

self-preservation #8

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for fapa 111
may 1965

LAST THINGS FIRST DEPT.

If you happened to have paused and glanced at the cover of this issue of S-P before you started to read, you may have thought that this is another typical Hoffman cover. If so, you are Wrong. This is a truly unique Hoffman cover--for it is the first, the very first, Hoffman cover appearing on S-P in lieu of a magnificent cover by Steve Stiles.

As you know, if you are a serious student of such things, S-P has tended to be somewhat personalized with a minimum of contributions by others--an absolute minimum. However, with this issue we intended to alter our long-standing policy and bring you a genuine outside contribution--a genuine cover by Steve Stiles.

It happened this way: I got to thinking, as I was working on this, that S-P tends to be a bit drab and un-visual, what with all this plain ordinary type and hardly an illo to break the monotony. So I thought, I will do a cover picture for a change. I considered this quite a while and decided that, better than doing a cover pic myself, I would see if I could get one done for me by some fabulous fannish artist. Proposing to settle for nothing less than the best, I determined to ask for a cover by Steve Stiles.

I was pondering over the Correct Approach for getting a cover from a fabulous fannish artist at a Manoclast meeting one night when who should come along but Steve Stiles?

He came up to me and asked me if I'd do a cover for a project he is working on. Astonished, I reciprocated by asking will you do a cover for my EnPazine, Steve Stiles?

Well, he agreed. So naturally, I agreed to do a cover for his project. Fortunately, he already had an Idea for it, so when I got home I whupped off the drawing he'd suggested and mailed it off to Steve Stiles.

The following week I met him again at the FISTFA meeting at Van Arnam's, where Steve told me he'd lost the drawing I sent and besides, he had a new Idea, so would I do a new drawing? Naturally I agreed. So he sketched his cover Idea for me. It was fascinating to see genuine Li'l Peepul drawn by Steve Stiles.

The following evening I went to a party at Stiles where I completely failed to mention the cover I wanted in return. I also failed to give him a stencil to do one on, and for a week or two that was the last I saw or heard of Steve Stiles.

But last night, he was at the FIBFA meeting, where I greeted him with something to the effect that I sincerely regret to inform you the forthcoming issue of Self-Preservation will not have a cover by Steve Stiles.

He apologized profusely, assuring me that he'd completely forgotten about it and I should have reminded him. Being a fan myself and also involved in Other Things besides fandom (though not the same kind of Other Things that Stiles is involved in) I was quite able to sympathize with him and I assured him that he shouldn't apologize quite so profusely. (His tears were staining my boot toes.) I told him it was okay by me to wait and let the next issue of Self-Preservation feature a genuine cover by Steve Stiles.

So, if I remember to remind him and give him a stencil to put a drawing on, and if he remembers to do it, maybe the next issue will have the Real Things--a cover by Steve Stiles.

No doubt.

"Village View Fruit Exchange"

If by any chance you start with the first page and read straight through all the FAPazines you receive you've just barely begun this one. On the other hand I am almost finished with it. When I complete this stencil I will run it off, then back it up with page 1, and the issue will have been completed--as far as mimeoing goes. I still have to collate, which is the Worst Part.

In the same mailing with this is the first Project Report, a sort of Full-Length Articles fanzine which I expect to be pubbing on occasion. Since finishing up the first issue, I've taken a long jump from B.C. to the latter half of the 19th Century, A.D. in the good old U.S. of A. I've gone hog-wild in my favorite friendly neighborhood bookstore picking up books pertaining thereto, mostly written during the period. It is absolutely fascinating. And until I started studying up I had no idea of how little I knew about the era.

One of the books I acquired is a volume entitled The World On Wheels by Benj. F. Taylor. I have become enamoured of his essays. I've learned that he wrote for the N.Y. EXAMINER & CHRONICLE in 1873 and had at least two other books: Pictures of Life in Camp and Field and Songs of Yesterday, and that at one time he was a reporter in Sherman's camp during the reknown March Thru Georgia, but was ordered out because his press releases didn't conform with the P.R. policy Sherman had in mind. I am eager to obtain any more of his works and am interested in any additional information about him (mayhap he is Famous and I just didn't know it).

-LeeH
18 April 65

FOUR THE HARD WAY: I don't know when was the last time I made four FAPA mailings in a row. That I am doing it now is largely the Fanoclasts' fault. Oh well...

The 110th mailing arrived this week and I've sort of thumbed thru it. It was here when I got home from work Tuesday and I took a quick look at some of my own ego-bee before I dashed out to Ted White's to watch Hullabaloo. Wednesday night I stayed home and glanced thru some more. Thursday I went to a lecture about Siberia at the Natural Museum (mebbe more about that elsewhere). Last nite was the Fanoclast meeting. Now it is the morning of 2/27 and I will alternately read and stencil, as is my wont. In the stick, of course.

