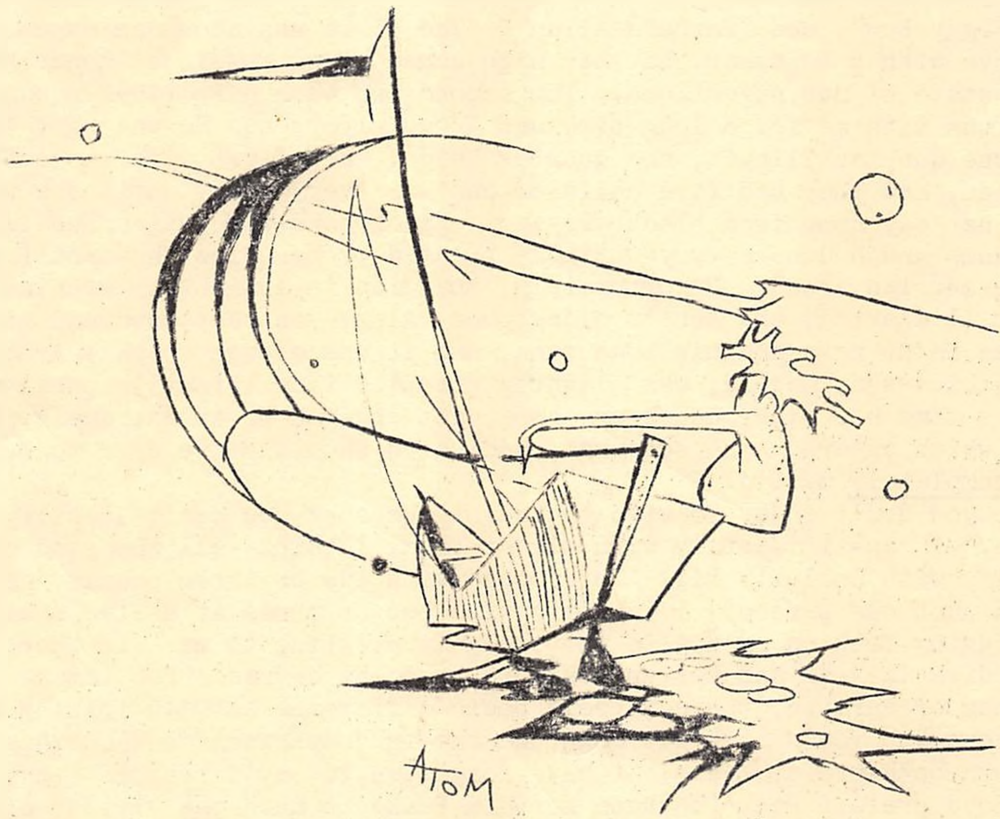


# SALUD 8



FAPULOUS

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## MAILING COMMENTS

Bill Donaho: I certainly do not agree with you and your psychologist friend, that fans being predominantly first or only children could be coincidental or explained by their being middle class and hence from small families. Fans are 80% first-or-onlies, and even during the height of the depression (that is, depths) middle class families had a little over two children, didn't they? --And aren't we all glad that we didn't turn out to be fractions, or on the wrong side of the decimal point?

I too have told myself stories, from a very early age. I have never been able to vary in the slightest an already-existing story, but can and sometimes do continue it up to present time. But usually the stories I tell myself are about people whom I invent myself. Sometimes these people will live in my mind for quite long periods of time. One such character was a Luis Blas Xavier O'Banion. I knew a tremendous/amount about him: his grandparents and how they met, his childhood and youth, romances, hobbies, and even the plots and characters of the three novels he wrote, which were "Worm i' the Bud," "Foggy Foggy Dew", and "Barbara Allen". The first was about an expensive harlot who fell in love with a customer, but her high sense of professional honor kept her from revealing the state of her affections. The second two were historical novels. Another character who was with me for a long time was Arne Halvorsen. He was half Norwegian and half Indian--one quarter Tlingit, one quarter Haida. His first wife was a full-blooded Blackfoot Indian, and they had five children and were very happy until she was run over by a truck on her way home from blackberrying. His second wife was a Swedish woman who was deaf and dumb and had been very unkindly treated by her first husband (she was a widow when she married Arne). Unfortunately, she died in childbirth within the year. Then World War II started, and Arne's oldest son, Alan, was shot down and his second son, Tommy, was in the navy and his boat sunk, and it was enough to make Arne feel almost glad that his third son, Gerald, was slightly crippled from infantile paralysis. However, about this time his older daughter, Anne, got engaged to an extremely pleasant and suitable man, which cheered Arne somewhat, and which should prove even to Buck Coulson that I'm not completely morbid.

