

May, 1963

Elinor Busby

Bennett - GURP 2

Ron, it's nice to hear from you in FAPA. I like this much better than the Fan Directory, I assure you.

British/American fandoms have a double/double view of TAFF. Britons regard it as a reward for services rendered, and Americans as a trip for the fan one most wants to see take that trip. Britons feel that TAFF is an award, and hence should not be campaigned for by the candidate, and Americans feel that the TAFF candidate is in essence running for public office. Each side should, without necessarily giving up its own point of view, respect the other side's views. (Wally Weber for TAFF, gang! ATom for a return visit!)

When did I enter fandom, Ron? Darned if I know. It was so gradual. Was it in the fall of 1953, when I met Wally Weber (for TAFF), started attending Nameless meetings, and met F. M. Busby? Being a clubfan--that doesn't quite count, does it? Then early in '55 Buz and I started working on CRY--did that count? It was a clubzine in those days, so perhaps it doesn't count. In the spring of '56 we joined SAPS. Then we were fans, for absolutely, positively, certain sure. Another six months and we were on the FAPA wait list.

"Boyd Raeburn refused to join OMPA." You forgot. He may have refused at first, but you eventually convinced him that he should join OMPA, and he told you to put him on the wait list. He told me about it, and later he said that you had apparently forgotten and it was probably just as well. Very likely you were listening so hard to that English Accent that you didn't even hear him tell you to put him on the wait list.

LONDON in '65! indeed! Buz and I are really looking forward to it. I want to 'do' England and Ireland as thoroughly as I can while we are over there. I want to do a lot of reading up first, so as to miss as little as possible. Can anyone recommend any particularly good books? --So far, I am definitely going to Glastonbury. I am going to Brighton to see the Prince Regent's Pavilion there. Are the assembly rooms at Bath still there? How can I find out what is still standing, and whether I could see it or not? --Ron, there is something that I am sure you can tell me: is the Brontes' home still standing, and is it open to the public?

Coulson--VANDY 17

I bought du Maurier's "The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte" and am very glad to have it. However, I think it is a bad book and would not recommend it. The data it contains is valuable for a balanced look at the Brontes, but du Maurier's inferences should be taken with a corrective reading of some more intelligent and sensitive writer. (I suggest "Charlotte and Emily" by Laura L. Hinkley.)

Bob Tucker--good Las Vegas write-up. Yeah, let's have a con there someday. It's the only way I'll ever see the town, and it sounds like a phenomenon anyone should experience once.

Eney--TARGET:FAPA

Re Page 1--you are a good kid, Eney. It comes to me that I was not nearly sympathetic enough re the "cataract of lies" bit, and for this I apologize. I was an insensitive clot.

Dick Lupoff's common sense re Laney is very drab. He's right in a way--so what? He says that ASI, cut to 25-35 pages, would have stated Laney's case more convincingly. Possibly, but it's the undisciplined rambling that makes the book fun to read. Because Dick was not interested in Laney's rambling he assumes that it is not interesting. I can't agree with him. I've read Laney's memoirs--I forget how many times--at least four. I've read and re-read them for one reason only--because I find them extremely interesting.

I'm glad to have your data re "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and buggery. I appreciate your skeptical approach.

It's May 1st, and Buz says I should finish my FAPazine today unless I am going to miss the mailing. So I'd better get three more stencils typed, and get them done FAST. I don't know why I'm pooping around so on this thing. I guess I'm blase or something. I've been working off and on lately, and while that hasn't actually absorbed much of my time, it has siphoned off some enthusiasm. I rather like working. I think it is quite interesting. I registered with Kelly Girl Service a month or so ago, and have, so far, worked for a bank, an advertising agency, a tile distributor, and a transfer and storage company. --I had been thinking about working for ages and ages, but the truth of the matter is, I had stayed home so long I'd lost my confidence. Now I have got it back, and am delighted to inform you that I am an extremely capable woman, and one hell of a good worker.

