

Harwood

D'ICI BAS

"Everything is what it is and not
some other thing."

--Bishop Butler

Happy Birthday To Us!

We are, Watling Street and I, two years old in SAPS this mailing. How well we remember the first SAPS magazine we tossed into a mailing, way back in July 1959. The other day we read it over just for the heckuvvit, and discovered that, quite contrary to our memory, it was not really that bad. In fact, we are a bit disappointed that we've improved so little over the years (both of them). We have increased in size over the two years and regressed again to something workable; our peak was a 42-page magazine in the July 1960 mailing, our first anniversary issue. After that we levelled off until we reached a low of 12 pages in just the last mailing, our lowest point in SAPS yet, as far as quantity goes.

In the last issue, your editor enthusiastically stated, "The next issue will be the second annish, presumptuous as that may seem for a quarterly magazine. I hope to have full mailing comments on the April mailing as well as a potpourri of the most interesting subjects in the January mailing. Since I will have some time after school lets out, I ought to be able to make good my plans."

Well, ha-ha! This is not the big 50-page annish you (and at that time, I) were expecting. In fact, it should run, at the most, only about half that length. We do not have full mailing comments, and do not foresee having them in the immediate future. The only outside material is by Cal Derrmon, and this wasn't because of our announcement of Need in the last

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BURBEE

ANCBY YOUNG MAN

issue. It was because we specifically asked him to write for us, and shoved four masters forcibly into his hands to emphasize the point.

Plans for the future are rather fluid. We would like to maintain, for the next year or so, an activity ceiling of around 20 pages per mailing. This is because we have become the president of the Off-Trails Magazine Publishers' Association, and feel that to set a good example we ought to put an issue of Zounds!, our title in that group, in each mailing during our tenure. Also we are becoming somewhat lazy. And wiser, maybe. Nothing remains the same, leastways SAPS and its members, and we have definitely changed this past year in school.

However, we are not anticipating leaving this mad whirl called SAPS as yet. It still remains one of our two favorite apas. So we'll see you in this spot next year with our third anniversary issue.

The SAPS Official Editor Election -- 1961

The lesson to be learned here is obviously not to decide to run for official editor after you've already plugged your former choice in your magazine, published the magazine and sent it in to the official editor. That's what I did, anyway.

Don and I decided to run for SAPS OE on 6 January of this year, and the same day we went to Westwood, sent an aircard to Eney telling him about it, and then came back and put out the first issue of THABTO. The reason that this issue was so sloppily reproduced was that we used typewriter bond and also the Education Department's ditto machine. Neither innovation worked too well, but we sent it in anyway, figuring that we wouldn't have time to do anything further, what with finals impending.

How wrong we were. The next two days saw two more single-page issues of THABTO winging their ways to Eney. All of them appeared in the mailing. By this time I had begun to be a little reluctant to say anything more in print. In fact, I was beginning to wish that we hadn't run in the first place. I don't know how Don felt about it, but I knew I really shouldn't have cut out so much work for me to do.

The postmailed campaign literature is an interesting story in itself. Pelz was the one to start it off, with his SpeleoBem 10.2. Bruce didn't send us a copy of this until after the election was all over. However, several of our loyal friends and correspondents brought it to our attention and we managed to pull a sneaky and assemble a copy of the majority of the magazine from crudsheets.

Even though I was not too keen anymore on winning the election, I was quite incensed by some of Bruce's politicking. Quoting from my CRAP letters was really part of the game, but since what I said in the letters I later changed my mind on, it struck me as somewhat unfair. I almost put out my own THABTO #4 right then and there, but I came to my senses in time.

Things went along smoothly for a while. Then one day I received an odd package in a Detention envelope. I opened it up and found some 75 copies (give or take a few) of the blue IBM cards that DeVore prepared for us. It was getting to be pretty close to the election deadline, and I didn't have any money. When I finally scraped up the money, it was really close, and while I didn't particularly want to send out the cards, I figured I might as well, since DeVore had gone through all the trouble of printing them up. So I did.

A few days later I got another letter from the friend who had pointed out SpeleoBem 10.2 to me. "I sure was sorry to receive THABTO #4," he said. "I had hoped you'd win over Pelz."

THABTO #4! To say the least I was a bit shook up. I didn't know about any such thing, and I wrote back and suggested that perhaps Pelz did it. In the meantime I called Bruce up and confronted him with it. He admitted the hoax.

"Well, hell," I said, "couldn't you at least send a fellow a copy of his own fanzine after you're nice enough to publish, and write, and illustrate it for him?" I got it finally along with SpeBem 10.2, some time after the election.

Somewhere along the line here, I learned about Toskey's IBM cards. I hadn't gotten one. I wrote Toskey asking for one and he returned with a note to the effect that he'd not send them out to everyone, so that he'd have enough to put in each copy of the April Flabbergasting.

The IBM incident left me somewhat grotched at Howard, but I can't really hold anything against him. In retrospect, it is all pretty silly and funny. Even Owen Hannifen's misplaced enthusiasm -- this is the Society, Owen, the Alliance is defunct -- was chucklesome.

But never again. If I run for OE of anything, it will be on my own hook and likely not for at least five years to come, until I'm out of the college grind.

It was fun, though. Thanks to the three people besides Don and me who voted for us, whoever you are.

"She buys all her clothes at an exclusive salon on the corner of Hollywood and Vine--it's called the Broadway."

On An Odd Note

Those of you who have noticed the nice ditto-work with yellow and brown carbons resplendent throughout this issue may cast the credit in the direction of Helmut Klammer, 16 Uhland street, Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Mbers., West Germany. Helmut, who is incidentally one of the latest additions to the SAPS waiting list -- we hope he moves up rapidly and becomes a valuable member -- kindly sends us these in trade for our fanzine output. This is a good deal such as can seldom be found anymore and we are using this space to give him our heartfelt thanks. We suggest that anyone who is interested in reading what we consider to be the best English language fanzine published in West Germany write Helmut and ask for a copy of his journal, The Bug Eye. It's a nice, thick magazine that comes out bi-monthly, chockful of choice titbits by German fans one cannot read much of anywhere else, as well as material in the lettercolumn and in the feature pages by American and English fans of repute. I'm sure that he'll be willing to trade for your SAPSzine.



"Life is just one tangle
after another."

I'm sure you'll notice, reading through this issue, that I've been using both singular and plural personal pronouns in a somewhat haphazard way. This habit you may blame on Cal Demmon, from whom I picked it up. All of a sudden it just seemed far easier to use the editorial "we" than to write in a less affected manner. Besides, there is always the inherent possibility of humor in this style, as Art Buchwald so aptly demonstrates in his syndicated column. We sort of like it...

May I remind those people who are getting this from me, and not through the SAPS mailing, that unless you write a letter of comment, send in a usable contribution, or keep us on your trade list, you will not receive future issues. We would be ever so happy to cut down the number of copies of this that we overprint, and you will be contributing to our greater pleasure should you not write. But really, we would like to hear from you very much. Some of you (if this is checked: ☐) are getting this as part of your left-over Psi-Phi subscription. You will also be getting Zounds!, my OMPazine, until I think the number of apazines sent is sufficient to take care of what I owed you in issues of Psi-Phi. If you just want to forget your subscription rather than get these things, just let me know.

And, as they say in all of the neighboring apas, we'll see you next mailing.

...Bob Lichtman

MY ANSWERS TO EARL KEMP'S SURVEY:

"WHY IS A FAN?" REVISITED

(1) "In your family, are you an only child (or first born)?" No, I'm not an only child. I have a younger brother who was born two years, eleven months, and a day after I was. Therefore, I am obviously the first born.

(2) "Do you feel that this has any bearing on your becoming a fan?" If it does, the only possible effect it could have had is that, were I born second, I might not have been reading science fiction in time to get into fandom by way of the prozines.

(3) "Are you a 2nd generation fan (was there a retrograde reaction)?" Heavens, no. My parents both say they read s-f back in the Good Old Days, but that they (awk) threw away the magazines -- things like Sloane Amazings -- when they were through with them. There's not even a retrograde reaction in that respect: I save almost all the stuff I come into.

(4) "At what age did you enter the fantasy world (and with what)?" This is a very ambiguous question, as others have pointed out. Every little kid has his own fantasy world, and people who become fantypes are even more likely to construct elaborate fantasies to while away the time. Most so-called "gifted children" are somewhat apart from their classmates, who are inclined to regard them as odd-balls, and so have more time to consume. I read a good deal, including comic books of course (hi, 9th Fandom!), but I also used to have rather involved fantasy worlds, especially in dreams.

