

LE MOINDRE 20

Boyd Raeburn

89 Maxome Ave. Willowdale, Ont. Canada

FAPA Mailing 92. August 1960

Recently there have been accounts in English fanzines of L. Ron Hubbard being in England, where he appears, not as Hubbard the Scientologist, but Hubbard the expert on plants, which, he claims, have emotions (fear, anxiety, pain etc.) as do mammals. Most of the front page of the third section of the Toronto Daily Star (a Yellow Rag) of July 5 was taken up with gimmicked photos of vegetables, and a large article headed "Watch what you're biting -- you may be a Cannibal. Expert claims vegetables feel, emote, even as we. To we who are more familiar with the Elron of the past, a few brief excerpts from the longish article are rather choice: "A U.S. multi-millionaire, Dr. Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, has devised a machine for listening in to the passions of cabbages, carrots and cauliflowers. "Tomatos scream for mercy when they are peeled." he told me. "There are mean plants just as there are mean people. And some are really vicious." With the Hubbard electrometer and other research instruments, the doctor plans to double, even treble, the potential food value of the world's plants.....I had asked why, with all his millions of dollars, he, a U.S. citizen, had chosen to settle in a remote English country mansion..... He said: "I have a philosophy about that. Even as a very young child I knew I was enormously rich, insofar as wealth is rated by money. I soon got used to the idea and didn't let it interfere with my intense curiosity about other matters" In his early twenties he wrote books, film scripts, befriended the great minds of our time, and became a fellow of the Oceanographic foundation. He "slept through" his psychology courses at Sequoia university to obtain his doctor of philosophy and psychology degrees. Doctorates do not impress him, but he felt he should have one to strengthen his hand. In India the young millionair studied mysticism.... After the war, having inherited one-third of the cattle lands of Montana and a rapidly increasing number of millions of dollars, Hubbard found himself on the board of over 100 companies. "Now it may be two, even 300. I couldn't be sure of the nearest score!..... And throughout it all, there is not one mention of Scientology.

Just after I mailed Le Moindre #19 to the OE, I found that "mitrailer" is a proper French verb after all. The French dictionary I have at home seems to be rather incomplete, and it was only later that I checked the office dictionary. When the Huckleberry Hound characters started appearing on the Kellogg cereal boxes, Huckleberry Hound himself appeared in French as "Molosse le chien". "Molosse" doesn't appear at all in the home dictionary, but the office dictionary does have it, and according to it, "Molosse le chien" means "(mastiff)(watchdog) the dog" The dictionary gives no word for "Huckleberry". Yogi Bear first appeared as "Grognon l'ours" (grumbler/growler the bear) but now appears as "l'ours Yogi".

My knowledge of French is pretty rudimentary (I can read it with the aid of a dictionary, but I can't write it) and thus I'm really in no position to pontificate, but I am constantly amazed by the circumlocutory way in which things appear to be expressed in French, compared with English, and the extra wordage involved - an average of 25% more. (figure obtained by measuring total column lengths required for bi-lingual articles) I came across a good example recently. ENGLISH: An old maxim states that "our real limitations are not the things we want to do and can't, but the things we can do and don't" Translation of FRENCH: An old maxim states that "it is not the things which we wish to accomplish but of which we are not capable, which limit us, but rather the things of which we are capable and that we don't do." Sending telegrams in French must be expensive, for, I am given to understand, the language is incapable of compression, unlike English.

Having made this dastardly attack on a Noble Language, I hope somebody will now rise to its defense.

