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will be run off by the noble and lovable Buz this afternoon, and will be mailed tomorrow morning. So there's just time for a brief bit of

## HOME MOVIES (Ahahahahahahaha)

Mary McCarthy's "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood". This sits on the far end of the first shelf of Bookcase #1, and I am continually frustrated by its existence. It belongs with modern American writing, and specifically, side by side with her "Sights and Spectacles". Unfortunately, it also belongs side by side with "The Way of All Flesh" which belongs side by side with G.B. Shaw. Schizoid tendencies in my books bother me. "Memories of Catholic Girlhood" belongs by "Way of All Flesh" because, like it, it deals with the cruelty of churchly, non-religious people towards helpless youth in their charge. Mary McCarthy sums it up: "...religion is only good for good people... Only good people can afford to be religious. For the others, it is too great a temptation--". (Here, of course, she is using 'good' in the sense I was using 'religious' and 'religious' in the sense I was using 'churchly'.) An excellent and delightful book, by the way. It's more enjoyable to me than it would be to you, perhaps, because part of it takes place in Seattle and Tacoma both of which towns I know intimately. I think she and I went to the same school at the same time, however she was a senior in high school and I was an infant in kindergarten. My sister <sup>has a</sup> picture of me taken outside this school, and I am wearing a navy blue coat with brass buttons, a navy tam, a Buster Brown haircut and a great big smile.

Shelf #2: This is practically all Trollope. "The Warden" & "Barchester Towers". "Barchester Towers". "The Three Clerks" "Doctor Thorne" "Framley Parsonage" (a particular favorite, for the sub-plot romance of Lucy Robarts, my favorite Trollope heroine, and Lord Lufton) "The Small House at Allington" (which I very seldom read, because it has an unhappy ending) "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (a favorite) "Can You Forgive Her?" (another favorite. This has a triple plot, with three sets of triangles: one essentially an intellectual and ethical problem, one of lyric, poignant emotion, and one of farce. These three sets of problems set up a tension that hold the book together beautifully, despite its length and variety). "Phineas Finn" "The Eustace Diamonds" (this is one of Trollope's best books, technically, however I rather dislike it). "Phineas Redux". (I reread this recently, and found it much better than I had realized in previous readings. Previously I'd been annoyed by Phineas's horrible sufferings under his ordeal, but this time, they seemed no more than what was fully reasonable. Poor Phineas was tried for murder, and the evidence against him was so strong, and his motive was so strong, that a lot of the people who knew and loved him thought he had probably done it. He was very brave throughout the long trial, but when the truth was finally discovered and he was released, he just collapsed. People kept telling him to buck up and be a man, but he just couldn't. I used to be as impatient with him as his friends were, but now I see that a man wouldn't recover overnight from an ordeal like that. --I also became much more interested in the character of Lady Laura Kennedy than I had ever been previously. She is an unlikeable woman, and the reason why is because she is always trying to be more noble, more heroic, more magnificent in her humility, than she is capable of living up to. She is always biting off large chunks of virtuous heroism and having to spit it out--a most unpleasing spectacle). "The Prime Minister". "Rachel Ray" "The Spotted Dog" (a paperback anthology of some of his short stories, of which my favorite is "Malachi's Cove"--a very beautiful and charming story). "He Knew He was Right" (I loathe the major plot of this, but love two of the three subplots.) "Is He Popenjoy?" (Very good.) "Lady Anna" "Orley Farm" (supposed to be good, but I find it one of Trollope's dullest books). "North America" "An Autobiography" (a favorite) "Ayala's Angel" (another favorite). Stebbins' "The Trollopes" (good) Sadleir's "Trollope, a commentary" (good), and a pamphlet on Trollope by A. Edward Newton which was a present from Bob Lichtman. Did I ever thank you for that, Bob? I'll bet I never did. O what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Thank you, Bob, I really like it. The rest relates to Jane Austen. "The Complete Novels of Jane Austen" "Persuasion" & "Love and Freindship"

to be continued

## Official Organ

I guess it had a cover on it, didn't it? I seem to remember taking one look at it, ripping it off, and throwing it away. I had no aversion to the cover as a cover, but I think an official organ is better off without one.

