

Cyrille

2

Vol 1, No 2

The end of April is upon me. I have just finished with FAPA, and can now think of doing something for OMPA. I just hope that I can get this finished and into the hands of the Editor in time for the May mailing. If you read this as a part of the mailing, I did; if this comes as a postmailing, I obviously didn't. But I hope for this to be a part of the 24th mailing.

Weatherwise, this has been a queer spring. In Feb we had some real warm weather; in March is snowed on the first three Wednesdays. The first one was a real mess. About 8" of wet snow that packed and made a nice slippery ice before they got it off the streets. Then it turned warm after the third snow and everyone was happy. Did it snow on the fourth Wednesday? No, of course not. It snowed briefly on the Tuesday. So comes the cherry blossom period, with the blooms all out - and it goes down to 28 and nips most of them. Two days later it was in the mid 60s. And then it got warm. I suppose that the end of April will be cold again, with May warming up a little. Of course, with May 30 a holiday up North, it will rain hard.

As is usual, work is taking up too much time. We're short handed - a chronic complaint, and a natural consequence of Parkinson's Law - but we've got more work than people to do it. So, just when I'd like to be doing some of the vast backlog of 8000 articles to abstract, the boss decides he's going back to college for the summer, and probably one term more, and dumps a lot of the administrative work on me. Of course, May is the messy month, as that is when the budget figures for fiscal 62 have to go in; fiscal 61 begins in July. And, to make matters worse, Ed is doing lab work at nights, and not coming in until the end of the day. Even though I'm supposed to do the paper work, he still wants to make the decisions; when he's not there, I just wait, and try to pacify the division office.

To top all this off, I just got word I'm to attend one of the AAAS Gordon Research Conferences - which is all very nice, as it is held up in New Hampshire, at a small college, with meetings just morning and evening, afternoons free, with swimming and tennis and golf and such. But - there is always a fly in the milk - I got word today that one of the speakers - from the Bureau - won't be able to make it - his daughter is graduating from high school - and I was asked to give the talk. This I don't really appreciate. Talking for 40 minutes on "The Role of the Digital Computer in the compilation of Critical Tables" is not just a snap. So, if this issue of Cyrille seems a little disjointed, it is probably because I'm subconsciously thinking about that damned talk. Next issue, I'll give a full report on the meeting - even if you aren't interested you'll get the works. Maybe I'll even include the talk. And that should be a real threat. Might make it worth giving, just to have to put into OMPA.

But, I'd better get started with the 23rd OMPA mailing - mailing - or I'll never get this finished. Which might be a good thing.

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CYRILLE, published for the 24th mailing of the Off Trail Magazine Publishers' Association, June, 1960, by Bill Evans, Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Maryland, USA.
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Taking up Off Trails first, may I arise to the defense of FAPA and state that FAPA does not bill dues. Bob may have thought it did, but he found out to his sorrow that it didn't; he is now not even on the waiting list, unless he has done some fast letterwriting. He could have renewed, but didn't bother to send in his money until too late. He may have been confused by the admissions procedure, where the waiting-lister was told he could now join, and to send in his dues.

A L'Abandon [Caughran]. It sounds like the universities - American, I mean - have done away with a lot of the fun of registration day. I can remember when I was starting the fun juggling the classes, trying to get the right teacher and arranging to have some spare time in a big block, rather than just an hour at a time. One semester I had a real good lineup - nothing on Tuesday or Thursday mornings. Labs every afternoon, tho. But then they cut out one section, and I ended up with 7:45 AM on Tuesday and Thursday.... Then, when I got to graduate school and helped register for chemistry I could be my sadistic self. It was more fun to tell somebody that the section was full, but that there was a 8 AM one open, or maybe a Sat afternoon lab.... Or trying to fit in the available spaces into the other programs. The early ones, of course, got the best sections.

