so I suppose it's fitting that it was Wally who beat me to it.

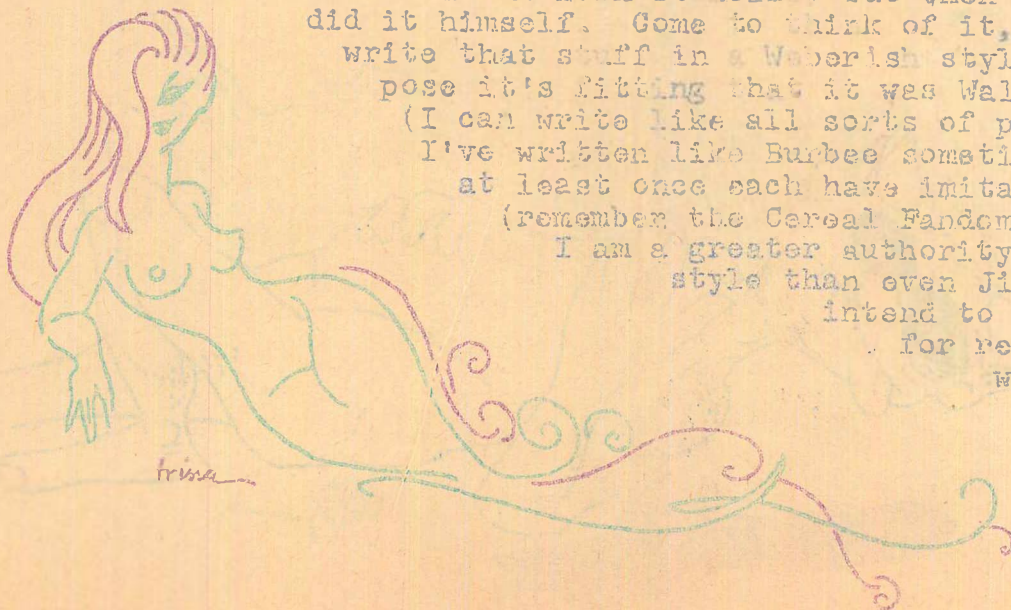
(I can write like all sorts of people, you know.

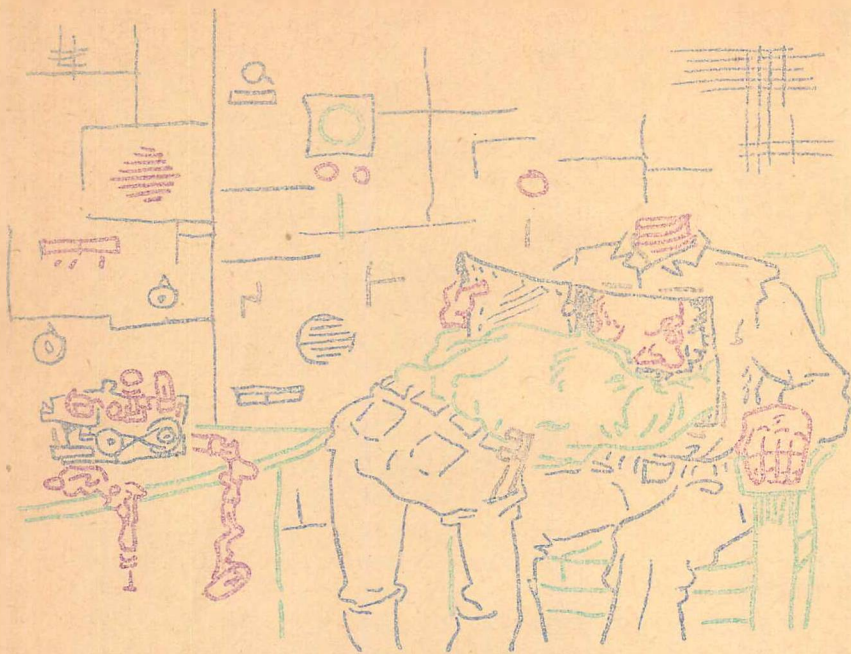
I've written like Burbee sometimes, of course, and at least once each have imitated Bloch and Willis (remember the Cereal Fandom bit?), and of course

I am a greater authority on Jim Caughran's style than even Jim is. Eventually I

intend to start up Proxyboo Ltd. for real. All the top fans

will leave their fanning to me; their stuff won't be as good, but it'll be the same style. And then when I am all of fandom I shall gaffate. I hate fandom, you know.