## Mills

Ellis, I now think it would be monstrous to inflict the Greyhound Bus Company on any fan. Too bad--it was cheap, at any rate.

## Rogers--BIXEL #2

Dept. of Minor Corrections: Ben and Bill didn't call us up to tell us about the initial trouble with the Hyatt House. What happened was that we got letters, in the same mail, from Bill and Al haLevy, both telling us that the woman who had been the catering directress at the Seacon was now in charge of the Hyatt House at Burlingame, etc., etc., as you have it. So Buz was in a quandary. He knew why fans were persona non grata with Doris Chapin, and he figured that the best person to explain the situation to was the president of the Hyatt House Corporation. So he called up our Hyatt House to ask for the name of the president and his address, and in talking to the manager's secretary to obtain this address, it all came out what he needed the information for, and she became very distraught, and begged him not to write to the president of the corporation until he'd talked to the manager there. So Buz eventually talked to the manager there and he was covered with shame and horror, begged us to come back any time and Buz talked to the manager at Burlingame, and he was covered with shame and horror too.

So anyhow, I expect OMPA will like to know why Doris Chapin, the catering directress for the Seacon, hates fans. In the first place, fans are basically antipathetic to her nature, but this is less remarkable in that I doubt if she likes many humans much. We had many minor arguments with her re price of banquet (how far in advance we could know it), how late we could sell tickets, placement of bar at costume party, and so forth. Finally, when it was time for the costume party to start, it was discovered that the tables had been set up for the banquet. Doris Chapin said the tables couldn't be removed; Buz said remove them or I'll do it and you won't like the way I'll do it. Later that evening Doris Chapin fussed about the meagerness of Sylvia's and Joni's costumes.

Well, the banquet was the next day, and immediately after it the directress put in a bill. Wally Gonser took it to Buz, who added it up and discovered she'd made a mistake of about \$100 in our favor. Buz paid the proper amount plus the tip. We discovered later (via Wally Gonser) that when the con was over, the manager called Doris Chapin into his office, pointed out to her the mistake she'd made, and informed her that fortunately, with the tip, there was enough money to cover the correct bill, but that she'd have to explain to the waitresses why they wouldn't get their tip. After she'd suffered enough he took her off the hook and told her that we'd caught the mistake and paid the right amount. But the hotel help were all sniggering about it for months, and so it's no wonder that she hates fans.

In a way I feel sorry for her. She's not a young woman, and it won't be easy for her to find such a good job again. But she's a spiteful woman, and a liar, and I couldn't wish that she not be fired.

I'm thrilled at the idea of going to the Westercon at another Hyatt House. I think it's the swimming pool I like best--or possibly the 24 hr. coffee shop. At any rate, I'm expecting to have a heavenly time.

This was a good zine, Alva, real good. I enjoyed Cleve Cartmill's article, and Harry Warner's (delighted to hear of the usefulness of the NFFF), and especially your little vignette (Laney's word) of the chatelaine of Tendril Towers.

Bobbie, I do hope very much that Bill is getting better all the time. #I didn't guess Sturgeon's ending either--and I too feel I have read better Sturgeon. But it wasn't bad--it held one's interest, anyway. #I certainly agree that CND folk who tried to dig up the airfield went too far. Sounds a bit creepy. I mean creepy in the ugh sense, not the eerie.

I hope you do take me around the British Museum in '65. Imagine seeing the place where Shaw worked! (and Karl Marx, too, but we'll ignore him).

Bobbie, you and I aren't the only people who dislike Significant Realism. Here's a quote from Louis Guzzo in the Seattle Times, 2-3-63.