However, if you mean "at what age did I start reading s-f?" then the answer is at around age nine or so (perhaps earlier, perhaps later, by a year each direction) with Heinlein and del Rey juveniles checked out of the school library. Before that, however, I was listening to Space Patrol, Lucky Starr, and other radio shows (TV did not enter my world until 1955, to tell the truth). I also read the EC space comics, but this wasn't until I was around eleven. I didn't start reading s-f with any sort of definite interest until sometime in 1956, and then I didn't read it at any great rate (like hundreds of books in a year) until into 1958, just before I discovered fandom. Now, I read it hardly at all.

(5) "At what age did you enter fandom (and how)?" As I said above, I started reading s-f at a terrific rate in early, early 1958. This began to involve looking around for hours at a time in used book stores, so naturally I began running across issues of things like Madge, TWS, SS, and Amazing with reviews of fanzines in them. I also was an inveterate newsstand browser, something left over from years earlier when I read pre-Comix Code horror and zilch comics at a local newsstand for hours on end courtesy of an indulgent dealer (the stand was in a liquor store, and the guy who ran the place didn't mind if we kids came in and sat down on a box and read the books), and so I came across these "fanzine reviews" in current magazines, too. I was not, I must point out, aware all-of-a-sudden that there was such a thing as fandom. I just know I was sort of bemused at the idea of amateur magazines and wondered in an off-hand way what they were like. They seemed even more incredible and unlikely than s-f to me. However, I didn't actually break down and send off for a fanzine until early in May (or perhaps June) 1958, when I purchased the October 1958 Madge (the final issue, and don't ask me what it was doing out that early, but there it was) and subscribed to one issue each of Opsla and Grue. I know why I picked those two worthies, too: because Bloch's reviews of them sounded as if they contained the most pages, and

also because they were the most expensive. I guess I equated quality with the higher price, and I know I felt a twinge when I considered momentarily sending for one of the free fanzines, so I didn't.

Let me get one thing straight. I did not expect to find anything in particular in the fanzines. I was not looking for Serious Discussion Of Wells, Verne, and Stat-ten, or anything like that. I expected to be surprised, and I was...pleasantly so. I've still got the first fanzine to arrive at 6137 S Croft. It's a well-turned copy of Oopsla #24 that I must have read a couple dozen times with a few days of its arrival, several days after I sent for it (well, to tell the truth, it was closer to several weeks...). I also have my copy of Grue #29, which came a little while later and contained something quite helpful--more fanzine reviews. I started sending off subs right and left, and before long I had a stack of fanzines over an inch high. Zowie. I began showing these around to my friends in the area who read stf and that's how Don Durward and Arv Underman got into fandom.

Then long about mid-September I started getting the publishing urge.... ah, but I'm getting ahead of myself. Anyway, this is how I got into fandom, as it were.

(6) "Why do you stay in fandom?" and (7) "What do you get out of fandom?" I am putting these two questions together because I tend to believe that the reasons one stays in fandom are definitely connected with what the person gets out of fandom. To answer them separately would be to repeat myself in essence, and to confuse the issue even further than it likely is already.

As I said in my comments to Elinor Busby further on in WATLING STREET (OMPA members, you'll have to bear with my SAPS references); "Before I entered fandom I was even more of an introvert than I am now. I avoided almost everything. I never did have much of a social or 'love' life, with but a few exceptions that I'm not prepared to go into right now. By making me express myself in print first, then later in person to people who were fans and who would I suppose Understand, I've managed to come out of my shell to a great extent. But I'm still not out all the way. I wonder if I'll ever be?" This pretty much sums up what I get out of fandom now. When I first got into it, I didn't particularly know or care what I was getting out of it--it was more or less a fun thing. I did not enter fandom for any Cosmic Reason; however I did get started on my last big s-f jag for very definite reasons, which I am not going to discuss here.

But anyway, fandom was very definitely an escape, just as my heavy indulgence in s-f was before I found fandom. Fandom replaced s-f reading as a means of escape because, I suppose, it provided me with an audience of sorts. I am not by nature a publisher and I find no pleasure in turning out copy. But I do get a considerable amount of positive pleasure in settling back with a ditto master in my typer and writing. Writing. Communicating. Expressing myself to others. This was something I could not do in the Real World very well. Most people don't listen, your classmates least of all. Adults tend to look on you as somekinduvva psychiatric case, which may be true. So you withdraw to a large degree -- though I must admit that I kept and keep up an outer personality to suit the rest of the world. (Not so much then as now, however.)

Fandom initially gave me a place both to escape into and to express myself in. Self-expression in fandom can be limited to letters, but this means that if you want to get different views on things you have to write it over and over again. So, one publishes. This is not particularly the reason I started publishing Psi-Phi (with Underman as co-editor and a very helpful partial angel), though. That was published to gain Recognition. When I got into the apas, starting with SAPS in 1959, that was when I started really expressing myself in print, albeit timidly at first. But let me hasten to add that while I was doing all this stuff--joining apas and the like--I was not then aware that I was really doing it to communicate, etc. I was doing it, I thought, to get in the swing of things fannish. However, on second analysis, from the relative future, one can re-evaluate what one has done. This is what I've done, anyway.

OK. So fandom first gave me a place to gain recognition and to express myself

to others. But what has it become? Simply a place where I have a good many of my very best friends, and that's that. And about 95% of the reason I stay in fandom is because of this. If all my friends ever left fandom, something that seems singularly unlikely, then about the only thing holding me to the field would be my sociological and personal interest in, primarily, the concept of amateur press associations.

(8) "How long do you expect to stay in fandom?" As above, roughly speaking, though since I doubt my friends will ever all leave the field. Therefore, fandom is not rid of me yet. I expect that in years to come I shall continue my cut-down in activity. But I imagine I'll be around for a good many years to come. Of course, I don't really know for sure, never having gotten out of fandom before.

(9) "What does fandom mean to you?" I should have lumped this together with my answer to (6) and (7). See that for what fandom means to me.


(10) "Why do fans gafiate, and are these reasons sufficient to make you gafiate?" Fans gafiate for a good many reasons, but many of them don't particularly apply to reasons why I would gafiate. Also, they've been quite well covered by at least one person in the WIAF volume, so I don't intend to rehash them here just to fill up space and make this set of answers look artificially impressive.

I would gafiate totally if there were no people in fandom who interested me; and since this is unlikely ever to happen, I am unlikely ever to gafiate. However, I could be forced away from most all fanactivity for a number of reasons. (Incidentally, I tend to think of my minimum fanac as being FAPA membership, something that I can easily hold on to during even the most difficult situations. And you?) If I had to devote most all my time to studies, or to getting established and starting a family, or to any number of other things, I would definitely cut down on most all my fanac. However, I would not be particularly happy to do so, since I find fanac a near-necessary adjunct to my everyday life.

(11) "What other pertinent remarks do you want to contribute to the study?" None, really. But I should add, for the benefit of those few who have asked in letters, that reading the large WIAF volume had nothing to do with my recent decision to retread my fanac. The SAPS mailing didn't arrive until a couple weeks after the events that led up to this change of attitude. However, I will add that I read the survey with more interest than I would have before my change of attitude.

—Bob Lichtman, 1961

Chacun à son fanac.

 The ZOUNDS! WATLING STREET Fan Poll
(answer it in your own magazine, please!)

1. If you were offered a life-time income of 1000 tax-free dollars per month, with no strings attached, would you accept? If so, would you continue to engage in any activity to benefit "society"? If not, why not?
2. In the event of a nuclear war, where if you survived life would be extremely uncomfortable, would you want to be a survivor? Why, in either case?
3. (for OMPA/SAPS biapans) Which of the two apas, OMPA and SAPS, do you believe regularly contains the most worthwhile material? Define, in so answering, what you consider to be worthwhile material. If you had to drop one of the two apas, for any reason, which would it be? Why?

— Answer honestly, completely, and to the point. You are being graded and these questions may re-appear on the final at the end of the semester.



→ BIFF ATTACHMENT TO LICHTMAN FANZINE ☆

in which we witness the startling disintegration of an Intelligent, witty, Personable Fellow into a typical on-master rambler (which is startling!)

and which should be excellent case material for the Budding Young Psychiatrist

☆ Bob Lichtman, our old friend from High School and Sincethen, has supplied us with four cheap SearsRoebuck ditto masters and the directions to "go thou, and fill these with Mattering." He may be Asking For It. When we begin to Matter, as a generalization, all activity for blocks around ceases and people rush from their houses screaming in unison "God Save The Queen!" and other obscenities. And think of all the unborn babies all over the neighborhood soaking up engrams! What Inglerood needs is a good Scientologist!

