

October has arrived, with its cooler weather; the leaves are turning on the hardwoods, and drifting toward the ground. In the mornings, there is a touch of chill in the air - even though it may be up to the low 80s by afternoon. Fall is at hand - and this is perhaps the best time in Washington. Today I went for a spin to break in the car - a new Rambler - and headed north into Maryland. Started up US29 towards Baltimore - this is the back route, avoiding all the towns, and a fast run, although two lane for much of the way. When I reached US40 I headed west, towards Frederick, but cut back at Mt. Airy, onto a secondary road. Forty is dual, and fast; driving it, though, makes you keep too close an eye on the road, and you can't really see the countryside. The trip back into Washington, which eventually ended on the former US240, was slower, but really enjoyable. The weather was cool, but not cold; the sun was bright. Very little traffic, so driving was a pleasure. And the countryside was very pretty. The corn fields were mostly harvested, with the corn in shocks, but some fields were still intact, with the brown stalks standing in rows. Trees were lightly colored; nothing like the brilliant color seen in New England, or even along Virginia's Skyline Drive, but still lending a pastel wash to the countryside's green and brown. I believe I prefer the milder color; the brilliant colors are spectacular, but so much color defeats its purpose.

In any event, the ride reminded me that November is close at hand, and that I hadn't even started anything for the 85th mailing of FAPA. I had intended to do something earlier - as usual - before I left on vacation, but when vacation was postponed, I didn't. So, since vacation will wait until after this mailing, there's no reason not to start writing.

This seems to be as good a place as anywhere to thank you all for voting for me; I hope things will go along smoothly - though I have fears....

#### LOOKING BACKWARDS

A second look at the 84th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, yclept FAPA among the inner circle. It startles me to see that FAPA is older than some of its members; how time flies. [Or should that be flys? the Collegiate is of no help here.] As usual, the order is that in the Fantasy Amateur, except that that item is first.

The Fantasy Amateur [me and others]. The little matter I mentioned in last issue of Celephais under the FA is being/has been taken care of [I'm assuming that Ted hasn't forgotten to tell himself to insert it in the President's message.] I hope you will note that this is not a simple blackball system; it requires concerted action to remove or even suspend a waiting-lister. Unfortunately, we dallied around too long, and the person aimed at is back on the wl. Since he gets the FA, he will know what's going on.

#### Horizons

[Warner, who else?]. Browsing back through my files of Hi a month or so ago, I noticed a slip somewhere in the FAPA number - seems to me you gained a number, or such. I don't remember just where or when, but I seem to recall it was there. Did the first volume have only four issues (the ditto/hecto issues)?

Your

checks to Four Continent Book Corp are probably being siphoned off into the FBI files as evidence against you. \*\*\* I have just been rereading Fantods while getting ready to/while doing microfilming of it. I miss the keen Stanley pen; the highpower brainbusters, the clever poking fun at the pros through excerpts.

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Celephais, published by Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Maryland, for the November, 1958, mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. A Weltschmerz Publication

I wonder if the reason he isn't remembered is that most of his fanning was done in FAPA; only a few members are still around who were in then - and some of those are not too articulate now - and the newer fans have no way to become aware of him in mundane fanzines. Laney had a reputation in non-FAPA circles; I don't believe Norm ever did. And then, Norm was not too interested in the fan fights that helped Laney get a reputation. For that matter, I wonder how many present-day FAPAns remember H.C.Koenig or Al Ashley or the Old Foe, to name only a few. And then there was Milty and YHOS.

I'd disagree with your remarks as to the popularity of the printed western. Over the years it has been the second strongest seller in book or magazine. Only the detective story has equalled or exceeded it. And the detective story did about the same on the screen/tv. Actually, the western had/has one advantage over the detective story; it's much easier to fit yourself into the western hero's shoes than into the detective's. And there is more action for the hero in the western; in the standard detective, the most violent part of the action comes before the detective starts work. The most successful detectives in fiction - Holmes, Thorndyke, French, Chan, Lord Peter, etc - are not people into whose shoes we would step for excitement or thrills; we stand aside and watch them work. For this reason, it seems to me, detective stories have been more intellectual in appeal; they appeal to the puzzle instinct. I can remember, back about 1940, when I was working in a magazine shop, the people who read detective magazines and the ones who read westerns. [This was back before comics; very ancient] Westerns outsold detective pulps five to one; there were more titles available, too. Recently the pb people have discovered the western reader; the supply of westerns is still too small, but - second hand - they are snapped up while the detectives are pawed over. And don't forget Zane Grey.