Hmmmm--so you don't enjoy Tolkien thoroughly because you can't identify with any of the characters. I can--I identify with all of them, I think--all the good ones, anyway. I don't identify with Gollum! Bill, in a scene with two or three people, do you identify if at all with just one person? I identify with two or three at a time easily. This business of digging Tolkien or not is extremely interesting to me. Is there anyone in the world who digs Tolkien and Mervyn Peake to an equal degree? Bob Leman? Anyone? So far as I know or surmise, there is some basic difference between Tolkien and Peake that makes anyone who reads both put down the one in comparison to the other. Toskey and Boyd Raeburn both prefer Peake. I have forgotten Toskey's reasons (they only annoyed me anyhow). Boyd prefers Peake because for him Peake is much the vivider of the two and he can get right into his stories. For me, reading a Peake story is like looking at a scene through a thick obscuring glass, whereas, reading Tolkien, I can smell, feel, taste, see--like, man, I'm THERE!

Bill, I have something I must reveal about you. You remember, Fapans, that a couple mailings ago Bill accused me of not appreciating Poul Anderson's work? Well--in a letter a month or so ago, Bill told me that I said in SAPS that Poul was a consistently mediocre writer. That was Pohl, dopey! (& at that, I shouldn't have said it, because he really isn't--but I was bugged at Amis' saying he was the most consistently able science fiction writer. Pohl wrote "Slave Ship" which if it had only kept up as good as it started out would have been an all-time favorite.) Look, Bill, I don't blame you for confusing Pohl and Poul, because they're virtually identical. But, while if I were talking about Poul as a person I might refer to him by his first name since he is, like Boyd and Miriam and unlike Bill, Bob and John, essentially one-of-a-kind, if I were talking about him as a writer I should unquestionably indubitably and without fail use his last name also. So watch out, see!

Jim Caughran: Why is it a worthless habit to look for people you know where they couldn't possibly be? It's fun, isn't it? It's educational, too.

Jim, this bit of yours about man having fouled up dogs because dogs are not fitted to survive in the wild is cliché-type thinking. I think it's possible, Jim, that you are not quite so fit to survive in the wild as *Pithecanthropus erectus*--this doesn't mean that you are substantially inferior to *Pithecanthropus erectus*, though. Compare a golden jackal searching for carrion on prehistoric plains to a seeing-eye dog indispensable to and constantly with a beloved master. It's possible that the golden jackal served the more valuable function, ecologically. But which would you personally prefer to be? "Man has had considerable influence on animals, but little of it is good." Good? What's your definition of good?

"I suspect that the killing of spies is done because of the patriotic loyalty one is supposed to have to his own country which never admits a wrong. When one has the force of God and pure Rightness behind one's country, it is only a step to make it a completely foul thing to betray that country." Huh? You mean that unless one's country is 100% perfect one is morally justified in turning it over to the communists or anybody else who wants it? Is that what you are trying to tell us? I say that this country, like any country, has plenty of faults. I say that an American who betrays the United States of America, imperfect though it is in a world of imperfection, does a completely foul thing.

Bill Danner: Don't drop out--FAPA waldn't be the same without you. Have a renaissance instead.

Moskowitzes: Okay! Let's have some sexy stuff from Chris. #Sam, I don't see why we need to believe or disbelieve either Ted or Chris. I mean, it's all sort of subjective. Nobody remembers for sure every word they've said or haven't said, and nobody remembers for sure every word they've heard or haven't heard. People forget, people minimize, people exaggerate, people misunderstand--like man, on this bit I'm neutral. #Must say that this is the sparklingest DIFFERENT to appear in my time.

