

HIGH TOBEY

This is HIGH TOBEY #1, presented for the edification of the readership of the February, 1970 FAPA mailing. This little effort at communication comes to you from Dian Pelz, whose address should be changed in your files to 2446 Centinela Ave, Front, Los Angeles, California 90064. For those who get really gung-ho about their mailing comments, the phone number here is (213) 473-5244. Blesh!

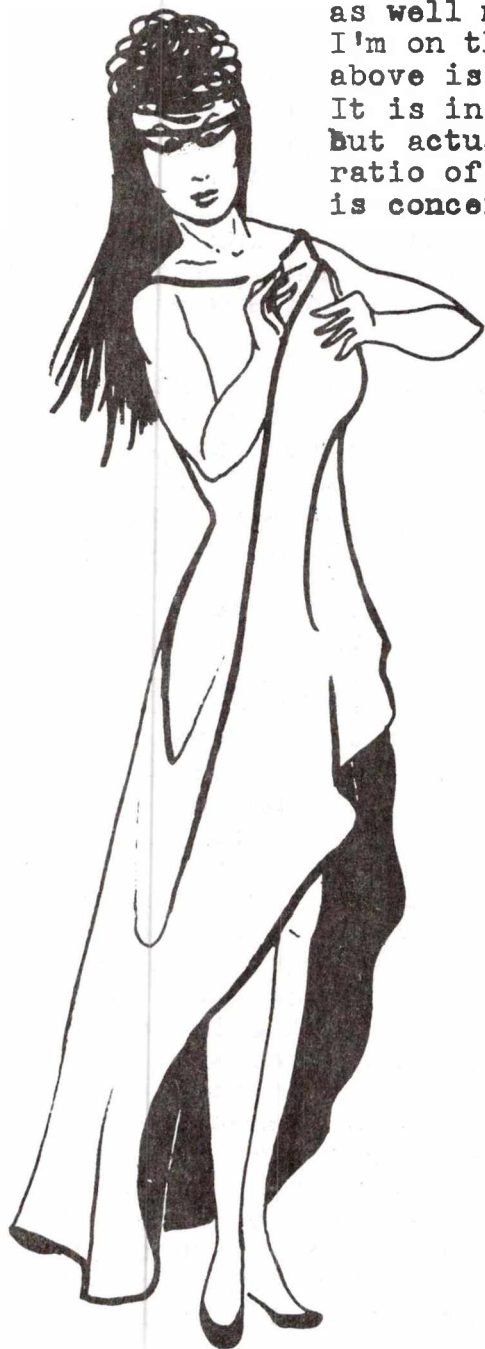
Well, what's to say? It's a new year, and that always has at least a certain promise. I never feel that a year is ruined beyond repair until November. November is sort of my month. Back in 1968 a co-worker of mine who was hipped on astrology looked through a largish volume and informed me that I was moving into a cycle that would be very very good for me. I really out to write and tell her that I think she was right. So, 1970, I have great hopes for you. Keep up the good work.

I spent the holidays with my family. Unlike many fans I am tolerably fond of my relatives. You know, there is nothing like making the tired acceptance of Christmas a bright and wonderful thing all over again by seeing it through the eyes of a child. My daughter, Cecy, is lacking a couple of months of being four years old, and Santa Claus, and Christmas trees, and all of the things that kids enjoy are a great joy to her. I don't think ~~there~~ can possibly be anyone more excited that a child on Christmas Eve - afraid she'll go to sleep and miss something wonderful, and afraid not to go to sleep because then maybe Santa won't come. My family has had a tradition for many years of having the adults open their gifts on Christmas Eve, so that on The Morning everything under the tree is for the little ones. For sheer delight there is nothing like watching a child tear into a pile of presents. Christmas is also very educational for a parent. I mean, you get a chance to learn all about ballerina dolls that can toe dance and pirouette, mechanical contrivances that expand plastic squares into creatures any SF author would be proud to have thought up, real electric cars that have forward and reverse gears, sets of toy dishes with real stemware. Every year the toy manufacturers get giddier and giddier. You have to sort of figure out what you can get that a small child can operate by herself, not kill herself, you, or the neighbor kid with, not wreck irretrievably too soon, and still have fun with.