Yes, we Americans are taught world history in high school; I remember having courses in at least two years. Both started with the cave man, got through ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and something of the Dark Ages. About 1500 the second semester ended. As far as I know, I've never had any history course - and this includes the course in "Western Civilization" that was the required history in college - that got up to modern times. One exception was the last year in high school, in a course in International Relations (quotes, please) which discussed the present-day countries and how they were governed and such. But not any great detail about how they arose or why they were what they were. I don't think we went back much before WWI; I'm certain the events of the French Revolution were not mentioned. I find that I've picked up what knowledge I have of modern history from random reading, especially a few specialized histories - Influence of Sea Power on History by Mahan, for example - and what I've picked up from stamps. One of these days I'm going to dig up a good history and find out who did what when and why. I know more about the early Greeks than about Italy of the 18th century. I find it a sad state of affairs. When in college I was busy with labs.

If you were in a field where you change jobs or job locations every year or so, you would know why trailers to live in. Especially if those jobs were in areas where there weren't houses for miles that were fit to rent - if you could find one for rent at a price you could afford. I'm thinking of construction workers, for example. Dams are usually in the middle of nowhere. And it is much easier to move a big trailer once in a while, even if you do have to rent a truck to do so.

Sure IBM makes electric typers. Remember the Busby's? And they make something called a 704 that doesn't sort - punched cards. It takes data off cards or tapes - the latter are faster, and can be prepared off-line - and does things to the bits of data, like adding and subtracting and storing and calling from storage, and shifting them all around, all in accord with a mystic "program" that poor mortals like me prepare and dump into the monster. It can sort the contents of umpteen cards while the regular card equipment does it for only a fraction of the number, and do it in a number of ways. The one at the Bureau keeps the payroll for example. I had a change this last week, and the machine goofed; it forgot a \$15 deduction I have for income tax. So, the things aren't infallible.

Of course, the 704 is out of date now - too slow, not enough capacity. The next one, coming up in a couple of years, is called Stretch - they just stretched out a 704 about 10 times in ability. Will be transistorized, I believe, and take up not much more room. But will cost like hell.

A capital 4 is a \$ for the same reason a capital 7 is an & and a capital 90 is a (). It depends upon the machine, too. And it is paraffin, at least in the chemical sense. I believe the English usage refers to what we call kerosene or coal-oil - the stove fuel that boils just below gasoline (petrol). Or is it that benzine (not benzene, C_6H_6)?

So why doesn't somebody look up your mysterious Houston and see who he is? Or is it a box address? That can be handled if you are willing to hang around the post office a little. Or if several people hang around the post office a lot.

Bill's notes on payote were interesting. One aside was odd, to me - the Indian construction workers. Remember the Leinster story about this in ASF some years ago? I hadn't realized this was the case.

[Two 1/2 pages per mag! This can't go on.]
Amble [Mercer]. I miss Archive but this may develop into a replacement. Where do you get small, obscure islands with elephants growing on them? Or is this one that has escaped from an Irish circus?

Maybe some of those Fanmark greeting cards were used. Who would know. [[]] You must have better grade toilet paper than we do. Or at least tougher. Even a ball-point pen will tear it, and anything else will blot - if ink - or won't write, if pencil.

I don't remember when I first came across Moondog, but I feel it was at least 10 years ago, and probably 15. At least it was back in the days of 78s, but not too long before LPs. He is white, I believe, and was in NY when I first heard of him. Haven't heard of him for a long while, tho.

I believe Lehrer is referring to the Audubon birdwatchers - or would that be out of context? I've heard the record a couple of times, and feel I don't want to hear it again. I have a strong feeling that Lehrer is a symptom of the age - cynical and satirical and unimportant and disgusting; when I listen to his stuff I want to take a shower. I much prefer the lusty dirt of someone like Oscar Brand; his songs are worse as far as the pure are concerned, but they have none of the unclean feeling that Lehrer gets into his. It is a decadence that is evil, I feel - not evil in the Victorian religious sense, but just evil per se. I feel that much of our humor today is such stuff, but not nearly as concentrated as Lehrer's. He tears down without offering any replacement.

Leinster wears well, I feel, because he tries to write entertainment and nothing more; he never tries to carry a message, spread the gospel of science, or what have you. And he has been around longer than most of us - longer than I've been reading or breathing, for that matter. In stf he goes back at least 41 years, and was writing several years earlier. And in Last Spaceship he caught the wish fulfillment of most men - be the hero, get the girl, solve all the problems, and have things come out all right at the end.