Mal Ashworth: Real good, kid. Real good. #Sheila's article is charming, and I approve of her not wanting to employ just any old witch. #Agree with you passionately about Missionaries, Edmund Wilson, Tolkien and mainstream and poetry. Also cats and mice. #Buz doesn't grunt and snuffle in person. In person he's a little bit gruff and tough, but not so much gruff and tough as animated and forceful, and sort of twinkly-eyed. #Some doctors tell patients when they have an incurable cancer and others don't. Some tell some patients and not others. Like you, I'd want to know, and would be damned angry if anyone tried to keep such a secret from me. But Buz' aunt's mother-in-law died of cancer last spring. She hadn't been told, and I'm sure preferred it that way.

You want to know how I got to be the middle child in an all-girl family of four? Oh, it was easy, I assure you. Actually, there were six of us including two parents but I wasn't. There were two parents and four daughters, two of whom were middle children. You see, middle child, the way I was using it, doesn't mean right in the middle, it just means lacking the prestige of being a first child and the privilege of being the baby. A middle child is lacking status unless he happens to be of a different sex from his siblings, which I wasn't. Actually, I was baby-of-the-family for seven long years, until my sister Dede made a Displaced Person of me. I never recovered from the shock, and now I'm a faaaaaaan.

I don't know what kind of cheese Ed Cox puts in his soup, but I use parmesan, in MY soup. Not all soups, just most. I don't even know the kinds of cheese you mention, except for Roquefort and Danish Blue which I suppose might probably be what we would call just blue. I like cheddar cheese, and always buy a brand Bill Evans is highly and favorably familiar with--Tillamook, made in Oregon, and very fine cheddar cheese indeed. I love a good provolone, and I like mozzarella, and monterey jack, and the stuff with caraway seeds in it--I forget the name--in general, I prefer mild cheeses. I can enjoy a sharp cheddar very much, and I like Roquefort in salad dressing, but apart from that I like a very mild cheese. I loathe Swiss cheese. --I suppose, Mal, that the cheeses we eat are no more familiar to you than what you eat to us or at least me. But per-

haps the names are more different than the cheeses. Cheddar might possibly be a corruption of Chesire--sounds enough alike. Cheddar is sometimes called 'rat-trap cheese' for obvious reasons, and is an orange cheese that sometimes comes in large wheels and is good in toasted cheese sandwiches and macaroni and cheese and is in general a very cheesy sort of cheese, if you know what I mean. And if you don't, don't ask.

Hayakawa is indeed wonderful. A brilliantly sensible man.

Coswal: I too can keep my attention on the road better at higher speeds. On a street with little traffic, driving within the speed limit can be a real chore and actually, I think, a little bit dangerous. #Okay--thank you for naming the Pentecostal churches. One more question: what is a Pentecostal church? I surmise that it may be a church which places considerable emphasis upon a literal second coming of Christ--am I right?

Curtis Janke: I personally feel that seventeen years' difference between husband and wife is excessive, and that no man of thirty-three has any business marrying a kid of sixteen or even dating her. Like, I agree with the girl singer (even if she couldn't sing). Of course, it's all relative. If I were a charming young widow of eighty courted by a sprightly youth of ninety-seven, I might feel that the seventeen years' difference was not too much. But in general I think that people are best off married to people less than ten years older or younger as the case may be. #You are afraid of widows, for fear they murdered their firsts? Is that what you are hinting? Oh, I'll bet they didn't. I'll bet they were perfectly nice to them. #Next time, instead of advertising for a girl singer, if what you are actually looking for is a wife why don't you advertise for a wife? It would seem more efficient somehow, and at least you wouldn't get people who sound like Pat Boone.

Karen Anderson: Liked your zine.

Harry Warner: Oh, pooh! "Of course the nationalizing of American property is the cause of the violent way the United States has reacted to Castro." Ages and ages ago Mexico did the same thing, and maybe we were a bit hurt and huffy for a little while, but we were good sports and have continued friends with Mexico ever since. You're old enough to remember that, Harry! You're older than I am, and I remember it! (Especially after having been reminded by Buz.)