KLEIN COMMENT

As we've mentioned before, each issue we send KLEIN BOTTLE to a number of promising members of the FAPA waiting list in hopes that they will respond with a letter of comment or contribution with which to introduce themselves to FAPA and get in the swim a bit.

We only had one letter of comment last issue, but there would have been two if Ed Cox's letter hadn't arrived just a couple days after we'd mailed the issue off to the OE. Ed's letter follows:

ED COX: 984 So. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif.

I guess this will get to you just slightly before the February 1960 issue of KLEIN BOTTLE appears but at least, by ghod, I am finally getting to write and thank you for sending the 2nd issue. I think I mentioned this to you, Terry, at the party at Burb's but it wasn't like a comment on the zine itself.

Dug that Atom cover the most. That guy has about the best stfictional cartoon sense ever to appear in fandom or anywhere else. I guess Guy Gifford's stuff in the old Planet is the only other that really appeals to me as much as Atom's does now.

I liked, of course, the Rotsler stuff. This is from one of the letters I hadn't read, and helped get me straight on the bit he has mentioned from time to time. The "Mother Tigress" bit, that is.

I just read the Roberta Gibson pome tonight and must say that it really is a poem. Which is more than one can say for the majority of verse in fandom. I'd say that there are few others that can qualify as real poet types. Bruce Pelz doesn't do badly, Art Rapp is, I think, the Fan Poet Laureate (or whatever) and Lee Jacobs can turn out some good stuff when he takes a notion to it. Other than that, there aren't many in all fandom that can qualify.

I enjoyed the mailing comments, Terry. These are the kind of MCs I like and the absence of which I deplore in SAPS. Note that I didn't say total absence.

Got a kick out of that excerpt from the Boob Stewart story, with the propellers revving up backwards. The odd thing is, they really look like that outside of the movies! The stage-coach wheels don't but I've sat in planes and watched the motors start, rev up, and do the very

same thing. Either that or is my eyes going bleary! Damn, now I'm going to have to toddle on down to the nearest airfield and watch a prop-job rev up and find out for sure!

Ha, sports! At one time I did dabble slightly in baseball and basketball, but not enough to really go very far toward encouraging me to make a career of it. I liked to pitch, hated to catch and once in a while knocked the ball out of the infield. (Someday perhaps I'll write up my experiences as a bush-league pitcher, during which time I compiled an 0-1 record, struck out about a third of the batters I faced--my brother said it was because they were scared to death of my lack of control and my curve which occasionally didn't curve after all--and not only ended up with a .000 batting average, but struck out almost every time. But my favorite amateur-baseball story is one about Bob Stewart--as are so many of my favorite stories, I guess. Bob was real excited once because some guys in his highschool were forming a softball team and he got to be on it. In their first--and only--game, Bob struck out twice and was feeling quite frustrated when he next came up, with a man on base. He found the pitch he wanted and slugged it over the left fielder's head, and later wrote to us, "I stretched the hit into a triple, even though I caused the runner ahead of me to be out, by passing him on the baselines in my excitement." Bob Stewart was wonderful.) Basketball was more fun but sort of exerting. Now table-tennis is another one I liked. Used to have one back in Maine in the music-room and a whole gang of us used to play constantly. After the usual time at which the novelty-usually-wears-off, we were still going strong, Doubles and English and all. Only when I joined the army and later my brother went into the Air Force, did the thing break up. The table is still there dismantled somewhere. Fun, it sure was, and I'd pretty nearly forgotten about the whole thing until I read KB.