July 23. It is 7.45 pm, and I have decided to come in out of the blazing hot sun and instead of reading FAPA stuff, cut some stencils for FAPA. I know it's rather late in the quarter to be reading a FAPA mailing, but I only recently remembered that I hadn't read all of it. The weather lately has been typical Toronto summer....H*O*T. Friday the temperature was 90, so the new office air conditioning system stopped working. I guess the highways today were full of people rushing along in hot cars, trying to get into the Cool Countryside or whatever. I played it smart, and stayed close to home. The part of Toronto in which I live now is quite woodsy, with lots of trees and undulating countryside...in fact, from our back windows we have a tremendous view of Rolling Countryside. A few miles away is a park named Edwards Gardens, where I spent a very pleasant afternoon. This place was until recently a private estate. It consists largely of a small valley, with undulating lawns, magnificent trees (including some wonderful willows) a small stream runs through the property, and has been dammed into a series of ponds, with rustic bridges over them, and all in all is about the most beautiful park I have ever seen. Somehow the atmosphere has remained that of a private garden rather than a Public Park, and although it attracts a fair number of people, it never seems to be crowded. I have yet to see a single piece of litter lying around. One of the attractions (or detractions, depending on your point of view) is what is billed as Stereo In The Valley. At one corner of the valley, high up in the trees, are mounted two banks of speakers, over which are played stereo records. The Fi is very Hi, unlike most P.A. systems, where the Fi is ultra low, even for speech. Phillips designed and installed the system, and they did a very good job. Today when I arrived, they were playing Offenbach's Gaiete Parisienne which I consider pretty much crud (hi, Harry Warner) but then they went on to Handel, Haydn and Borodin, which was much more enjoyable.

Non-Fancy, Inexpensive Restaurant Division. Usually I chatter about New York restaurants, because it is in NY that I Eat Out. In Toronto I usually eat at home, so I don't usually have much opportunity to try any of the very many interesting restaurants in Toronto. However, last night the Kidders and I decided to try a place we had heard about. Named La Colombe, it is located in a small section of Toronto known as The Village (being a Greenwich Village-y type of area.) The restaurant is in what used to be a (very) small store. One walks in the door and is confronted by a few tables seating 18 people. Atmosphere is informal and slightly artistic, and one does not have to wear a jacket and tie. Fans would like it.....in that respect anyway. The Kidders each had a mushroom omelet. The omelets, high and light, unlike the thin tough objects usually provided under the name, were served in the small, cast iron frying pans in which they had been cooked. The received high praise. My dish was cockles and mussels in garlic cream, and it was truly a dish of wonder and enchantment. The shell-fish appeared to have been very lightly marinated in lemon juice, the cream had just the right amount of garlic in it, and the whole mixture was generously sprinkled with chopped chives and a few cubes of bread, and baked in a casserole. The salad, consisting only of crisp lettuce, was made a joy by its excellent dressing (oil and vinegar, with a touch of lemon juice and garlic, and a bit of English mustard), the baba au rhum made one I had at the Cafe de la Paix seem like a soggy cookie, and the cafe au lait tasted like the smell of freshly ground coffee beans. Food Fandom marches on.....

A quote from Industry: "'If the democrats propose proportional taxation then the workers must demand progressive taxation; if the democrats themselves move for moderated progressive taxation the workers must insist on a tax whose rates are so steeply graduated as to bring ruin to capital...." Thus Karl Marx back in 1867.

We are moved to reflect on the degree to which some of Marx's ideas about taxation have come to be accepted in three non-Communist countries of the West by a recent news item to the effect that a top executive in Italy last year earned a salary equivalent to \$638,000. This is a healthy sum in any language, but what is of particular interest is that as an Italian he paid income tax amounting to \$92,800, or something less than 15 per cent. Had he been a Canadian, however, his tax liability would have been somewhat greater - in fact about \$452,405 or 71 per cent. In that event he would have

only one remaining consolation - that were he a citizen of the United States, the world's strongest capitalist democracy, his tax bite would be a matter of \$555,400, or 89 per cent of income....."

All the recent discussion of bread (the edible variety, Dave Rike) has prompted me to dip into my copious files (scrabble amongst the junk) and produce the following by Pierre Berton:

MASS-PRODUCED BREAD TO BE HAILED IN SPECIAL WEEK

National Mass-Produced Bread Week will be held this year during the ten day period July 10-20, the National Mass-Produced Bread Cartel decided today.

The slogan "Every Slice Tastes the Same" will replace last year's slogan: "The Bread With the Two-way Stretch." Press kits containing pre-written articles about mass-produced bread, actual slices of the bread, gold, coins, etc., will be distributed to columnists. The mayor will officially open the week on the steps of city hall by eating a symbolic slice of mass-produced bread. As it also happens to be National Instant Prune Juice week he will wash the bread down with a tempting glass of Instant Prune Juice.

