

This is an 11th hour FAPazine, as you can tell from the date above. I am going to knock out a few pages and Buz will run them off tomorrow night, and I shall put them in the mail--airmail--Wednesday morning and hope for the best. Buz says, "Keep it short!" and considering the length of time I have, I rather think I will.

Lyons--IMPOSSIBLE CONDITIONS #1

I've eaten quite a few kumquats in the past two days. I do not like fresh kumquats at all (although stewed kumquats are heavenly--I first tasted kumquats, stewed, as a sauce on vanilla ice cream at the Andersons' house in Orinda. A real treat, believe me--well, the whole meal was). But I have been eating fresh kumquats so I can grow a kumquat tree and there is no point in stewing anything and expecting the seeds to grow. Kumquats as you may know are like miniature oranges, but as the inside is sour and the skin is sweet and as there is more inside than outside eating them raw requires a certain degree of moral courage.

I had a persimmon and also a pomegranate when I was a little girl. My mother bought them as an educational experience for her young, and also perhaps to satisfy her own curiosity. Once was enough for all of us.

Evans--CELEPHAIS

Okay, okay. Let Piser index fanzines and we will all cheer him on. I know that any non-damaging hobby is infinitely better than none and nothing in this world could be more totally harmless than indexing fanzines and I'm sure we will all enjoy the results. I guess it seems strange to me because so far as I know Piser has never put out a fanzine of his own and a fanzine index seems an extraordinary way to begin.

I hope you and Buddie find a nice place in the country. Perhaps by now you have.

Calkins--RAMBLING FAP 39

I'm glad you regard Seattle as a pretty good place to live, even if it isn't one of your real favorites. #I don't see how you can possibly hope to retire at 50 when you have children to educate. Young William will just be starting college about then, won't he, or am I hopelessly confused agewise? Of course if you really made it BIG there would be no problem at all. Well, I hope you do.

Lisa was pretty slim the last eighteen months of her life. She had kidney disease, you know, and was on a special diet--no frying pans, no dishes, no bones, no apples, oranges and tomatoes, no heavenly green peppers, nothing at all but just plain Kay-dee dog food. So for the first time in her life we could keep her slim without any trouble. She didn't look slim though, because her little teats hung down from all her false pregnancies, so that even with bones sticking out she looked plump. Nobby is in fine health for a 12 year old dog, and I don't think he's either fat or thin. He's so deepchested (he takes after Buz that way) that he looks fatter than he is. #My hips are an inch BIGGER than they were last year! Isn't that depressing? But perhaps I shall be slim as anything before the next Westercon.

Wesson--HELEN'S FANTASIA 17

Helen, do you know how many fans have had daughters during the year of the Fiery Horse? The Breens led off with Moira, then the Pavlats with Kathy (I think that's the order), the Hulans had Rachel Anne, the Webberts had Cynthia, the Pelzes (about the same time as the Hulans) had Cecy Alystra--let's see, there's more than that. That's how many I remember right now, plus the Thomsons, the name of whose daughter I haven't heard. I expect all these little fiery horses will grow up to devastate fandom, after which one of them will become the first female President of the United States and the Thomson tad will become the first female Prime Minister of England. I think Bjo should design an emblem for these girls. I look forward to

the next 20-50 years with considerable interest.

I like flowers and things in the house too. Flowers in the summertime, and a bunch of green leaves (usually *Pieris japonica*) will do fine in the wintertime. I bought a Tropicana rose bush last spring, and was delighted with the flowers. They weren't the color I expected them to be. I wanted an orange rose bush, and Tropicana, as you know, is a rather odd corallish scarlet. But I found I enjoyed that color in my house at least as much as I would have orange, and Tropicana lasts better as a cut flower than any other rose I know of.

