

TRAIN
TICKETS



I'M SORRY, SIR. ALL TRAIN TRIPS TO FLORIDA
HAVE BEEN CANCELLED INDEFINITELY DUE TO THE
COLLAPSE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

PSI-PHI NO. 8

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Irv, formerly Speedy Jack

editorial

LOOKING OVER the November roster, I find that while I only have met personally 22 of you FAPA people (actually 25 people, but 22 memberships), I am or have been in contact with all but a dozen of you, and so the matter of introducing myself becomes problematical. For those of you who know me or know of me, telling you stuff like how many apas I belong to and what offices I've held is pretty pointless, and for the rest of you it's useless information.

However, if you are anything like me, you tend to read somewhere that thus & such a fan is so many years old, and it sticks in your mind. For instance, in my mind Bruce Henstell was for a long time "that noisy 13-year-old," and you can imagine my delight when I found out that he was an altogether intelligent and personable 16-year-old one evening. And now I think he's 17. Will wonders never cease!

So. When I got onto the FAPA waitlist, back in the May 1959 mailing, I was a noisy 16-year-old. This early 1963 mailing finds me "that obsequious 20-year-old;" but the rest of it hasn't changed much. I've gained maybe two inches in height and some ten pounds during those four years, and I have to shave more often, and I'm in college (UCLA) instead of old Inglewood High; but really the rest of the change is personal and beside the point. The Bob Lichtman of four years ago might have been a more valuable FAPA member, when it came to adding reams of material to the annual output of this group; but the present Bob Lichtman is somewhat better equipped to cope with the train of thought here without becoming quite as derailed.

For those of you who are interested in more details, write the

editor at the address in the colophon. Letters that reach me when I am in the mood to talk about myself might be answered; I am usually in the mood 24 hours a day, if prodded. Being constituted somewhat like one of those eight-ball desk-pieces that answer yes-or-no questions when you turn them over, I like short answers best. I have one added feature: I don't require turning over again because I don't give answers like "Concentrate & ask again" or "Ask again later."

-oOo-

IN THE NORMAL COURSE of distribution of this issue, it is bound to get into the hands of at least a few of those people who review fanzines. For these people, perhaps a word of clarification about "policy" (whatever that is) might be in order.

Although the first seven issues of this periodical, published between January 1959 and December 1961, were generally available for subscriptions, neither subscriptions nor sample fanzines in trade are likely to get you this magazine in return. In this incarnation, PSI-PHI is being published, aside from its FAPA distribution (which is its primary raison d'etre), for selected people whom I want to send it to. If I am sending it to you because I want to receive your publications in return, I'll let you know by a note somewhere in the issue. The best way to get all issues, however many that may be (and publication frequently isn't anticipated), is to respond in some fashion. I am publishing 110 copies of this number, but I sure wouldn't mind cutting it down if not enough appreciative people want it. Of course, there are also those who will get the mag no matter what they do short of requesting me to "stop, already," such as Calvin Demmon, Andy Main and Larry McCombs, but they are signal exceptions. Sticky quarters won't help you a bit; though they'll buy me a beer, they won't get you anything unless I want to send it to you.

At this point I must be boring 97% of FAPA, except for Lee Jacobs who reads every word of every mailing and Dan McPhail who counts every word of every mailing, so this will be my last word in FAPA about such things as subscriptions.

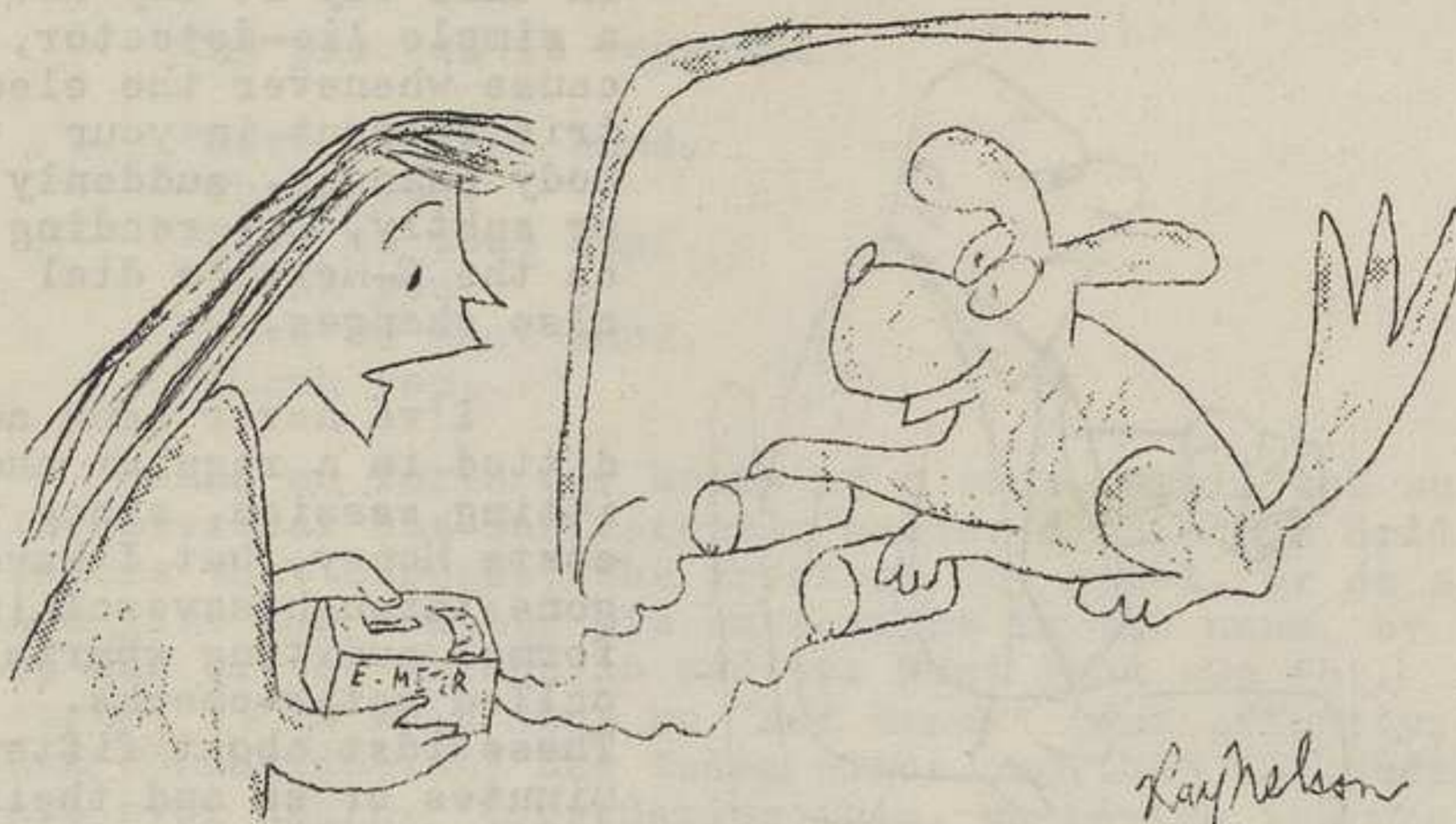
-oOo-

THE GAFIA PRESS is not altogether responsible for the reproduction this time. Clearly, or rather indistinctly, this is not quite the impeccable reproduction you expect to find under this trademark, though it is above average for the House of Silverdrum. My typewriter has the same typeface as Redd's right down to the final serif, but his machine is a standard whilst mine is but a portable, and this makes all the difference in the world, as you can plainly see. Also, my less-experienced hand at the crank may effect some difference as well. Ah, the wonders of the Gestetner 120 -- if I had the money, this is exactly the mimeograph I'd get for myself, in lieu of the Ditto and the Rex M-2 I presently disdain to possess.

