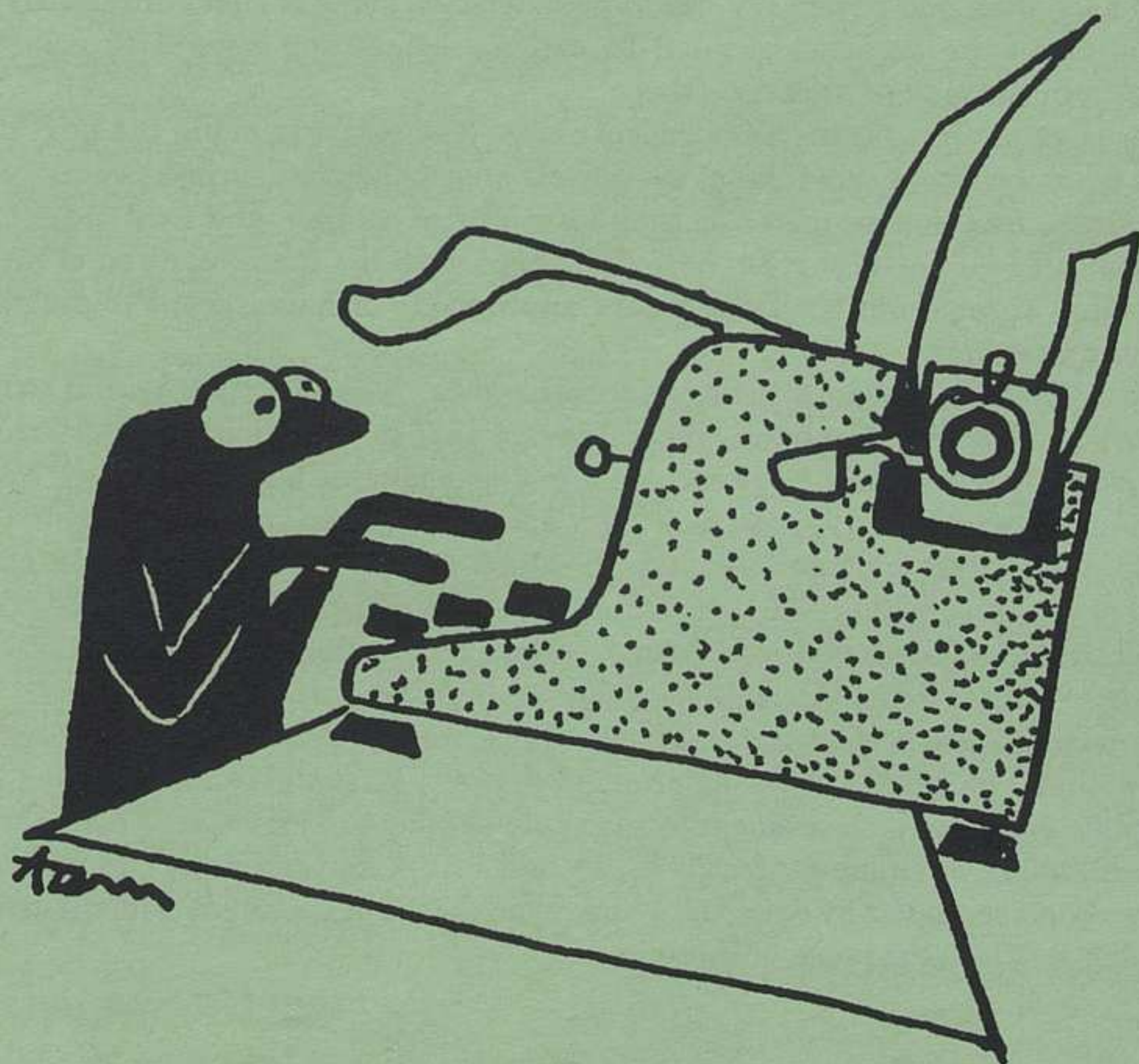


# PSI-PHI

No. 10

Summer 1997





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## DOORWAY

It's been a long time since the last *Psi-Phi*—almost thirty-four years. That November 1963 issue was the first time I used the above editorial title in one of my fanzines. I liked it so much I also used it in my other '60s fanzine, *Frap*—and more recently beginning with *Trap Door* No. 2 in 1984. Greg Benford complained to me about this because he also used it as the title of a FAPazine he began publishing a year or so after *Frap* folded. But as I told Greg, I used it first and, that aside, the title is the exclusive property of neither of us—we *both* borrowed it from Charles Burbee's "Big Name Fan." In that classic piece of fannish fiction, it's Small Town Fan's FAPazine title.

This revival issue is prompted by the nearly simultaneous occurrence of SAPS's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary and FAPA's 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary mailings. I've felt for some time that much of my most interesting early writing was locked away in the fading pages of my mostly dittoed apazines. While I must admit to a certain self-consciousness in reprinting my older writing—in that I don't necessarily hold the same opinions about various subjects as I did back then and I certainly would have written some of them differently if I were doing it now—the occasion seemed to call for something special to celebrate and contribute to these twin anniversaries.

The selections appear in chronological order. The oldest item (on the next page) was written when I was only seventeen, the newest shortly before I turned twenty-five. Some are excerpted from longer pieces or from an editorial column, and I will admit that as I retyped it all I tinkered slightly here and there with the more tortured of my teenage prose. Also, throughout the issue where appropriate or necessary, I've provided some time-binding context.

Two articles that might also have appeared here, "The Ivory Tower and Others" and "Tale of Two Cities," were already reprinted last year in *Wild Heirs* No. 8.5—the fanzine published by Las Vegrants, the hardcore Las Vegas fanzine fans. "Berkeley: Focal Point of a Mood," reprinted here, preceded them and was written in the same spirit.

This is the first fanzine I've done in which all the artwork has been scanned in instead of being pasted up. The scanning and the final printing of the master copy was done on my own time at work, where more computer goodies are available than I possess at home. Most science-fictionally to me, the pages—which were typeset consecutively—position themselves automatically by selecting "Print as booklet." Awesome!

Now that I've revived *Psi-Phi* after 34 years, I might give it continued life. I've thought of producing an occasional reprint zine similar to Terry Carr's *Entropy*. Future issues will *not* be circulated through FAPA and SAPS, and the print run will be limited to the responsive and/or by editorial whim. Your letter of comment will ensure you'll be on the list for the next issue, if there is one.

—Robert Lichtman, June 1997

*The piece that follows on the next page was my attempt at the wacky SAPS fiction that was a prominent feature of the mailings back then. Wrai Ballard's apostrophes are 8's because that's how his typer rendered them.*



## Ultimate Motive

"Stop it!" cried Art Rapp, blushing furiously.

All SAPS was gathered around Art Rapp, who sat in a quivering blob on a stool in the corner of the conroom, a bright light shining on his face. SAPS was aroused; it demanded to know why Art had put all those "Ultimate Weapon" stories in the 50th mailing.

Toskey continued his questioning, relentlessly: "Why'd you do it, Art? You know full well SAPS mailings have enough vile non-MC material in them without your adding even more. Why—?"

Art Rapp sat in the corner, his lips quivering. A tear ran down his cheek and rolled across his khaki uniform over one of his medals. The tear had a corrosive action on the metal of the medal and it rusted away to nothing in a flash. This compounded Art's misery and dismay and he shed even more tears.

Earl Kemp took up the questioning: "Art, you know I'm in favor of more non-MC material in SAPS (else why would I have gone so far as to include NanShare and Elinor in my 'Frigid Faction'?) but you, suh, have outstepped the bounds of SAPSish decency. Why'd you do this, Art? Why—?"

Art Rapp blushed furiously and began to give off a hot glow. All SAPS stood back until he cooled down again and then took up the tortuous questioning once more.

"The important thing," Bob Lichtman said plonkingly, "is to find out why you did it. But while I'm at it, and while you're at such an obvious disadvantage, I'll pose another question: Why did you leave any mention of me out of the stories? Why—?"

"I—I—" began Art Rapp. "I—I—"—but he broke up into little pieces of shaking Army sergeant. He shook so violently and so nervously that the stool on which he was seated broke apart from his vibrations and he landed on his back on the floor of the conroom.

Six angry SAPS publishers gathered around him and said in perfect unison, "Why did you send us those stories?" Art Rapp looked up from the floor at the righteously angry faces of Eva Firestone, Bruce Pelz, NanShare, F.M. Busby, Jane Jacobs and Wally Weber, decided that it was just too much to look at their stern visages, and collapsed on the floor again just in time to escape a FIE from the last named. He pounded his fists on the floor in despair.

Wrai Ballard, Chief of the SAPS Secret Police, walked up to Art Rapp's wretched body and said to his face, "Art, this has gone far enough. We've had about enough of your crybabying. (And all this time I thought Army sergeants were mean and brutal!) If you don't tell us this instant why you wrote all those stories and send them to innocent SAPS publishers, I'm going to turn you over to ~~Ed~~ Squink Blogg for punishment."

Art Rapp faunched backward in fear and came up with his face a pasty white, his eyes bulging and hollow. "No, not that!" he screamed in utter horror. "No, you wouldn't turn me over to Squink Blogg! Say it isn't so!" He stared with open mouth at Wrai, waiting desperately for an answer.

Bjo stepped forward, an inscrutable smile on her face, her freckles aglow with SAPSish anger. "We're not kidding, Art," she said, mildly but firmly.

Wrai started to signal to Bob Leman, who was standing by the door, his hand on the knob, waiting for the signal. "Bring Squink—" Wrai started.

"No, \*N\*O\*!!!!" said Art Rapp. "I'll tell, I'll tell already!"

All SAPS was silent as Art Rapp opened his mouth to speak. "Well," he said. "Well—"

All SAPS waited breathlessly for his next word.

"Well," said Art Rapp, "it—it—it seemed the—the fannish thing to do...."



## **I Was An Angry Young Man For Unicorn Productions, or Through Darkest Calico With Camera and Confusion**

When Lee Jacobs wrote the third installment of "The Ballard Chronicles" which appeared in the last mailing, I reckon he never thought that someone would actually make a movie of it. Well, that's just what's happened. Unicorn Productions, that mad group of film-happy LASFSers, has made a movie out of it. I played Rebel Lee; that's you, young Robert. Aside from having two lines, I stomp out of a bar ("I never drinks in the same place as sercon pro-lovers!"), get shot in the hand in a gun battle, and get run out of town ("I'll leave the territory. I'll go over to England and wear turtle-neck sweaters.").

The first I heard of it was in a phone call from Ted Johnstone the Wednesday evening before the shooting of the scenes in which I appear. "Didn't Bjo call and tell you yet?" he asked; then when I said no he proceeded to tell me all about it. I said that I'd likely be there and, after getting the word to call Fan Hill for more details, hung up. The same evening at around 11:30 I called Pelz and checked into the matter more. It was to be that Saturday (June 11, 1960) at a place called Calico, a ghost town of sorts east of Barstow.

The night before I checked with Bjo. By that time I'd told Arv Underman, Bhoys SAPS waitlister, and Jerry Knight, new LA56Fan, about it and both of them seemed rather enthusiastic to come. I said that if there was room they probably wouldn't mind. And sure enough, Bjo said there was room and that Bill Ellern would be coming by to pick us up at 6:30 the next morning. I called Underman to tell him this and he reported that unfortunately he had to work. It had evidently come up all of a sudden. Too bad, but at least Knight was able to make it.

The next morning I got up at a quarter to six and went out to call Jerry Knight to tell him the news that he was to be ready by 6:30. I would have called him the night before just after calling Underman but he said he'd not be home, so... His father answered the phone, probably unfortunately for Jerry, and in a sleepy voice said a weak hello. I asked for Jerry and he said something that sounded like "just a minute" and set down the phone with a clunk. I could hear him walking off and all sorts of odd background voices and noises until Jerry came on and we held a bleary, mumbled conversation, after which I hung up to give him time to get ready. As I was beginning to eat my breakfast around ten after six, the doorbell sounded. Answered the door and there was Billern—early! So invited him in to meet my father (who was up preparatory to leaving for work) and finished up breakfast. We left for Jerry's about a quarter after. As we drove off, Bill flipped me a salt tablet. He explained that it'd be necessary on the desert and I expect they did quite a bit of good. I ate them periodically throughout the day.

Arrived at Jerry's a few minutes later to find him not quite ready. It took a few minutes and some running dialogue to get him ready and as we flipped him a salt tablet off we rode to Fan Hill.

There we gathered our resources and prepared to go. While we were still there, however, I obtained copies of various fanzines from Bruce Pelz, including the two Burbday oneshots, *Homage A Burbee* and *Ole Chevala!*, from two different Burbday parties, and a duplicate copy Bruce had of *Willis Discovers America*. The signal was raised to leave, so we began to split up into cars. One party, consisting of Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, Bruce Pelz, Don Simpson and Ingrid Fritsch, went in Al Lewis' car. Billern and the good



ship Trimble went off in Bill's car to fetch Burbee. That left Bjo, Jerry Knight, Ron Ellik, Ernie Wheatley and myself to ride in the Falcon owned by one Duane Avery (who I was hearing of for the first time this day and still don't know anything about except that he's a good cameraman). And off we went on the first leg of our trip.