But

anyway, we are presently attending El Canino College, which is located in or near Torrance, California. Nobody seems to know for sure whether El Canino is surrounded by Torrance or merely bordered by it or what, but every time we mail things from ECC they bear the Torrance postmark. All of which is neither here nor there, but which brings us to some observations about the recent Student Election which was held On Campus. By the time you read this it will be almost time for another election, but, as they say in France, "Allez à l'enfer." ("God Save The Queen")



So. There

are three Political Parties at El Canino College: the Progressives, the New Progressives, and the Unified Collegians. The Progressives are essentially the Party of The People, in that they are made up mostly of Football Heroes, Student Leaders, and Socially Acceptable Surfers. The New Progressives represent a minority group, namely, the school band. The Unified Collegians represent another group of students of which we know nothing, save that they make Sloppy Posters. The Progressives usually sweep the elections, as they did this one. The New Progressives are a brandnew party this semester. The Unified Collegians are Grubby, one and all.

Right. So the campaign this year started off with the usual posters appearing gradually on every campus building. Many of these posters were remarkably well done, and most of them were for the Progressives, although this surely had nothing to do with the fact that the PosterApprover is a Self-Proclaimed and Card Carrying Progressive. The next biggest number of posters was probably supplied by the Unified Collegians. These consisted by and large of the standard poster-paint-and-cheap-paper-done-in-a-hurry-the-night-before-by-a-sloppy-Nut variety.

And so

there were posters. All well and good. But about three days before the Elections we, the students, got a little taste of the Hell that was shortly to break loose. The Progressives rented a Pepsi-Cola wagon, plastered it with campaign posters, and dispensed free Pepsi to one and all. They weren't stingy with it, either. I myself helped them dispose of several Liquid Measures of the stuff, not being one to turn down a Free Thing, even if I didn't believe in it. Other students joined the queues, and that portion of the campus which is normally reserved for Grass and related herbs, became a

mildly congested area full of freeloading potential voters.

This, quite naturally, disturbed the New Progressives to no end, and they set up a P.A. system on top of the Campus Theatre and began to blast the area around the Pepsi wagon with various campaign promises and Slandering, prefacing every two or three announcements with majestic bugle calls executed by one of their many musically inclined candidates. The Progressives, rising to the challenge, retaliated with a soundtruck stationed near the Pepsi Wagon which played loud and long every (eech!) Kingston Trio record ever cut. And the kids stood around, drinking it all in (ahahahahahaha!).



So, by Election Day, Feeling was Running High. The real fun, however, started shortly after and during the Big Outdoor Election Rally, which was distinguished mostly by nervous speeches and the sort of loud applause which shifts spatially with each candidate, according to his particular affiliations. The Unified Collegians were Right In There with a Foghorn, too, which endeared them to practically no one. By this time most or many of us had decided that the whole thing had all the elements of a Max Shulman Campus Story. Had we but known what was to follow, we might have been more inclined to drop the name of

Cecil B. DeMille (Rest His Soul).

Briefly, it went like this: toward the end of the Big Outdoor Election Rally a mounting noise of rumbling and People could be heard approaching from Afar. We who were Alert (bored is a better word choice, probably) turned our aching necks and observed, with commendable reserve, the arrival of the United States Army, or a portion thereof, in the form of a large Tank with mounted weapon, several National Guardsmen, and one or two jeeps. On top of the tank was the ECC Band, made up of New Progressives, and on the barrel of the Weapon of the tank was hung a long poster bearing the party name. The band was Playing "When The Saints Go Marching In," and a fat boy with a handheld electronic megaphone was extolling the virtues of the New Progressives and a girl named Ruby, "who is not on our ticket but who deserves your vote!" and who was as sexy as the proverbial "Hell". Indeed, the presence of Ruby atop the tank caused a near disaster when a group of incensed young males, crowding close to the moving vehicle to see if they could "look up her dress" (they could and did, much to her consternation) were nearly crushed to a horry pulp 'neath the rolling treads.

Meanwhile, the Unified, if a little grubby, Collegians had obtained eight Corvettes from a local auto dealer, and, having plastered them with posters, were driving them all over campus with hornhonking and handwaving. Although just about nobody noticed it, the polls opened about that time; for what purpose no one seemed to know, for of the ten thousand plus students at El Camino College, only about 300 actually vote in the elections. This, I firmly believe, is a Healthy Sign. The New Progressives, having lost some of their initial crowd appeal which had been gained mostly through the Shock Value of having a Tank With Mounted Weapon move onto your Very Own Campus, began pointing their Cannon (I shall continue from here on, I think, calling it a Weapon) at various edifices, including the Administration Building

and the Free Press Star. "Bullets Instead Of Ballots," we commented to a rather pale young New Progressive lass, who responded with a look compounded of pain, horror, and YoubidASacrilege. By this time the noise level was about 20 decibels above the Threshold Of Pain, and we, being a Sensitive Fannish Type, were about ready to run for the Hills. We were saved from this last resort by the Hour, which made it necessary for us to go to our French class. Not before, however, we wept a tear for the poor janitorial staff as we saw a poster-bedecked horse carrying a girl candidate trundle hither and yon over the campus, soiling ye roschud a while he may.

Like we said, it was a clean sweep for the Progressives. We wish we could say the same for the Custodians (not a religious organisation).

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Bob Lichtman has supplied us with some questions from the "Why Is A Fan" survey. We know nothing about this survey, or "survey", as they say on the Continent, save that it was once Published. Judging from the general nature of the thing, we would guess that it was once published as a Self-Evaluation Quiz in This Week Magazine, and that the answers are on some other page with which we were not supplied, along with a chart which rates us as "Well-Adjusted" or "In-compatible With Life". At any rate:

The first question wants to know if we are an only child. "In your family," it asks, "are you an only child (or first born)?" This last is the kicker, there, because we are. A first born.

Having dispensed with this question, which has the Promise Of Great Things, we move forward. "Do you feel this has any bearing on your being a fan?" Well, this question probably deserves a good solid "yes". If we hadn't been the first born then we probably would've been the second born, who wasn't born until 1945, and if we hadn't been born until 1945 we wouldn't have been in high school with Bob Lichtman, and if we hadn't been in high school with Bob Lichtman we would never have even heard of Fandom, which might have been a good thing.

"At what age did you enter the fantasy world (and with what?)" Ahah! Now we get to, apparently, the Crux of the whole thing. We have always suspected that Fans Knew Something, and, through this question (obviously not meant for our hands), the whole thing has been revealed to us! This is proof positive that fans (or "fan", as they are known among themselves) have some sort of Magic Kingdom all their own, and that most of them are already in there! And, probably out of Idle Curiosity, they want to know how their Fellow Travelers (not an unAmerican reference) got in. Well, guys, we never made it. Maybe someday somebody will clue us in, and we can join you in the Great Convention In The Sky, but until then, we cannot answer this question.

"At what age did you enter fandom, (and how)?" This wasn't meant for me either, but we have figured out a theory: the "fantasy world," mentioned above, is sort of a general name for Fan Heaven, and "fandom" is maybe one special corner of it. We have a secret suggestion that the whole place is located somewhere in Hell.



"Why do you stay in fandom?" Hah! Why does a chicken cross the road?

"How long do you expect to stay in fandom?" Having no experience in this sort of thing, we cannot give a definite answer, but we can say that, if we were there, and anybody gave us half a chance, we would Get The Hell Out.

"What do you get out of fandom?" Purple fingers, if you're an old hekto man like we are.

"What does fandom mean to you?" Fandom is just a ~~hobby~~ hobby.

"Why do fans gafiate, and are these sufficient reasons to make you gafiate?" What is gafiate? I think that this rich, brown verb refers to when fans are Translated, and leave the "fantasy world" for that Great GGFS Meeting Upstairs.

"What other pertinent remarks do you want to contribute to this study?" Where the hell is the chart, so I can find out if I'm well adjusted?

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THE EDITORIAL "WE": AN EXPLANATION: During this protracted discussion of many subjects we have fluctuated between firstperson singular and firstperson plural. Go to hell.

