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** ESDACYOS th' 8st, Volume II, Number 2, whole number 8, August 1963, is **
** emanating from 14933½ Dickens Street, Sherman Oaks, **
** California 91403. Ed Cox at the typer with Anne at **
** the stylus in its one appearence. This is destined for the 104th is- **
** suance of that august organization, the Fantasy Amateur Press Associa- **
** tion. All unsigned material is by your editor who accepts little re- **
** sponsibility for that work appearing under others' by-lines. Right! **
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f i r s t a n d l a s t p a g e

This is page "i" of the 8th Esdacyos, full to the brim of typer-overs and hurriedness. It is also being typed last. This, of course, along with page 23, make twenty-four and embody two blank ones, once taboo and unforgivable in some circles. Mailing comments didn't make it, but I did read the mailings and look forward to the 104th.

I wish at this time to mention a few things that ought to be. Some of it quite old, but John Trimble, in OUTSTANDING (elsewhere in this mailing) did say something about credit where it is due and like that. Harking way back to WESTWARD HOOG!, which seems almost like yesterday, Anne especially and I, of course, want to thank Ron Ellik and John Trimble who we found out in the kitchen doing the dishes. Jack Harness, was either washing, or wiping, now that I think of it, and others were on the scene. Kevin had been in difficulties, losing weight at a rate that had the pediatrician ready to thomp him back into the hospital causing us both anxiety but making Anne especially nervous and easily tired. But we didn't want to call off our very first one-shot session at that late date, so it was with much thankfulness that she greeted the scene of the dishes-doing.

This edition of the one-shot, OUTSTANDING, owes thanks to Lynn Parker and Redd Boggs who assembled it and stapled it after the rest of the crew had gone home, many of them to fur off places. Ron Parker was helping me read some of the first stapled copies of it. At any rate, these things I wanted to mention.

Concerning this particular zine, there are some twenty copies going to others of you outside FAPA. Symbols alongside your name on the mailing sticker indicate: S - Shadow FAPAn; T - trade for your zine; C - contributor of material (I need more of these); L - you wroted a letter; and, finally, no symbol means that you can't do much about it, just sit and let the enormity of the fact that every few months, one of these will thonk into your mailbox.

I'm definitely going to use a heavier, better grade of paper starting with the next issue. Maybe illustrating will start apace. I would like artwork. Also material as mentioned herein. I've about mastered the basic art of the Rex-Rotary (how's that for hypenation?)((how's that for spelling?)) with hope of getting the fine points as I use it more often. Your material will love its home in the comfortable confines of Esdacyos, the creature-comfort fanzine. The next issue probably won't appear until the February 1964 mailing due to the impending October trip this year. That gives you all plenty of time to forget. So I'll remind you again. Please write, you non-members. Hell, you members write. This won't be any KIPPLE, but probably more fun! Right? Yes.

So now you may turn the page and plod inward in desperate anticipation!

emc

e d i t o r i a l i z i n g

STATEMENT OF POLICY, DEPARTMENT OF, : Undecided. Yes. After each FAPA mailing, about thirty copies will be mailed to non-members. Usually to those who have sent their fanzines to me in the past and those who have written letters or contributed material. I'm undecided as to whether there should be an edition for FAPA with mailing comments and an outside edition sans comments but with letters. We'll see how it works up. Material wanted needn't be necessarily concerned with fandom or even stfantasy. Items concerning the latter are quite welcome, however. Reviews, especially. But interest should range throughout the wide, mundane world, so let's have a look at what you would like to talk about.

IN THIS CORNER DEPT: Held for such a long time that I'd be slightly more than grotched at anybody who had held my material that long, but finally appearing in this issue are two items of which I'm happy. Roy Tackett's column is, I hope, the start of a regular series through which the non-DYNATRON reading members can get to know the writings of. Roy's been around a long time but there might be a number who've yet to read his writings. Then another guy who has been a round much long is Rick Sneary. The story is probably the only one in captivity these years. The title was very appropriate at the time I received it. Only months later, I did indeed marry a femme-fan. I must be very careful about the titles of any future stories that I may get from Rick. These, I fear, will be very few and far between.

VERY BELATED DEPT. OF CONGRATS DEPT: A poctsard from Alexandria, Va., arrove sometime after its mailing date of 22 September 1962 which said, in whole: "Dear Ed, Maybe NOW you'll believe that line about nice guys finishing last! Better luck next time." Signed by Dick Eney. I dunno, Dick, I think they finish first, too. Belated congrtulations! We've even now. The only other time I ran for FAPA office, you were my sole worthy opponent and I won by a squeak! Now we're at a draw. Wonder what it'll be we run for next?

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Many suns have set since the above was written. My high-flown ambition of having an ESDACYOS in every mailing has fallen to earth and it is now June the sixteenth, my first Day, and I am typing up slathers of stuff for the next issue, this one, which ought to grace the 104th FAPA mailing and a few other mailboxi. It ought to be stenciled one of these days too. While one-shots are fun and they will continue, quarterly, I feel I ought to have something else in the mailing to show you all that I do indeed still have the old urge to read others' goodies and dump something into the mailing in hopes of making return, or something. Due to an uncommon number of small illnesses, the last of which seems to be winding up now, I've managed to read most of the bulk of the mailings and all of the bulkless mailings such as 103.

In the official postmailing to the latter, I read with much sadness the departure of Phyllis Economou from our midst. Midst might be an appropriate word, too, since Phyllis was for a long time in the center of all the good and fun-things happening in FAPA. I only regret that I wasn't more active during those same years. At any rate, Phyllis, I hope you enjoy ESDACYOS

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somewhat, and along with it, the one-shots and L A TIMES New Year editions which I will continue to send Webster-wards.

Speaking of those, I'm liable to miss the one-shot for the November. At last, the long trek to Maine will take place. We well, of course, use the Volvo, but it assumes the proportions of a trek what with Kevin and all. The cat, Gummitch, will stay with a neighbor and her 18 cats, so he'll be happy. Other than the prime reason of having my folks and my family meet for the first time, there is the shipment of my collection out here to undertake. Then there is the fact that not only have I not seen a New England autumn for many years, Anne never has.

THANKS DEPT: Really, thanks to those who voted for me in the Poll. Frankly, I was somewhat chagrined to find the partially completed ballot in a pile of stuff on my desk somewhat after, I discovered, the deadline had passed. I think what I ought to do to facilitate things, and obviate a recurrence of this, is to keep a replica of the ballot handy and vote on each mailing. Then when voting time comes, assemble and cons lidate the mailingly vote and transcribe it onto the new official ballot. It then can be mailed within days of receipt. Then I won't be among the blushing majority of the non-voters, assuming that the others who received votes but didn't vote, blush as I do.

NOTE DEPT Some of the following material will appear to be dated by some references therein. This is because it was written for inclusion in the 101st mailing.

MORE OFFICIAL STUFF DEPT: I'm happy to see the amendment (which would increase the number of votes necessary to remove an undesirable from the waiting-list) defeated. Although only a small number of votes came up with this result, I tend to think it indicative of how it would have gone had more, most or all of the membership voted.

AN OLD BITCH, DEPARTMENT FOR: Yes. Hark back to the OO, colorful dark pink of the 102nd mailing, to page 2, last paragraph before the POSTMAILINGS listing. Here I intended before to, and do now, complain. Since WESTWARD HOOG! was missing from my bundle, I take it that it is supposed to be one of the three referred to. Well, here I take much exception. When I prepare to mail a zine in to an official editor, I scrupulously count the zines out to be sure I have, in this case, the 68 required. Here's how:

I put the entire stack to hand. Then I count off ten (10) copies. I place these aside. Then I count ten (10) more. I place these at right angles on top of the other stack. I do this six times and carefully count out eight more. This gives me 68. I make sure there are sex section of ten (10) and then one of eight (8). Then I carefully recount each stack. I'm damned sure there are 68 before I package them and none get left out of the package. If I'm short, it would have to be either ten short or eight short, but not one.

