



LE MOINDRE #7

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FAPA Mailing 79

Always I leave writing something for FAPA until the last moment. Every time I resolve to start earlier next time, but here I have found myself with the deadline just a few days off, confronted by the empty stencil which bespeaks the vacant mind (and don't take that too literally). I guess it is just that I keep telling myself that I really must get started on my next FAPA entry, and I will get started on it as soon as I get some of this mail answered - but letters which claim priority keep coming along, and somehow I never do get started until I suddenly find I have but a few days in which to get things wrapped up and mailed off.

So, a tape of Ellington (Duke, not Dick) has been placed on the recorder, with a low bow in the general direction of McCain (Rock & Roll on the Brant Inn tape yet, & you LIKE it Vernon! WELL!) off we go.

Always in fan publications I have been reluctant to talk about myself, perhaps because I am all modest and think that others would not be interested in my dull doings - or maybe I am immodest in thinking that I am modest. However, many other members do it all the time (talk about themselves, that is) and, as I have a sneaking suspicion that Le Moindre is one of the FAPA zines which tends to get tossed aside without being read, I may as well babble blithely away about my own doings. Hmm. Now I have to think of something that I have been doing. About the only noteworthy thing that has happened since last mailing was a quick trip to New York. For some time I had been trying to think of excuses to visit the New York office of the company I work for, but couldn't think of anything frightfully urgent which couldn't be fixed up by letter or telephone. The General Manager would remark now and then that it might be a good idea if I visited the NY office again, but still I couldn't think of anything. Late in March, I thought how nice it would be to see all the New York fans again. Our financial year had ended at the end of February, so I could descend on the NY office with fists full of fascinating financial statements and the excuse that I wanted to discuss them. Wow, thought I, NY here I come, a fine fannish weekend and all that. But it seemed there were no planes from NY to Toronto, they all being full of rich-type Canadians returning from Florida and Nassau and such points - the airlines weren't even taking names for the waiting lists for the next two weeks. But all undaunted I wandered down to the TCA office and oozing suave charm (phrase courtesy Kirs) I gently intimated that I would like a reservation to and from NY a couple of days hence....and whammo! not one but two extra flights were conjured up on the spot. Would I like to return Sunday or Monday? So on a Thursday afternoon I wandered off from work, just after the auditors had wandered in. "Hello. Just ask Miss Hall for anything you want. See you next Tuesday. Goodbye." For those of you unversed in the seamier side of life, I should explain that "auditors" are a nomadic species of lowlife. They periodically descend on places of business uttering strange cries such as "where's the voucher register?" (don't ask me what a 'voucher register' is - it is merely part of the crude argot they speak) and making general pests of themselves. So, after dinner, off to the airport, chauffeured by Steward, and into a turbo-prop Viscount, and down the runway and into the air and climb and climb and lurch and gee that propellor isn't going round and down and down and onto the runway (I wonder why stewardesses always sit by me?) and into a noisy ol' North Star and off we go again and into Idlewild all late and into airport bus and sit and sit and finally to the downtown terminal building and into a cab driven by Stanley Zuckenandel and off to the Sheraton McAlpin and gee it's midnight and have you a room booked for Raeburn and they did too (efficiency!) and there I was. Dull, isn't it?

So Friday morning up bright but not too early and leisurely breakfast and leisurely shoe shine and leisurely stroll to Empire State building and up to vast offices bustling with minions and off to inner sanctums and much gathering of types and large chatter all about fascinating financial affairs and costs and budgets and all like that and off to good restaurant (good restaurant, Andy Young, with edible food) and daiquiri or something before lunch (I wished the restaurant had been on Madison Avenue, so I could have had a Bloody Mary and felt frightfully Exurban) and back to Empire State and more chatter and off about 4 as nothing else to talk about and wander up town and then after tangling with buses and things off to dinner with the Shaws and Tom Scortia (in a good restaurant, Andy Young) and then all of us off to visit the Silverbergs. Cab driver frustrated Nuvolari type, with shotrodder overtones; zooming madly from lane to lane, ducking madly between other zooming cabs and private drivers; thin lines of pedestrians fluttering across streets in erratic patterns in the gathering dusk (o.k. so it sounds phony, but it really was dusk and all that) and driver putting foot down and charging at them....although he was silent it was obvious that he was yearning to make with vroom vroom noises.....

