

EPIMETHEUS

# SYNAPSE

Published too late for FAPA 140 by Jack Speer, 2416 Cutler NE, Albuquerque NM 87106

## DENDRITES

Following an ad in the weekly Aq News, Ed and i found that the fellow selling sf books at 15¢ was Gordon Benson, ASFS member. He works or worked at a bookstore and at first had tried to collect everything that came out in our line, though he knew he couldn't read it all till he retired many years hence. As he surveyed a roomful of stf, he remarked that if he read everything he had in the house, he'd be an educated man. He remembered that Woody (who died a few days before retirement) said "When I retire, I'm going to read my fool eyes out."

The club's August meeting was held on my back porch. Club members and some Swedes swatted flies and passed typewriters around the circle, writing round-robin stories. It was fun, but the results were not good enough reading to be likely to be published.

Activities earlier in the summer included a theater party for the Clockwork Orange, where we got enough people together to get a reduced rate.

A parastefnistic act i performed this quarter was marrying Tom Hogg, who worked Harlan Ellison into the university's program last summer, to Sarah Laidlaw, a former editor of the campus newspaper. The ceremony was performed at a picturesque old restaurant in Cerrillos, Santa Fe county. The following week i spent several hours in research, after the marriage certificate came in to be signed and recorded, and i realized that the license was issued by the clerk of Bernalillo county. It was the kind of situation Al Capp would make into absolute invalidity of the marriage. I was sure it was valid, since no license at all is easential, but i wondered how many complications were entailed. None were.

---

Mailing 139 Epimetheus	1
Hagerstown East	13
When I Return to Places I Have Known or Limping Around the World	15
Civil War	24

---

# EPIMETHEUS

FANTASY AMATEUR

I still don't understand the arrangement of the contents. Why, for example, is Bundalohn Quarterly #2 placed before #1?

If confinement in a Mexican jail is a situation not covered by the constitution, within the president's emergency powers, then anything else not mentioned in the constitution is too, and there are a host of invisible exceptions to the provisions of the constitution. "Why would it be a "mess" if a member said the CIA financed his publication? Are you about to discover some invisible provision in the constitution that outlaws it? "One key to the provision you consider ambiguous is to note that it does not say the president shall rule upon, it says he shall deal with, situations not covered by the constitution. It was in its inception and conception an emergency power, relating to threats to the existence of the organization that could not be dealt with within the constitution. It has never been a roving commission to the president, except in the imagination of certain misguided members.

A page of the egoboo poll must have been missing from my FA. I don't see the art category or others that apparently entered into the final standing. "SusPro was my FAPazine in the early days of the republic. I don't know why someone's voting for it now. Maybe Rip van Winkle just woke up. "Were there any votes, short of the necessary number, to jump waitlisters to the head of the line? "The comparative results from previous years are interesting. If we're going to be invidious as an incentive, let's go all the way.

I take it the first illegal enclosure in this mailing is not by the Charles Burbee. Perhaps his son.

BLIND STARLING (Wyszkowski)

"People's habits are not noticeably affected by ... facts" is an unduly gloomy opinion. Even taking it in the narrow sense you had in mind, there is the decline of cigaret smoking to refute you.

Your reference to your daughter canceled an impression I was getting, that you are what the Sleeper called a dead twig on the tree of life, but it leaves me puzzled and asking for the story of your life.

You speak of unfortunate creatures not "what they were intended to be." Intended by whom? "Hah, caught you in another Polackism: "by wirtue of".

DAMBALLA

Have you noticed a recent improvement in the TV programming which is slave to those ratings? It's well known among the dilettanti that the samples for the ratings are so small that one ape in the Bronx who likes cops & robbers can give the country an epidemic of them, if his boob tube happens to be hooked to Nielsen. Well, for a week recently the Speer television set was monitored for the benefit of the American Research bureau or whatever Nielsen's competitor's name is. We gave them a heavy dose of Star Trek, the educational channel, etc. --Oh, you hadn't noticed the improvement?

## NASTROND (Hulan)

What exists and how to deal with it are two different things. I can understand following one's inclinations in picking or constructing an ethical system, because the universe doesn't have one particular set of imperatives built into it. But when the question is what is actual, one is potentially in trouble wherever his mental picture doesn't correspond with reality. If he supposes that the universe was made by an intelligent being with purposes for man, or that superior beings are active in human affairs, if these assumptions are not true they lead him into actions just as inappropriate, though perhaps in more subtle ways, as do the beliefs of the psychotic. If you agree that it is important to know the way things are, then I raise the question of the best guide in discovering this. One possible guide is experience and reason, the scientific method. You however rely instead on "my feeling about the world. ... a strong feeling that there was some supernatural entity or entities higher than man who were responsible for the creation of all this and also were to a greater or lesser extent involved in its operation." You do not seem to have subjected this feeling to your "relentlessly critical analytic thinking", for the feeling would not stand examination. Many other people also follow their "feelings", and they wind up with beliefs such as this: My nation or ethnic group is the greatest. or I personally have a great destiny and cannot die. or You can do anything if you just try hard enough. or Foreigners are foolish because they babble such odd languages.

I said there is no set of imperatives written into the universe. But if the fact is that the so-called Books of Moses are literally true, then there are imperatives. Your observing the dietary laws makes sense if and only if the Pentateuch is true.

What amazes me about you and about some of the current smorgasbord religions is that you seem ready to adapt your ideas about what's out there-- what physical or other forces control events--to your desire for a system of ethics that would satisfy your innate (or early-conditioned) needs. You rejected polytheistic paganism not because it was obviously untrue, but because it didn't provide moral guides. If you will get away from the theological underpinnings, you will find that any logically defensible rules of conduct are justified by our needs as intelligent animals in society. But if you think there is some peculiar authenticating power in the words, "And Yahweh said to Moses", you will never be able to solve such problems as euthanasia, abortion, addiction, militancy, war, welfare, ktp, so that what you believe about them makes sense.

## SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL (Miller)

I have a couple boxes of surplus fmz, mostly N'APA, from approximately the period you consider to be its heyday. Think the Fanzine Clearing House could use them?

There have been a heap of Don Millers in fandom, or names that sounded just like them. Maybe I'm thinking of some Howard Millers too. It's a bit like the situation with the old-family Spanish-Americans here: Joe, Tony, Manuel, Garcia, Chavez, Baca, Martinez., endlessly recombined, so that none of them is distinctively named. "Thanks for the vignette on yourself. Why are or were you involved in an Amerind apa?" "What kinds of games do you go into in your gaming genzine, just Diplomacy? Some of your titles seem to duplicate earlier fmz, viz Fantasia and Shangri-La.

There seems little point in naming the FAFans missing from a given mailing. They're not expected to be present every mailing, unless they want to. A listing such as you give, with contents, would be valuable at egoboo poll time.

## HOG ON ICE (Thorne)

To me the title suggests not "Stand Up or Fall Down!" but "independent as a".

I've noticed that indirect way of advocating violence in recent statements by revolutionaries; it goes back at least to the time of the Michelists. "It won't be us that start the violence, but we need to be ready for it." "What means "bummed out"? Many of your references are unclear to someone who is not in and has made no effort to keep au courant with the counterculture. Was the point of the Dylan allusion that Dylan is out of date now?

I'm surprised you had never before seen sky as clear as in the Ozarks. Lots of moisture in the air there at best. "Why do you say "A reason you can lay on someone" instead of "A reason you can give someone"? I'm sensitized to this expression because when Harlan quoted a couple of girls as saying "you keep laying it on us about this work ethic", I had to ask him afterward to explain: No, they didn't mean "urging us to adopt", they meant "explaining yourself by". "People act as if they have free will" doesn't indicate much depth of analysis. Try this: If a person didn't have free will, how would he act? "What's the source of "Caesar doesn't know what's really happening"? There was a pregnant observation a little like this in the Weapon Shops. "Vegetarianism is an unnecessary complication of one's life. Ideas about the sanctity of all life stem from halfdigested traditional religions, not from any rational examination of the law of nature. (The law of nature is less imposed on us by mankind's situation, not a codification on the principle "whatever is is right.")