--Lee H



SYNAPSE:

I was a little surprised that you aren't very enthusiastic about radio. I agree with you about the scenes you cite. They're not admirably adaptable to a sound-only medium. But then, I don't think radio is the only--and--end--all. It has (had?) its limitations. I think all media do. That is one reason I am sad to see a medium like dramatic radio almost completely abandoned. TV, talkies, silent movies and written words all have their limitations, too. Each has somewhat different limitations, though, which means that no one is a duplication of effort and subsequently superfluous. They should be able to co-exist.

When the silent movie was almost completely abandoned after talkies came on strong technical problems involved with the production of talkies made it impossible to use a lot of the technique that had been developed in the silents. Language problems reduced the movie to a much less international medium than it had been. All sorts of good aspects of the silent were lost and/or forgotten. A lot was re-learned in somewhat modified form as filming techniques improved, equipment became more flexible, etc., and now with the boom in international films, I discover that a sort of cross-breed semi-talkie has been developed that can cross language barriers with a minimum of difficulty because they employ a good deal of silent technique with just basic dialogue to be dubbed or sub-titled. I think The Man From Rio was a good example: a film which was primarily visual in concept and execution.

Likewise, I find that a great deal of TV is sufficiently auditory (audial?) that one need not watch as well. In panel discussion type TV shows and a lot of that jazz, they seem to have a lot of

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trouble giving them any visual interest. However, I think that the auditory TV show is a problem rather than a development toward audio-oriented entertainment for the producers. (Sorry, Jack. All involved in muddy concept-expression there. Oh well...)

Anyway, I'm for more radio, more silent movies and even lots and lots of written words, without the abandonment of the audio/visual media.

Sometimes, Jack, I think you are Putting Us On. Like, when you ask "What is Pop Art?" and "What is method acting?" I know that my slang (which you cite occasionally) is a good five or ten years behind the times, at least. I know that most, if not all, of it has hit the pop media by the time I am using it, which generally means that it has become passe with the 'ins'. I rarely hear of the latest fads until they are out with the avant. When I first went to the World's Fair and saw the Pop Art gaudies on the NY pavillion I did not know what they were. Marlon Brando was a Big Name before I heard of Method Acting. I have only recently heard of La Bostella.

Now, I find it hard to believe that Santa Fe is so far from civilization (i.e., Manhattan) that these things are unknown there. So I assume that either you are ignoring most (or all) of the popular media, or else you are Putting Me On, Jack Speer.

Yes, under suitable circumstances the airstream will start a dead prop. Depends on the engine, its condition at the time and the relative airspeed. Maybe other things, too. One reason the Cub wasn't started that way was that a hot Cub engine is frequently difficult to fire up. But mainly, this was an Air Show and it is a lot more spectacular for someone to climb out on the wheel and try to hand-spin it. By the time he'd made his attempts which were not successful, they didn't have the altitude to get the airspeed to mess around and still be in a safe position to come in dead stick if that wasn't successful. "

By the way, on the first newscast I heard when I got up this morning, I heard that Johnny Foyle has bought his plot. This kind of broke me up.

Maybe you will recall that Johnny Foyle was a circus flyer I mentioned in the last S-P. He had a Stearman and, while he didn't fly with as much finesse as Rod Jocelyn and his eight-point rolls weren't precisely 0-45-90-135-180 etc., he flew with love.

Unfortunately I wasn't really listening to the newscast until I heard his name and then I'd missed some of the details, and I haven't heard anything about it on the later 'casts. According to what I did catch, he collided in mid-air with another plane, which also raked it. They said that Foyle stayed with his plane steering

away from the spectators until he was too low to jump. I get the impression that it was a trophy meet of some kind and that they have named the trophy after him now. Also, they did not mention the type plane and I have a notion that if it had been an antique they would have. Mebbe I'll find something on it in the Times tomorrow. If wo, maybe more details later.

A small emotional corner of my mind is muttering that it is a Fine Thing that men can still die in pursuit of beauty and self-expression and that there are still men who do. A more intellectual aspect of my personality is replying "Crap."

A few years back when I was all involved in the auto racing scene, I was regularly running up against the popular (Hollywoodian) concept that drivers are in it because of deep death wishes. One day a friend of mine expressed the opinion that it is not a death wish that impells many drivers but a life wish--a desire to live life to an extreme and that there is a fullness of life in times of skirting the edges of death, of pushing closer and closer to the possibility of death, of coming to a point where one's own fine-honed skill will make the difference.

Well, Li'l Orphan Annie may be older than 40. I suppose Chuck McCann might be, too, but I rather doubt it.

No, my list of cowboy stars wasn't intended to be the silent greats. They were skatekeys of mine and, honest, Jack, I don't really go back to the Silent Era.

I don't know whether 'a strange nother world' is my own concoction or something I picked up somewhere, but 'tain't a typo. 'Tis something I, personally, think expresses well what I want to say when I use it.

Did you Obliterine the last few lines of your comments to me or did they just fail to print up in my copy?

Regarding one of your comments to Clarkes, if one were to attempt to re-establish one of the Old Religions involving Fertility Rites as an intergal part of its ritual, how would it relate to the First Amendment?