So what else have I been doing lately? I've been making wine. I've got a new hobby, gang. I make dandelion wine. In the spring of 1960 I made a little dandelion wine. By the fall of 1960 it had gotten good enough that Buz was crazy about it, so I made more wine from the fall crop. However, the fall crop of dandelions is essentially a very sparse one, so I gathered a handful of dandelions one day and another handful the next, and brewed little bits of wine in peanut butter jars, and mayonnaise jars, and a cookie jar, and so forth, all over the kitchen. So it's not surprising I goofed the proportions, and got way too much sugar in it. It was really terrible stuff. The next year I got it out for Fred Prophet and Jim Broderick (for informational purposes, not refreshment) and they informed me that with an ice cube it wouldn't be intolerable. So I forgot about it until this spring--March 17, to be exact. I brought it out again (again for informational purposes) and our guests informed us it was heavenly. I tried it myself, and sure enough, it was. It's a good thing I discovered it before the start of the dandelion season--it inspired me to make 5-1/2 gallons of it. So far. Buz gazes at me in horror everytime I start another batch. He says "How are we going to drink it all?" I feel that some of it probably won't be any good and we can throw it away, and what is good will disappear in the normal course of events without our having to make any special efforts concerning it.

During the course of the summer and fall I am going to make cherry wine, Oregon grape wine, blackberry wine, crab apple wine, and rosehip wine. I don't have a recipe for Oregon grape wine, nor do I know whether anyone since time began ever has made wine from Oregon grapes. But I'm going to try.

--Well, general yak certainly goes a lot faster than mailing comments. But I said 'mailing comments' back at the top of the last page, and I suppose I should make a serious effort to go on with them.

Ashworth--FRINGE #3

Buz is a government worker. Can he be a Best Friend? I'm afraid he can't marry your non-existent sister, however, since he is already married.

We got ROT the other day. Great stuff. Gee, you know this Doc Weir was not only a Tolkien man but he also read Jane Austen and Wilkie Collins. Golly, how much after my own heart can a man get--& to think that when he died I just thought to myself ho hum. Weir's enthusiasm for Count Fosco inspired me to re-read "The Woman in White". Oh, Fosco was a glorious villain. Too bad Collins killed him off--one would like to imagine Fosco going villainously on somewhere.

Ellern--PERIAN #1

Walter Breen as Treebeard? NO! for CRYsake. There are no Entish folk in fandom. None. --I certainly am glad that you now dig Tolkien, Jane. It gives me hope for my other friends who have tried it in the past and been unable to enjoy it.

Chauvenet--SPINNAKER REACH 1

"modern art in general looks quite crude to me." --Have you ever given modern art a chance, Russell? Have you ever tried to approach it without the preconceived idea that it is unseemly? You remember Tolkien's elves, how they even talked to stones and trees. Well, I think that enjoying modern art is a little bit like an elf talking to a stone or a tree--you sort of try to open up, and let its existence react upon your existence.

This opens up a somewhat related thought which I am unveiling to you because you're a Tolkien man: the Ring series could not have been written during any other period of history. They are completely books of our age, for all they take place in an epic and non-existent past. & I'm not referring to the ring of power/atomic analogy so plonkingly evinced on the book jacket. The thing about the Ring series that gives them their peculiar whammy is that there are all these different races of beings, and each people has its own faults and merits, its own survival and nonsurvival characteristics, and one of the things that the book is about is showing how all these different kinds of merits and faults act and interact, and another thing is, the different peoples learning to understand and appreciate each other. How completely a book of our age! How completely!

I just finished reading "The Moonstone" again. Well, you know, I read "The Woman in White" yesterday, so naturally I read "The Moonstone" today. --There's this yellow diamond which originally formed the eye of an Indian idol. It was stolen from the idol, and then it was stolen again by an Englishman who killed three people to get it. The Englishman was cut by Society and by his family, and revenged himself upon the latter by bequeathing the diamond to his niece. He knew that the Hindus would kill to get the diamond back, so he knew it was an unlucky legacy. The niece is advised to have the diamond cut up into many little diamonds to foil the Hindus. Nobody suggests that the diamond was stolen, and should be returned to its original owners. Nobody suggests that the diamond, which has religious significance to the Hindus, should be returned to them. An idea which presents itself forcibly to the modern mind seems not to have occurred to the Victorian. The English people were innately right and the Hindus quite irretrievably wrong. This book could not have been written today.