The memo paper used for The Dreistein Case was old, and not in current use; I felt it would not be used before a change in forms would take place. I do use government paper, though; a ream lasts me a year or so (I buy my own ditto masters and paper, tho). And this may be a good place to state that I didn't write the thing; I don't know who did. It appeared as a part of a Sunday editorial page in the Washington Star and was reprinted in the American Chemical Society's C&E News. I felt it was interesting, and that most of fandom would never see a copy, so I did it. And then F&SF beat me by a couple of weeks.

Think back to the early years of the war. The car manufactures were advertising - but not cars for sale. They wanted to keep their trademarks and names fresh in the public mind for the post-war period. They advertised their cars, but only as a part of the war effort.

How many other comic strips were stopped on the death or retirement of the artist/author? I can think of a few - Crazy Cat - I mean Krazy Kat - Toonerville Trolley (which put a word in the lexicon of juice fans) - The Timid Soul and other Websters - The Nebbs, which combined with another one - that's all I can think of, but I have a feeling there is one not too old I missed. These, of course, are not ones in which the papers just quit on.

I think the brass band as you describe it must be an eastern custom. With the exception of the Legion drum-and-bugle corps of some years ago - 25 or so - I can remember only the school (high and college) brass bands back home. Some years earlier there must have been bands - there was a band stand in the park (two in two parks, in fact) but I can only dimly remember a couple of concerts.

What would you do when you hit a word like gabel if q and u were combined? Or some of the other languages, such as Swedish, with qv as a combination?

"Child's Play" got me to thinking about games I used to play, but I came to the bottom of the page and end of available time at the moment. Maybe overleaf.



Back again to Horizons after a lapse of some time. And to childhood memories.

The rubber-band guns we used were made in two models, neither of which seems to match the one you describe. The first, and simpler, was a single-shot (or rarely a two-shot) gun. Shaped from a foot-long stick, with a V-notch at one end, and a wooden handle nailed or carved on the other. The back corner was rounded, and the whole was whittled smooth, with no sharp corners. The trigger was a spring clothes-pin, with one leg held to the back of the handle by other bands, and the jaw just in back and even with the barrel. In use, a band (red rubber was better, we thought) was stretched from the notch back along the barrel and slipped into the mouth of the pin, the other jaw holding it until fired. To fire, you pressed the clothes-pin, and "snap". The second type, although simpler to make and looking cruder, was a real multiple-shot weapon - up to six shots without reloading. In this case, the handle sloped back, and there were notches cut along the back, deep enough to hold a rubber band. In use, it was loaded as before, with the first band anchored in the lowest notch, and so on. To fire, you pushed the top band out with your thumb. Occasionally, a misfire would let a couple of bands go at once. There were also rifles, using bands from truck tires, and with a barrel of over two feet. These carried quite a way, I remember.

Then there was the ball game for two or three or four - over the house. This consists of two groups, on opposite sides of the house or garage, throwing a ball over and catching it. Where and when the ball would appear was always a question.

The object was to make the other side miss the ball and catch them in the act of going after it. At school, recess/noon hour baseball was "work-up." You chose positions - first yelling getting what he wanted, and late-comers taking the less desirable outfield spots that took a long time to get up - unless you were lucky.

(This made for wolfing of lunch.)

Only three batters; if two were on base the third one had to get one home. It was up to the man furthest advanced to get in, or he was out. When someone struck out or was out at a base, everyone moved up one position - catcher became batter, pitcher to catcher, 1st to pitch, etc - and the outed one became last fielder - and there were often a dozen fielders. If a batter hit a fly that was caught, the one catching traded places with the batter, and no-one else benefited.

