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It is hard to believe that over a year has passed since the last issue of Cyrille appeared; in fact, almost two years. (And yet, when I think of what has happened at work and elsewhere, it is easy to see where the time has gone. Work has been the chief culprit. During this last two years, various of the senior staff have been away, leaving me, whether I wanted it, in charge of the info section, trying to prepare budget information and program plans and project justifications and equipment funds, all based on information I tried to get from the boss while he was in California, not answering letters with any rapidity. During this period, there was a divisional split-up, with our section going into the new division; this meant starting from scratch in many cases, with an inexperienced administrative staff, from the chief on down; and handicapped with plans made by the previous divisional organization, which just didn't fit. Then came a move of our particular unit, from the building where the rest of the section is located to a small frame building with two rooms. Move room, though, and we did get a carpet on the floor (something usually reserved for divisional chiefs and higher). We needed it for insulation, as the wood floor was open underneath to the cold weather.

In addition to all this hectic office headaches, I had to convert and rewrite the various computer programs because this fall we got a IBM 7090 in place of the 704 we had. And, the computer section, with what I feel is bad judgment, had in the year previous made us convert our programs to a particular form of monitor program for the 704 - and which couldn't be used on the 7090 easily.

Then, I had a trip to Montreal for a meeting - and watched the changing of the guard - and from there to the west coast for a vacation at home, followed by the Seacon - and Ella Parker. This involved a trip back, by car, through the Canadian Rockies, with Ella as passenger. Need I tell you that this was an experience? A nice one, though.

Add all this to the usual everyday work load, and I see very little time left for fanning. So, all at once, I find I need 16 pages for OMPA. So, here comes something. The mailing has just arrived, and I haven't even read any of it but Off-Tracks. I just hope I can find enough in the mailing to let me ramble for the necessary 16 pages.

One or two events of the last vacation demand some mention. For example, there is the Shakespeare Festival at Ashland, Oregon. Here we have a town of some 9000 people, located in the middle of the Siskiyou Mountains of Southern Oregon, that puts on a six or seven week program of Shakespearean plays every summer. The nearest large town is some 22 miles away - Medford, of 25000. The center of the state's population - Portland and the Willamette Valley - are 200-300 miles away. And yet, they have been putting on a successful festival for at least a dozen years. This year, while I was home in August on vacation, I managed to get to two of the performances. We were unable to get accommodations nearer than Medford, even almost a month in advance. The tickets were even harder to get - for both plays we were in the last couple of rows. Both performances were completely sold out, with standing room available for those who waited in line for a couple of hours - and even the SRO signs had to be taken down.

We drove down, getting a rather early start from Salem, and making the trip in the slow time of about 7 hours, including an hour stop for lunch in Roseburg. This gave us time to get settled in the motel, look over the city park, and the theater, and have a unhurried dinner, before going to the theater.

The theater is an open-air Elizabethan type, built on a hillside that provides a natural amphitheatre setting. For a wonder, the builders provided enough room between the rows of seats so that you have room to stretch out your legs, even if you are rather tall, and so that people can get by without your having to either stand up, or draw your legs under your chin. A wonderful sensation. The area back of the seats, on the top of the hill, is used for concessions - souven-irs, tarts (the kind you eat, of course), rental of pillows, coffee. All attendants wore Elizabethan costume. Before the curtain they had strolling minstrels, who wandered through the crowd, singing folk-songs of the period, and dancing on a platform - the only way they could get any room - or Elizabethan chamber music. Very nice, with a large part of the lighting from flaming torches. At that time this was just at dusk; curtain time was just at dark.

Five minutes before curtain, the standees were admitted; A few latecomers dashed to their seats, and the doors were closed. No one was seated after the curtain. A feature I heartily approve. Out came two heralds from the third balcony to blow a fanfare, the lights went out, and the performance started.

One thing of note - there is no stop or intermission; the action starts and continues without pause until the end, some three hours later. When there is a pause on stage, there is action on the balcony. Or one group will exeunt left, and immediately a second group will enter right. This really keeps the action moving. There is also an inner and outer stage, with a curtain that can be drawn for scene shifting - what stage properties are used - while action is going on on the forward part of the stage. This does make time pass quickly, but requires some caution in ingestion of liquid refreshments preceeding the show.

The first play was non-Shakespearean - The Alchemist by Jonson, as I remember. Quite unfamiliar to me, but I found it enjoyable and interesting, once I got into the swing of things. I don't think it would go on Broadway, but in the rustic setting, it was most effective. This was the first of 5 or 6 performances, and the critics were out for the "First Night" - I believe it was the first modern performance in America - professional, I mean. There were students from Berkeley, who had come up by bus (a long 400 mile, 12+ hour trip) especially for this performance. I think they got their money's worth.

The second day - night, I mean - we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream" - one of the most familiar of all the plays, at least in America; we "studied" it in high-school. The Puck of this performance was much better than Mickey Rooney's performance in the movie. This performance didn't convince me this is the best of all the plays (I felt there were a couple of places where it dragged; the movie did to), but it did make me appreciate it again, after the many years of memory of that English class. For this I am grateful. I find that gradually I am overcoming the aversion I developed in school for these plays. Maybe some day, in another twenty or so years....