So now we come to the part about why do fans stick around? This makes about my 12th year or more, on and off, in fandom, though I started reading stuff in 1943. When I first got going, I was the real rabid type, indulging in every known type of fanactivity, writing letters to pro-zines, fanzines, fans, etc. The works. I even Fought For The NFFF. I was sick. But upon entering the army, from the small Maine town in which all this activity took place, it quickly died out although I kept some contact and correspondence with a few old friends (who still wrote to me). That would seem to go along with the type of fan who, in his teens, in a small town, flares briefly in a super-blaze of activity, then fades rapidly as he matures.

So I regressed upon completing my 3 years of army jazz. I moved out to what was, is, is becoming, still is (pick one) the Mecca of fandom, California, LA area. Sporadically, I've been active in the two major apas (assuming, of course, that one considers FAPS and SAPS the two major apas!), some off and on general activity and a fair amount of social jazz (like going to fanclubs and parties consisting mainly of fan types). All of which proves that the reason I stick around is because I enjoy it. Most of my close friends are/were fans although some of them don't as much as look at a fanzine anymore. Our friendship stemmed from and our interests have transcended fandom in some cases. But I find myself in much the same situation as you do and as long as it continues that way, like, man, I'm still going to hang around.

The only thing that worries me now is that I'm getting an overpowering urge to extend my range of interest in fandom into the general field again and that scares me!

Yours,
Ed Cox

Klein Comment--III

We have a letter here from a young fellow who is apparently completely new to fandom, because we checked the waitinglist and his name isn't even on it yet. However, he does show promise, and we say confidently, if perhaps a bit foolhardily, that someday this young fan will be a valuable and respected member of our venerable organization:

JACK SPEER: Snoqualmie, Washington

In figuring the age of the average FAPA male and female, were you taking the arithmetical average, or the mean? The arithmetical average would be thrown off a great deal more than the mean by a single extreme figure. ((You should read your KLEIN BOTTLE more carefully. It's true that Miri computed the arithmetical average rather than the mean, but she pointed out in her report that no FAPA female over 27 had answered the poll, so there were no extreme figures.))

A suggested question for a later poll: What is the initial attrition of mailings? That is, how many FAPAns do not save their mailings entire? ((We save ours.))

Another new name for a comment column: Cerebral Itch.

The Armenians were the DPs of the First World War, I think.

Playwright is spelled that way, because it's related to wrought and work. Like in wheelwright, shipwright,.

I'm sure Mad Wednesday and The Sin of Harold Diddlebock are identical. In the version I saw, the excerpts from "the Freshman" didn't run very long. The whole movie left me melancholy; it had made too well the point that Harold Lloyd was a hasbeen, and that the style of humor exploited in his silents was obsolete.

I don't make any extra push in November because of the egoboo polls. I don't think it had occurred to me that that's when they come out. As a matter of fact, from the standpoint of egoboo my practices are downright stupid, because half the time I don't get my FAPazine in in time for the mailing, and it comes out in a postposting, and half the members ignore it.

I suppose Ronel is pronounced Roneel? ((...err...))

Oh, but there are East Texas flatlands. East Texas covers a vast area from Dallas eastward, cotton country and various other kinds of country. ((Donaho, a native Texan, says Texans don't consider those areas East Texas, but rather, Central Texas and Southern Texas and such.))

Is there some special connection between fandom and the ten of clubs? Like the curse of Scotland, say? ((More like the curse of Tucker, I'd say. But I'll leave it up to our Expert In Charge of Curses of Tucker, Bob Tucker himself, to explain it.))

I question whether the US stereotypes in Japanese films indicate they're produced for export. More likely the copying is done by the types in Japan who are represented in the films. I got the impression from a Japanese film I saw, titled in English Miss Fix It, that the imitative Nipponese are, in their prosperous middle classes at least, doing their best to copy our teenagers, businessmen, and so on. It reminded me of the closing act of the play about Panicault, in the twenties, wherein the ex school teacher had become a successful crooked business man and wore the clothes in which the French assumed all American business men dressed.

What's the etymology of Justic Rabbit? ((That was a typo for "Justice Rabbit." Very ethnic.))