Thanks for your opening comment to Warner about Old Masters. It is a good point that I hadn't thought of myself.

Regarding King Tut's name, which was originally "Tutankhaten", Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt says, "...it is not surprising to learn that scientific circles still disagree about the meaning of the young prince's name...some say the meaning is 'powerful is the life of Aten' or 'gracious of life is Aten'; yet others say 'living image of Aten' and finally, a recent theory suggests 'all life is

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in the hands of Aten'. Thus philological opinion remains divided upon the name which the Egyptians ceased to use from the day of the young king's coronation as Nebkheprure."

Since the Ankh is the symbol of life and Aten is the name of the holy solar disc, the problem lies in the meaning of Tut.

Nebkheprure is easier to deal with. It is translated as "the master of transformations is Re". It is spelled with a basket (neb), and a dung beetle (kheper) shoving along the globe of the sun (Re).

"...what would be wrong with 'sympathize?'" My own reason for not using this word some times when it is the one I want is that it has very strong connotations of 'puty' that tend to override its meaning of 'fellow-feeling'. I am afraid I will be misunderstood if I don't want it to imply pity.

SERENADE: Y'know, I enjoy Serenade more than Wrhn. It is more conversational and more readable for me.

Don't worry about 'fairly unique'. In popular usage, which is what makes the meaning of a word, it is no longer so limited as one it was. More uniquer than most, you know.

I glee for you when I read your description of the stained glass window. I dig stained glass, and your description fills my head with visual impressions that are lovely.

NULL-F: If time and enthusiasm permit I'll be doing an extensive response to your International Community item. Meanwhile...

Re the "many hotels and restaurants in the south...forced to close by...etc", were they forced, in any case? Does the law compell them to close? My own impression, like yours, is that they closed voluntarily. If any have gone out of business because their income dropped below the break-even point solely because they integrated, I have not heard about them. And that is the only way in which the law could--roundaboutly--have forced them to close that I can see.

Certainly Pavlat's response to the W-L blackball was a farce. But then, wasn't the blackballing of the entire W-L itself? And in its own way, isn't the blackball amendment? And what's the matter with farces?

Not that it has anything to do with Null-f, but I'm going to talk teeth here. After all you, Ted, were here when the first symptoms of my present siege of tooth-trouble began.

This jass with the teeth has been going on every week since one snow-stormy Saturday early in January when I felt a vague numbness in my cheek. I didn't mention it to Ted White, rich brown & Mike Mc, who were here at the time, and it didn't begin to swell until after they'd gone, so I missed the opportunity of being sick and miserable while I had company that could sympathize (pity, that is). The next day when my face was so swollen one eye was almost shut nobody came over. So I goofed around alone waiting for Monday when the dentist would be open, occasionally gazing at myself in the kitchen mirror and admiring how much I resembled Charles Laughton in The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Monday morning I went to the dentist, who prescribed Declomycin (two page spread in Med. World News--1 page 4/c process, the other K & Spec. Red), hot salt water in the mouth and cold compresses on the cheek.

After missing two and a quarter days at work, my fourth visit to the dentist came about. He pulled the tooth and scheduled me to see him again the following Saturday.

When I did, he pulled another tooth.

Now, I have always felt that publishing for a weekly apa like APA-F is sort of carrying things too far. Getting a tooth pulled every week is ridiculous. (I think it was either Mike or rich who suggested that if I got all thirty two teeth pulled the same week I could put them in the APA-F mailing. But I'm afraid that at this stage of the game I don't have anywhere near 32 teeth left. I kind of doubt I've got enough to meet the minimum requirements.)

Since then I have been going back every Saturday--not for extractions, thank ghod, but for general repairs and maintenance. When the last hole is sufficiently healed he is going to start root canal work on the eye-tooth next to it. Right now he's just filling in the dig-we's. And when all that is done he's going to provide replacements, not only for the two he pulled but several which have been missing since my high-school days. It will run close to half a grand altogether. I am making payments on it every week--whatever I can. Since I hate debts, I've been living off the bottom of the hog (or literally, the sheep) and turning over half a week's salary every week.

Now I am just back from today's visit, with a receipt for half a week's salary, money orders to pay my phone bill and renew my driver's license. The due renewal of my Natural Museum membership is going to have to wait. So is the rent. (Thank ghod for amiable landlords.) Meanwhile I anxiously await my income tax refunds. And through it all, I am keeping a stiff lower lip--I think the shot the dentist gave me today was a little longer than usual. Stiff lower lip--hell, I can hardly move it.

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LIGHTHOUSE: Terry, Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt goes into a fair amount of speculation about Tiye having been a Negress in The New York Graphic publication of TUTANKHAMEN:

"Queen Tiye, daughter of these two provincial nobles of Nubian origin, as seems fairly clear from their mummies..." (p. 116)

"At the time of the great reforms in dogma, the Nubians played a part about which too little has been said. They enjoyed exceptional privileges at the court of Malkata. It was ruled by a queen almost certainly of their own race, as some portraits of Tiye...show her to have been." (p. 121)

There is more discussion of Nubians in Akhetaten, Tiye, the likelihood that the Children of Kap were Nubians, etc.