In the future, editorials in this magazine will be less utilitarian and plodding in nature, but these "first" issue things must be done, it seems. Sorry if I've bored you; the rest of the mag is somewhat better, I think.

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-- Bob Lichtman



MY GHOD, HE'S A CLEAR!

A PUBLIC-SERVICE ARTICLE:

A Child's Garden of Scientology

— BOB LICHTMAN

SCIENTOLOGY is in the news again. I am sure that most of you read in your local paper that the Washington center of Scientology was raided by the Federal Food and Drug Administration, only later to be given at least a temporary clean bill of health and allowed to resume its activities.

With scientology once more in the headlines, it seems time once again to give the general public some sort of description of just what scientology is. With that in mind, this article is herewith presented.

One of the first questions I asked when I first heard of scientology is "How is this different than dianetics, about which I've heard so much?" The answer seems to be that scientology has added the Emotion Meter (or E-Meter) to its auditing equipment. The E-Meter, as pictured in the illustration above, is a smallish box with a needle and dial on it and a few devices for adjusting levels. It looks for all the world like an ohm meter, for that is what it is, with modifications. It measures electrical current running through your body and also, since you hold two cans in your hands which are connected one each to poles of the E-meter,

how sweaty your hands are. In this way it may act as a simple lie-detector, because whenever the electric current in your body changes, suddenly or subtly, the reading on the E-Meter's dial also changes.

I've never been audited in a regular auditing session, since this costs Money, but I have gone through several informal auditing spurts, called meter-checks. These last about fifteen minutes or so and their prime function is to determine your placing on the Hubbard "tone scale" of personalities, a scale which is much too complex to explain without reproducing it in full, and thus will go mostly unexplained. However, the first time



THANK YOU.

I wrapped my hands around two tin cans for one of these meter-checks I registered as a "clear." My auditor nearly fell off the bed onto the hardwood floor.

Meterchecks and auditing sessions are alike in most respects, though, I suppose. You, the "pre-clear," sits there on one side of the E-Meter, unable to see the needle, while the auditor sits on the reading side and watches the meter while leading you through a series of set questions at first, on-the-spot questions later on as things progress. The way it works is that whenever the needle on the E-Meter makes any sort of movement, the auditor disturbs your inner tranquility by saying abruptly and unexpectedly, "What's that?"

Then you're supposed to tell him what you had on your mind at that time, and he'll ask you some questions about it until the needle stops moving, and then he'll thank you and go on to something else. This way, you clear things up, I suppose. There is doubtless more to it than just this.

When it comes to actual auditing, though, it is necessary than the preclear go through a series of what are termed "CCHs" (for Communication, Control and Havingness, I think). These range in variety from very simple to very complex. The simplest one consists of the preclear and his auditor facing each other -- on two chairs, a bed, or whatever -- during which the following scene ensues:

4 "Give me that hand," directs the auditor, and the preclear is supposed to extend his right hand to the auditor, who takes it, holds

it momentarily, and then releases it, saying, "Thank you."

The process is repeated.

"Give me that hand.
"Thank you.
"Give me that hand.
"Thank you.
"Give me that hand.
"Thank you..."

And so forth for hours at a time, until the auditor feels that the preclear has sufficiently mastered this CCH drill. Of course, before that happens, the preclear may rebel, or do a "nonconfront," and give the auditor his hand right in the nose, or somewhere. This is one of the things an auditor must look out for. When such things occur, it is said that an "ARC Break" (for Affinity, Reactivity, and Communication) has taken place and that the auditor must start all over again. Considering this, we advise the would-be preclear to stick it out, for while it is boring as hell doing this once, it is sheer torture repeating it.

Having mastered this simple CCH, one progresses to greener pastures, or the other CCHs. These increase in complexity by involving more action and motion on the part of the preclear. For instance, one such CCH may consist of the preclear executing commands such as the following series: "Get up. Go to that wall. Touch the wall. Come back to the chair. Sit down. Get up again. Go to the wall. Touch the wall. Come back to the chair. Sit down. Get up. Go to that wall. Touch the wall. Come back to the chair. Sit down. Thank you."

Kindly notice that all of these CCHs are concluded each time by the auditor's saying a sincerely intended "Thank you." Scientologists are the most polite people I know. It is a part of achieving Clear.

When you successfully complete all the CCHs, you are then ready for ordinary auditing with E-Meter and all. In the course of this auditing and treatment, scientology believes that it is possible to clear up such things as psychosomatic illnesses, mental aberrations of many kinds, and like that. In short, scientology can make you a happier, more personally efficient person by means of auditing. The "clear" person is happiest of all for he is operating at an optimum level, half cause and half effect most of the time,



and so forth and so on. Scientology has yet to turn out one of these ideal people, but that doesn't seem to disturb it.

One of the other interesting sidelights of scientology is the possibility of achieving reality on past lives. Auditing can be very selective in its aim and one of its aims is to probe your mind to see what you were before you were what you are now. I am not sure quite how the subject is approached, never having had it done to myself, but once you are beginning to achieve reality on past lives, it is a simple process of trial and error to pin down facts about events in your past life.

Taken to its logical extreme, it is possible to discover that, for instance, you were Jesus Christ or Mohammed or maybe even Dr. Livingston, I presume. You may be shocked at what you find. Imagine, for instance, the traumatic effect that would occur if a devout Christian discovered that he had been Judas Iscariot in a past life. Or imagine a Jewish person some years from now discovering Adolf Eichmann as a past life. A Bircher might be alarmed too if he were to find out that one of his past incarnations was that of the infamous Benedict Arnold or John Wilkes Booth. And so forth.

Of course, there's the positive side, too. Imagine the egoboo in learning that you were Saint Joan d'Arc, or Thomas Paine, or Captain John Smith, or even Vernon L. McCain.

However, aside from the possible egoboo to be wrought from such a thing as a past life, I don't really see any advantage to this knowledge, other than something nice to bring up at a dinner party when conversation lags. ("Oh, say, fellows, did I ever tell you about my past life as the asp that bit Cleopatra?" "Yes, you bastard, at the last dinner party, and the one before that.")

Would some scientologist in the audience please explain about the importance of reality on past lives?

This then has been a brief survey of the burgeoning field of scientology and what it has, or hasn't, to offer you. The inquisitive mind who is interested in further investigation will find this a field full of ready reference work. May we suggest that you start first with L. Ron Hubbard's History of Man?

AT LAST YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH
AUDITING TO ACHIEVE
REALITY ON PAST LIVES.

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Ray Nelson

-- Bob Lichtman
January 1963



life among the neffers

- DEAN FORD

I WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OLD and had been a science-fiction fan for two or three months when one of my correspondents told me that I should join the National Fantasy Fan Federation. I wish I could remember who it was, for I would seek him out and kick him in the pants for making that suggestion.

I made the mistake of following my correspondent's advice, and wrote a letter to the then N3F President, Stan Woolston, asking him how one joined his organization. He replied with a note that I sounded like "good N3F material," and if I sent \$2 or whatever to Janie Lamb of Meiskell, Tennessee I would soon be installed as a member. I acted on his words and sent Janie Lamb the dues money. In view of subsequent events, the best thing that could then have happened would have been for a post office clerk to waylay my envelope and appropriate my \$2 for chewing tobacco and a milkshake.