Another game at school - this was before the days of elementary gyms - when we had time and it wasn't baseball or soccer weather was a screwy negative version of king of the mountain. There was a area between the sidewalk and the walk by the basement door about thirty feet wide and roughly bounded by U-shaped walks into a rectangular shape. One person would be it and stand in the area. The rest would be lined up on the two walks. The object was to get from one sidewalk to the other without being tagged by the person it. If tagged, you also became it, and helped him tag others. At first, it was easy to get across, but when most of the group were in the field it required either brute strength or craft. One casually mingled with the ones in the field, chasing after other catches, and gradually working across the field to the other walk. Great noonday fun - and needing no equipment.



### And still on Horizons.

Another game, much quieter, but playable by several, required the use of knives - pocket - with small blades (this was before the day of the switchblade) and a patch of hard-packed ground, free of stones. You first drew a circle about a foot across. Then, the first contestant would throw his knife - from a certain minimum distance - so as to stick in the circle. The slit thus made would be extended till it hit the circle in two spots. The thrower would then rub out - with shoe at first, then with finger - one half of the circle, usually the larger, leaving a smaller target for the next one. This continued until only one was left, anyone who couldn't stick his knife in the area being out. For this, the ideal weapon was one of the miniature knives found in Crackerjacks of the period. However, if only one player had such a knife, he might be ruled out as unfair.

There was a period when everyone saved bottle-caps. As I remember, some ~~company~~ company - Coca Cola? - had premium caps, with values up to one or five dollars printed on the underside of the cork. I can dimly remember finding at least one for 25¢.

I also have played the two-pack capture game, although in a variation. The object was to get rid of your cards. You turned a card alternately, the one matching the opponent's card as previously exposed giving him all the cards he had previously exposed. If you get down to two cards you had a good chance of winning; one card, tho, and you were sure to get a lot back.

Then there was the dirt pile in the back yard. The best one was a semi-clay that packed hard. It was possible to make wonderful tunnels, running back for up to two feet, with hidden entrances, and such. This was the period when Buck Rogers was starting, and the Sunday strips were laid on Mars, with tunnels and such. And then Operator 5, the (I mean The) Shadow, the Spider, Battle Birds, Daredevil Aces, and such were required reading - all with hidden passages, etc. [I still remember fondly "ings", with stories by George A. Bruce. He even violated the pulp tradition - the hero dies in many of his stories.]

Koenig should be after you for that hisssless hiss you quoted. Try hissing "Don't touch me!" Only if you've got loooooose false teeth can you, I should imagine. And I'm reminded of a story from Amazing or Fantastic Adventures supposedly laid on Mars, with a typical western-fued type plot, with the son returning to revenge his father or such. It was a real western, too; one line went something like "I've just come up from Texas."

And I think I really should look at the rest of the mailing.

Null-F [the mere legibility means Ted White - it's obvious]. I think a few FAPA Horizons were hecto with cover. I think I'll agree with MZB on small town. It is all right when you are interested only in what your neighbors are doing, in light chitchat over the back fence, in afternoon card parties (gossip meetings) or are a child interested only in romping through the neighborhood (then a small town is really nice). If you want anything more stimulating, you have to look hard for it. And if you move into a small town, and are the least bit interested in the "higher" things, you've had it. And the middle west is worst of all. You've been lucky in moving to a larger place as your interests developed.

Re being on speaking terms with Russian terminology (Gemzine). It might have been a good thing if more of us had been on such speaking terms; maybe we'd have known what was going on. After all, there were a lot of people on speaking terms with German terminology pre 1930-1940, and they all weren't expecting this country to become part of das Reich.