Buz and I love the Gideon books too. I don't care for Roger West, and I think the Toff is a bore. But Commander Gideon never palls on us. Lately I've been reading some of Ed McBain's (Evan Hunter) precinct 87 novels. They are good police stories on the American scene. A novel which is somewhat more in the Gideon line is "The Interrogators" by Allan Prior, by Ballantine. But a series, of course, has more whammy than any one good novel.

I've never heard word one about the breakup of Laney's first marriage. So far as I know, after he married Jackie he never thought of her predecessor. There were no children, and the marriage was quite shortlived.

I liked your remarks about the Vietnam mess. As you say, it's a holding action. #Poor you--to have come back to this country to educate your children and then find schools not all that great!

Lupoffs--HORIB #4

Carol Murray isn't the least bit discouraged at being so far down the FAPA waitlist. We asked her last Saturday night, and she is quite contented FAPAWise. She expects to get into SAPS sometime within the next couple years and that is engaging her attention and aspirations at present.

Did you two ever get your gray collie?

Tapscott--SCROTE #1

I miss you-all, especially Green Bird. I never knew a parrot before. If you ever get tired of him don't kill him--just ship him to us.

I will give you a Brigham Young story. During the days when he was an extremely popular novelist Anthony Trollope called on him: "I called on him, sending to him my card, apologising for doing so without an introduction, and excusing myself by saying that I did not like to pass through the territory without seeing a man of whom I had heard so much. He received me in his doorway, not asking me to enter, and inquired whether I were not a miner. When I told him that I was not a miner, he asked me whether I earned my bread. I told him I did. "I guess you're a miner," said he. I again assured him that I was not. "Then how do you earn your bread?" I told him that I did so by writing books. "I'm sure you're a miner," said he. Then he turned upon his heel, went back into the house, and closed the door." About the same time Artemus Ward or somebody mentioned that the pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young.

Leman--THE VINEGAR WORM Vol. II No 9

If I were you I wouldn't mind about your daughter wanting to be an actress. I think she's very lucky that she has anything that she really does want to do. I have never had that, never, and I've regretted it all my life. As for the Bohemian life, the thing nowadays is repertory theaters. Broadway is practically dead but the repertory theaters are providing reasonable lives for quite a number of actors. We have met some of the actors from Seattle Rep at a couple parties, and they are perfectly normal wholesome people, or so they seemed to us. Pleasant conversable types who seem to love their wives, children and dogs. I don't think that 'squalor is a necessary prerequisite to intellectual respectability and integrity' but I don't think it's an inevitable part of the actor's life, either.

The fault is certainly not in Tolkien that you don't appreciate him, but it's

not necessarily in you either. Van Gogh, in one of his letters to his brother Theo, tell him that if when he looks at a painting he gets nothing from it, it does not necessarily mean that there is anything wrong either with him or with the painting. "It's possible," said Van Gogh, "that the painter is just not talking to you." It seems apparent, Bob, that Tolkien is not talking to you. But it couldn't matter less to you because plenty of other writers are.

He's talking to me. When I first read the trilogy it was just like falling in love. I hadn't been so overwhelmed by an author since I was fifteen years old and read "Pride and Prejudice" by Jane Austen. Well, it happens now and then, and it's a delightful sensation when it does.

By the way, Shelley is a poet who isn't speaking to me. I like some of Adonais, but apart from that, he might as well have been writing in Sanskrit for all the pleasure I am able to derive from his works. I do like good poetry, and many people for many years have regarded Shelley as a producer of good poetry. But he didn't produce it for me.

Orson Gansfather's novel sounds quite promising.

Harrell---VORPAL DRAGON

Phil, the way to cope with electrostencils is, you fill a whole page with pictures and then cut them out and patch them into an ordinary stencil. Nobody ever types on electrostencils. Patching them into an ordinary stencil is a bit tricky but it can be done. Use stencil cement.

Hevelin--ALIQUOT

I certainly agree with you about the art show at conventions. It has been my favorite part of any convention possessing an art show, and since Bjo, they all have. She has really contributed something important to fandom. I would feel very sad to go to a convention and not come home with a charming picture or two to hang on my walls.