LITTLE WONDER: What's wrong with today's professional theater? A long dissertation is unnecessary when a quick example will do the job, and much better at that. Here is a nutshell description of William Inge's latest play, which opened on Broadway last Tuesday night:

"'Natural Affection' concerns a juvenile delinquent who returns home to Chicago from a reform school to spend the Christmas holidays with his unmarried mother, who is living with her new boy friend. He had been sent up for mugging an old lady in a park.."

A million laughs.

Will the cult of ugliness be succeed<sup>ed</sup> by a wave of puritanism or a cult of beauty-- I don't know. I hope neither. I would like to see this cult of ugliness, of Significant Realism, be succeeded by a cult of real realism. Realism is something that reminds one of things that one has known--people whom one has known. Of things that one could know. The cult of ugliness is phony realism, because it doesn't remind the reading public of things the reading public knows. The reading public is merely going slumming. --No doubt there are people to whom Significant Realism is real-- but I suppose a most unrepresentative few care to read Significant Realism. If the people who live or have lived it read for pleasure at all, presumably they read something more pleasurable.

Beauty--well, I like beauty in poetry, but not in prose unless it's very unobtrusive. A cult of beauty implies beauty for beauty's sake, which is apt to be intrusive and as phony in its own way as Significant Realism.

I know what you mean by an afternoon tea cloth. I expect we would call it a luncheon cloth. But I'm not sure. It's been so long since I was a young girl, living at home, and knowing all these things. The one with Westminster coat of arms, floral symbols of British Isles and map of London sounds as if it must have been a lot of fun to do. I hope I can buy something like that in '65.

Paper personality vs. real personality: I agree with you that Ethel and Ella are VERY much the same in person as in print. Of other COMPAN that I have met, Walter Breen, Bill Donaho, and Alva Rogers are the same in person and in print. Terry Carr is quieter and warmer in person than in print. I haven't been in company with Calvin Demmon enough to have a strong impression of his personality. Gordon Eklund is quiet, amiable and smiling. The sharp-tongued observations he makes in fanzines are always a surprise and delight to me. Bill Evans' manner of speech is thoughtful and deliberate. I am not sure whether his fanzines convey this characteristic. Dick Eney is the same in person as in print, except that in person one is bemused by his sparkling eyes and beard. Don Fitch is very quiet. You've met Don Ford. Is he the same? I guess Jack Harness, Lynn Hickman and Ted Johnstone are much the same in person and in print. It's hard to say. Bob Lichtman and Andy Main? Yes, I suppose so. Andy Main has a face that was built for smiling, which of course is not apparent from his writing. Norm Metcalf and Ellis Mills? Hard to say. Bruce Pelz? I don't know Bruce Pelz, really. Dick Schultz, Charles Wells? I guess they are the same in person and in print--I don't really know. Some people are more charming in person than in print. Others are less so. --One only knows for sure whether people are the same in person and in print if one gets to know them well in print before one meets them. After one has met people, their physical being colors every word they write. Oh--I must correct myself. I said

Bill Donaho was the same in person and in print. Actually, he's quiet, like most fans. The typical fanzine fan is simply not voluble. Noteable exceptions are Betty Kujawa and Ella Parker. Other exceptions are Andy Main, Ted White, Ted Johnstone and Dick Schultz.

Another ONPAN I've met is Ron Bennett. But that was back in 1958. I guess Ron had better come back again.

I have all kinds of exclamation points marking your comments on Africa, and on the fact that the British have been well-intentioned. It's very easy for people who know nothing about Africa to pontificate on it. But I feel with you that's it's not all that simple.

Oh heavens--there's still more in VAGARY that I could talk about. #I love Victorian pseudo-Gothic architecture. I think it's cute. #It's true that some buildings look hideous when they are first built, and keep right on looking hideous. When I was a young girl some people built a house nearby, and I observed that it looked like a cross between a battleship and a nightclub. I saw it awhile back, and it still does. #I love some modern art, but some I think hideous and some downright baaad. At the World's Fair art show, there was one painting which from a distance looked like a panel of solid black. I thought it was just silly, but when I got up close I found it wasn't silly at all. Up close, it was composed of rectangles of different shades of black, and was really powerful--it made me feel slightly sick, and I couldn't look at it very long.