A giant cocktail party will be held on Monday, July 11, in the Lord Simcoe hotel for selected press representatives and other "opinion makers." Cocktails, canapes, hot hors d'oeuvres and rye bread will be served. A sample heap of mass-produced bread will be on view for anybody who insists on eating it. During the party the results of a motivation research study will be disclosed. The study will show that people who eat mass-produced bread have a sense of "belonging" while those who insist on old-fashioned, crusty, distinctively flavored bread are at odds with society.

On Thursday evening at Maple Leaf Gardens, Whipper Billy Watson will give a special demonstration in honor of National Mass-Produced Bread Week. He will jump on a loaf of mass-produced bread to prove that no matter what happens, it will always resume its normal shape, thanks to a secret ingredient called "rubber."

On Friday, July 15, the president of the university will be asked to break open a Time Capsule in which a loaf of mass-produced bread was sealed seven years ago. Experts believe that the bread will be as fresh and glue-like as it was when it first emerged from the giant ovens.

On Saturday morning the bread producers will be hosts at an intimate luncheon to the board of directors of the Squeeb Liquid Paste Corporation, one of their chief suppliers.

The week will end with the placing in orbit of a loaf of mass-produced bread. The loaf is designed to descend into Lake Ontario during the next year's National Mass-Produced Bread week at which time it will be recovered by skin divers and served in all its supple freshness to members of the Board of Control.

Sneer as we may, though, at the glop that masquerades as "bread", many people actually prefer this stuff, which I guess is why the bakeries produce it. One of the leading Toronto bakers of glop bread also produces a very good loaf called "Taliano" which actually tastes like bread, and I think some of the other bread firms also produce edible bread as a sort of sideline - which shows that they can make good bread if they want to. In addition, there is one firm, Silverstein's Bakeries, which seems to thrive without producing any glop bread at all. The firm's products are distributed mainly through supermarkets, and in addition to rye breads and other types, they make a white loaf, unsliced, shaped roughly like a flattened football, which is crusty, tasty, and about as unlike the usual rubbery glop as it is possible for bread to be.

I find that all my corflu has so thickened as to be useless, so I have thinned it with rubbing alcohol, and I'm hoping that I haven't thinned it too much. As I produce quite a few typos per stencil, these pages are going to be quite a mess if the corflu doesn't work. As usual, the deadline has crept up on me, and I'm going to have to hustle to get this issue written and off to Eney on time. I creeb somewhat at spending a day of superb weather like today (August 1 - a holiday here) indoors pounding a typer instead of being out in the Sunshine And Fresh Air, but Papa Comes First.

The item I ran in Le Moindre #18 on the Mental Ability test I had used on prospective employees caused quite a bit of comment from some members of FAPA. One or two seemed to take a dim view of the use of any sort of test at all. Now, I admit that some applicants may be nervous, which would cause them to do poorly in the test, and that a few (a very few) of the questions were a bit subjective, but, as I said at the time, I wanted to hire a girl who was capable of doing simple arithmetic, and of thinking fairly clearly. Now, how else to find out if a person can think fairly well and do simple arithmetic other than give a test? It is useless just to ask the applicant "Can you think, and can you do simple arithmetic?". The test contained enough objective questions to test thinking ability, and enough simple questions in arithmetic for me to determine the ability of the applicant. If any girl is so dumb she cannot, or gets so nervous she cannot answer correctly a question such as "If $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of cloth cost \$9, how many dollars will 7 yards cost." I don't want her working for me.

On the other hand, there is the question I quoted last time:

The statement that the moon is made of green cheese is (?)

1. absurd, 2. misleading, 3. improbable, 4. unfair, 5. wicked.

After a little thought and weighing of semantic values, my answer to that was (3). That was also the answer given by Ron Kidder and a number of FAPAns. However, the "correct" answer, and the answer given by "common sense" and "everybody knows that.." people is (1). I maintain that the statement can be considered improbable to the nth degree, but that a statement about a concrete thing cannot be pronounced "absurd" until the truth of it can be actually tested. Sure, it is just semantic quibbling, but I'm a semantic quibbler from way back.