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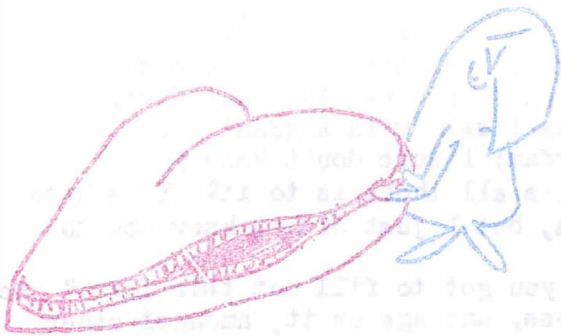
A COMPOSITION WRITTEN JOINTLY BY JERRY KNIGHT, BOB LICHTMAN, AND CALVIN W. "BIFF" DEMMON, formerly of Inglewood High School, which is where they were when they wrote this: "The quick brown-nosed pupils who is an ubiquitous comestible over and a dry beer that sought vainly for he's a jollygood lipsmackin' ripsnortin' fun-and-chuckles for lecherous standing-on-the-corner-watching-all-the-girls-go-by and singing itwastheminuettinboogienottheminuet in g but tellme why should anybody giveadann do you?" Obviously these boys will go on to greater and more Wonderful Literary Heights, given time. It is, then, a rare privilege to be able to reprint this early work.

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This has been Biffattachment to Lichtman Fanzone, and it will be distributed through some lucky APA the name of which escapes us at the moment. All below first dots above was composed on master by a Cranky Biff. The rest, believe it or not, was written out Beforehand. It is indeed a strange sensation to write something terrifically crummy and have the single assurance that it will see Publication; because if it doesn't, Bob Lichtman will have wasted over ten cents on ditto masters for us. Our address (for those of you who have become Annoyed, Grotched, or Hungry during our little Chat) is Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, California. This brings up an interesting point about the postal zone number which we used to include religiously in all correspondence until we found that it had been abandoned ten years ago by the post-office, but we shan't discuss it, because we just realized that such a discussion would be Boring As Hell. This has been written by me, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, "who has a build like a pear and a disposition like a lemon,"¹ and who invites you all to Think Clean for Mental Hygiene.

¹Calvin W. Demmon

WHERE ARE YOU, SIGMUND? 2



It is my theory that almost always something that happens to you beforehand influences the dream. Here I am able to present a rather well-documented case, based on my own recent experiences.

On the 2nd June, 1961, I began work on this issue of Watling Street. I mentioned during the course of the mailing commentary that I was interested in obtaining the address of someone who could tell me where I could join the National Amateur Press Association. Then in the same series of mailing comments I wrote an aside to Elinor Busby about fannish dreams. Later on in the day, when I read and answered my mail, I noticed in a letter from Leslie Gerber that he had become co-editor of a monthly Mensa newsletter with a young, intelligent and attractive Mensa girl. (Mensa is, for those of you who don't know, a British high intelligence society. One must score a minimum of 155 on a test—the Cattell 3 test, I believe it is—in order to be admitted. Write to Breen or Gerber for information.) That evening I thought to myself when I went to bed, "This would be a good night to have a fannish dream so you can write it up in Watling Street for Elinor."

And, by George, I did. Here it is, and see if all the details don't fit into the influences that shaped me the day before. ...

I don't remember the very early stages of the dream, but all of a sudden I found myself in front of a rather large warehouse. I walked over to an open gate and was confronted by an odd-looking fellow with glasses and a short white beard. He was reading a magazine. He noticed me and asked me what I wanted.

"What is this place?" I asked. "I don't recall ever seeing it before." Incidentally, I had the overwhelming feeling that this building was somewhere in Torrance, a town somewhat south of here. Why I felt it was situated there, I don't know, unless the fact that Cal Demmon goes to school in Torrance has anything to do with it.

The man put down his magazine and took off his glasses. Rubbing his eyes, he said, "This here is the storehouse for back mailings. Are you looking for back mailings, young man?"

"Back mailings," I said somewhat unemotionally. "Back mailings???? Back mailings of what, may I ask?"

"Why, of NAPA, of course," he replied, chuckling a little in a high pitched tone of chuckle.

"NAPA." I tossed the term around in my mind a bit and then blurted out, "Oh! You mean the National Amateur Press Association, don't you?"

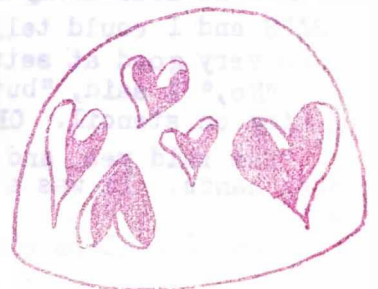
"What else? You didn't think I meant the valley in Northern California, did you?" He laughed in an annoying fashion at his own joke, then continued, "Are you a member of NAPA or aren't you?"

"No," I replied, "but I'd like to join. How much are the annual dues? And what are the activity requirements per year?"

"Dues? Activity requirements? How do you know about them things?" asked the man.

I hesitated a moment and then said, "Well, I'm a member of a couple of science-fiction apas, if you really want to know. Ever heard of FAPA?"

"FAPA?" he mused. "Great day in the mornin', you mean you read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff? Well, glory be!"



Even in my dreams stereotyped people talk ridiculous. They really do. I repeated my question about dues and activity requirements.

"Well, there ain't none of them," he said. "All you got to do is believe that you're a member of NAPA and you will be. We keep this storehouse here so that all the NAPA people in this area can come here and pick up their mailings every month. It saves postage. We keep up the storehouse itself with a grant from the Ford Foundation." (Don't ask how that got in my dream; I sure don't know.)

"OK," I said, "I believe. Are you sure that's all there is to it? I've been wanting to become a member of NAPA for a good while, but I just didn't know how to go about it."

"Yep, that's all," he said, "excepting that you got to fill out this form." He handed me a brief form with room for my name, address, and age on it, amongst other things that I don't recall. Then he looked over the form when I handed it to him, smiled, laughed, and said, "Well, just a minute and I'll get you a copy of the last mailing so's you can start your membership with that one."

He disappeared behind a row of shelves and was gone for a few minutes. He came back bearing a thin packet of magazines in a manila folder. "Here you are," he said. "Come back for more in a few weeks when the next mailing is due out. And if you need any back mailings, I guess we can fix you up with a few of them, too, so long as you don't want any more'n 20-30 years old."

I thanked him and walked off leafing through my mailing. I don't recall any specific titles except for The National Amateur and Churinga, anymore. I went over to a bench and sat down to read through the mailing. It was pretty slim, only perhaps about 200 pages, and about half the magazines were printed in 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x8 $\frac{1}{2}$ format. Of the larger magazines, I only noticed one printed one. The others I believe were mimeographed, or something.

About this time I woke up —why I don't know—and looked at my watch. It was about 3:15 am. Wondering over the dream so far, I curled up again and fell back asleep in a few minutes. Some time later the second part of the dream began...

I was sitting on the same bench reading the mailing — I don't recall what part of it — when a girl came up and sat down next to me, quite close to me. I looked up; she looked somewhat like a girl in my English 1B class last semester whose name was Abby (a tall blonde and cool). "I don't recall seeing you before," she began. "Are you a new member or something?" Before I could answer, she said, somewhat coyly, "I've been a member since I was nine years old. My father got me into it."

"Yes, I'm a new member," I said. "These magazines are pretty interesting, but not as good as the ones in the other press groups I belong to."

"Magazines?" she smiled. "Oh, you mean papers! What paper do you publish?"

"It's a magazine," I insisted, "and it's called Watling Street. I publish it for the Spectator Amateur Press Society."

"Watling Street...that's a pretty title for a, er, magazine. But what is the Spectator Amateur Press Society? I don't think I know that one. Is it anything like the Fossils?"

"I doubt it," I said. Then I explained SAPS to her. (Don't ask me why I didn't bring up my multi-apan status. Just modest, maybe?)

"Oh, how quaint!" she said. "Can I get on the...the...the waiting list?"

"Sure," I said.

"That's nice," she replied, then she got pensive and said, "How would you like to come over to my house and put up a special paper with me? You could tell about the SAPS and I could tell about how I met you. Father has a pretty good printshop. Are you very good at setting type?"

"No," I said, "but if your father has a mimeograph and a typewriter we can do something on stencil. OK?"

She said yes, and we began walking — she said her house wasn't far away — and holding hands. It was a nice sunny day and I could hear birds singing. I was feeling fine.