One could want much more than to live sanely and simply in a troubled world. One could want to accomplish something, to understand much, to live forever. Note that while Voltaire cultivated his garden, he didn't withdraw from political life.

"before the century ends most people will have been destroyed" is too apocalyptic by half especially if you rely on the population explosion. Doomsday is an attractive idea to undergraduates, but it rarely comes. "From what were men seeking "salvation" when, you say, they turned to science and were disappointed? "I doubt that it is generally true that in the world of poetry the distinction between subject and object is broken down. "I also doubt that Donne's famous thesis is very useful (Old Pragmatic for "true"). It implies that one should not want to be diminished. Should one then want to be augmented?

There is so much spiritual malaise implicit in this issue that I was moved to wonder whether the generation that is running things now has not only solved the problems it grew up with but also the problems of the current world, to such an extent that the Consciousness III types have nothing to do but beat their wings against the futility of existence. No, there are still very real objectives: zero population growth, solution of economic problems, world order, a balanced ecology. And we'll solve them too if the Aquarians don't get in our way.

## PHILOSOPHICAL GAS (Bangsund)

The last line you wrote in Greek letters is English, but I don't see anything obscure in one of the words, "migrant".

What's the Plimsoll line? "You shouldn't assume so much knowledge by your readers. I am as ignorant of who or what Hansard is as the office girl.

"Is proofreading frustrating?

## BUNDALOHN QUARTERLYs (Bangsund)

Australia sounds like a wonderful place, if the weaker fighter can end the fight whenever he wants to. Don't let immigrants spoil it. (At this moment the newscast says that the movie Skyjacker has been banned in Australia so it won't give people there ideas. I read that Rod Serling blames himself some for starting it all with The Doomsday Flight.)

The number Elmer uses is his social security number. Everybody over here, even nonfans, gets one. Of course he's American. Out of Wyoming, than which there is no Americaner. However, he doesn't look like Old Glory all the time.

I take it under Australian law you have a coolingoff period before you get a divorce. Some states here have it, like three months. Others have or had a waiting period for remarriage. Unfortunately the law can't keep them from bedding and bastarding by denying marriage temporarily. Yesterday i married as unpromising a couple as i've ever seen, who snagged me to perform the ceremony because i'm across the hall from the county clerk. But what can we do? I wish the biochemists would hurry and make pregnancy a matter of choice, not chance.

You never got to Humphries et al, but you're probably just as funny. " There's a more fanish source than bishop-choirboy for "bare with me": W J Daugherty in Stefnews. " Is "blind P" the paragraph symbol? " In the US some people do feel guilty about nostalgia for ignorance and injustice. Some of the tenderesthearted ones have even expurgated that politically unacceptable song Old Man Rivor so that "Darkies all work on the Mississippi" no longer gives a clue to color, and "while the white folks play" becomes "rich folks".

" Both of the poems you contrast say something valid. Maybe all the hopes of the older one have been disappointed, but from the romantic distance of ten thousand miles it still seems possible that Australia may avoid many of the mistakes of the older worlds and just possibly build the best society on the planet; it is also possible, as it suggests, that Western man can do nothing there but rebuild his fatal nest. " How, in undeclined Chinese, can they distinguish "ways" and "Way"?

## WHATS HAPPENING IN AUSTRALIA (Bangsund)

You can safely claim the first convention of the year, because of your position ref the international date line.

Among other duplicated titles is The Mentor. However, the other mag named Mentor was a commercial publication of the 1920s. " I'm distressed to see US\$2.50 equated to \$2.00 in your money. Have we fallen so low?

I've been noting exotic Australian expressions like "getting on for 2 am", "on the phone" (apparently meaning having phone service; here the same words mean with a receiver at his ear this moment), "looked like having", "on the Wednesday night" (we omit "the"), "hostel" for boarding house, "sounds a nice place", "well catered for", "I would much rather your latest hardback", "at 1st January", "the fads of his servant", and "swag" (here it means a thief's loot, though i've heard of your swagmen). But i doubt that "orientated" is good English, even down under. True, it's in the dictionary; but so is "pre-ventative".

## SCYTHROP (Bangsund)

Jeez, that cover foto looks like dry country. Like New Mexico.  
Is Vargas still painting centerfolds?

I wish fen would marginmark, so i can skip them, their catalogs of wine preferences, as well as their catalogs of music liked. Do fen wish i would simi- larly marginmark my Civil War notes?

"A nice lady, to be sure, but not - you know - not what I had in mind". No, i don't know. " I read the news clipping before your comments on it, and i noticed the inaccuracies in it, but i wasn't surprised, much less outraged. That's just par for the course, John. Recently i made a statement on the small claims court to the committee on city-county consolidation. The news report quoted me as saying something which i don't believe coincided one word with what i spoke, and quite changed the emphasis of what i said. Yet the reporter had no reason to misrepresent; he seems to like me. Maybe Harry Warner can tell us: Dc reporters not realize how inaccurate they habitually are, or do they make jokes about it among themselves, "This is what he said; now what shall i say he said?" " Howcome you hold the receiver to your right ear? You lefthanded? (Often one must write, you know, and the left hand becomes a habit.) " Radio must be popular there, and concentrated in a few stations, judging by the reaction from all your friends' hearing the broadcast. Here we're Balkanized.

Bloch's article is unusually analytical, with only an occasional flash of the Blochhead: "we cannot yet /chemically/ turn a handsome, gentle science fiction writer into a monstrous, ape-like publisher." Most valid of his discoveries here, i think, are such observations as the identification of teenagers with Frankenstein's monster, and monsters as prototypes of hippies. He persuades me that some themes, e.g Frankenstein-Golem, are characteristically scientific-fictional, whether rationalized or fantasized; but he hasn't established that the s-f-fantasy coin couldn't exist without both sides. " There was at least one other means of getting off the ground known in Melies's time besides those Bloch mentions, and Melies

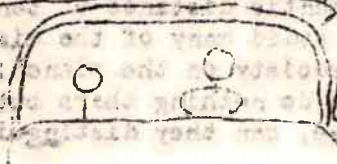
--not to mention Verne--used it: Cannon. " What he says about the s-films of the thirties is also true of many of the stories: predictive, and antiscience. " I don't understand the reference to science fictional elements in the "exploitation" films. I thought that was a euphemism for porno pix, but haven't heard of any in which the s-f element was worth analyzing.

I agree with much of what George Turner says, such as: "Faulty science makes an ultimately faulty creation; disbelief is not suspended, and both impact and intent are lost in irritation." Possibly Turner is a better critic than Blish. " In the main, i suspect, the boy's feeding his beloved to his dog wasn't saying anything, but just giving Harlan the shock he loves.

In the sense that Homer influenced history, i think many artists besides J Wilkes Booth did. Clemens argued strongly that Walter Scott subverted the South, a thesis not universally accepted. But we have Lincoln's testimony to Mrs Stowe's importance. " I question that intellectual concerns bind more than class or nation. In another hundred years, perhaps, but today blood and economic interest are powerful as s-fandom or Civil War buffdom (to which Upchurch refers) cannot be.

Here, A\$4.00 buys the same as US\$2.50. Howcome?

*a horse that's spurred isn't as happy  
the horse that isn't spurred, but  
he runs faster. - Hey, that's a  
figure of speech made up myself -*



*at the spur  
at the moment  
you might say*

SYNAPSE

On the other hand, some people fail to put questionmarks after rhetorical questions such as Why not.

Buck Rogers, too, had his history revised by some of the dwarfs into whose hands the comic came in its distressed days.

As someone hath lately pointed out, the gimmick that makes it necessary to reset foreign books for publication in America is that if this be not done, the copyright is lost.

I went through overruns of the Synapse in the 139th mailing, and was annoyed by the number of misprints. I shall do penance.

RICHARD E GEIS

Ordinary typos i can pass over, but on p6 i suspect "happy" is a misprint for "unhappy".