The bit about the grandfather clock (why don't you carry a watch?) was originated by Herbert Beerbohm Tree. I love it, because it reminds me of Charles Lamb's Quaker's query of an Oxford porter, "Prithee, my good fellow, is that thy own hare, or a wig?"

My best friends are all fans, but that's because fandom is Buz' and my hobby. If we hadn't gotten in fandom we'd be in dachshund fandom, and our best friends would all be dachshund breeders. Sometimes I think we had sort of a narrow escape. Dachshund breeders are some of them very nice people and very interesting, but fans are actually, generally speaking, more FUN. --Or maybe we would have got more involved with ACS.

"The Undermen" is an interesting story. Idea would make a good novel.

"One Man's Environment" is wonderful. I am interested in Hagerstown anyhow, as you know, but this write-up would have pleased me in any case.

Bob Leman: Much pleased by your refutation of Donaho's refutation of "Operation Abolition." #Both stories very good. #I love fandom. For me it's a dearly loved hobby, and as such, a way of life. My neighbor across the street is a gardener. In the summer time, when he comes home from work before he even goes into the house he wanders around in his garden and looks at his plants, then he goes in to change, and with only a brief recess for dinner works in his garden as long as he can see. When he isn't actually digging or pulling weeds or spraying or pruning or tying things up or cutting them down he's standing in his garden with a coffee cup in one hand, watching his plants grow. He's a gardener--it's his way of life--but I wonder what he does in the winter time?

"juxtixipation"? Well--I suggest that it's an intoxicatingly delightful juxtaposition. But I'm not prepared to justify this position etymologically.

How you do tantalize me! So what was Wilde's spectacularly repulsive perversion?

And how does a legal dictionary define sodomite? I don't even HAVE a legal dictionary. 179 pages? That's not too many. (Must say, though, that it's considerably more than I had realized). Well, Bob, if you wrote in to CRY and contributed thereto more, I'd be more aware of your productivity.

You have a status symbol that lots of fans have, too. Boyd, Betty Kujawa, Walter Breen, and Bjo Trimble all join you in ulcer fandom. I wonder if there are others in fandom who have or had ulcers? Probably lots. There's a topic for an Earl Kemp symposium: What illnesses do fans get? Or, What Sick Is A Fan? or something. --I have never had an ulcer, but I had an itty-bitty case of rheumatic fever once.

Must congratulate you on the fine job of editing you did on the letter from Dick Schultz. # "If we can restrain this beast, the government, we can remain people, not slaves; and since I don't want to be a slave I fight the liberals, whose goal is to strengthen the government in Washington." Well--Buz and I agree with you, at any rate, and so would Boyd except for being so resolutely un-American, and so would Betty Kujawa were she in FAPA--it seems strange to me that all the world does not agree with you, there. I think liberals must wear blinders or something.

Rapps: A pleasant and interesting zine. #Nancy, you want to know how the Peace March ended. Well, they got to Moscow and the leader was terribly astonished and hurt because they wouldn't let him make a speech in the public square. #Nancy, I won't talk to you on Cuba and Castro. If you don't remember the attitude that the American newspapers and America in general had toward Castro when he first got into power---- well, obviously, you DON'T remember.

It was nice seeing you at Seacon, kids. Let's hope that at Chicago we have time to visit!

Bill Evans: After all your talk about Chinese restaurants I tried to get Buz to take me out for some Chinese food, but he refused and we went to Ship's Cafe and had some very good martinis and prawns with french fries and cole slaw and so forth. VERY good. Prawns are always good, but the french fries were the best we've tasted for years if ever. --You know, I've been thinking about martinis, and just as I don't understand people who want to give the federal government more and ever more power, so I don't understand people who want their martinis made with vodka instead of gin. Why? If they don't dig the aromatic exquisite marriage of gin and vermouth, why do they bother with martinis at all? Why not drink something altogether different? Some people are incomprehensible.