Also, "...it does therefore seem probable that before the end of the year 35 of Amenophis III, the Great Royal Spouse Tiye gave birth to her last child, Tutankhaten..." (pp 135-136) So if Tiye was a Nubian and Tut was full brother to Akhnaton, there is more fuel for your speculation that race prejudice may have been a factor in the "violent hatred directed towards (Akhnaton's) memory", since there was also evidently a campaign to wipe Tut's name off the face of the earth.

Personally, though, I'd need some more evidence before I could give this notion any serious consideration. Right now, it just doesn't "feel right" to me. I haven't encountered anything else that would add evidence for it, and I do have lots of good reasons for the obliteration of Akhnaton and his kid brother which stand well enough alone...primarily from Desroches-Noblecourt, though. I've got a lot more research to do before I can make any "definitive statements" of my own on ancient Egypt.

By the way, Terry, is my copy the only one with no pages 22-27 in it? If so, I'm going to complain to the o-e.

I have one of those "postcard mimeo"-type cigaret machines. A long time ago when I felt the need of money, I decided to economize. I smoked Bugler for a year or so. It was quite a bit cheaper. Even with a machine I occasionally rolled a rather interesting cigaret. That was about seven years ago, I think.

I like your speculation in the reply to Lewis J. Grant about the Tower of Babel.

As a matter of fact I liked all of this. At least all of it I've seen so far. If I happen to get a chance at pp 22-27 I may have more to say later.

ALLELUIA

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DAMBALLA:

Well, ever since I did all that writing in S-P about The Addams Family, I've been missing the show. That's because almost every Friday evening I Eat Out (usually at some Plain, Cheap Restaurant) and then go to a Fanoclast or FISTFA meeting. So now I'm looking forward to the re-run season when the show is on the syndicate cycle and available to me again.

Harlan says that he has hopes of turning out a novel based on "...Glass Hand". I am looking forward to it.

SAFARI and THIS IS SGT O'REILLY: Noted

SIC SIC SIC ET NON DPT: Noted and ignored. The logic, if any, eludes me.

SECRET AGENT 8-X: Illegible. Unfortunately?

WHY NOT 7: Muchly enjoyed the L.A. Star stuff.

QUATT WUNKERY: Foreman Hawes, I take it? As I recall him, it fits. London and Dublin? "I gave up on that bit" is undoubtedly from the entertainment field (i.e., show biz) but not necessarily "the stage" and it has been in general slang almost as long as Brooklyn has been only part of a city rather than a whole city. I question, though, whether Brooklyn constitutes "a fifth" of the city, either in terms of area or population. How do you calculate it?

WRAITH: No hooks, but I enjoyed this too much not to mention the fact.

THEMIS I: And here I thought I'd seen the last of Janke. Having already read the Day It Rained Blood, or whatever that thing was, I got a large laugh out of the line "The probable election of Johnson does not necessarily fill me with forebodings of disaster..."

ASP: Well, I've already said what I know about what has happened to Richard Arlen. But a kind gentleman name of Mr. Bloch tells me that an old friend of his is now doing a biography of Mr. Arlen. I eagerly await it.

A PROPOS DE RIEN: Speaking of "finalize", I find that on the one hand I tend to "feel" a difference between "finalize" and "finish". (That is, I have slightly different connotations for the two words.) I think of finalizing as bringing to the point of completion, whereas I feel that finishing is the act of completing. But on the other hand, "finalize" seems to me to be such a contrived and phoney word that I would hesitate to use it. All subjective, of course.

I, too, forget who made a "good" commercial. But I make a point of noticing and remembering the sponsors of commercials which

really bug me. That's so I can avoid giving them my financial support whenever it is convenient.

KIM CHI: One reason for leaving green off the Luckies was probably the cost. Cheaper to print one less color and also cheaper not to have to cover that much paper.

Y'know, Dick, in view of all the FAPA talk about the mourning for Kennedy being because "...the murder, from ambush, of any human, should be a matter of shock & concern to anyone who cherishes the idea of law and order for our society", I expect there will be quite a bit of comment in this mailing about the murder from ambush of Malcolm X. (I trust you feel properly abashed at having enjoyed some of the popular entertainment that wasn't temporarily discontinued during the period of mourning that wasn't held by the nation for him.)

THE F-A: Frankly, I like Pavlat's decision about the mass blackball. I think he handled it in keeping with the spirit of the thing--or at least in the spirit of FAPA the way I like it to be. Now, if we can only remove the blackball and the threat it poses--with the Waiting List in its present condition, should we ever feel it will be necessary to use the blackball for self-defense again, it looks like we'd have time to revitalize it for a specific occasion. Like, if you can be sure you'll have time to load your gun, why leave it lying around already loaded?