A hundred years ago, missionaries were doing their best to stamp out native cultures. The government was sending Indian children away to boarding schools, to train them to be pseudo-white. Today, anthropologists are teaching Indians authentic Indian dances--Indians are reading up on their culture in Franz Boas. There's been some talk about what this age will mean to the future--the age of literacy, the age of space--I suggest that this is the age when people are making a sincere effort to understand and appreciate people of other ethnic groups. The Age of grokking. Grok around the epoch--d'you agree?

Burbee--BURBLINGS 12

I approve of bullfights. All the things you say are perfectly true. Some fans have been known to say that they disapprove of people who could enjoy watching a bullfight. But if they think it is all right for a human being to kill a bull, their disapproval of anyone's enjoying watching it is the purest irrelevancy. People are too quick to disapprove of other people's pleasures. Personally, I loathe baseball--loathe it in every way shape or form. But I have to admit that if other people like it, that's their problem. I don't know why baseball fans (for example) can't extend the same tolerance. (Sure, I'm talking to you, Harry Warner. I'm talking to Buck Coulson, too, although I don't know whether he's a baseball fan.)

Knight--A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO POUGHKEEPSIE

Miriam, you described My Favorite TV Show, too. I watch Jack LaLanne quite a lot. I sort of hate Jack LaLanne anymore, but most of his exercises are wonderful. Jack wouldn't be so bad if he just wouldn't talk all the time, and say such stupid things. There are three jokes that he has told three times each. Not once, not twice, mind you, but three times each. (1) What is bright yellow, sings, and weighs a thousand lbs? Ans. two 500 pound canaries. (2) Why did Robin Hood steal from the rich instead of the

poor? Ans. they had more money. (3) How can you avoid that rundown feeling? Ans. look both ways before crossing the street. Then he laughs heartily. Another thing he does is, he invents new words. "This next exercise is a great youthifier. 'Youthifier'-- say, that's pretty good, isn't it?" And he laughs and shakes his head, amazed at his own ingenuity.

The words to the song he sings are as follows: "It's time to leave you, let's say goodbye, these precious moments, just seem to fly, now here's my wish for you, may the Good Lord bless and keep you too." I haven't heard it for a year or more--I turn off the TV as soon as "It's GLAMOUR STRETCHER time!" I have a glamour stretcher-- in fact, though I hate to admit it, we have two of the loathesome objects. I never use 'em. But, as I was about to say, I used to watch the entire program, and it was sort of fascinating to me how he'd always get the tune wrong. There used to be two words that he would always sing off key. He came to Seattle in March of last year, and I was delighted to note, his first day in Seattle, that he only missed the tune in one place instead of two, and the second morning and every subsequent Seattle morning, he sang the tune absolutely correctly all the way through! I was horribly proud. Seattle was a good influence on Jack LaLanne. I'll bet if he stayed here permanently he would even have forgotten about those damned canaries. But as soon as he got back to Los Angeles he started goofing up the tune again.

Believe it or not, I was quite smitten with Jack LaLanne last year. (In those halcyon days, he had only told his jokes--in my hearing--once.) So I watched him on every other, non-Jack LaLanne program that he appeared on in Seattle. On non-Jack LaLanne programs he was real cute, and didn't make a lot of stupid remarks, but just sort of smiled in a pleased and happy way, and wore nice sports jackets and so forth, and looked like a perfectly normal and healthy forty-five year old boy. I think the reason why he is so revolting on his own program is that he imagines his audience is all more or less feebleminded. Probably the ones who write to him, ^{are} which naturally would give him that impression.

Miri, we heard about Ray Nelson doing the twist, naked, at a GGFS meeting last fall. The funny thing about it is that shortly before Walter Breen had been in Seattle, and he attended a Nameless meeting, and afterwards we asked him what he thought of it and he said it was just about like a GGFS meeting. So we've been visualizing Ray Nelson (or anybody else) twisting nudely at Nameless, and somehow, we can't make it seem real. (Nameless has changed since you were here, Miri--younger average age, plus beer. But we're still basically stodgy Seattle types.)

So now it's May 2nd, and Buz has given me one day's reprieve. Finish it today or not at all, he says. I think I'll finish it, don't you? But this involves skipping over many good friends--Dan McPhail, Gregg Calkins (that prominent Utah fan) and minny minny others.