AnimUs [Raybin] All right, how do you capitalize something that has caps in the middle of the word? Obviously, you lc them.

I see we're back on the "sense of wonder" theme. I believe that it isn't either the stories or the writers that have lost that sow; nor has the reader become cynical. I feel it is because the reader has more of a background, and fewer items seem to be so wonderful as at the start. Those first few spaceships were wonderful; the last few are ho-hum. Like a child, with only a short period of time-span, considers every day wonderful, because new things happen, while later it is only the most unusual things that give that feeling.

I know that seems to be the way with me; I can read and enjoy stories now, but they don't have the same "kick" the older ones did. The best of the old ones hold up well on rereading, because the "glamour" still clings to them from old times. I admit that many of the more recent stories are better as stories, but they don't generate the same emotional impact. It may be that the writers aren't putting themselves into it for the fun of it now, too.

I don't agree with you on the subject of funerals. For two reasons. First, they are a emotional strain on the survivors; an unnecessary strain at a time when there is enough strain already. Of course, there are people to whom "doing the proper thing" is more important than anything else. And the relatives outside of the immediate family who want a big affair so that they can bask in related glory or something. But the family itself could often be best served by simple, private services with simple interment or cremation, depending upon the wishes of the deceased. This would be less expensive - which should be considered where money is not in surplus - and less strain on the family. And secondly, I feel the wishes of the deceased should be followed, if possible. After all, his body is his own personal possession, and he should be allowed to do what he wishes with it, within the public good. If I want to leave my body to a medical school, that should be my business, and my family shouldn't have the power to change it. And if I want to be buried in a special spot, why shouldn't I? Maybe I want my ashes planted in a moon crater or on Mars, and leave a trust to provide for space research with that goal. Should this be frustrated by someone else?

"Dog House" is also used, I seem to remember, as another name for the crummy - the last car on a string of reefers or gons. In other words, the caboose.

How many times has a magazine folded with only a part of a serial published? I can think of two - one a semi-pro - offhand. Not counting cases where a series was unfinished because the writer died - Burroughs, Nowlan. And, then, there were Doc Smith's two series, each in at least two mags, and each discontinued when the mags suspended.

AtoE [Aton]. Naturally I like the illustrations. But I also like the writing. You sound the way I am - while driving to work or riding the street car (which I do on occasion) all sorts of good ideas come to mind. By the time I get where I can note them down, they are all gone. I guess I'll have to install a voice-operated taper in the car. [Be useful for blackmail, too....] These people who apologize for lousy reproduction - and come up with nice stuff like this; they irk me.

May I stick a couple of words in about the Red Cross. This is strictly hearsay, but it does represent the feelings of a lot of people here in the States. In disasters here, many people feel that the real work is done by others, with the RC coming in for the publicity. And there is certainly a lot of social-type activity here in DC and other cities, where it is "the thing" to spend an afternoon at the RC. Others feel that all the RC does is distribute supplies from the government with the aid of contributed services - and collect the glory. I've heard these comments from people who have been in such events, from GIs, from ex-RC workers, and just people. I don't know how it is regarded overseas; over here, there is a lot of resentment against it. Some of it may be sour grapes, but there is a lot of grapes of wrath around.

Illustration: Weinbaum - "Martian Odyssey" the scene where Tveerrill is bounding ahead, lighting bill down. I'm not sure of details, as I haven't read the story for ages, but I still remember this. Or maybe something from JWCampbell's "Night"

The passage I have in mind is $\frac{1}{2}$ where the narrator has landed on earth in the far, far future, when the universe has run down.

"Cold, Cold--it tore into me like the fang of a savage animal. What cold! The cold of ultimate death. It ripped through that thick, insulated suit and slashed at me viciously, as though there were no insulation there. I shivered so violently, I could scarcely turn up the alcohol valves....

"....I realized that whatever had happened, I was in a spot indescribably cold and desolate. And in the same instant, realized that the sky was black. Blacker than the blackest night, and yet before me the snow-field stretched to infinity, tinted by the blood-red light, and my shadow crawled in darker red at my feet.