For those collectors who might be a mita peeved at me changing titles, you'll just have to accept the fact. I forgot what number CACOETHES this was supposed to be, and if I spend the time trying to find out, this zine will never get done. However, if I find out, the next zine will be CACOETHES, and will count this zine in the numbering. Tsk, tsk, is that any way to address a woman?

WELL, IT LOOKS NICE ON THE SHELF.

I bought a new book on costuming the other day. My father joined some sort of book discount club and I look through his bulletins so see if there is anything I want, then order it under his membership. This new addition to my own version of the 5 foot shelf is "Tracht, Wehr und Waffen" (1350 - 1450)" It's a fair sized volume, with numbered pages only up as far as the end of the 72 pages of text in front (which I am totally unable to read, of course). The rest of the book is about 350 or 400 pages of nicely water-colored drawings of clothing, armour, and machines of war. As far as costume construction is concerned, it is vastly useful despite the linguistic problems. I can't read my way thru it like I can the other foreign tome I have, but I can see the pictures and read the dates and that's really all you need. Incidentally, this book is about 9½" x 13½", and none of the full figure drawings are less than 4" high. It cost me \$7.95, which I consider quite a bargain.



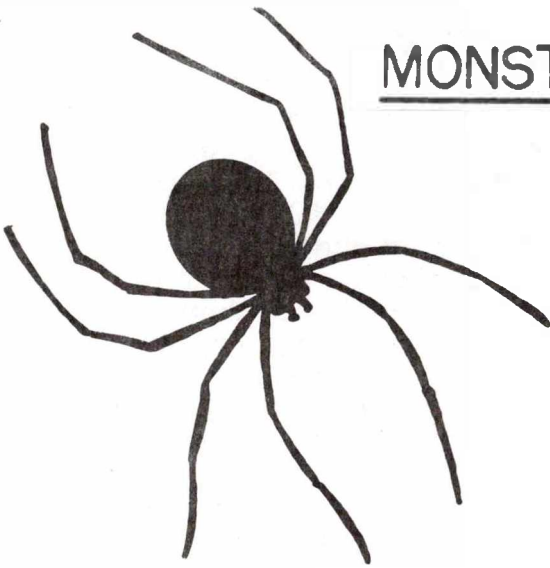
I may as well mention the other costume books I have, while I'm on the subject. The other foreign book I mentioned above is "Dictionnaire du Costume" by Maurice Leloir. It is in the same dimensional class as the German book, but actually is a dictionary. It has about the same ratio of pictures to text as any large unabridged, and is concerned with modes in dress from the primitive to about 1960. Being in French is no particular drawback as the majority of terms used in discussing costume are French. With a little effort most of the little paragraphs on each subject are quite readily understandable. Now that I look through it again, I have to say that it is heavier on the pictorial side than I remembered. Very nice book, and lots of fun to just read through leisurly.

"A History of Costume" by Carl Köhler is just about the most valuable book I've ever seen for anyone who really wants to get busy and build things. My copy is a Dover paperback, and therefore has the advantage of being quite inexpensive. It is 456 pages, many pictures, and actually scale patterns for construction. The text explains what types of cloth and what colors were in use. It is, however limited to clothing only (no armour), and comes down only to 1870. The burgeoning Regency fans should love it.

"Costume Design and Making, a practical Handbook" was turned out in 1917 by Fernald & Shenton, and is limited to English costume to 1880. "24 illustrations and 51 pages of illustrations: diagrams" 158 pages. It was mostly intended for stage use and will give the beginner some nice hints on what colored lights can do to your color scheme.

"Costume" by Phillis Cunningham (A. & C. Black, Ltd.) is intended mainly for children in the early teen bracket, as nearly as I can judge. Very carefully explanatory, it has nice clear-cut drawings. 62 pages. No patterns.