The setting, certainly, added much to the impact of both performances. The air was cool, after the summer heat of 95-100 and there was a faint breeze that induced faint rustling in the pine and fir trees of the park that surrounded three sides of the theater. The only outside sounds were the traffic on the highway - especially the heavy diesel trucks and semis as they shifted up and down for the hills and lights - the the more distant horns and throbbing exhausts of the shifting switchers in the SoPac yards east of town. The only really serious interruption was a freighter whistling for clearance as it left town, and then whistling for several grade - level crossings on its way out. And not even this could break the spell of the enchanted forest of Arden.

I hope to go back this year.

When we left Ashland, we didn't head back to Salem directly. I wanted to see the coast again, and this offered an opportunity to see the southern beaches, without the long drive to get to them and back. So, we headed back to Grants Pass (named for the Civil War - pardon me, I mean War Between the States [I know there is another Civil War and the northern term, War of the Rebellion, would have different meanings elsewhere] - general, who was stationed at Fort Vancouver in 1852/3) and headed south again on US199 instead of 99. This leads over some very rough country in the Siskiyou Mountains. These mountains are worse than the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas and are equalled only by part of the High Country in southern Colorado. Not because they are so high, but just because they are so rugged and broken by canyons and such. It took the railroad some 20 years to finish the line from Ashland to Yreka in California, only about 40 miles by car, now, but nasty driving. And at that, they got through only by using 3.3% grades, which are hell to operate up or down. There were plans to build to Eureka on the coast, but they couldn't find a route that would accomodate anything but logging trains using Shays - or would require miles of tunnel and trestle work. So, the Northwestern Pacific stopped at Eureka, and the logging roads ran out up the Smith river 20 or 30 miles, with grades that allowed log trains to work down, but no heavy trains to go up. Heavy in this case means more than about 10 empty log cars or a couple of box cars. On the other side of the range, there were more log roads, but there was always a rather large, and very imposing gap between the lines. It has taken the highway engineers, with modern earth-moving equipment and a number of millions of dollars, to finally put through a highway with no real steep grades and only moderate curves. And even now, with new alignment and all, no main-line railroad would consider putting a track on that road.

They're still working on the road, in fact, as we found out in several places. Detours in those mountains were apt to be rough gravel with sharp curves and steep grades, full of ruts and pot-holes, and, at that time of year, dusty. And with a 5 or 10 mph restriction.

However, in spite of such minor difficulties, the drive was pretty, even if I was too busy twisting the steering wheel to see much of the details. About 10 AM we went through California customs - the search for insects and fruit and vegetable diseases. The checking station reminded me of one of the stations on the Canadian border - if Oregon did the same, the parallel would be complete. Travelling by bus, these check stations can be an irritant; if the bus goes through at 3 AM, as mine once did, they stop, awaken all passengers and have them file out, leaving luggage on seats, into the chill darkness, while inspectors check the bus for illegal fruit and vegetables and such.

Some miles further we stopped for a picnic lunch in a state park, set among some beautiful redwoods. These are not the Big Trees, but are immense things, towering 200-250 feet in the air, with no branches for the first 100 feet. Not exceptionally big in diameter - maybe 15 feet through - they are amazing in the way they head straight up and up and.... I was surprised at the size of the cones they produce. It would be supposed that such a large tree would have immense seeds and cones. However, the cones are very small, about 2/4 in length. They are much smaller than the Douglas fir and magnitudes smaller than the sugar pine, for example. I remember this because we were collecting cones of various kinds to be made into Christmas wreathes. Things such as acorns and cones and alder balls are glued to a cardboard base, and then gilt-sprayed (lightly) to make a most interesting and different wreath. Very Western in style.

From the picnic interlude we went on, through the gradually opening Smith River valley, with farms occupying clearings in the forest, until finally it was mostly farmland. Before reaching Crescent City, we turned off, and headed north, along a secondary road, complete with log trucks contesting for the right of way. In about 10 miles we reached the Coast Highway - which becomes the Redwood Highway

further south in California, where it swings inland away from the sea. This was one of the prettiest parts of the trip, as far as I was concerned, because there was so little traffic I could slow and actually see the sights. Reaching 101, I was again forced to concentrate on driving.

A few miles further north we went past the usual check station - going out there is no problem (nothing like Ella Parker entering Canada, on the way back from the Seacon. She had assured us that we Americans would be the ones who would have to take time, while she would be ushered in as a loyal subject of Her Majesty. So, who held up the procession while her passport was being worked on?) - and were back in Oregon. This stretch of the Coast Highway was very curvy and rough; a few miles on we found a cure was being developed - a completely new road that cut hills and filled valleys - and spent the next forty miles dodging construction trucks. Above Gold Beach - where they used to wash gold out of the beach sands - the new road was completed and driving became much easier.

We stopped for the night at Coos Bay (when I was learning state geography it was called Marshfield, but for some reason the inhabitants changed the name ²⁰ or so years ago) after it started to get foggy when the sun began to sink from sight. Coos Bay is inland, so we didn't have a view of the water; we could see the ships loading lumber.

We had breakfast the next morning at a nice restaurant near the waterfront - across the highway from the wharfs. In keeping with the principal industry, it went in for logging decor. The door-handles, for example, were falling axes driven into the wood, handle down. Fortunately they had compromised and used only single-bitted instead of the authentic double-bitted ax. The combination breakfasts were named instead of numbered - Whistle Punk, Faller, Buckner, Bull of the Woods, etc. (And I'm not making up those names.) I don't remember the name of mine, but I ordered eggs and sausage and toast and juice and coffee. The juice came in a water-glass instead of the usual juice glass. When the eggs came there were three instead of two - "The eggs were a little small today." - and there were two big pats of sausage and two equally large heaps of hash-brown potatoes. And refills on the coffee. And all for about \$1. For those who have never had a western breakfast, I might mention that fried potatoes - either hash-brown or pan-fried, but rarely deep-fat(French) fried - are a standard part of breakfast in most restaurants in all but the big cities in the west. You first notice it west of Chicago, in Iowa and Nebraska, and it continues through to the Coast, with the possible exception of Los Angeles and maybe San Francisco. In the smaller towns even the hotels serve it. (Another western, or more particularly mid-western staple is buckwheat cakes, in place of the standard hotcake or flapjack. They are thin, tend to be darker than the others, and have a very different flavor, one I like. They are not common in the east, but any small town hash house can serve them as a matter of course.)