I soon received a note from Janie Lamb acknowledging my dues money. In glowing words Janie told me how glad she was to welcome another N3F member into the fold and she was sure that my stay would be a happy, happy one, etcetera. She closed off by wishing me a happy Fourth of July. It was then early June. And, anyway, nobody had ever wished me a happy Fourth of July before. I should have been warned then.

During the next three weeks Welcommittee letters began drifting into my mailbox. Actually I shouldn't call them letters, for none of them were any longer than notes. With two or three ex-

ceptions, none of the N3F people I was in contact with ever wrote anything longer than one hundred words. And none of them seemed to have any standard 8½x11 inch paper around the house. Perhaps this is because practically none of them owned typewriters. At any rate, I began getting pounds of Welcommittee letters. Some of them were penned in quaint, turn-of-the-century calligraphy on little pink brocaded sheets of note paper. These things came from ladies with names like Amanda Wattle or Mrs. Landers White, Jr. Then there were practically indecipherable pencilled-on-yellow-ruled-paper things from guys who lived in Montana or Georgia in towns with names like Brack Fords or Crooner. Some of the notes were typed, but all of them with weird shades of typewriter ribbon which I am sure must have been made to order for the people using them--strange, off-color greens and reds, fuchsia ribbons, brown-orange ribbons, and so on. I also received rubber-stamped welcome messages and even one Christmas card signed by a Lane Dobbsey or some-such name. Remember, this was in June.

I was a young little being at the time and had not yet become all cynical and critical and such, and I therefore made the mistake of regarding these notes favorably. They were all of them ill-written, effusive, fatuous, stupid, and most full of words given strange alternate spellings. They were the sort of thing which your Aunt Soody sends you every once in a while, usually thanking you for the fine pot holder you gave her when you visited her. Aunt Soody never says a damned thing that billions of other people don't say day after day--"everything is so fine here and how is it with you?"; "and oh we had a sunset last night of great beauty and wonder"; "I am well and so is Cousin Elroy." And of course you never reply to her. These Welcommittee letters should never have been answered either, but I answered them. I was impressed by what nice people these N3Fers seemed to be, little realizing at the time that they were nice because they never disagreed with anything and parroted chains of sweet platitudes.

Before long I was engaging in more or less active correspondence with some fifteen N3Fers, all of them Welcommittee members. And as I got mired deeper and deeper in these interchanges I left general fandom further and further behind. When I had entered fandom I had begun making contacts with such worthies as Boyd Raeburn and Lee Hoffman, getting their fanzines and even trying to start correspondences with them. But as writing to lots of dull N3Fers occupied more and more of my time, my contact with general fandom dwindled to writing an occasional letter of comment and getting genzines now and then. If it hadn't been for John Moning, I might never have dragged myself up out of N3F, but I'll go into that further on.

Most of my correspondents in N3F turned out to be women of one sort or another. I suppose this is because the women were more attracted to the Welcommittee than most of the male N3Fers. I was writing to the Little Old Lady element of N3F. These were the chicks who sent the brocaded pink letters. They were either widows or old maids and they rambled in their notes as far as a few hundred words would carry them on their cactus plants and their jobs in five-and-ten stores as saleswomen and such. They were horribly prudish people, deploring that "terrible man and woman" stuff in science fiction. They were also extremely religious people and frequently reminded me that a "young lad" like me should attend church services every week. These women always signed off, "Love", and more often than not

added lots of "xxxxxxx"s which I had once learned were supposed to represent kisses. When I look back upon it, I realize how incredibly stupid and senseless was my spending time writing to a bunch of farty old women, but at the time I considered it the most natural thing in the world.

Then there were the younger girls. These were the ones who owned the typers with the weird colored ribbons. The binding force among these girls was that they never failed to type out a list of statistics in their first letters: "I am 21 years old, unmarried, sky-blue of eyes, golden of hair, possessed of a really nice figure (38-18-38), and, in all, very attractive. I am 5'4" and I work at the Container-Feed Bank of Johnsville as a teller. I don't have a picture available right now but I will send you one soon." These girls of course never sent their pictures. I think this was because they were all actually fat and unappealing with bad breath and body odor and dandruff.

Corresponding with the scribblers of the pencilled notes was always an adventure, for it was necessary to pore over their little notes for hours before any sense could be made out of the writing. And just as often as not no sense could have been made out of the writing even if these people had had their letters run off at the local print shop in 12 point type, for they had never heard of "grammar" or "coherence" or such quaint things. One thing that I'll say for these people, though--they at least occasionally came up with an original opinion, as opposed to the Little Old Ladies and most of the younger ones. I still remember Earl Downey, of Someplace, Alabama, telling me why A. Hyatt Verrill was the greatest science-fiction writer who ever lived, and perhaps the greatest writer of all time, compared to anybody. But I didn't disagree even politely with Downey because it had become apparent to me after a few months of contact with N3Fers that a N3Fer never disagrees with another N3Fer. By gosh, I think that was even somebody's slogan and he always wrote it at the top of his letters. Perhaps my mind is playing a funny on me as it occasionally does, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if this were actually true.

Aside from corresponding with Welcommittee members, I received piles of N3F magazines. There was, of course, the N3F organ, The National Fantasy Fan, in which the three hundred or so N3F administrators, department heads, etc., would hold forth about the destiny of N3F and how the two hundred and ninety-nine other N3F officers weren't working quite as hard for the N3F as they should have been. Ray Cee Higgs would then contribute a pep talk to TNFF which would urge all officers to "get up and fight!" for the N3F. Somewhere in his talk he would pause and refer to his last stay in the hospital where he had had his adenoids reinserted or something. And he would thank all the N3Fers for their generosity in contributing to his Out Of Work fund. Rod Frye would contribute a short piece of fan fiction dealing with a group of aliens who land in an Ohio town on Halloween and are naturally mistaken for trick or treaters. It was a good idea as originally done by Bradbury, Leiber, Lesser, Roger Dee, Mike Deckinger and a few dozen others. Frye always handled the idea well when he approached it from new angles in different issues of TNFF. Considering he was even younger than I was at the time he handled it well, anyway. Kaymar Carlson invariably had his Kaymar Trader hanging on the tail of the Official Organ, in which he offered such rarities as 1956 amazings for only 50¢ each. 9

The two things that most impressed me about the first copy of TNFF I received were, for one, the fact that Dr. David H. Keller was a life-long member of N3F, and, for another, that an organization of around four hundred people should have nearly that many officers and so many various departments in operation. There was the recruitment bureau, the manuscript bureau, the internal affairs department, the Welcommittee, the future planning department, the external affairs bureau, the magazine trading bureau, and on and on. At the time I did not think of participating in the administration of this sprawling organization--that came later. As a new member I could only regard with helpless awe an organization which required 3/4ths of its members to be officers of some kind. Anyway, I was too busy corresponding with some of the members to think of taking part in club politics.

My attitude toward the N3F began to change after I had been a member for about half a year. I suppose it was because I had turned fourteen and had acquired new powers of intuition, as well as the fact that somebody gave me a copy of How To Raise Your IQ for my birthday and through diligent work I managed to raise my IQ a point-and-a-half. Then, too, I occasionally came across comments in the magazines about N3F, most of them to the effect that it was a hopelessly bumbling organization.