MONSTER IN MINIATURE



About four weeks ago one of the men at work found a large and ominously black spider on a shelf in the storeroom. He scooped it up with a sheet of paper and brought it into the Drafting area, evidently hoping to get a reaction from Ruth or myself. Providentially, I happened to have a mason jar with a canning top and had the captor dump the captive into said jar. So, that is how the Drafting department at Eagle-Picher acquired its mascot. All of Ruth's adverse reactions seemed to disappear once the little black monster was safely behind glass, and she immediately began to figure out ways of making it "comfortable".

Well, four weeks later we still have the beastie, and I am realizing how really little I know about arachnids.

Spiders, I discovered, cannot climb a slick surface the way a fly or an ant can. They evidently have to cast out portions of web in order to anchor themselves. I've watched house spiders scuttle across walls, and it never occurred to me that they need the almost invisible roughness of the surface to cling to. I might mention in passing that, since we've been feeding our pet other spiders, I had a chance to notice that this movement limitation has been true of all of them. Of course, there may be spiders with suction-cup feet, I don't know.

As nearly as I can tell, spiders are terribly short sighted. The prey has to practically be on top of her (gender for simplicity's sake) before our spider is aware there is anything there. Take for example a typical "kill". Dinner is to be a medium sized spider with four little yellow spots on its back. The black spider, who is about the size of a small Thompson seedless grape, with legs attached, is hiding under her favorite leaf. The spotted spider, whom I will refer to as "he", is dumped into the jar and immediately begins a frantic circuit of the walls. Naturally this eventually brings him into contact with the black spider, whose home is resting against the side of the jar. She ignores him totally. This may happen two or three times. Then suddenly the little numbskull seems to realize that something edible has invaded her domain. She dashes out to intercept him. But he freezes and his lack of movement seems to make him invisible to her. She has built' and odd sort of three dimensional, ramshackle web and keeps one leg on it, waiting for the tell-tale vibration. The two adversaries sit for fifteen minutes or more, motionless. The spotted spider finally makes a break for it. His movement gives him away and she grabs frantically with her long delicate front legs. She misses, and he scurries to safety. With the arachnid equivalent of snapping her fingers in disgust, our black demon returns to her leaf to wait for another victim. The curvature of their space being what it is, the two spiders eventually meet again. The black spider misses on her first pass, but this time she chases the prey and within a few seconds and about two inches she has caught up with him. She tosses a few loops of web about him, pulls his legs up underneath him, and within about fifteen seconds has him done up neatly in a little web bag. Now she hauls him back to her home, and strings him up so that he hangs from one of her web lines. Depending on how hungry she is, she may suck him dry within a half hour, or she may leave him hanging for several hours before feeding. In either case

The final ending is the same. She cuts the dessicated body loose and moves it away from her home. Then she settles back under cover to wait for the next edible subject to come by.

The main difference I've noticed in the various spiders we've caught is, aside from their obvious physical differences, of course, the ways they try to escape. The ones with the little yellow spots on their backs invariably try to run away from danger. They never seem to even consider climbing any of the twigs in the jar. Another variety heads up the vegetation immediately and hangs suspended from part of the black spider's web. Still another casts out sections of line and tries to climb the wall of the jar, ignoring the twigs and scorning the repeated circuits of the jar.

The black spider builds a web like nothing I have ever seen before. The typical garden spider builds the familiar flat web that it hangs between limbs or odd angles. Then there is the tunnel spider with it's little tornado shaped dust-catcher. This spider just seems to have filled space with webbing. It reminds me of a person knitting just to be knitting. Actually, the web lines are put together so that they form little triangles of air space, but there seems to be no particular shape to it. It just fills the available space. Of course, since the space available is only the bottom of a pint mason jar, there is no telling what shape her web might be if she could do what she wanted.

