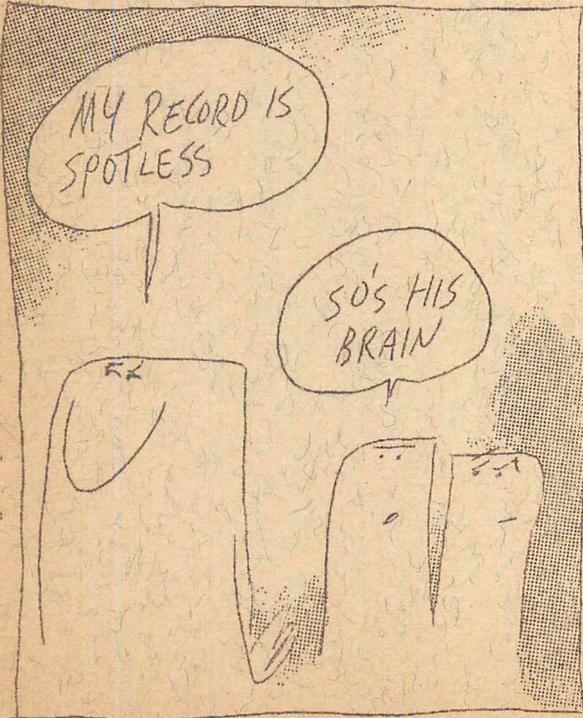


NUMBLE



32



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# UFFISH thots

This issue of NULL-F is fatter than have been the last couple of issues --largely as a result of the fact that Walter Breen sent in his column too close to the deadline last issue. Actually, he got his column in at about the same point he had previously, but that one time I published a week before The Last Moment. I'm glad to say that Walter took this bit of misfortune to heart. This time he got his column in a week before the deadline. And with luck I'll even get this all off to OEney in plenty of time (ie, a margin of several days--instead of several hours).

I've had considerably less time free to work on NULL-F this time, though, with the result that a goodly portion of the issue has been produced with the gratefully appreciated help of Les Gerber, My Man In Brooklyn. The reasons for my lack of time are several, but two are primary.

First, as Terry Carr hints elsewhere in this mailing, I have a new job. As of last issue I had begun working for the many Robert Bashlow coin enterprises in the position of Executive Secretary. (I even became President of a Dummy Corporation. It was keen fun.) However, a couple of weeks ago I got a call from the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, and the next thing I knew I was talking with Scott and Sid Meredith and now I am in charge of the Foreign Desk at the agency. Which is to say, all you FAPAns who're Meredith clients, I am now in a position of Intollerable Power over you...heh. (Actually, you can take heart. The job is quite complex, but I hope to eventually learn it thoroughly enough to do the fine job Dick Curtis has been doing on foreign rights and sales. All best wishes...)

Before I get so thoroughly into the Agency mood that I sign Scott's name to this I should also mention that my house is full again. Fuller than ever, in fact. I have two families residing in the Vast Reaches of my domacile: Sandi Bethke & three small daughters, and Gene & Carol Lewis. All are great people, and I must say there's hardly ever a dull moment--or a moment's peace.

I started my mailing comments right after the mailing came. A first prize of empty Pepsi bottle goes to whomever is first to decide at which point I left off--to finish up at The Last Moment again. -tw

# NOTED: 101

After my initial disappointment with the size of the mailing, I found myself rather happy about it. The 198 pages (or so it says on the front page of the FA; what the lino on the back, "155 pages. Oog.", means, I don't know, but thus piqued I added up the pages listed and came up with the insignificant variation of 196) may not be very fat in an envelope, but they are remarkably solid in reading content, and such a joyful breeze it was to read them that I find myself beginning mailing comments within a week after receiving the mailing. (And, talk about small mailings, when was the last time you received a FAPA mailing stuffed into your mailbox with the regular delivery?)

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: This, bighod, is the way the FA should look.

As an involved party, my attitude is hardly unbiased, but I do dispute the Presidential ruling on membership splits. Aside from the quibble about Sylvia's activity requirements (she has them), I feel that when a marriage is effectively dissolved but neither party desires to take the matter through the courts at the time, it is quibbling in the utmost to insist upon legal action as a criteria.

Let's take a slightly different tack. Let us say that Sylvia and I simply decided that we wanted to hold two separate memberships while yet happily married, as, for instance, Buz and Elinor do in SAPS. Sylvia was on the FAPA waiting list before marrying me (I think; I could be wrong there--let's say that if she wasn't, she applied at the bottom at that time), and by this time she would be a member by right of working her slow way up. Now, if we decided to assume separate memberships, with each of us fulfilling full requirements, would there be an objection? I raise this as a separate but related point.

CELEPHAIS: Evans - You evidently didn't realize that Ajay's "Inside Story" was a parody of "West Side Story." His new lyrics fit the original music by Bernstein.

I understand that at least one set of cells last the duration of the body and are not replaceable: the nerve cells in the spinal cord. I once heard the aging process described this way: from birth (well, conception; really) to 18 or so we are growing new cells at a faster rate than old ones are wearing out. From 18 to 25 or so we maintain a balance, and from there on the balance gradually tips the other way. I don't vouch for this; it was a rather "popularized" explanation. But it sounds nice.

BOBOLINGS: Pavlat - New York City is the pioneer in short skirts. Some of the girls here wear them really short. High school girls, for instance, often wear them three or more inches above their knees. And horrible hairdos. Unfortunately, the girls with the shortest skirts rarely have legs worth the effort. Oh well. Still, for SAGWAL members New York is indeed a Summer Festival...

I am not sure why you included me in the list of those to whom you addressed your comments on the Cuban Crisis, but since you did I feel justified in giving my own opinions.

I, of course, have no access to Inside Thinking, so it may be that

my opinions are based upon insufficient or even false information. With that disclaimer, I will begin by saying that I think there is a very strong movement in the country at this time for war. Not war as you described it, but full-scale, bloody, fighting war. Albeit with a minimum of nuclear power.

This isn't new, of course. The extreme rightists (of whom there are several in fandom) have for years advocated simply bombing Russia to hell and gone. In more recent times they have been joined by the more moderate rightists in demanding that we crush that pipsqueak Castro for stealing our corporate property. (But I notice that other nationalizations of property in countries further away have gone largely unnoticed by these patriots.) At the time of the "Crisis" (a pretty manufactured "crisis" from where I sit), the Hearst papers were trying for a repeat of history and were calling for and almost even announcing an invasion of Cuba. And congressmen were making the usual fugg-headed announcements that we ought to bomb Cuba out of existence and all that.

When Kennedy made his announcement, I figured somebody had given way to the hysteria and that we were in for it now. And indeed, had the Russians not given way to our bluff, we would've been. I didn't panic (Bhob Stewart tells me that in Manhattan people were deserting the city in droves, heading for the scant protection of the mountains), since my attitude has always been that I'd rather be smack in the middle of a target area and be atomized than die slowly of radiation sickness, leukemia or cancer in a destroyed world. "Ghod, they're all stupid out there," I said to myself, and went on about my daily business.

I will cheerfully admit being a bit relieved when the Russians did back down, and I was even pragmatically pleased with the resulting jolt of confidence we seemed to gain from the affair.

The situation has come and gone; I'd be stupid to bitch about what might have happened in the face of what actually did happen, but I am still dubious about the rationality of the claims made.

The fact is that the Cuban missile base was hardly any threat to our "national security" at all. Discounting the bombers completely (their claimed range is insufficient to even get them to New York), a missile base in Cuba, where it can be accurately pinpointed as a target for Our Side is a hell of a lot less a threat to us than are the submarine-based missiles which ring our coasts even as our Polaris subs threaten The Other Side. These subs can't be pinpointed as targets, and are the strongest threat either side presently faces. Cuba was a sitting duck, and an insignificant pawn. I dig it was a nice political coup to Get Tough With Them and actually succeed, but I can do without the patriotism. To any thinking individual the claims we make in times like these are about as honest as a TV commercial, and remarkably similar in slant.

Yes, I'm cynical. I don't believe we've been Blessed By God.

What do you mean by the statement that "the 100th mailing contains one item which comes extremely close to attempted blackmail"? Either I missed it or interpreted it differently. The only things I know about were the reprints which weren't to have been reprinted...

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Rev. Ray M. Hollopetar

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A PROPOS DE RIEN: Caughran - This is a remarkable improvement in writing style, presentation, and even mimeoing.

I'm not confused by your story at all. It seems rather transparent, if a little pointless. It also reminds me of the section about the fanzine editor in Damon Knight's "A For Anything" which appeared in F&SF four or five years ago. (The story, minus fannish trappings, appeared in the book The People Maker as a sort of prologue. I remember it largely because I gave it an extended pan in VARIOSO...)

In Berkeley you hear more about LA fandom than we do on the east coast, largely because of the frequent visiting and travelling between northern and southern California. But we have to rely on letters and the rare Travelling Giants (and Bill Donaho's phone calls) for news of either area. Until recently west coast bickering had been kept largely out of print, in contrast to east coast and New York fights. Which is why Harry Warner has the opinion he has..

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Ben Lovin

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SALUD: Elinor Busby - Hmmm. \*Blush\*, I don't think I want to argue definitions of "buggery" with you; I think we both have a fairly good idea what it is and poor O'Neary has had trouble enough with the PO in the past. But one of these days I'll ship you a copy of EROS with the article on buggery and Lady Chatterley's Lover (at least it went through the mails) and let you argue it out with the author of the piece. He quotes large chunks of prose from the book to prove his point, and while it's debatable as to exactly what Lawrence had in mind I'd say that this version is as good as any.

I met Phil Harrell at the Phillycon, and I'm amazed by the statement that he's 28. He acted a juvenile and retarded 16 (just like his letters, only yet a little more inane), and the thought that he's more than ten years older is frightening.

Ted Pauls does not believe humor has a place in KIPPLE--and I'm afraid I agree. The pieces he's rejected in the last year, including, I'm told, material by Redd Boggs and Terry Carr, would certainly balance out a fine fanzine. These days I don't bother to open KIPPLE when it arrives.

Sometimes "unprostitutish women" go to bed with men for reasons of love, custom, sexual desire, or etc., and still are "essentially Dishonest and Devious." A lot of prostitutes don't ask for money, you know...

I dislike gin because the first really whallopping hangover I ever had came from drinking gin, and the odor/flavor stuck with me. It still nauseates me slightly.

Oh sure, I agree with you on that point in principle, Elinor...

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Dewey Young

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HORIZONS: Warner - Of course I was not thinking my most profound thoughts in 1937--I was at that time enjoying a free ride on my mother--but I get the impression that the coming of The Bomb changed quite a lot of things for quite a lot of people. Although it has never bothered me much, I know of people who have recurring dreams of atomic death, and over whom The Bomb hangs like a paranoid's watchful vulture. Threats of war (or strife) we've always had, but always before there's been a place to run to... There's never been the threat of human ex-

termination.