Although fan-type amateur journalism is sometimes attempted outside our precincts, I doubt if it gets a very good reception. I remember the Comanche Photographic Association (or whatever its name

Klein Comment--IV

was; those initials sound subversive) (what deep-seated personal quirk causes you to think of Certified Public Accountants as subversive, Jack?) about the time I left home. Dan McPhail was in it, and he and I brushed up a mild sort of feud in hektored mags we published for it, and there was some faction within it called the Radical Hypo-Crates, which was apparently allied with Dan in some way, and a friend of mine who belonged to the RHC put out something, or maybe published it in Dan's magazine, impliedly critical of feuding. All of this in a club of perhaps half a dozen active members.

S.S.S.,
JFS

BOB LIGHTMAN: 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Got KLEIN BOTTLE #3 the other day with the OMPA mailing. Not specifically in the OMPA mailing, like, just with it. "Under separate cover" as some people are fond of saying. Probably would have written sooner, but the OMPA mailing takes somewhat of a precedence (because one has to get their zine in the mail about three weeks after receiving the mailing or miss the next). So I de-Kleined to read the magazine until just last night when I re-Kleined in bed with a pencil and put tasteful checkmarks here and there.

I read all the stuff before the mailing comments but will dismiss it with a) I enjoyed it all, and b) I was born in the same year as FAPA's top Golden Age of Stf. Does this get me an honorary membership in First Fandom, maybe?

Miriam's mailing comments:

There is a store, not far from here, that specializes in player pianos exclusively. Well, not too exclusively, as they also carry stuff like cylinder phonographs, but they sure as hell don't have any regular pianos. The place is run, I think, by a bunch of madmen. I walk past it on the way home from school and about half the time you can hear some idiot pumping away on some ribaldry and making all sorts of noise and two or three others of the crew are singing at the top of their lungs, improvising and making it obscene and all. They don't make any trade on piano rolls, though; at least they don't have any lying around. However, they do have a sort of poster on their window and you can, if you want, get contemporary piano rolls. Imagine stuff like "Mack the Knife" on piano roll!?

My English teacher, a most liberal sort, doesn't mind what I do on my class essays (topics she writes on the board the day before and has us write for a period on) so long as I use good English. So last week she gave us something entitled "Self-Interest Is The Enemy Of All True Affection". Accordingly, I traced a number of your more apropos Rotslers from KB and titled my essay "Self-Interest Is The Cause Of All True Affection" and carried on from there. Those who read it before I turned it in seemed to like it. It was really quite hilarious, I thought.

Also on my English class, we have book reports to write in class about once a month. So one came up several weeks ago and I hadn't read any suitable books. So I decided to Bobbleman it and invented my own: "Courage House" by Elizabeth Pierce. (I trust you recognize the title.) (Of course; it's Ethel Lindsay's place of residence.) Having gone that far on a fannish track, I decided to carry on with it. So, I had it be a sort of nurse-ish edition of Canterbury Tales, with all 24 of these nurses at Courage House telling the others (after tea-time) a story of Love's Labours Lost and all that. I panned the book for being deadly dull except for one story: "Inchmerry Incident". This concerned one of the nurses, a Joy Clarke (yes, I know it doesn't fit, but read on), who

Klein Comment--V

fell to corresponding in a lonely-hearts club with a Sandy Sanderson. Finally, their (Joy and Sandy's) correspondence went far enough along so that they arranged for a meeting. So Joy went to meet Sandy one afternoon at Inchmerry, and found out, much to her surprise, that Sandy wasn't Sandy at all. Sandy was a Lesbian name of Joan Carr who had designs on Joy. So, Joy got out, fast, etc., etc., etc.... End of story. Fun, eh? (Haven't gotten the report back yet--I shudder to think what I got grade-wise on it, but it was all sorts of fun to write.) ((You mad fannish fool.))

And need I mention that no malice is intended towards either Joy, Ethel, Sandy, or Joan (RIP)?

Nope, the above on English class didn't have a thing to do with Miri's comments. Just a sort of backhanded compliment on your Rotsler-toons.

Terry's comments:

Loved your comments on rock-fights. I remember all sorts of these things, over the slightest provocations, but none so spectacular as the one you describe. Did your fights, like ours, usually end when someone got hit on either side, and rather bad (enough to make him just about cry)? ((Yes.))