Hansen--DAMBALLA 12

Your cover is very pretty. Waxwings, I suppose.

Interesting con report. #I trust you are still enjoying Star Trek? Did you break down and buy color? Everybody seems to be buying color this year. #As for Isaac Asimov getting the Hugo for best series, perhaps the voters felt that Doc Smith is not here to enjoy it, Dr. Tolkien probably could hardly care less, and RAH has already won umpteen Hugos. The voters always have their reasons, but the reasons are not always based on what appears on the ballot. The Foundation stories are excellent science fiction, which should comfort those who didn't consider them the all time best.

Perhaps we will see you this year, Chuck, if you are going to the Westercon. We may go--haven't made up our minds for sure yet. If we do go, you bring a picture of Heidi to show, and we will bring some recent snaps of Nobby.

Coulsons--VANDY 27

Juanita, I join you in enthusiasm for Leonard Nimoy in Star Trek. I've never seen him in any other role, but I'm sure he's best as Mr. Spock. The fault of his face is that his eyes are terribly small, but as Mr. Spock he wears a great deal of eye makeup which makes them look larger, and for some reason the tilted eyebrows and pointed ears compensate for small eyes. At any rate, I thoroughly like his face, voice, lanky build, and utterly utterly cool personality. I wrote him a letter and asked for a picture, and it came quite promptly. You should write for a picture, Juanita--it's black and white, but a very good one. And he thanked me (or rather, some studio girl using his name) for taking the time to write. I guess it's really doing actors a favor to bug them for pictures.

I also like Michael Rennie's facial structure. Another high boned face was Bruce Cabot--remember him? Among fans there was Gerald Steward, whom I thought very

handsome.

Well, we like Star Trek for more than just Mr. Spock. We like all the characters, now that they've taken Yeoman Janice off the show. Buz raves about Lieut. Uhura; I think she's lovely, but I think Mr. Sooloo is even lovelier. And I think Captain Kirk is a real doll. We are both getting pretty bugged with Dr. McCoy, though. He's turning into Janice for us. He keeps annoying Mr. Spock with silly accusations and stuff when Mr. Spock is obviously doing the best he can (which is always very good).

Sweet of you to point out that Hitler was a vegetarian. Bully for ol' Respect-for-all-life Adolph, hey.

We had a mangle when I was a little girl. It was a large machine--about four feet long, I'd say, and perhaps as tall. We mangled all our sheets and pillow cases and towels. It must have been a bit unhandy to use because we never used it for anything except flat things--large flat things. We ironed handkerchiefs by hand. We didn't take it with us when we moved, when I was twelve, so I suppose either it was worn out or we didn't have room for it. I never heard of an ironer until I was grown, and I wondered why it wasn't called a mangle, since obviously it was essentially the same thing. But I haven't heard of a mangle since I was twelve.

Buck, we dropped out of the SF Book Club about a year ago, when Heinlein told us that no more of his novels would be circulated therein. I rather wish now we'd stayed in, because I feel sure that Lloyd Biggle's latest and Fred Hoyle's latest probably came out there. We bought the Hoyle anyhow and enjoyed it--though not as much as we would have if it had cost only \$1.25. Haven't got the Biggle yet and I'd probably like it. I loved his "All the Colors of Darkness" and have read it at least three times. #Yeah, "Froomb!" was stupid. Sturgeon liked it, but you can't rely on Sturgeon not to like damned near anything. (He has reviews in NATIONAL REVIEW, as you perhaps know.) #I don't like Sammy Davis either. For me he just doesn't have it.