Oh come now, Harry! I commend to you some of the other statements made in this mailing on the subject of stability in FAPA. I don't think we're stagnating, but if stagnation means that we keep as members people like Dean, Redd, Jack Speer, yourself, and the other valuable long-term members, then I'm all for stagnation.

Actually, I think you're jumping to a broad and exaggerated conclusion. The way you're fishing for justification by using things like the members' objections to covers on the FA shows that you're not paying any attention to what's been said, but only to the fact that there has been a reaction. I think the objection to a cover on the FA is fully justified, and it has nothing to do with any stagnation on my part. The FA is in the bundle for practical and utilitarian purposes. Its only justification is its function. Should this function be disrupted, then the entire value of the FA is impaired. Covers which disguise the fact that the FA is the FA are, in my opinion, impairing its function. I'd object a whole lot less to fancy covers on the FA if THE FANTASY AMATEUR were boldly emblazoned along the top of them, but those of the recent past often did a skilful job of hiding even the logo.

Your suggestions for "unclogging" FAPA strike me as qualifying you for an interest in SAPS. SAPS is "lively," and filled perennially with "nearly new" fans--whose enthusiasm usually runs a two-year cycle and then gives way to gafia and a fast exit, preparing the way for their similar successors. The result, of course, is SAPS' transient and ephemeral nature, the bulk of it supplied by immature fans. In any case, we are getting three or more new members a year, and many of the fresher, younger fans are either participating as contributors to present members' zines (Breen, Deindorfer, here for instance), or in the SHADOW FAPA.

You exaggerate about Nat Hentoff, too. But of course you're talking about his reviews of slush for HI FI/STEREC REVIEW. I remember him far better in the years 1954-57 when he was DOWN BEAT's top critic and dealing with a very fertile period of jazz. (What do you think of Pete Welding and Joe Goldberg?)

You know, nearly every checkmark I have in this seems to result in my taking issue with an exaggeration of yours. The bit about "it isn't safe to walk any street at any hour of the night" in New York is of course absurd. I've roamed all over the city at all hours, alone, with Sylvia, with one or more friends, and etc., and never had any trouble. Girls are likely to draw comments and/or propositions in some parts of town, and other areas might not be safe for an unescorted girl, but I hardly think you fit that category. And Washington DC has a much higher incidence of assaults and muggings. Likewise, while it is folly to own a car in Manhattan (unless you're wealthy or crafty), there are four other boroughs to New York City, each of them larger than Manhattan, and each with much more liberal parking. I can park any time at all, for as long as I like, a half a block from here, for instance.

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Brooking R. Gex  
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MELANGE #5: Trimbles - I used to use both sandpaper and a file for shading plates, before I got any real plates. The sandpaper (idea borrowed from GMCarr) worked fairly well, the file was harder because one could do only a thin strip at a time. I found a small piece of metal with a rounded end worked best for burnishing--styli had a habit of getting worn.

Maybe one of these days I'll have the time to do a piece on patching stencils for you, but I doubt I can pad it out into a full article. There really isn't all that much to say. I originally developed this "talent" in order to use high-quality stencils for artwork and cheaper ones for typing--I patched the illos into the cheaper stencils. Later I rose to the height of something or other by becoming able to edit lines from a typewritten stencil without its showing. For instance, in the last LIGHTHOUSE, at the request of Terry Carr, I edited a paragraph from one set of mailing comments. The typing is still lined up perfectly. I must say, though, that all this requires is patience and experience...

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Oho Nill

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LE MOINDRE: Raeburn - The Morton Thompson Turkey recipe reads fabulously, and I was tempted to try it out this Thanksgiving and invite lots of people to help me consume it. However, it seemed much easier to just go over to Esther Davis' and share her turkey with Jerry & Miri Knight, Larry Ivie, Terry & Carol Carr, and Henry Dupree. It was a pretty good turkey too. But maybe next year...

A couple of things about the recipe bothered me. In making the dressing, one is advised to dump vast quantities of vegetables and spices into a bowl. One is then advised to "Salt to taste." Who's kidding who? Also, what is "Colman's mustard"? A brand name? A type? What?

Yeah, When Walt & Madeleine Willis were here after the Con, we went over to the Casino East and saw Ann Corio's "This Was Burlesque." Walt had always wanted to take in a strip show, and this provided that plus a few bonuses. I had my fill of strippers while living in Baltimore, but the show was a gas.

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Hannah Fortress

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ABJECT APOLOGY: Lyons - Yeah, used to be I had an apartment on Christopher St. (door key and mailbox key), a car (door and trunk keys), and an office (Towner Hall) on West 10th St. (door key, inner-gate padlock key, telephone key), and I thought I had too many keys. So I moved out here to Brooklyn. Now I only have the two car keys, plus: basement door key (outside), basement apt. key (inside), upstairs outer foyer door key, inner foyer door key, upstairs apt. key (inside), and a mailbox key. I just started working for the Scott Meredith Agency, so soon I'll have a key to the men's room there as well.

I prefer cars that one can't lock the keys into.

And the air-tight quality in your car may bug you, but it's a sign of good workmanship. The tightest car I ever rode in was a VW.

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Robert E. Liberator

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And that tears it for this issue. Walter Breen's comments on the last two mailings follow. Lino's dedicated to Bill Rotsler. -Ted White

# ALLEREI 5 WALTER BREEN

MAINE-IAC 25: Edco - So who's panicking at the approach of the Camper? I haven't seen any evidence of real anxiety; concern, yes, that this time the writeup be somewhat less distorted than usual, but trembling? go look in CRY 163. § And, after all, as long as there are people prepared to show copies of Wrhn to those who ask about fandom and fmz, we really don't have much to worry about on this score.

ICE AGE 4: Shaws - Larry, are you going to propose your membership-increasing plan as an amendment to the fapal constitution? Let's suppose you do, and it miraculously goes through. Then, by November 1983, there will be 150 members, FAPA will no longer be a status symbol, even Mike Deckinger will be Old & Tired, the waitlist will have disappeared or gotten down to microscopic size, and someone will have gotten around to another constitutional amendment freezing the membership at 150 or so. (Or perhaps less if some peculiarly cruddy types have in the meantime gotten on the wl and perhaps even into the group.) But by then, fandom will have increased greatly in size, and when FAPA becomes once again a limited-membership group, membership in the Top 150 will once again begin to take on the aspect of Status, and the wl will begin again to climb. ...and where will it stop then? § Noreen: You say of the Cult, "Who needs it or cares about it?" On that remark, substitute for "the Cult", SAPS, OMPA, FAPA or fandom, and ask it again. The answer in all cases will be: the people involved in it. Were there no need for the Cult, it would presumably have died in the meantime rather than lasting for some eight years and 118 or 119 issues of its OO. (One may even speculate about a survival-of-the-fittest process going on among apas...) And lord knows the Cult has already included some excellent material in its time. I will name only a few items that so far as I know first saw publication in the Cult: any number of Larry Stark stories; Bloch's In Hoax Signii (FR24); Terry Carr's I've Been Workin' On a Fanzine (FR27); various Brandon parodies e.g. The Daring Young Man on the 3-Speed Mimeo, Sixteen ("Carla Brandon"), Spontaneous Me and others; Bloch's Hornbook for Conventions; Franklin Ford's The Nudists; Terry's The Fan Who Hated Quotecards; John Champion's The Ballad of Dwight David; "Seymour Upchucque's" Parable of the Rich Young Man; Seidman's Curse; and many others, if I wanted to take the time to search through a foot-high stack of Cultzines.

Lady Jayn, you say, never demonstrated any interest in fandom? She's been in SAPS, and her zine PSILO hasn't been any worse than a lot of typical SAPSac. Furthermore, the (admittedly limited) conversation I've had with her certainly didn't confirm your impression. You might also check with Miri Knight, if you want other evidence outside LA. No, you'll probably have to hunt elsewhere for a reason for the unsuccessful attempt to drop her. But it's academic now anyway.

Bob Shea's facetious essay has, strangely enough, fingered a social process which actually does occur quite often in about the way he indicates. Cf. Eric Hoffer's The True Believer, a basic text in other aspects of psychohistory.

Chortle, clap, clap, clap for Ajay's Inside Story, and I hope it does get put on at the DisCon or somewhere.

BULL MOOSE v2n2: Morse - You are so right about Bruce Rogers's excellence in type design. I also confess to a degree of pleasure in some of the late W.A. Dwiggins's experimental work, which was (to these eyes anyway) more graceful than any of his now popular faces such as Caledonia or Electra; the better faces seem to have appeared mostly in his private pamphlets (Press of the Woolly Whale, etc.). I knew Dwiggins personally; he was one of the very few surviving pre-Banting diabetics. § I can't understand the popularity of Times Roman: it's heavy and stuffy, giving a page a black and strained appearance, in contrast with almost any Goudy, Dwiggins or Gill face. (But even Goudy occasionally goofed: his Cloister is manneristic.)

MOONSHINE 30: Sneary/Moffatt - 'The Sneary Old Fans' Guide deserves much wider circulation. Chortle! Much more like this from Rick, and we'll be ready for another SELECTED WRITINGS.

SALUD 10: Elinor Busby - Thanks for your hospitality over one very enjoyable weekend. § No, I saw other things in Sturgeon's Green Monkey story that were not deducible from your rundown. For one, there was a blast at what G.Rattray Taylor calls the "patrist" cluster of attitudes. The wife had suddenly awakened to the fact that her husband wasn't really a very loving person after all, to her or anyone else, despite the Good Samaritan act (which was on quite other motives), and that married life was rather less than it had been touted to be; there was also the implication, more deeply explored in Venus + X, that the capacity to love a woman sexually is not necessarily bound up exclusively with exaggeratedly obvious masculinity; and that for all the little that common man knows about the gay subculture, it might as well be an efficient coverup for invading eetees. This is a story? Well, it certainly has possibilities.

Those woman who look like Interchangeable Parts, anonymous and indifferent, have fallen for what I now believe to be womanhaters' propaganda. Interchangeable, because the fashion model is not really a woman but a mere lay figure (emphatically, NO disclaimer here) on which to display clothes; anonymous, because not really an individual but a mere means to an end; indifferent, because not a person to love, but a mere heterosexual masturbatory image. The so-called Petty girl proportions--unfunctionally tiny feet at the end of absurdly long legs, breasts exaggerated as though in milk (and my, they must be uncomfortable to the girl's upper chest and shoulders!), together with deficient abdominal musculature which would make pregnancy difficult and possibly dangerous--all reinforce this concept of woman as masturbatory fantasy rather than mother and homemaker. At least you haven't tried to live up to this delusory ideal. § I expect to have something more concrete to say about this in the next mailing--specifically about the three kinds of love making up a complete relationship.