Then the alarm clock rang away and scared the hell out of me and my dream... BL

CRITICAL MESS:

THE SELECT SIX



Where there is no organization there can be
no disorder. ...BL

What Am I Doing Here?

"The Select Six" is not my own, original idea. The credit must go to one of SAPS' recent members, Arv Underman. Had he stayed in SAPS long enough to do any mailing comments, he would have used this system. Briefly, it consists of this ...

Instead of trying to write full mailing comments on every item in each mailing, I am taking a somewhat more difficult path out. I am choosing six items from the mailing and writing quite full mailing comments on them. However, instead of being the usual semi-ephemeral brand of series of short disjointed paragraphs, I am going to try to make them into brief essays, and maybe some not-so-brief ones. There will also be a few of the other sort of comments thrown in, advertently or otherwise, to break up the continuity somewhat.

There are several reasons for doing this. First, it's been some eight months since I last set typer to ditto master for the purpose of writing SAPS mailing comments. During these eight months, my attitudes towards almost everything, SAPS included, have changed immensely. Some of the evidence of this will be spread throughout these comments and spotted strategically in the rest of the magazine. The fact of the matter is, I'm no longer the bright-eyed hyper-enthusiastic SAPS member who used to consider something like 35 pages as an optimum size for his contributions. I'm the old SAP, and tired, who probably won't be breaking the 20-page limit much from now on (though this issue is likely to be an exception, the way it's working out). Whether this is good or not good depends on the individual viewpoint. Those whose magazines will never be good enough to get put in the "Select Six" listing will probably be somewhat turned off, but these people are definitely in the minority. Over the period of three or four mailings, I plan to attempt to comment once on nearly everyone's zine. In my own immodest way, I think these more readable mailing comments will be worth the wait, and the silence on other efforts.

In the second place...well, I sort of covered that above. Briefly, I am trying to get practice in writing at length on subjects. I can't do this by writing sketchy mailing comments. True, even the "brief essays" here aren't really lengthy, but they're a step in the right direction. As for polish, that may come later. Right now I'm still not too keen on the idea of doing anything but on-master work for SAPS. This does lead, as I'm well aware by reading the backfile of WaStE recently, to some godawful grammatical mix-ups, but it also saves time and keeps this business in the Fun Hobby class.

There is perhaps a third reason, too, now that I think of it. I am planning on a new sort of extra-SAPS distribution for this magazine, to people who would not particularly dig the sort of mailing comments I used to write. For all I know, my lengthier comments may be somewhat obscure to them, too, but at least by becoming somewhat more discursive, I can try to keep the magazine insular unto itself. I mean, I know how I dislike having to look back in the last mailing to figure out what is being said!

Now, overleaf to this mailing's "Select Six" ...

SAPTERRANEAN

(#3 -- Walter Breen)

Allow me to refer you (and others) to the answers in this issue for the WIAF? survey. There I will go into the business of FIANOL vs FIJACH in some considerable detail. Right now, though, I can add a few words... The idea of getting out of the day-to-day work rut is quite enticing to me. So far I've only been in it but briefly, but I dislike it considerably. As a teacher at a university, there is some escape, but that's not really a complete escape. Stay tuned and see how I work it out, if indeed I do.

"...are FIANOL types often without other inner resources?" Somehow, I tend to doubt it. I imagine that perhaps a few of them are people who would be failures in almost anything else they tried, but the large majority of the real FIANOL types are more likely people who just don't give their other inner resources a chance to develop. They're too busy being a full-time fan to worry about much of anything else. A person like this is not really dangerous to himself, but he is, I think, wasting his life. And I think I know, because I was like that once myself, to an extent. The hyper-FIANOL type, if I was any indicia, just represses all his other interests as much as possible.

What I wear or don't wear to bed depends largely on where I'm sleeping. Here, in the somewhat restrictive atmosphere of home, I wear most of the time pajama tops and bottoms, except when it's hot and I may leave off one or the other, or just wear my shorts. But then, this is home, where I'm supposed to conform to various things. Away from home, say living at college, I'd be inclined to take the birthday suit route, too. Again, it would depend on surroundings, but then one can control one's surroundings in a situation like this.

Conformity and nonconformity is an interesting subject to toss around, so I think I'll break things up with a statement that I think is true. There is, really, no such thing as nonconformity. Now, then, why do I say this? For one reason in particular. It seems to me that though someone may not conform to the mores of the Big Society or even to the folkways of the insular, "nonconformist" (pick your own: beat, homo, anarchist, fan) group, this person does at least conform to his own ideas of what is right and wrong. But, in many people (at least in myself) these ideas tend to change from time to time. Notions of what is right or wrong for the individual are altered according to the situation. But there is still a conformity to these personal ideals.

Here's a question for SAPS members to consider: how much do you conform to the Big Society? By this term, I mean the American (or North Irish, or German, or Australian) mass society, as perpetuated in movies, television, and popular semi-literature. Then, how much do you nonconform to it when you're not worried about being affected by the sanctions of others -- as when you're by yourself or with a group of kindred souls -- and then what sort of personal conformity do you establish for yourself?

The quibbler is sure to say that all I've done here is point out some kind-of semantic fine hair in the word "conformity" and this may very well be the case. Let's just use a term I picked up in my studies last year and call my narrowing down of the term a "precising definition." OK? ok... It's all yours from here on.

There's a nice line in the latest issue of Tom Seidman's *Hominolateral* that sums up the John Birch Society's ways and means pretty well. It says, "The John Birch Society is rumored to be investigating all algebraists working with left ideals." I would suggest something like this for the JBS: "The John Birch Society is a right wing group using left wing methods." Whether or not this is a good thing is debateable. Personally I am against the Society because it's going too damned

far in its seeking out of Communist-inspired happenings in this country. For instance, their claim that all stories with unhappy endings are Communist-inspired; these stories are supposed to make us unhappy, lower our morale, and make it easier for "them dirty Reds" to take over. Fertile fount!

This reminds me to mention that the rightwing newspaper, The Student Statesman, recently made notorious because of the publicity surrounding its former editor, has been distributed for the past two issues at UCLA. The current issue, which came out on the last day I was on campus, features a lead article about how "Communist propaganda is readily available on Hollywood newsstands." There's a picture of someone picking up a copy of USSR. Now really! Nowhere in the article is it mentioned that USSR is part of a "cultural exchange" with the Soviets. In exchange for our allowing them to distribute USSR in this country, we are allowed to distribute a magazine called Amerika in the Soviet Union.

But you wouldn't expect people of the mental calibre of the editors and staff of The Student Statesman to know that. In fact, I doubt that they know much of anything about what's really going on. Judging from the literary quality of their paper, they're probably really too concerned with dances and Rfing and the like to care anything more about "the Communist threat" than they have to. I've never, ever seen a leftwing paper or journal as poorly written as The Student Statesman.

"Gamesmanship," phooey. I didn't publish the conclusion of Warner's letter because I didn't have space, as I said. If I still had the letter, I'd publish it here, so you would see that I'm not afraid to print any comments by Harry on how he might dispose of his fanzine collection after death. But I don't have the letter, and I don't remember the letter of Harry's remarks, so unless he writes them up again everyone is out of luck. (Hi, HWjr!) ## I imagine that John finds more pleasure in publishing his SAPSzine than in publishing Retribution. There's much less work to the SAPSzines, what with no books to keep, no copies to address, etc., and thus the thing stays in the fun class of activity. Remember Fentham and his pleasure units...? Here might be one case where, Mill's quality business aside, the number of "pleasure units" from publishing a 30-page SAPSzine outnumbers the number of "pleasure units" in publishing a 30-page Retribution. Your remarks about auctioning off Lee Thorin at an "Auction Bloch" brings to mind, for some not too strange reason, Rapp's old line about the right to buy women. Heheh! ## Yes, "goojie" is just a handy appellation for something you've forgotten momentarily or don't want to name. I might direct a comment at Miriam here momentarily: when did you pick up the term? I know I first learnt it in the sixth grade—that would be sometime in 1953, I guess.

The old fanzine market is fascinating to watch, even though I seldom participate in it. Reports of the high prices paid at LASFS auctions for rather common items really astound me. I would never bid at one of those things. I remember that someone—was it you, Bruce Henstell?—paid \$4.50 for a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator. At about the same time I picked up a copy from Willis for 15¢. Likewise for THS, for which I paid 35¢ FOB Belfast.