I don't know about you, but I'm getting awfully bored with all this. To summarize the rest, Saturday spent the afternoon talking to Kirs, and then both of us to Ellington's (Mr. & Mrs.) for dinner (Pat Ellington is a superb cook) and then off to quietish party (by quiet I mean invitation only and all that) at apartments of Saha and Donaho where much good time had. Sunday, lunch with the Ellingtons in chinese restaurant in Chinatown which is run for chinese rather than tourists (good food, Andy Young) and then Ellingtons off to a NY SF Circle meeting and myself to visit Harlan Ellison. Unfortunately visit had to be brief but it was pleasant. Harlan Ellison 1957 most definitely is not the Harlan Ellison who was known to fandom a few years back. Then off to dinner chez Economou where most pleasant evening spent with much discussion of FAPA and fandom and commodities markets and things. Monday morning back to Empire State where remark made "It would be a good idea if you came down here every three months. You could come down Thursday night and spend Friday with us and then you could have the weekend here..." I said that I too thought that a good idea and went for lunch (good restaurant Andy Young) and then checked out of hotel and got on plane (crummy ol' North Star again...one might as well ride a U.S. airline) and home. Sheraton McAlpin very nice hotel - it is pleasant to be treated as an ordinary guest instead of a convention attendee (and nobody to say "you can't sit here"). Every night I left a call for the next day. Friday: Good morning, it's 8.15 Saturday: Good morning, it's 10 am and the sun is shining. Sunday: Good afternoon, it's 11 am. The weather was perfect all the time I was there. New York can be such a nice place to visit.

So now, a couple of days later, some comments on the last mailing. With time so brief, the comments, most unfortunately, must be likewise.

HELEN'S FANTASIA - Wesson. I greatly enjoy your publications, although usually I find little to comment on. In one of your zines you were asking something about The Turn of the Screw (the opera, that is) Unfortunately, I can't recall what it was you wanted to know. It is having its North American premiere at the Stratford, Ont. Music Festival (held in conjunction with the Shakespeare Festival) on August 21. Six performances will be held, Benjamin Britten conducting, and Peter Pears tenoring. Ah, Culchah!

BANDWAGON - Ryan. So Hyphen is about the only fanzine you get any more, and what's happened, you wonder. Gee. Tough. This may come as a surprise to you, but some faneds object to sending copies of their zines to people who ignore them. You can't sit back in your little well of silence and expect the zines to come flowing in. How you like Revolt of the Masses? An anti-masses friend of mine was flipping over it, so I bought a copy, but after a chapter or so I tired. The writing was so bad as to be practically impenetrable. Worse than Wm. Deeck even. Perhaps the fault of the translator, but that's the way the ball of wax crumbles. # Rah for your comments on '57 Dodge...but don't worry, they'll be uglier yet. What about the Volkswagen? What you want to know?

DIARY - A - Labowitz. Judging by your last page, you are a silly little boy (also stupid, and ignorant) I shall ignore you.

CENTURY NOTE - Eney. A most enjoyable effort. I wish though, that you would use mimeo. The Subversives rather amusing. I wish though, that the writer had explained the manner in which he feels one should put down Brubeck. # Ah there yourself. McCahill has sold, sorry, Sold His Soul To The Detroit Interests. Seriously though, I am wondering whether McCahill was talking about the Plymouth stock model or the Plymouth Fury. Two different things you know. Sure, suspensions on U.S. cars have been improved in the last couple of years (of course according to some of you the suspensions then were o.k. and couldn't be improved being the product of U.S. Automotive Genius) but I'd still rather have a Mercedes 300S (not to be confused with the 300SL) or a Bentley. And if you think the 57 Plymouth isn't a finned jellymold, argue it out with Grennell and Danner. I don't give a damn.

SUNDANCE - JYoung. Wonderful issue. Flip flip and all that. The Genius of Jean Young. (Pause while you go into orgy of self-efficacy) Yup, here in Toronto on Jan. 2 it was all warm and toasty, provided one were inside, or in a car. Outside it was kinda cold - but I'm sure it was colder in Wisconsin (so far north, you know.) I glee at the vision of Andy sitting listening to Erroll Garner (Who Does Not Dig Very Deeply Beneath The Surface Of His Material) and bringing solid fluorine and liquid hydrogen together at -252 C. Your space heater can't be very efficient. Does it really get that cold in Boston?

