

Here's another last-minute-Salud. Some day I'm going to get started early and do a Real Zine--but not this August. But even a page or two is better than nothing (or so I keep telling myself).

Helen Wesson: There was a write up in a Seattle paper a few years back about some people who owned a real Chinese junk--localpeople, I believe--and they were very enthusiastic about theirs also.

Buz and I have a teevy set and love it; we also suffer from the same deluge of books that you describe. We got our first tv set in '59 when Buz' father died leaving a set less than a year old. It took us about six or seven years before we got into the habit of watching it very much, and even now we will watch one program and turn the set off, and turn it on the next night, or perhaps two or three nights later, for one program, no more. The only time I ever watch tv just to be watching tv is when I am ironing. TV is very good company when one is ironing.

It's quite sensible for a married couple to have two Fapa memberships if they feel that there is any danger that they might split up.

That is strange--that there is a science fiction fandom and not a mystery fandom. The only answer that I can think of is that everyone reads mysteries and not everyone reads science fiction, which makes science fiction readers an in-group. How can a mystery reader be a member of an in-group? Only by concentrating on a single author as the Baker Street Irregulars do, and as Moffatts/and Sneary are doing for JDM.

Dick Lupoff: I should think the main objection to having a non-white protagonist would be the question of how you, white as you are, could be sure of understanding the feelings, motivations and so forth of a non-white. But that would only be important in a novel set in the present or relatively near future. For the far future, your guesses should be as colorful as anybody's.

Pat Lupoff: I am delighted that you too are an Ardyth Kennelly fan. I too have read all her books except "The Spur" which doesn't tempt me any more than it obviously does you. I don't know what happened to her either. She was wonderful; I read all her books over and over and over again except the last, "Marry Me, Carry Me" I think it was called, which was a big letdown being a departure into a new, arty vein. Ardyth Kennelly's two great charms for me were (1) that each story was packed full of little stories with all the characters vivid and intense and (2) her dialog, which sounded so unutterably right for the time, place and characters.

Yes, I too identified quite a bit with that woman who was so busy reading novels she never did anything else. That wonderful Christmas dinner! I don't think any novel has ever had any episode which showed the character of the heroine more vividly and charmingly than that one.

The thing in "The Peaceable Kingdom" that impressed me most was the death of the baby, which I thought was extremely well-handled. Remember? The mother, in the midst of her terrible anxiety, is making a little story of his illness, her anxiety, the trip to the hospital, the doctors and nurses and all, which she is planning to tell him when he gets well again. "And then they told me you were--" --doubletake, and she knows she will never tell him this story. It was tremendously moving, without being the least bit maudlin or sentimental.

Harry Warner: Glad to have an explanation for the error in Harriet Vane's age. It would never occur to me that a judge could make a mistake--what a trusting soul I am!

I understand that the radiation from a TV set is in proportion to the size of the screen, from which I would guess that it wouldn't make much difference if one sat close to a small screen or far from a large screen. #You would enjoy baseball in color enormously. I have always hated baseball, but I found myself almost

liking it on color TV.

In my family, the mangle was kept on what was called 'the back porch' which was an enclosed room off the kitchen, with the bathroom to the left (as you went out) and the mangle to the right, and the backdoor directly ahead. The back door had a dog door cut in it: a regular little door on hinges which the dog could open or close himself, and which could be locked when we were out of town. The bathroom off the back porch had a tub in it, but nobody ever took baths there except the dog. In my family it was apparently considered unseemly to bathe the dog where the family bathed; when we moved to another house which only one tub he was bathed in a laundry tub. Why it should be considered all right to bathe the dog where the clothes are washed and not where the people are washed seems to me a very subtle and not really comprehensible distinction.

Your remark about Heinlein wooing fans in order to win Hugos is the sort of thing that accounts for the fact that we haven't seen Heinlein at a convention for five years and don't really expect ever to see him at one again. It's too bad to see a man sneered at for being generous and hospitable; and I think he has won enough Hugos during his time that one more or less makes very little difference to him.

Chuck Hansen: We had a lousy spring here in Seattle, too, but we are having a rather nice summer, since about the middle of June. Hope you are too.

Talking about convention-going costing money reminds me that George Scithers was at the Westercon, not staying at the hotel, traveling about thirty miles each way each day. I was quite amazed by this. "Why," I said, "would a rich bachelor like yourself not stay at the hotel?" and he informed me that he was rich because he didn't waste his money. I never stop being amazed by the differences between one human being and another.