What are (page Comments On Comments On Comments On XI) "East Texas flatlands Negroes"? Is that somewhere near middle-Earth? ((No, it's in Typeania.))

Best,
Bob

LES NIRENBERG: 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada

I've come to the conclusion that the Romans or Greeks or whoever they were that invented or introduced opening a book so that the pages hinge on the left side were wrong. Isn't it a natural tendency to grasp the binding of a book (or in this case a zine) with the right hand and flip the pages from the back forward, Hebraic style? Well that's what I did, and that's why I'll start by commenting on the last page first, namely Marty Fleischman's letter. I think KLEIN BOTTLE is a good title. Anybody knows that a klein bottle is a bottle that is klein and can be purchased in any Flaschenmagazin in the land. Am I right? ((Err, more or less. Harrumph...))

Like Marty, I'm fascinated by Burbee, and his burbeeisms. He reminds me of Jonathan Winters on the Jack Parr show, who can come out and say something innocent like "Good evening" and throw the audience into the aisles. It has been accepted that anything Burbee says is either dirty or funny or both, and even if it's innocent we double up with laughter. I believe that there is a small group of men on this mortal coil who have been put here to make us all happy. They don't necessarily have to be a Jack Benny or a Red Skelton. As a matter of fact very few of these professional comedians belong to this select group. I can name a few. Charles Burbee is one. Then there's Bob Bloch and Jonathan Winters. Malcom Muggeridge (who was on the Jack Parr show last night) is another. Joey Bishop and George Kirgo of the Parr show, Georgey Jessel, George Burns, they are all part of this group of happiness-makers, whether they know it or not. Then there are the professional comedians who, when you meet them in person or off the stage, are nothing but silent clods. Their material is perfectly rehearsed and timed and they are funny as hell on stage but in private life, no. These people are not happiness-makers. To them it's a living and nothing else. I hope Charles Burbee will enjoy a long and happy life.

Klein Comment--VI-

My motive for saying this is not what you may think. I'm afraid I'm selfish and I want to keep on reading burbesisms for a long time. Maybe someday I'll be lucky enough to actually witness the dropping of these fannish pearls from the Master's mouth in person. (Barb doesn't drop many pearls from his mouth; Isabel says they get all over the floor and people slide and fall down too much.)

Rotsler's "Kookie Jar" was great. Now here's another guy who belongs to the Brotherhood of Happinessmakers. How could we live without Kteic or KJ which is a Reader's-Digesty-type version of the famous Rotsler letters? I read recently in some zine where someone said that WR has devoted his entire life in trying to become a burbee-like character, but has turned out as a mere arty feller. (That was a remark of Laney's that I reprinted in INNUENDO.) The person who said that is wrong. Rotsler is definitely a member of the happiness-makers, whether he knows it or not. He is in his own way making us all happy.

Rotsler and Atom illos were wonderful all except for the cover which I didn't dig at all. Looks like a vacuum cleaner salesman making a pitch.