Marion Zimmer Bradley: Pleased that your limited FAPA time will go for mailing comments rather than for impersonal material. And will be looking forward to your having unlimited FAPA time!

Walter Breen repeats himself as badly as some much less interesting folk. Parts of his article for you are astonishingly like his letter in LIGHTHOUSE. For shame, Walter Breen! #Must say, the jury system has got inherent fallacies. A juror has to swear that he is not prejudiced, has formed no previous opinion on the case. But, if he knows how to read, with any case at all sensational he has read hundreds and thousands of words on it and if he has no opinion it's because he has no mind capable of forming opinions at all. Like, either he's a liar or an idiot. Take the Finch-Tregoff bit. After two juries had hung up on that one, do you really think--could anyone really think--that the third jury didn't know ALL about the entire case from soup to nuts? If they didn't, they were the only people in the United States who didn't. And of course they all had opinions. And a juror is exempted if he doesn't believe in capital punishment. Why should he have to believe in capital punishment for eligibility? A juror is not obligated to send people executed if he does find them guilty. Well--I wouldn't care to see the jury system done away with just yet, but I think juries should be picked with more attention to the realities of the case, and that the prejudice of a juror is of much less importance than his ability to change his mind if the facts, the evidence presented, are conducive to such.

There is a rather odd case being tried in Seattle right now. Raoul Guy (pronounced Gee) Rockwell is being tried for grand larceny. Summer before last he borrowed \$10,000 from his step-mother-in-law for a business deal and then bugged out of town, and was discovered in Greenwich Village several months later with another name and a flaming red wig. The point to the whole matter is that his <sup>previous</sup> wife, whom he divorced <sup>for desertion</sup> the preceding May, had disappeared that April together with her oldest daughter by a previous marriage, and Human Remains had been found in Rockwell's cesspool and in the Columbia River. Now whether these are remains of his previous wife (whose rather romantic name was Manzanita) and her daughter, who can say? The defense attorney claims that Manzanita was reported seen alive in Canada awhile back. But while people think that Rockwell probably murdered Manzanita and her daughter, it's improbable that he may receive a fair trial (& even more important, a fair sentence) for grand larceny. #Well--this hasn't much if anything to do with Breen's article, but it's been on my mind.

How unkind of Juanita Coulson (in your dream) to insist on artificial insemination! I'm not at all sure that Eney should consider himself entirely complimented. #Man, you do have the dreams, Marion. The stiffish dream about the athletic units is a very good one, and the one about Celebrian is superb.

Good songs--your contributors are all interesting.

Richard Eney: Well, it appears that fandom decided to risk Ron Ellick's life on trans-atlantic aircraft, rather than yours. I'm inclined to think that you are being kept for breeding purposes.

"Marion's story is so nearly perfect that I don't think there'll be any more nattering about whether murder can be justified until we've forgotten it." Marion's story was about the killing of a cat and had nothing to do with murder. Killing a cat is, in my mind, substantially different from killing a human being. But perhaps murder can be justified. Let's sharpen up our knives, Eney, and plan to get all those dirty collaborationists. (You know what I'm talking about.)

Gregg Calkins: Oh, dear, you have got Norm and Gina Clarke confused in your mind. Gina had the stuff about Canada and so forth and Norm had the article about spotting Jews which you might have dug had you not already been mad at Gina and got the two confused. I don't know what the Clarkes are like in person, but their in-print personalities are very different. Gina is earnest and sincere and Norm is witty and satirical. "...I am getting a little tired of hearing about what a bunch of baddies we all are here in the US and what a bunch of goodies you all are in Canada." Oh, you know it, Gregg!

I've never taken to smoking either, and I don't quite know why. One would think I'd smoke like a chimney, as I've an extremely oral personality. But I don't really like the aftertaste of cigarettes.

I read somewhere (where? I don't remember) that it cost a tremendous amount of money to execute a prisoner. Something like \$20,000. Why? I don't know. I guess it's that the executioner, everyone connected with the execution, has to receive a huge amount of money as compensation.