I think all fans run out of parties occasionally at conventions. I know I do!

Me: What do you know--I read my own zine and found the answer to something which had been perplexing me. I had a long chat with Dorothy Jones at the Westercon. She is a tremendous Star Trek buff, has a huge notebook of clippings and pictures and stuff, and many anecdotes to tell about her meetings with various star trek people and so forth. Toward the end of this conversation I mentioned that on one program Mr. Spock's parents had met when she was sent to Vulcan on a scientific expedition while on another program his father had been an ambassador to Earth, and I had assumed from that that they had met here on earth. She was quite determined that there had never been anything on Star Trek to the effect that Mr. Spock's parents had met when his mother was on Vulcan with a scientific expedition. "I heard it with my own ears!" I protested. "Oh no," she said, "I've taped the programs and listened to them over and over again, and there was nothing like that, ever!"

So now, from a careful study of my own zine written last May, I find that she and I were both right. I did hear it with my own ears, and it wasn't on Star Trek. Leonard Nimoy divulged this fact on the Mike Douglas show. It may be that Dorothy Jones is a greater authority on Spock than Mr. Nimoy, but such is her admiration for him I'm not really sure it would gratify her to discover this. --Actually, probably these two aspects of the parental Spocks relationship are not necessarily exclusive. Very likely they met on this scientific expedition, and either they married then or they didn't marry until they met again when he was sent as ambassa-<sup>such</sup>dor to Earth. The latter thought is the more satisfactory: miscegenation on/a radical scale (let's face it--Vulcanians are really an awful lot different from us) is something that one should take some time to think over carefully first.

Russ Chauvenet: Now that you mention it, I do like Oxymandias. I'd forgotten that one.

Am delighted to hear that ducks benefit by having crows destroy eggs and ducklings. Wonderful! Yes, I can well imagine that it is safer for the species to

have ducklings hatching all summer long (and it is certainly more enjoyable for people who love to look at little ducklings) and if this is effected by crows killing little ducklings so that their parents re-nest, one has simply got to accept this sort of thing. Thank you for a very satisfying piece of information.

Jack Speer: I see Buz has misquoted the line from which the word fantisted came: "The actors were too fantisted by the scoop and power of the message to put any dept in it." I'm not positive that's the exact quote--I feel that I have probably incorrectly spelled some words right--but it's closer than Buz came.

Heavens! Margaret Ann is 12 years old? How time passes by. I'm sure I read the Fapazine in which you announced her birth--probably at G. M. Carr's house. You said something like--"an era in my life is over with, and a new one starting".

There is no doubt about Stephen Pickering stealing things from Forry, and it was discovered that he has been doing this sort of thing for thirteen years, starting when he was six, and always so clumsily that it would appear that he must have wanted to be caught. He voluntarily had himself committed to a mental hospital and has undergone shock treatment five times. Apparently he has never stolen money, but always books and things of related nature.

Andy Main: As an animal-lover, I deplore vegetarianism. You realize I'm sure that if everyone were to turn vegetarian, most animals other than human would gradually disappear from this planet? How dull it would be. --You and Barbara led the way, disposing of your carnivorous cat.

By the way, there was a lioness in a small town near Seattle who was kept on a vegetarian diet, and her owner said that she was perfectly healthy. So perhaps you need not have given your cat away, unless it was that you were afraid he might catch a mouse. You and Barbara are not pure vegetarians: you eat eggs and milk, so that should enable you to provide a cat as well as yourselves with plenty of protein.

Calvin Demmon: I never met Arvid Underman but I do remember the name.. Vaguely. I remember Don Durward, who, when he was a neofan, looked exactly like anybody's mental picture of a neofan. All he needed was a spinnerbeanie. I wonder whatever happened to Don Durward.

Bob Chazin: I must say I haven't noticed Alva Rogers disliking or even fearing hippies.

Fred Patten: You save On Stage? I'll be darned; so do I. I didn't dream anybody but me would save a strip like that. I don't save the others you save, though. Just On Stage, and Peanuts because that comes between On Stage and the top of the page. #Xeroxing your collection is an interesting idea. How permanent is the Xeroxed material?