I wish Ella could have seen that breakfast in Coos Bay.

From Coos Bay we had a slow trip up the coast, stopping a couple of times for scenery at good lookout points. It was the middle of the week so there wasn't too much traffic, and the roads were better. Past the Ten-Mile Lakes and the mouth of the Umpqua River, stopping at Heceta head for a glimpse up and down the coast, watching the breakers curl in miles away along the state-owned beach. (Oregon beaches, except for a few sections at river mouths and harbors, are owned by the state and are open to all. You can walk for miles along the beach, with only natural obstacles to stop you. No board walks, no concessions on the water, no steel piers. That is why I don't like the east with its partitioned beaches and carnival atmosphere. the Oregon beaches are fun, relaxation, enjoyment, and rest.)

Continuing along, by the Sealion Caves - no sealions that day - and Yachrats and Seal Rocks - no seals, either - Yaquina Head and Otter Rock (that's right), to Nelscott, Agate Beach - I didn't stop to prowls the beach for agates this time - and finally turning inland toward the Willamette Valley and Salem. It was late afternoon as we crested the Coast range, in a stand of Douglas Fir, and started down into the wide, shallow valley of the Willamette. The western sun was throwing shadows over the fields, but was still high enough to give a golden hue to the stubble fields on the sloping hills. There was a slight haze in the air, a haze common to Western Oregon in the summer, compounded of smoke from forest fires and early mist. The distant Cascade foothills were blue-shaded and sunlit, much as the Rockies show the purple sage. This was a quiet ride; a little tired, we were in no mood to talk. Finally, we wound along the Willamette River, through West Salem, over the county bridge in the gathering dusk, and finally home.

I was tired from the driving, especially on a standard transmission car after years on automatic, but it had been a nice time. I hope to do something more this year. I do want to visit the Tillamook Cheese plant, at Tillamook, where the best cheese I know of - for just plain eating cheese - comes from. I haven't been in the area in the north-west corner of the state for years and want to get back before everything changes. Full report some time - I hope.

But enough of such rambling. It may have bored you, but I've enjoyed doing it, reliving the experiences, savoring again the magic of Oberon and Puck under the stars, with a cool breeze sighing in the surrounding trees, hearing again the crash of the breakers as they roll in from 3000 miles away onto the Oregon coast.

It gives me wanderlust.

A clipping from the Salem (Oregon) Capital Journal, taken from the Evening Standard:

A car that had been parked on a street in Nottingham for a long time was towed away by the police department. Police decided that the car had been abandoned by its owner: A chestnut tree had begun to grow out of it.

(Despatch, Birmingham)

A quote from Sidney Bechet's "Treat It Gentle" that the AD ran, and which caught my fancy. Maybe it will help explaining what this stuff is.

"But the real reason you play—it's just because you're able to play, that's all."

"Inspiration, that's another thing. The world has to give you that, the way you live it, what you find in your living. The world gives it to you if you're ready. But it's not just given--it has to be put inside you and you have to be ready to have it put there. All that happens to you makes a feeling out of your life and you play that feeling. But there's more than that. There's the feeling inside the music too. And the final thing, it's the way those two feelings come together. I don't care where that life-feeling comes from in you--even if you start playing a number from a love-feeling, it has to become something else before you're through. That love-feeling has to find the music-feeling. And then the music can learn how to get along with itself."

And Bechet should know what makes jazz. He certainly could play it.

But enough of such chit-chat. If I want to cover the 31st mailing, I fear I must be at it. The following are taken in the order I happen to have them in the pile - and I'm sure I've mislaid some postmailings. Still -

Son of the Fanalitic Eye] Linwood]. One of the records Paul Robeson made back about 1942, in his album "Songs of Free Men" was "Joe Hill". I've always thought it was an effective version - maybe not "authentic folk" but at least well sung, with feeling. That album also contained Meadowland (in English and Russian), Moorsoldaten (German and English), Four Insurgent Generals (Spanish and English), a Chinese marching song (from the 8th Army?) in Chinese and English, and another American song. The album of course disappeared when lps came in, and, for some strange (?) reason, was not transferred to lp when his spiritual and such were. Of course, by that time, he had become unpopular politically. Officially, I mean. But that album contained some beautiful, powerful singing.

I assume all of the US and Canadian group will inform you that Tarzan is back in good moral standing; that he was married before any living together was permitted. This made all of the papers, and even the advice to the lovelorn column.