NULL-F 6 - White. Yup, rah rah for Citizen Kane and all that. Have heard that its poor domestic showing was due to the influence of the Hearst papers - but that doesn't explain why it did so poorly on foreign showings as well. I believe that when first released the tramp of feet of people walking out often drowned the sound track. But you can't keep a good movie down, and it keeps popping up here and there. Agree, most terrific movie, and Welles was boy genius and all that. Apparently though the present Welles is neither boy (obviously) nor genius. His latest movie, the name of which I can't be bothered looking up, is being clawed by the critics. Curses on TV. Right in the middle of this I stop to watch a show, and spend the rest of the evening watching shows, including two excellent movies. I'm supposed to be running this off this afternoon, and how little I have done. Oh well. # You are quite right in jumping on CMCarr for the sloppy thinking, prejudice, and general ignorance in her statement regarding "jive artists" and inability to read music etc. However, you're own thinking on this subject is a little sloppy. O.K. so the old time "jazz man" played from the heart and all that, and gee whiz he couldn't read a note of music and all etc. etc. but he was still working under a large handicap. As you say yourself, the modern jazz musician has usually studied at a conservatory and so on and on....so why does he bother to do this if the "real jazz" is inside him? Sure, Garner can't read a note, but I'm sure you'll agree that Garner Doesn't Dig Very Deeply Below The Surface Of His Material (right, Andy Young?) But this is too big a subject to go into now.

BIRDSMITH - McCain. An excellent article on Monroe. Hope to see more of this type of material from you. You express my feelings exactly, regarding Marilyn Monroe. In the few films of hers I have seen, she has struck me as being a very good actress. There has been much fuggheaded mirth from the cuckoos in reaction to her reported desire to be in a film of The Brothers Karamazov, but why on earth not? There does seem to be a generally accepted axiom that stacked blondes automatically are incapable of acting. Jayne Mansfield is being dogged by the same clothhead outlook. #Here's a quick dish for you to try. Break a couple of eggs into a bowl, mix in soft breadcrumbs until the mixture is pretty stiff...toss in some thyme (and perhaps some oregano if you like) mix all well again, and cook as a cake in a frying pan...place bacon strips on top and bottom of mixture if you like...that is, put them there before the stuff is cooked. You cook it until outside are nicely browned, and makesure that inside is cooked too. If you use electric frypan, a temperature of about 370 is fine. This is a bit garbled, but I'm just jotting it down on the spur of the moment, and I'm not used to writing out recipes.

Random thought inspired by seeing Rock & Roll show with live audience on TV last night: Here is rock & roll show or JATP concert (same thing only lower level) and audience is carried away by wild savage beat and syncopated rhythm and all and gosh gee they're so carried away that they start to clap in time to the beat, and gee they're really moved. So do they all clap on the second and fourth beats? Like hell they do. A large number of these really hip gone carried away people clap on the first and third beats... and then there are those who clap aimlessly in between the beats. Just how in hell they manage to do it I can't figure. Oh well, now we be deluged with pseudo-pseudo-calypso. Ho hum. I wonder what phony fad is going to be thought up next. Hey, Ted White. What's the betting that GMC dotes on Lawrence Welk?

THE RAMBLING FAP! - Calkins. The foreign fans, Gregg, have no great interest in "bending Ike to their hearts' desires". The thing is, the re-election of Eisenhower meant that Dulles would still go on bumbling around leading the rest of the world to brinks, and fouling up the international scene in general; if it hadn't been for idiot Dulles, the Suez business wouldn't have come about...and look at the mess you people made of that!