That "dazzling" editorial by Tim Zell places the Tauran age's end about 2000 BC, centuries too early for Minoan, and the Geminian age before 4000 BC, millenniums too soon for Romulus & Remus etc. But a beloved theory can always survive invalidating facts. The real point is Zell's ignorance. "I agree that the Puritan ethic is hostile to sloth and waste. So is what is more vaguely called the Protestant ethic. The only appropriate name for what has been mis-called by these is work ethic. I came across an interesting embodiment of it recently in an old book, That Printer of Udells: "there are in this city, as in every city, two classes who present their claim for assistance; the deserving and the undeserving. Any plan which does not distinguish between these two classes must prove a failure, because it would encourage the idle in their idleness, and so prove a curse instead of a blessing. ... The only test that can possibly succeed in distinguishing between these two classes is the test of work."

There's no need for metals to become so scarce that we slip back to the stone age. I imagine that the total amount of metal available becomes greater at each lower level of ore-richness that becomes worth working. Ultimately, especially with technological advance, it would become worthwhile to extract such materials from the ocean, which might become a reservoir of them in permanent equilibrium. We would be far less free with our use of metals by that time, but we wouldn't be back at handcraft levels. Spaceships could be constructed largely of plastics.

I'm surprised you're just discovering that electric shavers are the bunk. Why did you ever buy them?

I heard that Va Kidd was very fat, that being why her mail romance with a fan collapsed the moment he met her. That was way back in First Fandom. "And i think when JDM said "no less real" he meant "no more real". "Not a single woman had conceived a child in months". Good. Single women shouldn't.

I liked Elizabeth R, but Henry's wives became monotonous. So did he. Spying on people isn't fun; it's boring. Receiving selective reports from spies may be fun.

I take it the case histories you write are fictitious. ?  
What does blowing in the wind mean?

\$1500 for an acre is idiotic, especially in that arid northeast corner of California.

In discussions i have seen of the evolution of the brain, no one has accounted for the phenomenon discovered by Wilder Penfield, that the cortex is loaded with pits which, when stimulated with an electric probe, play back an

exact and full recording of experiences. Clarke touched upon it in Playboy. I can't see any evolutionary reason for such a feature.

The thing about inflation that concerns us is rising prices. Of course the symptom is not the actual mechanism. But you do violence to accepted, and useful, terminology when you try to say that the cost of living is how much you have to work rather than prices. This is like saying a volt isn't really a volt, it's amperes times ohms. "Inflating the money supply is not identical with inflation in the sense of higher prices. If the economy was suffering from a shortage of money, as it was during the Great Depression, prices may increase little or none in response to an increase in the money supply. (Roosevelt called this "reflation", but that's just "inflation" with a value judgment attached.) It is not true, by the way, that only the government can do this. The private economy did it for a hundred years and more, with loans against fractional reserves, and bank notes. "The crime is not the issuance of money that no one has earned. If the money supply will produce increased employment so that someone can earn it, the issuance is fine. The trouble is that since Eisenhower's administration prices have risen even in times of troublesome unemployment, and if we pump enough purchasing power into the economy to provide full employment, prices shoot up at 6 percent a year and more. To stop inflation by restricting the currency, as you advocate, would produce a hellish recession. The causes of this situation are multiple, and labor is not to be exonerated in it. "Gold is important, the way things are, but it need not be so. "I'm puzzled by your predictions of another wage-price freeze before the election. I thought the last one was still in effect.

"Another kind of faith?" Faith is believing what you know ain't so. New rather new tastes—for simplicity rather than conspicuous consumption—and new conclusions about what's feasible—growth frinstance. "In "No city greater than 100,000 population must exist!", someone has confused the negation of compulsion with the negation of permission. He should say "No city ... may exist".

All I would complain about in the sentence about which you forbid complaint is the hyphenation "us-ed". Your twocolumn format produces a lot of weird and inconvenient splits.

The coincidence of long dresses and depressions was an accident. Its predictive power was invalidated with the New Look of the immediate postwar years.

There is in the new postal rules no justification for capitalizing a threeletter state abbreviation like FLA. Any halfintelligent optical scanner will be able to read lowercased twoletter abbreviations too. And if you're going to all-cap anything in the text of your magazine (a practice I consider unseemly), it should be for emphasis or for easy finding, as NEW COLLAGE MAGAZINE.

The directions for using whole wheat sound like the answer to my question, what is the cheapest way to eat. However, the cost is a little more than 10 mills per meal. One should allocate the cost and upkeep of the blender, not to mention the electricity.

The reason real trees in the highway divider in a dry state are more attractive than plastic is that you can see a lot of work goes into maintaining them. I confess that this Veblenesq reason worked on me when I felt disappointment upon perceiving that the topiary at Disney World is artificial.

It is true that generosity in the postwar years is one of the causes of the American dollar's distress today. Our principal fault was in keeping up too long what Janeway calls the "America last" attitude. Contributing to the problem now is the unwillingness of both government and private citizenry to pay the actual cost of what they buy. At home it fuels inflation, abroad devaluation.



## HORIZONS

I don't consider that the marginotes sully my FAPA files, so neither do votes on a returned ballot invalidate the mailing's perfection. However, if there's a duplicate in the FA, I don't ask that ballots be returned.

I don't see anything contrary to mystic grammar in "best sellers".

Your theory about the home-team advantage illustrates how hard it is sometimes to separate psychological phenomena from psychic phenomena. " You seem to want chance, not choice, to determine your unbroken streak in FAPA.

Ernie Pyle didn't stay in Europe to report the final year. He died on Ie Shima.

On the west coast, title insurance generally takes the place of an abstract and attorney's opinion.

I'm surprised if libraries are handling 8mm movies.

Star Trek had a comic magazine. Not bad.

Have there been armadillos around Hagerstown long? They have invaded Comanche since I left home. And recently we saw one near Sabine crossroads.

There have been a number of politician poets. Gene McCarthy comes to mind, and various Elizabethan courtiers. " Is it wishful thinking, that there are exciting things under the moon's surface?

Yesterday Was Monday. " Ex post facto refers to criminal law.

Congress can levy a tax based on events that have already occurred. " Wide-open windows? Don't you have airconditioning?

## ORIENTAL FANTASIES (Wesson)

"Sacrilegious" does not derive from "religious", and is not spelled so.

It seems to me that overpopulation is one of the great factors determining Japanese character, including their national oneness.

## STICKERSNEE (Silverberg)

Some people don't find New York so decayed and collapsed as to be unlivable. What do you suppose it is about you that made these intolerable

## TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED (Porter)

that doesn't make it intolerable to Porter?

Aside from noting that you hate Helen Wesson, just about all my marginotes here are on things that would probably be passed off with a repetition of "I can't type worth a damn tonite." "Strange to see a letter from someone in Milford, Connecticut. That's where I went to school...but some things never change." "Mimeo meant ... finding a cheap offset printer." And other incisive remarks.

## END OF THE WORLD (Ward)

Ref synchronous satellites, I've wondered whether it isn't almost impossible to get them vectored so that their average positions are dead still with reference to Earth's surface.

Is that MITSFS prozine index still in print? " I'm morbidly curious about your experience in direct-mail selling. And I wonder whether your getting fired because of fanac was the sort of case that would be a classic example.

Len:

Didn't you find Leviticus boring? " I don't remember whether i mentioned them in Fanhistory, but i too drew cartoon strips, mundane as well as stf. Director Dan was one. " Claire P Beck (The Science Fiction Critic) also read fairy tales, as late as ca 1938. " I liked "It was but the work of a moment to" post Tucker a card.