Grennell---BINX #4

Dean, Buz has already told you that we love Napoleon Bonaparte. I don't know why he is so great--Upfield is really not that good a writer. I think that when an author creates a series character a certain amount of luck is involved. It's like in cooking: sometimes a dish comes out strictly out of this world and another time it's merely good. Or even not. The gods were really on Arthur Upfield's side when he created Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte. Even in a poorish Upfield book, Boney saves it--makes it something you want to own and keep forever. I think it's partly the tension between what Boney is and what he would have been--could still be--if he lost one iota of his drive, determination, pride and self-confidence. It's the fascination of the man on a tightrope, and in Boney's case, he's not walking the tightrope for fun, or to show off, but because circumstances placed him there. He's a natural-born aristocrat and he makes everybody realize it. At the same time he's half-breed outcast and he has to think twice about asking a woman to dance because perhaps she'd turn him down.

But Upfield is not himself a really good author, because he goes in much too much for homicidal mania (NOT suitable to the modern detective story) and inherited madness and inherited just plain rotten evil. Like this kid who was adopted at birth into a nice normal family, and because his natural father was rotten, poor him! he's rotten too, no matter how much he would rather have been nice. That's bad writing, right?

Carr--LIGHTHOUSE 14

I don't at all doubt that Philip K. Dick is correct in saying that there has always been a Tony Boucher; "if not the one we know then some other, very much like him." I believe one runs into Tony Boucher from time to time through all history and all literature. Can't think of any specific examples; I'll work on it.

Kind of a drag seeing Pete Graham again, don't you think? Same material, mlg. after mlg.?

Pat Lupoff: I read a novel in which Butch Cassidy of the Wild Bunch was a character. Ardyth Kennelly's "Good Morning Young Lady". Have you ever read that? If you haven't, I expect you'd enjoy it.

Walt Willis: I love the lines of Keats you quote, and I'm glad you bought the house which reminded you of them.

Terry, I'm not surprised that LIGHTHOUSE doesn't receive as many letters as you think it should. LIGHTHOUSE is, of course, an excellent fanzine--but in my opinion it's not a friendly, likable fanzine. Consequently I don't like it. I am prejudiced however. I have been quitedown on you ever since you gleeed in FAPA over the demise of CRY--well, I know that you didn't mean to seem delighted that CRY had folded. You couldn't have cared less about CRY one way or the other. But I think if I'd been talking about the death of INNUENDO I would have expressed a few polite regrets.

A short break from mlg. comments. Bill Evans, if you want to go on liking Chinese restaurants, never let Buddie take a course in Chinese cooking. Once you've tasted the real thing you'll know what fantastic greasy spoons virtually all the Chinese restaurants in this country are.

Johnstone--THE PERSIAN SLIPPER 4

Motorcycles are terribly dangerous. Only a few months ago a 17 year old boy was stopped at a red light, on his motorcycle, and he was rearended and killed. That made a big impression on me, because I've been rearended while stopped at a red light, and it didn't even shake me up especially. If I'd been on a motorcycle perhaps I would have been killed. I've been rearended twice, and twice I've rearended other people (though when I did it, I was lucky, it was no more than a bump with no damage to either car) so I know these things happen all the time. A motorcyclist has no protection at all! Really, it's too frightening.

Patten--VUKAT 2

I don't see any reason for doing anything at all about the waiting list. They aren't doing any harm on the wait list (except of course for the official who sends them the official organ and has to address all those zines) and they aren't coming to any particular harm on the wait list.

Fred you mistake the meaning of the term "gerberizing". To gerberize is to defend someone in such a way that they wish you hadn't bothered. There is nothing at all patronizing about gerberizing. There is merely excessive zeal.

Speer--SYNAPSE

I think that in quoting someone you should either correct obvious errors which have nothing to do with meaning or say 'sic', and I prefer the former. It's a problem, because if you put 'sic' after every error it looks as if you are making fun of the person quoted.

I'm sorry you have stopped watching Star Trek. What show or shows convinced you that it had characters who could do anything without any need for explanation? I've seen every Star Trek to date, I believe, but I don't remember anything like that.

Chauvenet--SPINNAKER REACH 6

Buz and I aren't too keen on crows because we think they eat baby ducklings. It would be a sad world with no crows I suppose, but we could do with heaps more baby ducklings. And rather fewer crows.