GEMZINE 4/14 - GMCarr. I can't remember offhand what Eney reported as being my comments on the FAPA mock-election deal, but I think he must have conveyed the wrong impression, I wasn't shocked, just surprised at the foreign members of FAPA being included in the voting, for while some of you U.S. types never hesitate to shoot off your mouths about other countries, the tiniest comment on U.S. matters brings from you frenzied screams of "nationalism" etc. Actually, I agree that the election of a United States President is exclusively the prerogative of the citizens of the United States, and that Mercer was in error. However, you can't blame people for taking an interest in something that might affect their very lives. An interest in the outcome of a U.S. election is a little different from an interest in a neighbor's pregnancy. The neighbor's pregnancy can have no effect on the observer, but U.S. foreign policy has a very large effect on a large part of the world...although actually one should speak of it as U.S. "lack of" Foreign Policy. I am not particularly interested in discussing U.S. policies in FAPA, but if any of you, as did GMC and Calkins, lash out, I'll lash right back. # Sure we're jealous of Elvis...we're jealous because we can't have orgasm in public as you say he does. # It is quite obvious that most of the time you "just don't know there could be 'secondary repercussions' from a perfectly straightforward and clear statement" There are such things, Gertrude, as tact and delicacy. Come now, Gertrude, your analogy between government control over purity of foodstuffs and dangerous drugs, and censorship of reading matter etc. just doesn't hold up. Contaminated food will make you sick or kill you. That is a fact. Whether or not certain reading matter will "tend to corrupt or deprave" is a matter of opinion. THAT is why the question of censorship of books, films etc. is such a delicate subject. Really, it all boils down as to who does the censoring, and on what grounds. I would scream bloody murder if, for example, the books I read and the films I see had to pass the approval of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the case in Quebec. (perhaps that isn't official policy, but that is what it boils down to.) # I've seen some pretty wild attacks on Roosevelt, but Geis really tops everything. So Farley used to slip FDR a few sheets of each new stamp. Oh wickedness. Gosh, every sheet must have been worth several dollars. Maybe \$10.00 or \$20.00 or EVEN MORE. And some of them were fairly limited editions too! Limited to many millions. Hoo haw. (All I know of Roosevelt is that he was Fuggheaded At Yalta...I don't want to get hauled in on this discussion.) # The smug, self-satisfied of Lucy in the Peanuts strip reminded me most strongly of you, but I am surprised that you yourself seem to glory in it. Her little brother, by the way, is named Linus. Nobody in the strip is named Peanuts. # Officially, convention banquets are not fund-raisers to cover any convention deficits...they are fund-raisers for the convention hotel. Officially, the convention committee doesn't get a cent from the banquet.

GAVAGE - Janke. Reincarnation is a "daring new idea"? Man, I don't ask bands to play "Josephine" I've never even heard of it. Should I listen to Wayne King? A swell first entry. Most glad to see you in FAPA. Hope to see much more material like this.

FANALYSIS - Schaffer. "A new family moving into the small town is an EVENT. (The same family in the big city is just another family among the many)" Well, geegoshwow, I can hardly wait to move into a small town and be an Event with all the small town poking its rustic nose into my affairs and noting my every move, and probably being outraged if I don't conform the the local Way Of Life. # Alan Freed is no longer known as "Moondog". The original Moondog (a New York street musician) instituted court action against Freed, and Freed lost. Ah, trivia. X

A FANZINE FOR HARRY WARNER JR. - Shaw. All the Catholics who saw Baby Doll committed a mortal sin - seeing Baby Doll was a mortal sin for U.S. catholics, wasn't it?

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I slept with a Jehovah's Witness for the FBI and found God.
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THE END OF A FINE OLD TRADITION - Shaw(s) The "practical car" fans all buy Volkswagens, DKWs, etc. etc. I guess. With all the other European small cars set to invade the U.S. market this year there are numners that Detroit may start screaming for higher tarrifs (in line with the policy of "Foreign countries should increase their trade with us but if they do manage to increase their trade with us we'll slap higher tarrifs on whatever they're selling to us so that their trade will decrease and then we can go back to telling them that they should increase their trade with us..."). but I doubt that they'll abandon their policy of longer lower wider heavier clumsier uglier etc. etc. for a while yet. # A few of those titles you quote from Bawdy Songs & Backroom Ballads ring a bell - I'm damn sure that the recorded versions are heavily bowdlerized. X

STEFANTASY - Danner. I am sure Andy Young will be most wrath at Grennell for his nasty cracks at Greasy Spoons, for Andy Young is a worshipper of the Greasy Spoon primeval. He considers anybody who desires something a little better than greasy spoon fare is A Snob Who Will Only Eat In Fancy Restaurants And Will Only Eat Fancy Foods.

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Now look here buddy what's this I see
I see you're makin' more than me
It's sure as sure we need a change
Let's get together and see what we can arrange

We need a union

The SOVIET Union

A real dictatorship of the proletariat

So he joined the Party
He was doin' fine
Partin' out that old Party line
He'd carry an umbrella if the weather was fair
'Cause if it were rainin' in Moscow that was all he'd care...

He was loyal

True blue

Just like RCA Victor

His Master's Voice.