Making it through the downtown interchange without much trouble, we headed out on the first leg of our trip. There was a lot of interesting conversation during this period, especially some choice anecdotes about the Fan Hill cats by Bjo. I recall one in particular she told about Spindrift and a little neighborhood girl. It seems that the little girl liked cats, but every time she would get to petting one she would let out a howl of excitement and the cat would become frightened and run away. In the case of Spin, the poor thing would run up the front of Bjo and cling to her arm. Well, one time the girl wanted to pet Spin, but Bjo who was wary of this (I mean, after all, who liked to have cats running all over you?) said that she couldn't unless she would refrain from frightening the cat. And this the little girl tried valiantly to do. She tried with all her little might to resist; she grew so tense with excitement that she approached the cat with her hands all stiff and wriggling tightly, all the time holding back her howl of delight. She got to the cat and reached down and started petting it up and down with her hand like a robot ("pet pet pet pet"). All this time she's trying to resist howling out in excitement—then she couldn't hold it any longer. She let out a high-pitched howl of delight and naturally Spin got the hell out of there, up the front of Bjo, and clung to Bjo. (As she said, she would have had to shake it off her arm hard.) Ron recalled his experience in getting up that morning. One of the cats woke him up by snuffling at his armpit—"snuff snuff."

Eventually we arrived in San Bernardino, where we all converged (except for the Ellern coterie, who were elsewhere picking up the Burb) upon a poor restaurant. After completely unnerving the waitress—who tried to be nonchalant so hard and who even wanted to come along with us when we let it out of the bag that we were going to make a movie—we left for the final lap of our trip, some 80-90 miles to Calico. The cars were arranged somewhat differently this time—the car I was in held Al Lewis (driving), Bjo, Jack Harness, Ingrid Fritsch, Don Simpson and myself. Off we went again.

The trip was filled with more of the usual fabulous fannish chatter, but I shall skip that. We arrived in Calico eventually, finding ourselves the last group to do so. Even the Billern group had shown up and Burbee, sporting a hangover, was there. It was at least as hot as hell in Calico but wearing hats and smearing ourselves with suntan lotion we didn't feel it too much.

I guess I should tell you something about Calico. Originally it was an honest-to-ghod ghost town—that was before the Knotts' (of the berry farm) scouts discovered it. They must have looked it over, decided it'd be a good tourist attraction, and bought it on the spot. After this, they apparently decided it didn't look "authentic" enough, so they tore most of it down and built their own version of a ghost town. It looked real in parts (mostly the parts they left alone) but the overall effect was one of "synthetic" atmosphere, to me at least. It seemed to draw tourists, too, including several extremely lovely redheads, one in the morning when we arrove and another in the afternoon when we (dammit) left.

Now it was time to get down to work. The first scenes to be shot that day were to be staged in the saloon and we had to get permission to use it. Evidently we did, somehow, for before long the whole place was cluttered with filming equipment—lights, camera, boom, and all sorts of cords. By this time Ron Ellik had found that they sold "sasparilly" which was quite akin to rhoot bheer. This he quaffed in great quantities whenever he had the chance. (Earlier, while in San Bernardino, we had passed a closed rootbeer stand while looking for someplace to eat. Ron had looked positively mournful.) In exchange for the use



of the saloon, we drank quantities of their drinks – boysenberry punch and sasparilly – between each shot.

Naturally we attracted a lot of people with our shooting, so that we were constantly having to tell them to be quiet. Actually, though, with but two exceptions that I know of, they were quite cooperative. One of these exceptions took place at one end of the showdown (of which more later); we were trying to clear out the street behind us so it wouldn't show up with tourists on camera. Jerry Knight herded some people off towards another part of town, saying "Thank you" all over the place. Said one lady, "You're *not* welcome!" in most audible tones. The other incident took place down towards the camera. One lady insisted on chattering loudly and on purpose. Bjo asked her to please shut up (in so many words), but she persisted. So Bjo turned to the person who was taking care of props and asked loud enough to be heard, while holding the gun loaded with blanks, "Do you have any real bullets for this thing?" The lady didn't say anything after that.

The shooting in the saloon came off quite nicely, thought of course it took longer than we had expected. High points of the day were for me the line I had ("I never drink in the same bar as sercon pro-lovers!" after which I stomp out angrily) and the lovely line Burbee did so well: "I don't like sercons." (Harness and I were absolutely cracking up over that.)

Then we moved out into the street in front of the saloon for the show-down. This is where Cyclone Coswal (Trimble) and the Musquite Kid (Squirrel) face Killer Kemp (Ernie Wheatley), Pecos Pelz (who else?) and Rebel Lee (me). The action of the scene is about as follows: Coswal and the Kid start walking towards Kemp, Pelz and Lee. As they get partway up the street, out jumps Tombstone Johnstone who is shot by Big Daddy Busby who is behind a building. Johnstone is there on the ground while the gun battle takes place. Finally the two groups stop. They draw. Kemp and Pelz are shot while Lee is merely wounded in the hand.

It came off quite nicely; everything went as scheduled, and I'd swear that Bruce bounced as he hit ground. Right after the scene was over, Al Lewis ran up shouting "Stay where you are!" and we went into the next scene, in which Ellik and Burbee shake hands over Wheatley's dead body and Trimble – brave fellow – motions to me to move out of the way, or else. It took about fifteen minutes to finish up this scene and just as we did, the sun went down over the hill off to the west. And Ted Johnstone, who was still patiently lying there on the ground down the street, though he'd been shot over with telephoto lenses for some fifteen minutes, objected, "Hey, can't I get up now!?" "Oh!" said ALewis, "I forgot all about *you*!" And Patient Ted Johnstone got up, while Burb was wearing a broad smile – he had noticed all along that Ted was being ignored and was getting quite a kick out of it.

There was still one more scene to shoot before quitting – my scene where I cower and say "I'll leave the territory. I'll go to England and wear turtle-neck sweaters." But the sun was racing against us now and so we had to run down the street about fifty yards and hurry the shot through. And just as Al Lewis said "Cut" the sun came down the street and over us and the day was at an end.

It was a time for packing and leaving. All the equipment was packed away without too much fuss. We started moving things from one car to another – Al's car was stripped of everything needed the next day, while things that wouldn't be needed were put in. There were four of us going back to town – Al Lewis, who was driving, Burbee, Jerry Knight and me. The rest of the crew was going to camp overnight in a place called Mule Canyon not far away.

Just before we left, Bjo and Ted called us over to the side of the parking lot – there was a canyon below – and told us all to be very quiet and listen to the wind talking. It seemed the fannish thing to do, so we all gathered around the railing and remained very silent



until we heard voices—voices from the nearby military base's PA system. Bjo and Ted were plying us. Burbee started to tell me about how I should write this up but I'm afraid I haven't followed his instructions. Just as well, as I don't even remember them. Finally, the final parting words came and went and we drove out, waving far oof exotic Calico a fond farewell.

The trip back was, for the most part, uneventful, at least compared to the events that had come before. The first leg of it was into Barstow, where Al got some gas for his Peugeot. Soon after we hit the road again Burbee dozed off and Jerry and I weren't into talking. I sat there regarding the scenery as it went by and looking at the stars. Eventually Jerry broke the silence with some comment or other. When we got in closer to the city Burbee woke up (if indeed he was asleep) and the talk shifted to the front seat where Al and Burb were talking about the film production work and all. Jerry took an interest in this, but I didn't too much since I don't know much about photography. Somehow the conversation shifted to piano rolls and Jerry and I brought up a little player piano shop in our area. Burbee paid immediate attention and started inquiring about piano rolls, of course. We told him that this particular place didn't have many rolls (which was true) but that there were other places around the area that did, or so we remembered. I think his enthusiasm paled somewhat, though, when we said it was in Inglewood. Inglewood is a long way from Whittier.

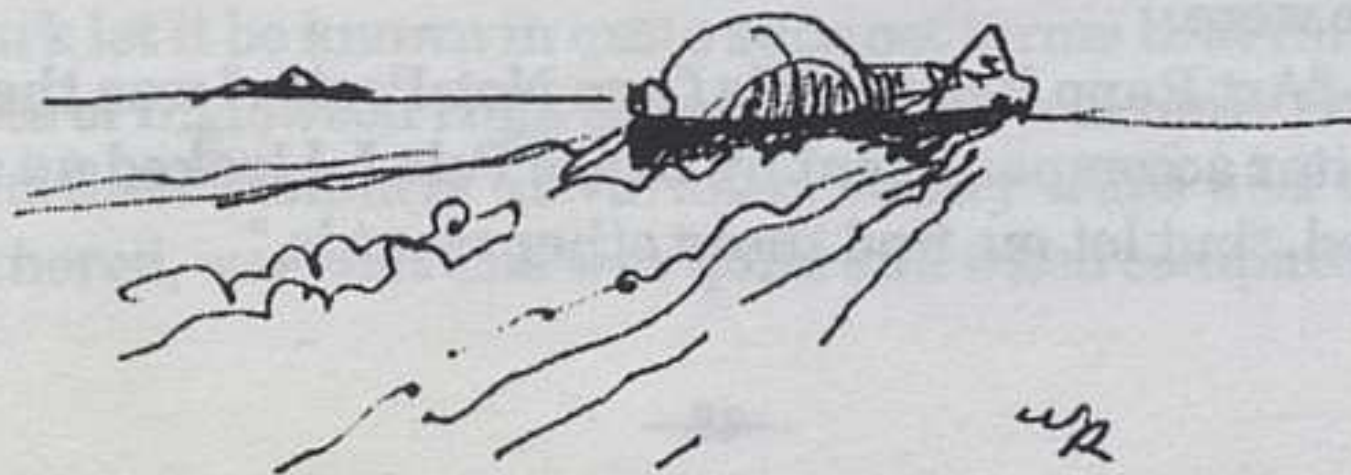
Besides, what does Burbee need more piano rolls for? As we learned later when we stopped over at his house, he has a whole slew of them. I didn't count them, but I'd estimate some 200 or so—maybe more if he has them hiding elsewhere.

After this conversation sort of burned out, we turned off the freeway towards Whittier. As it seemed to me that we were getting more and more lost, Burbee told us all a Laney anecdote that, of course, I'd not heard before. After I was convinced we were lost, we pulled up in front of a house with 7628 on it and Burbee invited us in for a glass of (believe it or not) ice water. This was only to take a minute, but we spent nearly an hour there in pleasant conversation with Burbee and his charming wife, Isabel. Finally, we forced ourselves to leave and drove off again.

We found ourselves back on the freeway without too much trouble. The remainder of the trip saw only one incident worth mentioning. When we were almost downtown I started playing music in my head to drown out the boredom that was trying to enter. I don't know if it was the time of night or what, but the music was really vivid. At one time Jerry looked back (he was in the front seat now) and I said, "I'm listening to music." Naturally this drew a puzzled look, but I let it go at that. Later, though, I explained what I really was doing so they wouldn't think I was hearing things.

Los Angeles at night is a wondrous place. Perhaps it's just that there's less to take in all at once, or maybe the senses keen as darkness arrives, but there is a strange air about it. The city seems to awaken, to become alive. It's unfortunate that, after such a long and eventful day, I don't.

[from *Here There Be SAPS* No. 5, July 1960, SAPS 52]





# Where Are You, Sigmund?

Anyone for dreams? Let me tell you about *my* dream, which I had the night of 17-18 May 1960. I don't have any idea what in particular touched it off but seldom have I had such a vivid dream—and it was all very fannish, too. Some of the things that happened I believe I know the source of, so I'll throw in bracketed explanations as I come to them.

Scene: me coming home from school. Time: 18 July 1960. (And here is the first illogical thing—I won't be going to school then; I'll be on vacation or working or something, but not at school). Enter me from stage left carrying various schoolbooks and walking into the house. To my room where—lo and behold!—the 52nd SAPS mailing is waiting in all its pristine glory. (Another bit of ill reason: 18 July is too soon for the mailing to have arrived.)

“Well,” I said to myself, “it must have gone airmail to get here so soon.” (Even in my dreams, I'm rationalizing, see.) I put down my books and was about to open it for a check of its completeness when I felt most uncomfortable. The room was stuffy and too dark. So I head, with SAPS mailing in envelope under arm, out the door to go somewhere else to look over my mailing.

Then things sort of melted as I was walking up Croft Avenue and I found myself on Figueroa Terrace—on Fan Hill. And there was 980, so I walked in and found myself, much to my amazement, in the middle of a party. Everyone was there—most of SAPS, various fans (including many of my regular correspondents), and even a few of the girls in our crowd at school (the only one of which I remember was Sandy Hayes who was looking *sexy* in stunning outfit, wearing a propeller beanie, and snogging with Forry Ackerman—grrr!). Burbee was there; he had brought his taper and so the air was full of ragtime.

Bruce Pelz walked over to me, saw the mailing under my arm, and asked what it was. “The new SAPS mailing,” I said. “Just came in today from OEney.” “Oh really?” said Bruce. “Let me see—I haven't gotten mine yet; neither has Bjo.”

So saying, off we went to the back room where I undid the envelope and carefully lifted the mailing out of its protective newspaper wrapping—the financial section from an Alexandria paper, it was. Surveying the mailing as it sat on the bed, I noticed that it wasn't the usual neat orderly stack of magazines. There were all sorts of oddities.

Like, just for the first, the *Spectator*, which looked like no other *Spectator* ever published. It was twenty half-sized pages, had a small box with a little crank on the front page, had printed and dittoed interiors, and was resplendent with George Barr illustrations in multicolors. I looked for the mailing listing. I couldn't find it anywhere. So I looked several more times, to make sure I hadn't turned two pages at the same time; still it wasn't to be found. So what the hell, I thought—maybe he forgot it in the rush and excitement of his first mailing and I can blast him for it in mailing comments.

My attention turned to that box thing with the crank. I wondered what the hell it was for. Only one way to find out, I guessed, so ambitiously I turned the crank. Out popped a thin sheet of paper with purple writing on it. It was a continuous sheet, but the box had teeth for tearing it off with (like on Saran Wrap boxes) and when after a short while the crank refused to turn anymore, I tore off what had come out. Taking a look at it, I discovered it was the mailing listing! 759 pages plus three records, it said. Records?

I started rummaging through the bundle.

Yes, records there were.