Alan's rhapsody about the open country brought back memories of a night walk in the woods I took years ago. About 25 years ago, when I was in the Boy Scouts, we were on an overnight camp out in the mountain timber, having hiked in several miles from the nearest road. Late in the evening, after it was real dark, we found we had forgotten something in the cars, so three of us, with flashlights, hiked back to the road. It had been threatening rain, but was starting to clear off, with the moon peeping out from gaps in the high overcast of clouds. It was late spring, and still reasonably cool, and the air was full of the woods' scent - as well as that of newly felled timber. It was uncanny to walk along, hearing the night sounds, which faded slowly as we approached, and then sprang up again behind us. When the moon came out, it would cast a false light over things, making it appear we could see clearly - until you tried to see detail. The tall Douglas Firs towered around us, with some small undergrowth filling in between the massive straight trunks. The ground underfoot was a mixture of fir needles and earth, covered in places with grass and maiden-hair fern, but usually bare under the trees. The route was downward, and in one or two places the trail came into clearings that gave a view off over the valley; when the moon was out these were views that can still give me chills of delight. It was an experience I'll never forget - and one of the reasons I'd like to get back to Oregon - all I need is a job that I like that pays nearly as well.

I liked all, but only the above started me rambling.

Erg [Jeeves]. Tubb was interesting, but not stirring. Rackham, tho.... I wonder how much he has had to do with computers. It is not hard to imagine a machine obtaining a new proof of a proposition - it is merely necessary to put in the conditions, and set a search routine going. Likewise, it is possible to program a machine to play chess - not very good chess, but better than a lot of us can do. Also, I don't know what machine takes weeks to consider the 20 jobs-20 people problem. 20! is a very small number of operations for a modern machine; I imagine it would take longer to read in the data than to solve the problem - and the data should take only a few minutes.

And we can all go visit L. Ron Hubbard.

I may be getting out of my field, but I've understood that the IQ of 100 was a conventional basis, not the "average" of everyone (and what kind of average do you use in such cases?). Thus, a society as a whole could be more intelligent than the "average" and have a median of 120. It would simply mean that the low-IQ group were absent, that this was a skew population. Not that the basis of the 100 changed. This isn't a sliding scale, so far as I know.

Souffle [Daxter]. That definition of OMPA applies to most of the apas - and certainly to the oldest fan one - FAPA. Although there have been efforts for years by certain members and ex-members to increase to some portion the fantasy/sf content of the mailings, it is rare that more than one or two people talk about it. The Tolkien series did cause some discussion, but that seems to be suffering a relapse.

As one of those on whom suspicion could fall if I got mail from behind the Iron or Bamboo curtains, I want to agree with your remarks. My job requires a security clearance - not just the standard one for all government employees, but for classified material - and I have wondered for years when fandom might get me in trouble. Add to that my collection of Russian operative records, the Russian journals I read at work, etc., and I would be out of a job very quickly, and with problems getting another, as the field almost requires a clearance. It isn't funny, living under the threat of a McCarthy tribu

Amble [Mercer]. Of course John Birch has nothing to say about his society - he's dead, I understand. And would probably be bewildered, as he really wasn't that kind of a person at all. ## But what can a woman whose name is Betty Wagman before marriage and marries Don Wagman use for a middle name? Like, where the form asks for first, maiden, last name....

Each state reserves the right to itself to license doctors and dentists and lawyers for that state. Sometimes, they will accept transfer licenses from other states, but that is strictly up to the board, which is run by the state AMA. (or State Bar Association, etc.) Keeps those outlanders from invading and creating a surplus, ensures reasonable opportunities for local med school graduates, etc. Right now, there are a large number of refugee doctors from Austria and Hungary and other parts of Europe on our east coast, who are having trouble getting licensed, because they don't know English - medical English - well enough to pass the boards, though they are good doctors. But the AMA goes along with the set-up, since each state branch wants it that way, and the state branches run the national.

Many of the American cities - which have more extreme weather variations, I believe, than in England - had street cars that were convertible. In summer they took off the upper side panels, making open cars; in winter the sides went back on, giving a closed car. And then California - mainly - had "California" cars, a closed section in the center, and open sections on each end; you picked your section. Or semi-California cars, one end closed, one open. The San Francisco cable cars running on the California Street line are semi-California cars; the other lines - Powell, Mason, Hyde - are true California style. [Or maybe I'm backwards; my memory just doesn't function tonight.]

What are those "thick tomato rolls" you were eating in Lanark? I see slices of tomato rolled up in bread - but that can't be right?

A companion to Asbury's "French Quarter" is his "Barbary Coast" which tells all about the notorious of San Francisco of pre-earthquake days, complete with graphic descriptions of the cribs and houses, the crimps and sailors, the gangs and vigilantes. Some of the dives would make the modern Playboy clubs seem like tea shops; the girls' costumes were unusual, to say the least. Knowing the city a little, I like it better.

Envoy [Cheslin]. I like the colored illos - you certainly did a good job, and must have spent hours on it. It makes for a real interesting and eye-appealing magazine.

I assume you've read deCamp's "Lest Darkness Fall" and Manly Wade Wellman's "Twice in Time" (a much lesser work) which cover this matter of going back in time to some era quite thoroughly. Of course, if you are subject to headaches or have colds, don't go back before 1900 - no aspirin. You could introduce iodine in EtOH as an antiseptic, tho, and do some good. And make sure you have good teeth, a good appendix, etc. Life was short in those days.

May I point out one other factor in the American Revolution that has been too often ignored, especially on this side of the Atlantic. This was the naval operations of the French, which occupied the attention of most of the British naval effort and enabled the American colonists to move without fear of British landings in their rear. See Mahan's books, especially "The Influence of Seapower on History" for a thorough, if somewhat one-sided, discussion on this point.