"I turned around. As far as the eye could see in three directions, the land swept off in very low, very slightly rolling hills, almost plains--ped plains of snow dyed with the dripping light of sunset, I thought.

"In the fourth direction, a wall--a wall that put the Great Wall of China to shame--loomed up half a mile--a blood-red wall that had the luster of metal. It stretched across the horizon, and looked a scant hundred yards away, for the air was utterly clear. I turned up my alcohol burners a bit more and felt a little better.

"Something jerked my head around like a giant hand--a sudden thought. I stared at the Sun and gulped. It was four times--six times--the size of the Sun I know. And it wasn't setting. It was forty-five degrees from the horizon. It was red. Blood-red. And there wasn't the slightest bit of radiant heat reaching my face from it. That Sun was cold.

"...And then I changed even that. I looked up at the black sky above me, and in all the vast black bowl of the heavens, not three-score stars were visible. Dim, red stars, with one single sun that stood out for its brilliance--a yellowish-red sun perhaps a tenth as bright as our Sun, but a monster here. It was another--a dead--space. For if that snow was frozen air, the only atmosphere must have been neon and helium. There wasn't any hazy air to stop the light of the stars, and that dim, red sun didn't obscure them with its light. The stars were gone."

That should make a picture, if you can capture the atmosphere. Erg [Jeeves]. As a physicist/chemist I can very well say "E-b-but what is the trouble?" Or is it that the definition could be clearer? Let's see. An erg is the work done by a force of one dyne acting through one centimeter. No time limit there. You do the same work lifting a stone whether you do it in one second or one minute. Now a dyne is the force that will produce an acceleration of one cm/sec/sec in a mass of one gram. Now a erg (an erg, I mean) is a pretty small amount of work. So, we count work in units of joules, which consist of 10^7 (as I remember) ergs. So, power of one watt is one joule/sec. All unclear, now? As for velocity. Most laymen use the word interchangeably for speed. Not true. Velocity is a vector quantity; a velocity of 1 cm/sec is a directed quantity. speed is in any old direction, and can be regarded as the scalar of velocity - to get technical. It is simply the rate of change of position, dx/dt . Rate of motion makes me think of acceleration, which is the rate of change of velocity, dv/dt , or the rate of change of the rate of change of position, d^2x/dt^2 . And you will note that nothing is said about the size of the units in these expressions. A snail can have a velocity of 1 inch/min; A rocket can have 1 mile/sec; a car, 1 mile/min, a plant doesn't change position so doesn't normally have a velocity per se. The tip can have one, another point would have another. As for mass, which is the heavier (neglecting air support - in vacuum, I mean) a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? The same, of course. So, if you want to go down to the atoms - well, the 101+ types of atoms have mass; so do the electrons and protons and neutrons and mesons and...

To avoid possible trouble, I shall insert here the magic phrase, that once was a rallying cry of fandom:

"Yngvi is a louse!!"

There.

Eye Bracks [Locke]. A welcome new arrival. "hat sort of a wa ting list is this OMPA one, where you place your navel at the bottom of it? I like the cheerful, shatty style of your rambling discussion of the trials and tribulations of the mimeo. It isn't profound, but it reads easily, and is enjoyable. And, as a book collector, some of your reviews

Let me rise to dispute a point, though. I believe -- and could no doubt bring in A*U*T*H*O*R*I*T*Y*S to back me -- that the three-deckers were produced with the rental libraries in mind; the same situation is common here in the States with hard-cover mysteries -- the rental libraries will take almost all published, and the publishers know they can sell a certain number for sure, unless there is a terrible panning. Haggard came in at the end of the three-decker era; his early books came out in small editions because he was unknown. Had he started a dozen years later, he would have been able to build up a following in magazines such as The Strand, as did one AC Doyle. The early Victorian writers came out first, usually, in parts -- small booklets issued weekly for 1d or 2d each, and continued -- with the bound work, one or three volumes, following as the last part (usually Nos 19/20 combined) appeared. "Pickwick Papers" is scarce in parts because Dickens was unknown, and no one thought much of the writing -- it was the pictures that were the center of attraction, at least at first. The later works are easy, though, as the parts came out in large editions, with many being saved.