Here was an LP—“Art Rapp Recites His Own Not-Poetry” was the title and it said in smaller type “with guitar accompaniment by Bruce Pelz.” I looked up at Bruce Pelz. “It's a surprise,” he blinked, “but let me find those other records.”



One was a single—Karen Anderson singing “Won't You Be My Burbee?” (source for this is probably Bloch's “A Way of Life” which I read not long before—and the source for these records is probably a letter from Fredric Brown in the then-current *Analog*; he was mentioning that some of his short-shorts were on record to a music background). The other was a 7-inch LP from Les Gerber and Walter Breen. It was just chitterchatter, or so said the label.

After we had finished marveling over the records, we went fingering through the mailing again and before we had gotten very far we found copies of *Analog*, *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. “Now what in hell are those doing there?” cried Pelz. I picked up the *F&SF*; it was like, yet unlike, the current issue out now in May. I turned to the contents page: stories by the usual *F&SF* writers, even a Feqhoot opus. Then I looked at the publisher's information—that was the clue!

“Special issue of *F&SF* written and published by Terry Carr” was the message in part. I grabbed the other prozines and in short order found they all said the same thing in essence. “Oh, for pity's sake,” I said, “wasn't he happy with just writing Jim Caughran's FAPazines?” Pelz chuckled, then started off on something about what a great thing these zines were. I'll have to agree with the dream-Pelz; they were fabulous imitations. They looked so like the real thing—published on the same sort of paper, same format, same size, same typeface, and like that.

We went through the rest of the mailing then, noting nothing more unusual in the zines from a cursory look other than that *Nematode* had a George Barr cover. Then we gathered up the mailing in order as we checked things off on the mailing listing, and when we had assured ourselves that nothing was missing we put it back in the envelope.

That through, out we headed again for the front room where Burbee appeared to be holding everyone speechless with one of those anecdotes of his.

I noticed that Forry was leaving and Sandy was alone. She smiled at me. I trundled off to where she was to (pardon the pun and the split infinitive) fill the gap left by Forry's departure and—

Someone started shaking me—wake up, wake up...

Dreams end at the most inopportune time.

[from *Here There Be SAPS* No. 5, July 1960, SAPS 51]

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## High School Memories

The high school equivalent of the old town meeting is the class cabinet, which in the case of the senior class of 1960 met every Tuesday in the room of the American Government teacher during the noon lunch hour. Mr. Waller, the lecherous American Government teacher, and Mrs. Hyde, an arts and crafts teacher, were the joint faculty advisors.

Into the hands of the senior class cabinet fell the decisions for all the activities to be engaged in by the senior class. So it was with the decision as to where to go on Senior Holiday. A little filling in on past Senior Holidays may be in order at this point. The class of 1957 made a journey to Disneyland and about wrecked the place; the administrators of the amusement park let it be known in quite succinct terms that further visits to the park by the senior classes of Inglewood High School were not welcome. So in 1958 and 1959 the senior classes held their Holidays at various country clubs and the like. The general consensus, so I gathered, was that this was quite dull when compared to Disneyland. Our



class of 1960 tried to get back to the park. They wrote as one and asked if they might be given a second chance and lo! they were. After that, it was but the work of a moment for the attending members of the class at the cabinet to vote to go to Disneyland. The visit was set for May 19, 1960.

Before very long, ticket books for the trip were made available, and presumably they sold like the proverbial hotcakes. Signs blossomed over the campus-scape urging us to join the happy throngs at far-oof exotic Disneyland.

About the same time, The Thespian Society set about producing their annual play, which this year was Jean Anouilh's fabulous *The Lark*. Rehearsals for this were held almost every evening for over a month, and when the final weeks rolled around evening dress rehearsals were the order of the, er, evening. On the final night of rehearsal, the male lead, Ron Teller, deciding that discretion was not particularly the better part of valor, took a good look at the liquor supply of Jerry Knight's father's bar and came to the conclusion that here indeed was a storehouse the contents of which deserved sampling. In short, he walked into dress rehearsal quite plastered (it only took about four drinks to get him that way; Ron's system just won't hold much alcohol) and of course Mrs. McMonies, the girls' vice-principal, and other distinguished guests were in attendance. Well! was the general opinion among these Higher-Up Types, and so Ron was hauled off the stage to the administrative offices where he was called upon to make an account of his actions. The end result of this was that he was suspended for a week and had certain "senior privileges" withdrawn, and his accomplices in sin (actually just the people who drove with him to school to rehearse) also had some privileges withdrawn. These privileges included attending the Senior Holiday, the Senior Banquet, and something else I forget. And of course Ron didn't get to do his part in the play—the female lead's boyfriend, a college drama student and graduate of Inglewood High, through the use of No-Doz and other sleep-retarding drugs, learned the part in some 24 hours and gave a passable, if somewhat drowsy, performance.

It so happened that some of my friends were in this happy little group of people who had their privileges suspended, and since there wasn't particularly anyone else I cared to bum around with at Disneyland I just didn't go.

Due to some new state laws enacted in the past few years, it is requisite that in order for the school to earn their state support for a day of school from each student, the student body must remain around a certain length of time, which worked out to about 4½ hours. This put a crimp on Senior Holiday, which used to be an all-day affair. The people going to the park didn't get to leave until 12:30 p.m. that day, which is pretty ridiculous. This left a few hale and hardy members of the class, including me, Jerry Knight, Arv Underman and some fannish but non-fan sorts you wouldn't know (except of course for Calvin Demmon). 12:30 p.m. came in the middle of my fifth period French IV class, and after the throngs left for Disneyland, Arv, Jerry and I were the only ones left. The teacher remained for a short while and then she, too, left. We followed shortly thereafter.

Since the school rules said that seniors who didn't go on the Holiday had to attend their classes the rest of the day, sixth period came and we had to split up. Jerry and Arv headed off together for a calculus class they had that period, and I got a paperback book from my locker and headed out to gym.

Seventh period came and as Arv headed home (he had physical education that period but nothing was due to happen that day) Jerry and I went, joined by Calvin Demmon, to our English class in the basement of the main building. The teacher was, to say the least, surprised to see us—she had been quietly grading papers and near fell off her seat at our entrance—and blurted out, "I thought you went on the Senior Holiday!" We assured her



that we hadn't and proceeded to annoy her for the entire period. Not that at all, actually—it evolved into an interesting discussion of plans for college, the teacher's problems, and our own problems. Our English teacher is quite an interesting and vociferous type.

When we decided we had had enough self-psychoanalysis for one period, we broke up and headed for home a bit earlier than we ought to have. Thus ended Senior Holiday.

Maureen O'Leary Aguirre is the name of that English teacher to whom I referred above. These ramblings wouldn't be complete without a few stories of the utterly fantastic things that took place in her class.

For instance, there's the matter of those book reports I had given that I've touched upon in mailing comments in previous issues. The first of these was a written review—about five of my handwritten pages long—on Bob Leman's invention, *The Moswell Plan* by Dorcas Bagby. She must have suspected a hoax from the start, but even so I must have had her going for a little while trying to locate the author in various reference guides. She even read the report to the assembled class, which was quite a deal because about half the class knew it was a fictional book. My grade on that report was a B+. Several days later I confessed all, but nothing in particular happened to me except that some comment was made that maybe it would be easier to read books that to make them up. (I don't think I'd gotten across the point that I hadn't made up the book myself, that someone else had.)

Perhaps inspired by the grade I received on my report on Dorcas Bagby's little fantasy, I decided quite on the spur of the moment one day to create my own book and report on it. (Perhaps the fact that I needed a book report to write up that very day had something to do with this.) Anyway, one period before English class, I created the book *Courage House* by Elizabeth Pierce. The title was a reference to Ethel Lindsay's residence, and I had it be a sort of nursely equivalent of *Canterbury Tales*, with all two dozen nurses living there telling the others (after tea-time) a story of *Love's Labors Lost* and all that. This fictional report achieved even great success than my previous one; I received an A- for my grade, not bad at all.

Then there were the essays we composed in class. Mrs. Aguirre had a talent for coming up with the most ridiculous, out of the way, topics on which to write and I usually took her one step further by writing the most ridiculous, out of the way, essays you could imagine. Some of them weren't really essays, but short-short stories, since there was usually no limit placed on what we could write once she assigned the topic. So for one essay topic, "The Covetous Man Is Ever In Want," I wrote a rather eery story of a landowner in England during, I believe, the Middle Ages. For another essay topic, "Self-Love Is The Enemy Of All True Affection," I changed the title to "Self-Love Is The Source Of All True Affection," decorated my paper with Rotsler illos stolen from a *Klein Bottle* I had with me that day, and took off from there in that vein. Sometimes I wish I had saved some of these essays I wrote in class instead of chucking them in the wastebasket once I received my grade on them.

Mrs. Aguirre graded most stringently on spelling in these essays, so I had much fun throwing in obsolete spellings *and* little-used words. When I got my paper back, usually some of these would be circled, especially the little-used words, which would be questioned as to their existence. Over I would go to the unabridged dictionary and proceed to demonstrate that words like "essayical" do, too, exist.

But what was really great about Mrs. Aguirre's English class was the spirit among the students. Long, serious or not so serious, discussions were often the order of the day, and much of worth was set forth in these. The class as a whole was fairly high in intelligence, so these were not banal discussions, not at all. Everything from politics to religion was argued, and many things in between.



And the non-scholastic incidents were fun, too. One of the most memorable for me was the time Jerry Knight brought his camera to school during the last couple weeks to take pictures of various of the students (especially the female ones). Sitting in English class, he began to do some adjusting with the mechanism on the camera, holding it in a position such that the lens opening pointed at his navel, or where it would be if it weren't covered with clothes. Remembering something I had read in Terry Carr's column in the latest *Cry* just a few days previously, I asked quite audibly, "Jerry, are you going to take a picture of your belly button?" Jerry stopped his adjusting of the camera. "What... did you say?" he inquired. "I said," I repeated, somewhat louder, "are you going to take a picture of your belly button?" Jerry looked strangely at me. "What?" he finally commented in an incredulous tone of voice. "Are you crazy?" he intoned. But the damage had been done, and now it had a secondary effect. Maggie Weatherly, who sat behind me in that class, heard me the second time, choked on something she was eating, and began laughing and coughing uncontrollably. I turned around. "What's wrong?" I asked. She didn't say anything, but continued laughing and coughing. Finally she managed to clear her throat but still she went on laughing. This was disrupting the entire class, and was interrupting Mrs. Aguirre in the midst of a lecture on some facet of English literature, but this didn't seem to stop Maggie. I continued to watch her as she laughed, as did the rest of the class. Once she stopped, stared at me somewhat quizzically, as if she were reconsidering my statement; then she must have decided that it still seemed funny and started laughing again. All in all, she went on for maybe three or four minutes, and when she finished she looked around the class, got embarrassed, turned red, and sort of giggled and drew inwardly upon herself. After a few seconds Mrs. Aguirre asked if Maggie would please stay after class a moment and explained what caused this outburst of humor. I didn't stay for that; I wish I had, if only to hear how she explained it.

Then there were the times when Mrs. Aguirre was absent. I remember that one of these times we had a substitute who read us the assignment Mrs. Aguirre had left—a couple of pages of busy work from an English grammar workbook—and then settled back and read a magazine. Naturally, no one in the class did the assignment; this just wasn't the Thing To Do. That was the period that Maggie and I sat together reading from one copy of *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. We justified our doing it in an English class by thumbing through the unabridged dictionary together every time Maggie came across a word she didn't understand and I couldn't explain in a few words. Quite an edifying experience. Yes.

I purchased a yearbook for the first time in my high school career in my senior year. It's signed by all sorts of people who must have the strangest conception of me. Let me conclude this collection of some of the high points of my last few months of high school with a series of anonymous quotes from my yearbook. I wonder how many of them are sincere?

"I respect you for being the rugged individualist you are." "You're one of the funniest guys I know." "The best of luck always to one of the sweetest guys I know." "(Remember to keep quiet on appropriate occasions and mind your manners.)" "I'm glad I met you in English this year." "You know I'm a selfish bastard..." "It has certainly been a unique experience knowing you." "Thank you so very much for helping me through physics. Without your help I might not have made it." "Please don't forget me." And "Stay just like you are and you will be a great success."

Like hell I will....

[from *Here There Be SAPS* No. 6, October 1960, SAPS 53]



## 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 of June 1961, I began work on this issue of *Watling Street*. I mentioned during the course of the mailing comments 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 that day, when I read and answered all my mail, I noticed in a letter from Les Gerber that he had become coeditor of a monthly Mensa newsletter with a young, intelligent and attractive Mensa girl. 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 Ghod, 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 Calvin 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 at first. "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 these 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 into my dream!)

“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 you got to fill out this form.” He handed me a brief form with room for my name, address, and age on it, among other things that I don't recall. 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 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 200 pages, and about half the magazines were printed in 5½ x 8½ format. Of the larger magazines, I only noticed one printed one. The others, I believe, were mimeographed.

About this time I woke up—why I don't know—and looked at my watch. It was about 3:15 a.m. 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 still reading the mailing 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 (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? Is it anything like the Fossils?”

“I doubt it,” I said. Then I explained SAPS to her.

“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 out 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 and scared the hell out of me and my dream . . .

[from *Watling Street* No. 9, July 1961, SAPS 56]



## Running Away From Home

On July 28, 1961, with the aid of Andy Main, who kindly provided the means of transportation, I left home and a pair of over-restrictive parents and, after a five-day stay in Santa Barbara, made my way to Berkeley, California, where I am much happier, thank you, and in good health. Perhaps some of you already knew this—it was reported, in brief form, in *Fanac*—but most likely you've had few details.