On our west coast, there have been few negroes, and many orientals; out there, especially in parts of California, you find signs "Whites Only". Orientals have been forbidden to own land, or to become citizens. And the Japanese "concentration camps" into which all coastal Japanese were herded, were a real scandal. Now it is the Mexican, the "greaser", and the negro, who is becoming more and more a factor in the large industrial cities, especially Los Angeles, who are the targets of discrimination.

Don't think that our state system of government is a real improvement over yours. Sure, the states are convenient-sized administration bodies. But, in the states you find counties, and cities, and various districts for school, sewer, water, fire, etc. All with tax powers. All with staffs. All engaged in doing something. Examples, from back home. Salem is in Marion County. So, there is the city council and mayor, who run the city. Then there are the county commissioners and county court, who run the county, including part of the city (the rest of the city is in another county). Two court systems, two police systems. Two taxes for everyone in the city. Then, there is the school district, which includes all of Salem, and the area for about 15-20 miles around the city, in two counties. Another tax. A person living outside the city would escape the city tax, but would probably have taxes for the sewer district, the water district, the fire district, and the districts would probably not be identical in location. Over all this is the state, with another police force, and more courts.

Or take streets in Salem. Some of them are part of the state/federal highway system, and are maintained by the state highway department - except that the city cleans them. Then there are streets that are part of the county road system - the market roads - which the county maintains, usually jointly with the city. When a traffic light is to be installed, the cost is often split 3 ways (or 4 if the railroad happens to be involved).

Is this worse than in the United Kingdom?

When was the N3F formed by professionals? As I remember, and I was a round then, it was started by such fans as Art Widner and LRChauvenet. Not professionals, certainly. And it was somewhat hard to get into at first; you had to be an active fan, and be recommended by 10 (?) members. The focus then was on an organization of established fans.

Packrat [Groves]. It seems to be the thing to give typer keyboards, so here is the Olivetti: 234567890- = "%\$%_&'()*+ qwertyuiop] QWERTYUIOP[asdfghjkl;"ASDFGHEJKL:"zxcvbnm,./ZXCVBNM,.? OK?

That spot in Oregon where "gravity acts up" is in Southern Oregon, near Ashland, as I recall. I've never been there, but have read several accounts. Called the Oregon Vortex, I believe. It is privately owned, and apparently run as a tourist attraction. I've never been close with time and money to spare.

And did you know there is a full-scale replica/restoration of Stonehenge in southern Washington, just across the Columbia, at Maryhill? I've been there and find it quite impressive. One day I intend visiting it with selected victim, at the proper season, and see if there is anything to those old rites....

Conversation [Hickman]. Lynn, one of these days I'll write you directly on the Munsey stuff. Meanwhile, this will let you know I'm interested.

Chicken-Wagon [Demmon]. Now if you had said why those books were in those various piles, it would have been real interesting. Maybe.

Zounds! [Lichtman]. A Rex M2 for \$30. The Rex I'm using, a D279, ran to only \$100, and another went just recently for \$75. And these make the M2 look rather sick, I hope. Questions, yet. OK, answers.

1. I think that most of the job I have would really satisfy me, if I didn't have to worry about two things - deadlines and administrative/fiscal details. It has variety, interest, stimulation, puzzles and problems that require some real digging. And I feel I'm doing something worthwhile. After all, I've been at the job 15 years now.
2. One week wouldn't be time to do much, if anything, about things as they are. It would require military forces several orders of magnitude to enforce any such quick changes, and after the one week you would still have a long, long period before things would be stabilized. Several generations, probably. After all, this would be just another edict from on high, just as in Russia, and Germany, or in earlier Rome and Turkey and China and most other countries.
3. Format might make me want to read it, but it would take some meat to make me finish it. If I read a couple of pages and found them worthless, even with lots of pretty artwork and wonderful format, I'd drop the thing. As I have in the past.

Quartering [Fitch] I note that one term seems to be going out of use these days, in referring to the American Civil War. And yet, I believe it is the term used at least as often throughout the New England and Middle West areas up through the turn of the century. I know that my mother used it quite frequently, and she had grown up in Minnesota in a family of displaced New Englanders, with Veterans of the war occupying positions of importance in business and politics. The term is War of the Rebellion. It may be that the gradual dimming of the sectional feelings aroused by the 100 year old war have softened the name calling, but I don't recall having seen the term more than half a dozen times in the last 10 years.

Of course, North America was well settled and a thriving area, capable of self-determination, long before the "Down Under" area was settled. Hence, it broke away much earlier. At that time, Canada was still almost wilderness, with a strong French area serving as a block to the English expansion.

Olla Podrida [Breen]. I may be treading over into AndYoung's domain, but I believe the magnetic fields of the planets/stars are associated with the fields of the primary particles. After all, a rotating field with point charges should induce a magnetic field. Our motors wouldn't run.

Most people, I fear, tend to think temporally only in one direction - backwards. This is the reason so many people are against change of any sort that has any long-range benefits. They will go for here-and-now effects - a price rise, for the business man, a wage increase for the worker, lower taxes - but will not consider the implications in terms of the future. The past they "know" as they have read about it, lived it, etc. They remember the good things, the things they liked, and forget the bad, the disagreeable, the commonplace necessities of today that were luxuries, or unknown, in the recent past. One of my favorite examples of such is asperin, which is only about 70 years old. And which, for many years, was the product of only one company, because it had been patented. Only when the patent ran out - about 1935 (?) - did the price come down, and everyone accepted it as a necessity of life.

Ted White will not like being overlooked in the beard roster. And then there is Bob Silverberg and Buz and Don Studebaker. /// Any cat runs on tracks, of course. Scithers runs on rails....