Buz says that he can remember back before he knew how to talk. He says that he felt he did know how to talk, but realized his parents spoke a different language. He thought he'd learn their language and then teach them his, a much better language. But when he'd learned English he'd forgotten the other. I wonder if it might have been like true speech, in Heinlein's books.

So now it's the next day. Let's go back to the last subject but two. The British have generally been well-intentioned. Florence Nightingale once wrote "I hate well meaning people!", but her well-meaning efforts are largely to blame for India's population problem. One can only do the best one knows, and hope it comes out all right.

Roles--MORPH 29

Glad to see your story continued. I was interested to see the shape of those baggy trousers.

Will try to remember to have some more "home movies" in this issue, just for you, John. #I generally compose on stencil. I rough draft my CRY column, but that's about all. My CRY column gets less egoboo than anything I do. #I'll take a look at something by Dennis Wheatley some day.

Is history the bunk? Surely anybody who's read Tey's "Daughter of Time" would shout yes. But an awareness of the past is important, to keep one from being disenchanted with the present. I love history in small, easily digested doses: the biographies of interesting people. I've recently read Kronenberger's "Marlborough's Duchess" (which inspired me to re-read Quennell's "Caroline of England") and Woodham-Smith's "Florence Nightingale". Both very good. And a few months ago I read Du Maurier's "The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte," which was rather poor, like everything by her--she's a very coarse-grained woman--but I was nonetheless very glad to read it.

Talking about biographies, I saw Catherine Drinker Bowen on the teevee a year or so ago (face like an ancient eagle) and she said the first requirement for writing biographies was for the biographer to choose a subject to whom he reacted strongly, either for love or hatred. The second was, to see the plot of the subject's life. That interested me. How many biographies give one the feeling that the biographer found a plot to the subject's life? Very few, I'd say, but it may be that the biographer found a different plot than the one that's apparent to me. And perhaps he was right.

Baxter--SOUFFLE

I was watching Open End on the TV a few weeks ago; they were talking about New York, principally, and other cities too, to illustrate what was right or wrong about New York. One of the panelists, Aline Saarinen (widow of the architect) said of Australia that it was the only place to which she had ever been that she had no desire to go back to. She said that Australia was very boring, and she thought the reason why was that there were no rich and no poor. She said that the presence of the very rich and very poor creates a tension which makes a place exciting to live in. I thought that was an interesting bit of analysis, and wonder what your reaction to it would be.

Betty Kujawa has much more luxury than the average American. We certainly don't have an electric dishwasher. Only one of my three sisters does. If we ever remodel our kitchen we will have a dishwasher, and also a garbage disposal. We have automatic hot water, electric heat, stove, refrigerator, washer & dryer. We do not have a freezer, which is something I really want. We do not have a fully enclosed garage, and they really aren't too common in Seattle. In Seattle people are more apt to have car ports, and I hope we have one some day. At present, our car sits out in the street.

I certainly agree that the nature of man is incomplete and imperfect, but do not equate imperfection with evil. An evil person never wins for this reason: apart from the natural tendency of things to collapse on him, the evil person is shackled more tightly to his ego than a relatively good person, and nobody likes the company of evil people. As for Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and logic, believe me, I couldn't care less. I have never tried to be a philosopher, but if I had, I am sure I should have found cheerfulness always breaking in.

(And by an obvious train of thought, I wish to state that the invisible rabbit, Harvey, may well have been named by a memory of "If you call a dog Hervey, I will love him.")

I haven't written much? Hmmm.....I have helped edit 81 issues of CRY, in most of which I have had material. I have been in at least one apa since the spring of '56, I have been in two apas at least since summer of '59, and OMPA is the only apa in which I have ever missed a mailing. However, perhaps you don't count mailing comments as writing. They are certainly more like the conversational side of fandom.