Whoops, Ted, you've climbed out on the limb again, and then taken the saw firmly in hand. "...it seems to be the rule among serious classical music lovers. They can conceive of only one way to approach music, and for this reason, jazz cannot and does not communicate to them." And just before "A music can be cold, unfeeling, unexciting...and still manifest this Art. They conceive of, and judge all music by, this criterion. Emotional impact, or involvement is ignored, as are all of the human aspects of music." This may be true for the music students, who are interested in developing their techniques of composing, of finding out why certain combinations of notes sound good and others sound bad, why this instrument gives that effect. But the classical music lover certainly doesn't judge his music this way. There is the "Hi-Fi" fringe, who want the sound to be flat to  $\pm 0.05$  db from 2 to 200000 cycles, with hum 150 db down from full (200 watt) output (that's a type, but I like it), but he doesn't care what the music is - just so it's got lots of instruments and wide dynamic range - or how it's played - except that it should be so recorded that he can hear the 5th viol is 1/128th of a tone sharp. The real classical music lover interests himself in the music as a whole - the feeling, the emotion in the music, the emotional impact in the performance. There is a lot of "classical music" that is never played - and with good reason - it is just notes on paper. Even the big-named composers wrote poor stuff - but even Mozart's poor stuff is better than Joe Blow's best. But the classical music lover will go out of his way to get the performance he wants of the music he likes. I've got a lot of 78s I'll never replace, except with the same thing on lp - the same performance, I mean. Things such as Chaliapin as Boris, the Rosenkavalier abridged set with Lehmann, Schumann, Mayr, and the Vienna State Opera. There are three or four complete sets now, but even the best - which I will get too - doesn't capture some of the splendid parts of the old set. Or Schnabel playing Mozart and Beethoven; the Archduke trio with Cortot, Thibaud and Casals. Or, in a similar way in the jazz, the Armstrong Hot Fives. There are other versions of the tunes - even by Armstrong, in hi-fi - but the emotion isn't there. Or Bessie, with the blue backing she gets.

No, the classical music lover doesn't judge music by that "Art" you undefine; he judges it by the emotional content of the music and the performance of it.

And of the real lovers of classical music I've known - in my generation - most of them were also jazz fans. I can think of a few who aren't, but the worst one is a pig-headed Irishman [with apologies to WAW] who is still a McCarthy follower, considers Eisenhower a Democrat (a dirty word), subscribes to the Chicago Tribune since the Washington Times-Herald was sold, and would completely agree with Gertie if I ever exposed him to fandom.

But the sax is the most feminine instrument in the jazz band - and its introduction changed the whole texture of the music. The early bands lacked the sax, and all instruments were capable of holding their own in the ensemble passages. When the sax was introduced, its tone was so light - feeble - that several were needed to match one or two horns. So, the section developed, with four or five saxes playing in unison or harmony, against three or four brass. And the music lost much of its force. Thus, we have the chamber jazz <sup>1958</sup> which is merely noodling, to me.

Chaplin as "The Great Dictator" was not especially funny, but it was a great picture. There were places with laughs, but it was not a funny, comic film. None of Chaplin's films I've seen were comedy, as I enjoy it. He was always the sad little clown, thrust into a situation he couldn't understand, and pushed around by everyone else. The situations were buffoonery, but not humor, in the WC Fields, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, etc., type, or the Jack Benny type.

The bottom of the page, and I've run out of comments this time.

Celephais [Evans]. I got ahold of some old masters - hence the bad pages. Sorry.

Propaganda [DC]. 75% isn't too bad. Either political party would settle for that.

Alif [Anderson]. Granholm has definitely worked around a 704. I'm planning on passing this around the computer lab at the Bureau. The rest of "Alif I enjoyed - something nice like this is so much fun after reading the deep arguments in other mags. Just like a refreshing chat after an exhausting bull session.

Remembrance of Things Past [Evans]. I forgot one issue; hence the three page addenda in this mailing.

Fanzine Index [Pavlat]. Much used. "ut I hate the gaps. Can anyone fill them in?

Stefantasy [Danner]. Is the Skeptic Tank this time for real? I can't believe it, and yet....The Saint amused me; so did the letters and the ads. "I did miss the colorful cover of the Feb issue, but one can't expect such items every time. Still one of my favorite in or out of FAPA.

Phantasy Press [McPhail]. Parker on learning science at his mother's knee is cute; after meeting him, I can see where he gets his ideas from.

If you sneezed when pronouncing Tucker's mag's name, you should try some of it for the resulting headache.

I'd have to differ with you somewhat in your analysis of what's needed in s-f today "...it's the manner of telling the story that provides the entertainment and relaxation that is so needed in much of s-f today..." If by that you mean a lot of the tripe Galaxy has been serving, under the guise of modern writing styles, I'll really object. I found that I get bored with at least 2/3 to 3/4 of Galaxy nowadays. The short stories are usually the best. Of course, most of the others bore me completely, so it isn't as bad as it looks, but in Galaxy it's the attitude I don't like, not the sheer triteness of plots and action in the other mags. In ASF, only about half bore me, and the same is true for MF&SF. But then, I'm a technical person, and may want stories with a technical background. But, I want to get away from science as science when I leave work - too many hours at evening as it is spent at work - and relax with something entertaining. So, I read detective stories - in the classical style, mainly.