To begin with, what do I mean by “over-restrictive parents”? Well, the restrictions most pertinent to this audience were those on my fanac. Because I could never be sure that my mail wouldn't be opened and read (and if “objectionable,” censored or even destroyed without word, or worse with words), I was forced most of this year to maintain one mail pick-up or more in order to get mail I didn't want to be pre-read (such as Cultzines, fanzines and letters from certain “unapproved” individuals, etc.). In fact, I had a total of four of these addresses since January. In addition, attempts were made to censor rigorously whatever I published or wrote. The last straw here came when, shortly before leaving town, I was literally forced to republish four pages of an OMPAazine (p. 17-20 of *Zounds* #5), all for about 3/4 of a page reprinted from Al Kirs' column in *A Bas* #10, about “Nice Girls vs. Vice Girls.” I thought it was funny as hell, and not in the least objectionable; but they thought it was the smuttiest thing imaginable. Had I not been in such a bind, wanting to get the mag off before leaving, I wouldn't have given in so easily, but since I had supplies to burn—I couldn't take them with me, naturally enough—I didn't object as strongly as I might have.

On the non-fan side of things, I wasn't allowed to stay out past what they considered a reasonable hour. Well, okay, you say, what's wrong with that? Hold on. Like, their idea of a reasonable hour was something like 11 p.m. (This had its effects on my LASFS attendance, too.) The penalty for being late even a few minutes wasn't severe, though: just a long harangue off and on for the next day or so. Not severe at all. Yeah.... We shan't discuss the other limitations placed on me; they're too depressing.

When I got up here, I found out that my parents had harassed most of the local fans whose addresses they managed to uncover. They got poor Bill Donaho up at around 7:30 one Saturday morning, after a party the night before, and Bill wasn't in any shape to object strongly, so my mother got inside and was properly appalled by what she considered the most ill-kept house imaginable. (Well, do *you* really expect two bachelors living together to keep their house spotlessly clean, especially when they also have a large dog, Frodo, plus umpteen cats?) Perhaps worse, they had signed my name to a collection slip for an insured parcel. This parcel contained all my styli, lettering guides, ditto color carbons, etc. Fortunately, I will be able to collect insurance.

I had an interesting long-distance phone call with them after I'd been up here a few days. We made a tape of it, too. To be brief with my description, they vacillated about in the call with things like, “Bob, we miss you. Why did you run away? Won't you come back home? But if you don't come home, we'll do this and that and the next thing!” And so on. The threats included taking money from my bank account—an account which I can't get at myself until I'm 21 because it happens to be under my mother's name, as trustee—to pay for their expenses in long-distance phone calls and trips to Berkeley, destroying the section of my fanzine collection they managed to recover from a psychologically dazed Calvin Demmon, who was holding onto them for me, and other similar goodies. Even a limited correspondence since then has failed to bring any worthwhile results.

At present, I am employed and have a place to stay. If I can bring my parents around



to letting me (good grief) have some of my own money, I hope to return to school this coming February. Otherwise, I will continue working indefinitely. I hope also to be able to reconcile with them sufficiently so that sometime soon I can make a trip to Los Angeles and get the rest of my possessions: books, fanzines, clothing, duplicating equipment, etc. However, when or if this day comes is up in the air at the moment.

That's about all I care to say on this subject at the moment. And, since I can't think of anything in particular, you'll have to write your own punchline to this article.

[from *Watling Street* No. 10, October 1961, SAPS 57]

*In December 1961, I finally worked out things with my parents sufficiently that I was able to move back to Los Angeles and resume my education. The following rather rambling piece memorialized some of my impressions of the Bay Area.*

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## **Berkeley: Focal Point of a Mood**

"Richmond," said Joe Gibson to me one late afternoon when we were riding back to Berkeley from the shipping department of the University of California Press, "is the armpit of the Bay Area."

Richmond is north of Berkeley (and is a pretty depressing place) and Oakland is south of Berkeley, so I said back to Joe, "Yes, and Oakland is the asshole."

We didn't say anything after that for a while, but I was speculating on the anatomical location of Berkeley. I think I concluded that it was something like the Left Breast of Fan Hill used to be, back in the days when Los Angeles fandom was boarding on the side of a hill above Sunset Boulevard.

Later, when I was fixing dinner at my little apartment on Hearst Street, I thought it over some more. San Jose, I finally concluded, was the Bay Area's big toe and San Francisco was its outstretched hand across the bay. Walnut Creek was the other hand, and Pinole was the tip of its pointy head.

It makes a pretty preposterous picture, doesn't it?

I don't think most people who have never visited Berkeley realize it, but Berkeley is really not a very big town. You approach it riding up San Pablo Avenue from Oakland, and about the time you cross Ashby you are in Berkeley. There are a couple more traffic lights after that—at University Avenue, Cedar Street and Gilman Street—but by the time you come to Solano Avenue you're in Albany, and Marin Street comes before that and it's in Albany most of the time, too. Hell, go a few more lights north on San Pablo and you're at Fairmont Street, and you're not only in El Cerrito, now, but you're also in another county. You've gone out of Alameda County into Contra Costa County.

If you decide to stop in Berkeley, the best thing to do is to turn right from San Pablo Avenue onto University Avenue. It won't be a very long drive up University Avenue, either, because after you get past Sacramento, Grove and Shattuck, and end up at Oxford Street, you run out of University Avenue and have to turn—unless you cross the street and take the little winding road up into campus.

But for such a small town, Berkeley swings. It's a curious combination of the



University of California and all its attendant problems, ways of thinking, and the like. Of the more respectable sections of Berkeley, clinging to the sides of the Berkeley Hills, where the houses are fairly expensive and where university students hardly ever go. Of grasping landlords who rent their often badly rundown apartments to students at rents considerably higher than the places are worth. (For instance, my own apartment was \$60 a month plus utilities, and I could have gotten it in L.A. for maybe \$45.) Of a bunch of nice guys (mostly) on the police force and a bunch of bastardly merchants (mostly). In short, Berkeley is almost but not quite the Typical University Town.

Only different—and there's the catch.

With the exception of the more expensive sections in the Kensington district and lining the Berkeley Hills, most of Berkeley is composed of a bunch of uniformly old houses and apartment buildings, with an occasional brand-new apartment building here and there (for students, mostly). I guess it's this way because students will rent anything, if they have to, and because most of the other inhabitants of Berkeley seem to be either old people or people who like living in old houses. (Like me.)

The same situation exists in the parts of Oakland that border Berkeley, so it is really pretty difficult to tell when you have passed out of Oakland (or, on the other side, Albany) into Berkeley, and vice versa. I used to have this notion of Berkeley as a separate, and much larger, city with Oakland somewhere off in the distance, about fifteen miles away, perhaps, with a sort of never-never land between them. But it just isn't so. The two places are all crunched together. Which is a good thing because if you want to get real bargain prices on anything, you usually have to go into Oakland, anyway.

There are three distinct shopping districts in the Berkeley city limits. There is the sprawling array of shops along San Pablo Avenue and University Avenue. This is not so much a "shopping district" as a continuing frame of mind. There is the Shattuck Avenue shopping district downtown, an area full of lots of expensive shops (Roos-Atkins, Hink's, etc.) in between places like Penney's, Woolworth's and the National Dollar Store (a neat place). Palmers Drug Store is in this section, but it's about the only store there—aside from the National Dollar Store, where I got almost all my clothes—that I frequented.

The other shopping district is the best one. I refer of course to the Telegraph Avenue district, stretching south of campus from Bancroft Way to Dwight Way, and up and down some of the side streets a few blocks in each direction. Here is where you will find the Neat Shops, even though a lot of them aren't particularly cheap. Here is the home of U.C. Corner, the best paperback bookshop and magazine stand I've seen before or since. Here is the Cinema Guild, a sort of People's Art Theater where one can see (mostly) Good Movies for \$1.10 a throw. (And that's for a double bill, too.) Here's Si's Charburger, which sounds like a corny name but which sells the best cheap food I ran across while there. (Except for Wilkinson's, of which more later, though they were best for breakfasts.)

The most delightful thing about all this, though, is that nothing in Berkeley is really too far away not to ride there on a bicycle. And since a bicycle is all I had much for the time for transportation, that is what I used to do. For those of you who may think that Berkeley is like San Francisco as regards hills, let me tell you this is Not So. Most of Berkeley is delightfully flat, though one may notice a sort of tendency for it all to slant towards the Bay like a big drainage ditch.

Since I mentioned San Francisco back there a moment ago, I might take a bit of time out here to describe one of the most fascinating bus rides in the world. I refer to the trip one takes across the Bay Bridge from Berkeley to get to San Francisco. There is something about this bus trip that sets the sense of wonder aflame, though perhaps part of this is due



to my Los Angeles orientation, where one hardly ever crosses bridges that go over sizable masses of water.

The most convenient place in all of Berkeley to catch the San Francisco bus is at the corner of University and Shattuck, which is located right in the center of town. There is a schedule posted there which tells you that the busses to San Francisco run about every fifteen minutes, so if you find you've a while to wait until the next one, a bit of window-shopping and general browsing is in order. Hell, if you miss your next bus, too, by getting over-engrossed in your browsing, you can always afford to lose fifteen minutes until the next one after that. Why, they even run on time! (Something that amazed ol' L.A. MTA-acclimated me.)

And for killing time, you can't beat the Paperback Bookshop, not far from the bus stop. This wild establishment, run by one Morris Moskowitz, may not have the best selection of paperbacks new and old in Berkeley, but it has the wackiest. And better than that, it carries most all the little mags going at any given time—it's as good as U.C. Corner in this respect—and you can hardly beat that, outside of visiting City Lights Bookshop in the City. To top things off, there's a huge tray-table in the center of the shop where you can always find something worth reading—it's the used paperback section, and it's full to overflowing all the time.

Morris Moskowitz . . . we can't go on without noting his adventures in Fighting City Hall. Seems that he wanted to attract a little more business than he had—his shop is just a bit off the beaten path, really—so he put a magazine kiosk, a rather small one, out on the sidewalk in front of his establishment. It was right next to the curb, so that there was plenty of room for pedestrians to walk by without being inconvenienced. But the City Council objected to this enterprising American spirit on Morris' behalf. "A safety hazard to pedestrians," they proclaimed. Morris tried to keep his sidewalk kiosk, but it was a losing battle. The city threatened to levy a fine, and Morris' kiosk went the way of all progress.

You never know what you'll find in his shop. One time I walked in and found three copies of an old EP record called "Sexual Symbolism in the American Automobile, or Why The Edsel Laid An Egg," a lecture by S.I. Hayakawa. I picked one up and asked Moskowitz how much it was. He didn't even know he had them. "This is a book shop, not a record store," he said. He let me have one for 50 cents. "I'm probably losing money, but I don't know what these things are supposed to cost."

But I digress. The bus is coming. It will cost you 50 cents to get all the way to San Francisco, yet another city and county, so getting that amount out of your pocket or purse, you get aboard. When you drop your 50 cents into the till the driver hands you a long, narrow piece of paper (cardstock, rally) with printing all over it. I never heard it referred to as anything other than a "hat-check." It is taken away from you later, before you cross the Bay Bridge, because the driver gives them to the attendant at the toll kiosk on the Oakland side of the bridge.

As you head down Shattuck into Oakland, there's really not much to see, but after you get down onto the bridge onramps, things start to get interesting. Like, all of a sudden, there's all this *water* there, coming up practically to the edge of the roadway. And as the bus drives up to the toll gates and stops there for a moment, you look back and see the big sign to your left and rear that says "Port of Oakland." The driver has finished handing the hat-checks over to the bridge attendant now and he takes off again and the real fun begins.

Before very long you are out over the water, safely between the two sides of the bridge and an indefinite distance above the water, and off in the distance you can see Yerba Buena Island and, beyond that, the buildings of San Francisco begin to appear before your



eyes. The bridge is going slightly uphill at this point and you get higher and higher above the water. I don't really know just how high you get, but I'd estimate maybe 50 or 60 feet.

Yerba Buena Island is owned and operated by the Navy, which is too bad because it's a neat place. There is one spot on its southwest end where I would very much like to build a house. It is on the near top of a hill, and there are trees around it, and it looks quite pastoral and all, even though it *is* on a naval base in the middle of the bay.

The bridge doesn't quite go over Yerba Buena Island nor does it go around it. What it does is go straight through the island in a huge tunnel and when you come out on the other side of the tunnel through the island, San Francisco is practically all you can see ahead of you. There is Alcatraz, "the Rock," out in the bay off North Beach, and there is Coit Tower, and there is the Union Oil building with its clock. You can see traffic on the streets, which all seem to run up hills. You can see this all clearly because there isn't any smog. It's too windy in San Francisco for that.

All this City-ness draws closer to you as you start to reach the west end of the bridge, and shortly you find yourself over it all, riding along on one of San Francisco's elevated freeways, called "skyways," and eventually your bus goes off on a special skyway and you find yourself pulling to a stop inside the A-C Bus Terminal. You go up to the main floor of the terminal and walk out the door.

The corner of First and Mission Streets is before you, and there's a whole world of adventure waiting.

I am not going to say anything about San Francisco itself in this article; maybe later I'll write about it. But I do want to mention one thing I really love about the City. That's its street names. I'm not kidding.

Maybe it's because I have lived so long in Los Angeles, where many streets have silly Spanish names or something like that. But I really dig names for streets like some of the following ones tagged on San Francisco streets: Fell, Mission, Polk, Lombard, O'Farrell, Taylor, McAllister, Market, Cambridge, and especially Haight.

Haight Street, that really sends me! I have heard some people pronounce it as though it were spelled "height," but I don't. I pronounce Haight as though it were spelled "hate."