When Dick Ellington was selling out some of his fanzines, I fobbed down a total of around five bucks and got, amongst other things about half a dozen issues of Grue, four or five of A Bas, four Oopslal, three Apes, The Thomson Saga, a whole lot of early Linardzines, and much, MUCH etc. Almost everything was choice, as you can see, and the whole bunch cost only around 10¢ each.

I bought a whole bunch of old fanzines from Redd Boggs, too. Such as Skyhooks at original cover price. Such as a near-complete file of Spectator Club mailings for the cost of postage (somewhat under a buck, as I recall). Such as a potlatch of VAPA magazines, 7APA mailings, and miscellanex, also for postage.

At prices like these, I should pay \$1.55 for a copy of Hyphen #11? (My copy cost about 15¢, as I recall, either from Walt or from DickE.) Not by a long, long shot.

"Nobody who's lived in LA would ever willingly live elsewhere." Boy will I agree with you in objecting to that statement. I've lived here since January 1951, and if I had a chance to get out, I would. It isn't the smog that bothers me--unless it gets really bad it doesn't particularly bother me--and it isn't the drinking water either. What is is is the traffic jams, the spread-out aspect, the terrible city and county taxes (really high), and a number of other things. I should like to try out the Bay Area sometime, perhaps in a few years.

Before coming out to California we lived in Cleveland Ohio, which isn't too good a city either, but is in some ways better than LA. They at least have/had a good public transportation system, and the city was insular moreso than LA. And speaking of Cleveland, this would be a good spot to print something that appeared in the Milwaukee Journal recently. Keep your temper down, though, it's a doozy:

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM: Brains lost out in Cleveland the other day. The reason? They get bored too easily. ## Recreation Commissioner John Nagy said that he would refuse to hire as summer playground instructors any college students who scored 140 or more on the qualifying intelligence test. ## "I like geniuses," he said, "but not on the playground. After a week, they learn everything there is to know. Then they're not interested in their jobs anymore." ## Apparently a real brain who wants to work in a playground in Cleveland will have to miss a few exam questions purposely.

I guess that's it for now. Damned fine "first" issue, Walter. In fact, it's the best all-MC zine I've seen in a SAPS mailing in at least a year. Keep it up.

 "Five o'clock is the time when my face begins to enter the twilight zone." ...BL

FENDENIZEN

(#20 -- Elinor Busby)

Elinor, I don't know if anyone else reading this issue of Fenden felt this way, but somehow I was terribly saddened by a lot of the things you said. Were you feeling sad or depressed when you wrote it? Maybe that explains it, if so. Still, I enjoyed a lot of things, such as your Poem To Wrai, and...

If I like an organization enough, it doesn't take long before I feel quite at home in it. It only took me three mailings to get used to SAPS, and if it were possible for me to have read mailing comments on my own stuff sooner I expect the process would have been shortened accordingly. Much the same applies to OMPA, CRAP, and the Cult. However, I still don't feel too comfortable in the Cult.

There is one apa I've been in for over a year now and still don't feel like I'm swinging in it. Naturally, by process of elimination one can easily guess that this is N'APA. I just can't say too much for it. There are some good members, but there's too many "N'F types" to keep me going for long. In fact, I'm planning on dropping out when my dues and activity expire at the end of this year. I've already stopped publishing for it; my final issue of KTP appeared in the June mailing. If I have to do anything to sustain my activity till my dues in N'APA and in N'F run out at the end of the year, I'll contribute to someone's magazine (probably Harness' or Fitch's).

As for mundane organizations, I have been in various high school clubs and not particularly felt at ease in them, except for the fact that some of my "high school pals" were in them -- Jerry Knight and Cal Demmon come to mind. I was acting secretary for the math club in my senior year's second semester, where I turned out some poor imitations of Weber-type minutes. I'm a member of ASUCLA, though not by choice,

and of course I don't do anything there. I'm not the type who goes for Student Activities on an organized scale. And I certainly don't participate in student government, as my essay in HTBS #6 should adequately prove to those who bothered to read it. But I can't speak too much on mundane organizations, because I have never been in many of them.

I'd be interested, if anyone is qualified to comment authoritatively, in just how much feeling of belonging one gets in being a member of one of the mundane ayjay groups. From what I've heard of them, there's precious little egoboo to be gained—certainly there's nothing like what I'm working on here, with the exception of somewhat cut&dry "critic's" reports in the official organs. And while I'm at it, I might just ask: does anyone know where I can get in touch with the National Amateur Press Association or one of its ilk? I'd like to, just for the hell of it, try out membership in one of them for a year. (That infinitive was split just for you, Elinor.)

I think it's a crying shame that American children should drive around in cars so much when they're very young. I think that, unless the school is more than a mile or so away, it would be a good thing for children to walk to and from school each day unless it's raining or snowing or the child chances to contract a headcold from so doing. I know that I walked over a mile to school each day when I went to Nathaniel Hawthorne elementary school in Cleveland. I didn't mind, either. Hell, our family didn't even need a car until we moved out here; Cleveland was, as I have said earlier in these pages, a very close city and the public transportation was quite good.

Even now, I do a lot of walking. I do not have a car of my own, nor do I have a drivers' license (since I cannot particularly see the point in getting one if I'm not going to use it—I can drive, though), but this has but little to do with it. I walk down to the post office at least once a week or so to buy stamps and the like, a round trip of somewhat over a mile, and I've been known to walk all the way over to Cal Demmon's house, which is well over a mile each way. But I am prone to borrowing my younger brother's bike when I have to go any great distance or am in a hurry.

This bike itself is an interesting bit of Americana. It's only a couple-three years old, but my brother has managed to ruin it almost completely. Both wheels are terribly out of kilter, the bike is stripped to the barest essentials, and the seat connections broke and it falls off once in a while, because it's only on the bike by a pressure hold. (Which leaves the seat at an odd angle, so that the rider is continually being goosed.) Also, the tires are about to wear through, I'm positive. Yes, it's a very unique bicycle.

I don't eat many sweets, myself, and never have. I am somewhat partial to chocolate, but never quite work up the inertia to keep it around the house so I can eat it. My favorite chocolate is Hershey's semi-sweet. And you?

"What do I like best in fandom? People. Period." Precisely. Only I wish it hadn't taken me around two years to find this out. I am one of the people in fandom, and like you I find it



an excellent means of getting to know myself better. Yet, it can't do all of this task; there has to be some outside help. What this is I'm not prepared to say, because it probably varies from person to person.

I know that before I entered fandom I was even more of an introvert than I am now. I avoided almost everything. I never did have much of a social or "love" life, with but a few exceptions that I'm not prepared to go into right now. By making me express myself in print first, then later in person to people who were fans and who would I suppose Understand, I've managed to come out of my shell to a great extent. But I'm still not out all the way. I wonder if I'll ever be?

I could go into the labels I attached to some fans before I accepted them all as people, but it would be embarrassing both for me and for them. I have all along accepted some fans as just people, though. One thing I must say: this change of attitude towards fans has involved a lot of character re-evaluation. Since this has not all come out in favor of the individuals under scrutiny, I am somewhat hesitant as yet to say just what I think of some fans. This even applies to some SAPS members, though most definitely not to FM and Elinor Busby.

"Have you ever dreamed of flying?" Yes, of course. Hasn't everyone? In fact, I still do, though I can't remember when the most recent flying dream was. Usually they are not strictly flying, but are more a sort of floating sensation. Like, I (in my dreams, of course) just sort of hop off the ground and start ambling through the air. Often this is connected with someone chasing me and of course they can't fly, too. Only sometimes I just can't get started. I mean, I'm running along and trying to fly and I just don't. Also, sometimes I can't fly high enough and people start grabbing me by the heels and pulling me down.

I am planning on discussing dreams in general in my next OMPazine and of course I will send you a copy, since I think you'd be interested.

For now, I want to ask any SAPS who are willing to answer in print or in a letter just what sort of "obscene" dreams they have had. Details, please!

Bjo's Chicon report first appeared in ASFO, sometime in late 1952 or early 1953. I can quote the exact issue number if you want, but I'm too lazy to go pumb-ling through my file now.

 "No-Doz is the 97% caffeine that's removed from Sanka Coffee." --BL during finals

WARHOON

(#11 — Richard Bergeron)

Now that you have worked Warhoon up to a considerable bulk, I would heartily and forthrightly suggest that you continue to run occasional spot illustrations, of the size and frequency you have in this issue. A fanzine does not really need to have illustrations, but yours are quite good and they do serve to break up the monotony of reading page after page of mimeographed text. I am sure that this last comment is sure to arouse someone to the point of saying "But most books aren't illustrated and no one complains." This may very well be true, but most books are not mimeographed and are easier on the eyes. Even the best mimeography is harder to read than good book printing, I think. And Warhoon, I must say, has excellent mimeography and general production.