Shaw--POOH #1

Noreen--Mel Ferrer is wonderful looking. I yield to no one in my admiration for Mel Ferrer's personal appearance. However, I think he is too esthetic looking to be Aragorn. He doesn't look quite durable enough. #As for TAFF, I don't see why there needs to be more than one candidate for TAFF. I have been told (& I don't know whether it's true or not) that if there was just one candidate, he would have been held over a year. In my opinion, one candidate is quite enough. If it proves impossible to raise enough money to send him over, obviously he was not an adequate candidate. If it does prove possible to raise the money, there is obviously no problem. If it should not have been (if it was) decided without a trial that he (anybody) was not an adequate candidate. As for people being afraid to run for TAFF, what could be more sensible? Look at all the bitter feuding and so forth that TAFF has caused, or aggravated. No one with good sense would run for TAFF, the way it is set up at present, unless he (or she) was some-one temperamentally uninvolved and uninvolvable. From the American side, at least. The British are milder, much milder.

The peaches in champagne bit sounds glamorous, and furthermore, it sounds tasty. But I'm sure it would dribble down one's chin. Of course it's a drink for the privacy of one's boudoir, and I suppose one shouldn't mind its dribbliness.

Warner--HORIZONS 87

Did I say that 'fan art has all the qualities of the best modern American art'? I don't think I did, but a reader of your mailing comment to me would certainly believe that I had. Your original statement was to the effect that why should people buy fan art when they could buy reproductions of fine modern art instead, to which my answer was that original art has more vitality than reproductions.

You want some early CRYs? I'll try to remember to send you some. #Eric Erickson: Seattle fans are amongst the very few who have ever met him. Are you interested in any kind of personal description? I talked about him in a one-shot we did at Nan Gerding's house, called "The White Goddess" and could copy it out for you if Buz would find it for me if you wanted it. As to whether he recovered: in Bob Shea's "The Scene" there was at least one letter from a Ric Erickson of Vancouver, B.C. This may not be the same person, but Buz guessed that it was and my intuitions agree with his on the matter. #Eldon K. Everett--we don't know where he is. He was living with his uncle, who detested him, but who was apparently his only relative. Now he's grown up, and it's not surprising he has 'left no forwarding address;' (Actually, I know nothing about his family situation from first hand, but only from people whom I have no reason to believe are accurate reporters, so take this with a grain or more of salt, please). Eldon K. Everett was an odd sort of person. He showed up at a few Nameless meetings away back around '55 or '56. He had a column in CRY, when it first went subscription. Then he got into some sort of a beef with Malcolm Willits over God only knows what, and wrote a letter to the Nameless accusing us of all being Communists. This would have been the fall of '56, I believe. That Hallowe'en Buz and I went to a scientological meeting at Audrey Robbins' in Tacoma, and Eldon K. Everett showed up in, if I remember correctly, some sort of weird travesty of female attire. The following summer, or probably the following summer but one, or two, he bought some club fanzines from Toskey. That sums up our contact with him. If we ever hear of his present location we'll tell you.

Your articles are very good, as usual. You make me want to join the Dollar Book Club. #I too read much 19th century fiction. The difference in point of view is always fascinating. Take "The Rise of Silas Lapham". Everyone assumes an eligible young man is courting the prettier of two sister--he is actually in love with the plain, witty sister. When he proposes to her everybody is all broken up. That couldn't happen nowadays. Nowadays, he would have taken Penelope to a movie, or dancing, or whatever, and Irene would never have got her hopes up. & look at Geo. Meredith's novels--how weird the plots seem to the 20th century mind! A young man and his sisters are very much embarrassed by the fact that their father was a tailor. A young woman wishes to break her engagement to a man, and her father refuses to permit her to. A young man is brought up on a Plan which does not include his sudden marriage to a perfectly healthy, reputable, charming young woman. All very strange.

Clarkes--DESCANT 9

Your house sounds nice. A brick house with four bedrooms, and under \$10,000 sounds fantastic to me. Such a house in Seattle would cost \$12-15,000 I imagine.