Up to this time I'd accepted N3F as a worthwhile group. But as a result of inner changes (of course I was kidding about the new powers of intuition and the increase of IQ) and reading about the N3F from non-N3F sources, I began to realize that the group was essentially ineffective and more than a bit ridiculous. It was as if I were a citizen of an Iron Curtain country and had for most of my life taken the U.S.S.R.'s word that it was all that one could hope for in the way of a government, and had lately begun to pick up Voice of America broadcasts. I saw that there was more than one side to things, that N3F wasn't all or even nearly all of the things that the more crusading N3Fers kept reiterating it was. I should have realized this as soon as I'd joined the group, callow thirteen year old or not--after all, the more people find it necessary to boost something, the less worthwhile it is likely to be.

As a result of this, I began regarding N3F and its members from a realistic standpoint. N3F being what it was, this realistic standpoint necessarily had to be a critical one. And so I started down the road to my eventual disaffection with N3F.

My correspondents started to rub me the wrong way--not occasionally, but consistently. I had branched out from corresponding solely with Welcommittee members and had made a few other contacts. This was a good thing, since those people turned out to be just about the only correspondents in N3F I could tolerate (though after a while I began to tire of them, too). But the Welcommittee people I soon saw were hopeless. Somehow they had mastered the recondite art of saying nothing badly. That is, they not only did not say anything in their letters, but they managed to say it stupidly, clumsily, and what have you.

Naturally I began baiting them. This was rather easy to do, because they were vulnerable people. They were used to writing to people as bland and non-opinionated as they were. They weren't equipped to handle contention and sly jabs. And this is what I began throwing at them.

I began my attack by quoting to my sheep-like correspondents the various derogatory things many of the fans in general fandom had to say about N3F. Usually I quoted them with no comment save, "What do you think of what so-and-so has to say here?" But that was enough. My correspondents reacted with varying degrees of chagrin, mortification, vexation, and, in the case of some of the more extreme anti-N3F statements, even horror. Most of them seemed to regard these words as blasphemy. It seemed beyond them that anyone could feel hostile towards their organization. I couldn't understand their reaction and said so. Consequently, the rift between most of my Welcommittee contacts and myself began to widen. It had become manifestly clear to me that I wasn't in the same groove as these people--they weren't my scene.

I began getting more and more easily annoyed with some of the things my 103% Neffer friends said, and with the ladies' garden club manner in which they said them. I'm afraid I finally reached the end of my patience with two of them in particular: Joan Cleveland and a girl who lived in Maryland whose name I forget but whom I'll call here Jane since I think that her name might have been just that.

Joan Cleveland was a thirty-ish woman, married with kids, who lived in Vineland, New Jersey. She was one of my Welcommittee contacts. Her letters were in the standard N3F correspondent mold: short, dull, and stupid. And of course in my early N3F days I replied to them for the same reason I replied to similar things from the other N3F members--they were communiques from fellow members, and that was supposed to be sufficient to warrant my spending time replying to them.

From my enlightened viewpoint, though, I began to see Joan's letters for the shallow things they were. Here was a woman with none too good a hold on English who wrote to a young teenager and told him of such things as the day to day doings of her community and her part in them ("...and after we came home from church I fixed up some nice cheese sandwiches for Gene and the kids..."), her first hand experiences in ESP (she devoutly believed she had the Power), her trials in shopping for a new dress, and such stuff. What the hell did I want to hear about all this for?

I suppose I would have eventually dropped her as I did the bulk of my N3F penpals, but she happened to bring up something in one of her letters which I felt forced to take violent exception to. Joan was a Catholic, and she made quite a Thing out of that in her notes, continually referring to getting the family out to Mass and such things. For some reason, she stated in one of her letters that Ted White was anti-Catholic, saying that she had told by a mutual correspondent whom I shall not name that Ted White had been spreading around "a very nasty joke concerning the Pope."

I didn't know Ted White at the time other than through various articles of his, but I'd been impressed by the material of his which I'd read. When I read this Cleveland charge, a few things crystallized. I was most annoyed by the fact that Joan could make such a bald charge about Ted solely on hearsay evidence, and on such weak grounds. Even if Ted had made a joke about the Pope which Cleveland's N3F correspondent could have come across, that certainly wouldn't have branded him as an anti-Catholic. Further, I thought Joan Cleveland was acting frightfully sensitive about being a Catholic. Lastly, her typical N3F-against-the-rest-of-fandom attitude coupled with her women's club outlook added fuel to my pique to the point where I found

myself writing her an extremely sarcastic letter to the effect that I was sure Ted White was not anti-Catholic, that she and her damned fool correspondent had no grounds to say that he was, and, getting personal, I found her letters a rather hopeless bore and didn't feel like exchanging garden notes with her any more.

She never wrote to me after that, and I am sure that she began telling her other correspondents about me, and what a disputative soul I was.

The Girl Named Jane was an amateur poet. She told me in early letters (typed with a weird colored ribbon, for Jane was a typical early-twenties NBF lass) of her aspirations of someday latching onto a publisher and making it as a selling poet. There was one obstacle in her path before she made professional poetdom. She had deluded herself into believing that she had to amass a library of poetry volumes before she could begin writing poetry in a big way. "As soon as I can get a hundred and fifty dollars together to get the books I need for reference, I'll be ready to go." That was her figuring.

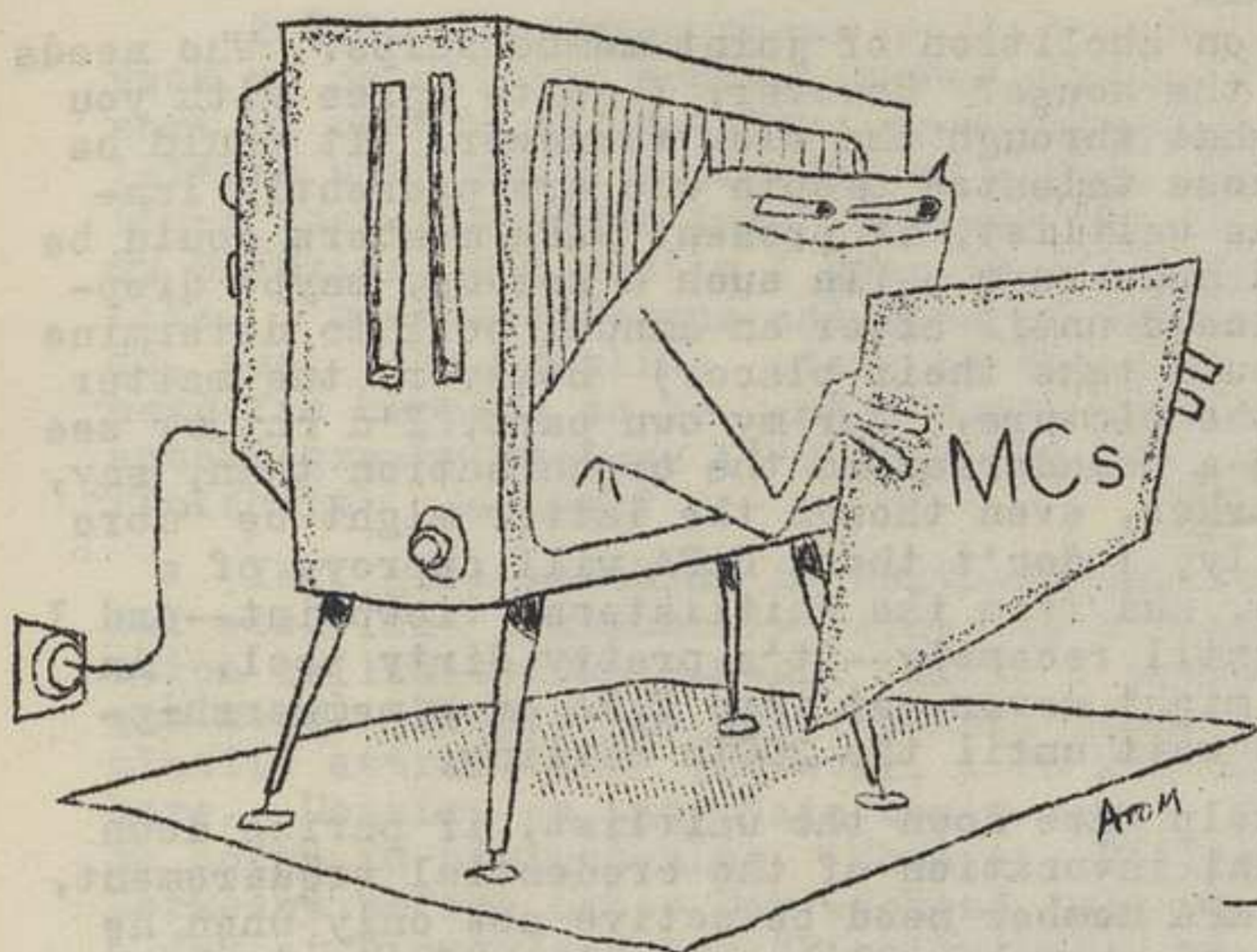
I asked her to include some of her poems in her next letter. She did so, and asked me to tell her what I thought of them. She should not have done that. Doubtless she figured that I would gush all over them as would any of her other correspondents, but she couldn't have known that I was armed with my new outlook on things and was determined to say what I felt to NBFers exactly as if they were normal people who were not hopelessly sensitive to anything which smacked of criticism.