Rick:

Two possible reasons it seems wrong for fen to have siblings. One is that having relatives is oldfashioned, and we are people of tomorrow. The other is that fandom is our family. (Any inconsistency with my remark to Boyd Upchurch may be disregarded.) " At a time when Horlick's Malted Milk was a famous trademark, someone paid a man named Horluck to lend his name to a chain of icecream stores. There is also Harold's Club and Harrah's. But i don't know what principles equity has worked out to prevent unfair competition. " New bookcase space is sheer luxury, but it doesn't last long. What happened this time was that the librarian at Albuquerque academy was about to throw away some littleused sets of books and decided to offer them to Ed instead. They range from the sublime to the ridiculous (complete works of Goethe and of James Whitcomb Riley) but some at least will claim my surplus shelf space. (Can anyone tell me whether it lowers the value of an almost-mint set to cut the pages?) " Etymologically brunet does mean brown. In your vision, what were the four general types of women? " I can't remember when i have suffered real discomfort from heat. Side effects, like the inconvenience of sweat wilting a shirt, yes; though there seems to be a good deal of psychological control over sweating, too. You have stated my views on Amerind primitivism. " I was surprised recently to hear that the sponsors of sf conventions generally cut themselves a large slice of the profits, no control on it apparently except their own consciences. Is this why bidding for conventions is so spirited?

Stan:

"... Fred Pohl died at last month's Petard meeting." That's the way he'd want to go. In addition to throwing away firstdraft stencils that don't read right, you ought to proofread those you keep. You could perhaps catch misprints like Pohl.

Used blimps for sale are as scarce as hensteeth. What besides Goodyear?

#### BIETHERINGS (Lindsay)

Why is it called Courage House?

Private medicine is full of problems too. From my lofty viewpoint, i incline to say chuck the whole thing; if people can't keep healthy naturally, let them suffer or die. This is an attitude i can't maintain (anyone lofty had better not incline) when my attention is directed to individuals, but i do think in the present state of the art health services could multiply till they swallowed the whole economy and yet the result would be more rather than less pain and sickness.

#### RAMBLING FAP

Another nice Rotsler cover.

I think i read that calcium sulfate would break up adobe; anyway it was something that i thought gypsum wallboard would supply, so i applied some. But we moved from Yggdrasil before i could see results.

While you're worrying about weight, consider the statement in this week's Parade that a toss in the hay burns up 300 calories. On the other hand, frequency of intercourse correlates with cancer of the prostate, so maybe you'd better stick to will power. Tell you what, Gregg, if you'll get down to 160#, i'll get my FAPazines in on time. Shall we make a pact?

Nope, you hadn't made in FAPA recently that remark about Chicon II and the Boycon. Dejavu?

Apparently neither the order of listing in the FA nor the order in the bundle correlates with anything. If you're not going to put them in chronologically, i wish you'd group them by source. In putting all of Bangsund together in this Epimetheus, i almost overlooked Moonshine and environs. "sir!" is good. I am in favor of increasing the price of fuel to whatever level is necessary to solve the energy crisis (one way or another). I am not in favor of gimmicks like the depletion allowance.

This "my son, the doctor" gag seems recent, but as long ago as the 1920s Milt Gross poked fun at a Jewess who kept referring to her husband as "de doctor".

Can the company tell that you have extra phones if they do have bells? I'd love to get a Selectric from surplus.

I thought uncle Elmer owned the house on Baxter hill.

Elephantitis would mean irritation of the elephant. Bruce?

We're not all togetherness. Sometimes the family takes a longer vacation than i do. Or individually they go off on various trips.

Too bad; there are exceptions to i before e except after c etc. They include seize and weird, and many other words in which the combination may not be pronounced ee: your bugaboo neither (though like any good American i pronounce it neether), leisure (likewise), sheik, inveigle, plebeian, obeisance, and weir. And protein.

"carpent" is a back-formation like "orientate" and no doubt jocular, as Fowler remarks many back-formations are. "Gee, two quotations from the Rubaiyat this issue. Maybe i should just say igya--i got your allusion.

I'm surprised that you speak of your skills as ever less valuable.

Has there been controversy about the fact of Astounding's golden age? I thought that was one certitude we could tie to.

You like Geis confuse your negatives in "all-too-often unpublicly appreciated for his efforts." Also "It wasn't an easy winter in many ways."

You should have movies of your little lost friend. Seriously, a cousin seemed to feel better about a daughter dead when we took over our projector so some baby films could be run.

#### BRIEF FANZINE FOR DAVE VAN ARNAM

That title will give the alphabetizers trouble.

I'm glad to know the very source of How It Began.

igya "polymorphnucleated leucocytoid".

I supposed your overwriting wasn't serious in the second quote, but "I wist" was bad anyway, because it doesn't mean wish.

METANOIA (Shaw)

We suspect somebody did represent himself as a prospect when we had my brother's house up for sale and shortly the drapes were stolen.

What is Cosmic Consciousness?

One cohort would be a lot of people. " I like the word "arun". " I condemn "for whatever reason I cannot fathom".

I don't know what you've heard about the Roaring Twenties, but they were scarcely a whisper to the scarlet sixties. " But surely the wreck who talked about being beautiful was kidding. " It doesn't take great ability for a woman to succeed in life at a moderate level. Some common sense and a little luck.

Yes, all this about your neighbors strains my credulity. After all, if we can't believe Hagerstown Journal, what's left to have faith in? wh, but stet.

That baseball is a common, fundamental American experience, is one of the folk beliefs of World War II that i decry. I could just see myself being shot for an infiltrator if a sentry asked me, "How're the Cubs doing?" " It would have to be "il peut foutre", not "il peut fout". " How could Benford be so cruel as to dig up that goshwow letter of young Forry Ackerman?

I wonder if the poetic justice has escaped Dave Hulvey in two things he mentions: That a couple of girls disappeared Italyward with his collection of Whole Earth catalogs, and that a guy used to steal SF books for Hulvey.

If the distributors won't pay small record companies what they owe until a new hit is delivered, the answer is not a rhetorical "Why should they?" Sue the bastards.

#### COGNATE (Hickey)

We used to have a saying in Comanche, like Plano: "Looks as if it might be raining over around Ardmore." " What are bunders? And what's the Big Thicket?

You need a bigger dixonary. Webster II identifies the right and left bowers as the jack of trumps and the other jack of what color.

Read Future Shock and it's not surprising that you don't know your neighbors.

---

"Never mind the mush. Give us the green slime!"

---

Several examples of confusion over negation are mentioned in this Epimetheus. I lately noticed another example in The Shadow over Innsmouth: "It suddenly struck me as very natural that the local people should not wish to ride on a bus owned and driven by this man, or to visit any oftener than possible the habitat of such a man and his kinsfolk."

---

"She has a first-refusal on me."

---

I don't feel that i answered Metcalf in a recent mailing asking whether i judged a work by its didactic content. His implication was that one could just enjoy Last & First Men for its story. Perhaps; but if one of the author's main reasons in writing is to set forth a sociological viewpoint, large parts of what he wrote will be meaningless to the reader who ignores this, just as large parts of Gullivers Travels are pointless to the person who is not aware that Lilliput Blefuscu represent England and France.

---

"His readings from the Bible are so moving that they shout "Author! Author!"

---

# HAGERSTOWN EAST

Column by Bill Adams in the Albuquerque News:

I once worked for a small daily newspaper in eastern Pennsylvania which had an editorial staff of eight and a readership of 15,000. Well, maybe that's not quite accurate . . . let's say it printed 15,000 per day. How many readers it had is another question.

Like most small-town daily papers, the kind of people attracted to its staff included those not good enough for work for bigger papers, those who had other problems which kept them off better papers, the very old and the very weird.

When I joined this crew in the summer of '67 the staff lined up something like this:

John, the editor, hid in the back corner all day working on an editorial page, the sole purpose of which was to please the majority of our readers. (He'd read the letters to the editor, and whatever they were for or against, the paper would be for or against that day or the next. This was called "serving the public.")

Dave, the city editor, spent all day trying to get good work out of his staff, writing headlines, and deciding which wire service story would look best on page one. (That's look best, not read best from the standpoint of importance.)

Lester was an elderly homosexual, one of the dearest men in the world, who often was a bit too nice to younger staff members but otherwise did a creditable reporting job. He was drafted into World War II at age 36 and earned the title "Oldest PFC in the Pacific." It was the primary distinction of his life.