To vary it, Highbrow: One who can't listen to the "William Tell Overture."

[Willis Conover is just starting a new jazz program on WOMS; an old fan, now a radio man. Interesting remarks. WOMS is the local good music station, and has just undergone an upheaval, dropping its Mutual "network" connection, and getting more music.] I've been listening to music and have lost track of my comments. Any way, I like PP.

Lark [Danner]. I got to listening again, Armstrong this time, and reading and forgot the comments. But you are quite right about the escape velocity. This depends upon the distance you are from the center of the earth, decreasing as you go out. It is merely the velocity an object would have to have at the surface of the earth to leave without additional energy. It's like coasting up a hill in a car; if you are in neutral, you can only coast a certain distance, depending on how fast you were going when you started up. Escape velocity would be that which would get you over the top. But, if you keep it in gear and supply more energy, you can go up a hill at any velocity you want.

This issue of L didn't stir me up much; you must be mellowing in your old age, Bill. And if that amendment isn't in this FA, you know why.

need

Anything Box [Bradley]. You have no fear that The Victim would/could be kept out of the mailing, unless legally unavailable. You published it - which means it is ~~your~~ yours to enter in FAPA. Even if you hadn't published it, you could "frank" it, by tradition. You wouldn't get activity credit for it in that case, but it would be mailed.



Your description of writing agonies reveals a quality that I've noticed in your stories - a knack for picking a word that fits with what I'd expect to be there, if I were writing it. This, of course, I like. I just ~~xxx~~ wish I could write. Probably my background - I can't seem to think of anything but the simplest phrasing; I find I must make a conscious effort to incorporate any surplus wordage. This I note at the office, when writing technical stuff. I can take most of the other people's rough drafts and condense them by 15%, and make them, at the same time, more explicit. One fellow, in another section, fortunately, is the most atrocious writer I have ever met in the flesh. He has no sense of sentence structure or logical order; his grammar is a negative quantity. Somewhere along the line he has been impressed by lengthy sentences; as a result, all his sentences are lines long, and so tortuous that the reader never knows just what he is trying to say. And he thinks he writes well. Correcting his papers is not just a matter of making minor corrections; it requires complete rewriting of each paragraph.

This is not the way you write, thank goodness. [And his are the product of several drafts, not just the first one...]

A very entertaining issue.

Snooze [Myers]. June in January in reverse. Fantasy, to be sure.

Horrors [Jenrette]. But the current Machine God, 704, would merely respond Quelles to your question:

UNDEFINED: ANGELS

UNDEFINED: DANCE

UNDEFINED: POINT

UNDEFINED: PIN

and pass on to the next problem.

fold again, Dave.

Welcome into the

Bull Moose [Morse]. Did you ever run across the "Whimsey Papers" of Sayers? They appeared in the Spectator, Nov 17, 1939, to Jan 25, 1940. I've read them, but still want a set. They are letters from Peter on the international scene of the time. "Gaudy Night" I too have reread many times. I am fascinated by the locale. Her death leaves only one of my favorites still writing - Manning Coles. I consider his "Toast to Tomorrow" [Pray Silence, in England] the best spy story I have read. The humor in it sets it apart and yet it is still believable. But I also like Buchan's "Thirty Nine Steps" and Erskine (I think) 's "Riddle of the Sands" - which is little known, at least over here.

Someone once said that they could reconstruct late Victorian London from the Sherlock Holmes stories; personally, I believe Freeman's stories give - especially in the earlier ones - a wonderful picture of turn-of-the-century London. His settings intrigue me. I can take my time in reading a Dr. Thorndyke mystery, not wanting to miss the backgrounds.

I haven't had a chance to check on Phoebe Attwood Taylor. I enjoyed them some years ago, but gradually the sameness of background kept me away. Will do.

You may have some trouble with Wisconsin fans this time over the World Series - they lost.