The poems were very bad. Any fan occasionally comes across poetry in a fanzine. It is almost without exception horrible stuff. Jane's poems were like that, and possibly worse. It's been more than four years since I read them so perhaps my memory has amplified their crudeness, especially since I remember practically everything about my NBF days as being bathed in a sickish, pale-green light, but even if I recall them as slightly worse than they were, that doesn't obscure their essential ineptness. I returned the poems, and in my accompanying letter I told her as gently as possible that I hadn't thought too much of her work. ("There's room for improvement"--that's gentle.)

I soon received in return a literally searing letter. Jane said I was a young clod who was incapable of digging the full power and beauty and meaning upon meaning of her poems and that she would never send me any more of them to read. I couldn't resist shooting back a postcard to the effect that I now understood why she couldn't begin her career as a poet until she'd amassed a poetry library. She was obviously going to have to lift phrases from her library of poems and string them together. That was the only way she was going to turn out anything worthwhile, I said. Oh, I was cruel, but I was angry, too.

The time was ripe for me to become actively anti-NBF. It was about this time that my friend John Koning, my most prolific correspondent, and practically my only correspondent outside of NBF, suggested that we put our heads together and see what we could do about NBF. He had joined shortly after me and had become disillusioned with the group even faster than I had.

But Lichtman has only so much space in this mag of his so I'll tell that story next time.



- Bob Lichtman

A PROPOS DE RIEN #10: Jim Caughran

I enjoyed the idea behind your story, Jim, but somehow the ending was as unsatisfactory to me as it must be to you. I'm unable to come up with any alternate solutions right on the spur of the moment, though. And, by the way, as others may point out to you, Albany is not "Berkeley, continued into the next county." Albany is, like Berkeley, in Alameda County, and really has no reason for independent existence so far as I know. Maybe it's just El Cerrito, continued into the next county.

Like you, I prefer the smell of people to that of perfume, too, with the noted exceptions of dirty or sweaty people. I really don't have much of a nose for perfume, anyway; despite all the advertisements one hears about how I will be more attracted to a girl if she wears Arpege by Lanvin instead of Rainbow by Woolworth's, it's all the same--a sort of sweet stench--to me. I also have very little use for most make-up, but this is another subject entirely. However, in short, I like people to look and smell like people. That's what they are, after all...

"Another advantage of all-digit dialing is that one or zero can be used as the second digit of a phone number; they have no letter equivalents on the current dial." This isn't true, as I'm sure you've since realised, because of the Direct Distance Dialing set-up now in general use. The main signal to the phone company's maze of electronic spaghetti that the person on the line is dialing long-distance is the fact that in all DDD codes, the second digit for the town you're trying to reach is either a one or a zero. As for all-digit dialing itself, I don't really much care, but I do sort of miss being able to assign odd-ball prefixes to phone numbers like one can do on a dial that has letters as well as numbers. For instance, Walter Breen's Berkeley phone number, normally THornwall, transmutes nicely to VITriolic, and Jerry Knight's, also THornwall, to Tigger. Ray Nelson's Landscape number becomes a happy LAMPoon, which is the best replacement of numbers by letters of the lot. Depending on what your phone number is, this letter game can be a hell of a kick in the head. I think.

HORIZONS #92: Harry Warner

I disagree with you on abolition of joint memberships. Who needs two FAPA mailings around the house? However, I quite agree with you that FAPA stagnates somewhat through the slow turnover. It would be nice to get in some of those talented people who are presently languishing at the end of the waitlist, if present FAPA members could be persuaded to move out and make room. (In such a set-up, maybe drop-outs would be left unreplaced until after an annual poll to determine who of the waitlisters would take their place.) However, the matter of favorites comes into the picture. For my own part, I'd rather see a Demmon, a Davidson, and a Deindorfer in the organisation than, say, a Page, a Patten, or a Parker, even though the latter might be "more valuable fans." Personally, I don't think FAPA will approve of a membership-by-vote scheme, and from the waitlisters' viewpoint--and I was a waitlister myself until recently--it's pretty dirty pool. An unknown like Bill Martin might never get into FAPA on a membership-by-poll set-up, though he wait until the 200th mailing.

What I think might help pare down the waitlist, if paring down be what it needs, is annual invocation of the credential requirement. This way, a prospective FAPA member need be active not only when he applies for the waitlist and when he reaches the top of it, but in-between as well. A waitlister would be required to submit new credentials each year at the same time he paid his buck for a sub to the Fantasy Amateur. Would anyone care to word this up legal for me; I'd be glad to sign it up as a proposed amendment to our already cumbersome constitution.

Most of the college-age people I know who are most struck by sudden adulthood are those who are not being subsidized to any large degree by parents and/or scholarships. They're working their way through, to one extent or another, living a marginal existence in a cheap room or a co-op housing set-up, and are heavily involved in responsibilities of many sorts to other people. They're hardly old stodges, either, as most of them are more radical in their thinking than either thee or me.

As a semi-active member of two ayjay groups larger than FAPA, they being the National APA, of which Br'er Fick is a long-time member, and the International Small Printers' Association (a sort of printers' OIPA, it being largely British), I can tell you that it surely is a drag preparing editions large enough for their bundles. NAPA currently asks for 350 copies of items for circulation in their monthly mailings, in addition to which you must foot a 30¢-per-pound mailing fee, and ISPA requires a staggering 700 copies for complete circulation. Fortunately, both groups have a Way Out for the lazy. If you privately distribute 100 copies of your paper to NAPA members, you get activity credit for it, and ISPA has a Publishing Group which only calls for 100 copies at present. The P.G. members get special, larger bundles containing material that the general membership never sees; in return it must produce something for the P.G. at least once a year. Needless to say, I'm in the Publishing Group. Of course, neither of these groups have waiting lists, so I can't say what the reaction would be if they were to institute an upper membership limit and create a waiting list for further applicants.