BLEEN 9 - Grennell. The consensus in this household is that Canadian Club is a blended rye. However, we can't look at a bottle of it to check, for it seems that Canadian Club is mostly bought by Americans. (this is a joke so minor that I have decided not to explain it.) That takes care of the only check-mark, but, gad, I enjoyed Bleen. I certainly hope you can find time for another issue every mailing or so. I feel that the original phrase "It is better to be poor and healthy than to be rich and sick" is a sort of opiate of the masses thing. They seize on it as a consolation for being (comparatively) poor. "Yeah, he may be rich, but I've got my health...." The attitude could become so deeply ingrained, that the poor little mind revolts at the concept that a person could be rich and healthy (health, the prerogative of the virtuous poor). And then, "It is better to be rich and healthy than to be poor and sick", besides carrying no message of consolation, is Tampering With A Bromide. Some people look on bromides and proverbs as Fundamental Truths (Mike Deckinger in the CRY lettercol is trying to win an argument by saying over and over "You can have too much of a good thing") and they cannot conceive that a person would deliberately alter one of these things. Come to think of it, provided it were only sickness of a mild degree, I think I'd prefer to be rich and sick than to be poor and healthy.

CELEPHAIS - Evans. I cannot understand why Americans are not permitted to collect Chinese stamps, unless it is figured that if you collected mint copies you would be Supporting The Regime (which officially doesn't exist) with the money. But how about used copies? Would the "propaganda" on them Subvert Your Mind or something? Everybody knows, of course, that Americans are The Only Free People (for they keep yelling it at the tops of their voices) but in Canada we are at least permitted to collect Chinese stamps, if we want to, and to own gold. Why should you want reprints from Chinese technical journals? Everybody Knows that Americans discover everything first, and other countries only copy them.

ICE AGE #1 - Shaws. I feel that one of the reasons, if not the main reason, that fans do not write up convention programs in their convention reports, is that they feel that somebody else will do it, and they don't want to fill their zines with something that somebody else has already covered. On the other hand, when is a convention report a convention report? I have published two travel accounts. In the course of each journey, I happened to attend a science fiction convention, and wrote a few words on people and

incidents at the con. I was not writing a report on the convention itself, so I see no earthly reason why I should have said anything about the program. People are a little too apt to label as a "con report" something which doesn't pretend to be anything of the kind. I do not spend time and money and travel long distances to listen to talks on "ceramics in the future" or "Mars: a new theory" and so I don't write anything about such addresses. "To date I have read only three or four full-fledged and comprehensive reports of the affair (the Solacon) in fanzines issued during the past ten months..... although there must have been at least fifty people at the convention who either edit or actively contribute material to leading fanzines." Good Lord, how many full fledged and comprehensive conreports do you want on one con? Here I'll make a prediction about the Pittcon: at at least one point in the program, Ed Wood will quack at the prozine editors to the effect that in his hamlet sf zines are hard to obtain from newsstands, and poorly displayed. He will tell them, as a Newly Revealed Truth, that they Can't Get Sales Without Distribution (something which of course has never occurred to the poor, dumb editors) and that now that he has burst into their ivory towers and shown them Things As They Really Are, they should Do Something about their distribution.

Revelations From The Secret Mythos- Parker. This is a great improvement over your "pointless trash" in Sambo. The castle material was most interesting.

THE RAMBLING FAP #22 - Calkins. Gad, I'd forgotten that Eney had that photo.