Clyde was a cynical, sarcastic anti-militarist of about 30 who was constantly offering to have his Quaker friends get people out of the draft. For a price.

Judy was an ex-WAC. Other than being a bit more attractive and intelligent than that description indicates, let it stand. I might add she was a retired WAC. And wrote like one.

Ford was the sports editor, an alcoholic. He worked about two hours a night, after the bars closed, writing up the local sports scores obtained first-hand by waiting for the participants to hit the taverns after their games.

Ford always left a note for the morning copy editor (me) to "rip off the best wire story for the top of the sports page and put a head on it." That phrase, "put a head on it," was a vital part of his life.

Alice was our society editor. She wrote about 20 stories a day, none more than 200 words, about various events. She was an original "Jesus freak." This 72-year-old apostle would sneak Christianity into her copy whenever possible.

One of my duties was to censor out this propaganda without hurting her feelings (society editors for \$40 a week were hard to get).

A typical example of her technique: she would turn in six or eight news stories at a time, figuring I'd be so busy editing them that I'd sent her 25-word fillers right on through.

The fillers would invariably be on some fundamentalist preacher who was scheduled to address a church prayer circle on the topic "Can The Hebrews Be Saved Without Christ?" That's a non-fiction example I've remembered it for five years.

There were others around the eight-foot wide, 70-foot-long editorial office: one of the best typists and reporters I've ever known was named Ben Tre-larsy. His right hand was only a flipper, and had been since his birth, but he was 60 years old with 43 years as a daily reporter on about 20 different papers.

Ken something-or-other was a college student working the summer (nephew of the owner). Unfortunately for him he was Jewish, and around old Alice, that was dangerous. He learned things that summer.

There was another Ben. This one was the paper's "ace reporter," a prima donna who brooked no changes in his copy, especially from a 22-year-old kid (me). Ben was 32.

He was fired for making toll calls to Florida to look for better jobs. Two years later he tried to rob a Philadelphia bank, killed a guard, and got life in prison.

There are ups and downs on small-town daily papers. The pay stinks, as do the hours, and big stories seldom occur, but the co-workers are a treasure of human comedies and tragedies.

Then there is the matter of prestige. Ten minutes after I was hired by this paper, I received the titles assistant city editor, chief copy editor, inside page layout editor, picture editor, caption writer, wire news editor, entertainment page editor and feature assignments editor.

As soon as I got to feel happy there, the army asked me to make a choice: private (E-1, pay \$88/month) with a two-year contract, or prisoner with a three-year term.

Despite fellow reporter Clyde's generous offer to hide me within the Quaker underground, I accepted my country's call, telling the editor (in an odd foreshadowing of the then-unthought-of book *The Godfather*) "they made me an offer I couldn't refuse."

The ex-WAC told me how much I would love it. World War II's oldest PFC told me how much I would hate it, and to top it all off, dear sweet professional Christian Alice warned me "not to associate with weird characters."

---

"Nobody happily was injured."

---

Found another redefinition of imperialism in a letter to an editor. "Imperialism denotes the practice of some degree of control by one country over another, for the benefit of the controlling power. Such control can be exercised physically, as it is within the USSR. # Most imperialism in the world today, however, is of an economic nature; due either to natural causes or manipulation, one nation is economically dominated by another. One would be hard-put to deny that the United States exercises economic control over other nations for its own benefit."

In the folders-digging that produced that, I also came across these, from Dickerson's *Legislative Drafting*:

"... For nothing is easier than to announce one meaning for a word and then use it in another."

... established connotations are psychologically sticky. Although, like Mill, Carroll's Humpty Dumpty was undoubtedly correct in asserting his freedom to make words stand for whatever he pleased (in the sense that words have no inherently proper meaning), it is psychologically impossible for a reader, even when fully and explicitly warned, abruptly to shift from an established set of connotations to a new one. Suppose a mathematics professor said, "This morning we will assume what is usually called 'two' is now properly called 'four' and what is usually called 'four' is now properly called 'eight,' and so on." How would the student in the third row react if called on to give the product of 2 and 6? ...

"... it is not possible to cancel the ingrained emotion of a word merely by an announcement."

When I Return to Places I have Known

or

Limping Around the World

The summer after Hurricane Camille struck the Gulf coast, my daughter almost went on a relief and reconstruction expedition thither. The idea apparently lingered, for when she was sending out applications this year for a summer job as camp counselor, she sent one to Georgia, which she pictured as being somewhere just beyond Louisiana (though both my children have had the use of a jigsaw puzzle US map).

The thought of a counselor from faroff exotic New Mexico must have appealed to the Atlanta council of Camp Fire Girls, for they accepted her, even making a special position of floating counselor for her since, being under 18, she couldn't be a regular counselor. To my surprise, the time schedule fitted into her summer, just barely, though she had to get started east the same day she got back from a choir trip to Disneyland west. I fitted it into mine also and took the rest of the family, to visit Disney World east and the ancestral home in Florida. This is an account of the trip.

The first pause was in Oklahoma at the house where i was born. Let me here correct the last reference in Synapse to my father, when i said i'd find him watching football games. Instead, i found him watching men drive over the moon. He keeps up with current events better than i do, having more time.

He persuaded me that, after an overnight stay, my best bet was to head north to Oklahoma City, then east, because this more nearly approximated a Great Circle route. The general course was familiar until the freeway turned east in the capital, then it was mostly a new part of the state to me.

As we ran east across the green hills, my children were surprised to be told that John Steinbeck imagined this as part of the Dust Bowl. There was very heavy traffic that Sunday of cars pulling boat trailers to the lakes, though in fairness to Steinbeck i should say that the lakes weren't there before the New Deal. Anyway, it never was drouth country, nor had irrigation ditches.

But even with Eden was devised the snake, and in the verdure were invisible vipers. At wayside park i threw myself into long grass. Later i found chigger bites in the usual places. New Mexico is not one of the usual places.

We were in the Cherokee nation's part of Oklahoma, which supplied both of the state's representatives in the Hall of Fame at Washington: Sequoyah, who invented the alphabet, and Will Rogers, who never met a man he didn't like. We were also in the haunts of famous outlaws whom the Cookson hills sheltered in the 1930s. But what i mostly told my captive audience about was Stand Watie, leader of the pins (anti-Ross) faction of the Cherokees, who continued in the field near Bjo's birthplace down in the Choctaw nation months after Appomattox, the last Confederate general to give up. (The pins then went back and took control away from John Ross's loyalists.)

We approached the Arkansas border and Fort Smith, the supposed site of Siege/Battle at Red River, which i criticized two issues ago. Red river is a hundred miles south, but such details don't bother Hollywoodians who place it in a Sonoran desert landscape.

We raided an Arkansas information center. Among the booty was the first account I have understood of the battle of Pea Ridge or Elkhorn Tavern, where some Confederate Indians (not including Stand Watie's) fought with tomahawks, and Earl van Dorn's dream of taking St Louis dissolved. (He and Pop Price then obeyed Johnston's orders and took their armies east of the Mississippi, but too late for Shiloh, and left Arkansas defenseless until conscription took hold, providing troops for glamorous Shelby and Marmaduke.)

There was also a folder on Washington, near the southwest corner, where the world's largest magnolia tree stands. I went through that part of Arkansas in 1961 with my parents. Fresh from the Pacific Northwest, I was disappointed in the unimpressive pine forests that had excited my childhood. A New Mexican this year, I felt more respectful toward them. I had a slow trip through middle Arkansas as recently as 1964, hitchhiking back from the Battle of Nashville (going to it led me to cancel a planned get-together with Heinlein in Colorado Springs).

We were now fairly in the East, and saw again the sky-obscuring haze that struck us two years ago when we went to my wife's home towns in Vermont and Maine. Upper New England was free of it then, and this time the Gulf coast was, but otherwise it blanketed the sun for our trip.