After all, how many of the upper class would like Dickens anyway?

Are you sure that Doc Smith never put in erotic allusions? Have you read his latest in Amazing? S*H*X. And, too, in each of the lensmen stories, at least, there is an episode where our Hero is toying with one of the fair sex in situations that could be called intimate.

Fanzine Index [Pavlat]. Much appreciated, of course. And browsing brings back memories -- and take up time.

Fanzine Review [Madle]. But why not give us some Madle, instead of just general reviews, Bob. I know you can talk and write interestingly; why not do so?

Grist [Mills]. So you are nicked for 3% Social Security. At least, if you get out, you can transfer your credit with you. We're -- government -- nicked 6.5% and no transfer. If you leave before 15 years, you get the deduction -- or most of it -- back. After 15 years, you get only a retirement check, come 65, based on your salary way back when you worked. And no social security credit.

The rest I liked, but what can I say when nothing strikes fire?

Hungry [Rispin]. I had fun reading this, but find no markings on the margins on looking back. On the back page, does the last line of the poem refer to the roteler illo? And especially to the hypermammary development?

Morph [Roles]. What is that trans on La, Nd, Pr, and U doing in your library? And, of course, most of the information is probably out of date -- you can now get most of them in large quantity lots, much cheaper. Roles Roovins is always good -- you have the ability to write about people and places we are unfamiliar and make them interesting.

Pipress [Bjo]. And a most hearty and welcome greeting to you. I find this little -- only 26 pages -- entry one of the most enjoyable items in the mailing. I enjoyed reading it so much I didn't make any marks in the margins -- too interesting.]][[Is King Arjo still going? I haven't seen one in so long....]][[You don't like the real small cars? How about those motorized scooters? In traffic one of those can give me the willies, almost as bad as the bicycle with two riders, one on the handlebars. The people on the scooters are sailing along with no concern, briefcase strapped on behind, hat on head, and an expression that says -- to truck and car -- "Get out of my way, you clod." I don't like them.]][[At last a woman who admits high heels are no good. These pencil-thin ones now in style are bad in more than one way. I was in the local department store -- we actually have several, but this one is the best -- riding an escalator when a woman with such heels got caught in the slots on the tread. She got her foot out in time, but the shoe had a heel torn off very nicely. Quite a mess, too, for a time, with all sorts of people around. I understand, too, that offices with carpets are having trouble -- the heels cut right through. And I certainly agree that few women can walk gracefully in heels; either they walk bent kneed, or they stride slowly and carefully, with each step made with care. Which isn't good when the escort wants to go someplace before the second act. And they have to lean heavily on you for support. The only place I've ever seen heels help was going up California Street near the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. The grade is so steep that the feet were level when the heel and sole were both touching the sidewalk. But going down that grade, it took two of us men to keep her from going nose down.

The sketches are good -- especially the garden piece. The expressions on the faces are perfect.

Dark rich tea? Good grief, the strongest tea I've had has been green Chinese tea; a real flavor too, not that bitter dishwater. And nothing in it -- no cream, milk, sugar, lemon. The lemon and sugar help with the brown stuff; cold, it is better, but even then....

No more notes on margin. But, please keep jotting these daily events; they read so interestingly. More than ever makes me mad at the hotel in LA.

Pooka 10[Ford]. [There has been a slight break spent in listening to Elisabeth Schwarzkopf doing operetta arias -- most delightful light music -- and I now have on Helmut Walcha doing the Schübler chorales of JSBach. This I find relaxing after a hard day. Bach inspires, but never to a frenzy. He always leaves you uplifted and relaxed.] Back to Ford. Was the fact that the manager was a fairy related to the lack of air-conditioning? One wonders just what you raised hell with Tabakov for. A nice simple con report -- and one that didn't repeat the speeches verbatim, etc. Of course, if you only read one, then it's nice to have the speeches, etc; But I did like this.