Some, at least, of the modern jazz is built on changes in time, rather than progressions in chords, or counterpoint. This is the stuff that sounds like nothing. And, I'm convinced, a lot of it isn't anything.

There is one thing about background music that I find makes sense to me, based on my own experience. I found, years ago, when in high school and college, that I could study better when I had the radio on to dance music — not loud, but just a very pleasant low background. At that time, dance music was provided after 10 pm by live bands such as Goodman, Miller, Lunceford, Dorseys, Ellington, etc., playing from eastern dances. No disc jockey commercials between every selection, just station breaks at the quarter hours. The function of the music, tho, was to damp out the unexpected outside noise, that would have been somewhat disturbing if it had been heard amid the relatively quiet night. Even traffic noises would be annoying, coming as a random disturbance. The music provided a damping factor for these, smothering them in a continuous low level "noise". This is one of the reasons, I think, that background music is so widely used in industrial establishments. Then, too, it provided a certain stimulus, keeping things moving at a good pace, preventing workers from becoming too bored with the job.

The following review might be of interest in connection with the Pompeii murals, etc.. From the Antiquarian Bookman, of course.

Marcade, Jean. Roma Amor: Essay on Erotic Elements in Etruscan and Roman Art. 4to. 132 p. (plates). £13 13s (\$39). Charles Skilton Ltd (50 Alexandria Rd, London SW 19). Next to Fuch's Titanen der Erotik this is the most handsome work we have seen in some thirty-odd years of research in this field. The enormous influence of erotic art in Greek, Etruscan and Roman paganism has only been sketchily hinted at and poorly illustrated in all previous works on the subject. Here, for the first time, are 46 color and 60 monochrome plates, magnificently reproduced (many folding plates), delineating classical erotic imagery, in frescoes, bronze, mosaic, picture, etc., from the famous Secret Museum at Naples, the lesser known one at Pompeii, etc. The text, in English, by the renowned professor of archaeology at the faculty of arts, (U of Bordeaux), provides an excellent introduction to this still largely unexplored — though scarcely virgin — field. "In the art and literature of ancient Italy, eroticism played a part that can be too easily and too hastily dismissed as obscene. We must make the effort of approaching these texts and pictures in the spirit of antiquity. Yet, if we fail to find in them a philosophy comparable to those of Greece and India and if the Latin authors themselves sometimes anticipate the Christian moralists in their condemnation of them, the genius of Rome should nevertheless be honored for having found an art in eroticism, and occasionally something more—a mystique. . . On this account, the erotic paintings of Pompeii are less scandalous and degraded than they might seem, and their presence even in private houses is more understandable. Their subject is not the sordid intercourse of prostitutes and their clients, but men and women, in the enchantment of their beauty and the instinctive freedom of the sense, mutually sharing the intoxication of the gods." Well bound, beautifully printed and produced, with a colorful jacket, a Nagel production, the english edition is distributed by Skilton, and is more than worth the comparatively low price of 13 guineas for a work of such splendor. [Institutions should have no difficulty in importing this work, though dealers may find some delay in getting it through the U.S. Customs, unless they can claim order from professional party, library, etc.].

Sounds interesting. Anyone in England able to get one?

In your discussion of the stupidities this idea of sublimation has lead to you forget the monastic orders — surely a long-standing example. (And every time I read such statements as yours, I have to mentally shift gears, and realize you are not talking about the process of going from the solid to the gaseous state by a chemical compound, which retains its molecular identity as a gas.)

Mahler tearjerkers (in the best sense).... Das Lied von der Erde, especially Der Abschied. Kindertotenlieder, Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen.... Some of the most truly emotional music ever written. Not pathos, but deepset feelings

I've noticed that I can tell the non-rush driver who gets caught in the rush-hour traffic - he can create more trouble just because he doesn't quite know what is going on. Part of the trouble with the "average" woman driver is that she usually doesn't get out of her immediate area, where she knows every turn - and doesn't bother to signal, because everyone knows she is going to turn anyway - or is in strange areas, where even the best driver can be under a handicap. Women who drive consistently, especially in rush traffic, or in downtown traffic, are as good as the average man - which is damning with faint praise. For some reason in this area, the worst local drivers seem to have Virginia tags (there are exceptions, they); my reaction, when a car makes some crazy, dangerous move, is to say - Virginia driver - and be right more often than not. Maryland drivers tend to have cars in worse shape - no state inspection, with all states surrounding dumping cars that can't pass inspection - but, perhaps for this reason, the drivers tend to be a little better. After the Virginia drivers, most of whom can't distinguish a stop sign, the worst are some New York - from the BIG city(?) - and then those from the deep south, especially the Carolinas. DC is rather bad for driving, in that there are always a large number of out-of-town sightseers who don't know where they are going, or what the street signs say. And the circles....

Speaking of the three Penny Opera, as we/you were, have you seen the Telefunken reissue of the original German issue of the 78 records from the 1930 production, with Lotte Lenya! The film is very un-hi, but the performances, in the short excerpts, has a bite and intensity the newer version lack. Something of the despair and Weltschmerz of Germans of that time comes through; the impression is overwhelming. The music isn't pretty, or even "nice" but it packs a kick. Like bathtub gin of the same era, locale America.

Now, can you tell me who has a good stock of South African minor coins for sale?

Outpost [Hunter]
A beautiful cover - what would happen if I used that address (with no return)? This is a nice first issue, and promises things to come. This time, I didn't get hooked.