I liked Poul Anderson's "Three Hearts and Three Lions" very much when I read it in book form, but I hadn't dug it much as a serial in F&SF. I think that, in the first place, it was expanded and improved for the book version, second, it's a type of story that reads better as a book than as a serial, and third, when it was running in F&SF I was engaged to a man who disliked it intensely, much preferring the science fiction of the Good Old Days when science fiction had SCIENCE in it. Actually, "Three Hearts and Three Lions" wasn't even science fiction at all, it was fantasy, but that didn't exculpate it in his eyes, and I have always been much influenced by the people I associate with.

Gregg, do come to UW. No, we don't have a catalog for you. But I'm SURE it's a good school.

Coulsons: Buck, did you read that Gallup book about Old Age? Very interesting. They don't make living to a ripe old age seem so much depressing as somehow unfannish. One thing that the old people have in common is that they seem to enjoy being alive. But

none of them seem fond of ~~reading~~ possibly the Bible, so goodness knows whether ~~they~~ believe extreme old age. I'd like to try, just to see if I could do it.

Hoh....I didn't think of Juanita's probable ~~reaction~~ to my reading out loud (& as it were championing) "Little Black Sambo" and "Brer Fox and the Tar Baby." Well, I sort of agree that "Little Black Sambo" is pretty awful, because it's so obviously terribly inaccurate ethnically speaking. But I can/<sup>not</sup>sympathize with her objection to "Brer Fox and the Tar Baby" which is an exquisite fantasy. I suppose she objects to the white boy getting the story from the old negro who is obviously in a servile position. But I think it's an unreasonable objection. "Born and bred in a briar patch, Brer Fox!"

Otto Pfeifer and Wally Weber do not resemble each other in the slightest in any particular. #Agree that fans are better behaved than other people, or at least, no worse. I think fans are easier to get along with because one can communicate with them more fully, not having to observe multitudinous taboos that one never fully understood or sympathized with. #Some men know whether women are fashionably dressed or not. Perhaps more men know than would admit to knowing, or than know they know.

Juanita--I garden too, but do not have anywhere near so much land as you do, nor do I use all of it. This year I planted roman beans, tomatoes, zucchini, and sunflowers. Everything did well, except that I didn't plant enough beans to be of any real use. More next year. We haven't had any lettuce for a couple years now. Last spring but one I planted several packets of lettuce and the slugs got every one, so this year I didn't bother. #Do you have good soil? We do, for the most part. I am a great advocate of the marching compost pile, which is a concept that's very obvious and yet that doesn't automatically occur to everyone. My neighbor across the street mentioned it to me. #I hate it when break off blossoms or unripe fruit accidentally, but harvesting is a pleasure.

The bit about children being permitted to find their own topics would be where the writing of the theme was the important thing, and not the subject matter. Composition class.

Ron Ellick: Of course I knew that your article in LIGHTHOUSE was just good clean fun. Do you think I'm stupid or something? --Well, maybe I am, to express myself so poorly that you completely misunderstood me.

Marion Zimmer Bradley again: Console yourself, my dear Marion. Perhaps 29 present FAPans will not have dropped out by the time Ruth Burman gets in. Perhaps one slot will have been filled 29 times. Seems much more efficient, doesn't it?

A Kinsey report on fandom! Another good idea for a Kemp symposium. 'Twould have have to be all 100% anonymous but should be fascinating reading for all that.

"...Tolkien's poetry ... [Is] first-class verse but doesn't meet modern poetic standards because it belongs to a period of forty or even fifty years ago." Oh, Marion, I'm ashamed of you! You mean it's got to be modern, fashionable and up-to-date or it's no damn good? Oh, tsk, oh tsk.

Buz taught himself to read at 4, and is not myopic. So a child who learns to read young is not necessarily myopic. Now that I think of it, Bjo isn't myopic either, and I think she said that she too learned to read at 4. Whereas I, on the other hand, am as myopic as can be and learned how to read very mundanely in the first grade at about 5-1/2 or 6.