Pooka 11. My you've got a lot of records. And you are giving me ideas. One of these days maybe I'll go through mine this way. One of those Ellington discs you list are real memory-makers -- Killin' Myself, Warm Valley, Never No Lament (you have the early issue, I see), Cotton Tail. (My copy of this is autographed by the Duke) But what happened to my favorite -- Dusk/Blue Goose? One of the very best, and the record that started me on Ellington.

Sand in the Beer [May]. So now I have two copies.

Scottishe [Lindsay]. I'm curious; how do you pronounce this? But I believe there is something equally unesthetic about most female knees; most women tend to either cover them, or to wear short enough shorts so that the eye goes elsewhere.]][[If you can't afford to pay for medical treatment here there are two choices -- you can be poor enough and

get it from welfare funds, or just not get it. Right now the Federal employees are being blanketed into one of several health programs -- or rather given the chance to join, with the government paying part of the cost -- fringe benefits. This is what a lot of unions and companies have had previously. Great noise is being made that the government is paying half the cost and such. Actually, the government pays half the cost up to a maximum of \$1.30 every two weeks. For a single person, these figures. You pay the rest. The program I have, a group practice deal, costs me now \$7.25 per month; the same deal, essentially, will cost me about \$5.50 per month, with the government paying the rest. Some people are complaining because they have outside coverage at less money, and the government plan will cost them less. Like a friend of mine, who has his mother living with him, retired. Before, he had her listed as a dependent on a group rate plan. Now, he can't; he has to have a separate single membership for her, at the higher non-group rates. In fact, I am not sure he can get her covered, because of age. This irks him, of course.

I enjoyed Willis on the customs of the bath. Around here you almost have to take at least a shower daily; the temperature in the summer time is such that you walk around with a film of moisture at all times -- the humidity, you know. Like a mild fog, only at about 75-80° and not quite as opaque. Mornings, though, can have a real haze while the temp is about 70. That in the summer time, of course. Winters, they keep all the stores and offices and homes so hot you can't dress properly. You put on a warm coat for the outside, for after all 30 isn't warm, and then go into a store that is kept at 75. It makes me sweat. So, the frequent bath. Now back home -- Oregon -- where the climate is often compared to England's (at least in the fall/winter/spring) the problem isn't as bad; people seem to keep things cooler. And it doesn't get as warm.

I also enjoyed the ramblings; they are very readable and show a discerning eye for things and people.

Waldo [Bentcliffe]. I've seen worse covers -- much worse -- often; if this is the worst you can do, you have no fears.]][[So we use the first two letters of the series to indicate the series, which says nothing about the final member of it. This holds true even in Russian, where it starts A,b,B... (all caps). And Greek and Hebrew. And, isn't it alphazetical, at least in "English, as opposed to American? And then you run across the IBM notation alphanumerical. Which is used to distinguish between it and binary coded information. [][[I believe that, like Archie, your story idea has appeared at least once. Astounding, I believe, several years ago. Telepaths, etc, had to spend a year as final exam on planet anti telepathic. If they were caught, the stake or the fire or rope.

The Hardware people -- and I'm using the term in the old sense, not the sense of gadgetry on a large scale -- should appreciate what the electrical people have, with their male plugs and female plugs and male sockets and female sockets.

Zounds [Lichtman]. Now, Bob, I'll be glad to use artwork in color -- if I can get it. I'm no artist, and none of the local lights are, and I'm too damn busy to write the letters I should.]][[I see gym -- physical education -- has certainly changed these days -- no foot/basket/baseball, and girls...

Don't agree with you on having an American editor for OMPA; it started out British, and the American members I've talked with believe it should keep the British flavour, which is a rare and wonderful thing.]][[Most public libraries will renew a book -- fiction or non-fiction -- only once, even if there is no demand for it. But you can take it out again as soon as it hits the shelf.

On to the post-mailings, or at least those I can identify and lay 9
my hands upon at the moment.