Leman--SUPPLEMENT

I thought you did a magnificent job on Andy Main. My only real objection to it (a very minor objection) is where you speak of voracious carnivores and decent, altruistic vegetarians. It's well known to all Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey devotees that carnivores are loyal people who love their families and friends and

are chivalrous to defeated enemies. Actually, it's wolves I'm talking about, needless to say. The point I'm making is that wolves are good guys. They don't eat other wolves. They are loyal and devoted to their spouses and to their children. Herd animals, on the other hand, do not at all understand the difference between one herd animal and another herd animal. They have no friends, no personal relationships of any kind. Only aggressive animals are capable of personal relationships, of love and friendship, of loyalty. By the way, have you read Lorenz' "On Aggression" and Ardrey's "Territorial Imperative"? If you haven't, I know you will enjoy them immensely when you get around to them.

I don't agree at all that Travis McGee beds women in poor shape. He gets them back to shape first--twitching a little himself in a gentlemanly and restrained way, and then he beds them. It's true, his bedding them does them a world of good. #I too could do without MacDonald's little sermons. All this bit, for example, about McGee's never having sex with any woman he doesn't thoroughly like and respect as a person. I could do without hearing that again.

Pelzes---ANKUS 19

Good cover. Gad, what costumes.

Well--I've finished my mailing comments. I've skipped a lot of people altogether because I was so rushed for time and space, and here I am with over half a page left--and all day to fill it in unless I want to do something constructive in a nonfan way. And as a matter of fact, I do. It is a glorious day today and I plan to do many noble things which I shall not bother to describe to you mainly because I have not thought them out yet.

You will have deduced from hints in the previous pages that I have recently read Konrad Lorenz' "On Aggression", Robert Ardrey's "Territorial Imperative" and that I am taking a course in Chinese cooking. (The Chinese cooking course is an essentially parenthetical statement and I'm sorry I even mentioned it. So much for composing on stencil).

If I tell you further that I've recently read Mary Renault's "The Mask of Apollo" you will know, without a shadow of a doubt, that Buz and I have joined the Book of the Month Club. UNFORTUNATELY YOU WILL BE ALTOGETHER WRONG! During the past twelve months Buz and I have bought five books, FIVE HARDCOVER BOOKS, which were distributed by the Book of the Month Club, and we paid bookstore prices for every one of them. Don't you think that's a depressing and horrid thought? Don't you think Buz and I should join the Book of the Month Club?

(The other two books we bought were "In Cold Blood" and "Games People Play". I enjoyed each immensely and have read each twice, so I can't say I didn't get my money's worth even if I'd rather it had been a little less money.)

Anyhow, I was going to tell you about "The Mask of Apollo". It's comparable to "The Last of the Wine" in some respects. The main action in "The Last of the Wine" starts when Plato is about 15 and ends when he is in his middle twenties. The main action in "The Mask of Apollo" starts when Plato is around 45 and ends with his death. In "The Last of the Wine" Alexias is leading a very interesting private life and looking at Sokrates and his world. In "The Mask of Apollo" Nikeratos is leading an interesting professional life and a moderately interesting private life and looking at Plato and his world. There is nothing in "The Mask of Apollo" that is as emotionally involving as Alexias' relations with his father, stepmother, siblings, and most of all, Lysis. But there is nothing as dull as the huge chunks of only partially digested and not wholly comprehensible history incorporated in "The Last of the Wine". (I admit I'm deeply ignorant of Greek history. Bill Donaho, who is not, thought "The Last of the Wine" entirely interesting historywise.) "The Mask of Apollo" does not have the emotional involving qualities of "The Last of the Wine" but it is entirely interesting all the way through. The hero Nikeratos is an actor, a homosexual, a man of great courage, loyalty and intelligence. A typical Mary Renault book, well researched, with lots of color and immediacy.