Don Fitch: Well, I may have acquired pictures by topping your bids, but look at all the perfectly delightful pictures that I didn't acquire because I wasn't able (or didn't feel that I should) top the bids of Al Halevy, Ed Meskys, and Bill Evans! --At this last Westercon, I saw two pictures of Cynthia Goldstone's which Al Halevy had topped my bid on. The sorrow of it all!

I didn't buy anything at the last Westercon. I bid on a Cynthia Goldstone, "Encounter" it was called. You remember the snaky looking horse fighting the snaky looking dinosaur? Very nice, I thought. But I was outbid on it. Hilda Hoffman had bid on it first. Then I bid. Then she came to me, practically in tears, saying that she had just made arrangements with Cynthia that if nobody else bid on it she could pay for it by installments. She was so upset about it I almost took my name off, and then I thought, why should I? And why should Cynthia have to accept payments instead of cash? It didn't seem reasonable to me. Then Hilda overbid me, and I

overbid her, jumping it a bit. Then I went away, thinking that I had asserted my right to bid on something I wanted quite sufficiently, and that if she really wanted it all that much she might as well get it--and she did. But I was disappointed.

Dean Grennell, Ron Ellik and George Locke: I enjoyed all three of you, but it would have been a goodness if one could have started reading one article and finished it on consecutive pages. Having to flip through and through and through (I notice I left out some o's back there, but actually through actually looks much better than through in this context anyhow) a FANZINE is unseemly.

Bruce Pelz: Well, you and Dian did get your costumes done, and all saw and admired them at the Westercon. Too bad that you didn't save your Titus Groan "Barquentine" costume for next year: we shall be meeting in a somewhat Gormenghastly hotel. Buz thinks the Claremont is somewhat like Gormenghast; my own opinion is that it's too much the wrong color. White is not suitable for Gormenghast. Still, even so, the Claremont is more Gormenghastly than most hotels. Buz and I looked the place over on our way back to Seattle. We had martinis in the bar, which overlooks gardens, bay, etc., and was a room large enough to seat the whole convention. The martinis were very good, quite large, and only 80¢ which is not bad at all, considering that at the Sheraton West an ordinary sized glass of draft beer cost 70¢.

Buz and I had dinner at the Claremont with Bill Donaho, later. We ate the buffet which I think was \$3.50 for all you could eat. It was very good--that sort of thing generally is--and one could drink all the rose wine one wanted, too. I liked it. I asked Bill Donaho what he thought it was. "Oh, I imagine it's Paul Masson's Gamay Rose," he said. I was quite shocked, knowing how Ron Ellik disapproves of Paul Masson wines (put an extra p in back there), but Bill Donaho expressed a certain cheerful skepticism with respect to Ron Ellik's connoisseurship. When Buz and I got back to Seattle I asked at the liquor store for Paul Masson's Gamay Rose but they didn't have it, so I got Louis Martini's Gamay Rose instead. It's not quite as good as what I remember from the Claremont but it's okay, and it's altogether different from Almaden's Grenache Rose, which I like very much too. I like rose wine (and I regard it as the correct wine to drink with a peanut butter sandwich) and it strikes me as very odd that for years and years and years I took for granted that rose wine was ipso facto very inferior to red wine or white wine. I always thought that rose wine was just the coward's way out for people who didn't know what wine to drink with what food, and thought well, rose goes with anything. But actually rose is nice in itself, and now I find that there are these different kinds made from different grapes, which all taste different.

Next year Buz and I are going to taking a side trip through the Napa Valley, and taste wines at all the wineries, and buy lots of stuff to take home with us. This year we only tasted wine at one winery, and that was a winery that nobody ever heard of before. We didn't make it to San Martin (recommended by Ron Ellik) before it closed, but we did taste wine at Los Altos. We didn't like any of the dry wines we tasted there. Their grenache rose wasn't as good as Almaden's, their Riesling wasn't as good as Wente Bros., and we tasted either a zinfandel or a barbera (I'm not sure which) which we really didn't like at all. So we bought some sweet wine. We bought a bottle of May wine--they claim they make the only May wine in the U.S., and that theirs is sweeter and smoother than the continental variety. I'm sure I'd prefer the continental kind, but this is tasty and different. Also a bottle of blackberry wine, which tastes like real good home made blackberry wine--quite different from the Manischewitz variety which gives me heartburn. And we bought a bottle of coffee wine. I rather regret that now, because it's just like Kahlua but not as good, and what good is something that's just like something else but not as good? However--no doubt we'll enjoy it.