It seems interesting to me that none of the spiders introduced into the bottle have gotten entangled in the web. It makes me wonder if they know instinctively how to avoid such a fate, or if maybe this particular web isn't sticky at all, and merely serves as a warning system. It would be hard to believe that all spiders build in such a similar manner than one spider understands another's web. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that none of those spiders which climb have ever displayed any reluctance at all in moving over a web which belongs to someone else.

I did notice one curious case of reluctance, however. One particular little brown spider, scurrying about the jar, ran across the remains of a few of its predecessors. It touched one of them lightly, moving those thin legs lightly over the web and the victim, and then turned and went in the direction opposite to that it had been following. Of course, this may merely have been coincidence. It may have been so stupid that it forgot which way it was going when it's attention was distracted. On the other hand, it found the lifeless, and therefore motionless, bodies of the other spiders of great interest.

I have always had an abhorrance of spiders, centipedes, and the other multileggers. "Six legs good, eight legs bad" you know. I greatly suspect it is because I know so little about them and have no way of determining if they are harmful or not. I don't have a phobia, or any feeling that strong about arachnids, but I don't like them at all, at all. Snakes yes, lizards yes, pill bugs, bees, dragonflys yes. Spiders and their ilk, uh-uh. So, I am trying to give them the benefit of the doubt by learning more about them. They are fascinating in their way, objectively speaking. They move along gracefully on their eight legs, they never seem to be dirty in appearance, and they are incredibly patient. It is eerie, though, to watch a battle to the death. with neither victim nor victor uttering a sound. No matter how small a creature is, it seems as though it ought to make some sound of protest as it's life is being drained away. Should I get a stethoscope? I don't think I want to know. Anyway, in the meantime, the black spider waxes fat and glossy. I wonder if it is possible to overfeed a spider? I don't even know how often they normally eat, or how long they can go without eating. Stay tuned t this fanzine.

ONLY HIS PSYCHIATRIST KNOWS FOR SURE



The satinate Sultan of Sarampor twitched his moustaches, glowered from under his bushy brows, and "hurumphed" loudly several times. His only legitimate son started to say something, thought better of it, and nervously plucked at the embroidery on his brocade vest. His sire glowered even more fiercely. "What, precisely and exactly, do you mean by saying that you won't marry her? Hum? Hum? Speak up, speak up!"

"Well, err, that is.." the young man fumbled for a minute, found he was out of them, and looked at the parquet flooring. "She's...she's..." his voice dropped to an embarrassed whisper, "she's got red hair!"

His noble father's whiskers bristled. "What in the name of all that is holy to Rama, Krishna, and all the rest, does that have to do with it?" he yelled.

"Ah, gee, Dad," the younger man started to explain, "you know how it is, some people can't stand green beans, and some people can't stand cocker spaniels, and I can't stand women with... with... I can't go on," he said melodramatically, flinging an arm across his eyes. "Even the very sight of ... you know... makes me develop psychosomatic symptoms which are directly attributable to an acute phobic reaction."

His father stared at him in rapt silence for a long moment. "Someday," he said sympathetically, "I, myself, shall journey to the land of England, and there I shall enter the hallowed and ivy covered halls of that institution known as Oxford. Once within those august confines I shall inquire the whereabouts of that great teacher of psychiatric medicine who was thy tutor. And then," he said, still more softly, "I shall hack him into itsy bitsy teensy weensy bits and feed him to the bats in thy belfry!" The sultan sucked in a long breath of air through his clenched teeth. "I don't care if you have scarifying convulsions for the rest of your life, you are going to marry Princess Lakshmi, because if you don't marry her you will have to marry Natara of Ranjpur, and I can't stand wheat germ!" he thundered, slamming his fist down on a convenient servant.