Sorry, Dick, but the error wasn't mine and I'm curious as to who got the extra copies. Besides this, the philosophy of shorting bundles of members to assure that three copies are left to replace copies short in bundles to members sort of eludes me as to its logic. Especially when it is assumed that the

member is in error. What bugged me enough to make this mild bitch at this date is not so much that my bundle was shorted under the circumstances described, but that the inference is that despite the fact that 68 copies are specified in the constitution, more than that should be sent as a safeguard to the safeguard. Why?

IN TIME TO COME DEPT: Gee, gang, all sorts of goodies are lined up. Really. Goshwow. In The Beginning stage at this very moment, as I write this, and, probably as you read this, there is an exhaustive article being written by Charles Stuart about the Cordwainer Smith stories. Dale Hart has promised me material. So has Sam Martinez. A reprint from an old Maine-iac about somebody we all know, love and have given up to good, old mundane Southland suburban living, along with his freckled, red-haired wife (of course) is scheduled. Also a department concerning the Tine Trickle (GENzines that have fell my way) and mebbe, yes SIR, goshwow, LETTERS from you non-members unfortunate enough to receive this publication and incensed enough to write about it. Yes SIR, all sorts of things. Be sure to send in your boxtop now. Or label. Remember, CONTEST fandom is second only to STAMP COLLECTING fandom.

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Hey, fellas (and don't mistake that phraseology for Something Else...we may read such stuff but don't practice it...see review of Lesbo Lodge in the "Book Nook" later on). Again, Hey, fellas, right now we will show that Bob Leman that we Cannot Be Diverted and not talk about trips and movies and things and really get to writing Mailing Comments, an interesting idea of his. Yes SIR!

b u t f i r s t . . . .

TAFF TALK, DEPT OF: The slate this time is not an easy one to choose from which thereof or like that. One of the candidates I've known personally for a long time; another I've been in contact with very little in late years but used to know via correspondence; the last I've known via correspondence met at cons and have been in on-again-off-again touch with for years. This latter, Wally Weber, stood for TAFF first which is my easy out in making the otherwise tough decision. Wally may not be well-known outside of CRYissues, WRR and convention circles, but Wally is, I think, the convention fan par excellance. Not exclusively a con fan, not only a prozine reader of NFFFer or local club or fanzine fan but an admirable quantity of them all (mebbe excepting NFFFan). Wally has, I think, a record equalled by few in worldcon attendance. I am sure that it was he that I first say when I walked into the lobby in 1954 at Philcon II. And met in 1948 in Cincinatti and all over at any con I've attended. His personality is as well universally aimable and shy. Let's give the British girlfans a go at him. After all, fair is fair. In all seriousness, with no downgrading of the other two candidates whom I like and respect, I think WALLY WEBER is A Convention Fan's Fan. Rally to the cry, people!

G I V E T H E A N G L O - F E M M E S

A C H A N C E !

d e p o r t

W A L L Y W E B E R !

fiction: never marry a fem-fan by RICK SNEARY

The Con was well into the third afternoon when Joephan walked into the bar looking around for a familiar face. At a side table he spotted The Old Sage sitting alone. He was looking tiredly off into space.

"Hi, Sage, what are you doing in here all alone?"

"Just sitting here. Been pretending I was a BNF like Burbee, and waiting to see if anyone imprtant would join me. You can sit down and wait too, if you wish."

"Thanks, Sage." Joephan ordered a couple of beers, turned and said,

"I'm glad to get this chance to talk to you. Everyone says how you have helped fans with your good advice. And do I have a problem." He gulped down some beer. "I've fallen in love. And I want to know if you think I should tell her now, or wait until after the Con?"

The Sage had smiled softly when Joephan had started to talk, but the last remark caused him to take on a pensive expression. He took a sip of his beer.

"I suppose you mean that little brunette that came with the Tucker crowd?"

"Yes! She's wonderful. She has her own fanzine. She is on the FAPA waitinglist and she writes almost as well as I do. And you should hear her talk about sportscars. Why, she told Raeburn things he didn't know. And, boy, is she good looking--like a Rotsler girl with clothes."

It appeared that Joephan would have gone on in this vein for the rest of the afternoon if the Sage hadn't raised a finger slightly as a sign that he wished to speak.

"I know you are a clean cut type fan, so I suppose you are thinking of marrying her."

"Well, yes. If she'll have me. I'll be out of college next Spring and I can make enough working at the coffeehouse til then to support us. I'll have to cut down some on my fanac but it will be worth it in the long run. And besides, she'll be able to help me!"

"I hate to have to say this," said the Sage, placing a hand on Joephan's wrist for emphasis, "but take my advice...don't marry a fem-fan."

"What!?" squawked Joephan in shocked surprise. "But why not? Fans marry fem-fans all the time. It's a fannish tradition... Every young fan

dreams of finding the fem-fan Foo has created for him."

"I know, and some fans have been reasonably happy, too. But still, it isn't all beer and egoboo, even for the best of them."

"But--but..." sputtered the now completely confused fan, "why not? Think of all the things that they have in common. A fem-fan would be more understanding about your hobby than a non-fan wife."

"Ah, there's the rub, she understands all too well."

"But..." started Jophan.

"You can't get away with anything. Suppose you say that you have been invited over to Burbee's for a one-shot session. Now if you are married to a non-fan, you can explain about cutting stencils, cranking a mimeo handle and stapling a fanzine together. You might imply that it would be quite a lot of work and that you would probably want to sleep late the next day. But if you are married to a fem-fan, she will know what a one-shot session at Burbee's is like."

"Yeah! But if she is a fan too, she'd want to go too, and so she couldn't possibly object."

"No! You'd be surprsied. But suppose she does go--if she were a non-fan, she would spend her time either helping in the kitchen, or just sitting quietly, watching you. And getting you coffee and things. But if she is a fem-fan, she will be too busy on her own to help you. Not only that, but you will have to worry about her."

"Worry about her! But why?"

"Sure, like I say, I know you--and you know how popular fem-fans are at one-shot sessions, parties and Cons. You would have to spend time worrying about fans making passes at her...and what you should do about it."

"I'd break their typing arm."

"Fine words. But suppose you walk into a room and find your fair fem-fan sitting on Bob Bloch's lap. How do you know she isn't just asking him to write something for her fanzine? And if you do punch him in the nose, not only may she not speak to you, but he may give you a bad review."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that. Not if I can make my fanzine into a monthly. I figured that with her helping me..."

The Old Sage raised his hand again. "Big dreams friend Joephan, but I have heard that tune before. You see in this delightful creature someone to to go down the fannish highway with, cranking the handle of your enchanted duplicator... And so it might be, if she were a sweet innocent non-fan. But I've seen it happen before. You have already said she had her own fanzine. She has the bug too."

"Well, of course I'd want her to keep up her own magazine," interposed Joephan.

"Yes, but you know how that will go. You will come home, and want to work on your fanzine. She will remind you that you promised to write something for her fanzine. And she being a women, you can't refuse her."

"Sure, but she can be running off my zine while I'm doing it."

"Maybe, but more than likely she has been cutting stencils all day and hasn't even started dinner."