Foop, my dear Elinor. You misread me, if you think that sentence meant that I thought E.Brontë had anything to do with the Irish Renaissance. Possibly the 'it' at the end should have been underlined in print as in thought, but..

NULL-F 30: White - I know you were asking Juanita, but my own impression of Mme de Beauvoir from one admittedly hasty skimming of the book is that, like so many others, she overstates her case and in so doing displays an appalling mixture of partly-digested good ideas indiscriminately strewn together with trash. Among the trash is the notion that the clitoral orgasm is unimportant compared to the vaginal; this she apparently got from Freud (A general intro. to psychoanal. & New introductory lectures on psychoanal.), possibly via that loathsome fascist Edmund Bergler (or maybe, to be charitable, Helene Deutsch or Otto Fenichel), who all believed, on no discoverable anatomical or physiological grounds and contrary to the Kinseys' researches, that maturation, for a woman, consists in desensitizing the clitoris and concentration of all sexual sensitivity in the vagina itself (which is much less well supplied with nerve endings). Bergler and the others named actually believed that a woman was "frigid" if she continued to have clitoral orgasms but not "vaginal" orgasms. I must conclude that these solemn quacks had long forgotten their freshman anatomy course which is after all a medical student's ABC. § I tend to agree with Wilhelm Reich instead: feminine passivity in bed results, all too often, from masochistic fantasies of being raped, perhaps as a way of exonerating themselves from the guilt and whorishness popularly attached to sexual desire. § On my own mc's: when I wrote them, I was unaware of the "Edea Roc'n'Roll Room" at that highly touted Miasma Beach hotel. Feh. § My mention of Haroldson L. Hunt as one of the robber barons impels me to ask the Shaws or anyone else who might know: wotinell was Hunt doing at the Chicon? or was he just incidentally at the hotel for other purposes? § Red Face Dept.: I see that I typo'd "The Demolished Man" when I meant to type the other similar Bester (but nonsuperlative) novel "The Stars My Destination", of course. For some reason I often get those titles transposed. And I had completely forgotten about Kuttner's Fury when I was trying to think of the "furious Sam" origin...Owell...

I am glad to note that in a recent letter to me, Harry Warner agreed with me about the importance of Gilbert's words in insuring the survival of G&S; I quote:

Oct. 13, 1962.

Dear Walter: ...

It baffles me more all the time, what a large proportion of the Cult publications reach me in the face of all the nasty things I've uttered about the organization in print & out of it. It seems to have lost in recent months some of its less satisfying resemblances to a boy scout troop, and if this trend keeps on, I'll have only the N3F to write offensive things about. ...

You are right about the importance of Gilbert in the music for the collaborations. Gilbert said funny things from time to time about his ignorance of music and inability to recognize tunes, but it just wasn't so. He was extremely well acquainted with the light operas of the continent, even toyed with the idea of adapting both words & music of some of them by himself at one time, and on at least one occasion he gave Sullivan the inspiration for a tune, suggesting a certain sea chanty he--Gilbert--had had in mind when he wrote the lyrics for "I Have a Song to Sing" in Yeomen of the Guard.

When you're listing the musical influences on Sullivan, though, don't forget those which are no longer known to most of us. Operas like ((Wallace's)) Maritana and ((Balfe's)) Bohemian Girl were prodigiously popular in England in those years and I suspect that they had lots of importance in determining the general character and sometimes the actual notes of the melodies that Sullivan wrote. I wouldn't have thought of Brahms as a factor, but now that you've mentioned it, I can think of lots of spots where the spirit is there if not the letter. "None Shall Part Us" has almost exactly the same rise and fall as "Botschaft" even though the two songs look so differently on paper. This might be accident, since I haven't checked to see if Brahms wrote his tune before Sullivan did. ((Brahms: Botschaft, op.47#1, c.1868-69 as it's between the Requiem and the 1st quartet, both referable to that time; G&S:Iolanthe:1882; but an even likelier source might be "Pour celle qui m'est chere" from Meyerbeer's L'Africaine, 1864.)) And the sudden solemnity at "Hail, Poetry!" in Pirates of Penzance is an effect that Brahms employed quite often in less incongruous surroundings. I must remember to borrow from the library that recent book on Sullivan's music, to see if there are any more specific and literal quotations in the operas that I haven't spotted. Some are obvious enough, like "Home Sweet Home" where the counsel is pleading his case in "Trial By Jury". But there is supposed to be a literal quotation from the 3rd act of Tristan in Iolanthe that I've never been able to spot from listening to the records, and I don't own the score. The records lead me to believe there are quotations at a couple of spots in the orchestra in The Mikado, emerging too fast to be really recognizable, but my copy of the score is so simplified that the passagework in question is omitted altogether. ...

DIFFERENT v3n1: Moskowitzes - This is by far the best thing I've ever seen from you in FAPA, and even though it's not exclusively devoted to \*Science Fiction\* it will be of some value--namely, to Warner's fan history. I am also pleasantly surprised: my ADMIRABLE CRYCON writeup of the event was much less inaccurate than I'd feared; thanks for making the comparison, though I wish, in the name of fannish courtesy you had at least written me asking permission to reprint the excerpt. § I've read many FAPA mailings, SaM, and I haven't noticed the practice you allude to, of using fapazines as "a substitute for group psychiatric therapy"; would you care to be more specific with names and instances? § The unsigned piece at the end--apparently Chris's contribution to FAPA's Silver Jubilee--seems to have no other point than that photography fandom has similarities to our fandom, or "I can't see that sf fandom is any different." What it actually shows is that some photography groups include members sharing mundane interests. It does not show anything whatever about our fandom, and in particular it does not prove Chris's claim that "we are just an ordinary cross section of American life who happen to have in common an interest in sf." I think, to use the gentlest term possible, that were Chris more deeply immersed in our fandom, she might see the differences as well as the superficial similarities. And on this point she might find enlightening my "Other Fandoms" article in VOID 22-1.

LIGHTHOUSE 7: Carr et al - I still feel complimented at having been asked to write an article for this zine. I am sorry that it was damaged by a couple of typos; which might give readers trouble; on p. (13), 7th page of my article, next to top line should read "wandering monk", not "wondering"; middle of same page, two words left out: the line should read in full "bride (Ave formosissima), with bell-like brass harmonies frequently reminiscent" etc. § I hope you sent James Blish a copy, as he very much wanted to see it. § I misquoted my own poem: it should read "To win this final game is only not to lose too soon."

On Pete Graham (R.I.P.) and his "Let 'em eat cake" philosophy: tell Pete sometime between YPSL meetings that ad hominem attacks prove nothing; that "the status quo with modifications" is a misdescription of my own political preferences based on insufficient reading of my FAPA writings; and that I shall in future ignore his attempts to bait me.

Ted White: In reading about the Kids From Texas who Go to the Big City to Make Their Fortunes, I can't help wondering how much they were influenced by the numerous stories for kids which represent their young protagonists as leaving the parental cottage and Doing Likewise, equally without cash reserve, friends already there, a place to stay, or any definite plans.

A couple of chortles to Dorf on the church episode.

Terry: Come to think of it, if I assumed each day that this day would be my last, I would most likely finish up any projects I could, begin no new ones that I couldn't turn over to associates for completion, and spend the rest of my time in pleasure. § I croggle to see the Stylist's Stylist misquoting me so completely as to give an entirely misleading picture of what I said, in that "Buddha with a Lightbulb" episode. But it was, I suppose, worth it to have the rest of that hilarious bit.

OBLIQUE 8: Gould/Ellick - Five years late? That's ... strictly for archivists.

PRA 14: rich brown - You must be right, in saying that Wrai Ballard is a Good Man. Even my subconscious agrees with you. A few nights before I read your tribute to our Musquite Kid, I had a dream about him, one of my relatively few stfnal dreams, one of my even fewer fannish ones. It seems I was traveling towards a con(somewhere back east) from the BAarea, and had to pass through N.Dak. I was traveling alone, in some futuristic-looking little runabout; the year was somewhere in the future. Realizing that I was in Ballard Country, I took back road after back road in search of Blanchard, finally locating a sign pointing to BALLARD'S. In the dream, this farm was huge--possibly King Ranch size--and with various areas specialized for different purposes: hundreds of acres for cattle, others for sheep, others for horses, thousands for corn. Helicopter-like flying platforms flitted about overhead, guiding by remote control some extremely elaborate and unfamiliar-looking machinery which did various tasks on ground. My own little runabout took me over some complicated system of dirt roads by guess and by ghod, until I spotted a luxurious-looking house; coming up to it, I noticed that it was in unfamiliar style but with a familiar-looking figure standing outside and waiting for me. "Kinda thought you'd be coming by here," said Wrai. "Welcome." He looked very much as he had at the Chicon; but a little stopped, noticeably more deeply tanned, and with (on a close look) a few crows' feet crinkles around his eyes. It developed in the ensuing fangab that one of his 'copter-borne foremen had spotted the beard in the runabout, and that if I hadn't continued on a road which would lead me to the house, one of them would have come down close enough to give me directions. He himself was going to the con in a day or two, but in the meantime he was keeping open house for any fans who might be coming by, etc. And much about the greatly enlarged BAarea fandom from me, plus speculations about the coming FAPA election, and the TAFE race, and I don't recall what all else. He introduced me to his wife, a very pleasant and soft-spoken Chinese or partly Chinese woman of about 32, and his three sons, about 14, 11 and 7--exuberant youngsters, big-boned and round-faced, the two older ones casually using fanspeak as though they'd grown up with it (which they probably had). I remember the features of the wife clearly enough so that I could pick her out of a crowd of Chinese; the kids were likewise highly individualized. § Wrai's house was much more vast than it seemed from the outside, and it was about as luxurious as one would want: walls with paneling of rare woods, all the labor-saving devices, an extensive liquor cellar, ceilings of luminous

material whose brightness was keyed to the outside dark or light, a huge indoor swimming pool and gym, a library with thousands of books, mags, fmz, microfilms, including many titles (obviously stf) I'd never heard of, records and tapes, a colossal hifi, microfilm reader, electric typers and an electric Gestetner that would have made Ted White envious. O yes--I did notice bound FAPA mailings numbered up through the 200th, so the time of this dream was presumably 1987 or later. Dinner was as sumptuous as one could expect; I recall some strange fowl (I think it was pheasant) together with numerous Chinese-looking soups and meat and vegetable dishes. I don't remember too clearly what went on after that, other than more fangab, but I gather I was invited to spend the night, and then went on towards the con.