PHANTASY PRESS: I gawk with childish admiration at the tidbit about that biplane you rode in back in 1929. I know things like that didn't happen to every kid back in the "Good Old Days", but I recall small miracles from my own youth, like the Piper Cub in "our" lake, and like having a best friend who lived in a truck in an empty lot with her parents, who'd been travelling with a carnival that broke up in town and who had three ponies, and stuff like that. I wonder if kids today have the same kinds of dreams and if sometimes they find miracles. Sometimes it is a great thing to be naive and filled with a sense of wonder so that what might otherwise be incidents take on the glow of great joys.

THE BULL MOOSE: Yes, here we go round the mulberry bush. Gets monotonous after a while, doesn't it? Better it should stay monotonous than get exciting, though, I suppose.

"The Ancient Avalon"---that is depressing. I've been speculating on the subject (but not researching it yet--too busy with Gilgamesh, the Amerinds, the Wandering Jew and others) and I've come to the conclusion that I've got to decide what Ancient Avalon is before I can be sure where it is. Didn't know there was more than

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one island/lake village there though. Any statistics--approximate dates, i.d. of occupants or anything like that handy? I'm a firm believer in the persistence of folklore in antiquity and like very much the idea that the ancient lake village(s) contributed muchly to the Avalon legend.

Do you have any information on the coffin containing the body of King Arthur that those monks dug up near Glastonbury a few centuries back? Does anybody have any idea whatever became of it?

Joy to you and you'rn, Moldy Mort.

SNICKERSNEE: Well, I've already admitted it, so I'll say it again. I liked the Fair and and hopefully looking forward to seeing it again. I could spend hours reminiscing about things I thought were horrible, but there were a lot of high points and the overall effect was fun. I highly recommend the Tailand restaurant myself--not very Fancy and not especially Expensive, but tasty food. Also, if your fancy runs toward the childish at all, catch the carousel in the Belgian Village. It's a swinger.

And on the subject of the Fiar, them as aren't interested in Fancy Expensive, etc., can stand in line for a husky meal at the Chicken Delight stand in the Oklahoma exhibit for 99¢ or \$1.39, and eat it picnic style sitting around the little pond. After sunset the rats that live in the rocks around the pond will come out and beg for scraps, if you play it right.

Your reminiscences (I know, juffus, but after I'd hit the keys I decided I liked what had happened) were enjoyed. Nothing in the line of hooks, though.

AVANC: Cult sounds chaotic from this distance.

HORIZONS: Speaking of the South and the Civil War, my brother reports that the latest approach is something about the Confederate States never having re-joined the Union and so not being part of it now and not being subject to its Civil Rights Laws. I suppose someone will take this up seriously before long.

I saw very few of The Outer Limits episodes and the only ones I recall enjoying were those two by Harlan. Others tended to be better'n Science Fiction Theater, but not much.

I am intrigued by your note about the woods with the hole in it. Can you give a little more information about the hole? Like

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approximate dimensions? I am torn between the concept of a vast crater like the one in Arizona, and that of a bottomless pit.

There were a mess of Bomba, The Jungle Boy, movies, you know. Starring Johnny Sheffield, ex-Boy of the Johnny Weissmuller Tarzan films. They were a bit after my time and I didn't take any particular interest in them, but I note they pop up during the Kiddie Hours on TV frequently. I didn't know there were books--always assumed the fillums were imitations of the Tarzan flicks.

SSSFRB&GA JOURNAL: I tried GO for a short while, but everybody else in the gang progressed faster than I did. I think I'm not the mental type for it.

I think you're right about the difference between the carousel and the merry-go-round. And while on the subject, I have sad news (at least it's sad for me): I have been told that Steeplechase Park at Coney Island will not re-open next season. This is a bitter blow, as I had intended to go looking at carousels there--they have/had two notable ones, as well as the related steeplechase ride. Their "Chanticleer" is supposed to be one of the only clockwise "roundabouts" in this country and is supposed to have once been sunk in the North Sea. The other is/was the grand "El Dorado", made by Haase of Leipzig sometime before 1911. It was forty-two feet high and had three revolving platforms, in tiers, each of which moved at a different speed. I haven't been inside Steeplechase Park, but the last time I noticed, which was before I got onto this kick, there was a monstrous large merry-go-round visible through the windows. If it is still there, whatever will become of it, Poor Thing? I have this horrible feeling that it will be broken up for antiques and this strikes me as evil and wanton destruction.

pp 22-27: Carrs, I rec'd the replacement copy of Lighthouse today and it is well worth the 10¢ it cost you to send it to me. Thanks.

Frankly, I think Juffus has been putting us all on to some degree or another for quite a long time. He has a terribly straight face in print.

I still don't believe in that Carl Brandon in Sweden. You can swear it on a stack of Books of the Dead and I still won't believe, Terry Carr.

1945? Hell, that was just a few days ago, as I recall. You mean fandom is full of people who were born since then??? (But then I've been living in the past for ages--even other people's pasts, since my own doesn't go back far enough.) At frequent intervals the gang and I sit around muttering about how there are

generations coming up who will not have known the Delights we knew as Youths, but it is still hard to comprehend that they are not only coming up but here already.