"Not only that, but think of what else you may find," continued the Sage. "---for example, the highspot of any fan's day is when he gets his mail. So you come home and what do you find on your desk? Some bent staples and a letter from Fantasy Publishers. So you ask if there was any more mail. 'Only a fanzine from White and a letter from Terry Carr.' 'Oh,' you say, 'what did Terry want?! 'Oh, he read that article you did for Meyers and wanted you to do a report on the Midclave for him.' 'Gee!' you say, 'Then he liked the article?' 'Yes, I guess so. Anyway I didn't have much to do this afternoon, so I wrote him a four-page report and mailed it off.'"

Joephan was looking serious now. "But don't you think she would be willing to help me with my fanzine?"

"Oh, of course," agreed the Sage. "No truefan would refuse to help another fan. But, I remember an old friend of mine who finally talked his neo-fan wife into writing a column for his mag. She got so good that on the next year's poll, she was voted No. 24 Fannish Face. My friend was only in 64th place. He ran away from home and joined the NFFF."

"But I would be jealous of her success," protested Joephan.

"No, I know you wouldn't. You're too big a man for that. But there are practical matters to consider, too. You know how much our hobby costs. Well, if you marry a fem-fan, it will cost you twice as much."

"Yes." Then with a brighter look, "But she wouldn't want as much for the house as a non-fan wife would. She's understanding and would want fannish things herself."

"Right--she will want off-set covers, rather than slip-covers."

They silently sipped at their beer. Then the Sage pointed a finger at Joephan. "Another thing. Where are you staying here at the Con?"

"Oh, six of us have a double up on the tenth! What a ball!"

The Sage nodded approval, and sipped his foamless beer. "That is the true-fan way to live at a Con. But what if you were married? You couldn't hitch-hike to cons. You would have to take private rooms. More expense...." Joephan looked up to protest, but The Sage whent on. "Yes, I know not all fan couples are this conventional, but we are talking about you. We know what kind

of a fan you are."

Joephan smiled and rubbed the back of his neck. "But what about the future? The old story about raising your own fanclub?"

The Sage laughed ironically. "Ever since Degler, I guess, fans have never quite forgotten the idea that they might indeed be the Starbegotten. And that their kids might be slans. But look at the record. When the kids grow up, they don't let them mix with other fans. Especially the girl children. Look how Bloch and Grennell hide their's there in Wisconsin and California. And everyone remembers howBurbee wouldn't let his duaghter go to the Solacon. After all, they know what fans are like. There is a lot of truth in that old interlineation: "I didn't raise my daughter to marry a fan.'"

Joephan smiled ruefully but said nothing. The Sage went on. "You know what my philosophy is. Most fans are fans partly because in their way they all all suffer from some form of maladjustment. They are a little nuerotic because they can not accept or are not accepted by the Real World. Fandom becomes a sort of group therapy for them. Which in time helps most fans to go out and find a place in the Real World. Fans need the reassurance of personal worth that they get from egoboo. And that they write praise of others' work is mainly that they expect that someone will praise their praise!"

"Now, when two fans marry, they gain a good deal of self-assurance due to the fact some one did want to marry them. But, being basically egoists, they think more of their own emotional needs than they do of their spouse. The result of these two negatively charged egos results in more strain. And as supreme individualists who will not subjugate their own opinions merely for the sake of harmony, a major split could develope over something a non-fan wouldn't think important enough to fight over."

Joephan looked glumly off into space. Then, emptying his glass, he stood.

"Well, thanks for the advice. I'll see you around." He walked away, deep in thought, melting into the hurrying throng outside the bar.

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A week after the convention, when STARSPINKLE announced that Joephan was engaged to be married, The Old Sage broke an empty peanut-butter jar in his fireplace...

-30-

m o v i e t i t l e s

AnneCo

THE GREATEST LOVE	LADY GODIVA RIDES AGAIN	FANCY PANTS
CALL IT A DAY	HIGH WALL	NO WAY OUT

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ROY TACKETT

column:

"When I heard the learned astronomer---" Ah, yes, when I heard the learned astronomer. I sometimes get quite fed up with hearing the learned astronomer, the learned physicist, and the learned mathematician. The more I hear of their learned pronouncements, the more I realize that they really know next to nothing about the vast subjects on which they make such immense statements.

The astronomer points his telescope at the further reaches of space and very precisely exposes his photographic plate. Then he gazes raptly at a few smudges on the developed plate and comes up with a whole new cosmology. Of course it is completely different from what was espoused yesterday and will in no way agree with the hypothesis formed by another learned astronomer tomorrow, but it is duly published in the technical journals and makes its way to the popular press wherein it is read by you and me who stand amazed at the wonders of the infinite.

The universe, we are told, is two billion years old. Or perhaps it is five billion. Well, we have found some stars that must be really 20 billion years old. Then, again, we have evidence that---et cetera, et cetera.

Of course it is really difficult to make positive statements about the far corners of the universe. Closer to home we find observations more reliable. Take Venus for example.

Ah, yes, take Venus for an example. Our nearest planetary neighbor, we are told, is at a mean distance of 67.2 million miles from the sun and has a period of revolution of about 224.7 earth days. Rotation? Oh, 24 days, 30 days, 8 days, 24 hours; perhaps not at all. Observations and calculations prove, without a doubt, that Venus is:

(a) hot and dry.
(b) hot and wet.
(c) cold and dry.
(d) cold and wet.
(e) something else altogether different.

But Venus shows phases like the moon. Very big thing, those phases.

Maybe we had better come a bit closer to home. The moon is close. It is a rugged, rocky world that is quite dead. It may, of course, be covered with fine dust. It is airless, but then again it may have a slight atmosphere made up of the heavier gases. Lunar features seem to have an annoying habit of disappearing now and again. Maybe the moon really is made of cheese and after successful space flight is achieved, it will be chopped up into $\frac{1}{2}$-pound bricks and sold at your local supermarket.

Meanwhile back on earth... The earth, we are told, is round like a ball. Unless it happens to be pear-shaped. Geologists make a careful study of rocks and estimate the age of the earth to be 500,000,000 years old. Geophysicists use a different calculator and come up with a figure of 2.5 billion years. Our world consits of a rocky outer shell surrounding an inner core of dense molten metal which has a temperature of 3,000° C. Or perhaps the core is made of the same rocky material as the outer shell, only in licquid form, and at a temperature about the same as that of a wood fire. And then again it may be hollow.

Here on Earth we've had some mighty big brains. All things are relative they tell us and I won't quibble with that. Things are so relative that no one is sure just what is related to which.

The speed of light is the absolute limit. Nothing can exceed it. However, it sometimes appears that this absolute is a variable. Don't worry about it. We will never attain the speed of light anyway. But if we do, strange things will happen: mass will become infinite, length will reduce to zero and time will stop. Now there is a pronouncement to ponder. I have pondered it. The more I ponder it, the less sense it makes. Let's see, if time stops, then there will be not time; zero, of course, is nothing. Ah, ha! Eureka! At no time will nothing have infinite mass.

It all boils down to this: the whole learned crew is most learned at guessing. The mathematician guesses at a formula and turns it over to the physicist and the astronomer who, in turn, take a guess at what the mathematician is trying to figure. They condut their experiments, read their instruments and then make a guess at the meaning of the readings. Once in a while one of them will admit he is guessing. On the whole, they stumble along with no more idea of what they are doing than did the ancient alchemist.

As for the planets and stars we really will not know anything about them until we get there--if we do. And if we do, it will be because someone accidentally stumbled across a useable drive. For this he will be installed in the hall of fame as a great researcher and follower of the scientific method. And the scientific method appears to be to fumble in the dark all the while making meaningless statements and hoping to guess right or have a lucky accident.