We're back in Berkeley now. It's a Sunday morning, or possibly early afternoon, and Great Hangover reigns because there was a party at Donaho's the evening before. Homebrew sure is fine stuff, but it leaves you in little mood to do anything for yourself, especially fix breakfast. What do you do in a case like that?

Simple; you go out and eat at Wilkinson's, in Shattuck Square near University Avenue. Order a #2 breakfast—it's really fine. I did this all the time, after I was introduced to the Wilkinson's Habit.

Wilkinson's food is really fine stuff; even if you don't choose to believe all the incredible bragging on their breakfast menu, you have to agree when you bite into a piece of their superfine waffles or chomp off a bit of their excellent bacon. The waffles come with whipped butter and the menu advises you to "ask for more if you just love it."

But what is Neat about W's, besides their fine food, is the people who wait on you, or at least some of them. More than once I have been privileged (if that's the word I'm searching for, Meyer) to sit through what must be one of the most fascinating off-the-cuff "floor shows" imaginable. You don't believe me? Okay...

"May I have some more whipped butter because I just love it?" inquired a young man in the booth next to mine one Sunday morning.

"More whipped butter!" said the waitress indignantly. "More whipped butter," she said,



throwing her hands up in the air, "Why, do you realize that you've just asked us to give up our entire profit on your breakfast? I mean, you've already asked for seconds on your coffee—and now you want more whipped butter!?"

But he got his whipped butter. It always works.

Another time, a rather old man walked in the place while I was eating breakfast (a #2, naturally). He sat down at the counter and a waitress came up and asked him, "Will it be your regular bowl of oatmeal today, Sam?"

The old man thought it over for a minute and asked, "Uh, what else do you have? Maybe I'll order something else instead."

The waitress pulled up a menu and stuck it in front of his face. She started naming off things in no particular order and I didn't pay too much attention until she came to french toast. "We have the best french toast in town," she proudly proclaimed, "and do you know how we make it so good?"

The old man allowed as how he didn't and she went on, "Well, what we do is go around to all the other restaurants in town. We go around to their back doors and collect all the old, stale bread they happen to have. Then we bring it back here and we scrape it off a bit before we fix it up with our special batter that makes it taste good. Would you like me to fix you some french toast?"

The old man turned sort of green. "I think I'll just have some oatmeal," he said.

"Oatmeal!" responded the waitress. "After all that work I did telling you what other food we had for breakfast, all you want is oatmeal?"

"Well," said the man, "I guess I'll have a cup of coffee, too."

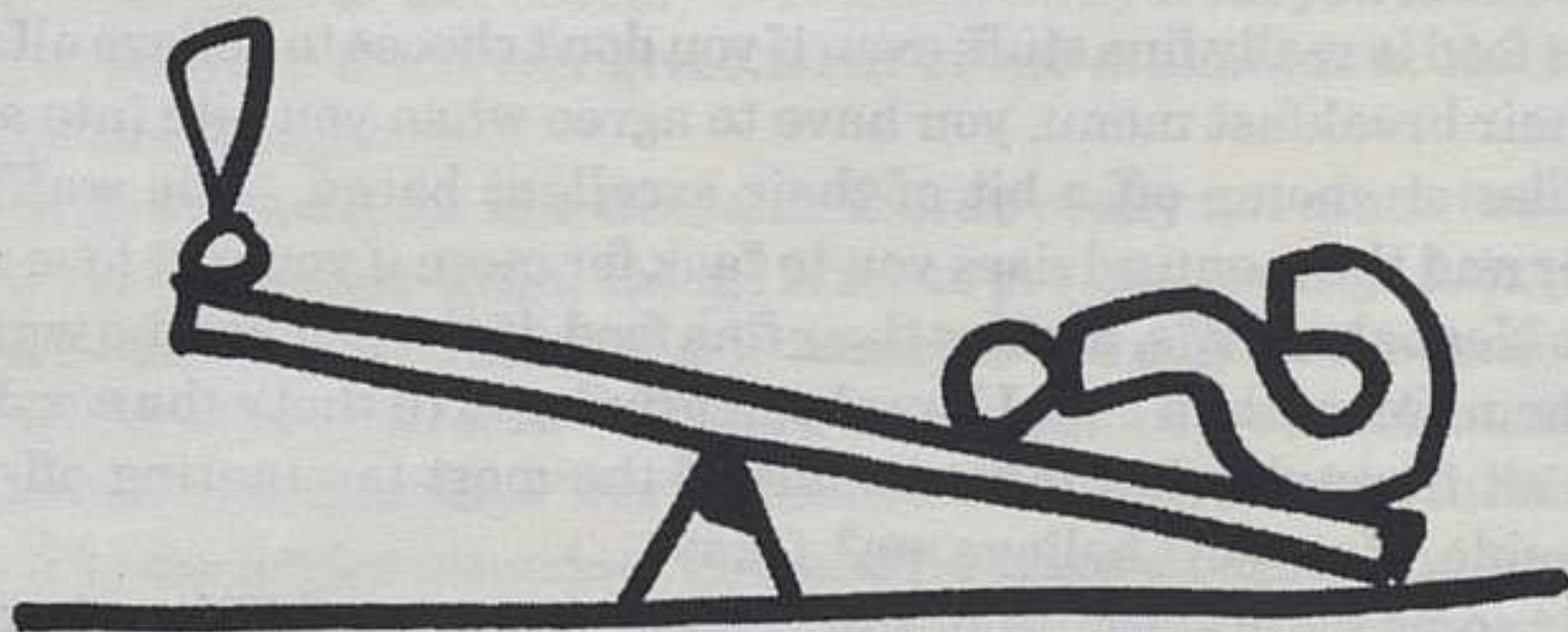
So she went off and got the oatmeal and the coffee, and when she sent it down in front of him she leaned her elbow on the counter and said softly, "Why, I'll bet you just asked me to tell you all that stuff because you like to hear my voice." She winked.

"Sly, sly dog!" she sang out loud as she walked off to wait on another customer who had been sitting incredulously through all the foregoing.

I guess if this were a Terry Carr article, I would say that Wilkinson's is a Fabulous Berkeleyish Restaurant. This isn't, but I'll say it anyway.

Wilkinson's is a Fabulous Berkeleyish Restaurant. It certainly is a wonderful thing, yes it is. Eat there whenever you visit Berkeley and wake up Sunday morning with a hangover.

[from *Watling Street* No. 11, January 1962, SAPS 58]





*This story and the one that follows were my comment on the Coventry craze (a precursor of fantasy RPGs) that swept through Los Angeles fandom (and some of the rest of fandom) in the early '60s. Some of the quotes were taken from fanzines of the period.*

## The Children's Hour

"Hi, kids," yelled the small, thin boy with short-cropped hair. He had just come out of his house and was still a considerable distance away from the small group of children towards whom he was heading with reasonable speed. The others stopped long enough from their chattering back and forth to stare expectantly at the late arriver.

"Hi, Paul," one of them, a somewhat tubby blonde-haired boy named Lee, greeted the newcomer. "How come it took you so long to get out today?"

"Awww," Paul stammered. "My mom kept me in because I was playing the television too loud. She said it bothered the baby, and she made me clean up my room for punishment. That sure took a long time, picking up all my comic books and records."

One of the other children in the group, a redhead named Gayle, was telling the others about a movie she'd seen the night before at the local theater. Paul listened for a while and then broke in. "Yeah, I saw that one at the same place last week. It sure was neat. All that fighting, all the little kingdoms sending men to fight the other kingdoms, all the... Hey, I know what we can do today for fun!"

Everyone perked up to listen to his suggestion. "What do you think we ought to do, Paul?" they asked. "What's your idea, huh, huh?"

"Let's invent our *own* countries," Paul said, waving his hands around in the air as he spoke, "sort of like in the movie, and each of us can be a king, or a queen, or something, and..." His voice trailed off into a faintly discernable whisper and then disappeared altogether as he started thinking intently about the idea he had just suggested.

"Gee, that sounds neat," chorused the assemblage of moppets. "Let's do it."

"Let's see," said Paul, after a moment of silence during which he considered things more carefully. "What we ought to do is lay out streets around here in town and call a few blocks of territory a kingdom, or a duchy, or whatever. We need a map for that."

"There's a gas station down the street," Lee suggested. "Why don't we go down there and see if we can get a map out of them?"

"Good idea," Paul agreed, and they all headed as one down the block to Orange Grove Avenue where they found the gas station and got the map. They spread it out on a lawn and settled down around it. A couple of the more enthusiastic children, anxious to pick out their own territories, started tracing imaginary lines on the map. Before long, there rose a cry of indignation. "Hey, that's part of my territory you just took. I didn't say you could have it, and I was there first."

Before a fight could break out, though, Paul stepped in and said, "I guess I'd better break it down into areas first, and you can all just pick one, okay? That'll make it easier for us to have all the countries next to each other, so there won't be any open territory between them." No one dissented, so Paul got out a piece of dull lead pencil from his back pocket and began drawing off sections of territory on the map. In about ten minutes, about half of the town had been partitioned into areas of no more than three or four square blocks each. The prominent landmarks, like the schools, were all marked off separately as individual buildings and places, and Paul had crossed out the names and written in some other names, like Brandy Hall for a nearby elementary school.



"Now you can pick a territory," he said, triumphantly, "and I'll write your name in the square it covers." He looked around at all the expectant faces. "I think Jane ought to be first," he said. No one objected.

"Well," began Jane, raising herself up to her full four and a half feet with great dignity, "I am essentially a barbarian, born out of my time and having a hard time adjusting to living in such a highly mechanized age. I'm not the least bit scared of trying to survive off the land as it were." Jane talked kind of funny, all the kids admitted, but they didn't bother her or make fun of her because of her curious ideas. "I want this section here, including the Devil's Gate Reservoir, because it's got lots of wooded sections," Jane concluded.

A little dark-haired, rather plump boy giggled and said, "I live over there, too, Jane. Can I be your Master of Guards?" Jane put on an air of sophistication and replied, "Yes, you may, Billy, if you promise to whip my guards into lovely shape, and build up the army and defenses in masterly fashion." Billy giggled.

Eventually everyone had chosen his area and decided what he would call himself, and it was getting very late. "I hear my mom calling me," Paul said, "so I'd better get home." He got up and started to walk away.

"Hey, Paul," one of the children called after him, "we ought to have a name for the entire area, sort of like a little world."

"Well," said Paul, with some thought, "let's call it Coventry."

[from *Watling Street* No. 12, April 1962, SAPS 59]

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Overhead, the sun was shining more brightly than on most other summer days and every once in a while two starlings would go floating happily by on an errant breeze. The leaves in the trees were brown and orange, the grass was dull green and dry to the touch of a small boy's hands or knees. It was Indian summer. A squirrel darted across the lawn in front of the little house just off Fair Oaks Avenue, but the two boys busily working there didn't even notice it, so intently were they focused on their self-appointed task, nor did they notice the rivulets of perspiration that ran down from their brows as they worked. The day and the season were soon to end, but the mood was to continue and be known as...

## The Fifty-Minute Children's Hour

"Hey, Ted, hand me the screwdriver!" one of the boys said. The speaker was Bruce, a slightly overweight youngster with extremely dark hair which while cut quite short still managed to look unruly because it was never combed or even brushed down. Bruce was wearing a dark black teeshirt with long sleeves and a pair of black trousers to match. On a chain around his neck there hung a black plastic heart, which he had won in a penny arcade game some months earlier, on a rare visit to the amusement park in a nearby city. Bruce wore a deep unintentionally evil expression on his face and when he spoke, he spoke in a harsh voice.

Ted handed over the screwdriver, then returned to his work hammering nails through the thin board to hold them in place on the main structure. Ted wasn't his real first name—which was David—but it had been for some years in his town an affectation to use one's middle name, or another name entirely, in place of one's real name. No one was quite sure where Ted picked up his ekename, but everyone secretly thought it was perhaps because Ted so resembled, with his light brown hair and his plump presence, a teddy-bear. Ted wasn't naturally overweight; he used to be quite a trim lad, but then he read some books and soon afterwards started eating five meals a day, when he could get them.



Bruce's real name was really Bruce, for he had not been a native of Ted's neighborhood, having immigrated to it from another state. If he thought anything at all, one way or the other, about the local habit of picking ekenames, he never voiced his opinions on the subject.

Ted and Bruce were both friends of Paul, the little boy with the large imagination who lived over on Raymond Street. They had been among those kids who, three months earlier as this scene takes place, had chosen kingdoms from the city map of their neighborhood. For an afternoon's diversion to endure this long was unusual, true, but it had also taken on some unusual new aspects. Rather than merely being limited to an imaginary world centered on the town, at least six more levels had been added until the whole picture was quite complex indeed. Perhaps part of this was due to the fact that during the summer, Paul had been away at youth camp, thus becoming unable to administer the directed growth of his idea. Be this as it may or may not, what Ted and Bruce were doing that afternoon was building a structure out of orange crates and old plywood in which—in their little imaginary structured world—they could travel great distances of time and space. They called it, for lack of a better term, a “spindizzy,” though none of them were quite aware of the term's origin or meaning.

Coincidence would have it that at exactly the same moment, Bruce finished driving in the last screw and Ted finished hammering down the final nail. They both stood back at a short distance and surveyed their finished product. To the casual observer, perhaps a dignified gentleman or a female doctor walking down the street, it looked like nothing more than a hodgepodge of boards nailed haphazardly onto a quartet of orange crates, with screws and levers sticking out here and there for no particular reason. However, to the boys it was the culmination of hours of hard work. They surveyed it jubilantly, silently, for a long moment. Then one of them spoke, in a voice that quavered with suppressed excitement.

“I can hardly wait for Paul to come over tomorrow and see how it looks,” Ted said. Bruce started to nod and say something in agreement, but suddenly there was an intrusion.