(Transcribed from tape recording of Dave Van Ronk, itinerant folk singer)

X

— HE'S STILL MY GUY —

I am in love with a crook. Blue-eyed, blonde, shapely, and measuring 34-24-34, I am in love with a crook - or what the world calls a crook. But to me, he's not a crook. He's just a simple, unaffected boy who used to sing in the choir. And he treated me like a duchess. This simple, unaffected boy always used to treat me like a duchess.

Why did I first fall in love with Roland - this man who is now behind bars? I think I fell in love with him because of the way he used to roll his r's, a trick he learned as a boy soprano back in the choir. The moment I talked with him over the telephone and he started to roll his r's like that in that cute way, I knew we were soul-mates so I made a date and before long we were going steady.

Everybody always says Roland is a crook but I know better. Why, he never let a year go by that he didn't send me a Valentine. How could a crook do that?

Living with him was exciting, all right, because he was always reading the Bible. He could quote big, long hunks of it by heart and he used to say to me: "Baby, this here is the greatest book ever written." He learned that line when he was a boy soprano, I guess.

Of course, I never suspected he was a crook because of all that Bible-reading and everything and the only really sinful thing he ever did was to gamble on a little cribbage. Once I asked him where he learned to play such good cribbage and he said it was when he was a boy soprano in the choir.

We used to gamble on the cribbage but that's the only thing he ever did that was wrong and I guess I was partly responsible, wasn't I? We'd play cribbage and the one who lost the bet would have to get up to make the tea. That's the only thing Roland ever drank.

When I asked him why it was he never drank anything stronger than tea, he said it was because of the training he got when he was a boy soprano back in the choir.

The police are terrible. Why can't they let a man alone? They were always looking for Roland. It got so bad that his cribbage fell off and he drank four pots of tea every evening. You'd think he had done something awful. I used to say: "They've accused you of stealing everything but a locomotive." and he used to say: "That's right and I never stole no locomotive."

When I asked him why, he said he learned not to steal locomotives when he was a boy soprano.

Well, I guess that's about all there is to tell. Did I tell you that I'm a blue-eyed blonde? I'm also five-feet five inches tall. And I'm a soprano but I was never a boy soprano. . . .

Of course, I'm going to stick by Roland and when he gets out I'll be waiting; because a sweet guy like that - a former boy soprano - just couldn't do anything wrong.

- Frank Tumpane

TV FOR TUCKER

Some time last fall, when the continent at large really hadn't done anything to deserve it, a new series was started on American TV. It was called West Point Stories. It has been around every week since, leaving behind neither a good nor a thoroughly bad impression. It is one of those floating blots on the face of the set. A sort of Nhuui program, if you get what I mean. And if you don't, that's the point. Because I doubt that anybody but the producers could be wholly entertained by the sight of a constant procession of stiff backed, dedicated cadets all looking as though they gargled with gasoline to get that go, go, go.

Sooner or later it was bound to happen that other producers would float another series on the evening air, equally replete with upstanding, clear eyed, jut jawed, short haired embryonic heroes. Some of them did, and they called it Men of Annapolis. It is only a few weeks old, but it is already abundantly clear that only the uniforms have been changed to protect recruiting.

I tuned in Men of Annapolis just in time to hear an officer telling a recalcitrant recruit: "Mr. Jordan! There's no place in the Navy for a man who can't learn that aboard ship the lives of men will depend on him!" It transpired that Mr. Jordan was using up his allowance of 200 demerit marks a year at an alarming rate. One more demerit, in fact, and Mr. Jordan was due to be kicked out of the academy.

Well, sir (we talk like that all the time at West Point and Annapolis) well, sir, Mr. Jordan hadn't gone another two days before he left his gloves behind on a date. (Mr. Jordan was one of those fellows who would have forgotten his head if he hadn't been issued a hat to put on.) Another midshipman, seeing that he was improperly dressed, forced Jordan to take his gloves. The sheer of this situation would be lost on anyone who didn't know that Jordan's benefactor hadn't had a single demerit mark all season, and lost gloves count five. Only four other midshipmen in the history of Annapolis had ever been so pure.

The situation was fraught with even more significance when you consider that Mr. Jordan and his helpmate had to pass the duty officer to get into their quarters. Need I say that the helpmate got caught? And bang went his perfect record. But the nobility of his sacrifice became apparent in the final scene. "It was worth it, Mike," said helpmate to Mr. Jordan, "IF IT MEANS YOUR STAYING IN THE ACADEMY!"