PHLOTSAM 14 - Economou. What a fine, neaty issue this one is. (but then, so are they all) Your investigation of the "top forty" was most interesting to read, although a bit dated by now, of course. Time for you to dip into the field again. If you hurry, you'll be able to catch the spiritual successor to Teen Angel, called Tell Laura I Love Her. There's this guy who loves this chick and he wants dough to buy her all sorts of junk, including a Ring but he doesn't have any but he sees a sign about a \$1000 prize in a stock car race so he phones the chick who's out and says to her mother "Tell Laura I Luuuuuuuuuuv her, tell Laura I neeeeeeed her....." (and on and on) and then he drives off to the track (I guess to try to win the dough - he must have been pretty naive, but) and he drives onto the track "he was the youngest driver there..." and then "as they pulled his twisted body from the burning wreck..." he goes into the "tell Laura I loooooove her..." routine, and then there's lots more, and it seems to wind up with something about Laura prays in the chapel and a voice bellows in her ear "tell Laura I luuuuuuuuuuv her....." I've never listened to the thing all the way through, so doubtless I've missed all sorts of in between stuff. Yes, Bobby Darin seems to be one of the new crop who'll survive. (after all, he's well beyond the teenage idol stage). His recording of Clementine is the first time I've ever heard that loathsome ditty made listenable. But while going along with your condemnation of much of this drippery, I'm rather appalled by the pops you cite as "enjoyable." Like, The Day That The Rains Came, Harbor Lights,.....like, ooooooh! Next you'll be putting in a good word for Little Sir Echo. Where's the 1960 version of Begin the Beguine, Tenderly, Autumn Leaves, Night & Day and so on? Oh, they're around, coming out of Broadway shows, just as the ones you named did. Maybe not so many, now, for Gershwins, Cole Porter, the team of Rogers and Hart, and similar giants are either dead or retired. There seems to have been a Golden Age of pop song writing. Don't forget, while there has been nothing much since these boys went inactive (Jerome Kern is another to add to the list) what was there before them? But pop music of the past wasn't all Night & Day and Begin the Beguine. Such songs in their time were surrounded by as much slop as the few good songs coming out now, as any Pops of the Past type program will show you. "Grandma and Grampa.....are suddenly jolted awake by a raucous, blasting "Yah! Yah! Yah!"....by a common impulse, their knarled old hands reach out to each other and their dim old eyes mist as Grampa whispers "They're playing OUR song, darling." Uh huh, and to the same extent I can see grandmas and grandpas of the present and the past holding hands and getting sentimental over THEIR song as the radio or whatever belches "Mairzy dotes an' dozy dotes..." or "Fee iddy fisses in a iddy biddy poo" or "Yippy I addy I ay" or "Doo wacka doo wacka vo de o do"

or "Ta ra ra been de ay" or "Hey nonny nonny tra-la-la la la" and I'm sure I could think of lots more examples if I took the time. # As well as Club 76, the Brown Derby in Toronto has a Gay Nineteis room which also offers an "all you can eat for 50¢" buffet. I know cold turkey is one of the items in this buffet, but I don't know what else they offer. The usual buffet stuff, I guess....stuffed eggs, lobster salad, things like that. You must remember, Phyllis, that these rooms serve Beer and Liquor (horrors!) so I guess the deal is economically practicable. One of the local idiot groups (the "temperance" crowd, I guess) was recently screaming that Things should be Done to them, because they are loss-leadering in food. Ho hum. Loved the buggy-whip factory story. Doubtless Jack Speer will tell you that "buggy whips are needed."

THE TREND FACTOR IN PRACTICAL EGG MARKET HEDGING - Economou (postmailing). One of the most interesting items this mailing, but not the sort of thing on which one can make much comment. Kinda blood-curdling in places, though. Short at 25.00¢ and closed out at 31.00¢ is not the sort of thing I like to think about. Hey, almost forgot to mention in my comments on Phlotsan your Compte Rendu section. This, like "Trend..." was quite fascinating, and interesting, and absorbing, and generally goshwow.

HORIZONS - Warner. "Now Boyd Raeburn of all people...." I'm not too happy about that phrasing Harry. Somehow I feel there's a subtle insult there, but I can't quite pin it down. It wasn't \$1.75 for the sandwich, Harry. It was \$1.75 plus 25% tax. # Maybe the U.S. Post Office Department uses very low standard tests in hiring its employees. A most enjoyable issue as usual.