Later....
Les

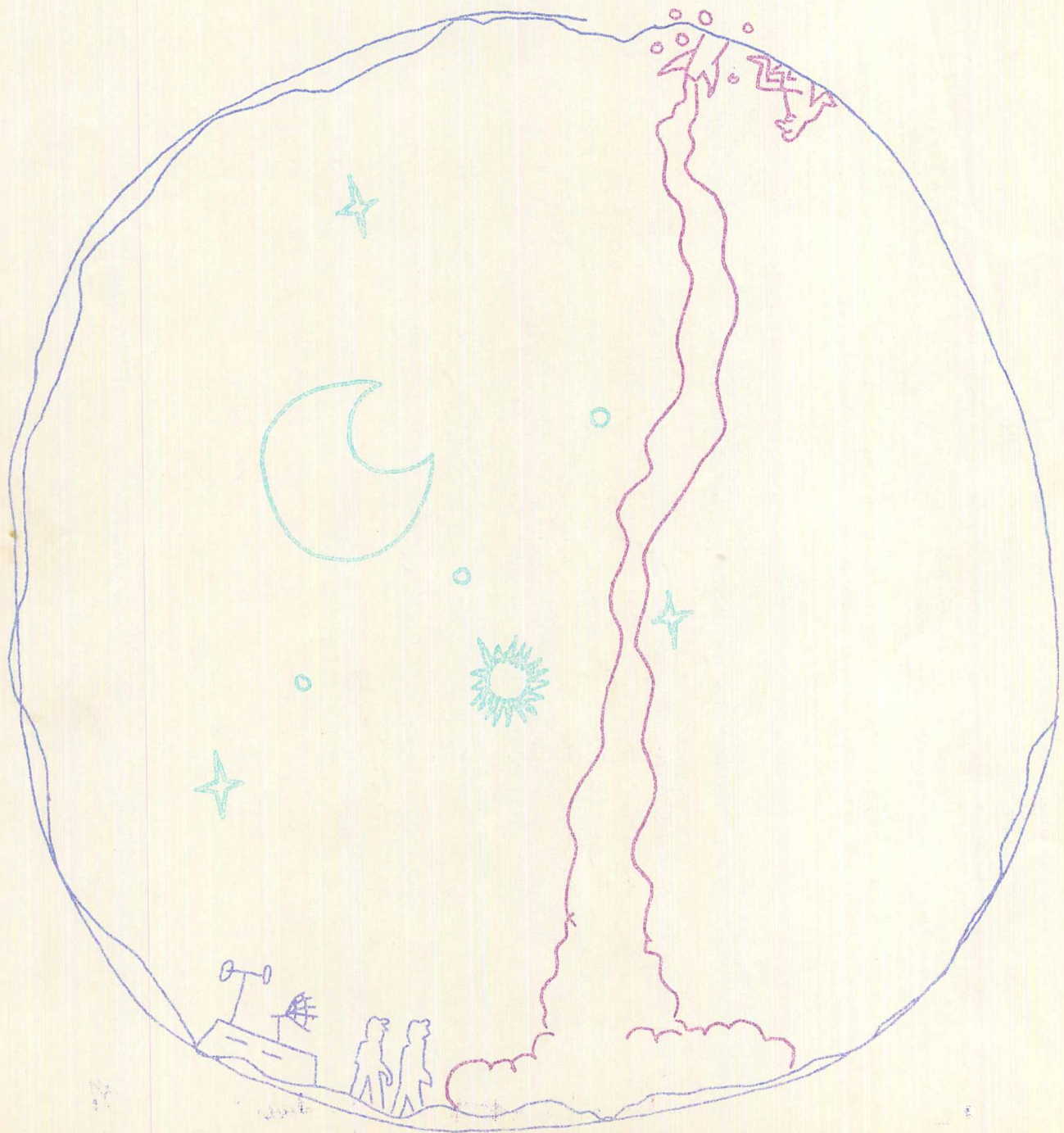
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LAST STOP TO LIMBO

by Jack Speer
(from SYNAPSE, Papa Fall '47)

Once upon a time i had the idea of writing a Simplified History of Fantasites, designed for those who want to know what it's all about. I envisioned it as printed on a small card, a supply of which you might slip into your billfold, and which could be handed to anyone who says, "Tell me in thirty seconds what this Fandom is." Here is my draft:

"There was a magazine that published fantasy (stories about the future, new inventions, occult arts). One day a young fellow wrote in to the magazine's letter section claiming that an author had made an error in science. He also said, 'Why don't we form a club to discuss science?' A lot of people responded, so they did. # The club had an official organ, and members writing for it discussed not only science but also what fantasy stories and books they liked best, and even brot up ideas about how they thot the world should be organized in the future. Some members thot this was getting away from the purpose of the club, so there were hotly fought elections. # Also, members began publishing their own amateur magazines and selling or exchanging them with other members and with people who had never joined. The old club disappeared; other organizations were formed. In their magazines the fantasites took to discussing how to publish a good amateur magazine, argued about grammar, wrote poetry, and so on. # All this time they were corresponding individually, so they began to visit one another and finally held conventions. Many found that they were more interesting to each other than any other people they had ever known. Afterwards, in their magazines, they talked about personal affairs and beliefs on any subject under the sun, as well as fantasy."



"Well, I'll be damned. Fort was right."