Rich, I question that Eichmann would have killed 6,000,000 Jews "no matter what time and place he had been born in"--how about if he'd been born to orthodox parents on a kibbutz? And I also wonder why we "can't blame Torquemada". The man was a fanatic, just as were Saul of Tarsus and John Calvin. § Something not too dissimilar to the Bloch proposal you quoted is the well-known French practice whereby a boy gets his introduction to sex via his father's old mistress. § More modern scholarship would, I fear, destroy Don Marquis's idea (tho' it's too bad he didn't write that play about Byron & Shelley at that, or did he?). In particular, it's now better than 90% certain that the notion that Byron had incest with his half-sister was cooked up by Harriet Beecher Stowe, in conspiracy with Lady Byron, to blacken Byron's name and to divert public attention from the truth, which would have blackened Lady B's reputation as well (had it not already been pretty low); and which Lady B. considered a billion times worse than any kind of incest: Byron enjoyed performing anal intercourse, whether with a woman or a boy; she considered it being degraded, Byron considered it fun. This was the thing revealed in the burnt Byron memoir of 1824, according to G. Colman and others who had seen it; Colman's "Don Leon" poems, long attributed to Byron, reveal this, as do early medical studies of the Byron case by people who had access to the memoir. § As for Shelley, he simply lacked (according to G. Rattray Taylor) any microscopic vestige of the usual patrist view of women as property; when he ran off to Switzerland with Mary, he invited Harriet to come and join in the fun; and while he was (happily) married to Harriet, he urged his friend Hogg to share Harriet's favors. Shelley may have picked up some of these ideas from Wm. Blake, who was urging nonjealous and nonpossessive love as early as 1793, when The Marriage of Heaven & Hell appeared. § So now we know what sonic boom does to you. And maybe that's why Bruce Henstell not only writes but talks in typos. § Bach studied under his older brother Joh. Christoph as well as others; why?

SERCON'S BANE II : Luz - Congrats for you; commiserations on the rest of your Clean Slate.

§ Quick, now, before you forget about it, grab a stencil and copy out those lines on the Manifest Destiny of the Lower Military. Do it now, before reading any more of this crud. Please. OK? § I understand that some witnesses in the past did admit to the HUAC that they'd been 1930-35 vintage commies and not sance; and, says Bill Evans, you'd suffer now for doing likewise. (Cf. page (9) of CELEPHAIS 32, comment on VANDY.) Will you provide some specifics on that, Dave Rike? § I admit I've never driven while drunk, but by damn I've driven at a pace suitable to a feebe-minded flatworm behind a drunk driver who was <sup>a</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>v</sup> <sup>g</sup> <sup>..?</sup> <sup>(/)</sup> over both lanes of a 2-lane hiway in Orlando, Fla., not knowing when he'd end up in the wrong lane right in front of a car going the other way at 60mph. You were joking, of course, but somehow I just couldn't find drunk driving a subject for hilarity after that frightening episode.

I wish you'd send a copy of that back page to Ted Sturgeon, and just for good measure another one to Heinlein. And, just for kicks, maybe copies also to Albert Ellis, G. Rattray Taylor and the powers that be at the Mattachine Society or One Inc.

ICONOCLASTIC QUARTERLY: AEC Lewis - The Stiles editorial is the funniest thing of its kind I've seen since Terry Carr's THE STF MAG, though I notice that Gordon Eklund has recently done something similar in SAPS. Whee! § I wish Bloch were still in FAPA so that I could discuss this with him rather than entertain the vague hope

that one of the LA fapans might possibly show him the remarks to follow--and maybe get no reply anyway. Bloch has a valid point in making his central problem the alienation of man from much of the society into which he is born. But I fail to see how he proposes to solve it, or that he even thinks a way out is possible. In rejecting alike the majority alternative of prejudice, and the minority alternatives of joining Minorities, "resigning from the human race", and exploring drink and drugs, he leaves nothing immediately perceivable for a human being to do which will escape Bloch's condemnation or obvious pitfalls. Indiscriminate blanketing of good & evil with inane praise, or the "come to my arms, my slight acquaintance" philosophy, have pitfalls alas too clear. Nor do they provide any answer how we are going to change the offending social institutions; the change, dear Lewis, must come in our institutions, not merely in ourselves.

Warner: Did Bellini write all his own libretti? I've heard Norma and La Sonnambula, and my impression then as now was that B. was the melodist all the other Italian organgrinders were copying, but that the dramatic values of the operas were, if great at all, then only by comparison with the rest. § Gerber's article was first-rate and ought to be rewritten for one of the general music mags. Granted that some things in it were reasonable obvious, they still needed saying.

PERSIAN SLIPPER 2: DAM'D - "If we're so smart, howcome we're always getting snowed under by Things?" Apparently, because we're interested enough to get involved with Things, & stay with them. It's the mundane clods who don't get involved that way and who thus have so much time to watch the boob tube--in fact, they have been heard to complain about being bored. And who envies them then? I'm doing almost nothing I don't like (the "almost" covers such things as paying bills, answering letters from clods with an Old Coin So Worn They Can't See the Date & How Much Is It Worth?, academic red tape, etc.), and the rest of the story is more or less like yours: too many interests for a 24-hour day. § O, surely one can "enjoy" something serious & tragic, like a performance of King Lear or the Orestela, but then I'm stretching the meaning of the word, to approximate the active appreciation/understanding combo for which formal English has no equivalent, slang has "dig" and Heinlein has "grok". § I recognize only one of your upstaged WIAFs: Nietzsche's Zarathustra proclaimed the word about God being dead, tho' I don't recall N. naming any of Z's hearers.

COCKATRICE 1: Boggs - I think we'd best air our disagreements on this in private. § Shöner???

ALIF 161: Karen Anderson - I dug this in SAPS and it's just as good here.

LETTER FROM JEAN LINARD : JL - Welcome back. § Yes, I wrote you twice at the hospital, but getting no reply to either airletter I decided to wait till I heard something through other channels. I also sent you copies of every FANAC I put out. Nos. 83 through 89 extras will be sent to Vesoul, since apparently they didn't get to you at the hospital. You are still for FANAC purposes on my trade list; someday maybe there'll be another MEUH, Innav. Mouth or XTRAP? I'll also run an item about your return & wishing to receive letters, fanzines, etc.

CELEPHAIS 32: Evans - I know Pierrot Lunaire from at least one live performance over FM & the same old Columbia recording you mention. I find it very hard to take in one sitting, but much more intelligible if I have a libretto at hand; Sprachstimme does not make the poems easier to understand than singing. § Listing the Leonore overtures would be hardly relevant in my context; they are played in concert as independent pieces, but hardly ever as adjuncts to the opera Fidelio. (If I recall aright, they are omitted in favor of the Fidelio overture, with sometimes one of the L. overtures being played between acts.) § Better keep quiet about your S.Afr. proof sets; they may be seized in future Leland Howard crackdowns on collectors. LH is ferociously anti-collector; he is partly responsible for the increasing restrictions on what they may possess. I have no verified report of a 1934 \$20, though at least 7 or 8 1933's have been seized. And now not only may collectors own no gold outside the USA, they may import no more, and what they have will eventually be seized if Leland Howard has his way. This is the most re-

cent salvo in the century-old blood feud between the Treasury and coin collectors. Sometime, Bill, look up my article "The 100-Year Vendetta" in the Aug. 1962 Num. Scraphook Mag.; I tell the whole story there. Unfortunately it's too long to stencil for FAPA and I have no reprints. § I know the Telefunken reissue of Dreigroschenoper only via one hearing on FM. You're right as usual on this sort of judgment. § All right, where is this DC Chinese restaurant you recommend?

OLD & RARE 2: Boggs - Enjoyed.

VINEGAR WORM v2n4: Leman - This is one time (chortle!) when I'm just as happy not to have read the things your delicious parody was lampooning. § But, but, Bob! Having written a conreport and never again wanting to write one is like refusing to read a book on the grounds that you've already read one. Particularly after the splendid examples set by WAW and Terry Carr. § On reprinting in fmz: my own guess would be that, if the author of the item and/or the faned who first pubbed it are both still in fandom, the fair thing to do would be to get permission in writing from both, cite exact source in print, send both of them copies of the zine containing the reprint together with any comments. Exceptions: quoted linos, brief passages quoted for review purposes.

ANKUS 5: Pelz - But you can use both hands on the keyboard of your choörd-organ rather than confining the left to the chord buttons. I've done it, though I grant it's inefficient --or was while your monster was in disrepair, as it was lastime I saw it. § 'Fraid you're right about the pokerplayers not being up on me's. (Where are you, Donaho?) Whether or not Lupoff accepts the "Big Red Cheese" song, by all means it deserves to get into the Fsy Songbook #2.

DRY MARTOONI 1: Patten - Well, your performance (in the Cult) on the Young Man Mulligan things also qualifies you for the Eriudite Bastards. § For an MD, Alan Nourse has some pretty stupid ideas about genetics. A normal male has to have a Y-chromosome along with his X; an XX type is a normal female, but XO (lacking the second X or Y), XXY, XXX, XYY and other duplications are all either inviable or else badly handicapped--often they are nonfunctional females or other vaguely intersexual types. My authority on this is the most recent research in human genetics (1960-62) in journal articles and lectures at UC. § The Readers Disgust squib about JD is by Plato, sometime in the 4th century BC (not 200 BC). § No, Speer is right: the Monopoly streets do all come from Atbantic City, echh. § Not bad.

GRUE 30: DAG - Welcome back. I enjoyed meeting you at the Chicon, as you'll know from my conreport. Now for pete's sake please put out #31 to insure that the title will not die! § I recognize some of the periphraastic descriptions, but not nearly enough: ?, Linard, Boggs, Whites (or Shaws?), Rotsler, WAW, Danner, Wilson, Economou, ?, ?, Leman, and many more ?s. § "...as the actress said to the bishop" I recognize as a Saint tagline, but was it Charteris's invention or did he get it from some earlier wit, possibly Thorne Smith? § Thanks for the Chicon photos (via Boggs). § Greatly, greatly enjoyed; hurry back. § O yes, something that didn't get into my conrep: at the Farewell Willis party chez Donaho, WAW & I were discussing fannish writing-idols & influences. Three names recurred: Bloch, you and Tucker. After these three the choice became more difficult. But you'll bask in more of this unfeigned admiration, I think, when you get the time to stick a few more GRUEs & BLEENs into the formerly Dean-Driven mailings.