DEUKALION - Speer. Silverberg's "Buz should demand \$5,000" was a facetious reference to a current fannish lawsuit. # Omitted from the Juarez writeup was not one remark, but an entire episode following the portion Terry printed. I read the original. # So you don't think people should realize how much tax they're paying? It figures. And you think all public expenditures are needed? In other words, you do not consider there is any waste at all in public expenditures? You consider that if a government department sells 1000 new and unused items as surplus at .5 each, and buys another 1000 identical items at \$100 each, that is just fine and dandy, and "needed"? Actually the term "needed expenditure" is meaningless. There is always somebody who will claim that any public expenditure, no matter how wasteful, is "needed". I gather you belong to the school of thought which maintains that the government can spend the people's money "better" than they can, and thus it is moral and "necessary" to take as much from them as possible. # My argument was not that somewhere in the world one can find readymade the kind of society one wants. It was that it is possible that somewhere in the world one can find a society more to one's liking than the society one is in. I put my belief into practice, and found that I was correct. On the other hand, it is possible that Jack Speer might find the loathsome, socialistically-oriented society I fled quite to his liking. # Economic dictatorship is a corollary of complete socialism. England had only a very partially socialistic set-up, and one of the main reasons for the decline of the English Labour party was that people there became heartily fed-up with the controls and regulations which were a natural adjunct of the system. # I can't speak for Grennell, but I drink so little, I'm practically a teetotaler. So you can hardly say that I'm "queer for liquor". "You'd think drinking was an important right". Of course, to the totalitarianist, no right is important. These remarks of yours were brought on by the discussion by Dean and myself of stupid liquor regulations. Am I to assume by your tone that you approve of these regulations? It would seem so. Thus I guess you approve of the law in one state that liquor may be served only with meals. You must also approve of the law in another state that no meals may be served where liquor is served. Bravo, Jack. Your double-think is coming along nicely. # Patent-medicine people serve no human need? Frost's 222 tablets (aspirin, phenacetin, caffeine & codeine) certainly serve my need when I have a headache. Dristan tablets and Buckley's Cough Mixture are great for relieving the unpleasant symptoms of colds. Various throat lozenges are fine for a sore throat. Sure, I could go to a doctor and have him make out a prescription for similar stuff, but it's easier, and just as cheap, to buy it under a brand name.

GEMZINE - G.M. Carr. There is no "peculiar fetish" causing me to insist that "tidbit" be spelled "titbit." Many dictionaries (and good ones, too) give only the "titbit" spelling, and so I had always thought that "tidbit" was wrong. I only discovered recently that "tidbit" is a "correct" spelling. I stand corrected. My experience is the opposite of yours. I find "titbit" quite easy to pronounce, but to me "tidbit" is difficult and clumsy to say. You are wrong in assuming that the word derives from "teat". As far as I can determine by reference works, there is no connection. More on the spelling. Have just checked Fowler, who says "The older spelling is tid-; but it is now so much less usual, and the significance of tid is so doubtful, that there is no case for reverting to it. To make the two parts of such words rhyme or jingle is a natural impulse that need not be resisted unless it involves real loss of meaning." So, it would seem that anybody who uses the "tid" spelling, although it is dictionary sanctioned, is being mistakenly euphenistic. It would also seem that the "titbit" spelling arose because generally it is found easier to pronounce. I'm not going to argue about this, because I don't really care; so don't waste your time trying to prove that GMC Is Right No Matter What Anybody Says. # One minister plus six deacons plus 6 wives plus 18 children gives a total of 31 people. You slipped an extra 10 in there somewhere.

SALUD 2 - Elinor Busby. Well, maybe Maori is pronounced Mow-ri...but how do you pronounce "ow"? With the variation in accents, a single combination of letters may mean different things to different people. It is often impossible to show pronunciations using the regular alphabet. All Maori words, as well as the word itself, have all syllables equally accented. #Yes, I read Farmer's "Open to me my sister" in F&SF, and found it quite a bore, as apparently you did.

SERCON'S BANE 2 - F.M. Busby. Can I fill in on the results of socialism as applied to a country somewhat above the starvation level? Fortunately, I have never experienced complete socialism (state ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange) for in spite of their long tenure(s) this particular government only got around to grabbing a few industries and so on. In a nutshell, state ownership of industries brought about shortages and higher prices. "Orderly marketing" of produce (apples, lemons, ~~pegs~~, and so on) produced higher prices, poorer returns to the producers, and poorer quality produce. ("Orderly marketing" of apples, for example, meant that instead of the public having a choice of a number of varieties of fresh apples, only one kind was available at a time, and those of inferior quality through having been kept in cold storage). Controls and regulations proliferated, stifling initiative and enterprise, and keeping down the standard of living of the country. The amount of government interference in everyday life would be surprising to a North American. The hardest thing to convey on paper is the atmosphere such a set-up produces - the worship of mediocrity, the let's pull 'em down to our level attitude, the "thou canst not have and may not do" attitude. I found it so sickening that I got out while I had the chance. I guess most people there are fairly happy with the set-up. For one thing, they have been brainwashed by being told for years and years that they have "the highest standard of living in the world." (a blatant lie) so that they have come to believe it, and repeat it parrot fashion. Any evidence to the contrary is considered "Yankee bullsh*t".