I enjoyed "Redemption Center," but these stories of yours that start out as apparent rambling articles are rather croggling until I figure out what you're up to. Then I uncroggle and everything is All Right.

MELANGE #5: Bjo & John Trimble

I like the green pages up at the front, but hanged if I'm going to pick up on all the comment hooks sitting 'round there! This is the sort of ramble of what-I've-been-doing-lately that I usually write in letters with maybe a fistful of carbon copies to close friends. Sometimes they slop over into fanzines, as in my Non-Vention issue of my SAPSzine, but mostly I keep them pretty well under hand and foot. Like, I'm as vociferous and fond of talking about myself and things I do, see, like, dislike, etc., as the next fan, depending on whom the next fan happens to be, and I don't dare start on any sort of extended autobiography because it'd take the rest of my life, and then some, to finish it. And you?

Yes, girl-watching in Southern California certainly is a wonderful etc., but I staunchly refuse to accept membership in any organization as limited as SAGWAL. Like, I prefer when possible to get acquainted. People are interesting, like, even above and beyond animalistic attraction. (However, I am not knocking animal attraction here. Nossir, as Andy Main would say.) There is sort of an esprit de corps in girlwatching. When the Ellingtons were down here from Berkeley before Labor Day weekend last year, we all went out and spent a day at Disneyland (or "Dizzilyland," as Marie-Louise put it). Towards the end of our ticket books, we went on the Casey Jr. train ride, which just happens to run above the Storybookland boat ride. On the latter ride, there are pretty girls from all over Orange County, dressed in low-cut outfits, who give a little talk to the customers as the boats move through the course of the ride. Well, ma'am, Dick and I weren't long in noticing these young women and in shouting Hi! to them from the train, which after all was only a few feet away and slightly above (ahahaha!) the boats (& girls). I don't recall any of them ignoring us, and most of them waved back. Of course, Pat noticed all of this with outward disapproval. "Hey, Pat, let's go on that ride next," Dick said, pointing at the Storybookland boats. Pat beamed and said "Ahahaha!" or something like that. We didn't go on the Storybookland ride.

I've never met Jean Linard either, but back in early 1959 I received a few fascinating letters during an all-too-brief correspondence with him. Somewhere around here, I still have those letters, even though all my other correspondence from that period has long since been thrown out. A Linard letter, written in tiny handwriting on all matter of paper, and accompanied by all sorts of French kipple and photographs of the Linards, is an Experience, and an altogether pleasurable one.

I don't think that the ouija board I got all that stuff on as recorded in "Grok Around The Clock" had anything to do with it, since I've received similar messages on other boards. It's the spirits whom you get in touch with who control the board's action, or rather the planchet's movements. I haven't had my hand on a planchet in ages, myself, and would certainly like to sometime.

THE LAREAN #9: Ron Ellik

FAPA member #391 would like to express his appreciation for all the work that went into this invaluable reference work, and his sorrow that he wasn't a member of FAPA soon enough to be reflected in the totals.

LE MOINDRE #28: Boyd Raeburn

I don't have anything to say about what you wrote here, but I sure as hell enjoy the way you write it, Boyd. If we get down to essentials, the fact is that I quite dig your writing style, and wish I could do as well. If this be unmitigated adulation, make the most of it.

SALUD #11: Elinor Busby

When I was reading the Tolkien series for the first time, as well as for the second time, I mentally put Sylvia in the role of Goldberry, quite independent of anything anyone had said about her being slender and graceful. However, I also put Ted Johnstone in the role of Frodo Baggins, and I can say having been to several pool parties at the Trimbles this summer that Ted does not have fur quite all over his body, though he definitely eats five meals a day, when he can get them. Fritz Leiber is my mental image of Gandalf, and...but this could go on and on.

I can hardly agree with you about the matter of skirt lengths. I like knees and thighs and suchlike and when a girl or woman is wearing a skirt there is much more Mystery & Allure connected to them. When she is wearing Bermudas or short shorts, they're just there, with no effort at all on the part of the viewer, but with short skirts you are made to keep an attentive eye out for them. It's more of a Challenge that way, even if the view is the same.

Elinor, when I read Different for the 100th mailing and read Sam say that if FAPA "doesn't send Wollheim a complimentary copy of the 100th mailing, they prove again they are a bunch of ingrates and dun-derheads", my reaction was not that he was making a "magnanimous suggestion" but rather that he was being pretty snotty towards FAPA right out of thin air. My feelings in the White-Moskowitz lawsuit had nothing to do with it. Given a more sober reflection of his statement, I might have been less crass in my comments, but the gist of them would have been the same.

BOBOLINGS #8: Bob Pavlat

Ah, more support for my stand above on short skirts, and a clarification as well. I should have said above that in all cases I am referring to women who look good wearing them. (And that is a pretty subjective statement, but we'll let it stand.) One of the unfortunate things about Southern California's casual approach to fashions is that women who've no business wearing these items of clothing take to them like a cat takes to water. There is nothing quite as sickening to the aesthete as a woman wearing shorts whose dimensions rival those of Bill Donaho. Of course, being largely in the University atmosphere, I see less of this than Pavlat probably does. So, good for my sense of wonder.

Unlike you, I can't bear to have a phone ringing in my proximity, and no matter what the consequence I'll pick it up in order to keep things quiet. If it's someone I don't want to talk to, but who wants to talk to me, I'll invent an urgent appointment I'm about to leave for, and if it's for someone else I'll pass the buck or ask if there's a message if the other person isn't around. But I'm thankful for phones as a means of rapid contact between friends in town whom I'd not much dig writing a letter to get in touch with, all the time, or
16 visiting more often than I do.

WRAITH #19: Wrai Ballard

I quite agree with you; no decent woman should shake hands or be shaken hands with. Gary Deindorfer in another apa suggested an interesting alternate for the handshake. He thinks people ought to greet each other with a goose. "Ours is a pretty goosey society, anyway," Gary says, and I can't help but go along with him.

I enjoyed your convention report tremendously.

NULL-F #31: Ted White

It took me a long time to associate "Tch" with the tongue-clicking that it's supposed to represent, but unlike you I pronounced it "Titch." This is "Tetch" with an Ohio accent, for I started reading comic books when I was still living in Cleveland, which was until 1951. That last bit of information may prove significant later when and if there is an active campaign for Cleveland as a world convention site. I remember central Cleveland as a dirty, gray place and Lake Erie as a poor substitute for anything watery, and I wouldn't wish it off on fans on any account.

Though Los Angeles' freeways are elevated in part towards the downtown areas, where the numerous spokes of the freeway system come together in that four-level interchange you are apt to see in Chamber of Commerce posters and color postcards, most of it is not elevated, is built on land made clear by removal of houses, often cutting through established neighborhoods, causing all sorts of inconvenience for the people who have to relocate. However, with a city as large as Los Angeles in area, an elevated freeway system would be even more prohibitive in cost than the present system. And Los Angeles does need freeways; even its present system is often far from adequate.