You wonder about Gardner McKay: I should say there was very little doubt, as he is identifiable from data in "The Sixth Man"--the actor whose face appeared on a nationally distributed magazine before his series appeared on the teevy. I remember seeing his picture on LIFE Magazine, and the story inside said that his series was still in the future. I suppose a lot of the handsomest actors are homosexual, more or less, and I wonder to what extent they influence the taste of the women in the audience who admire them. I've known, or known of, several women who've married homosexuals and had a very thin time of it; it would be regrettable if women are being educated to prefer 'em. It probably wouldn't make much difference, though, because most women marry the first man who asks them (a circumstance that would fill my heart with horror if I were a single man). On the other hand, unless a man proposes on the first date or so (& lots of men do) a proposal of marriage is merely the ratification of a previously agreed upon treaty: a woman can tell, early in a friendship, whether a man is serious or not, and if he is and she isn't, she turns him off. I argued all around the circle, there, and have only to add that for all I know, perhaps lots of women marry homosexuals and are gloriously happy. Nobody ever hears anything about happy people.

I have decided that I am opposed to fan awards, and am determined to ignore them.

Hickman--CON 19

I don't blame Betsy Curtis at all for not wanting fans subscribing to PITFCS. Any ingroup has a perfect right to be an ingroup if it wants to be. We all of us cherish our privacy; we should allow others to do so, too. As for pros at conventions, they are there to see their friends, just as we are. There is only a limited amount of time, and it's natural that they should want to spend it with people who are dear

to them whom they don't see often. Also, some pros, just like some fans, are rather shy and find it difficult to make conversation with strangers. On the other hand, some pros do seem to be rather unpleasant people. There are a great many pros who are very nice people; there are some who are not.

Lindsay--SCOTTISHE 30

Walt Willis' reminiscences are still great. I hope you are saving the stencils for these, and for your nursing memoirs. Both should be pubbed in book form eventually.

Brian W. Aldiss' poem is totally justified by the phrase 'escape felicity.' That's beautiful.

Tell Wim Struyck that the Americans he corresponds with are much more America than anything he reads in the papers. It's true that there are racial problems in U.S.; there are also areas where few if any racial tensions exist. Things happen in the United States that shouldn't, sure, but they are a small part of the total number of things that happen. One hears a lot about crime in the United States--but I don't remember anybody ever committing a crime against me. People are very kind. I drop my billfold on the sidewalk, and a little girl knocks on the door and hands it to me. I drop my gloves getting out of the car, and I find them tucked into the doorhandle. A little boy knocks on the door to tell me I left my car lights on. I leave my billfold in a supermarket near Los Angeles, which has a terrific crime rate, and get it back absolutely intact. It's mostly unpleasant things that get in the newspapers, but if they were common they wouldn't be news.

There's less of you in SCOT than usual, Ethel, and so it's not as good as usual. But I'm not reproaching you; I expected that; it was inevitable. I'm looking forward to your TAFF report, and I expect that it will be delightfully Ethelish.

Burn--paraFANalia #10 & SIZAR 8

Anim al smiles: Our male dachshund, Nobby, smiles by wagging his tail, sometimes accompanying the movement by raising his ears slightly. Our female, Lisa, has two 'smiles'. One is wagging her tail while lowering her ears; the other, expresses much more emotion: while wagging her tail violently she wrinkles up her nose. She did it to the veterinarian's assistant the last time I took her down there, and the girl was delighted. She said that Lisa is the only dachshund she knows that smiles that way, and that she thinks that the other dogs she knows with that smile are all shepherds. --& I was delighted, for another reason--Lisa only smiles that way at people she loves, and I'm glad she loves her veterinarian and his helpers.

I believe I've heard of New Zealand's famous porpoises, but I've forgotten the details. Yes, do tell me all about them.