Scottish [Lindsay] With some wonderful Atom-illos, and equally impressive material inside. MachaVarley made me chuckle, even when he consigned the poor Welsh to the coal-mines. Touches throughout, obvious, once you read them, but not so to think up. Willis rambling on the past interesting, of course. But, someone made a big booboo in Fandom for the Highbrow, dating Amazing two years late. And when they published their 35th anniversary last year. Otherwise, it is a sane, lucid, and concise exposition, which might not befuddle a noninitiate too badly.

Something out of step in your reply to Betty's letter. It seems to me you are implying that Betty is against these sayings by that great "American Jew, Avram Lincoln" (according to a Life report of a Russian conversation, which should be taken with a grain of NaCl); actually, Betty says she believes in these. And would many others would and could also believe them.

I find your natterings fascinating. You are one of the few fan writers - Harry Warner is another - who can take a segment of their non-fan life, alien to most of the readers, and bring it alive. And do it simply and easily.

I can match your Miss Henderson with one of the profs I had in grad school. When he wanted to, he could give a wonderful lecture. Unfortunately, this was during the war, he had a whole stable of grad students to oversee, and didn't have time to really prepare for his graduate organic class. So, come 5PM on Tuesday or Thursday, someone would remind him of class, he would come in - and we would have one of "Happy Hank's Heckle Hours". He would start at one end, asking "Give me a reaction of acetaldehyde", for example. That was easy. The next one would be asked for a second, and so on. Until he found someone who didn't know another. This made you keep thinking up new reactions, only to have someone else use it first, leaving you to scrounge for another. Good training for graduate orals, tho.

Sizar [Burn]. I've had that experience of knowing an audience is with you; a couple of times I've given papers, more or less ad lib, and on a couple of occasions (that should be several papers, obviously) I've felt the group was responding to my remarks, and encouraging me to continue. Makes quite an impression. I just wish I could do it more often.

Of course, the modern trend is from Podunk to Los Angeles, which is travelling West. I think most of LA's populance was born in the middle west. I'm not sure the change was an improvement, in most cases.

Dolphin [E Busby]. You do get around, don't you Elinor. Last week I was reading you in FAPA.... I see things are changing since I last visited you - I knew you afearred the apartment house, but had hopes of stopping it. Just hope it isn't one of the kind that fill with small children. Small children, I hasten to add, are all right, when you have only one to five per house. But when you get two or three per apartment, all playing in the non-existent yard they provide.... Like our development. One reason I'm thinking of moving..

Mount Rainier off to the south? Off to the east, you mean, don't you, in the Cascades. Of course, this Mount Rainier is south - south of the Mason-Dixon line - and means I really should be saying "youall" most of the time. And I don't even like southern fried chicken.

Your remark about female/male schoolteachers started me to thinking. Of the teachers I had - generations ago, now, it seems - I had only women up through the ninth grade, with four exceptions. In junior high the gym teacher, the shop teacher, the mechanical drawing, and one math teacher were men. In high school, though, I had a lot more men - math, English, speech, chemistry, gym, of course, were men, so that I had about 20 percent men as teachers (It would have been higher, but I evaded gym/study hall as a waste of time, and took a fifth subject.)

You really should get to Victoria - it has some of the most beautiful houses/grounds I've ever seen. And some wonderful shops. /// I find I can remember odd experiences (I don't mean peculiar) that I can date before my sixth birthday by the locale; the earliest goes back before I was 4. However, I certainly couldn't give a connected account of most of my life up through the end of grade school; I can't even name all the teachers I had. [And I just noticed that one of the first teachers I did have - first grade - is retiring this spring. I believe I was in her first class in Salem. And, of course, the school involved has been gone for over 20 years.]

As always, Elinor, I enjoy your writing - and find myself unable to argue with you.

Asp [Donaho]. I know that out west most of the houses are frame construction. I was surprised when I first came east to find so many brick houses, with only the inside flooring and partitions of lumber. And even the inside bearing walls may be brick. Of course, nowadays they use cinder block, with a brick facing, or even a venger of brick & half bricks, yet) for looks. Lumber in the east isn't that much cheaper, especially in the times before everyone insulated and the thick walls of brick helped keep out the wind.

One of the main problems in OMPA, as far as I'm concerned, is the short time allowed between the receipt of the mailing and the last day for mailing a bundle back to the AE. When it takes a month each way, or more, this leaves only 3 weeks for digesting a bundle. And then it comes just as I'm working on a FAPazine....

I quite agree with you on Burroughs - his Mars stories still have that sense of wonder for me. I find I read them with two distinct levels of interest. One is just enjoying the vivid action and description, the other is noticing all the flaws, the details that are glossed over. And I still like them. Tarzan hasn't worn as well, but the first half dozen Mars are still high on my rereading list.

Warner, move over in that theater seat. I've never been to a drive-in movie, either. And don't plan to.

UL [Metcalf]. I really don't consider myself an Edgar Wallace fan; I'm more interested in the detective short story, and pick up a few of his on occasion. So far, only two or three have made the permanent collection. Mr Reeder, for one, stands rereading.

I think at least one, or possibly both of the CImoore collections, Shamblau and Northwest of Earth, are still in print; Marty Greenberg should know. The Galaxy Novel edition was apparently a reissue (maybe not complete) of the first. And they are still some of the best weird/adventure/space/etc stories I have reread.