The San Francisco area's freeway system is rather different. The two backbones of it are the Bayshore Freeway, running from San Jose to San Francisco, and the East Bay Freeway (in parts called the Nimitz Freeway, after a Navy admiral under whom my father served in the 30's), running from San Jose up through Berkeley and Richmond and on to Sacramento eventually. Both of these freeways are essentially surface routes, though through San Francisco and Oakland both are in part elevated, and are termed "skyways" by some local residents. These two routes are the main freeways, and are connected by various bridges, such as the Dumbarton Bridge and the Bay Bridge. There are offshoots from these through Oakland and through San Francisco, but these are short, limited, and of little use to most travellers so far as I can see. Of course, both Oakland and San Francisco are, by comparison to L.A., small in area, and haven't the crying need for freeways that Los Angeles has. Hell, you can walk across San Francisco in much the same time it takes you to drive across Los Angeles' expanses.

I generally have no truck with people who poke along at 15 mph in a 35 mph zone in the left lane. If I can't pass them without too much trouble, I will lean on the horn. If that doesn't move them, I will see if their window is open and if so shout at them to Get The Hell Moving. I also encounter something in Westwood Village that is quite unique in the line of slow drivers. Westwood Village is this expensive shopping area just south of the UCLA campus, and so when one (namely, me) goes through there, one is apt to end up behind a Little Old Lady With Fur Piece Draped Artistically Around Neck who is driving a Huge Cadillac or maybe a Continental at about | 7

10-15 mph in the right lane. However, not quite all in the right lane. People like this, with their Huge Cars, always assume that they are about to sideswipe the parked cars they're going by, so they compensate by going halfway into the other lane, so I am unable to get by. This maneuver also takes great amounts of honking, and as a coupe de grace, as it were, one is allowed to roll down one's right front window while finally passing and shout something like, "Why don't you park that thing in two parking places somewhere and walk when you window-shop?"

I haven't spent over \$4.00 for slacks since I've been buying my own clothes. Sears' sells perfectly serviceable slacks for \$3.98, and often I can get slacks on sale for as little as \$1.95, though one must always watch these "bargains" for occasionally the product offered is some shoddy Hong Kong pair of pants. Of course at any of these prices I am hardly getting "fine fabrics," but that is not my concern at all; all I want are comfortable slacks that will last a reasonable length of time before they start looking too tacky to wear for anything but work or just-around-the-house. Shirts I seldom pay more than \$3.00 for, and it is much easier to find special prices on shirts so I own more of them than I do pants. With shirts, though, I have some problems in getting a decent fit. It is easy to find slacks for my size of waist and length of legs, but it is more difficult to find a shirt that will be long enough all around. I generally end up with something having a neck larger than I really need, but since I don't wear ties this is little problem. I always buy long-sleeved shirts, since my arms are slim enough to look crappy in short sleeves, and usually roll up the sleeves a couple-three turns to let air circulate. Do any other FAPAns have special problems in buying clothing? I'd sort of be interested to hear of them.

"Dorfish Thots" are maybe a bit strong in places, but all in all a thorough-going gas.

PHANTASY PRESS #39: Dan McPhail

Are you for real? I sort of expect to read things like "People who cough never go to the doctor. They go to the movies," and "One of the greatest puzzles in life is how a fool and his money ever got together in the first place" in National Amateur Press Association material, but coming in the middle of a FAPA mailing containing 18 publications totalling 198 pages, of which most of the publications were of disrepectable size, plus all them there postmailings, is quite a shock. Do you always write like this?

SHADOW FAPA: Shadow People

I enjoyed all of this, slim though it was, and despite the obvious brown-nosing to the FAPate in Meskys' zine. Ed, it is far better indeed to earn FAPA members' magazines by putting out worthwhile material of your own to draw FAPAZines in trade rather than kissing up to FAPA members in your mailing comments.

Despite the pronouncement Eney made in the 101th FA, some of the more gungho Shadow people seem to think they have some sort of Right to have their magazines circulated in the regular mailings. I was talking to Fred Patten about this in December and the gist of his argument, as I remember it, was that since he was going to the trouble of producing stuff for FAPA people to read, it ought to go into the regular bundle, and perhaps he would send 35-40 extras to the Shadow FAPA editor to send out in those Shadow mailings going to the

waitlisters. I told Fred that I didn't think this was very good because FAPA was under no obligation to pay for the distribution of material entered into the mailings by non-members, and even if they paid something to the Sec-Treas for distribution, it was putting the Official Editor to additional and unnecessary work. However, Fred didn't seem to believe me, and I have a feeling from his remarks that we are possibly going to see his productions appearing in the mailing as though produced by people like Jack Harness and Bruce Pelz. All I can say is that FAPA members who cowtow to waitlisters to this extent, causing FAPA additional expense that it may not always be able to afford, are doing a disservice to both FAPA and Shadow FAPA alike. FAPA is for the work of FAPA members, and Shadow FAPA is for the productions of the waitlisters that they wish FAPA members to see as well as their own constituents. By attempting a division of circulation, as Fred Patten already has done once, they are helping to kill off Shadow FAPA; if they really want FAPA members to read their material and to keep Shadow FAPA alive as they claim to, they should go to the slight additional expense of distributing the entirety of their edition through the Shadow mailings. Maybe this is a lot of hot air over nothing, but this is my thought on the matter. And before one accuses me of being suddenly stuffy because of my new membership in this here apa, let me say that I would have said the same thing a year ago if the question had arose.

MELANGE #6: Bjo & John Trimble

That's a beautiful cover...simple, but highly effective, and on such fine-quality paper, too.

Egoboo to Elmer for his article on Yellow Cab, The Only etc., even though it's more of an unusual article than even Elmer writes. As for that dialogue between Elmer and me you entered as a post-script, I don't remember saying that, but maybe I was out of it at the time. Nonetheless, that's a pretty good summation of my ideas about guests of honor.

True, John, Volkswagens do have running boards, but they're not so's you'd really notice. And they're certainly not wide enough for anyone to want to stand on while the car was in motion, fercrissakes! Incidentally, from the pictures I've seen, these new 1500 model VWs don't have the running boards--so much for retrogress!

To judge from the way some fans react to the present-day quarterly review of fannish happenings, aka FANAC, you'd think it's the greatest thing to hit fandom since Science-Fiction Digest, but by the time I latch onto any given "current" issue, the dateline is several months out of date, and I already know all the news in it that I care to know. This is why, the instant I heard that Ron Ellik was going to edit a new news&chatter zine under the unlikely title of Starspinkle, I flipped its publisher, Bruce Pelz, a half-buck for a charter sub. Now there is a great little sheet--regular, informative, and light reading.

So much for mailing comments. I obviously didn't comment on everything, for not everything aroused comments, though most of it was enjoyed. FAPA mailing comments, I find, aren't a whole lot different than SAPS or OMPA mailing comments; they're just from and to different people. Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose, &c.