I tell you, there are nights when Sgt. Bilko and his scruffy crew look like the only hope for the nation. X

- Ron Poulton

The following is from a newspaper clipping sent by Eney (his fault) relating a contest between good car and some clunkers. "Two teen-age boys in a stolen sports car slipped thru two roadblocks at 100 m.p.h. on heavily-traveled Route 240 last night, police said, and finally crashed into a brick wall on a dead-end Rockville street, leaving a wrecked police cruiser in their wake. The chase began shortly before midnight when Trooper George Robinett spotted an English-built Austin Healey, capable of speeds up to 140 mph., speeding south on Route 240 in Gaithersburg. When trooper Robinett pulled up behind it and turned on his flashing red light and siren, the sports car pulled away from him at speeds over 100. Gradually losing ground, he radioed Montgomery County police to set up a roadblock ahead. Police were just pulling two cruisers across the highway when the car squeezed between them without slowing down. Police managed to back the cars off the road again as trooper Robinett flashed by in pursuit. Meanwhile a second roadblock was being set up at Viers Mill Road, but as the sports car approached it, it suddenly veered into a gas station, spun completely around, and headed north on W. Montgomery Av. Trooper Robinett tried to follow, but hit a pot hole, then skidded on the gravel shoulder and slammed broadside into a pole....."

And so it goes. Try doing that in a '57 Plymouth, huh, Eney.

For which I expect one or more pages, (depending upon the as yet undetermined length of this,) of ~~Wynn's~~ credit. It will, I hope, be bound in, and combined with, Le Moindre; the one and only, and original Raeburn Fapazine. Remember Raeburn, Canada's Taff Rep? Vote for him, he's a good man.

To SheShaw, why Detroit continues to build ironclad bathtub if there is so much discontent with the modern American automobile? HeShaw has prolly already explained this to SheShaw, but I'll add my own two cents worth for my own benefit, and for anyone else to cares to read it.

The old Post War car that got 40 mpg was a small light 4-5 passenger car with a four cylinder engine of 90 to 120 cubic inches and produced about 50 bhp. (Like the old Frontenac -spelling??- remember them Larry? Who made them and whatever became of the company?) The majority of the North American car-buying public have been duped by Detroit-type advertising, "The BIGGER the BETTER", and as a result, we must now suffer the monst rous 300 plus cubic inch engine with its 200-300 bhp. You can't have big engines and fuel economy. The two just don't go together.

The people who are discontent with the Detroit boats are the people who buy the small English or European automobiles. (I include sports cars in this catagory.) They represent maybe 30 % of the total car sales. This 30% represents a large number of cars, but dispite this, each year Detroit sells more cars that the year before, and as long Detroit continues to sell more cars that the year before, they will continue to make "BIGGER and BETTER" cars each year and will not worry about small cars sales, no matter how many small cars are sold. Ford and General Motors have tried to cut into the sports car field with the T-bird and Corvette. Neither have been overly successful, yet strangely enough, the T-bird sells better than the Corvette, and the Corvette is the better of the two, and the closest to being a true sports car. These cars do not sell to sports car bugs, they sell to people who want a luxury sports car, and are willing, (consciously or un-,) to sacrifice efficiency for luxury. American Motors, being squeezed out of the big car market, tried to get in on the small car field with the Metro, I don't think they were too successful.

To Bob Tucker; Virgin births and male conception are not as uncommon as some people believe, and I quasi-quote are ranlom from that eminent medical journal, Esquire. "It is an established and incontrovertible fact that impregnation has taken place in women with unbroken hymens, when penetration of the vagina has not been accomplished. Although conditions must be extremely favourable for impregnation to occur in such a manner, it has happened. All hymens have perforation through which live male semen, deposited on the outside of the female genitalia, can enter into the vagina." And then there are cases of parthenogenesis, (reproduction by developement of an egg without fertilization by a sperm.) On the matter of pregnant boys, I should imagine these are more or less freaks. Esquire sez, "Occasionally a male child is born, apparently normal, yet bearing in his abdominal cavity a little twin which he has absorbed during his fetal career. A few cases live on until adolescence causes the miniature fetus which has been feeding on the blood supply of its big brother, to respond by intensive growth, and soon an abdominal tumor is diagnosed. An operation reveals it to be a teratoma; not always a complete body, but recognizable as a separate human being." That's all.





Egerton Herbert Norman
(1909 - 1957)