This is a very interesting and enjoyable zine.....

Pelz--AMKUS 6

Thanks for offering to loan me "Adventures of Tom Bombadil" but although I don't own it yet, I expect to do so shortly, and can wait. But I appreciate the offer. I like Baynes illustrations for "Farmer Giles of Ham" but would not care for her illustrations to any story where I felt a personal involvement with the characters. Her illustrations to "Farmer Giles" are elegant, charming, and singularly detached.

Hevelin--BADLI 14

So you have a dachshund too! You, and Chuck Hansen, and us--wonder if anybody else in fandom has a dachshund? I wouldn't be a bit surprised--they're very common dogs. At one place I worked there were two other women with dachshunds, and at the last place but one I worked one woman had a dachshund (she also had a boat for sale, which made me think of Wrai Ballard.) You speak of --Penny's mother, I take it--as a little girl. We sometimes speak of our little Lisa as a little girl. A dachshund bitch is about as appealingly feminine and ingratiating as a fourlegged beastie can get.

Carr--DIASPAR 10

Of your favorite stories, I disliked Clarke's "The Star" so much that it turned me off INFINITY for a while. To me it was a naive/~~Story~~ shallow thought that thought itself VERY DARING. I didn't like Sturgeon's "Silken-swift"--nor do I care for much by Bradbury--for the same reason: wordhappy. To me the ideal writing style is one that you hardly know exists.

'...on sober consideration I think you're joking.' After every sentence that is not to be taken quite literally, should I make a little sign saying 'joke'? Why are you so literal minded? Are you this way with everybody, or just with me?

Lichtman--PSI-PHI

Dean Ford is Gary Deindorfer, isn't he? Not being an N3Ffer (who never disagrees with another N3Ffer) I'm free to say that I think he's a goddam snot. --I remember Joan Cleveland well. She was in SAPS for awhile. She may not have been perfect--very few of us are--but she was a nice girl and sort of fun. If she made quite a Thing of being Catholic, it's undoubtedly because it was chewing on her, as she was unhappily married. (& also, I suspect, because she had four children fairly close together, and was afraid of her family's continuing to increase and increase and increase.) Since that time, she's divorced her husband and married someone else. If she's still a Catholic at all, she's probably not in good standing. --Well--I see--Gary Deindorfer signed his name to the end of the article. Good. At least he's not a sneaky goddam snot.

Fritz Leiber is very far indeed from my mental image of Gandalf. Fritz Leiber is more a Saruman type. Nobody on earth is good enough for Gandalf. When I saw Maurice Evans as Prospero, I thought 'Gandalf'? Then I thought not, somewhat wistfully. Evans is almost right, but he lacks the deepdown earthy vigor and ruggedness that was Gandalf.

White--NUFF F 32

I'm not even in SAPS anymore, nor have I been for several mailings. But I wasn't a separate member when I was. Buz & I had the same position in SAPS that we have in FAPA, except that in SAPS I was allowed a separate vote on everything, whereas in FAPA I have a separate vote only on the egoboo poll.

Okay, so you have a legitimate reason for disliking gin. Good for you. But what about Rich Brown? Did he ever give it a Fair Trial?

Maybe Phil Harrell isn't 28. I couldn't swear to it. I had an impression that he was 26 a couple years ago, but I might have been imagining things or making an incorrect inference. I suppose we could ask him. But perhaps we're happier not knowing?

Walter--"At least you haven't tried to live up to this delusory ideal." I haven't succeeded, is all. No, actually, I really wouldn't want a model figure. Not really. But I'd like to come a bit closer to it. Quite a bit closer.

Walter, where did you read that the Byron incest bit was cooked up by Lady Byron with Harriet Beecher Stowe? I know that it was Stowe who publicized the idea, but I thought it was in existence before that. After Byron left England his sister was completely under Lady Byron's thumb, had to obey her implicitly, because if August offended Lady Byron, the latter could get her kicked out of decent society. Why was this, if it wasn't that August^a had committed incest with Byron? What was the handle?

Apologies to folk uncommented-on. Oh--One thing. Bill Evans--I think the quote on your bacover was from Isaac Asimov's "The Death Dealers". Was it? That was certainly what the book was about, at any rate.