"I'm convinced that most abortions are from fear of losing the love of some man..." Well, that may be, but it wasn't true with respect to the only abortions I know anything about. The friend whom I told you about a while back, whose mother had tried to abort her, was pregnant by a man who was deeply in love with her, wanted to marry her, and wanted the baby. She wasn't in love with him and didn't want to marry him, and was terribly afraid of pregnancy and childbirth. So she had an abortion (which as everyone knows is lots more dangerous, but at least she got it over with). He refused to pay for it, and said he didn't have enough money. She said she knew darned well that he had plenty of money, but she didn't blame him for not paying for it because why should he

pay for it when he didn't believe in it and didn't want it and was perfectly willing to take responsibility for her and a baby? Which I thought was a reasonable attitude on her part. She really was (and is) a pretty nice girl, and is still a dear friend of mine. The other friend I told you about, whose mother, though miscarriage-prone, had ridden horseback every day while carrying her, had two abortions. With the first one, the man definitely didn't want to marry her, but she claimed that she didn't want to marry him anyhow, and didn't want the baby. The second was by a man whom she actually was quite interested in--I don't know why she didn't want to marry him and have the baby. But she didn't. Oh--she didn't want to marry him because he was 'Spanish' (this was in New Mexico) and her parents were very down on the 'Spanish' and didn't want her to go out with them, let alone marry 'em. Also he had a fiery temper. I don't think he wanted her to have an abortion, but I really don't remember for sure. I do remember that she didn't ask him to pay for it--she financed it in an extremely exotic manner. But I haven't stencils enough to go into the long and stirring tale of her abortions.

Tolkien cast: Probably John Carradine would be fine as Saruman, but Fritz Leiber (with makeup) would be easily capable of handling both roles, and they don't appear together. #Can't imagine Maria Callas as Galadriel, for two reasons. One--Galadriel had golden hair. Two (more important)--Maria Callas, despite her beauty, is a hysteric; Galadriel's character is warm and serene. I can't imagine a woman beautiful enough for either Galadriel or Arwen. I don't mean I can't imagine in my imagination, I just mean I can't imagine a mortal woman so lovely. I visualize Arwen as dark, which for me would rule out Kim Novak right there.

Had never thought of similarity between Pogo and Pooh books. But you are certainly quite right.

Bruce Pelz: Welcome and greetings, and like that, and let me congratulate you again on being so pleasingly unelephantine!

LIGHTHOUSE: Well, boys, I liked everything in this, but that's about all there is to say about it. 'Twas all very interesting and good. I guess I can tell Terry that I liked Ford's and Bentcliffe's TAFF reports.

Redd Boggs: I hope you will not drop out, but will instead regain your interest in FAPA.

Martin Alger: Why is everyone so coy about Hal Shapiro? Everyone knows all about it.

Dan McPhail: I think this was your best one during our membership, so far. #I have been to Indian dances here in the northwest, and enjoyed them very much. They were at Tullalip reservation, I believe. (It was a long time ago). Indians came from Canada and Eastern Washington. I wonder if coastal Indians knew eastern Washington Indians before the White man? I don't know, but doubt it very much indeed.

TOLKIEN: I recently re-read the first book of the trilogy, which is all we have on hand at the moment, and a good thing too, as I had CRY stencils to type. Didn't I say last time that Tolkien has a simple, straightforward writing style? Well--that was quite a way from the mot juste. Tolkien has a dreaming writing style. To me, this adds to the charm of what he has to say--immensely. Every writing style calls to mind a tone of voice, and whether the tone of voice is attractive or unattractive to one is a tremendously intimate and personal thing. /I love Tolkien's dreaming voice. To me, Cabell's writing style, which Edmund Wilson prefers to Tolkien's, is finicking and lah-di-dah.

Another thing: Tolkien reminds me of childhood dreams. "In the morning Frodo woke refreshed. He was lying in a bower made by a living tree with branches laced and drooping to the ground; his bed was of fern and grass, deep and soft and strangely fragrant. The sun was shining through the fluttering leaves, which were still green upon the tree. He jumped up and went out." --When I was a child I used to daydream about sleeping under a tree whose branches touched the ground. My companion was a flying colt. But Frodo knew elves, whose flets call to remembrance another childhood aspiration.