HORIZONS 91: Warner - Sometimes you manage to amaze me. Suggesting that MASQUE should have been withheld from the mlg is one of those times. Another was your anti-peyote dogmatism. § In what part of France is the so-called "aspirate" h sounded? The only way I've ever heard it distinguished from the regular silent h was by the nonelided, non-liaison'd preceding vowel (le hareng, le haricot, la harpe) or, rarely, with a glottal stop. § Small world, your mentioning Nathan Bryllion Fagin (pronounced French fashion, not as though he were a character out of Dickens). He was for a short time my adviser at JHU; he was then in the Drama Dept., but curiously soft-voiced and at times even womanish. I tend to go along with his astute criticism in this "Turn of the Screw" casebook, knowing James's preoccupations with

the ambivalent nature of childhood and of kids' relationships with the adult world. § I have only the Four Sea Interludes, Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge, and Young Persons' Guide of Britten; other ~~anaphoric~~ records are either of less interest (Simple Symphony op.4, Serenade for Tenor, Horn & Strings), rarely available (Les Illuminations, Ceremony of Carols), or completely unfamiliar to me (Oboe Fantasy, Nocturne op.60, Quartet #1, Prince of the Pagodas).

Thanks for the unusually good rundown on music fandom. I ran into the more fannish aspects of it in preparing some of the more historical material for my MA thesis--specifically, the coteries of fans of the latest castrato, both the fakefans who went to performances just for social purposes, and the real aficionados who genuinely knew the difference between a Farinelli and a Tenducci, collected memorabilia, lionized the Sweet Young Thing before & after each performance, collected stories about his--er--its exploits & bons mots, &c. § Urania & Bruno are notorious for plagiarized or unauthorizably taped-from-broadcast recordings. § One of the biggest names among Schubert fans, Otto Erich Deutsch (the counterpart to Mozart's Koechel), has--he told me--just gone to press on a new edn. of the Schubert thematic index, taking account of all the discoveries you mentioned, plus several other works previously known to exist but unpublished and in mss. of unknown or "lost" location. The whole field of thematic indices is another form of musical fanaticism which can be of considerable importance. (E.g., Koechel; Nottebohm on Beethoven; Deutsch on Schubert; Jähns on Weber; Alfred Einstein's revision of Koechel; and some Magyar whose name I forget on Bartok; and Schmieder on Bach.) Indices of this sort go into exact chronologies, whether or not a composer orchestrated a particular work, first printings, first performances, bibliographical data, &c. § Reti's study of the thematic process is valid as far as it goes, but the main trouble is that many composers chose not to use this particular means of achieving unity among movements of a work. Some time when I have a piano and a taper simultaneously available I may send you a tape embodying my own findings in this line. § I have already (in IPSO) commented at length on your anti-harpsichord prejudice. It is one of the few things about which we are so far apart as to be almost beyond reconciliation.

There are many folkniks who will complacently agree with you in your conviction that much presently known folkmusic (esp. American) derived from earlier kitsch. They argue, however, (and bolster their arguments with comparative commercial and regional folk-idiom versions of the same songs), that a pop tune which has been reworked by backwoods folkmusicians in their own idiom becomes something quite different; that the idiom makes the difference; that folkmusic IS music of a particular idiom transmitted & communicated primarily by & to individuals of a particular ethnic subgroup, the idiom being identified with the subgroup. Some will even claim that rock&roll is the folkmusic of the urban lower- and lower-middle class of today; others will dispute this. § Since there are no æsthetic standards accepted as valid throughout the folkmusic world, judgments of any particular exemplar have to be on other grounds ("ethnicity", "authenticity", "sincerity", etc.). § And lord knows that the Magyar and Bulgar folkmusic collected by Bartok and Kodaly is much farther-out than the gypsy stuff which constituted kitsch for the urban audiences of those countries; and both Bartok and Kodaly used their folk tunes, scales and characteristic intervals in a way not possible to today's aggressively redwhite&blue composers.

TARGET:FAPA: Eney - The Mensa pin is yellow, not blue. § You called it callous, I paraphrased it as cowardly; we obviously both referred to your claim that the draft-dodger lived an avoidance act, sluffing off on someone else a dangerous and distasteful task. So interpreted, this was not a misstatement of your argument 'produced from thin air'; and about 1/3 of your remarks therefore are offbase, requiring and receiving no further rebuttal. § In practice, as you might find out by reading the Manual for CO's (produced by the Central Committee for COs and available from your local AFSC office, or Quaker meeting), draft boards do try hard to distinguish between the genuine CO and the parasite, through intensive grilling, but their criteria are frequently offbase, and their uniform policy is to try to get anyone they acknowledge to be a genuine CO to accept I-A-O status with its liability to uniformed noncombatant duty. I deny, however, that "the evader class includes 'clods & parasites' tacitly grants that they, at least, ... should be drafted." Two questions are being confused here. One is philosophical: is the whole

system intrinsically worth supporting as is, as more than a necessary evil? The other is practical and moral: on statistical grounds, what kinds of persons are least likely to goof in such a way that they will be of negative value to army & country? As I now see it--through more from independent thought, and some discussion Buz lacking the overt acrimony which has frequently characterized Eney-WB interchanges, than from anything you, Eney, have ever said to me--it is not only futile but dangerous to consider these questions together as though they were one. And the very acrimony referred to makes such discussion all the more likely to become a matter for feuding than for civilized debates, communication of different viewpoints without attempt to bludgeon the dissenter into agreement or silence, or mutual exploration of an issue. § If "perhaps less of an evil" is equivalent to "better" in your dictionary, clearly we use different dictionaries. If you think that by using the quoted phrase I am positively defending the position, you misread me. I mentioned it as an "obvious rebuttal" without claiming that it is the position I would personally adopt. I do not in fact know what I would do in the emergency; but I dislike the way in which you have distorted what I said. Adrenalin seems to have interfered here with your eyesight, just as with many others'. I notice, also, that you have avoided answering questions I addressed to you. Possibly I should have done likewise for your argument, even as for Pete Graham's. Since any degree of agreement seems for the moment out of the question, such tactics might lower the probability of our being sucked into an overt feud, such lowering "a consummation devoutly to be wished". But as long as you sit back and take potshots it remains difficult to ignore them indefinitely. So perhaps for the sake of peace we should henceforth ignore each other's remarks, if any, in the general field of ethics or politics, or the specific field of the draft.

LE MOINDRE 27: Raeburn - The "togethernesswise" bit and the successful defense on obscenity-via-the-Canadian-mails provide more croggles in one page than I am used to getting. § Anent Ray Charles: there are local jazz DJs who play his stuff many times per night. I usually turn to another station, or if it's after 2 AM and nothing else is on (save for the 24-hour all-religious station), I turn it low or off. Now if it were only Ella, or Abby Lincoln, or Oscar Brown jr. ...

SELF-PRESERVATION 3: Leeh - Too bad you weren't at the Farewell Willis party in Berkeley. Here WAW pronounced "pocsarcd" to rhyme with "pockmarked" (just as I'd suspected even as a neoneo), and claimed that the traditional story of the invention of that term was correct (and that you might still have some of those POCTSARCD-imprinted cards, as he does); nevertheless act BT in G<sup>2</sup> Liebscher also independently invented it. § The Ft Mudge Steam Calliope Co. documents should add something to HWjr's fanhistory projects. Levity, for one thing. H\*a\*w!, as Eney would say. § Apropos of the dialogue between Herod & Pontius Pilate, did you catch either the Anatole France story or the Karel Capek one (latter in Apocryphal Stories)?

CHURN 4: Rapps - BT mentioned the bit about copyright restrictions on fictitious characters in PLEIADES PIMPLES, reprinted (as VANDALS OF THE VOID) in VOID 22-2. Which is exactly why in Bloch's Birth of a Notion, the producer croggled at the fortune it would cost him to borrow Ma & Pa Kettle from a rival studio. § The Roddy McDowall Reads HPL record was part of the prizes given out at the Chicon costume ball. § Please send Grania Davidson a copy of your bit on motherhood in this zine, Nancy.

WRAITH 18: Ballard - Glad you got to the Chicon. § It's spelled Theremin (after the name of its inventory I think); and Sylvia has played one of the things.

ASTRA'S TOWER: MZB - I dug this "Meeting in the Hyades" in ANDURIL and I still dig it. § One can speculate endlessly on possible confrontations. A few that just now come to mind: Sherlock Holmes with Flambeau; Simon Templar with Moriarity; Ibis the Invincible with the renegade Jahweh of Lester del Rey's For I Am A Jealous People; etc.

DAY\*STAR: MZB - All right, you've convinced me; now I'll have to go hunt up the ancient proz & read those other seven stories. There are other Bradbury things that carry for me a tremendous load of emotion--e.g. There Shall Come Soft Rains; The Playground; and

some episodes from Dandelion Wine. There are also other Poul Anderson stories, notably Terminal Quest. But with only one story per author you've managed to cover quite a range. § Oh, I don't think the article dedicated to Rotsler is really out of date. I think much more should & can be said on the subject. In particular (with a glance at WAW & Wrhn), whoever invented or rediscovered the sack dress was probably another of those womanhating designers. For another thing, this whole obsession with the female form, with keeping one's figure, &c., betrays to what extent a woman is prone to become, to a man, not a mother & homemaker, not even a functioning human being, but simply a masturbatory image; and this in turn betrays the anxieties instilled by some of the cruder marriage manuals & counselors, whereby women have learned to believe that they must Stay Sexy (by no matter what means) in order to keep their husbands from straying. § The breast fetish seems still undead, olav ha-srolem; some of the cruddier men's mags do their damndest to keep it that way.

WAHRSCHEINLICHKEITSRECHNUNG #1: Boggs - "Calculation of Probabilities" indeed. You seem to be predicting (with or without benefit of the Shaws' membership-raising proposal) that FAPA will come more & more to resemble NAPA in approach, method & subject matters. I think that activity requirements will probably prevent part of that, and the vague hints of remaining interest in stf will take care of the remainder.

APOCRYPHA 4: Janke - Somehow the tune sounds familiar, particularly from SAPS where it's been sung by Kemp and AECLewis. The rebuttals have come, be it known, largely from people who also contribute non-mc material of value to the mags. I suppose my own mc's consist mostly of your Type II & variants (I trust not the vicious kind), but at least I have made some effort to provide other material as well--in DAY\*STAR and LIGHTHOUSE, whether or not you noticed these efforts by an outsider who values even the subterfugeous contacts with fapans that these give him. § You and Vince Hickey ought to get together and compare notes about villainous bandleaders. I've gathered enough stories similar to yours, while interviewing jazzmen for my MA thesis, to fill a book, but rarely are they told so vitriolically as yours. Vince Hickey's are the exception; I'd tell a few of his here but am frankly afraid of making this zine unmailable.