"Fandom on the Half-Shell" is—and I must say it—a lovely evisceration of Terry Carr. Not that I particularly faunch to see Terry's guts all over the mimeoscope, but this was really well-done. Such wonderful documentation is the secret: I would never have the patience to round up all the fanzines involved in this stretched-out argument and cull the pertinent remarks from them.

What do I think about the so-called New Trend in fanzines? Well, really, I

don't see that it's so very new at all, in most of its ramifications. The trend seems to be towards more editorial participation in magazines. Back in the 40's, most fanzines used to feature almost entirely the writings of other people. If the editor appeared at all, it was usually only a few lines or a page telling about the material in the issue or the trouble he had with his mimeograph or the stupidity of the people at the stationery store where he tried to buy stencils. Even the Burbee editorials were really little more than this, though they commented on the local fan scene to a great extent. Back then, most of the fanzines that featured much editorial writing were appearing either in FAPA or, more rarely, in general fandom.

The trend towards more editorial participation seems to have opened in the early 50's, as far as I can tell. With the advent of the snapzines, the individzines, and the trend towards longer editorials in genzines, things got underway. But this was only part of what has become the "New Trend." Our New Trend fanzines of today not only feature a lot of material by the editor, but this material is concerned with the Problems of the Real World. There is the difference. Fans are becoming more serious, along with their usual standby of autobiographical writing.

Whether or not this is a Good Thing I can't say. I know that I'm not really that keen on World Problems—they all seem, in the final analysis, terribly Silly—but I can if I feel like it, and often I do, take one side or the other. Yet, I can't help looking over the past years and thinking that this too will pass. I wonder what the next "New" Trend will be? Wait and see, I guess.

While I'm against the HUAC, I certainly am getting a bit tired of reading endless pro and con (mostly the latter, because I read the "wrong" journals) articles and arguments about it. I mean, even science-fiction discussion gets dull after you've read enough of it. Really! ## I'm damned if I know, John Berry, why some pacifists and peacemongers go to such lengths to try to get their point across. The Great Mass of "Humanity" just sits back and laughs at them. I suppose this sort of thing—and here I'm taking a side-look at Rike's Peace Walk (as I said in a Cultzine, why should Dave go on a Peace Walk when Betty Blanck was already in Berkeley?)—makes them feel Good or Content or Satisfied, but it accomplishes little. It gets the people on the other side madder and madder, instead of (as is perhaps desired) making them Think about what is going on. ## Ernest A Edkins makes Sense. I'll bet I'm one of the few people on your list who recognized some of the people he mentioned in this article, too, such as the Moiterets (who as I recall live(d) in Seattle!) and Crane (who is Burton Crane, of course). I know all this, I will reveal before someone accuses me of having been active in the NAPA back when I was two years old, because in with a bound volume is miscellaneous fanzines at UCLA there is a copy of a 1945 issue of the National Amateur, the only NAPazine I've ever seen. (Again, in case someone missed it a couple pages back, could anyone tell me where I can write to join a mundane apa?) ## Willis was just interesting in a nostalgic sort of way this time. I'm tempted to compare my automatic record changer unfavorably with the one he described, but I'll have to desist.

Dammit, I can't do justice to all the subjects raised in your lettercol, not and keep this review of Warhoon under 20 pages all by itself. So I'll have to forego, with regrets, talking about things like War, the unlikelihood that Col Proctor Scott exists except in the MindOfArtCastillo, TW's comments on the agespread of fans, and blasting Seth Johnson for his stupid, stupid belief that the NTF has to have a thumb in anything fannish for it to be a success.

And in your mailing comments: ## As long as Grennell is putting out issues of The Golden Apple with Discord, then he is still in fandom as far as I'm concerned. I don't care if he stops being a fan so long as I can read some of his new writing occasionally. Laney "retired" from fandom, too, remember? ## I get sort of a charge upon leafing through the first stapled copy of a fanzine I've published, but when I begin thinking about the next issue I lose the enthusiasm I had for the current one. ## Speaking of John Berry's article in Pot Pourri on the problem of getting contributions back from editors who don't publish them, how about doing something about that GDA story I sent you back in late 1958, John? I mean, really! ## That's all—a fine issue, as always.

THIS IS NOT THE ANSWER

(#1 — Colin Cameron)

These masters you used are certainly a curious pot of pourri. (Hi, John!) I recognize the back page, as will the other Los Angeles 56 member of SAPS, and the others look for some reason as if they were all reclaimed from somewhere. Maybe it's the elite type. I almost always expect to see Cameron-writing in pica type, especially unaligned pica type. You know...

Colin, I know almost exactly how you feel about what's happened to you in college this year, because much the same thing has happened to me. I didn't graduate from high school in the top ten or anything like that — infact, I was 62nd in my class of 408, with a roughly A- average — nor did I get any scholarship. But I got high scores on the College Boards, and came in the second 1% in the National Merits, and all that. I went off to UCLA expecting to do work much like I'd done in the last couple years of high school; that is, I expected to get mostly B's, an A or two and perhaps a C in something or other (like ROTC, the drudge course).

So what happened? The first semester I ended up with an A in English 1A, as I'd anticipated, and C's in everything else, which was ROTC, Life Science, French, and Math. My grade point average was only 2.6. So I signed up for my second semester, a little deflated and vowed to do better. As I write I haven't gotten back my grade cards yet, but I expect to do about the same as I did last semester, perhaps a little better, perhaps a little worse.

The thing is, like you, I really don't particularly care, in a strange way. At the same time that I got my "low" 2.6 average last semester two of my best friends

went on probation. And the valedictorian of our last-year's graduating class got a C in chem, his major, and switched to a political science major. This semester he's dropped out. It's all pretty funny, in a sad sort of way.

So what have I done this second semester? Well, I took my tests and all as usual, and with one exception the grades were pretty good, a cut above the first semester grades. This exception was my first midterm in philosophy. I got an F, the first F I'd gotten on a major

test in I don't know how many years. In a way, I was really afraid of what would happen in the course, but in the final analysis it seemed screamingly funny. I went around showing people my F as if it were an A-plus or something. It was great fun, and Different. I haven't flunked anything, though, as far as I know. I got a B on my second phislophy (bust that) philosophy midterm and I anticipate much the same grade on the final.

It is easy for an outsider to place the finger of blame on the fact that one is living away from home, and perhaps in your case this has a bit to do with it. But I am living at home, and so where does that leave things? And I no longer look on the teachers as cruds/gods (choose one) but as pretty neat people. Some of them were, to tell the truth, damned nice guys. Particularly my English TAs and my biology professor. And Tom Saidman, who isn't one of my teachers but who is/was a math prof at UCLA this last year.

So what can I say? I can suggest that you try getting off probation, if that's what you're on. But this is easier said than done. In fact, I can't really say much



SURE HE'S "THE GOOD SHEPHERD!" ALWAYS PUTS PLENTY MUTTON ON A TABLE.

but I wrote this mainly to let you know that you're not alone in this stupid situation. If I ever get a chance to talk with you personally, maybe then I can get across some things better. Why don't you drop over this summer? I'm not kidding.

A Word To Andy Main: Sometimes, Andy, your style of writing leaves me incredibly annoyed. I mean, from the beginning it has been the epitome of...something. Conciseness and detail? Maybe. But somehow it bugs me because it doesn't fit the You I know very well anymore. It was all right for the neofan Andy Main but it isn't for the Nowadays Andy Main. Why this is so is hard to say, so I won't say it. But perhaps you know what I mean. Sometimes my own writing impresses me the same way, if that's any sop.

Space To Record My Grades If They Come In Before I Go To Press:		
ROTC - C	Sociology 1 - B	GradePointAverage: 2.6 — the same as last semester
English 1B - B	Life Science 1B - B	
Math 3A - C	Philosophy 6A - C	

"The pipe draws wisdom from the philosopher and shuts up the mouths of the foolish."
...William Makepeace Thackeray

OUTSIDERS.
(#43 — Wrai Ballard)

I write a lot of letters, not so many now as I used to, but still a considerable amount. But I write selectively. I don't write to just anyone who wrote me, as I used to, and except in very rare instances, I don't go out and seek a new correspondent. I've just dropped a whole bunch of people, because I frankly didn't have the time or energy to keep up with them. What I have left now is a tight little circle of correspondents, to over half of whom I write tremendously long letters, five or six or even more pages long. The longest letter I ever have written was a monstrous one to Vic Ryan a few years ago. I don't know exactly how long it was, but at least 13 pages. I've not gone over 10 pages in the past year or so, on any occasion, though I've hit upwards of eight pages a lot.