I'm a non-smoker too, and so are Bill Evans and Walter Breen. But I at least would never dare to join your league of non-smokers. Zapping my smoking husband would probably make him burn.

Mercei--AMBLE 12

"Gay" is not heavily loaded to all Americans. All fans would certainly regard it as having homosexual connotations, but I'll bet that at least half the non-fans in America would not. Non-fans are often quite innocent: when I was nineteen years old the words queer, gay, fairy, and faggot were completely devoid of any homosexual connotation for me, although I was familiar with the words sodomy and pederasty. (I did not know their precise meaning owing to the lamentable prudery of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary).

Well, Archie, I do think that human beings and animals are qualitatively different. I'm afraid you are going to hate me forever, Archie. Two mink have given their inamiable little lives to beautify my new coat. But it is a pretty coat, and very becoming. If you saw how becoming it was, perhaps you would not hate me quite so much.

It is not illegal for dogs to pull wagons in the states. Sled dogs do so in the summer, to keep in practice. There's a group of people in Seattle who raise sled dogs--a hobby--a way of life. They dogsled in the mountains in winter.

"In practice, the existence of great private fortunes probably had as much to be said for it as against, but in theory I can do without it any day." Yes, in practice, the great private fortunes have provided England with many stalwart and particularly disinterested statesmen. But there's something to be said for the existence of great private fortunes in theory too--a republic governed by monarch and aristocracy is an extremely stable form of government.

Sorry you've dropped your memoirs.

Cheslin---ENVOY 10

Elephants in Tolkien: They could not have been African elephants, since African elephants are not tameable, are they? I seem to remember reading in some book when I was just a child that all tame elephants are Indian. On the other hand, Hannibal used elephants, and surely he didn't get them all the way from India when he was living right in Africa? I feel that I have large areas of ignorance about elephants. --The elephants in Tolkien were larger than Indian elephants, if I remember correctly, and I think that they were the same breed as the elephants on Atlantis in E. Nesbit's "The Amulet". Like mammoths, more.

'the psychological results of submitting to anesthetics'.... Taking anesthesia is like letting someone murder you. However, that feeling only lasts for a fraction of a second.

Jeeves--ERG 14

What's idiotic about the question "have you read all these books?" Have you? I haven't. I have lots of books that I haven't read yet and probably never will, and yet they sit on the shelves looking just proud and placid as if I'd eyetracked them 20 or 30 times. Elmer Perdue, on the other hand, never puts a book on the shelf that he hasn't read. He keeps his unread books in boxes. I don't think I've ever asked anyone whether he has read all the books in his bookcases, but I have certainly wondered. When I was at Harlan Ellison's house last July I saw a copy of "Villette." Everything else Harlan had clearly pertained to his personality: science fiction, reference, modern--but "Villette"? I could see Harlan liking it if he ever read it--he and Charlotte Bronte have great emotional intensity in common, if nothing else--but I can't imagine him reading it.

The previous year, at Anthony Boucher's house, I noticed two sets of Jane Austen. I saw him to talk to the next night at Bill Donaho's house, commended his having two editions, and said that I had bought an extra copy of "Persuasion" because it had "Love & Freindship" in the back, and that reading "Persuasion" in an unfamiliar type-face had given the book more freshness than it had possessed for me for many readings. He smiled politely and made non-committal noises, and to this day I am not sure whether he is a devoted reader of Jane Austen, had no idea that he had one edition of her works let alone two, or whether he even heard a word I was saying. Very frustrating.

As you can tell, I am extremely interested in seeing what titles other people have on their shelves, and in any strange house investigate the bookcases as soon as seems not intolerably improper. Perhaps it always is improper--I don't know--but as I don't resent other people looking at our books, I assume that other people don't resent my looking at their's.