Unfortunately I have only three cannonballs in my collection and they aren't in mint condition by any means. All of them are quite worn. I don't know whether it is simply weatherwear or if they've been used. I'm not sure how to tell a used cannonball from one that's just had a rough time of it--lying out of doors for a century or so. Unless, of course, it's a powder shell, in which case most (though not all) of the used ones can be recognized by the fact that they are all in pieces. If I did have 68 I am not sure I'd put them in the mailing, though. How would they be counted toward my page credits?

I suppose I should be interested in skydiving but I'm not. Possibly this is because it is not obsolete and in ruins, but also possibly it is because skydiving strikes me as a pretty poor spectator sport. From the ground (which is where I usually watch from) the ones I've seen in person are just so many black dots up there in the air between the time they jump and the time they hit the chutes. Sometime they pass smoke plumes and stuff like that and I can appreciate intellectually that it is wild stuff, but I don't empathize or whatever it is one does. And I've no interest whatsoever in trying it myself. I, too, am troubled by heights. I was impressed by the news reports of that fellow you mentioned--the one who jumped without a chute. That had flair.

Well, there are fine old colloquial sayings like the one about going at something full-tilt and the one about being taken aback, etc., which didn't die out after their sources ceased to be part of our lives, so maybe the one about brass rings will survive, too. It will give people like me in the future generations something to puzzle about--if there are any people like me in the future generations. I enjoy discovering that some common expression I've used for years without any particular thought actually once had meaning.

Yes, the Hitchcock presentation of MEMOS was pretty bad. It didn't compare with the two Outer Limits shows by Harlan. And I had the same problem watching that lump of a youth playing Harlan--even if he was by another name.

I don't suppose I should mention this in print because the Fiend will Find Out and Strike Again, but there are two copies of FANHISTORY in existence. Paul Williams, who read in LIGHTHOUSE that I didn't have any, brought me two. I am presently Cherishing them.

My bid for the ultimate in TV commercials is the one for Alka-Seltzer (a product reknown for its vile commercials) in which the slimy-voiced announcer advises, "They wouldn't let us say that on TV if it weren't true, would they?"

Steve Stiles???

----- Ted White???

IT IS HIS ABILITY TO REASON THAT DISTINGUISHES MAN FROM THE LOWER ANIMALS DEPT.:

When I was in Savannah last summer I began to get the impression that there are a lot of anti-civil-rights people who feel that the whole struggle for Constitutional rights is some sort of battle between 'The South' and New York City. Even though this concept is grossly unfair to myriad Americans who don't happen to be New Yorkers, it seems to be reflected in some of the comments being made by the pro-KKK Southerners on the subject.

Speaking about the murder of a woman civil rights worker on the highways of Alabama, for instance, Governor Wallace accepted that this was, indeed, a heinous crime. But he defended his state by pointing out that there are numerous heinous crimes committed in New York, citing in particular the Violence In New York Subways, which seems to be "in" this season. After pondering futilly over the possible reasons why presence of crime in New York justifies or excuses crime in Alabama, I turned to wondering in just what way the comparison of the two might be applicable. As you know, our Acts of Violence--as on the subways, the rash of raping of little old ladies, etc.--are usually committed by persons of mental maladjustment--social malcontents with a low morality level, underdeveloped or non-existant sense of responsibility, paranoid outlook, immature intellectual development, etc. Come to think of it, maybe Wallace has chosen an apt comparison by paralleling the Acts of Violence in New York with the acts of so many white Alabamans against the Americans within their borders.

THERE IS A SNAKE THAT EATS ITS OWN TAIL DEPT.:

Once upon a time, a long time ago, like thirty or so years ago, there was a book by Thorne Smith entitled I MARRIED A WITCH. Whether or not it was based on anything, I do not know. But I know that before too long there was a movie based on it. The movie was called I MARRIED A WITCH and starred Veronica Lake, Fredric March and Cecil Kellaway.

A lot later, like last year or so, there came to be a TV series titled BEWITCHED which was based on the movie, I MARRIED A WITCH (or so an ABC Executive recently implied).

Now I see that there is a book titled BEWITCHED, written by Al Hines, which is based on the TV series.

Perhaps before long someone will make a movie based on this book...

"...dirty Commie preverts 5'4" and under..."

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD FANDOM DEPT.

Lo, these many months now I have been participating in the activities of New York Fandom--at least I've been going to Fano-clast and FISTFA meetings, reading APA-F mailings and otherwise having a ball on the local fan scene. This is the first time in my years as a fan that I've been a participant in a local fanclub. Savannah never seemed to have more than two active fans at a time when I was there--and I was usually one of them. And after I came to New York I made occasional contact with local fandom, but never actually got involved in it, until now.

Frankly, it's a swinging scene.