Both children as well as Ruth can drive now, and I was probably sleeping past both Russellville and Bayou Meto. My maternal grandparents came from Russellville, of Tennessee stock. Grandmama Yates said their people were involved in irregular warfare--probably indistinguishable from feuding--during the War Between the States. She bore my mother in their dugout home in the Chickasaw nation a few miles north of Comanche. She looked as if she could be 1/8 Indian, but Mother says to the best of her knowledge this idea isn't true.

On the west bank of the Mississippi river toward evening we encountered a ghodawful Sunday traffic jam where freeway lanes merged, so it was dusk when we skirted Memphis and I explained why Bedford Forrest raided that Union-held city. As we entered the Delta region of Mississippi state, part of the Eocene embayment of the Gulf, I sang them Darkness on the Delta and other sentimental songs about the South that were popular in the thirties--not including the abomination Pardon My Southern Accent.

The best I could hope to reach that night was Holly Springs, and we made it. When we had supper, I pretended that the cashier wouldn't take a \$50 bill, and told the family it was because of whose picture was on it. I had narrated how Grant suffered a check here and, true to his trait, never tried this approach to Vicksburg again. It was mostly from Fletcher Pratt, even to the very words sometimes, though I corrected Pratt's chronological error on how soon after his victory Van Dorn got his brains blown out, "which was unfortunate", because they were better than most brains in the Confederate west."

Next morning as we approached Elvis Presley's old home town Tupelo, I told of the ineffective resistance of Southern forces to Grierson's raid (John Wayne's The Horse Soldiers). There wasn't time to pay my respects to Forrest by visiting Brice's Cross Roads.

In Alabama, the same shortage of time kept me from looking for Wilson Shepherd (of Shepherd & Wollheim, ca 1935) in Oakman. Likewise for Elyton, now called Birmingham. However, a check of a book for tourists answered something that had bugged my memory. When my brother was taking me to DC to seek my fortune, he stopped in Birmingham to spend the night with a fraternity brother. Next day we were given a tour of that center of heavy industry, and one thing that stuck in my mind was a huge statue of Vulcan, like the bronze god of Rhodes.



I remembered the lame smith afterward, but wasn't sure whether i remembered from there a Roman temple like that in the old painting Storm, or whether perhaps i got it off a blackboard roll. The guidebook told me it was in another park in Brum.

I expounded the Atlanta campaign at the appropriate place, though locations once east of Atlanta are now practically downtown. Then with night falling we got to our first destination, Toccoa ("beautiful" in Cherokee--this used to be their homeland). It's in the northeast corner of the state, near my father's alma mater Young Harris college. We delivered Margaret Ann to the camp, then spent the night in Toccoa.

Here i incurred the injury that had me going Vulcan-like for the next week and more. Vaulting ambition was the serpent that bruised my heel. Ed discovered that bamboo grows big and wild in Toccoa, and we used some green poles to vault about on a lawn. Then i had to try vaulting down from the embankment onto a blacktopped street.

A huge magnolia grew outside our second-story motel room, bees in the blossoms. We took it as promise of what the little magnolia at home might become.

I had convinced Ed that Toccoa was as close as he would find to the imaginary town of Bixby Ga where he laid a series of stories about the Black Marauders v the River Rats. So while Ruth did laundry next day, we went out to get the flavor of the countryside. Then, after a visit to sylvan Toccoa falls, we headed west and south through the hills of Habersham and the pleasant valleys of Hall.

The riotous growth constantly amazed my New Mexican eyes. Ed had us stop so he could examine and photograph the ivy that covered old trees.

When we came to the swath where Sherman's monuments stand (twin chimneys, nothing more), i was concerned to discover Rebel sympathies in my son. Later, at the Mansfield museum, he bought a battle flag, though i told him there's no future in being a Confederate.

In some ways the Southern countryside was changed from what i remembered. I think much more of it is in timberland instead of under cultivation now. Mimosa trees are common; in my boyhood the only mimosas we knew were sensitive plants around Comanche. Mosquitoes, which blinded me, are a problem no longer.

The inferior economic and political status to which Negroes were relegated is long gone; what persists is only consequences of their condition. The fight to hold them down was lost decades ago, and no one now espouses it except indirectly, as on school busing. Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, has a black newscaster.

I felt justified in a prediction i made in Tanrydoon times that the South would become more like the rest of the country.

Yet in many ways the South has been touched lightly by the furious changes of the postwar period. These states are divided into many counties, each with its county seat, so that innumerable small towns are kept alive. There are still many open-country churches, with names like Freewill Baptist and Primitive Baptist. The radio too shows that this is Bible Belt, and there seems to be more country music than rock.

Hippie-tending styles are moderate among the people. Dixie has much of its old political flavor; a bumper sticker said "Will Rogers never met Mc-Govern." The South is evidently more martial than the West that i know, more willing to continue in Vietnam.

The accents sound the same. And a phrase used by a relative in Oakland in giving directions, "the Negro quarters", meaning the colored section, comes straight from the old phrase "slave quarters".

There are still many houses in town and country just like those I remember from the bad old days, and no doubt presentday planners would consider them unlivable. I don't know what color people lived in most of them. In Clemens's boyhood and mine, it was our kin.

In Milledgeville we found the old capitol of which Pratt tells in *Ordeal by Fire*.

The motel where we stayed that night was called Brer Rabbit. There Ed caught a firefly, another half-forgotten symbol of the humid east. Unknowing, Ruth drank from the glass in which he was confined, but some of his glow lived after he was dead. The motel manager phoned to ask whether I was of the group The Speer Family. No.

Next day by boat and otherwise we toured the part of the Okefenokee swamp that has been set aside as a park. There I bought The American Southeast, one of those fine Golden regional guides. We were surprised and pleased to find that Pogo has not been exploited in advertising the swamp. Afterward I watched very closely along the highway for Fort Mudge, but we reached the next town without seeing a trace of it.

In Jacksonville we crossed the St Johns river, on which Great Grandfather Speer put the first steamboat. Jacksonville has a combined city-county government such as Albuquerque is considering, a form which has been pioneered in the South.

At St Augustine, which is even older than Santa Fe, we spent most of our time seeing what, when I visited it a year about the Florida Boom, we called by its American name (for the Swamp Fox) Ft Marion (whence also F M Busby). There was one low dungeonlike room through whose even lower entrance one had to stoop to enter, with a curving roof and not a window anywhere. I remembered my feeling as a boy when the light there was turned out. It is unusual to come upon a memory direct from so long ago, that has never been recalled in between.

Next day we did some swimming and beachcombing at Flagler beach. We found several of those improbable aliens the Portuguese men-of-war, and two coconuts. After we had been sitting on the beach, we noticed some tarry spots on our clothes, and also the next time we went to the beach. It dawned on us that this new phenomenon was the result of oil spills.

Beach cities were tacky tawdry in a way that used to be associated with California. We turned inland and lunched at Winter Park. A few years ago Betty Kujawa was planning to make it her second home, but I couldn't find her. Winter Park borders the city my greatgrandfather named for his favorite Shakespeare character, Orlando.

West of Orlando is the village where my father was born and I was begotten, Oakland on lake Apopka (big potato). Trips there were the highlights of my childhood, but I last visited it half my life before. Dad's forefathers were the wrong age to be in the War for Southern Independence. Grandad was a boy then; he told us of one time when they heard that the Yankees were coming. He was given a jar of Confederate money to hide in the woods. He was never able to find it again.

Our only contact in Oakland in 1972 was a cousin twice removed who with his wife, almost as old as my parents, took vacation trips with them until recently. They were still in a house I knew, surrounded by great mossy oaks which have not shrunk since I was little.

More than anything else, Spanish moss suggests Florida to me. My cousin said some disease had carried away most of the moss a few years ago, and he'd just as soon it wouldn't come back (it is not parasitic, but a nuisance in groves), but it did.

I noticed that the oranges seemed ready for picking, and inquired. He explained that Cesar Chavez is organizing in Florida. Later, in Texas, I got a somewhat different explanation from a widowed aunt who's letting a farm lie fallow: There's no one around any more willing to work; they're all on welfare or unemployment or something like that.