The prince, who was basically a nice guy, shuddered. Prince Akbar was tall, with flashing myopic eyes, copper bronze skin, and a tendency to try and weasel out of unpleasant situations. This time, however, there was no weasel available. The sultan had spoken. Prince Akbar made his obeisance, and wandered out into the perfumed garden. It wasn't really that the princess had red hair. As far as Akbar was concerned, her hair could be purple. The real problem was something he could only admit to his very dearest friend. Lakshmi scared him. The princess was a throwback to some sort of whitewash in the family laundry. She had milky skin, flame colored hair, and was an absolute wonder at anything athletic. She could ride, swim, wrestle, shoot and so on. She scared him. She had stalked bears in the Himalayas, tiger in the jungles, okapi with the natives, and lice with a fine toothed comb. She had climbed Everest, swum the channel, explored the Mindinao Trench, and hunted taxis in North Hollywood. She terrified him. She could do an iron cross, sky dive, hold her breath for seven minutes,

at - come in first at Indy. She petrified him.

While Prince Akbar was sitting in a blue funk - the one with the wire wheels and automatic ejection capsule - his second best mongoose (and first best friend) crawled up onto his lap and looked into his face with its beady black eyes. Its nose twitched understandingly. "Well?" it inquired.

Prince Akbar just shook his head. "I'm done. Through. Finished. In three months I'll be married to an Amazon with an arm of steel. Able to leap tall buildings with a single bound. Ka-pow!"

"Have you considered murder?" the mongoose inquired, looking at Akbar through his pincenez.

"No, but suicide is beginning to look awfully good." Akbar held his head in his hands.

"Pull yourself together," said the mongoose, whose name was Rao. "All you have to do is excell the princess in her chosen sports."

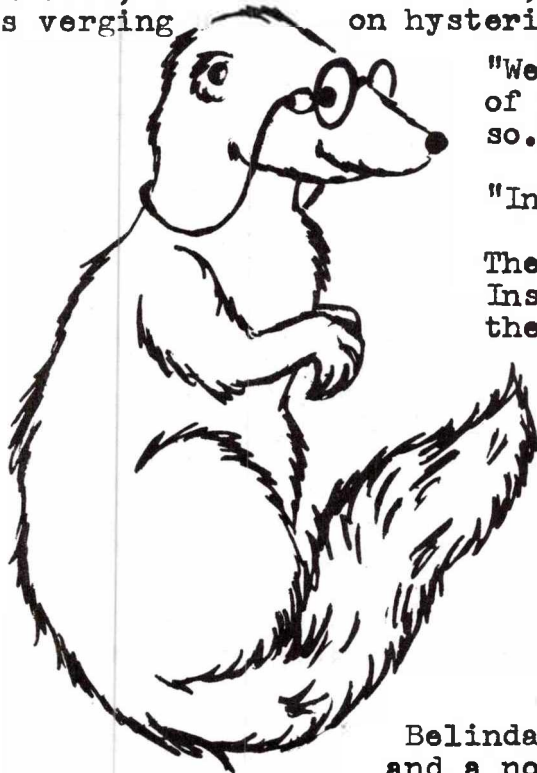
"Oh sure," said Akbar, "in three monghs?"

"Well, I admit it may be a struggle" said the mongoose, "but if you could manage to be just top notch in one thing you could put out a big noise about everything else being too tame for you and she might buy it. Can't we just run it up the pole and see if it waves?" Rao had been employed previously as an exterminator in a Madison Avenue ad firm.

Reluctantly Akbar nodded his agreement.

"Okay," said Rao enthusiastically, "now we've got to find out what might be easiest for you to learn."

Five days later Akbar had a wrenched shoulder, a cracked shin, two stubbed toes, a frost-bitten nose, and winced when he sat down. The mongoose was verging on hysteria.



"Well," said Rao, "I guess we'll have to think of something else. I never figured you were so, so... well, that is, so..."

"Inept" groaned the prince.

The mongoose sighed. "Yeah, that's about it. Instead of Oxford, why didn't they send you to the playing fields of Eaton?"

"They did," admitted Akbar, "but after the second broken leg I put in for a transfer."

"Okay, there's nothing for it but to go see Rachid, the greatist faker in the land."

"Don't you mean fakir?" asked Akbar.

"Don't you know Rachid?" countered Rao. "Saddle up Belinda and lets get going."