Fandom plays a more insignificant part in many of the letters I write, because most of my correspondents are also my friends and we have many things to talk over. Still, there are a few people whom I correspond with almost entirely on fannish matters, though they are far less than formerly. Most of the heavy sheer fannish talking I do these days is just that: talking. Over the phone to the FanHillMob, mostly. It comes as somewhat of a change, and it's all the more enjoyable for it. Apas are usually the source of much conversation between Jack and Bruce and myself, since we are all of us in a helluva lot of them. I've resigned from the apa completism bit, though right at the moment I'm still in all the apas I was before I decided to stop this madcap race. By this time next year, though, I should be in no more than four apas, perhaps five. We shall see.

Mailing comments do not at all take care of a lot of letter writing for me. I correspond regularly with only a few, a very few, SAPS members, and then we usually don't mention SAPS much in our letters. Some of the stuff I write in my zines, here and in the other groups, is inspired from letters. But in the larger number of instances, I think of the stuff first and if it's of general or pertinent interest, I may tell it in different form to people in letters, first. I wonder if this falls under the no prior distribution rule? Bruce?

And mailing comments do not particularly "flow out" of me, though at times, as for instance the first couple of this issue's Select Six, I find them coming quite easily. Writing mailing comments is, like everything else, hard work, and the more time and genuine effort put into them the better they are likely to turn out. At least I find this to be true. I also don't like to write MCs unless I am in the mood. I've

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done this a time or two and I always look back over the finished results with a sort of shuddering horror.

What is "Full House"? Please tell me/us who published it, etc., since you are apparently the only one who got a copy. Or are you hoaxing to bug completists like Pelz and myself? ## I certainly have never, ever padded any issue of my SAPSzine. Even were I inclined to pad, which I am not, I wouldn't be able to do so, because of limited funds for fanac. As it is, I'm usually trying to figure out how to get all the stuff I "just have to put in the mailing" squeezed in to number of pages I can publish easily. ## Bravo for your remarks on fifth fandom. Next to sixth fandom, I think fifth fandom would have been the best time for me to get active. In fact, considering that fifth fandom was much, much smaller than sixth, it might have been the most opportune time to get into fandom. Just think; I could have joined SAPS and given Coswal a run for his money in this business of not missing a mailing! ## Enjoyable zine, Wrai, and I liked Nangee's material too though I've no particular comment to make on it. I do wish she had found time to join SAPS again.

I understand that the John Birch Society is going to change its name to the "Back to 1787 Movement." ...BL

WAFTAGE

(#3 -- Vic Ryan)

Oh, so you keep a SAPS notebook!? Well, since I'm in a lot of apas, I can't keep a notebook for each one, but I carry around in my shirt pocket a small notebook in which I jot down ideas -- for articles, stories, interlineations, etc. -- as they come to me. Some of these I find that I actually can use, too.

Perhaps some of you would be interested to know just how an issue of Watling Street is put together. Well, even if you're not, you're about to find out. (The disinterested reader may skip ahead if he doesn't want to learn how to put out a mag that will tie for 8th place on the Pillar Poll.) Really, there is very little work involved, thanks to a sort of system that has evolved over the issues. Watling Street, or WaSte for short, is done up in three different parts, all at the same time. I first start by reading parts of the current mailing, making checkmarks whenever I come across something that I think will be of interest and when I find some major topic noting it in a weird sort of shorthand either on the cover of the magazine or on an envelope (a big one, that is, since I often carry around part of the mailing with me, for reading on the bus or something). I prepare in advance a number of masters by putting illustrations on them in various spots, so that as I'm typing up the issue I can set these illustrations into the layout so they fit okay. Then I do the lettering on the headings for the mailing comments and for the editorial section, and begin on both of these, working alternately and usually doing more MCs than editorial. Since my editorial usually consists of stuff that I didn't want to bury in the mailing comments, it progresses slower. Also, as I go along I keep an eye open for ideas for full-length articles with their own headings. Whether or not I find any of these depends on how I'm feeling--if I don't want to run a large SAPSzine I generally don't run these articles, not all of them anyway. Instead, they may end up in shortened form in my editorial, which is -- as if it wasn't obvious -- nothing much more than a repository for things that are too long to be mailing comments (and affect more than one person) or too short to be articles. When I'm through, I add a cover, put things in a "logical" order, add page numbers if necessary, and run it all off. I run the odd-numbered sides all first, then let them dry and run the even-numbered sides the next day.

And that is the slaphappy, haphazard system of publishing that has, in essence, put out over 30 Silverdrum publications in somewhat over two years. Anyone who wants to use it has my blessings.

I see the subject is fanzine circulations, so I'll talk about mine for a while.

Psi-Phi is the subject up for analysis first, since it's the first item I ever published. Circulation on the first cruddy issue ran around 110, and much to my surprise there are still around a half-dozen spares (at least) lying around here gathering dust. I don't particularly want to let them out into open air, though. Psi-Phi #2, due to lousy masters, a generally cranky disposition, and several other variables (such as a paper shortage of both kinds) only was published in an edition of about 85 copies (it has been out of print since April 1959); but with Psi-Phi #3 we printed up 115 copies or thereabouts. This was the issue that featured Bjo's wonderful comic strip "Super-Squirrel" and we wish we had about a couple dozen of these left, but they've been gone for a long time. With issue #4, #5 and #6 we upped our print order to 135 copies, give or take a few, and got rid of all of them quite easily. The final issue of Psi-Phi, #7, Christmas 1960, appeared in the largest edition of any Silverdrum publication before, since, or ever: 150 copies came rolling off the old ditto. Never again: I had a sore back from assembling them, even though Cal Demmon did pitch in and help.

With my apazines the story is somewhat different. Most of my SAPSazines have been printed in an edition of 55-60 copies, which are sent out to various people according to various whims of mine. At this date I still haven't sent out all the copies of the last two issues of Watling Street, which accounts for the lack of a lettercol in this issue. My first two OMPazines were both printed in an edition of 70 copies. Some of the Best from QUANDRY was an 80-copy edition, and since then my other two ZOUNDSs have been in editions of just under 60. CRAPazines are printed in editions of 25, with the extras being distributed in the usual whimsical fashion to likely waitlisters and interested friends. N'APA magazines are produced in varying editions. My first KTP was in an edition of—I think—55, because of the reprint material therein, but the second and third and fourth issues were only printed up in editions of 50. The fifth and (I think) final KTP appeared in an edition of 55, again. That about does it so far as this little survey is concerned, except to mention in a last gasp that the circulation of Outworlds #1 was 95 copies.

Now, will others please pitch in and offer Vic (and nosey Me) the same information about their own magazines? Or do you still insist that revealing fanzine circulations is like walking in public with your genitals showing?

I'm really sorry to see you call the excellent novel, Lolita, repulsive. It isn't, Vic, unless you want to look at it that way. The subject matter is, according to most people's standards, a good bit off the beaten track, but it's really a very beautiful and touching story. Very well-written, too. I suggest you read it again and try to forget the little voice in your mind that says that a story about an older man who is in love with a 12-year-old nymphette is "repulsive."

 "Now that skirts are shorter, lots of girls are sitting pretty."

...Changing Times

And that concludes this mailing's Select Six. These comments have turned out surprisingly well. In fact, I'm a bit proud of myself for doing as well as I did. I started out with an Ideal in mind for these pages and they measure up to it pretty well. I hope I can keep it up in the future.

While I still have some space I'd like to express my appreciation to John Berry for his most excellent issue of Pot Pourri in the April mailing. I wish I could do it as well as you do, John, and even more I wish there were some comment books in your zines I could easily pick up on. Also kudoes to Bruce Palz for publishing Bloch's wonderfully funny Newyorkcon speech as well as the words and music to the DNA Rally Song. I also enjoyed, amongst other things, Eney's travel report in Spy Ray. This bit about the various epochs in geologic time reminds me that, for my bio final, I managed to remember those in the Paleozoic period by thinking of them as the cosine of DCP: Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian of Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian. And, and I guess that's all for now from the mailing comment department. —BL