Thyragon [Coslet]. Welcome even if not comment-worthy. And what ever did happen to the FAPA Index?

Gomzine [GMCarr]. Is this the "sweetness and light" issue? The whole tone seems so mild - for this magazine, I mean. At least half the pages in my copy have no red marks on them. The first are under Snooze. I'm not sure how Washington (state) does it, but in Oregon, to the south, the State does not have a property tax, but relies on the income tax [relies, back there] to operate the state, using the property tax only when income taxes are too low. Washington, I believe, does much the same, with a sales tax in addition. The property tax is traditionally used for local items - county, city, and school needs. You have forgotten the courts, for one item; they cost money to operate. And in most places, garbage collection and water are separate charges. And the state operates the system of higher education - the university and the state college. Then there are such little things as agriculture agents, travelling libraries, state parks and forests and beaches, unemployment services, workmen's compensation, etc. And I am not so sure that the property taxes for an ordinary person don't about balance the income taxes. I know that in Maryland, my friends who own houses pay more in property taxes than they pay in income taxes. And the same thing holds true back home - or did a couple of years ago.

As for the Federal - there is the Post Office - poor tho it may be - and the Patent System and the Weather Bureau and the Land Office (western public lands) and the parksystem and ICC and CMA and Bureau of Engraving and agriculture crop payments and crop supports and agriculture agents and wages and hours control and foreign relations and Coast Guard and lighthouses and power and irrigation dams and scientific research and geological research and courts and interest on the debt and national defense and... Of course, many/most of these do not directly affect you, and thus you are not conscious of return for your money. And, of course, 3/4 of the budget goes for defense and public debt.

Under Celephais you make some curious statements. "Why insist on taking life and death into one's own hand? I think it is just as much a maladjustment to insist on prolonging unduly the life of a congenitally inferior child as it is to terminate by euthanasia the life of a hopeless invalid." So far, ok, but the deductions that come from this are a little surprising. Thus you would deny any medical treatment for anyone for whom a complete, or almost complete cure could not be obtained. But who knows where the point of no return is. Remember the effects of thyroid deficiency on a person, and the rapid recovery with treatment. And yet, this is a congenitally inferior person. Or how about such things as "blue babies" who after corrective surgery are able to lead normal lives. Or, to go to a much simpler case, is it sensible to restore a badly decayed tooth, such as requires a crown to be useful, when nature would suggest either letting it stay and finally cause real damage to the system, or to pull it and leave a malfunctioning mechanism. After all, isn't medicine and surgery merely a manifestation of natural laws, which are in turn, manifestations of God's will?

In the new constitution, we merely spelled out what was being done, plus a few changes that were deemed desirable by the membership. If you had to work with the old one (are you filing for sec-treas next fall?) you'd appreciate the new one - it is clear and logical, rather than muddy, as the old one. Perhaps, if Jack had written the U.S. Constitution, there might not be so much work for the Supreme Court; there are many places where no one knows what is meant.

I don't agree with either you or Harry re playing a jazz record a second time; I suppose you don't play a classical record more than once, either? Of course, since I find much more in good jazz and good classical music beyond the "freshness and surprise element that have vanished irrevocably" at the first hearing, I don't mind hearing the music again and again. I can find increasing depth, and feeling, and emotion on repeated hearing of such music.



Of course I'm not advocating playing the same record ten times at one sitting, ala pops; I'll play a new record maybe two or three times, if I'm trying to understand the music, and then lay it away for a week, a month, six months, a year. Or maybe, I'll play another version of the same music a little later (a week or two) and compare what I've remembered of the one with the other. Or even compare two versions, one after the other. But I'm sure that Harry would admit the "Surprise Symphony is listenable even after you know of the surprises.

I'm sure you haven't been reading the mystery magazines the last several years; there were several Craig Rice short stories and novelettes, I know, and I believe at least one book. Sayers had not written any mysteries since 1940, but had done a large amount of theological writing, as well as translated (for Penguin) Dante.

Jenrette letter - The police departments still believe in circumstantial evidence - and still get the wrong man. And circumstantial evidence means more than just graphs, it includes such items as fingerprints, blood under nails, loot found in the possession of suspect, scrapes of paint on bumpers, markings on bullets. In short, everything but eyewitness testimony. And the latter is more apt to be wrong; eyewitnesses will positively identify the wrong man, when he was actually - for example - in jail 500 miles away with a case of pneumonia.