Schultz--ENVOY #11

I enjoyed your con report very much. #Minor correction: Heinlein didn't appear at the banquet until after Sturgeon's speech. You'll remember how it went: Sturgeon spoke, gave terrific tribute to Heinlein's imaginative generosity--26 story ideas, and a check for \$100 with a note "I have a notion your credit is bad." After the speech, the awards, Heinlein came up, kissed Sturgeon on either cheek, Sturgeon riposted with glass of water which they shared--hey, wasn't that a great scene? I surely enjoyed it. #I thought "Thanatopsis" was a most fearsome thing, and Steve Stiles said he thought it could drive a susceptible person mad. I think "Dance Chromatic" is beautiful, and I could see it any number of times. I don't plan to see "Thanatopsis" again. #Your description of the conversation with Hal Lynch about apas is wonderful. I think you



have me verbatim--it sounds like me. & Hal did indeed 'laugh painfully'. Poor Hal--he's one of the fringers that John Baxter wants me to admit I hate, who putter around the fringes of fandom and add an air of haphazardness to the whole hobby. But I would never dream of hating the clever and amiable Hal Lynch, and I dearly love a haphazard hobby. Haphazard?--spontaneous is another word for it.

Groves--PACKRAT #5

I feel very sentimental indeed about lesser life-forms, but only quite discriminately so. Nobody in this world could be more sentimental about dachshunds than I am--unless it were Buz. & I wouldn't DREAM of owning a sealskin or raccoon skin trimmed coat. Because people have been known to feel about seals and raccoons the way I feel about dachshunds (& I could easily do so myself if I had any seals or raccoons available). But nobody since the world began has ever had a pet mink, because mink are basically unpettable. --I feel that you are essentially on my side in this matter, Jimmy, and I thank you.

I believe in the existence of an immortal soul, because once, when I was about five years old, I had a memory, or something like a memory, of being alive before I was born, and being different. & if I was alive before I was born, it stands to reason that I will also be alive after I am dead. Now, you may, and probably will, say that what I experienced was some sort of memory of prenatal life. That may be--I can only say that it didn't feel like it. It felt that what I used to be was more knowledgeable, rather than less. --If a belief in an immortal soul is wishful thinking, it is harmless enough and pragmatically sound. If this belief is not wishful but rather fearful thinking, then it may be pragmatically very unsound indeed. Personally, I was not brought up to believe in hell, and I don't know many who were.

Jimmy, where you talk about the Amerinds, I should let Dick Eney correct you, because I am sure that he knows a very great deal more about it than I do. However, I will make a few points. First and most important, you seem to believe that there was a group who had a culture. That's about like talking the European and his culture, without mentioning whether you are talking about Lapps or Sicilians. The American Indian is a term which covers a great many different groups of people who came over to this continent at widely different periods of time. We all know about Incas and Aztecs and Mayas--let's take that as read. The Indians in the southeastern part of the country had a very rich culture with vast inequities of wealth, slave ownership, etc., and when the white man came over their culture had passed its prime and was already on the way out. The northeastern Indians were on the way up. They hadn't had agriculture very long, were just beginning inter-tribal organization: I've heard it postulated that if the white settlers had come over even 20 or 30 years later they would have run into a very different situation which might have ended very differently. The Plains Indians had some agriculture, but weren't they basically a hunting-fishing-gathering culture? I really don't remember. Of the Southwestern Indians, some were farmers (Pueblo Indians) and some were not. The Indians all along the Pacific coast were Huntingfishing-gathering, but while the California Indians were always on the brink of starvation, the Indians further north had such large surpluses that they had tremendous inequities of wealth with ownership of slaves (as many as 40 belonged to one chief), an aristocracy, among one group, the destruction of vast quantities of property for prestige purposes (you've all heard of the Kwakiutl) & so forth. The north Pacific coast/<sup>Indians</sup> were one of only two groups known, where large surpluses were obtained with a hunting-fishing-gathering culture. --The point I'm making is this: I hope nobody in OMPA again will speak of 'the Amerinds' as if they were one people. They weren't!