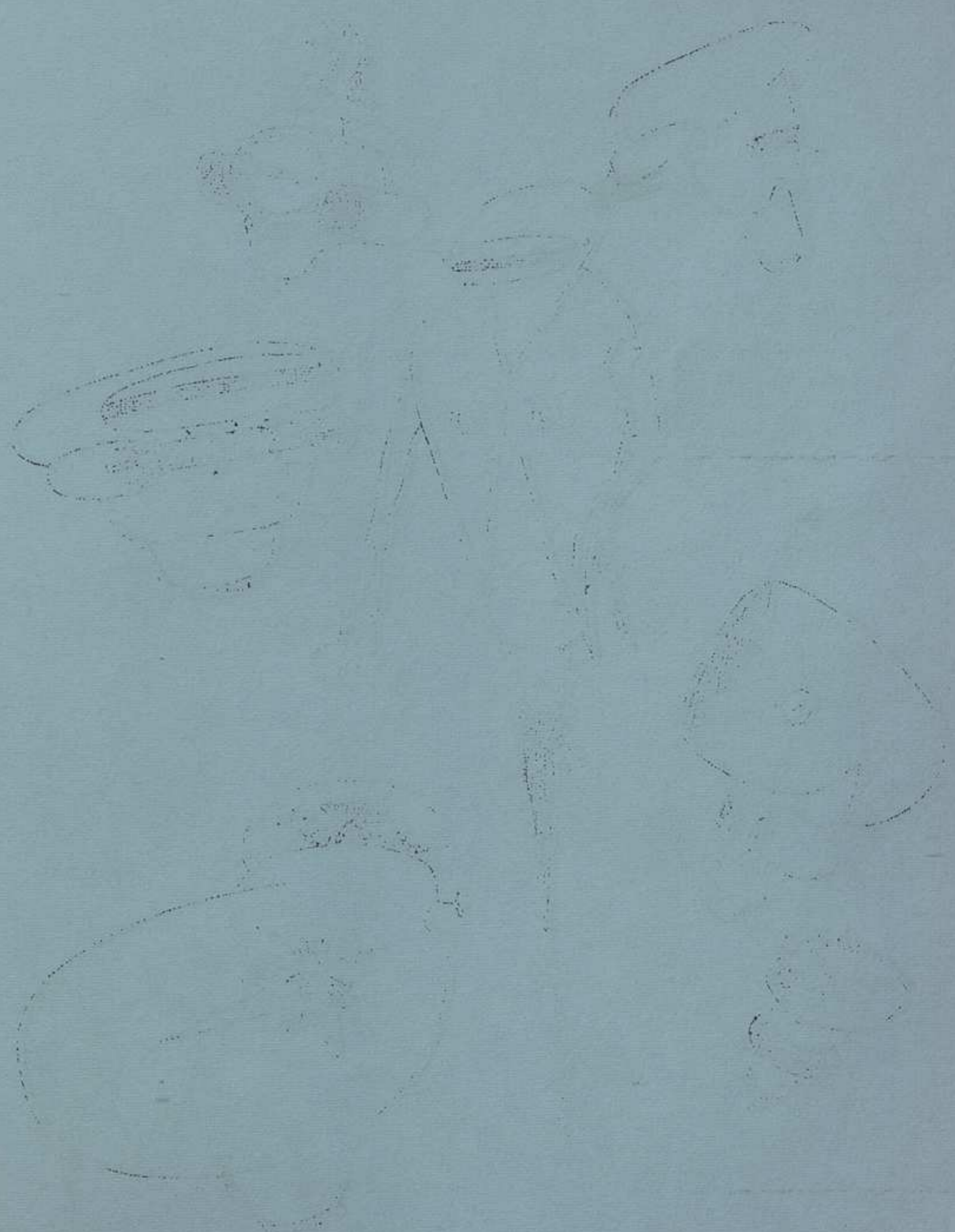
Sonnet to Octavia

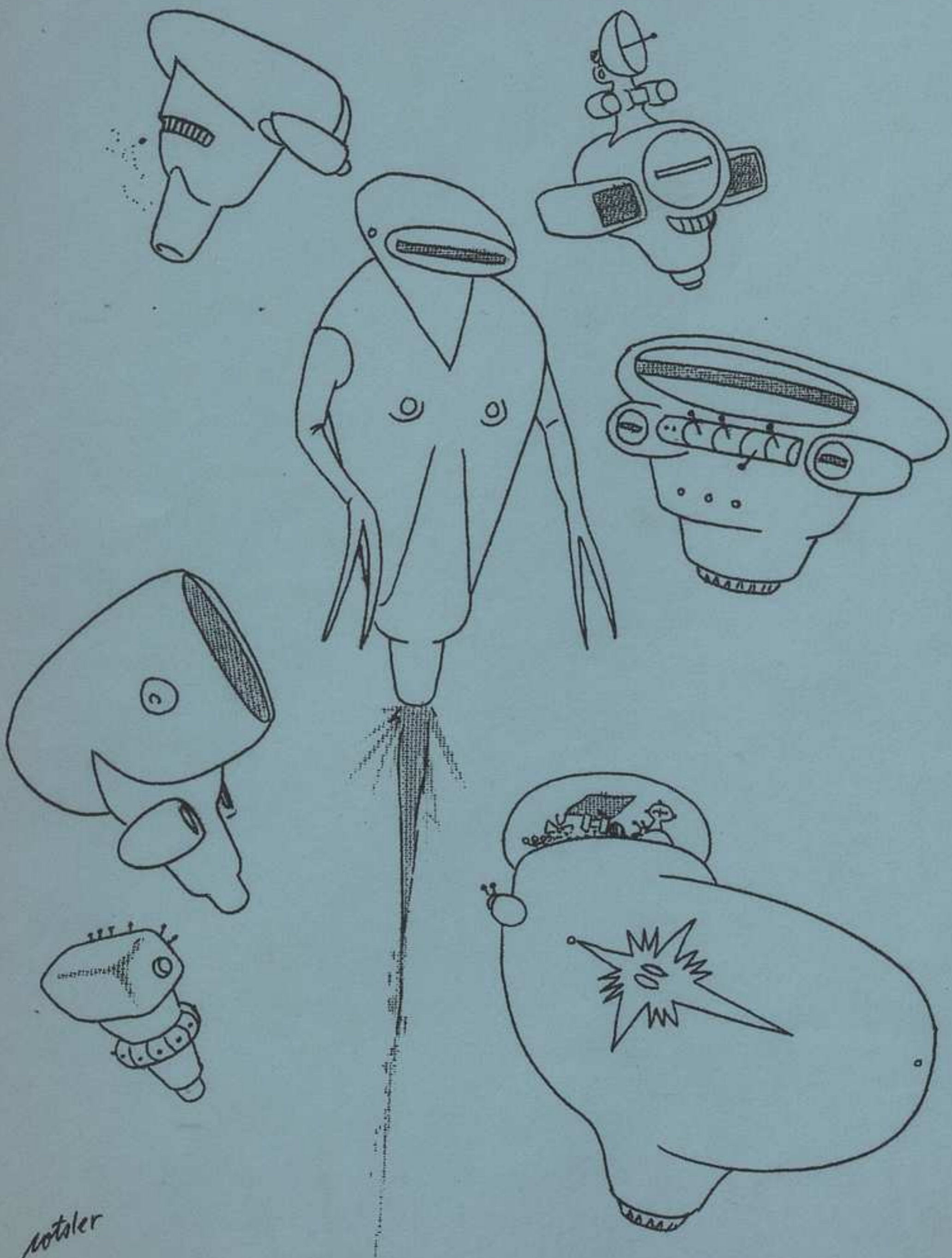
You laugh like running water, like a rill
That makes its way meandering through a maze
Of mossy stones. The stir of strident days
Can never move it. There the air is still
And moist with liquid leisure. On the hill
The raddled ranks of tiger lilies blaze
But there a thrush sings emerald airs and stays
To savor once again his final trill.

You laugh like running water. Laugh, my dear,
And let me taste the cool, sweet melody
Running among the parched brown roots of me.
My heart shall have its daffodils this year,
And if you find them beautiful and rare,
Pluck freely, darling, for you put them there.

-- Burton Crane

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