Belinda was huge and grey, with tiny twinkling eyes, and a noble disposition. She swayed majestically up the road, her golden howda gleaming in the sun.

Whenever Prince Akbar rode about on Belinda everyone stopped to stare in respectful silence. It isn't everyday you see a royal prince mounted on a rhinoceros. Belinda was Akbar's prized possession and one of his best friends. She made a great goal for horseshoes, helped to keep the palace grounds free of litter, was adept at taking stones out of horses hooves, and played blindfold chess with Rao. Now she bowed politely to the other two.

"I am most happy to be with you again," she said formally.

Rao and Akbar mounted her howda and they started out the palace gate. "We've got to take his Royal Highness to see Rachid" said the mongoose.

"That's about a day and a half from here" said Belinda. "Have you made reservations?"

"Sure, I wired ahead" said Rao. "The Holiday Inn is about a half a day from Rachid's."

"Wait a minute," broke in Akbar, "I thought fakirs always lived off in the middle of nowhere so that their followers had to prove their worthiness by just getting there."

"I thought we established earlier that Rachid wasn't a fakir," said Rao. "You'll have to prove your worthiness all right. How much money have you got?"

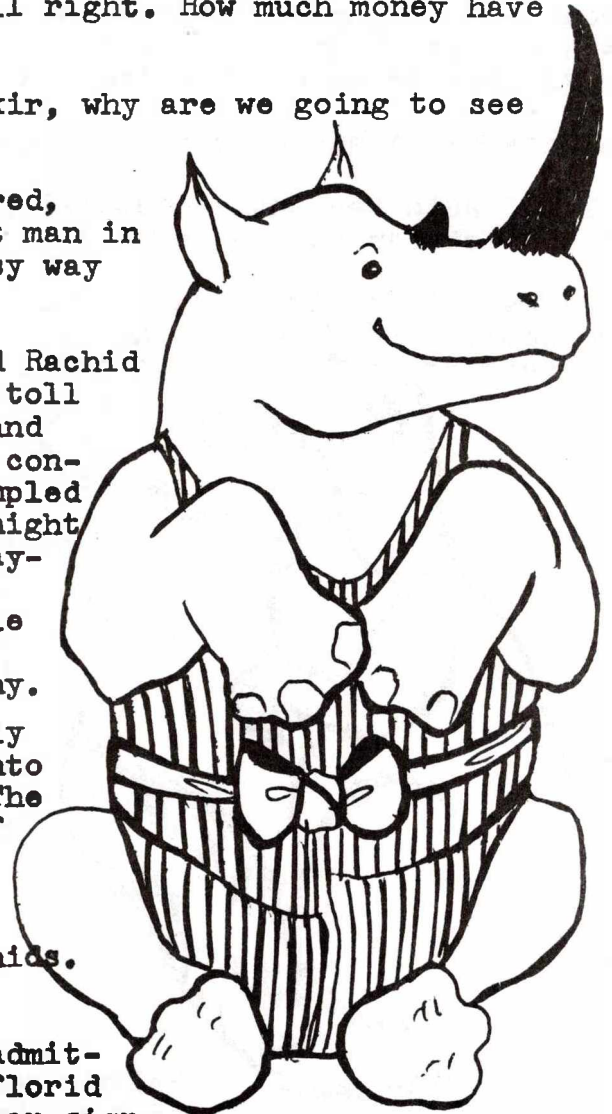
"Now look, if he's not a really truly fakir, why are we going to see him?" asked Akbar.

"For the same reason," Belinda volunteered, "That you give a rush job to the laziest man in the office. Rachid can figure out an easy way to fake out anyone."

Akbar's worthiness to visit the esteemed Rachid was soon tested. There were toll gates, toll bridges, toll roads, special licenses, and weighing stations. They had dinner at a convenient Howard Johnson's, where they sampled all of the flavors, and then spent the night at the Holiday Inn, which admitted to paying half their gross to the Rachid Corp. In the morning they finished off a couple of Hottles, two gopher snakes, a short stack, and a half ton of the best Timothy.