-30-

TRY IT! Somewhere in this mailing there is a page entitled "Three Minute Time Test" - Can you Follow Directions?" It is much fun and I suggest you all try it. Take a pencil and a kitchen timer and find out if you, too, would want to join the wild world of space-age type electronic marvel-producing industry the like of which Ron Ellik, Lee Jacobs, Steve Metchette and others now live in, 40 hours a week. For those of you already in this envirionment, try it and see if you still want to stay in it. Be a sport and actually try it; if you feel that this is the sort of thing for you, you need help....

column: h e a v i l y
t w i c e!
ix

I don't see why I can't use installments of my own column. It doesn't perambulate much anymore anyway. So to start off this trip, let's hark back to the first bit of IX written on 23 August 1961.

CONCLUSION JUMPING, DEPT. OF: You may have read, from time to time, in various installments of this column, some of the adventures at the company where John Trimble and I work. Such was this.

There are two girls who work in the office. Sisters. And their idea of why people get married is that they should immediately start having children. Lots of them. Right away. In quantity. That's it. One of them has five. The other ended up with only one after losing several. Well, John Trimble is in disgrace because he has cats, not children. They also got at me and asked when are we going to start (Anne and I haveing been married all of five months!)?. I told them that we can't have cats in the apartment house.

Recently, one of our customers noted to one of the girls (whom we'll call Sarah) that isn't Sarah gaining weight? He lost many points in one swell foop there. After he'd left, I, being busy as hell, stood around talking to Sarah about dieting and such. She then said something about Anne being so flat.

"Fat?" I squalled.

"No, flat!" she says.

"What?" I say. "Flat?"

"In the tummy," she says.

Oh. Then I thought, Gee, I wonder if I dare tell them Anne's secret? Hmmmm, I thought and then said, "Gee, I wonder if I should tell you Anne's secret?"

POW! Two pair of eyes riveted on me, faces beaming.... "Really?" "REALLY?" Ohs and ahs and reallys flitting all over the place. Transfixed, I stood speechless til it dawned on me what was taking place in their offspring oriented minds.

"No, no, no, she isn't going to have a baby! Good heavens!" Then, the question, well, what is her secret? Egads, I had to struggle all over again with the ethics of telling them or not. So, I said, conspiratorially, in a low tone:

"She wears a girdle."

"She wants a girl?" "Oh, isn't that nice!" "What are you waiting for?" They beamed and nodded, how nice. So I gave up and went into my office.

But the next time I went out there, I got it again. "What are you waiting for?" When are you going to start having cyldren? And one of them says, "I'll give you a dozen diapers!" Her sister jumps on the bandwagon with, "And I'll give you the baby-powder and the lotion and the--", etc., all very serious yet! I screamed something about no bribes and fled into the office again.

But I'm not out of the woods yet. The "secret" is still "Secret" to them. So they ask, what is the secret? And I say mebbe I'd better not tell, she's hit me. Faces light up, big grins (as only a woman can grin when she finds out another woman is pregnant). "Then she is, she is!" Hallalujas and so on come on all over again.

Now they won't believe me. They are convinced that Anne is pregnant. So, Anne, you'll have to tell them you're not. You aren't, of course, honey. Honey? HONEY!!

*** ***

Little did I know that only weeks (late October) would pass before Anne really did tell me the news and, wow, did they rejoice. It was right when she got her job at the National Auto Club and I started work at RCA. What a way to celebrate!

IS IT WINCE-TIME OF THE MONTH DEPT? Yes, it is. Sometimes when I haven't been paying attention, the utility bills open up a small realm of horror at just how much juice and gas we've been using. I've taken the whip to the telephone bill and it seems to have been cowed pretty much lately. But once in a while, I wonder if we've left all the lights in the house on all day for a week or what? In this season of heat and long days, the bills do, of course, diminish from those of the short, cold days. But it causes me to wonder about the oft-repeated boast of the LA UNTilities outfits that they have as low if not lower rates than other large cities.

The electricity does seem somewhat low, to my unpracticed eye. Quick work with a pencil made all sorts of marks on paper and boing back over four bimonthly bills, I come up with rough averages of .0263, .025, .024 and .0268 cents per kilowatt. The lower rates show up at higher consumption months. Then the gas came out to .1196, .1101, .1115 and .1111 cents per cubic foot over the last four months. Again, the (slightly) lower rates during higher consumption months. I guess it isn't high. But I don't know. What do you FAPAns all over the country come up with?

WE GET A NEW LANDLADY DEPARTMENT: So we knew the building was being sold. We hadn't been told, exactly, but knew it was coming. So on Sunday, the 2nd of December, we proceed in normal fashion for a Sunday. After getting our Sabin Type II vaccine cubes in the morning, we come home to putter around the house. We'd planned to start indexing the book collection. It is hopelessly behind and damn little cross-indexing at all. But Anne got to cleaning out the bedroom closet. In the meantime, I gathered all the papers together in the living room so she could screen them for recipes and so on before I took them out. And then Anne wanted me to get the Christmas decorations down out of the above-closet storage space in the

bedroom. We are lucky in having quite a wide and deep, nearly walk-in type closet with a huge shelf with its own little doors above. At any rate, I get down boxes and she finally gets the box of Christmas goodies. Then I retire to the living room to work on ESDACYOS stuff. Anne comes out and hangs a Christmas stocking on the big light behind me. A sign on it reads "Rudolph Was Here". Ha, I haed, and went back to work.

Later Anne is on the way downstairs and I hear her talking to the lady who we'd seen turning on the lawn sprinklers. Sure enough, she is the new owner. So they come upstairs and Anne introduces me. I inconspicuously tuck in my T-shirt and check on the length of my beard and shake hands demurely. Then we sort of tour the house, the women chatting as only females do. Anne shows Kevin asleep, to her and then we go into the bedroom. It looks like a Samaritan Salvage store before the big clearence sale! They chat, Anne explaining what she's doing and I notice the landlady noticing the empty beer-cans up on the valence above the window. I pretend not to be there. Then we eddy out into the kitchen, the table of which still has some of the remains of a late breakfast on it. Then back into the living room where, the still cheerful, personable and nice gray-haired lady (who reminds me of a grade-school teacher), and we exchange phone numbers and we get her present address. She looks at the Christmas stocking and I note that Anne explains that "...it was a practical joke". It was only after the lady left that I take a good look at the old dried mass of fruit in the red-net Christmas stocking.

It is an ungodly realistic, brown plastic replica of something a reindeer at rest might be careful not to step in before he took off for the next stop. No wonder Anne mentioned the practical joke bit. Oh, well, the landlady said that she likes animals.

In fact, she okayed the idea of us having a cat and later on in this zine, there may be an account of our acquiring one of the Trimble collection of kittens. I don't know how she feels about owls, though. The long, long valence above the living room windows has literally dozens of owls perched on it. None of them alive. Of course. Luckily.

Anyhow, that was our first encounter. She'll be moving in above the garage about Christmas Eve, she said. I mentally made a note to ask her when she gets up in the morning. If it's around 7:30, it'll be great. That's when I start and warm up the Volvo before I go to work. But so far, the first encounter wasn't too hard on her.

At least she didn't ask us to move...

NEW HORIZONS FOR OUR CONSUMER INDUSTRY DEPARTMENT: It is obvious with every passing year that our industry, which is bent on producing more and more consumer goods as a means of increasing the total national gross product as an index to what good times we're experiencing, is getting damn near hard-put to come up with something NEW, NEW, NEW with which to extract the easily earned devaluing dollars from consumers who already have all the electric and gas appliances, utility and entertainers, available. Witness electric can-openers, electric tooth-brushes and now, wow, an electric knife. Now that washers

and dryers and stoves have bloomed into innumerable designs and combinations that just about bring them into robot status . The hi-fi and television fields have gone through just plain hi-fi to stereo and television from two and three black-and-white sets, portables, etc., to a color set (the last immediate frontier), there must be some other way to increase sales. Of something. Variations of the existing we've seen. Turning even the smallest household chores (see above) to automation, almost, new frontiers must be found. Even if it leads to a hitherto dormant industry.