Surgical "dirty girls" don't throw out all of the trays of instruments, when a dirty glove is dropped on one; they merely discard the "infected" one. Likewise, you don't throw away all the apples, just the "infected" apple. You're the one who is confused on that one. The same thing occurs in question-begging - you are begging the question in your comment. Dave was not "proving anything" in the example; he was giving an example of the type of argument used - and you proceed to do a beautiful example of exactly what he was talking about. I feel that he has defined most of the fallacies quite clearly; all that remains is to apply them to arguments.

And, that's all the red marks. Not that I agree...I just don't disagree violently.

Involuta [Janke]. Another member who should read the constitution once in a while. It clearly states who keeps track of activity credits. And the way you use use lavish (?) quotes you won't lose page credit. But you might for some of the super margins at top and bottom. I included the Dreistein Case for two reasons. I thought most of FAPA wouldn't see it [I was wrong, but that was after it was done] and I thought it made a rather strong presentation of the possible situation. Being in the government, I can see perhaps better than most of FAPA how such situations happen.

Rune [Wansborough]. But this time don't blame him for the reproduction - blame Eney and a new old Varityper. The contents are readable if the sheet is placed on a black background. But I'm afraid the contents are much below the last Rune.

The Victim [Bradley]. All I can say is noted.

Snergloerb [Coslet]. This is better than the second part above. (See what comes of not stapling together?). But the comments are uncommendable. I hope the next 8 pages are better.

Grant [Ellis]. (got slightly out of order, I see.) The notes on the ouija board were interesting; this is the first time I've known anyone who had actual experience with it and who made notes of what it actually said. I still feel that someone - consciously or unconsciously - is hoaxing it. But that is just my opinion. Don't wait so long before next issue.

Target: Fapa! [Eney]. Could it be cyclopropane I had in mind as the anesthetic? Of course, a prison guard with a frozen nose would be in rather sad shape...

Washington in 1960 [DC]. Of course, by then I'll probably be sealing

the last two weeks of August and the first two of September on the West coast, or maybe in Detroit.

A Fanzine By Andy Young [I can't figure out who did this one]. While Andy was doing the page he did, Jean was being talked into doing the illos you see scattered throughout this issue - plus some more in reserve. For which my heartiest thanks...But aren't the women's mags as sexy as Playboy and the rest? Playboy (I think; can't find it now) had an article on them, with examples. Made Playboy seem like -- can't use the usual "Women's Home Companion" although it might be apt - Harpers.

Surplus Stock Sale [Wilson]. I hope you bought.

And the postmailings.

The Fantasy Annature [Ency]. May I add that someone may have lost his membership via the po.

This is your business [Speer]. I don't know how this came out. I have hopes for Jack, tho.

Hesper [Speer]. Interesting ramblings, with no comments at this late hour.

Le Moindre [R aeburn]. No red marks on this - on rereading still no red marks. (The government stocks both red and blue/black ball-point pens...)

Moonshine [Woolsten]. This is a bad one to start at midnight of a work-day evening. If I do it justice, I'll be up till the wee small hours, and work does come first. So, unfortunately, I'll have to pass on this. Next time, I'll do you first, Stan - if you don't post-mail.

Bull Moose [Morse].

Again. I'm waiting eagerly for your remarks on the wicked Kings of England. Best, instructive and enjoyed. Comments - maybe next time.

Kerplunker [Schaffer]. Maybe the reason we are all pansophists is that in FAPA we have a captive audience. And too, the one who shouts first and loudest will be the big authority. Quite a relief to be a big pansophist in a mall puddle after the reality of everyday work.

Up above, Stan Woolsten asked what fans would like to be if they could be what they wanted to be. Two answers occur to me. I like my job, enjoy my work. But, I'd like to be lazy and go back to Oregon and loaf - and collect stuff and junk and listen to music and read and....

High Tor [JYoung]. Just like talking to you - and just as enjoyable.

Whew!

Now I can take my summer vacation with a clearer conscience. Next mailing I'll give a blow by blow description of why my vacation was snaffled.

Time for bed.