You say 'compare the Amerinds in the USA with those in Canada', as if the Canadian Indians were much the better off. Are they? If so, I have never heard of it. If the Canadian Indians are better off, I submit that there are only about 3 major groups of Canadian Indians as compared to at least 7 major groups in this country (with I have no idea how many tribes, how many languages, how many differing sets of problems). A simpler situation is generally easier to cope with than a more complex.

In general I agree as to the merits of the British Empire, but not when it's used to put down MY country. Let me breathe one word in your ear: Tasmanians.

Buz and I were horrified at the verdict in that thalidomide case. We didn't want the poor mother punished--hardly anybody could want that. We thought that she should have been found guilty of murder, but given a suspended sentence. What she did was clearly murder, but the circumstances were extenuating. Consider: her doctor had prescribed thalidomide for her--probably to combat the nausea of early pregnancy. When she was just about four or five months along the news came out that thalidomide caused deformities in the unborn. So she had several months before the baby was born, when she had ceased to look forward to a beautiful, normal baby, to dread having a deformed child, and to divorce herself emotionally from her unborn. Deformed babies have been born ever since the world began, and so far as I know, are generally much loved by their parents. But to have a baby that was deformed by the miracles of modern science was too much--too cruel.

But murder is murder. A problem like that has no right answers to it.

A somewhat irrelevant point: that child died as easy a death as could be arranged. Children sometimes, through parental carelessness, die agonizingly painful deaths. As Mehitabel said, "What kittens?"

Hale--BIG DEAL 3

This was interesting. I take it Dave Hale and Dave Hall are two different people? In a world where typos abound, one wonders. #Margaret Thompson was very good, especially reports of conversation.

Eney--PHENOTYPE

Thanks for the egoboo of 'crysake'--however 'cry' should appear in solid caps for best effect, as, CRYsake. For CRYsake get that right, Eney.

When you say that I'm not a neutral, I'm a pacifist, for CRYsake specify that it's with respect to the Eney/White feud that I'm a pacifist. Do you want people to think that I'm not a bloody-handed war-monger? After all, Eney, I have SOME pride.

Buz has a note here: "Gharlane? In the ASF version, that was FOSSTEN."

Jordan--KOBOLD 3

In the USA, it would not be termed 'postgraduate scientific research' but rather, 'graduate study'. A postgraduate in science would be a man who had his PhD but was doing additional research. #In the Chemistry Dept. at the University of Washington a graduate student would, for at least one year and usually two, take a teaching fellowship, during which time he would teach undergraduate laboratory sessions. Later on, he would get a research fellowship, some of which were governmental grants, some industry grants. The chemistry dept. had plenty of fellowships--nobody was ever left out in the cold. If any graduate student in the chemistry dept. didn't have a fellowship it was because the dept. just didn't believe he had what it took. But the other departments weren't so well off--if I remember correctly, Toskey didn't have a fellowship during his entire period of graduate study--I phrased that wrong--let's try it again. Toskey usually had a fellowship, but I am not sure that he had one always, and it was usually a teaching fellowship at that.

So much for Mailing 34. I was planning to comment on Mailing 33, also, but time ran out. You know, it's really difficult for Americans to hit OMPA mlg., as there is less than a month between the receipt of one mlg. and due date to mail to hit the next mailing. So I hope you will realize that any time I fail to hit a mlg. it's due to the exigencies of time and space and not to any lack of enthusiasm for good ol' OMPA. Missing the last mlg. was quite a shock to my nervous system, and also to Bill Donaho's since at the same time I was missing the mailing he was stating publicly and in print that I didn't miss mailings. Alas! Alas! I didn't mean to make a liar out of my old buddy, Bill Donaho.

Wally Weber, for TAFF, gang. I recommend him to you most earnestly and particularly. He is a good kid. I have known him for almost ten years, and vouch for him. He got me into fandom. A most amiable, amusing, delightful sort of person. Also deserving.