Let's look in the bathroom. What can you do with a sink? Not too much. A lot has been done with fancy, chrome stuff and the decor with rugs and tile and such is sometimes frightening. I wonder if I'm on television every so often in certain houses. The shower has become a beautiful combination of opague glass and chrome. Sliding doors, infra-red lamps in the ceiling to warm and dry yout when you step out. The combination dial which selects the temperature of the water and brings it to you with a slight pull and cuts it off with a push. Okay, so what does that leave?

Yes, you guessed it.

The commode.

If you will take a walk to your own bathroom, you will undoubtedly find one in there. You can't miss it. It is usually sitting there, stark and utilitarian, even beneath the terry-cloth type cover on top of the watertank and on the seat, which, of course, match that rug on the floor. Of course, I've seen hairy purple ones which frightened me, but underneath, tis all the same. The squat, dumpy commodes have, in late years, ovaled out into a shape suggestive of more daring thought in design, but nothing really outstanding has happened to commodes since they graduated from a wooden outhouse bench.

What we need is imagination. It'll net millions to the industry. Here's what I have in mind. There would, of course, be a line of production models, but as you full well realize, a commode can be a subjective thing. Therefore there is great potential in custom-models.

Creature-comfort is a stock phrase fostered by the direly urgent demand by millions who'd rather push a button than push a muscle for a brief instant. So it ought to be with commodes. As it is even now, they are not only utilized for their obvious purpose, but handy also on which to read the paper or comb out pin-curls, etc. There are those among us who will not, can not, alight upon the commode without first procuring reading material of some sort. So it is not unusual to spend a little time there.

Therefore, a new line of commodes would embody comfort such as that offered by an easy chair. They could be Swedish modern or frilly maple, all so constructed as to efficiently and hygenically fulfill their prime function without interfering with the embellishments of fine fabrics and reclining back-rests. They could be electrically automated so that a push of a button does away with the handle or pull-cord. The arms would have ash-trays and, just as easily, cigarette lighters.

A reading lamp would be nested into the wall above the cushiony headrest where might emante restful music, or your choice, from a concealed speaker. Station-selector and other controls could be nested into the other arm. From below, in a hidden recess, a delicate air-freshener might exude out into the air to nullify the digarette smoke and other odors.

There will no doubt come a time that full-page color advertisements suggesting the grace and elegance of Cadillac Motor Cars will show smartly, sleekly designed chairmodes sketched into your bathroom in those always exciting ar hitect-like drawings, with the same subtle dignity of the Modess ads, because.

There you have the idea. You might pass it on to anybody who you know would be interested within the industry. Somebody with foresight and daring, with a flair for far-sightedness in design, with the integrity and courage of conviction, somebody will carry it and achieve success.

If the Modess people could do it, the commode people can!

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the b o o k n o o k

Operation Terror, Murray Leinster, 1962, Berkely Medallion origianl, 50¢.

Murray Leinster has written many really good stories in the last 30-plus years. But this wasn't one of them. In this 160 small pages of well-spaced not-small print, we have a conglomerate of Leinster-stereotypes. Especially the hero. Lockley is the typical great American hero-type, as seen by Leinster, who rages at the bad guys who might harm a hair on his beloved Jill whom he hasn't even kissed. Yes. In this story, the bad guys land in a crater lake and threaten humanity with horribly awful slavery via the means of a terror weapon that utterly confounds man's sensory receptors and motor synapses. Our hero is trapped within the area of the invaders influence, is captured, escapes and experiences a raging frustration with the authorities to whom he tries to give information about the ray. This he found through the simple expedient of smashing his watch and using its innards in a way the Rand Corp. would never dream of. This, another of the Leinster stereotypes... a spoof on the super-science of the world-savers...is just the preface to how he actually defeats the invaders...all by himself. He uses his pocket-transistor radio and a cheese grator.. Yes.

The whole thing is quickly wound up into one big ball of wax in the thrilling denouement which accomplishes just what Lockely-avowed pessimism hadn't dared hope for. Permenant and fool-proof peace for mankind on earth and good will toward men because it will be in the hands of the individual all over the earth that this peace is guranteed.

Not a bad theme and the pace always does move forward, as is Leinster's style for this type of story. But it's full of the cliches and stereotypes. The "average" guy sounds like an un-literate slob and the repetitive narrative style makes tedious reading. On the whole, a fast, short shallow treatment of an old theme which just doesn't stretch fifty cents worth.

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g a l a x y r e v i s i t e d

GALAXY, February 1963, Vol. 21, No. 3, Fred Pohl, editor.

I hadn't read many issues of this magazine for many years since its inception nor many others through the fifties. Many great stories made it the contender to Astounding's un-disputed monarchy...for several years. The late fifties and early sixties showed a decline and fall nearly as great as that of the now ANALOG. So it was with interest that I picked up a few issues this year during a time in which I did a lot of reading. So let's look at the Feb. issue.

The cover painting reminds me of old Flash Gordon stuff and is by Gaughan who also did many of the interiors. Is this the Jack Gaughan once prominent among fan-artists? It depicts what would be a scene from Gordon R. Dickson's "Home From the Shore", one of four novellas in the issue. Any of them might make a fair-size novelette by old standards. (Actually, by definition, a "novella" is a short story!) The blurb is misleading and tells nothing of the story. Unless this is one of a series, the reader is at a loss as to background. Even if it is a series, the competant writer would work in enough of the background to make this more understandable. The main charactor is a third generation sea-living human who rejects "Lander" space-cadet life. With little explanation, but with some sketches of very interesting symbiotic life of man and sea-mammals, we see what was an uneasy interaction between the people of the Homes and the Landers turn into a war, hinging mainly on our hero, Johnny. (No doubt the filksingers amonst us will turn up singing the song from the story at clubs and cons.) This breaks up the loosely-knit groups of Sea-people and causes Johnny to "head out". The idea being that as true sea people, they, like the sea-creatures, do not, should not, need or use "homes". They should live off the land, as it were. They only brought the home from the Landers. This doesn't seem to hold water, if you'll pardon the expression. Man is only a little less social a creature than ants and bees. Three generations (starting how?) in the sea seems a short time in which to radically change to solitary or small-unit free-rovers. Especially since many sea-creatures do indeed create homes, home-territories and so on. And though they do rove, the great sea mammals do indeed roam in herds or schools or what have you. This story left me wanting to know more of the details and a great deal more reasons for things happening the way they did. It ends on a rather nostalgic note. I too felt notalgic as if I'd been left a little short of the goal or something.

Cordwainer Smith, the enigmatic psuedonym, is present with one of his many stories of the Scanners loose-knit series. Ever since "Scanners Die In Vain" appeared in one of the first Fantasy Book issues waaaaay back, Smith has appeared on and off with stories that often approached the first in sheer power of other-futureness. Many of them, as this, are only faintly related to the Scanners...the ones I'd really like to read more about. "Think Blue, Count Two" tells competantly how a psychological safeguard is built into a lovely young girl, on board one of the great old space ships, to protect her, the crew and it from destruction that only humans can wreack on one another when their psychological guards (boxes, black and small) are removed. Interesting but in the description of the great ships, their vast photonic sails and the pods, spoilage, a strong hint of the alien-ness of that future

time comes through. This is the part I'd rather read. The old sense of wonder comes on pretty strong about there, but elusively slips away.

Probably the most interesting reading are the two items that follow. Willey Ley writing about the topic he probably knows and loves most. Rockets. The early history of. And an ad, on page 91. Hold onto those collections, people, it might put junior through college.