Now, when I was a young fan, miles from the nearest other active fans (i.e., Shelby Vick in Lynn Haven, Fla., and Bobby Pope in Charleston, S.C.) and in contact with the rest of the microcosmos through the courtesy of the U.S. Post Office, we had a label for a type of fan--the "Paper Fan". This was the kat who was a swinger on paper--in his letters/fanzines/etc., but who didn't click in person, generally because he was the shy, reserved type who sat in a corner blanking out as far as conversation might go, when confronted with real live people.

I dunno whether there's a label of any sort for the opposite--a fan who is a real swinger at a gathering but who doesn't quite come across in his fanzines. And even if there is a label, I'm not sure it would really apply to the people I'm thinking of.

As a matter of fact, it wouldn't apply at all to Steve Stiles, who is a genius on paper as well as in person. I only mention him here because it is a sad thing that there are so many people who can't catch real live Steve Stiles schticks because they don't make the New York scene.

rich brown, though, has been dealt with by Dave Van Arnham, in Great Expectations #53 in APA-F. I'm taking the liberty of reprinting his paragraphs on the subject without permission because Van Arnham is a Nice Guy and wouldn't object and if he does I'll hit him.

Van Arnham says: "In FD/51 I mentioned a few subjects which I didn't get to. One was inspired by the recent Fanoclasts meeting which, because of Rain and Cold and Coincidence, was far less-well attended than the usual Fanoclasts meetings of the past $\frac{1}{2}$ year or so. One of the people who didn't attend was rich brown, who previously had not missed a meeting in a Great Long While. It happens that Ted White wrote a piece on me in MINAC/15, copiously egoboosting to me, in which among other things he commented on some mysterious Benign Influence I have on Fanoclasts meetings..."

"I have decided that Ted White is wrong. It is rich brown who has the Benign Influence on the Fanoclasts meetings. I realize this may be a trifle difficult for some SAPS and FAPA members to believe, but -- at least in my opinion -- it is True. It may only be a subjective thing with me -- rich is frequently the only other person who laughs at my brilliantly witty and perceptive remarks (other than me, of course; I am one of those who cheerfully laughs at anything he considers funny, even if he has made the Funny himself) -- but somehow I never feel that the meeting has perked up until rich walks in.

Some non-subjective support of this view of mine may be gleaned from the fact that, with dismaying frequency, the meetings break up when rich leaves; this phenomenon Looms Large in the rich brown Legend, in fact...

....it is rich brown who, for me at least, really makes the meetings Complete. It is rather a pity that, as he himself has admitted, he does not come thru in print at all the way he does in person. It is, of course, for this reason that there will be people who will think I am Lying in my Teeth about him, or Something. But they will be Wrong, too."

Well, the above statement by Dave Van Arnham is heartily endorsed by Lee Hoffman, who can't lie in her teeth until she finishes paying off the dentist and gets them.

Actually, though, there is one mis-statement in Van Arnham's piece. Ted White is not Wrong. Van Arnham is definitely a Benign Influence at Fanoclast/FISTF meetings. His brilliantly witty and perceptive remarks are funny and more people would laugh at them if they could hear them--he should make them as loudly as he does his comments when he is Discussing Politics with Ted White. But, like rich brown, DVA is inclined to make his brilliantly witty and perceptive observations somewhat quietly and if you're not paying attention they go right past you. So much of rich's wit is visual you have to sort of keep an eye on him throughout meetings lest you Miss Something--he's one of the most visually expressive people I've ever met.

Along with his brilliantly witty and perceptive remarks, DVA contributes to the meetings his natural talent as a member of the Audience. I don't think I've ever encountered anyone who Enjoys more actively or contagiously than Van Arnham.

While on the topic of my friendly neighborhood fanclub, I've got to mention Ted White, who is a Key Man in the Fanoclast crowd. Ted provides the meeting place for Fanoclast gatherings. A lot of gang use his equipment to produce their fanzines. And he is the one who is forever being called on for favors--he picks up cheap mimeo

paper and stencils for people like me who haven't the time or transportation means, provides wheels for friends when they're moving and builds bookcases for them once they get moved, among other things.

This is far from being a complete listing of the Important People on the local scene. And I understand there are whole clubs full of New York fans I've never even encountered yet. But these are some of the Key People in the scene I've been digging. And, like I said, it's a ball.

Y know, I wouldn't be at all surprised if these people were to put on a really swinging convention. Why, they might even be able to get John Benson to put his foot behind his head for the assemblage.

JOHN BOARDMAN sends along a clipping from Coin World containing the following news notes:

"In some of the southern and mountain states the possum could be used as money.

"When a small purchase was made with a large possum the customer took a smaller possum as change.

THE BLUE WHALE, THE POLAR BEAR AND THE LAST ICE-AGE MEN

I hear by radio that both the blue whale and the polar bear are threatened with extinction. The end of the blue whale will spell the end of the whaling industry. In his final death the blue whale will avenge himself against his killers.

But the polar bear is being destroyed by sportsmen. And the extinction of the polar bear will signal the end of the eskimo as a people.