It was toward nightfall when they finally came out of the desert wilderness and into the valley where Rachid made his home. The place was unmistakable. The fragrance of jasmine in the midst of nowhere, the murmur of a distant stream, the aura of peace and benevolence, and the immense neon sign that blinked on and off. "Rachids. Rachids."

The proprietor, when they were finally admitted to see him, turned out to be a fat, florid faced man, with piercing eyes and a dollar sign for a heart. This latter he was willing to waive, however, on the basis



of a long time friendship with Rao.

"What can I do for you, old weasel face?" he belched. "Help yourselves to dinner. Introduce me to your friends." He clapped his hands and a bevy of scantily clad girls danced into the center of the room.

Rao bowed gracefully and gestured toward his companions. "Belinda Boger-bonce, and Prince Akbar of Sarampor, who needs a little help."

"Oh really?" said Rachid, taking a puff at his twelve pipe hooka. "What seems to be the lad's problem?"

"Well, you see, sir," began Akbar.

"Didn't ask you," grumbled Rachid testily. "Go on old cobra catcher."

"He's engaged to marry one of those Amazonian types who would rather hike 30 miles with a full field pack than... well, anyway, he can't get out of marrying her so we've got to figure out some way of making her a little less..."

"Formidable" supplied Rachid. "I know just what you mean. My thirty second wife was like that. Brrrrr!"

He gulped a glass of grape juice, being a strict mohammedan, and then main-lined a shot, feeling that what the Prophet hadn't mentioned couldn't hurt him. "All you gotta do," he murmured, a blissfull smile on his lips, "is make sure that she gets battered up a little and then insist that as your wife she give up such persuits - for the good of the country and the peace of your heart." He raised one finger stiffly aloft in the international salute, and achieved Nirvana. The audience was over. Well, not exactly over. He summoned them to his presence the next morning and the upshot of the matter was that they spent close to two months enjoying Rachids hospitality. Eventually, however, with reeling steps and aching heads, they took their leave of the great master and set out for home. Time was running out and desperation was leading Akbar to listen to such solutions as dynamite under the ski run, nitro in her ferrari tank, and carbon monoxide in her scuba outfit.

"There's only one problem with that," said Akbar. "If Lakshmi kicks off I'll have to marry Natara of Ranjpur and she's as fat as two hogs, cross-eyed, and won't eat anything but wheatgerm and crottled greeps."

His friends shuddered. "Look," said Rao finally, "you'll just have to pay a visit of state to the lady and see if you can get her to give all of that nonsense up. Then if we have to we'll break both of her legs."

So, the next day, decked out in his best red turban, with embroidered vest, silk pantaloons and a Johnson and Smith army surplus bayonet swinging at his side, Akbar went to see the princess.

She received him as a true daughter of the faith - wearing little except a yashmak, and surrounded by her maid servants. After a few minutes of random conversation, Akbar came to the point. She listened, her eyes huge above the veil.

"You don't want me to take the world's record for the Indoor Trap shoot?"

Akbar shook his head, expecting to be hit with something hard any minute.

"You probably don't want me to compete in the Transylvanian Gypsy Dueling Tournament either."

Akbar managed to mutter, "N-no, I'd rather you d-didn't"

"Oh, I'm so glad," the princess squealed, clapping her hands together. "I do wish daddy had had a son, then I wouldn't have had to break my nails, and spoil my complexion, and get ringing in the ears from altitude, and sore shoulders from recoil. Now I have found a man who understands me. I can forget all about the things they taught me in England at St. Trinians. Now I can do what I truly want to do!"

"What is that, beloved?" murmured Akbar, estatically lifting a hand to caress her lovely red hair.

"Study quantum physics," she sighed blissfully.

Akbar groaned.

Well, as they say, that's that. May your fanzines wax fat and happy, and the days of your lives be many and joyous. See you-all next time. Next time I get around to putting out a fapa zine , that is. Stay well.