Having recently read Aldiss' "Hothouse" series in pb and only a year ago his matchless Starship, the story, "Comic Inferno" came to rather a colorless plop in mid-magazine. The Emsh illustrations were far more entertaining. The theme of declining man, a pulpy, inertia ridden thing in reduced numbers among the decaying remnants of his former glory, served hand and foot by robots about to take over is old, old indeed. A theme a writer like Brian Aldiss, if past efforts are any evidence, would easily work wonders with. But he didn't. I couldn't have cared less what happened to hapless Man in this yarn.

Plodding determinedly onward, we come to a bit of effective writing in Sydney van Scyoc's "Pollony Undiverted". It is a drab tale about a drab existance in a drab future; a house-wife in a world of plenty who can't stand the ease and comfort which equals boredom of the times. The solution is simply teaming up with one of the few non-conformists around; there are bound to be a few in any situation. The thing is too effective, however. So drab that it depresses. Maybe that's the proof of the writing.

The only good story, I thought, was Clifford D. Simak's "Day of Truce". It contains overtones of the writing that made the City stories a present day classic. Here we are presented a picture of the suburban living in the future where the young punk vandals (called, strangely enough, Punks) follow a trend or tendency now quite apparent in our own time, to the point where it is open warfare. The Punks besiege fortified manor houses where certain rules of the game are enforced by the police who are more sympathetic to the Punks than anything. The basic right of privacy and freedom from conformity and the crowd is steadily rolled back and away from the city until those who desire it must fight for it behind electrified barbed wire fences, etc. Once a year there is a truce day wherein the Punks are allowed inside on their honorable best behavior. Such a day is encompassed in the story which, while not powerful, is good writing. It shows a definite possibility for the future and ends with a promise which should start now, today, in the offices of juvenile departments...

To end the issue with a whimper instead of a bang, Jerry Bixby comes forth with "The Bad Life". It starts out like a PLANET STORIES reject, comes on stronger in the middle, injects an ironic situation and takes a sudden twist off-tangent to come up with what ought to be a stunning ending. It almost does. It would've been more effective had the story led up to it better. No details because I'm sure some of the readers might yet want to read the issue.

All told, this issue didn't give me a great deal of reading pleasure. I'm not that hard to please or that jaded or whathaveyou? I can remember issues of GALAXY which were hard to put down while reading and a sorrow to finish. I had more of an impression of getting a job done, reading this

issue, that I'd rather do some other time but had to be done now. The trouble is, these w riters are mostly top-notch names and have written really fine stuff before. The line-up was enough to make me drool, figuratively anyhow. What happened? The article and book reviews were more fan reading. Maybe next issue will see a change with the Damon Knight story upcoming.

THE RETURN but not by Walter de la Mare. Tis to GALAXY REVISITED, not to a Ford Motorcar showroom. The April issue somehow got by us but herewith is a report of my impressions of Vol. 21, No. 5, June 1963.

Against a spiral galaxy, the burned out hulk of a spaceship, innards reflecting something bluely, is silouetted. It illustrates, sort of, "End As A Hero" that is not the feature story of the magazine.

"Here Gather the Stars" by Clifford D. Simak is not, despite the fact that Part I of II starts in this issue, worth of the cover. After reading it, I tend to agree. Enoch Wallace survives the Civil War. This we find out in a prologue undesignated as such. Then we switch to an investigator, this year or later, who is investigating Enoch Wallace. No, he's not a Civil War buff; it's just that Enoch is still there on his old farm. The narrative back-flashes to the investigator examing the Wallace house. And here I wish to nit-pick somewhat. Maybe nobody has thought about it, but the CIA doesn't fool with stuff in the U. S. The FBI handles that turf, mainly. The CIA operates outside the US. Back to the narrative. From the CIA man, we go to Enoch and then back-flash to how come he's still alive. He operates a Way-Station to interstellar traveling. The story reminisces for awhile as Wallace thinks back about all the wild charactors he's "met" as they stop briefly at his station, the gifts he's received from them, etc.

Then there is a bit of moralizing about how this Earth, which don't even know a bout the Way-Station (although there are "watchers", i.e., the CIA) could sure use the same spirit of co-operation and goodwill and like that. This sort of thing goes on and on through the end of this installment and well into the next with damned little regard for the plot which has sort of halted...the investigators forgotten, the imminent expose disregarded, etc. Wallace's acquaintence with the lovely, wild, unspoiled deaf-mute girl from the oafish family living in the bottomland next to his place and how she has a Power of some sort, his friendship with the Galactic inspector of stations (whom he's named Ulysses after U-No-Who) and two people, Mary and David, straight out of the Civil War days, who he has conjured with the knowledge gleaned from another galactic race to be companions in his earth-isolated station, and so on.

Figuring prominently in the relationship between the many myriads of beings shuttling and expanding throughout the Galaxy, is the Talisman (nearest earth-like translation) which is something like the Holy Grail and is the Great Spiritual gazook which keeps people all happy and brotherly toward each other. This is done through the Custodian through whom the Power of the Talisman is transmitted. Damn few people in the Galxy have the have the built-in knowhow for this, let me tell you.

At any rate, in case some of you haven't read your June and August issues, I won't reveal the heightening climax of all this. It's telegraphed quite well in the story. The writing, besides the inexcusable halting of the forward

narrative thread and action, is Simak's usual, slow-tempo introspective, semi-nostalgic type. This was at its highest, best, in the CITY series, at which point I believe Simak to have been at his best. Simak at his best is damned good reading. This isn't it's too slow; the plot is chopped up by extended flashbacks within flashbacks replete with obvious gimmicks to bring in an awkward chunks of non-continuity (the "shooting gallery" bit in part II for instance) here and there. The sermons are too obvious, too, and after the final windup of the problems, an agonizing bit of emotionalism is dragged in to somehow emphasize the terrible, martyrlike lonliness of our hero, whom we already knew suffers to beat hell.

To say that I was disappointed by this story would be an understatement; the fact that it is a Simak story makes it all the more disappointing.

Back to the June issue. Hard on the heels of Part I of the above, is something by Andrew Fetler (or Felter, depending on the front or end of the story by-line) called "The Cool War". I groped through four pages, including a full-page illustration by Nodel, which was Nowhere, before I gave up in sheer disgust. Choppy, awkward, mostly dialog in the future Moscow-area of USSR which didn't tell me enough in those pages to interest me in wading through some more until it made interesting reading, if it ever did. The Prime Law for any story is to hook the reader in the first paragraph if not with the first line. If there is any such in this "story", it certainly is misplaced.

An additional thought on the above is that it reminded me of nothing so much as a pointless, fan-Coventry story I read once which was filled with ceaseless, psuedo-witty prattle, all of which led to nothing and was significant of less.

Following is a photo-illustrated article about Rockets which I skipped.

Finally, on page 102, we find "End As A Hero" by Keith Laumer, the only real story in the mag and almost worth the whole price. Laumer takes an old theme in story-telling, which is: put the lone hero in a hell of a fix, make the saving of Mankind and/or the Universe possible through him and him only, and then give him all the trouble he can handle and more, especially from his own buddies. Then have him solve things and come out winners.

This Laumer does in the best tradition of the old PLANET STORIES thud-and-blunder things like "The Man the Sun Gods Made" and "Sword of the Seven Suns" and others by Gardner F. Fox and the PS crew. Only this story is in more modern guise.