These kinfolks drove us around Oakland, locating old scenes. I met a second cousin once removed I may have known as a baby, and her husband and almost-grown children. We visited the graveyard, where some had been buried and others relocated when a freeway went by, and I took a spidery kind of moss to see if it would grow on our magnolia tree at home.

On the site of my grandparents' house, which I had last seen occupied by Fannie and Charlie and badly rundown, the orange trees seemed as big as others nearby. Fannie and Charlie's house in the quarters, however, looked the same as ever, and was just where I remembered it.

The town house we inherited from my maiden aunt and on Dad's advice, I think unwisely, sold after the war, was still standing and inhabited, though it didn't seem nearly so nice as when we stayed there two summers in the thirties. I discovered I was mistaken about there being a deserted church across the street from it when Chapel in the Moonlight was first popular.

Oakland's principal church had been rebuilt. The municipal boathouse was long gone; my cousins had even forgotten that it was ever there. Vanished was the shuffleboard slab. I tentatively spotted the house of the girl who played Monopoly with us, and the house where I think we went to a party, still very attractive. Another house was no longer accompanied by the big barn where we played with the boys. This enumeration covers almost all that I remembered.

On the whole this was not a pleasant experience. American boys like to think that if they returned to their home towns, there would be a stir of excitement, *Some Came Running*, *Bus Riley's Back in Town*, that sort of thing; and there ought to be something of the same sort in one's ancestral home. But my connections had become tenuous. Though Speers still own property there, I felt as if the name was almost effaced.

However, we took a motel room in the vicinity as a base for the next few days' trips.

Walt Disney World lies not many miles to the southeast of Oakland and Winter Garden, and no doubt has pushed up the prices offered for land in that area, though Disney bought enough land to preempt at least the adjacent tourist business. That is largely undeveloped yet. What is developed, though only partially, is the Magic Kingdom, corresponding in size to Disneyland west.

It wasn't as ideal as some accounts made it out to be, but was way above any competition I've seen. The employees, praised by some writers, are not I think the product of any extensive selection and conditioning process; they're just recruited from young Floridians, "folks all polite and classy", as "allahassee" has it.

Following no plan, we eventually got all around Disney World. I spotted a grammatical error in the inscription at the haunted mansion's exit. We spent the least time in Tomorrowland. This has little that's futuristic, though there are two good free shows there.

For the World, i recommend buying the largest books of tickets, because they give a mix that is heavier on the most expensive shows, all of which are worth seeing. Before we had used up the last cheap tickets, things were being shut down for the night. We had done virtually the whole scene in a day, without pushing and without planning, and crippled as i was, though we had figured on two days.

Instead we went back to the coast, Cape Canaveral, locale of I Dream of Jeannie, which is still broadcast locally. There are evidences of decline there as the space program tapers off.

We rented a surfboard and Ed and i took turns with it. He had it most of the time, and i wandered under a wharf. In those pile-crowded waters i didn't want to try riding the ingoing crests, and in the lulls between when i could plant my feet firmly the outflow was so strong that it was alarming. I clutched at the barnacle-encrusted piling and eventually made my way back, with cuts on feet enough to make up for my heel healing, and stripes on my arms that are still visible.

We ran up to the space center, to the main display building. Numerous foreigners were there, photographing the spaceships in the back yard. Biggest models were represented only by a final stage or single rocket engine of the first stage; even the little ones, entire, had to be braced with cables against the winds. Indoors were actual nose cones that had been around the moon, and moonrocks were on display without waitlines. The emphasis of other exhibits was on technological fallout; obviously NASA is concerned for public support.

Jeannie on motel TV one night, Showboat the next; then we prepared to leave.

I have always managed to take rain with me on my travels to drouth-stricken areas. The contrast of Oklahoma and Florida in the thirties, or any other time, would scarcely let me believe my cousin's statement that Orange county was suffering from lack of rain, but the need finally sank in. So on my last night there i brewed up a tropical storm in the Gulf of Mexico. Sunday morning as we prepared to depart, it was raining.

We attended the church where James G Speer's name is prominently displayed. A few other old people who remembered me were there, and another cousin of my generation or younger. I left feeling somewhat better.

Up the peninsula we paced the storm, and reached Gainesville. Once, during the war, i thought i might go to the university there. My wife Ruth spent the better part of a year in Gainesville after the war. We drove around the campus and elsewhere in the dusk and rain, without finding a single place that she recognized. In our motel we watched two appropriate programs on TV. One showed what happened when Hurricane Camille struck. The other was Welcome Home Johnny Bristol, the movie in which Martin Landau looked for his supposed home town of Charles Vt.

The storm now about to hit the Florida panhandle was the first of the season. Yes, friends, Agnes; but i am not responsible for what my storms do after they get as far away as Pennsylvania. We watched the weather reports closely and frequently turned to the cable channel that gives meteorological data continuously. If it had been up to me alone, i would have plunged into the eye of the storm; but having my family to consider, next morning i took us straight north instead of northwest.

The objective was Olustee, where a sufficient little museum commemorates the chief Civil War battle in Florida. In 1864 the state was a principal source of beef for the part of the Confederacy that was cut off from the cattlelands of the west. For this and other reasons, a strong effort was made to conquer enough of Florida to construct a loyal government like that in Tennessee. Moving inland from their foothold at Jacksonville, the National troops encountered Confederate forces at Olustee. The Confederates were outnumbered as usual, but so outfought the Federals that they reversed the odds before the day was over. The Federals fell back to Jacksonville, and that was the end of the last effort to detach Florida from the Confederacy.

Luckily the rains that had the weather forecasters warning of flood dangers in that area stopped in time for us to tour the battlefield. Then we turned west.

Sometimes a boy returns to his old home town to live. So in Live Oak I looked for Raym Washington in the phone book. I didn't find Raym, or any familiar-sounding address for a Washington.

Away down upon the Suwannee river, Ed had us stop so he could gather a bagful of moss by waters from Okefenokee. In the panhandle we ran into heavy rains in the wake of Agnes. The sky darkened prematurely, but I pushed us on past Tallahassee to the Central Time zone and DeFuniak Springs.

I had a reason. There was a delightful old hotel in DeFuniak Springs where the Speers stayed more than once. In its stack of newspapers I met Seckary Hawkins. I think I had been told that it was torn down in the postwar period, but I hoped to see something I'd recognize. I didn't. We were lucky to get a motel room, for many people had fled the coastal region. The motel owner said that the storm proved not so bad as forecast--the weather service downgraded it from hurricane to storm--and some people returned home that day, hence the vacancy for us.

Next day we went down to the coast of western Florida, the whitest beach and the bluest water I've ever seen. It never worked out so we saw a dolphin show. If they're still just jumping through hoops, they must not be as smart as we gave them credit for being.

Afternoon found us on another beach I remembered well. Later I learned from a friend of Ruth's in Houston that the sand on which we relaxed at Biloxi was not that on which I played in the thirties. This sand had been trucked in to replace what Hurricane Camille removed. There were many signs of Camille's damage. Apparently sound houses were for sale in large numbers; other houses were visibly damaged, and many vacant lots in choice locations spoke mutely of those that had not been worth saving nor safe to leave standing.

I took a route into New Orleans that ran through the real delta, singing Mississippi Mud unexpurgated. Channeled bayous among the reeds had private docks at frequent intervals, and occasional boathouses, essentials to a way of life that hasn't changed much.

While at the NoLaCon in 1951, we took time off to stroll the Latin Quarter and visited lake Pontchartrain as well. Ruth and I went in for dinner. Nearly all the business in the Vieux Carre has now been concentrated along one garish street, Esplanade, blocked off to limit it to pedestrians, and overrun with the counterculture types which are scarce elsewhere in the Southeast. All the rest is dark and seemingly deserted at night, a change from 1951.