“What is that . . . that *thing* you've got there?” a familiar but unfamiliarly angry voice demanded. It was Ted's mother. “If you think for one minute, young man,” she said, waving an angry finger at the two boys, “that I'm going to allow that monstrosity to stay out on our front lawn, you've got another think coming!”

“But it's not hurting anything,” Ted objected weakly.

“I don't care if it's playing Mozart behind all that wood,” Ted's mother went on, “I want you to get rid of it. Take it out in back for the trash collection in the morning! Whatever came you the idea that you could leave— Bruce, you go home!” Bruce darted off towards Fair Oaks as fast as his legs could carry him.

“But, *mom*,” Ted objected once more. “Why can't it stay—?”

“Because I say it can't,” Ted's mother said. “Now help me drag it around in back and then we'll go inside.” Together they tugged and strained and scraped it across the grass, up the driveway, and finally to the rear of the garage. “Now come in and have dinner.”

Ted ate dinner slowly, grudgingly and pensively, looking up at his mother often and gulping his food down. After what seemed like several hours, his mother, silent through dinner, spoke once again, only more gently, soothingly. “Now, Ted, I want you to go to your room and go right to bed. And I want you to think before you go to bed about why I made you take that thing off the front lawn. I know that you and Bruce are having fun playing this Coventry game, but this is just going too far, you know. The idea itself may be good for you at your age, but you just can't go around manifesting it in such strange ways. Now, kiss mother goodnight and go to sleep.”



Ted did as he was told, but as he walked off, he could be heard muttering to himself, over and over, "An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't responsible for the people who believe in it. An idea isn't—"

[from *Watling Street* No. 13, July 1962, SAPS 60]

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## The 1962 Nonvention

I didn't go to the Chicon III. I bought a car instead. In fact, I bought two cars. Let me tell you about it.

This summer's plans began with the idea of working full-time all summer for Design Guild Mfg., Inc. (a manufacturer of expensive customer decorator lamps) and using the proceeds for living in an apartment of my own the coming semester. I launched into full-time work and immediately got snowed under by a series of debts. There was the UCLA fee to pay and then along came a bill for my socialized medicine plan. By the time I finished working these off, it appeared impossible to get an apartment for any length of time.

So, I decided to get a car and attend the Chicago convention. One thing led to another and in the early part of August I finally achieved the first part of my goal. I purchased a 1950 Chevrolet 2-door fastback sedan from a friend of my younger brother, for \$100. It was nicely finished in copper and ran pretty well, except that it burned oil like a son of a gun. A quart every two or three days was about the way it burned the stuff. A ring job would have cured it, of course, but I didn't feel I could swing the \$40 or so it would take, especially after I had to get a \$30 brake relining after having the car a week and a half. I still had plans to make it to the convention on a shoestring, and was cadging about until the third week of August until I gave up on the idea.

Besides, by then I had gotten good and sick of playing around with the stick shift on the Chevy and was going out to look for something better. I ended up buying a 1955 Oldsmobile 98 Holiday coupe, a blue bomb that has everything automatic from windows to antenna (yes, push a button and the radio antenna raises or lowers!). I got \$100 trade-in on my former Chevy for this car—far more than it was really worth—and drew \$450 out of my savings account to take care of the rest.

So now I had a car, all right, but the idea of staying in Los Angeles over the Labor Day weekend was intolerable. It developed that Don Fitch was going to take a week's vacation and would leave his Vauxhall at my place because it cost considerably to park out at the airport, which is a few miles away from 6137 South Croft Avenue here in Los Angeles. I could use it, he said, if I wanted to, and with this in mind I arranged with Noocey Alex Bratman to share expenses on a drive to the Bay Area for the Nonvention, being held this year at Ed & Jessie Clinton's place in Los Altos, about 35 miles south of San Francisco on the peninsula. The Vauxhall gets roughly 2½ times the gas mileage the Olds manages, so our reason for wanting to take it was obvious.

We took off on Friday, the 31st of August, from my place, Alex having driven up from Long Beach in his Studebaker, which we left here. I drove the first leg of the trip, along the torturous Highway 101 alternate through Malibu and over the coastal hills into Oxnard and thence to Ventura. Above Malibu and before Oxnard is some of the most frightening road of the whole trip. The pavement is not very well maintained and there are lots of sudden turns. To top this off, this section is right over the ocean, maybe fifty or so feet up.



When we got to Santa Barbara, I drove up State Street in search of a reasonably priced gas station. While in town, I dropped a call to Robert Henry-West, a friend of Andy Main's whom I met and became fairly well acquainted with last year when I spent five days in Santa Barbara on my way to Berkeley. He was glad to hear from me, but owing to the hour we were unable to arrange a visit.

Taking off again, Noocey took the wheel and kept it until our next stop, which was the Hunter's Inn in Santa Maria, where we experimented on their weird cuisine and had linguisa (a variety of Portuguese sausage) sandwiches. They weren't bad.

In Paso Robles we had to stop for gas again since the tank was getting pretty obviously low. We had a two-gallon reserve supply stored away in the trunk, but we didn't want to risk it. After this stop, I took the wheel again and drove onward to some small town past King City whose name I don't recall. Alex conveniently fell asleep along most of that long stretch of two-lane road below and above King City. This was the place where John Champion was killed in July and I kept trying to keep this from occupying my conscious mind while I was going through that section. After a stop for a snack and coffee in that unrecalled village, my memory grows a bit hazy. I'm not sure whether or not Alex took the wheel again but maybe he did along a small stretch. Anyway, I know that past Salinas I took it all the way, through Gilroy and San Jose and up the Bayshore Freeway along the peninsula.

The Nonvention was being held in Los Altos, we had been told, which was along the San Antonio Road turnoff, so I took that exit and started heading along the avenue, looking for Edith, which was the street on which the Clintons were supposed to live. Stopping in a gas station for information and some fuel, we finally managed to locate the Nonvention. However, we were surprised to find no one at all there!

There were signs all over the place proclaiming the party, but not a soul or a car was to be seen. There was a tent rigged up on their side lawn, but all that inhabited it, we discovered, was a rather empty sleeping bag. Trying the door, we found it locked, and so we started ringing the bell, knocking, and generally creating all sorts of loud disturbances in an attempt to rouse someone who could tell us where the Nonvention had disappeared to.

We kept this up for maybe ten minutes with no results; then we took off in the direction of Palo Alto. The next nearest fans were the Rolfes, Joe and Felice, and though it was only around seven in the morning we felt duty-bound to wake them up and ask about the Nonvention. Knocking on their door at 1360 Emerson, we first managed to arouse Joe, who glared out at us sleepily and seemed confused about our questions about the whereabouts of the con. Felice came up behind him and blinked out at us. She told us that everyone had left last night despite some earlier plans to stay over. But they'd be back again later on, she said. We were invited in for breakfast, but we demurred, choosing instead to go on to Berkeley.

Onto the freeway again and up towards the City. However, just a few feet away from the Grand Avenue turnoff for South San Francisco, the fan belt snapped and threw off the hose connecting the radiator with the engine, and much steam and smoke began issuing forth from beneath the hood. There was also a considerable loss of power, and it was with great difficulty that we managed to get up the slight grade to the turnoff. We coasted down the turnoff into a parking lot, surveyed the problem, then decided to drive over to the first gas station to try to get it repaired. The car steamed all the way over and we had to run two stop signs in order not to complicate matters. Fortunately, it was just before eight, and there was little or no traffic.

Nothing was open yet, so we had breakfast in a little restaurant across the street. After that, we went up to the village Pontiac dealer, who was supposed to carry Vauxhall parts,



the car being a British General Motors product. He wasn't open yet, and a cleaning man in the showroom shouted out to us that the garage wouldn't be open today, anyway. We walked back down to the main drag to wait for an auto parts store to open. In the meantime, the gas station had opened, but the attendant didn't have the fan belt we needed and showed little or no interest in us at all.

We went over to the next station, half a block away, and got a somewhat better reception. The attendant was only too happy to help us. He didn't have the right fan belt, either, but eventually the parts outlet opened and did have it, and soon we were on our way again, cautiously watching the temperature gauge until it cooled down again from its workout.

San Francisco loomed ahead of us and then, with the crossing of the city-county line, suddenly we were there. There was the Cow Palace off to the left and Candlestick Park in the immediate distance on the right. Hills lined with houses rose up before us, along either side of the freeway, and the old, familiar streets—Army Street, Mission Street, Broadway—appeared on the off-ramp warning signs. However, our destination was not San Francisco, it was Berkeley, and so we took the Bay Bridge ramp and soon found ourselves over a very foggy bay. This was my first experience of driving across the bridge and I was quite thrilled at the whole bit despite being sleepy as all get out.

We reached Berkeley at around 9 o'clock and went directly up University to Grove to try to find Fitch where he was staying at Walter Breen's place. However, he didn't answer the door (didn't hear us, though he was there) so we went back down University to see if the Knights and Calvin Demmon were home. They were, but were asleep out of their minds—though Calvin heard the little piece of wood that Alex obligingly caromed off the bedroom window far too many times and commented on this latter. We then went over to Donaho's, not knowing he'd gone off to the Chicon. His mother, a very sweet lady, answered the door and Deuteronomy, more orange and huge than ever, came out at us. I scooped him up and asked for Bill. When it developed that he wasn't there, we talked for a while and then left for the Nelsons. Surely we would find them home, I thought, and so of course we did.

Walter T. answered the door and recognized me. I asked him if either Ray or Kirsten were up. Ray was up, he said. Fine, I replied; will you tell him we're here, quietly, so you don't wake Kirsten? Sure, Walter T. smiled, and then turned towards the steps and hollered "Bob Lichtman is here!" several times at the top of his lungs. Good grief, I thought, cringing mentally.

Ray came down and met us, inviting us in. We sat down to talk, Ray telling us about how he was probably going to have a story in *F&SF* real soon now and all that. And from here my memory starts to lose track of order, and I shan't attempt to keep things straight nor present everything.

After a while Ray, W.T., Alex and I took off in the car for Walter Breen's place again, hoping that Fitch would be up. He was, and we told him all about what had happened, and Ray sat around reading some of Walter's collection of little mags, and like that. I wanted to go down and see Jerry, Miri and Calvin, though, and Alex was getting hungry again, so after calling up at 947 to see if people were up (Miri was, and told me all about the dream I'd interrupted her from) we took off in that direction.

Jerry had been called off on an overtime assignment for IBM, but Miri and Calvin were there. All sorts of crazy things went on during our visit. At one point Miri showed Ray a dress she had found the previous evening in San Francisco (along with a bunch of Xmas tree ornaments, a sweater, and a bunch of whisky and bourbon advertisements; but all that is another story) and said that it might fit him. "Goody," clapped Ray, "I'll go try it on." "Jeezy-peezy," went Calvin, sort of waving his hands in the air. I threw in a "Good grief" or two and sat down to wait it out. Ray had gone up to the bathroom on the first level above



the ground floor to try it on, and when we heard him coming down again both Calvin and I turned our backs and walked towards the front door, opening it and looking out. However, Ray had found that the dress was too tight around his waist and wasn't wearing it after all. Meanwhile, Miri and Alex were in the kitchen. Alex was doing addition and subtraction to help Miri balance her checkbook which had somehow gotten a dollar or two off. Everything checked out from Miri's entries in the book, but still the error remained. Ray and Calvin started playing piano. After a while I started getting hungry too, so eventually we took Ray and Walter T. home and went over to the Casa del Rancho in Albany. This is the fancy cheap restaurant that Donaho mentioned in a fanzine about a year ago, and is good. If you like well-spiced Mexican food, that is . . . .

After dinner I took Don and Alex back to Grove Street and went off to see if the Ellingtons were home. They weren't, but Bill Rickhardt and Marlene were in the back yard next door. Marlene was sewing up the seams on the seat cover of the new Rickhardt car, which is the former Jim Caughran Fiat. (Jim sold it to Bill when he left for the convention and graduate school.) I talked with these nice people for a while and then headed back to Grove to see what was going on, and mainly find out when we were going down to the Nonvention again.

Don was there fixing dinner and Noocey was in the next room fast asleep. I'd been nearly 36 hours myself without sleep by that time and was feeling a bit crapped out, but not enough to want to fall over on my face. In the middle of preparing the spaghetti sauce, the phone rang. It was Miri. She wanted us all to come out to dinner with them. Don invited them all up to Grove for dinner there, but Miri wanted us to go out and eat. We wanted to eat at home. Finally we ended up going to Brennan's, a hofbrau sort of establishment on the Berkeley waterfront where the Little Men meet after meetings up at Stark's. Then it was off to the Nonvention, Fitch driving his own car for a change, partially because I didn't want to and partially because I was afraid I'd fall asleep at the wheel. I was really feeling down and out by then.

But when we got to the Nonvention and I found all sorts of interesting people there, it was as if I'd just come out of a brisk shower and all, for I felt pretty wide awake again. The Clintons were there (and apologized for not waking up that morning), as well as the Rogerses, Barry Miller and a friend of his whose name I don't recall, Elmer Perdue (surprise to us!) and lots of others. But my memory is faulty and I had better just add the presence of three Ellingtons and leave it at that.

There was a lot of drinking going on, to which I added about half a quarter of wine (not my normal load, but I *was* tired after all), and some futzing about with a tape-recorder, results of which were supposed to be sent to LASFS, but overall I was none too enthused at the scene, found nothing better to do but drink myself under the table (hi, Calvin!), and so suggested to Fitch that going into San Francisco might be a better scene for that evening. He agreed and so we left around eleven towards the City.

Arriving there, we soon found ourselves in a traffic jam on Grant Avenue through Chinatown which didn't abate at all, so we turned off onto Columbus eventually and started looking for a parking place near the City Lights Bookshop, located at Columbus and Broadway. We didn't find a place until we got up to Washington Square, a good many blocks further along Columbus, and had to walk back. It was a cool evening, and misty, so I was wearing a sweater in addition to my cord jacket.