We have an agent, sole survivor, and the first, of an encounter with the Gool, a loathesome race inimical to Man, which is on the verge of sweeping humanity out of existance. He is a Psychodynamicist whose job it was to penetrate the minds of the ghoulish Gool. Which he does. And they do likewise unto him. Only he beats it. But his Boss back on Earth doesn't believe this and sets out to snuff him like a soggy cigar. But our hero, using powers filched from the Gool, masters of the art, uses his mindpower to penetrate all the Earth defenses to get back and show the Boss that he isn't really under Gool control and really does have their secret of Matter Transmission all

for Earth's defense. Screw you, his boss keeps on saying and we are treated to a well-written, fast-moving, first-person narrative of our hero getting the secret from Gool (really alien, like, alien, man) and getting to Earth and running right up to the Situation common to all plots of this type: an instant in the double-double-double-cross comes in and the fate of the works hangs in the balance. If you haven't read it, read it. Pure funsville and enjoysment. Best thing in the issue without any moralizing and like that. But a dept. of nit-picking must rear its brief skull. Freight-cars with cargo are not left open; they are sealed and only tin-snips or a crow-bar properly applied will break them. And God help anybody caught breaking one before the car reaches its destination. Right, John?

The Five Star Shelf concerns itself with the Ace Burroughs reprints and I must agree that, after seeing a row of them on a newsrack, I'd like to have them all, if only for the covers.

Gordon R. Dickson follows the Shelf with "The Faithful Wilf" which appears to be the third of a series (if it is appearing only in GALAXY, unlike Leinster's MED Ship series). In it we have sort of a Mr. and Mrs. North who get involved in an adventure, the overtones and superficialities of which remind me something of the Jack Vance "Magnus Ridolph" stories and Neil R. Jones' "Durna Rangue" series. Only it isn't as good. Less meat and not as outre as the latter or as clever as the former. And when you delve beneath the superficialities, there ain't no more!

John Jakes follows that sleep-inducer with "The Sellers of the Dream". A real hardsell, this, in the best Pohl and Kornbluth manner. The consumer world of the future. A bleak, crude world in which not only are the models, of everything, changed monthly with overt built-in obsolescence, but people are getting to have a new yearly personality. Women, of course, are first to buy this, the men only comparatively recently coming in on the fashion fickleness; in fact, becoming quite feminine in dress. The protagonist in this story is a throw-back type, a Galbraither, who wades upstream against all this anyhow and, in the end, might finally have been the hingepin on which the trend reverses itself in a hihilist-like rage over the land by the remnants of the previous generation. You'll have to read this one to digest it and yet you'll probably find that it sits like a leaden 19¢ hamburger in your stomach. It might better have been smoothed out, expanded and handled more better in novel form. As it is, it's a hard bash in the teeth to the current trends in economics. Which is good.

Summation: two stories make the issue. Laumer's by a lap with Jakes coming in second way ahead of the rest of the field. The illustrations for Laumer's story the only good ones. Finlay foul; Francis' fouler; Wood's will do; Nodel's noted; photos fine. An issue like this I should wait and pick up for 20¢ at Bargain Books in Van Nuys.

AUGUST 1963.

Here in the heat of August, tho tis only still July, the cover by Pederson (Con?) actually illustrates a story, in somewhat of a stylized form. "Hot Planet" is the title and it is by Hal Clement, who, unlike his scientific fiction of the ASTOUNDING era, and maybe even some in ANALOG, indulges in a small exercise only here in Galaxy. For some spending money, here is a

"novelette" which carries the Clement name to the cover and gives us a taste of what could be. An exploration ship happens to land in the "fire-belt" of a planet which, unlike ours on dear old Terra, really gets HOT. Problem: call back the exploring land-crawlers through all the static before the whole thing gets messy and they lose half the ship's company. It's solved just like that. A clue is even on the cover. But...well, that's it. This ain't the Clement I knew.

The best item in the magazine is a "non-fact" article entitled "The Great Nebraska Sea". Fella by name of Allen Danzig wrote it with crisp, forward-moving narrative style. Convincing, believeable, it falls into the realm of science-fiction more readily than a lot of other stuff so billed. Like the Mississippi basin and lands to the west slop under the seas (roughly). The description is marvelously realistic and geologically correct, no doubt. The Gulf States disappear first. I particularly liked the mention of Dothan, Alabama. I was there once. Thoroughly enjoyable entertainment with a shudder for oncoming 1973.

Lester del Rey, a name that still conjures a pang of nostalgia for the nostalgic type stories of the forties he wrote, contributes a page and a half about an old theme. As far as I know, another fan has made it into the ranks

As far as I know, another fan has made it into the ranks. Unheralded in STARSPINKLE, Robert P. Hoskins contributes "The Problem Makers". A service keeps things in foment among the far-scattered stars so that all things will channel more faster toward fulfillment of a dream or something. Several sections move simontaneously making for choppy style. I guess the point is made but it wasn't much fun getting there.

"The Pain Peddlars" is a tight little yarn that tells its story, paints a smear of the future which tells us plenty about that not detailed, entertains and wraps up neatly with the best kind of ending there is. Yeh, man, we need a magful of stuff like this and "The Nebraska Sea". Won't detail this story but I could probably cull through four or five issues of this zine and come up with some others like it to make a good contents page that, at least, would fit my tastes. And measure up to the basic requirements of good story-writing.

Anti-climactically, "The Birds of Lorrane" by Bill Deode will never, in future generations, excite the vibrant twang of nostalgia and sense of wonder that "The Skylark of Valeron" did to me, at least, 15 years ago. A routine 18-B yarn which makes the Terrans as big a bumbling boob as ever, only in low key this time.

Looks like this could easily have been a review of GALAXY 1963, so far, but for the missing April issue. Too bad I didn't find out how that Damon Knight story was. Mebbe i'd have inflicted a review of that on you, too. So that about winds this one up in a flabby ball of twine. Mebbe next time it gives with a review of ANALOG already.

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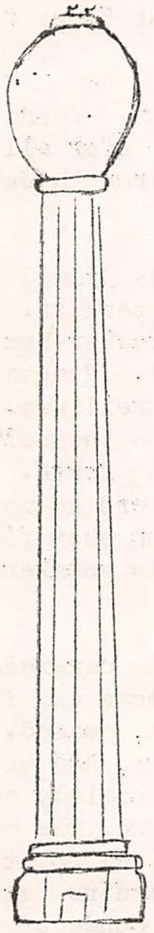
Be sure to vote for Ron Parker for Official Editor. Help bring prestige to the San Inferno Valley by giving to us a FAPA OE as well as Bob Bloch.

department of n o s t a l g i a (for Bill Evans)

Bill's items about streetlights and the general theme of nostalgia brought to mind two items which might be of interest to at least Bill, as well as to me.

Sherman Oaks is a well-to-do suburb of a suburb. Although I wonder if the San Fernando Valley cities think much of the concept of their being a suburb of Los Angeles. Many people do work downtown, so maybe it is, in that respect. Sherman Oaks is strictly residential other than the shopping stretch along Ventura Blvd ("The Boulevard"). Being quite moneyed, in general, (don't ask why I'm living here), it is well-patrolled and in instances where it was necessary, I've seen police cars converge from all directions within minutes of the obvious call.



But it isn't particularly well-lighted. To the left is a sketch (stenciled by AnneCo) giving a pretty good idea of the streetlight which grows sparsely along the shrub-laden Sherman Oaks streets. It is approximately nine feet tall. Looks like it is cast cement or something and I know it is hollow.

The reason I know it is hollow is because one day when one of the idiots who roar their souped-up cars down the long block was doing so, I thought, I heard another car screech to a stop and make a roaring turn. It took off and I saw that it was a police car. All this greenly through the tree leaves in front of the house. I notice people standing looking east toward where the cars went. So Anne and I went downstairs and found out why the cars were backing up from the intersection at Kester.