Ruth's friend in Houston wouldn't be there, so we turned north from the Crescent city. I flew over that country in 1946 and was struck by the vast expanses of lake, swamp, and woodland. It has not been tamed. Presently we came upon a bayou floating houseboats, and the list of things I wanted to see again in Dixie was just about completed.

Singing the most famous song from Showboat, with the grammar corrected (but not "Tote dat barge"; maybe some people do say tote a barge, though to me it means "carry"), I took us back to the west side of the American Nile. Then as we approached Red river (the same Red river that farther up separates Oklahoma and Texas), I resisted the temptation to look for motels--auto courts we called them then--where we had stayed under the levee. I was interested in the Red River campaign, but wanted to approach through the battle scenes, south and west of the river.

Banks, in command at captured New Orleans early in '64, was supposed to take Mobile and meet Sherman's army. Instead he put his troops on a fleet that went upriver for bales, for bales. In Arkansas General Steele with a Federal army was near its Confederate capital, Washington, and closing in on Shreveport, Banks's first objective. To save Texas from invasion, Texas troops hurried to join the Confederate field commander, Dick Taylor, son of a president. There was a cavalry action near Sabine crossroads one evening, and the Rebels fell back on Mansfield. Taylor's forces having assembled, he decided to give battle there before Steele could arrive and tip the odds against him further.

The battle scene was the Moss plantation just southeast of town. Monuments on the museum grounds tell some of the story. It was loaded with the heroism that Southerners loved: a color guard shot down; the Creole general Mouton taking up the colors; he killed, and Polignac, the South's Lafayette, snatching the flag to continue the charge. Such valor carried the day, and the National troops fell back southward twenty miles. There they were reinforced by a detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, at a village around a stage station.

A group of monuments names this site of the last day's battle, one year before Appomattox: Pleasant Hill Battle Ground. The town now known as Pleasant Hill is some miles farther south. There we met a resident, who showed us a road into the woods.

Walking past the rain pools in the gloaming, we came to the grave of Captain Petty of the Texas volunteers, mortally wounded in the battle and buried high the field, as he asked. We didn't know his story till later when we got to the museum. It has a picture of the two-story porticoed mansion of the plantation where he was buried. My recollection of the grave site is that it was closed around with upland jungle, nothing apparent to indicate that it was ever cultivated or inhabited. An iron fence surrounded the grave. Some Land camera film leavings showed other people had been there to photograph it.

Our own Land camera wasn't working, and Duquesne was shot out, so the only way I could record the monuments at the battle site was to fire a short burst of movie film. I haven't been able yet to copy off the inscription on the UDC monument, but it told how General Taylor's eight thousand men assaulted twice that number of Federals behind breastworks and kept it up for hours, so that the enemy withdrew during the night. The literature indicates that the United Daughters understated the odds.

It was the end of the Red River campaign. Steele went back to his urban strongholds in Arkansas, leaving the countryside to the Confederates, who actually mounted another invasion of Missouri. Banks's army had to count as its moral victory the retrieval of its fleet from low water in the river. Old Rough & Ready's son, according to the monument, explained the final battle by saying, "It was too important a position to leave the enemy in possession of it."

The Foo Galaxy didn't give us any trouble on the trip until the last day, when its power steering burned out. We drove on home anyway.

The last hard lap, I got my passengers to join in some of the Stephen Foster songs. These have been heard so little in recent years that they are still loaded with their earliest associations for me, before I knew any geography or history. The images associated with them come from a tenebrous world dead nearly fifty years, as vanished as the plantation where Captain Petty was buried.

---

"I told something about him to somebody that wasn't true."

---

That Mickey Mouse Club membership card I couldn't find before has turned up. Ours was chapter No. 187. The club creed on the back reads as follows:

I will be a square shooter in my home, in school, on the playgrounds, where-ever I may be.

I will be truthful and honorable and strive, always, to make myself a better and more useful little citizen.

I will respect my elders and help the aged, the helpless and children smaller than myself.

In short I will be a good American!--

A propos of that, earlier this summer TV had for a while reruns of Disney fragments and shorts on a program called The Mouse Factory. At the end multiplied Mickey always sang, in a speeded-up voice, a song probably strange to people whose Mickey Mouse Club was something on television. It was the second verse, I believe, of the song of which I previously gave the first verse, and went thus:

Oh, the bluebird down in the cherry tree  
 And the busy buzz of the bumblebee  
 Evening bells aringing, whippo-wills asinging,  
 Well, they don't mean much to me;  
 For my heart is down in the chickenhouse  
 Where I long to be with my Minnie Mouse  
 And I'll meet her there, mid the fragrance rare,  
 Sing to her this melody:

---

'A defaulting buyer need show something more.'

---

A dozen years or so ago, when I was arguing in FAPA with GMCarr about her distinction between nonfeasance and malfeasance, I adverted to the murder in They Drive by Night (Raft-Lupino). More recently I saw Bordertown (Muni-Davis), a film produced five years earlier, in which the same method was used: wife leaves car running, occupied by drunken husband, in a closed garage. Many other elements are the same too. I had seen Bordertown--had mentioned it to Madle--and in the description to GMC probably confused the two. There was a remarkably open stealing from Bordertown.

---

"Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive officiously to keep alive."

---

Often questions I ask in FAPA soon get answered from some other source, which is well, since FAPA doesn't answer dependably. Last December, soon after I inquired about a cartoon of the Sasquatch, the newspaper published a story about the creatures. It seems the name means hairy giants, and they are reported chiefly in the Pacific Northwest.

# CIVIL WAR

The various components of my Civil War game which will be in the same mailing as this Synapse do not constitute exactly any other edition of it. Ordinarily a ringed calendar is used so the pages won't scatter, but that would have made the calendar bulkier (the OE may have a hissy as it is). Dice are expensive and you probably have your own, so use them. I omit the heavy folding board to which the map was glued, etc.

The rules of the game as we now play it are an evolution from the State Troops variation. North doesn't get any troops from the rest of the Union except that every blue month that Washington DC is unoccupied or that any army there marches away, a blue division can appear in the capital out of thin air (or brought up the Potomac, if you prefer to think of it that way). This and having the first move give the Union all the advantage it needs to suppress the rebellion in four years unless South plays very well or is very lucky.

If I were having the board redrawn now, I would have the right number of little circles in each state to show how many divisions it draws each year and as a place to put them until they are mustered in. I would probably have names from Morgan's raid in place of Xenia and Zanesville. I think I would eliminate Frederick, Balls Bluff, and Thorofare Gap, which make the cockpit too crowded. I would have Harpers Ferry in Virginia, where it stayed until after the war. Further to make any invasion of Pennsylvania follow its historical route, I intended to cut the Baltimore-Washington railroad--but I see some Secessionist rascal beat me to it--and force troops to be routed through Annapolis to and from DC. The map should and doesn't make it clear that Cairo is in Illinois.

---

## Figuratively

---

The current match between the master of the world and the American gangster has interested me to the point of leaving the sound turned on when a newscast reaches the sports, something I never used to do if I could help it. A nephew comes into the room where I'm listening and asks what's new. I say eagerly, "Spassky is a bishop ahead, and Fischer has two more pawns!"

---

## Interestingly

---

One of the books Ruth gave me for my birthday is A Gamut of Games. Author Sid Sackson reproduces a game board patented in 1904 which already looked more like Monopoly than the game imagined in Parallel Time. It embodied Henry George's economics. Sackson also says he is told that a game already named Monopoly was being played in east-coast college towns in the early 1920s, which was years before the man who produced the famous game began working on it.

---

## Classificatory

---

I suppose that otherwise peaceful people who play Diplomacy a lot must feel a twinge of conscience and rationalize their addiction. I didn't see it, but according to a clipping from the New Republic around Christmas 1965, the previous year it criticized Creative Playthings for handling Diplomacy, and CP was no longer doing so. The article goes on to describe Nuclear War, in which players are told: "If the 100-megaton bomb explodes a nuclear stockpile, a super chain reaction starts which destroys all countries, the earth itself and the entire solar system . . . everybody lost."