However, City Lights is well worth any such walk through any degree of extreme cold, and soon we found ourselves browsing through stacks of paperback books and magazines in search of the stuff *we* wanted. I ended up with a whole clump of Birth Press publications, including the notable "Sex & War," as well as such delightful Ferlinghetti treatise poems I'd failed to get before such as "1,000 Fearful Words for Fidel Castro" and "Tentative



Description of a Dinner Given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower"—and others of equal interest to me. Gathering up our purchases in a paper bag, we headed down Columbus to see the sights for a few blocks, but it was getting very, very late by then so we walked back to the Square and took off for Berkeley, upon arrival at which I sacked out immediately and didn't wake up until around noon the following day.

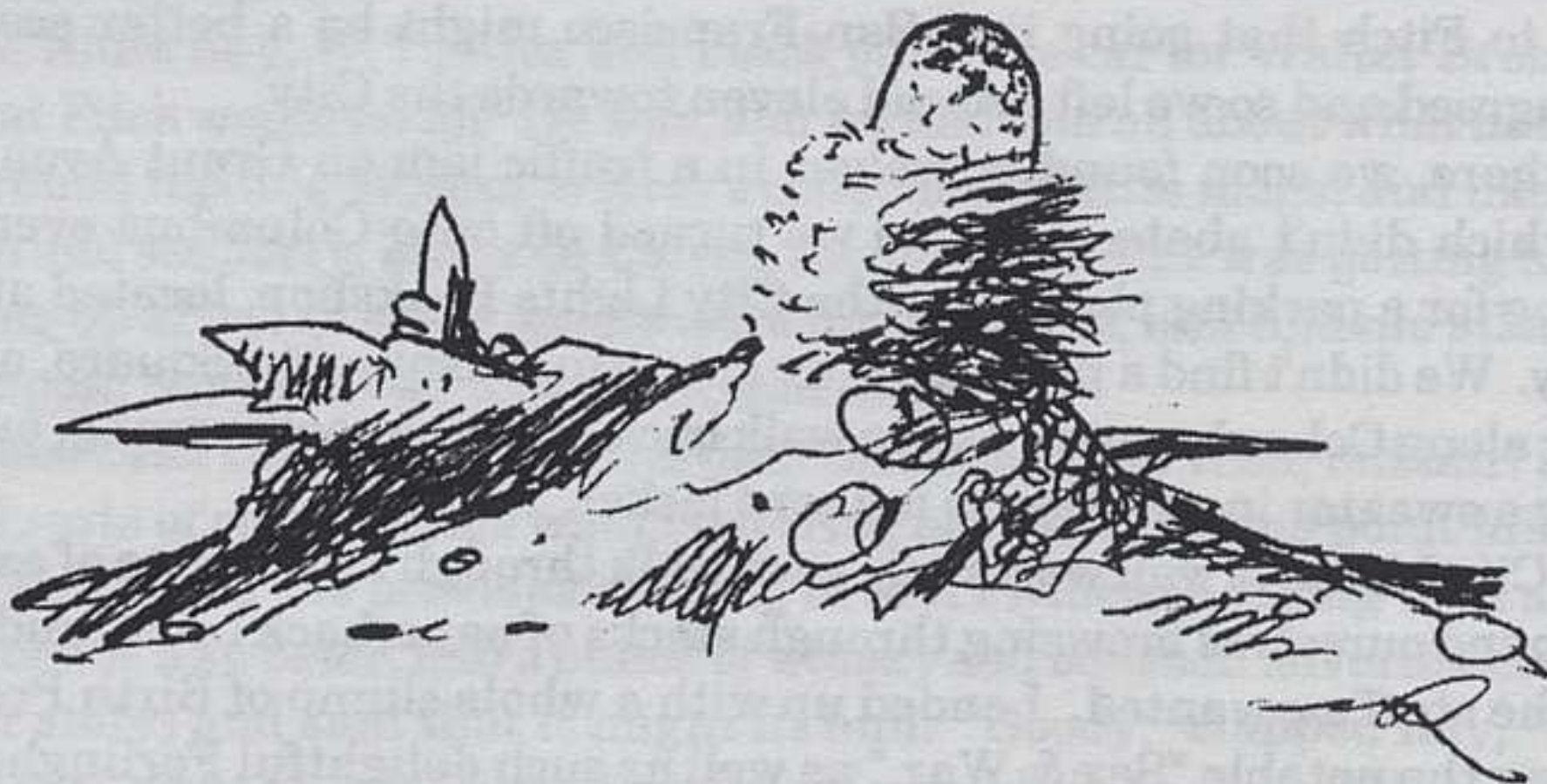
Which was Sunday. I spent the afternoon at the Ellingtons, a thoroughly enjoyable place to shoot the breeze, and when Norm Metcalf dropped over I took him down to the Nonvention. (Fitch had gone over to the City to have dinner with the Dickensheets.) There weren't as many people there as the previous evening, but generally I enjoyed myself more. We played Botticelli (or "who-am-I-not?") for a while. This is the game where the person who is It chooses a famous person and says to the other participants that he is a famous (give initial of last name of person here). The others can pose questions whose answers also begin with that initial and if they can stump the person who's It they get to ask a free question, to be answered yes or no. To give an example, at one point I said "I am a well-known H." Dick Ellington didn't notice I was It and so asked a question whose answer was Harlan, after whom Harlan County (of "Which Side Are You On?" fame) was named. He looked over at me then and said, "Oh, if I'd known it was *you* I'd've saved that question." When it finally developed, after quite a long time, that I was Joe Hill, Dick groaned and said, "Oh, no!" and Pat laughed from the card table and shouted, "You've been had, Dick!" Later on I was a famous K: Mickey Katz of Borscht Capades fame. But that wasn't as much fun.

Some non-fan friends of Felice's showed up and we tried explaining fandom and fanzines to them. However, we were stalled on the latter point when it developed that the only examples of fanzines around the house were *Rhodomagnetic Digest*, *Bixel* (Alva Rogers' OMPazine) and *Wobbly*. Hardly what one would call a representative selection, but finding fanzines at the Clinton manse appeared to be like finding a particular paperback book in a large bookstore.

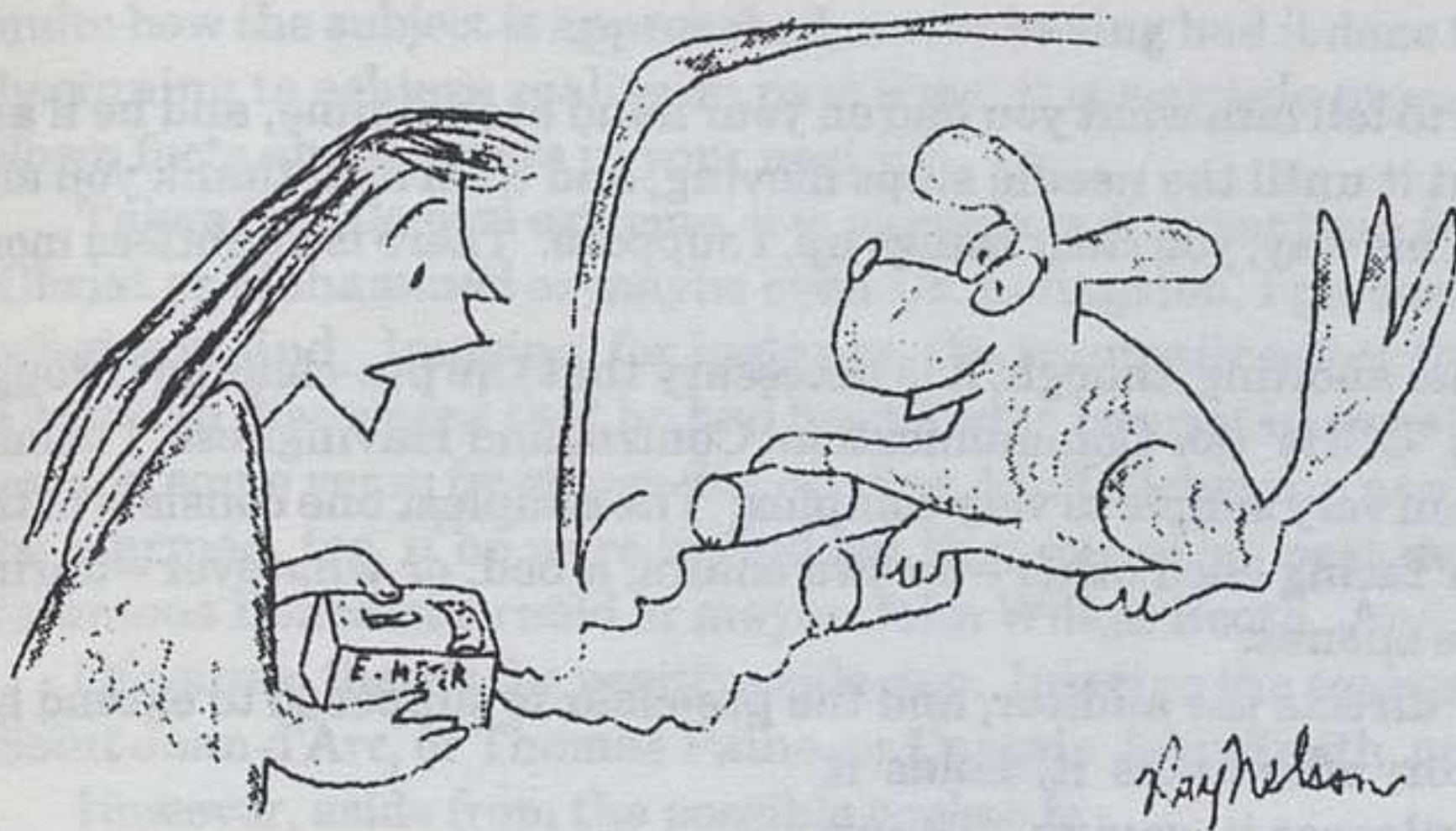
All good things must drag along to an end, and after a while the hour grew late and people started heading back to Berkeley. Alex drove Norm back in the Vauxhall and I went back with the Knight/Demmon entourage in Jerry's new Volkswagen convertible, a terrific automobile.

And the next day Alex and I left Berkeley and drove back to Los Angeles. That was my Nonvention. How was your convention?

[from *Watling Street* No. 14, October 1962, SAPS 61]







MY GHOD, HE'S A CLEAR!

## **A Public-Service Article: A Child's Garden of Scientology**

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 electrical 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 Lots of Money, but I have gone through several informal auditing spurts called meter-checks. These last about fifteen minutes 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 I wrapped my hands around the 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.

Meter-checks and auditing sessions are alike in most respects, though, I suppose. You, the "pre-clear," sit 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 what?"



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 that.

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

"Give me that hand," directs the auditor, and the pre-clear 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."

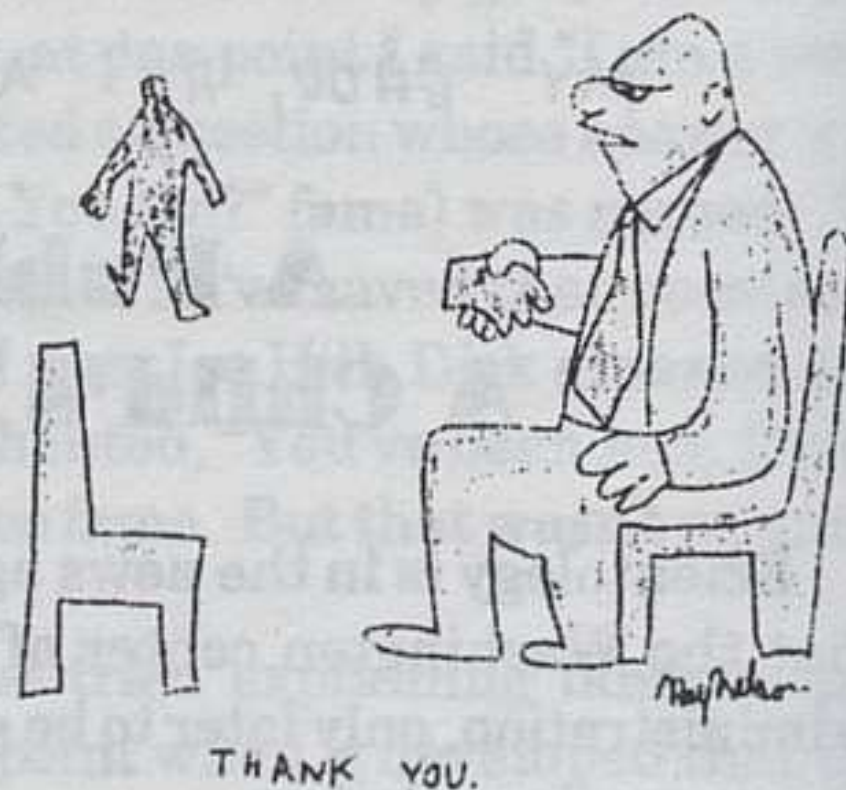
And so forth for hours at a time, until the auditor feels that the pre-clear has sufficiently mastered this CCH drill. Of course, before that happens, the pre-clear may rebel, or "do a non-confront," and give the auditor his hand right in the nose, or somewhere. This is one of the things an auditor must 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 pre-clear 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 pre-clear. For instance, one such CCH may consist of the pre-clear 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 all 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 all 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 maybe 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*?