Eskimos are a remarkable people--ice-age men who've made themselves a way of life they find quite satisfactory under what must be the most difficult conditions in the world. Yet they are a generally happy people--at least those who haven't been "civilized" yet.

In the far north where white man hasn't yet had occasion to expand his activities, eskimos continue in their traditional way of life, encouraged to do so by the Canadian government. The Canadian government has endeavored to give these people benefits of modern white technology without over-interfering with their traditional way of life. There are mounties--specially picked ones who speak the eskimos' language and respect their customs, who have medical training and supplies available, working in the area. There are trading posts. That's about the extent of government interference.

Of course the eskimos have been acquiring a number of the products of civilization at the trading posts: steel-bladed snow knives, cast iron cook pots, occasional firearms, sugar and tea (they seem to take joy in a hot cup of tea after a cold day on the sea ice), and sundries like that. The trading posts have also made possible an expansion of their economy--offering a market for furs. All this has meant changes in their lives from the lives of their ancestors. But the changes have been assimilations rather than the jolting intrusions that marked civilization's advances on primitive societies in the last century.

As I said, the eskimos seem to be a generally happy people. But I'm not advocating their way of life--it's got its disadvantages. The hunting parties that usually consist of four or five family units, live in conditions that wouldn't appeal to the average American. Their igloos, built on the sea ice as temporary shelters, will get as warm as 40° above inside as compared to the 40° or so below outside. After their outer shoes have been dried over the fire, the soles have to be chewed to keep them supple and water-proof. (Wives usually do the chewing for their husbands.) They delight in meals of fresh raw seal meat, especially after the frequent fasts of sometimes days and days, due to frequently poor hunting conditions, and eat with their fingers--aided at times by their snow knives. But this is the life they know, and they find their happinesses.

Of course, this way of life is doomed. Every way of life is. Man's world changes...sometimes and some places faster than others...but always it changes. And it is inevitable that the ways of civilized man will exert more and more influence on even the outlying eskimo groups in time.

The threatened extinction of the polar bear--one of the eskimo's sources of meat, clothing and trade goods--is not in itself enough to destroy their economy. But it would be a major step in that direction. It would not be of the same magnitude as the extermination of the buffalo and subsequently the plains Amerinds, but it is a very similar thing on its smaller scale. How different is the modern man who hires a charter plane, and a guide, to fly into the Arctic for a "guaranteed kill" from the Eastern sportsman of the late 19th Century who potted bison from a railroad car for the sport of it?

There is a movement afoot to gain protection of some kind for the polar bear--and for the blue whale--because modern man has discovered that animals become extinct and some modern men are bothered by the loss. Maybe they feel a little guilty, too. Whether the movement also involves a desire to protect the ecology/economy of the eskimo, also, I don't know. I certainly hope so. And in view of the demonstrated attitudes of the Canadian government, I am sure they've taken this into consideration.

But whether or not the polar bear is protected and preserved, the eskimo ice-age culture is doomed. The question, as I see it, is not one of preserving the way of life, but of letting it change in a gradual way which will enable the people to develop into new ways without losing the roots of their culture, the bulwark of their self-reliance, their pride and self-esteem.

In the past--like the 19th century--civilized man destroyed the cultures of the so-called primitive peoples and gave them little to replace them. Africans, Amerinds, Pacific Islanders and many Orientals, suffered from having the basic structures of their cultures broken down and a superficial pattern of alien (to them) culture imposed upon them by frequently unbelievably chauvinistic outsiders.

To me, the question, in the case of the eskimos, is whether once their old ways of life have begun to disintegrate and their culture to break down, they will find available to them a new economy, a new way of life and a new cultural framework into which they can successfully assimilate. Or will they, too, become lost and rootless second class citizens?

It is possible that they stand a better chance than their predecessors before the onslaught of civilization. Now that we've finished our expansion to the sea, preserved a few herds of bison for tourists to admire, and lived a few generations since the battle of the Little Big Horn, we've started to give some thought to the Amerind situation. Our social conscience seems to be nudging a lot of us, pointing out that the continent wasn't quite the "virgin territory" it had been thought of as. It was a land full of people, leading their own lives in their own ways. We--or at least our ancestors--came tromping in, destroying their economy, and fighting wars of conquest for the purpose of taking their lands away from them. Then, under the auspices of rather corrupt administrations we almost drove them to extinction.

The Twentieth Century seems to be the Century of Social Conscience. Whether one feels our methods are right or wrong, whether one feels that many of us are motivated by a concern for other people or obscure selfish reasons, one must admit that we've got on our White Horses and gone to fight dragons in behalf of the downtrodden masses.

It would be a swinging fine thing if we were successful--if the various peoples presently unmingled in our nation were able to achieve an assimilation that would overcome the popular prejudices against them based on ancestry. Frankly, I don't think it can happen within my lifetime. We may get equality under the law, but it's hard to legislate the minds of men.

One can hope, though, that we can save the polar bear, and the blue whale. And that when the last of the true eskimos comes to civilization, it will be able to accept him.