Vacations? I've concentrated on going home, obviously, as the front of this issue shows - but en route, I've managed to pick up Canada, Lake Louise, etc., Colorado, including the Silverton narrow-gauge, Yellowstone, Glacier, Grand Canyon, Reno, Las Vegas, Los Angeles (several times), San Francisco (more times), the Oregon coast, Crater Lake, the Cascades, Seattle, Victoria, etc. One of these years it will be Europe.

Morph [Roles]. Leo Morey is currently illustrating for one of the detective magazines - Mike Shayne, I believe - and I believe there have been one or two of his pics in some of the Z*D mags. St John is retired, and may be dead. I would like to see Wesso return, but fear he is either dead or retired. His people were like Paul - always the same - but his machines looked more realistic and less gearry than Paul's.

The top wobbles because of precession, coupling of two forces to produce a third in a different direction.

Do you have access to the Haggard Bibliography of Scott? If not, I can help you on that. It lists quite a few of the early editions. Also, I can dig out a number of the others from the LC cat.

Want a James 1909? or 1919? Fascinating things, with such a variety of ships. The 1909 still has some of the pre big-ships, even some with sail.

A lawyer has to take the bar exams of the state he wants to practice in, or take the Federal Bar (or DC Bar) to practice in Federal courts. Usually they take a bone-up course - bar review - before the exam, which gives them the special points of the particular state's laws. In all but 1, I believe (Louisiana) the law is moddled on English common law, making the transition easier. Although the Southwest does have traces of Spanish law. And the diversity of traffic laws does give the average citizen troubles. In anything else, you go to a lawyer as a matter of course. Driving, for example, you find different speed limits, different rules on making right turns after stopping at red lights, etc. And Canada adds another clutch of varying laws.

Vagary [Gray]. Here this appears, at the bottom of the last stencil. Unfortunately, little room. I see you are equating jazz with modern jazz. My jazz includes the New Orleans stuff, up to the late 30s, some of the revival stuff, and Ellington. Modern jazz just isn't music, so far as I am concerned. [Next time I'll start with you, I promise] There is just too much to talk about in this.

Envoy [Schultz]. Interesting, but nothing I really want to say. But why didn't you just uncover that brick drive, and have less lawn to mow, and also be somewhat different.

Binary [Patrizio]. I wonder if the national, American, characteristic of casual dress isn't responsible for most of the untidy effects of active military personnel - they see no point in shining up gear for active use. A marine in combat outfit isn't the same as a Marine in dress Blues. // So, where does the name Scotch come from - the drink, I mean. Or won't you admit to any other type of whisk(e)y?

Conversation [Hickman]. Nice cover. One of these days comes a letter, Lynn.

Pooka [Ford]. And I don't have a single one of the records you list. . And I've run out of room.

Bill

So, when I go to run the stencils, I find that I've omitted a number. Hence you are getting an extra page.

Vagary[Gray]. I wonder if my reaction to reading is shared by anyone else in OMPA? I find that when I get home, I don't want to dig into something heavy. Not because I can't handle it, but because I've been doing that for much of the working day, and want something to give me a little rest. I find that the technical stuff I have to plow through, in several languages, including governmentese - which I find the big companies have taken over and improved until it is almost a foreign tongue - I just don't want to keep on worrying through hard material. I'd much rather relax with a good detective or fantasy. On the other hand, I find that I can't stand the newsmagazines. (If anyone in Britain wants to see how bad they can be, I'll send over a copy of USNews&WorldReport; it makes Time seem like a liberal magazine.) Hence, my bookshelves are uncluttered with the standard "good" authors.

Like my record collection. I have little Beethoven or Brahms or Tchaikovsky symphonic music - I can hear it almost at will over the air. I do have some strange things, tho. things such as the Balakirev symphony, the complete Sibelius, ditto Vaughan-Williams. Things I don't hear on radio more than once in a blue moon.

Apparently the modern American youth is being pushed into the beginnings of courtship and such while still in the early part of junior high. The parents of many are either afraid that they won't be in the swing of things, and will be left out, when all the other children are "going steady" or hope this will keep the children from becoming jds. So, by highschool, the poor kids have nothing new to look forward to except an early marriage, while still in school - and maybe an extra-early one - and so turn to the jd for something new.

The articles of witches were interesting. Have you noticed how in children's fairy books there is always -- or so it seems - a good witch and a bad witch? Take "The Wizard of Oz" or any of the other Oz books. There is Glinda, the Good Witch of the North (I think it was) and the Wicked Witch (of the East?), etc. Baum, at least, knew that not all witches were bad witches. Nor all wizards evil. Binary [Patrizio] Even if I forgot to drop down a line, I do want to add some belated best wishes. // Your mailing comments are just that - comments on the material, rather than discussions of it. If you would convert these into essay type answers, even though short, they would be more stimulating.

Naturally, no films about what the winners did to the losers - American Revolution or War of the Roses. After all, what did one W. Shakespeare do to Richard III? But, of course, the Revolution was just a revolution that succeeded and which was engineered by some hard-headed business men in the north and south who were being hurt by some of the British colonial policies - not just a tax on tea. There were some very clever propagandists in the group.

And that should be enough this time. More next quarter, maybe.

I might add, please excuse mimeo this issue. I'm still finding out what is what on the machine the hard way - no instruction manual. Like, I finally discovered the ink distributing tube was out of position, and thus I wasn't getting ink where I should. And, the paper is not exactly the best for mimeo - it is some of the ditto paper I had left over. So, bear with me.

DC IN 63

(Even though I don't know why we should be so crazy as to want to put on a con.)