[from *Psi-Phi* No. 8, February 1963, FAPA 102]

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## Passing of the Great

Sutro's. An enormous, sprawling series of joined buildings of wood and glass, concrete and steel, located on the shores of the Pacific Ocean very near to the famous Cliff House, and overlooking Seal Rock, where one could occasionally see seals but always see sea gulls, Sutro's Baths and Museum was built in the younger San Francisco of the Gay Nineties. Inside, an immense grouping of public baths, a gigantic skating rink, and a museum of historic oddities, curiosities and much of what is known among some fans as kipple. On the adjoining grounds, fountains and pools and lush formal gardens.

It was a playground born of an ebullient period in American history and a prosperous time of growth in San Francisco, and it occupied the attention and affection of and amused some four generations of San Franciscans and visitors from all over the world, even though the baths were closed down many years up till the end and much of the early formality and splendor was allowed to go to seed as the years passed.



The baths and skating rinks were the subject of many cartoon advertising posters that adorned the interiors of Municipal Railway coaches during the '30s and '40s. Some of the posters which I have acquired bear these jingles:

It's not that I object to you  
But can't you think of something *new*?  
Like skating out at Sutro's Rink  
That's something *different*,  
don't you think?

The girls who swim for exercise  
Are not so dumb, in fact they're wise  
For swimming gives the perfect touch  
To all those curves that mean so much.

And my favorite:

The Presidents of Savings Banks  
Are often found in Sutro tanks;  
They come to swim around, relax,  
Forget about their income tax.

The museum contained items such as old steam cars, Indian and Mexican curios, Tom Thumb's yellowing underwear, a statue of a Japanese in loin cloth so thoroughgoingly realistic it had pubic hair, many period music-making machines (most of which were still in operation), and much much more.

Admission to the premises was a quarter at the end, a dime for children. The skating rink was similarly nominal. Admission entitled you to spend as little or as much time as you liked gawking and pointing at the displays and at the endless pictures over all of the walls depicting old San Francisco: her buildings, bars, brothels and bombast.

All this came to a sudden end early this year when it was announced that the Sutro family interests, which held the property throughout its existence, had completed a deal to sell the premises and a total of 3½ additional acres of the grounds to real estate developers. Visits to the premises found the doors locked and barred, and calls to the Sutro offices were unfruitful in developing information as to the disposition of the contents of the museum, which have subsequently turned up, but only in very small part, at the nearby Cliff House.

In June the wreckers moved on the scene and one fine afternoon in mid-month they succeeded in toppling one of the sub-buildings that made up the whole of the old amusement emporium. That evening, scores of San Francisco residents, myself included, were on the scene to view the beginning of the end for a familiar old landmark.

But Sutro's was not destined to end in so prosaic and humdrum a fashion. On the last Sunday in June, while walking in Golden Gate Park, the smell of smoke became suddenly quite evident. "There must be a brush fire over in Marin," I commented. The next day it was all over the morning papers: "SUTRO'S BURNS TO THE GROUND. ARSON SUSPECTED." Subsequent investigation appears only to have indicated that the probable cause of the blaze was children on the premises, which were not well sealed, exploding firecrackers.

Which is poetic justice of a kind, for Sutro's apparently ended in the same way in began over seventy years ago.

With a bang.

[from *Lundys Lane*, August 1966, FAPA 116]



# Hippies

Certainly nothing has been so journalized about this past year than the phenomenon of what has come to be called the "hippie movement." As something of a corruption of the Bohemianism that has always been with us, hippies are international in their origins, but the birthplace and spiritual center of the contemporary hippie scene is indisputably San Francisco. As the only member of FAPA currently residing in San Francisco, and having been "on the scene" when it began, I'd like to add to this bulk of verbiage on the subject my own observations and comments.

The word that would best describe the beginnings of the hippie scene in San Francisco is "inadvertent." As it happens, LSD (much touted as the central factor of the movement) was by the end of 1964 readily available to anyone who wanted it, but that was a minor contributing factor. Most important, during the latter part of 1964 it seems that a large grouping of like-minded people, many of them students at San Francisco State College, found that the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco afforded an excellent selection of large, old and inexpensive dwellings. The precursors of the hippies were, then, students, poets and other disaffiliated people, many inclined towards the experimentation with consciousness-expanding drugs that marks the hippie scene, but mostly needing a cheap place to live.

This was not the first wave of bohemian or liberal-type people into the Haight-Ashbury, for as far back as the mid-1950s there had been an influx of similar people into the district; however, that came hard on the heels of the area's housing, once "solid middle-class white," being "busted." With the panic that followed the movement of the first black people into the neighborhood, real estate prices temporarily plummeted downwards and some bohemians and liberals, mostly older ones with families, found that they could afford to buy one of the enormous old Victorian and Edwardian houses that are found throughout the district. Others followed, not in great numbers, not all buying houses, in the years to follow, among them people like Michael McClure, an eccentric "beat" poet who is now one of the minor heroes of the hippies. As far as the black influx is concerned in the same period, by the end of 1964 the Haight-Ashbury was about 40 to 50 percent black.

So, in the latter part of 1964 and into the early months of 1965 there was a small influx into the area, enough so that the general type of people, who were then called "beatniks" (or less complimentary things) by those residents, black and white, who objected to them, were noticeable. It was in early 1965 that I moved to the Bay Area and mid-1965 when I moved from the East Bay to San Francisco, that I began to frequent the area to any great degree. This was because people I knew lived there. I had personally helped to move the worldly goods of several people into the district and others, mostly poets and publishers of "little" poetry magazines whom I had known through correspondence in much the same way I "know" science fiction fans through correspondence, moved into the area.

These people by and large were not so much different from students and poets and political radicals elsewhere. Their common denominator was that they were, by society's standards, poor, and if they took to wearing beads and serapes to brighten their costumes of chinos and military surplus overcoats, it was for aesthetic reasons, not reasons of exhibitionism or "rebellion." All that aside, they began to be noticed by outsiders.

Not that this changed their style of life any. Parties were occurring with an agreeable frequency during the peak period of the pre-hippie era, the summer and fall of 1965, but the most common means used to get high at those parties was not acid, but Red Mountain Burgundy. Marijuana was not heavily used at parties, either. The word "hippie" at that time was a derogatory one meaning, roughly, "someone on the scene but not a genuine part



of it," a meaning somewhat similar to the "weekend beatnik" of the old North Beach scene earlier. It was only later, when the newspapers picked up on what was happening, that "hippie" became the more or less accepted name for the type of "liberated" people who inhabited the Haight-Ashbury. By that time, many of the original settlers, the pre-hippies, had moved away to places like Taos, New Mexico, and during 1966, nearly all of the people who were there at the beginning to accidentally and unintentionally give the scene its start, had left for various reasons, not the least of them a sort of disgust.

In December 1965, the Psychedelic Shop, the first of the hippie stores, opened for business right in the middle of the Haight Street business district, an area which was then noted for the number of vacant stores at ridiculously low rents which nobody wanted. The Psych Shop, as it soon became known, carried books and records, mostly dealing in one way or another with psychedelics, also colorful artwork, jewelry, cigarette papers from many different countries, and the like. Many items of merchandise were hand-made by local artisans, and left at the store on a consignment basis.

It was an immediate success, although not an enormous one at first, and for at least four months it was quite unique, an island to itself amidst meat markets, cut-rate clothing stores, and neighborhood bars. At that time, the other main gathering place for the hippies was Tracy's, a 24-hour doughnut shop half a block away from the Psychedelic Shop, which had been there all along. By the spring of 1966, though, the Haight-Ashbury's hippie population was experiencing the beginning of an enormous influx, and by June and July 1966, about half a dozen other shops gradually made their appearance on Haight Street. Somewhat before that, the Fillmore and Avalon ballrooms, cavernous old dance-halls in the Fillmore District, several miles away from the Haight-Ashbury, began holding weekend dances featuring the music of the new hippie rock and roll groups. Many of these groups, with names like The Grateful Dead, The 13th Floor Elevator, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and The Quicksilver Messenger Service, were composed of young people who either lived in or frequented the Haight-Ashbury District.

The movement was putting down roots during the spring and summer, and into the fall of 1966. So far it was more or less an indigenous scene, with most of the store-owners being people who, under other circumstances, would have been just part of the crowd that by that fall was filling the sidewalks and overflowing into the asphalt pavement of Haight Street. The Diggers, a hippie-anarchist-love group, came into a shadowy existence that summer, serving a free meal of "Digger stew" (a weird concoction of scavenged and donated ingredients, never the same thing twice) daily in late afternoon to those who would come with bowl and spoon. Their statement of the way things ought to be was that everybody should "do their thing," whatever you could do and liked to do the best, and that everybody should share it with everyone else. They gave the original group of hippie store-keepers, who were by no means making vast fortunes, a very hard time, and despite considerable fluctuation in their numbers and their non-leader leadership, their basic belief is still that everyone is basically responsible for and should do his part to help everyone else.

The Diggers were the last of the real innovations of the San Francisco hippie scene. For the remainder of 1966 and into the early months of 1967, the scene began to consolidate and to "groove." It was for much of that period a quite creative place. Innovations were taking place almost daily in the fields of art (particularly poster art), music, fashion and living styles. Many quite lovely people "doing their thing" made the Haight-Ashbury a very fine place to visit and a tolerable place to live. The genuine hippies believed strongly in live and let live, and it was not until dilution of their numbers with camp-followers began that the "hippie riots," that were made much of in the national media, began to occur. Not that the hippies of all degree of hipness were not provoked and harassed beyond belief by the most visible representatives of the Establishment: the police. Suddenly having long hair



came to mean, in the eyes of the Protectors of the Establishment, that one was undoubtedly about to or in the act of committing some crime at all times, and thus could be arrested (or "detained" as the police called it) at any time. (Hippie: "What are you arresting me for?" Police officer: "Um, er, how about assaulting an officer?" This scene actually took place between one of San Francisco's finest and a 95-pound, 18-year-old, completely inoffensive teenybopper of my acquaintance who was then subjected to the embarrassment of having her picture in the paper and being booked, only to have the whole thing more or less dropped later on.) I don't mean to say by all this that the police are all bad. After all, due to lack of an enlightened public, which has been brainwashed many years by the liquor interests, marijuana is an illegal substance, and so the cops have no choice, etc. (We won't go into the matter of their mock-hippie undercover agents, known among the bustees as "narks.") And of course, when the pot arrests proved to be insufficient though "legal" harassment, they passed some laws about LSD and really went to town.

At about the same time that the hippies were grooving and the cops were busting, the "big money" began to come on the scene. The Drugstore Cafe, for instance, much touted in the national media as a "hippie gathering place" (as it was in its first few weeks of existence, until a 50¢ an hour minimum was imposed), opened in what had once been a real pharmacy. Its owners were not hippies by any stretch of the imagination: one is a mortgage broker, another owns a majority interest in a Sausalito hotel, and the other is a director of a San Francisco general contracting firm. Other money interests moved in, opening things like a branch of Cost Plus (a Bay Area imported goods chain), a cut-rate "hippie" jewelry store, and other tourist-oriented enterprises. Gray Lines for a time was running tour busses into the area.

The streets began to be packed on weekends with "straight" motorists come to see themselves some hippies. These mobilized newcomers were quick to verbally and shortly to physically harass the hippies, and Haight Street began to become something of a nightmare. Those vacant stores mentioned above had all disappeared and those that became vacant as old neighborhood businesses went out were renting for many times the rent in late 1965. The national media began to saturate its audience with "information," mostly half-truths and much outright fabrication, about the Haight-Ashbury and its hippies. The Diggers, thinking in terms of the influx of 1966, began fearfully predicting a massive influx for the summer of 1967. The City of San Francisco's panic-stricken Board of Supervisors declared, by a narrow margin, that hippies were officially unwelcome.

The beginning of this summer influx actually happened, but as of early August, things on Haight Street are pretty much about the same, so far as the crowds are concerned, as they have been all year. What has happened to conspire against the influx is a strange union of the landlords and the weather. Young hippies and teenyboppers arriving from places like Los Angeles and the East Coast, where summer evenings tend to be balmy, are surprised to learn that San Francisco nights are cold, so you cannot comfortably sleep in a car or in a park, even if you wouldn't get busted for doing it. And residential rents have gone sky-high, with no improvement in quarters made to warrant the increase. So things like the seven-room flat some poet friends of mine had for part of 1965 at \$110 a month are gone forever, and a five-room flat that another friend rented in mid-1966 and still has, at the same rent, is now a tremendous bargain in an area where a dingy two- or three-room apartment will now go for that.

It is pretty safe to say, at this point, that the hippie scene, so far as the hippies are concerned, is fairly dead in the district that was its birthplace. Most of the hippies have moved elsewhere, either out to the country (for there is a great move to return to nature among some of them) or to other parts of the City where low rents can be had. Leaving the Haight-Ashbury to the tourists and to the teenagers and hoods wearing bells whom the



tourists think are hippies, the hippies who made the Haight-Ashbury a beautiful place for a time are now spread in various areas of the City. Even the Diggers have left, and are now involved in attempting to refurbish a Skid Row hotel as a hippie hostel.

That's the scene up to the present. For the future? As far as the Haight-Ashbury District is concerned, it is likely that it will go the way of Telegraph Hill. Having been shown by the hippies that the district is, indeed, a pleasant, convenient and liveable area, it is likely that extensive private development will take place, with numerous structures which are beyond reasonable repair being replaced by modern apartments and with sound existing structures eventually being upgraded and made more attractive. As for the hippies themselves, it's harder to say. My feelings overall are that the movement as a cohesive thing will continue for several more years and then will be gradually absorbed as the people who make it up move into their private concerns of family and future. For those of us in it and those of us closely exposed to it, I believe we are all much the richer for the experience.

[from *Foggy Day*, August 1967, FAPA 120]

*This article was written early in the 1967 "Summer of Love." In retrospect, I think I was fairly accurate in my predictions about the fate of both the hippie movement and the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood.*