PHLOTSAM 20: PHE - I gather that Big Hearted Howard is responsible for the MS Found in a Glacier. Fun, but I don't get the final ref. ?. § I've seen the last 2 or 3 issues of the Bawl St. Journal; they cost \$1 apiece and aren't worth it. § O, surely Jane's SAPSac constituted FAPA credentials as well as anything else could have. § Wasn't it just possible you were being asked for a bio so you'd be listed in Who's Who in the Midwest? If it's the Marquis publishers who do the other Who's Whos, naturally there would not be a sales pitch; it's against their ethics (it says here). (I figure I will be asked in a few years for a bio for Who's Who in America because of the numismatic work; if so, I will give fandom a plug.) § I look forward to your clarification of your remarks on tolerance &c. § Thank you for the compliment on "Surrogate." Sometime, perhaps, I'll run some of my other poems through FAPA. I've put a few in PANIC BUTTON (one having in the meantime won a prize in a Calif. statewide "Poet Laureate" contest), but in general I've hesitated to expose any serious poems to fan criticism, judging by the verses which usually get into fmz & the reactions thereto. § FANAC a stranger there? Which issues have you failed to get? I'll try to supply extras. § For the rest--enjoyed.

THE VENUS ORGANIZATION: Rotsler - All this needs is Gerald C. Fitzgerald; it's just barely this side of unreality, and GCF would push it definitely into the--er--fantastic class. Talk about combining business and pleasure...!

THE AMBIVALENT AMOEBA: Scribe JH - With a letterpress, are you also going to join in the current fad of invading the mundane apas? § Some months ago I sent Rotsler several of the more unusual names I'd found in an old coin-catalogue mailing list. Not merely ethnic names (your Zoltan Laszlo would be commonplace in Budapest)

but genuine weirdos such as :

Sorabshaw M. Contractor	Vijendra Kak	Darab Cursetji Driver
K.N.Dikshit, Director General of Archaeology, New Delhi		(barrister-at-law, Messrs Fata
And to these I might add a coll'n found in the NY phonebook:		Iron & Steel Co., Ltd, Calcutta)
Barbara Sinner	Chin Dung (grocer in Chinatown)	( has. Gargle, DDS
John Bossy	Isidore Slow	Mrs Mary Sloven
Mayme Hooley	J.Henry Wrong	Alexander Piggee
Flap's Enterprises (stationery)	Ksenia L. Zuk	Leonard Slap
Isaiah Buggs	Bernice Starling	Teresa Bump
Howard Ant (local poet notorious for stinging criticisms)	Edwin Pigeon	Bump Pump Company
Adolph Piffel	Jennie Wren	Shirley Pfoh
Dr Martin Schweis (podiatrist; name means sweat)	T.G.Crapster	Adolph Piffel
Mrs Charles E. Kock	F.W.L.Dreckmeier	George Garlick
Earl Lippy	Sophie Shish (= to thumb nose at, in Russian)	Arthur W. Dong (= among other things, a Vietnamese dollar-sized coin)
Susie Blow	Richard Horny	
Adolf Sass	Albert J Schmuck (100 Maiden Lane, yet!)	Lawless & Lynch (attorneys, 70 Pine St.!!)
Sweet Love	Practical Love	Persisting Love

But I have saved the best two for last: In the 1956 phone book (Manhattan) but none since, are Fook Yew, 107 Essex St., and Cheval Merde, 12 E. 97. A friend of mine called the number of this Merde person, found that he was a professional writer living with his sister who supposedly went under the name of Poule Merde, and that he was thoroughly drunk and truculent. The name disappeared from the 1957 & later listings--apparently the phone co. found out. And honi soit right back at you.

KARUNA: Lady Jayn - What is the local "86" club? § For an avowed ex-coventrianian, you seem to have changed your tune (in SAPS) since you put out this fapazine.

Owell, a woman's privilege or something. § Without having any desire to jump into LA feuds, I can only say anent the ill-fated Nest: "For many are called, but few are chosen." The CBW itself consists now of a far smaller nucleus than it did say last February when that almost equally ill-fated notice in FANAC 85 appeared; but after incorporation, renewed recruitment will follow. § Your own interpretation of Randism, though actually some distance from what the female Führer actually said, is close enough to the common misunderstanding; shame on Ayn Rand for writing something for the general public in such a way that they would almost certainly misunderstand. What she actually said was that enforced "altruism" was unequivocally bad, i.e. being forced to Do For Others. The main message was that man is a rational animal and has been persuaded to think himself something less; that evil characters use this fact to exploit him; that the only good society is one in which contractual relationships (freely entered into) replace the mixture of familistic (quasi-altruistic) and coercive ones characteristic of present-day culture; that the second-handers have always betrayed and exploited the creators & people of integrity; and that it may eventually be necessary, for their own salvation, for the creators to withdraw and allow the 2nd-handers to stew in their own <sup>be fouled</sup> juices. (Cf. Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons" where Ryan-Ngana, in answer to Barlow's "Why don't you let them go to hell in their own way?", says "We tried it once for 3 months. We holed up at the South Pole & waited. They didn't notice it. Some drafting-room people were missing, some chief nurses didn't show up, minor government people on the non-policy level couldn't be located. It didn't seem to matter. In a week there was hunger. In two weeks there were famine & plague, in 3 weeks war & anarchy. We called off the experiment; it took us most of the next generation to get things squared away again. ...Five billion corpses means about 500 million tons of rotting flesh.") My own objections to Rand are on stronger grounds than the mere selfishness (which, as I said, has been much misunderstood): in particular, her view of sex ("A Randist is a hairy ape / Whose every ---- is like a rape"), her peculiar aversion to anything remotely resembling love, her completely prefreudian psychology which rejects unconscious motivation, her notion that for a Good Man there is Only One woman

and only one of her suitors can have her, the rest being condemned to eternal celibacy. § Dug your food remarks; more? §

FANTASY AMATEUR: Oofficialdom - Acknowledged. Evans: Please notice that I acknowledged to Bjohn; I hope they have sent my long-on-file \$1 wl fee.

50-50 c/w the kitchen sink: Parker/Martinez - Ron, your theory of aging is a fair restatement of that implied in Alexis Carrel's Man, the Unknown, save that he assumed the "outside aging force" to be cumulative toxins, metabolic byproducts not adequately disposed of by the body & remaining in the blood plasma. For a test, Carrel performed an experiment on an 18-year-old dog, highly decrepit, in several installments removing all his blood plasma and replacing it with fresh Ringer's solution. After the dog got over the postoperative shock, he behaved like a four-year-old, regaining clear eyesight and a healthy interest in the opposite sex. I do not know if this has been tried on aged humans, but it's not impossible. But nervous-system cells neither age nor replace themselves after injury, so even this has limitations. It follows that the "loss of identity" you postulate would not occur, particularly as memories seem to depend less on renewed cells than on "tagged" protein molecules capable of self-duplication, and partly on delay-line circuits indefinitely renewable without cellular duplication/or (so far as anyone knows) cellular deterioration. § FYI: Phil Castora is once again on the Cult waiting list. In addition, fapans (now-or-soon-to-be) Lichtman, McDaniel, Harness, White, Pelz, Rike, Eney & Brown are in it, and the other cultists and waitlisters are mostly on the fapa wl as well. §

SaM: You might simplify matters by treating the magic squares of odd order first (these being easiest to construct), then the even-numbered ones of order 4, 8, 12 ..., then the hardest group--those of order 6, 10, 14, ... . After that, the other classifications: panmagic or Nasik, semi-Nasik, simple, associated, bordered, concentric, composite, etc. § I hope you sent Andy Main a copy of this Denmark tripreport; he'd dig it even more than I did, being even more of a Scandinavophile. The Danes seem to have the right idea about sex vs. violence; over here the Legman thesis--that violence is the only legal substitute for sex, despite the Comics Code--continues unrefuted, damn

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST VIII (!): Evans - Thanks for the trade copy. This is a monumental thing; I've read about half of it by dipping & browsing, and the rest will provide some pleasant hours. I am unceasingly amazed at the sheer quantity of good material found in 30 issues of a single zine of that period; "and there were giants in those days." Wrhn seems, in this light, to be a return to the brain-trust idea rather than anything totally new, though in all honesty the best things in Wrhn are better than the majority of the items I've yet seen here. But the Tucker material would be worth reprinting, even if nothing else where--which is much less than the truth. § I croggle at Harry's having had JW Ghod Jr as a contributor; apparently His Divinity's anti-fan attitude was a later thing, after he'd stopped publishing classically excellent stf. I wish someone would remind him of his remark in the March 1940 SPACEWAYS: "Magazines that go significant go floppo. People don't like their fiction dressed-up propaganda." Yes, Mr Ghod, and when are you going to realize that psi & Dean Drive propaganda are still just propaganda?

A SENSE OF FAPA: Eney - Monumental, but I still wish there'd been less Blitzkriege material and more samples of writing from the likes of DAG, Terry Carr, Warner, &c. Having read the Laney memoirs, I could even wish they'd been left out, as there seems no real point in devoting a third of this book to them now; does anyone really wish to stir up discord the way these originally did? does anyone really wish a crusade to give the hypothetical kooks the bum's rush out of fandom? I tend to go along with Warner's preface: "... (other things) may be more important than the details of who rescued the mlg on each occasion when the responsible officer defected and how we got Degler out..."

Other zines enjoyed but uncommendable.

# ALLERLEI 6

comments on the 101st FAPA mailing : january 20, 1963

## Down with creeping Raeburnism!!

ABJECT APOLOGY 2 : Lyons - For some reason, this postmailing was in Rike's 101st mlg as he handed it to me. § I wonder if Marshall McLuhan will out-grow and partially or wholly repudiate his GUTENBERG GALAXY book the way he did THE MECHANICAL BRIDE. Certainly I don't go with any such theory as that creative writing results from sickness or anything like it. The "Literary Corkscrew" theory has long been a favorite of the ilk of those who would account for the achievements of a Dr. Paul Dudley White or a Ramon y Cajal on the basis of their having been frightened by blood during childhood, etc. Paul Goodman --whom I've quoted before, I think--recently told me that he believed creativity results, if from anything, from realization by the creator that he is not living in paradise, and that if he wants to have anything of the kind, he has to make it himself. Oversimplified, of course, and not relevant to coventry, but certainly relevant to creation in general; a composer hears melodies within, <sup>or</sup> a writer develops plots within, and wants to share the elaborations of them with at least a few others who understand him. I'll go along with the conclusions summarized in Ghiselin's "The Creative Process", coming from the creators themselves, as against those of McLuhan. § What were the two illustrations suppressed from In Search of Wonder? And why? § What significance has an inverted fleur-de-lis in Canada? Boy scoutery or something?

APROPOS DE RIEN: Caughtan - The opposition between town & gown goes back to the Middle Ages, at least. Nobody seems to know exactly where or how it started, but one of the most plausible theories is that university students lived under a different set of laws from the laymen, were exempt from the usual city laws (some of them anyway) as well as from paying taxes. And this last may be the key; Berkeley rents are high because, among other things, the university pays no taxes to city, county or state, and the same may be true of Ann Arbor. As for the other (usual) guess, that university students are disliked by the townsmen because of their propensities for practical jokes on the latter, etc., one may ask the usual chick-en-and-egg question.