After walking down Dickens and peering through the gathering inhabitants, I saw the car, a 57 or 58 Thunderbird partly up on the sidewalk. Also partly up on the stump of an ex-lightpole. It had been felled very neatly as the kid, driving the stolen Thunderbird, couldn't make the turn through the constant stream of water that trickles down Kester across Dickens, run-off from lawn sprinklers up the hill.

The lightpole looked much like a felled tree all limbed and ready for the sawmill. It hadn't fallen without inflicting considerable damage to the nose and fender of the Thunderbird in its attempt to perch on the pole. The globe, of course, was quite smashed. It no more would shed a yellowish/orange glow beaconlike in the Sherman Oaks summer night, bugs fluttering and dancing to its irresistable beacon.

In the next couple of weeks, I noticed it laying there with the barrier still sitting over it, angled over in the mud. Then, after forgetting about it for some time, there was a new one, not shiny, but cleaner and newer cement-looking, standing there as if nothing had ever happened. So it has taken its

place with the rest, silent sentinals solitarily sending some asllow circles of light limply into the night.

But I can't help thinking that somewhere, in a supply yard, among all the new modern equipment and material, stacked like cordwood, there is a pile of these old, cement lightpoles.

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In the same item, Bill mentioned what is still probably very true in smaller towns though not necessarily in the suburbs close in to larger cities. That the streetlights are beacons in an encompassing dark through which it is nice to stroll in semi-privacy with your sweetheart. Or just to go for a meditative, restful walk in the cool of the evening.

Lubec was a lot like that. Maybe it is even more so now. There are a lot fewer people living there than when I did about 12 years ago (for all practical purpose, I left Lubec, Maine, when I enlisted in the army in January, 1951).

It was/is a quite town. Not populous nor are the houses jammed close together as they are in these parts. No apartment houses to speak of. The lots are large compared to city lots...immense compared to the cracker-box tract "homes" lots. They usually have trees and lots of shrubbery. Honeysuckle bushes and lilacs promienent among them. Flowers and rose-trellises. People, being real "down east" Yankee New Englanders, tend to keep to themselves and seldom are the windows wide open with light and noise blaring forth. Television sets are plentiful these days (although I wondered where so many people got the money to afford them in industry-poor Lubec, when they first came out). But still, you don't walk down the street and hear the speakers every step of the way.

Sometimes I used to go for walks in the evening when the darkness came in from the sea, enveloping Campobello Island, jumping the Narrows and laying out over Lubec on its way east. What daily noise there had been, ceased. The factories, for this was late summer and the fish were running, had quieted and the people had gone home; the last of the long, yellow ungainly schoolbuslike factory buses with their loads of women were long gone, the women distributed to their homes like schoolchildren. The whistles blew for the last time at six; first one wasthe Can Plant with two or three sardine factories chiming in with it and, finally, Lawrence's, always forty seconds or more on their own time, honking across the bay, echoing out among the islands.

Few cars whent by and those could be heard coming long before they passed by and equally long after, gears whining down the hill.

I'd go out the front door, closing the old double-door and the screen, look at the mailbox out of sheer habit and walk down the two wooden steps, then down three or four more. The house across the street was dark and to my right, a short distance away, the streetlight on the corner of Spring and Summer Streets. Spring deadends into Summer here and the hill is less steep than on School Street, to my left up the block further. I walk down the front

walk noticing that the lawn needs to be cut again, the twin stumps toeither side of me just before the sidewalk like huge dark lumps, silent reminders of the ancient maples that threatened to fall across Spring Street, or on somebody, each year during the stormwinds. But the red beech, "my tree" grew young and strong still and the other maple, tall and spreading its shade over the entire lawn on the left, was still there. Across the street, jay-walking heedless of the nonexistant traffic, I walk under the solitary glow of the corner light. The lights are on in the house, where the little old lady from England lives with her taciturn husband (who mows lawns and does other handy jobs in his spare time) who loves so much to listen to the Cox's dance band practice in the music room on Sunday afternoons.

Summer Street is quiet and darker now. There is some insect noise from the grasses and shrubbery and the scent of honeysuckle is perfume in the night. The streetlight down the street glows feebly through treeleaves, blinking bright then dim as the wind moves the trees. It is blowing in from the southeast or eastsoutheast and the wash of the surf on the beach comes to my ears on the fog-cooled wind. The channel-bouy sighs like a breath across a great empty beer-bottle and the harsh ripping of the current belies the treacherous meeting of the tide and the eddy sweeping out from the rapid passage through the Narrows. Yet there is the sound of a fishboat plodding in from off Quoddy somewhere with a load of fish. If I got down to Front Street, or stood in the cupalo on the house, I'd see its lights blink in and out of sight behind the buildings and factories as it went up the Narrows. Unless it was a Peacock's boat and it didn't go up the Narrows at all.

The screaming squabbling of gulls came in with the wind and then I was sure the boat had a load of fish which would cause some factory to blow for fish in the morning. Not many worked at night anymore since the war. I continue down Summer Street, watching once in a while, not to trip on cement slab edges angled up by the freeze and thaw of the winter. I get down to Pleasent Street and wonder about going North along it to School Street and up the hill, but I've been up and down that hill three times taday, at least. Once when I walked home from work in the bakery, once again down to the store for my mother and the last time when I went down to the post office to pick up a shipment of prozines I had ordered (FFMs from the guy in Tupelo, Miss.). Or I could go the other way, out to Water Street (the culmination of State 189) which ran a traveler right out across Front (Water) Street into the Narrows if the didn't make a left or right turn. And they'd better make a left or they'd end up at the dump near/on the beach a half mile out. Left they'd go down the main drag, all the way down to the car ferry over to Campabello.

But I do neither. I don't want to walk up the hill, accustomed to it as I am, and I don't feel like taking the long way around on some other street, so I retrace my steps up the low grade of Summer through the dark. The trees swaying in the fog-touched breeze as the fog creeps in on the cooling town. The Channel bouy hoots and the clear bell chiming a sharp, clean note over it all from time to time. I go past the silent, dark houses and wonder how HPL would have liked an evening like this. I tried not to think of things Innsmouthian rising up out of the swamp to my left, only a few blocks away; shapes coming in with the fog as the water dripped down off the trees and the street-lights pale glow contracted in the thickening fog.

-30-

THREE MINUTE TIME TEST - CAN YOU FOLLOW DIRECTIONS?

1. Read everything before doing anything. Maximum time to complete test is 3 minutes.

2. Put your name in the upper right corner of this paper.

3. Circle the word "name" in sentence two (2).

4. Draw five small squares in the upper left hand corner of this paper.

5. Put an "X" in each square.

6. Put a circle around each square.

7. Sign your name underneath the title on this paper.

8. After the title, write "YES" - "SURE" - "MAYBE"

9. Put a circle around sentence number seven (7).

10. Put an "X" in the lower left hand corner of this paper.

11. Draw a triangle around the "X" you just put down.

12. On the back side of tissue paper (see your area janitor), multiply 703 by 66.

13. Draw a rectangle around the word "paper" in sentence number four (4).

14. Call out your first name when you get to this point of the test.

15. If you think you have followed directions carefully up to this point, call out, "Cannonball Adderley says I have."

16. On the reverse side of this paper add 8950, 8950, and 9805.

17. Put a circle around your answer, and put a square around the circle.

18. Count out in your normal speaking voice, from 10 to 1, backwards.

19. Punch three small holes in the top of this paper with your pencil point.

20. If you are the first person to get this far, call out loudly, "I AM THE FIRST PERSON TO GET THIS FAR, AND I'M THE BEST IN FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS."

21. Underline all even numbers on this side of the page.

22. Put a square around every number which is written out on this page.

23. Say out loud, "I AM NEARLY FINISHED, AND I HAVE FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS."

24. Now that you have finished reading carefully, do only sentences one and two.