A number of years ago Australia dumped its socialist government, and recently I have seen a number of articles on the way Australia is burgeoning, and the standard of living rapidly rising. This would not have happened if they had retained their Labour Government with its negative policies. You'll notice also how Great Britain has prospered since the Labour Party was tossed out.

LARK - Danner. Fifth Ave. crossing sixth ave. in Pgh is nothing. In New York, 4th St. W. crosses 10th St. W. at right angles.

A FANZINE FOR FAPA - Rotsler & Trimble. Why are you so keen to "trim off excess funds" when the treasury grows large? What's wrong with having a large treasury? Has Speer been getting to you? In any case, if reduction of the treasury is desired, why isn't reducing the dues enough? If a two thirds majority of the membership should vote to

give one specific sum one particular time to TAFF or anything else, o.k., but I am violently opposed to any proposal whereby any particular sum or percentage of the treasury will be given to anything without a specific vote on it. On your second proposal: FAPA levies dues to meet the expenses of FAPA, nothing else. FAPA is not a benevolent society. If somebody wants to set up a fund for "something worthy" and solicit individual contributions, o.k. but let the members decide what they want to do with their own money. LET'S KEEP STICKY FINGERS OFF OUR DUES. It's pretty sickening when creeping Welfare State-ism creeps into FAPA. "Something Worthy" for Chrissake!

PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail. I don't know if it was a typo or intentional, but "start the mimeo whirling" is a fine phrase.

LIMBO #2 - Rike & Donaho. This beautiful mimeo work, Dave, is a startling contrast to your FAPA zines of a few years ago. Bill, I coggle at your drinking various alcoholic things although you don't like the taste. Damn it, this will possibly be seized on by Speer in support of his ridiculous theory that nobody drinks for the taste. I myself drink only for the taste, and loathe getting any effect from it, for I usually feel sleepy and/or sick. You've never read the Arthur Ransome books? You missed something. Excellent comments, hope you keep them up.

H-1661 - Hevelin. But don't you realize that if the government is spending money on the Kinzua Dam, it must be "needed". Are you hinting that the government does not always, ALWAYS, spend tax money in the wisest possible manner?

CATCH TRAP - Bradley. As soon as I saw the cover on this, and the back cover on Gemini, I figured that "Kerry" was probably a girl, before I read your confirmation. I would hazard a guess also that she isn't too old. It's just something about the way she draws those figures. # Whether a "trained musician" could sing folk songs successfully would, I feel, depend on the particular voice, and the particular folk song. e.g., a lyric soprano singing a blues would just sound ridiculous. Your reaction to a microphone thrust into your face is rather unusual. Most people clam up, although up to that moment they may have been chattering madly. # Possibly your feeling that until recently in FAPA you were surrounded not by close friends but by hordes of faintly disapproving strangers, was that you were talking at the membership, rather than to them. Since you have started writing "railing comments" I too feel that you are closer to the members in general, and I find your publications more interesting. I liked your last two lines in your comment on Le Moindre. Sure, no hard feelings. Hope I see you at the Pitcon. In case no U.K. member is in the forthcoming mailing, "fish & chips" is simply fried fish (i.e. fried in a batter) and "french fries." I have seen "fish & chip" signs on a number of places on the U.S. West Coast (mostly northern region, as I recall.) I think children have less discriminating taste buds than adults - how otherwise do they relish cloying sweet concoctions, with often obnoxious flavors, that many adults can't stomach. It is true though, that as one grows older the sense of taste diminishes. The taste buds gradually decrease in number.

VANDY - Coulsons. Buck, your impression of the Wall Street Journal is a good try, but a bit off. Certainly, columns and columns of print (like any newspaper) but normal sized print, one column heads (no point in banner headlines), writing most unportentious, no photos per se, but plenty of advertisements with large illustrations, practically no discussion on why stocks went up or down. A cartoon and a few jokes on the editorial page every day. Book reviews, drama reviews, thorough and interesting articles on a wide range of subjects. # Yep, I know all about the Fair Trade Law stuff in the U.S. Resale price maintenance is illegal in Canada, but pressure groups keep trying to bring it back. #Tucker on junk mail was sound and amusing. Somebody got hold of the NYCon membership list too, I think. Nice comments, Juanita, but I have nothing to say. With time running short, this nicely fills the 8th stencil, so I'll chop it here, with a low bow to all those unsung souls whose publications gave me much (but inarticulate) pleasure.