HORIZONS 92: Harry Warner jr - If you quit FAPA next summer, or any time before I get in, I shall be disappointed more than I can put into words. In fact, I shall be furious, partly at Martin for the way his failing to handle his obligations cost him and us not only his membership but yours, and at LA for their responsibility (however great or small this might seem in the long run), and at you for having let something like this kill off twenty-odd years of continuous membership which might otherwise have become 50 or 60. As well resign your US citizenship in protest over what Judge Thayer did to Sacco & Vanzetti! Dammit, Harry, don't leave us now! § OK, tell us how to misbehave in such a way that you'll put more on music fandom into HORIZONS. What you did print helped out with my MA thesis, and I duly credited it in the bibliography (along with related material by Boggs, White, Lee Hoffman, and others). I had planned to run the thesis through FAPA, but it's 130,000 words long and I hesitate to burden anyone, even Richard Eney, with the job of running off what would probably be nearly four hundred stencils, let alone assembling the result. § Since your mention of the Beethoven op. 77, I borrowed a copy of the score, and played it. You are absolutely right about it, and it does sound like an improvisation that should have been allowed to perish with what Tovey calls the "indigestible topicality" of genuine improvisations. I had never heard the work before. § Thank you for the kind words on WHEEL OF FUTILITY. The piece got very little fapal comment, and as Terry has not

yet responded to most requests for copies of the zine, I shall probably reprint it somewhere, with revisions--possibly in WARHOON. In the meantime, I would appreciate the exact reference to Musical Qrly, to simplify hunting down uncollated copies in UC Lib's music division. Please? § "It wouldn't be hard to make a good case for a theory to the effect that the rise of fiction is linked with the rise of the common man." It's been done, Harry, though not well (your hints at such a theory are as good as any and better than most). Cf. Jessie Weston's From Ritual to Romance, in which it is implicit; Sorokin's (emphatically NOT recommended) Social & Cultural Dynamics, 4 vols; and Ortega y Gasset's: The Revolt of the Masses. Certainly the shift away from sacred priest-king figures to commoners as heroes, the shift away from mythology as perennial Single Theme to trivialities of commoners' lives, the shift away from tragedy (as exploration of the implications of conflicts of loyalties, or of the fatal character flaw in an otherwise great and noble individual) to the Hollywooden happy ending, and the shift away from Literature, capital L, to--say--the ilk of Mickey Spillane, can be connected with the rise of mass man, who constitutes a market for relatively undemanding stuff, and who is all too often both unready for, and opposed to, the difficult, emotionally draining and self-transcending content in Literature, capital L.

TARGET:FAPA : Eney - "these functions ((copulation and evacuation)) aren't that vital." ((Hey Boyd, got your notebook handy?)) Tell me, Dikini, why a baby born with an imperforate anus is considered a case for emergency surgery? or why intussusception with complete interruption of bowel function likewise is considered a major emergency? And has anyone ever noticed that the incidence of such obvious disturbances as sadism, proneness to "mess up" (Erving Goffman's term, in Asylums) by doing things that any rational considerations would show in seconds would lead to severe punishments, etc., has been notoriously high in prisons in the USA, and notoriously lower in Mexican prisons where the men are allowed access to their wives or to prostitutes? Without trying to defend Agberg, I think one can safely say that copulation is, if not a vital function, certainly a sanity-preserving one. And when you claim that it is "such a self-limiting activity that something else would have to be provided for the other 7 hours' leisure time", you sound as though you have the idea that screwing is something shameful, sick or otherwise undesirable, that you do quickly (if at all) and get over with, rather than something to be lingered over like a good meal or a good book. Foop. § Historia Amoris under a pen name? Like Edgar Saltus?

MELANGE 5 : Trimble - You've touched on some very disturbing issues. I don't know really how to write condolence notes; the silver-&-lily things seem so impersonal, so phony, and yet nothing personal that I say seems to come out right, nothing will really reduce the ache. Nor do I know how to answer one of them. I had my nose rubbed in this problem this spring when three very close friends of mine died. (Castillo, Champion & McNamara--as in FANAC 88.) These deaths contributed to my hospital stay last May and damn near gaffiated me. Nor is my reaction unique; I don't even think it is rare. I don't think Calvia W. "Biff" Demmon will object if I quote him on a closely related subject:

Today is Memorial Day, and I spent the early part of it at Inglewood Pk Cemetery arranging flowers in orderly lines & crosses on graves (I work for the Colonial Flower Shop,, 619 S. Prairie Ave., Inglewood, see.) The cemetery was crawling with old and young people pushing flowers into tincan vases on everybody's grave. Every time I go to the cemetery I wonder to myself, "What the hell?" Meaning, of course, why all this nonsense with the flowers? Not meaning to sound fuggheaded, I think that you can break people generally into Theistic and A- or Non-theistic groups, right? Well, there is no reason (at least in our mostly Christian culture) for either of these to pay homage to the dead with flowers. I mean, the Xtian types believe that their good dead buddies are Raptured, & far away, and the Nontheists surely don't believe that their good dead buddies are hanging around the Inglewood Park Cemetery, do they? It puzzles me. I think it mainly hinges on Conformity, & like that. I mean, if you don't put flowers on your good dead buddy's grave, people always ask, "Whassamatter? Haven't you any respect for the Dead?" I hear this often, since I am around flowers and flower-buyers. ¶ And yet I get bugged every Saturday when

I have to put flowers on the grave of a little boy that died about 3 years ago. I never heard of him until the good old Colonial Flower Shop sent me out to put flowers over him. He is buried in a grassy area named "The Land of Nod", and it busts me up every time I go there, because there're all these littlekid graves, with flowers & everything on them. And toys! People bring toys to put on littlekid graves! So, even though I am basically an insensitive Lout, it busts me up... \*Snif\* (THE COMPOS'D HEAP 17, p.14)

I was always bugged by the whole thing--the Funerals, the Fuss and the Flowers (if I may be pardoned a bit of Cleverness). Funerals bugged me because they seemed pointless. Obviously the guy for whom the funeral was being held couldn't and wouldn't give a Damn about any part of it. ... But if there is this breakup factor at funerals, and if I feel bad when I have to put flowers on the grave of a little kid I never even knew, then there must be some sort of reason. Although I would prefer not to believe it, I can see that there might be a selfish, or at least self-involving reason for feeling sad at the funeral of someone you knew or loved. But why should I feel sad over a little kid? Especially since I get paid for putting flowers on his grave? The whole kiddie graveyard, the "Land of Nod" in Inglewood Pk Cemetery, is pretty sick in itself. Besides the toys I mentioned, the little gravestones would break you up if you gave them half a chance. Most of them are very maudlin & nauseating, but if you see them week in & week out they affect you (or at least me) sooner or later. It's bad news when somebody's whole life is tied up in a kid, and then the kid dies. I can really sympathize with someone involved in a situation like that. I can't answer any of the questions I have posed, and perhaps nobody else can either. Maybe it doesn't matter, anyway. Death is here to stay, and we certainly shouldn't ignore it (you may quote me). I used to pride myself on having a very "healthy" outlook on Death, but lately I have found myself wondering if my "healthy outlook" isn't just the product of a mind which refuses to accept the concept of Death at all... (SNICK & SNEE 2, p. (4))

Ghod, you give me memories with somatics. "It made me wish to ride a sleek, fat horse bareback again, through fields of deep swishing grass, and over creeks and under swinging trees." Lovely, particularly as I have no idea where the somatics came from. A few may derive from 1953-4 when a young redheaded amazon taught me to ride western (a great improvement over English saddle), but for the life of me I don't remember ever riding bareback, yet somehow I know the sensations just as though I'd been doing it for years. I can easily think of six fans big enough to play the Philistine roles in your Horribly Eviel plot, but somehow I balk at naming names: they just might get together and do the job. I take it you would have been D. lillah; and DAG would have been around with his camera. (Or, at worst, Jay Kay Klein.) Next time I'll dig up my own collection of odd names to add to your collection. I sent a bunch of them to Rotsler some months ago, but heard nothing from him. JH qualified for SAGWAL? news to me; can you verify this, Pavlat? TW?

LAREAN 9 : Ellik - Glad someone did this piece of research; monumental, and much appreciated.

There is one notation I'm not sure I understand: does the \$ after Jane Jacobs signalize her resuming the Gallion name? Some names in the roster of past fapans provided surprises: I hadn't been aware that Bergeron was a member for four years, nor that FAPA ever had a club as a member (who were in the "Lit, Sci & Hobbies Club" anyway?).

INDEX OF TRANSLATIONS : Versins - Surely more than four Aristophanes plays should have been included. In the Peace, the hero Trygæus rides up to heaven on an enormous dung-beetle (a rationalized element if I ever saw one), and the rather dull Plutus has a conclusion as utopian as those in the Birds, Lysistrata, etc. There are also many other utopian tales in English during the period you speak of, but I must defer listing them until I have more time to search through my notes. As far back as 1948 I was preparing a Critique of Utopias, according to a classificational scheme unlike anything else in the literature, and I found in all some 520 titles (stfnal and otherwise) published earlier than 1948. This was to be a booklength study and may yet provide me with a doctoral dissertation. The classification was more sociological than literary; there are a relatively small number of variables in the utopia as a form of literature, and for all their variety, the kinds of societies so projected are in many ways amazingly similar. And many of them are unbearably dull...

LE MOINDRE : Raeburn - I think you underestimated me, as usual, and you certainly overestimate Paul Anka when you call him a "singer". I knew damn well what he was and is--a wedge-faced, greasy-haired clod of a rock&roll vocalist, who also has pretensions of writing the stuff: Give Me Back My Heart, The Longest Day, etc., ad nauseam. I notice you're bringing a private quarrel into FAPA, where it doesn't belong. I refuse to rise to the bait. Fout upon you, sir.

I am just naturally nasty, I guess . . . Eney

FAPULOUS 11 : Elinor Busby - But how do you define buggery? In LCL there was certainly anal intercourse, as TW pointed out, and the point of including it there was that anal intercourse was and is the most taboo of all sexual techniques in England, the unnamable crime, the thing for which a husband could be put to death prior to 1828 and for which Lady Byron made her husband's married life intolerably miserable (and for which, doubtless, acting on her instructions, the prudish John Murray destroyed the Memoirs of 1824, whose only remaining traces are in the Don Leon poems of G.Colman the younger, who had read the Memoirs.). § Thanks for the kind words anent my reportage of the fan panel. I hope you don't mind, under the circumstances, if I call you to witness against SaM, in something due to appear later on in these pages? § I'll join you in your comments on GRUE, my own dilapidated (because so much reread) file of Grennelliana includes FILLER, GRUE 18-30 inclusive (sorry, no duplicates), AW#1, the last couple of BLEENS & QABALS--and I only wish there were more, past and present. (And, DAG, thank you for the egoboo on my conreport...it may not show in my writing, but you've always been one of my fannish idols, along with Willis, Bloch, Tucker & Boggs. Willis, at the Farewell Party in Berkeley, ranked you right between Bloch & Tucker. )

SERCON'S BANE 12 : Buz - So now we see that, however conditionally, Eney was the first one to say in effect (in his insert in your zine), "the manifesto applies". I was wondering which one would, ever since I first saw the thing. § Of course, instead of emulating TW and dropping a couple of numbers of S B, you could simply emulate TW and issue interim one-sheets.

COCKATRICE 2 : Boggs - "Klaatu borada Nikita" is one of your best linos in months. I've already quoted the thing to nonfan stf readers, who promptly doubled over in laughter. § But one thing your visit did settle was that the Trimbles dig you. And apparently HWjr is about the only one in FAPA who still smolders over l'affaire Martin as much as you do. But I notice no petition in this mailing for Edgar Allan Martin's reinstatement. Were one to be floated, would it quiet your indignation, or Harry's, even if it did not succeed? Or what would?

WITH LOVE & COOKIES : MZB - Very glad to have this, as it supplements my own secondhand report in Wrhn. I wonder if the Gerber skit planned for that meeting will perhaps take place at the DisCon?

BOBOLINGS 8 : Pavlat - I suspect you are right, rather than the author of the analysis you've mentioned (where was it published?). I've found that conformist kids are often scions of conformist parents, and that nonconformist kids are often rebelling against conformist parents. The few pairs of nonconformist parents known to me mostly have kids too young to permit predictions of <sup>eventual</sup> conformity. And, despite all that Boyd, Buz and others may say, I do cherish several of these parents. I wonder if the author of the article ever did any field research rather than mere armehair theorizing? § I can't answer for Graham, TW or Rike--and least of all for Pete Graham!--, but I'm not "all shook up" over your denial of floor space to a fan espousing political sentiments opposed to yours. I would not have a priori expected you to do so, but clearly you're concerned about your bloody security c\*\*\*\*ance, i.e. your job, and I can't blame you too much. (I would blame you if I knew you to be working on weapons systems, but that's another story.) I don't expect floor space from you myself; the most I might ever ask of you is a ride to a WSFA meeting, and surely this wouldn't jeopardize you any more than belonging to the same FAPA which contains Rike and Graham.

CELEPHAIS 33 : Evans - Was the Berkeley eatery Spenger's Seafood Grotto? I fear that the 64 con committee has already settled on a con hotel, not very near Berkeley, but eatery trips might still be arranged to this place, to an excellent steak house in San Pablo, or possibly to the (much nearer) SF Fishermans Wharf district. § I've been in plenty of jets in thunderstorms at anywhere from 29,000 to 39,000 feet (for some reason they never go above 39,000 on any of the regular commercial flights I've been on), but either lightning never struck the plane or I didn't recognize it. What happens? I've seen lightning in clouds very close by, but not actually running along the wings. Thunder was inaudible due to altitude, engine noise and interior insulation, of course. § I'll stick to my conclusion that Carmina Burana shows Orff's Weltanschauung because of the way he arranged the particular poems he selected from the 200 in the original collection. He could have arranged the goliardic verses in other ways, emphasizing instead a number of other issues: spring, love, wine, revelry, Hamletian introspection, &c. But it was surely no accident that he placed the Hymn to Fortuna at the beginning and end, and chose the cyclic or Wheel of Fortune approach. I am only sorry I know of no other work based on goliardic verses with which this could be compared. Certainly the Catulli Carmina shows a related view, though not one identical with that made by the CB. I'll have to go into this in detail elsewhere, but the CC Weltanschauung--in very brief--is not that of Catullus's later poems (even though Orff cites several of them) but rather that of #5: Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus--the same one I translated at the end of my Orff article; and Orff seems to be saying that in order to enjoy life and love to the fullest, we must live as though they would continue forever ("Eis aiona!! tui sum!!" = "Through the ages I am yours!!" is Orff's opening and closing, and it is not by Catullus at all.), even though on soberer reflection at times we have to realize that they can not so continue; and this contradiction itself is a source of problems still unresolved. Catullus found his Lesbia not merely unfaithful to him, but deliberately scorning him; and finally he addressed himself "Miser Catullus, desinas ineptire" (= Wretched Catullus, stop making a fool of yourself); but the chorus of adolescents resume the game with their perpetual "Eis aiona!! tui sum!!" I have seen this view somewhere recently (where, I don't recall), namely that really to dig life we have to live the lie that it will be perpetual; can anyone remember the source? § Mahler's 9th? Why not the 1st, 2nd or 6th, or the Lied von der Erde or Kindertotenlieder? § Good grief, Bill, I'm surprised you didn't spot that "West Side Story" is AJ's source; even the title is a dead giveaway. § The nearest thing to Phlotz's cover in mlg 100 is the Lupoff Welcome Willis party, or almost any Berkeley party at which Popsie, Walter T. and/or Christopher Robin Waters may be found. § My own travel mileage isn't too much less than yours. Average 4 roundtrips/yr SF to NY or LA to NY = 24,000 miles by jet; 4 roundtrips/yr SF to LA (propjet), 4000 mi.; average about 12,000 miles/yr in under-500-mile side trips, mostly out of NY, together with worldcon trips; total about 40,000 miles, as against your 46,000 \* under-500-mile trips. But more than 80% of this is by plane; I rarely use trains any more.

WRAITH 19 : Ballard - Cheers for adding another fannish neologism: "groggled"--I suppose for staggered by blog or something together with the sheer scoop & power of it all, as at one's first con party. § Come to think of it, you do have a point about preferring people to lose their fapal enthusiasm (if at all) while still waitlisters rather than as members. In which case, I'm glad to see youngsters like Dian \*Girard\*, Dorf, Armistead, Crilly, Eklund, Langdon, Stiles, Kayé, etc., on the w-l, as there's still a chance that they won't be too Old&Tired when they get F\*N. § I don't know if Catullus got his poems back; maybe so, as he does not seem to have again satirized the "sweet, untarnished virgin". § Smatter, afraid of competition? Why else would you prefer to have certain types watching boy blonds? § I expect to see the next SERCONS BANE full of stenciled checkmarks just for you... 'twould be (as Paul Williams says) the fannish thing to do. § "Martin, I suggest you stay single" is, in context, one of your better lines. Chortle! § Andy Main just dropped into the con--he's about 95% gafia. Ardis is a Good Woman, and I don't blame the bem for devoting his attentions to her. § I trust that was a typo, not a pun, in middle line of p. 14: there is a limit beyond which selfdeprecation becomes absurd, & even BHH would wonder at your actual attitudes. § Ever find out what Betty Kujawa did with WWW? § Enjoyed your conrep.

NULL-F 31 : White - The tongue-cluck usually spelled "tch" might as well be spelled "tisk", & I've heard people pronounce that "tisk". You can't win. § Lüchow's clam chowder is good, I grant, though I like better the chowder I had at the Everbreeze (Provincetown) in the mid 1950's; but the sauerbraten etc. I had at Lüchow's in 1957 weren't worth the price. Maybe the management's changed since then; but that time as I left I swore, not at my friends, but at having to put on a tie just to eat this mediocre food. Nexttime, try to get Bashlow to take you to Jäger House if you dig German food so much (I prefer other nationalities), or maybe to East of Suez on E.58th St. § Chinese beef with tomatoes & peppers? Not bad, though I don't dig peppers too much. § But, but, Ted! Mensa members use yellow map pins.

Dorf: A tour de farce, but of course the styles weren't all equally easy to parody. You seem less successful on Ballard's, mine, Warner's and a couple of others. § I wonder if both Tedron and Brucifer had written themselves out of coventry by the time you wrote this. As of now, Stanberyland is populated mainly by rich brown, Rosharn, Hannifen and lesser dignitaries; even Stanbery emulated Kirk Allen and jumped off it sometime back. The Spindizzy-Propelled Couch is, in Lupoff's immortal words, "past its zenith."

FANTASY AMATEUR 101: Oofficialdom - Acknowledged. § Why "155 pages. Oog"?

Happiness is a cuddly girlfriend.

MELANGE 6 : Bjohn - The above lino was overheard at a Berkeley party. § Had it been I that WAW was calling, I'd have said "Please hold the line a sec, Walt--lemme turn off the stove." Even a cold sandwich would have been preferable to cutting short Willis. § Nexttime, I hope to get down to the Ackermansion; evidently I'm one of few LASERSers who hasn't seen it. Sounds hectic but fun, i.e. fannish as hell (despite your FIRBLI, which I guess means Fandom Is Rapidly Becoming Less Interesting": too bad. NorM made the same guess.). § Perdue has once again proved himself fandom's one & only real god. (So there, Kevin Langdon!) And he has not lost his touch after so many years. Lovely. Encore! § But, Bjo--I've met Marland Frenzel. Several times, mostly with Ivie. And I won't accept charges from him either, not that he's likely to call me. § So you like this family-style eating? Fine--let's dig a Chinese or Japanese restaurant nexttime I'm in LA. More variety (and often quantity) for less \$ that way than any other I know of. § I think it was Mariner that was being continuously tracked at the Seattle Worlds Fair in the (permanent) Science Bldg. I had only a mild SoW over that, a somewhat greater one over Glenn's capsule (complete with strange striations where outer metal coating melted and refroze during re-entry), which was in the NASA bldg, and a still greater one over other things in the Sci.Bldg.: caged plasma at several hundred thousand °C., waltzing mice (mutations), and the monkeys with artificial mothers. Though, to be sure, the last-named also made me feel a little sick. Those poor deprived little monkeys...no terrycloth pad, however warm, can really make up for something alive and capable of cuddling and taking care of the babies. § Enjoyed, as always.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SAM MOSKOWITZ

My major regret is that you should have shown yourself incapable of distinguishing between an occasional minor lapse (honest errors for which I herewith apologize, and of which most have already been corrected in publications whose existence you do not acknowledge) and a kind of dishonesty to which I would not stoop. The differences between my account of the Seacon fan panel and the tape transcript you kindly provided do not, I think, "convincingly prove" that I am "capable of neither" "honest reporting" nor "honest opinion". I challenge you to produce as many as five members of FAPA who will agree with your claim--implicit in DIFFERENT, explicit and verbatim in WARHOON 18--that "the truth is so antipodal to Breen's reporting". I will not expect you to believe anything Ted White might say on the subject, but you might begin by reading the unsolicited comment in the 101st mailing by Elinor Busby, who was an eyewitness to the occasion under dispute. Under the circumstances, if you cannot produce a substantial number to agree with your condemnatory views, I suggest that the burden of a gentlemanly apology is upon you.

Very truly yours, *Walter Breen*

copy to Richard Bergeron