Blunt [Sanderson]. I've been straining through the microscopic type; I find it worthwhile but so wearying. Anyway, in this discussion re fans and pros and stuff. Point a is well taken. Most fans respect the good authors. Of course, it all depends on your definition of fan and good author. There are fans who considered Shaver the greatest and Plamer an idiot for not printing more Shaver. There are fans who consider any story with psf great - and others who won't touch the stuff. So.... Point b. Over here it seems different. I've seen neos at small meetings completely smugged by the regular fans; they weren't in on the latest fan-world goings-on, and actually wanted to discuss stf - that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Some fans do take an interest, but too often any gathering degenerates into a group of little circles, with the poor neos hovering on the outskirts, almost afraid some BNF will see them and let loose with a zap gun. As for point c. I've know fans - local - who hadn't read a stf mag for years. They started in fandom - or found out about it, at least - through the prozines, but have switched from stf to fandom.

The
lesser Flea [Clarke] Can a mare male get in the cooking department for a moment? At least on pie crust? I've always known pie crust as the dough that was used to hold, cover and generally enclose the pie. There are one and two face pies - or open face pies and covered pies. These are the apple and berry and cherry pies. The pies that are soft fillings in a pre-baked container are called pastry crusts. And such things as deep-dish apple pie and meat pies have one crust - the top. I believe some of the sets here have eliminated the 17kc whistle; at least there are sets I can stand and sets I cannot, and I can hear up to 16 kc at least. Depends upon the internal circuit. Do you/did you ever read Freeman (R Austin) mysteries? They are the ones I can reread with real pleasure; after all, he has written some in which you know the criminal at the start, and still holds your interest.

That quote has certainly been applied to the detective story. Sounds like something Dorothy Sayers might have had Harriet Vane write.

I liked the lesser flea - I just finished rereading it - except for the harping on a couple of themes of past history.

Marsolo
[Hayes]. Red on yellow. Pity my poor eyes, please. On scanning through your comments - with pauses to rest my eyes - I noted remarks re Library of Congress. There is no trouble in getting into this. You just walk through the doors on the ground floor, or go up the main steps and in the second floor - I mean first floor, of course - or come in the back door on the ground floor, or go in the annex and take the elevator to the top floor reading room, or down to the cellar, and walk through the tunnel to the main building, coming in there in the cellar. And if you know where to go, you can get into the restricted stack areas without too much difficulty. In any case, you enter the main reading room - after checking coat and umbrella - and locate a seat at the long reading desks. This is hard, especially at terms end when all the high school/college students are trying to finish term papers. Once you have a seat, you look to the book in the card catalog, fill out a 3x5 call slip, and turn it in to the desk. In about half to one hour a page bring you the book. When through, you return it to the desk, have them hold it for tomorrow if you want, and walk out. Simple. If you are doing an advanced piece of work, and have proper credentials - such as a letter from a congressman or senator - you can get cubicals assigned for your use, and have access to the stacks. This is true for everything but the "delta" collection and the rare book room - for obvious reasons. My only objection is that I can't get some of the fiction I want to index on Sat and Sunday - no circulation of PZ3 stuff then - and the short hours they are open on weekends. One of these days I want to start doing some more biblio work - when the job settles down to merely hectic.

The article on nude Greeks was interesting; I wonder what de Camp would have to say to it. His Greece certainly wasn't nude.

Habaluk [Donaho]. I like this, and just wish it were part of every OMFA mailing. And not because of the mescalin article (I'm sort of out in left field on this; it doesn't interest me much) [I remember a report I heard years ago about some college chem dept doing work on alkaloids that whipped up some things that were worse than any of the natural ones - and carefully destroyed all the records.]

Of course the "Threepenny Opera" is based on the "Beggar's Opera" of English composition, as a reaction against the Germanic and Italian operas of the period. I still have the old 78 recording from the 1935+ London revival; most wonderful singing.

And may I take a few lines to disagree with you over that definition of science fiction? I don't feel that it is definitive, but at least it doesn't pussyfoot around it like Moskowitz's did. Too many people have been assuming that since it was published in ASF or Galaxy or Amazing it must be science fiction, since these magazines publish science fiction. This is as bad as saying that the stories of sex, sadism, and slaughter that appear in the "detective" magazines are detective stories. Hammett could use this in his, but they were also detective stories; his imitators can't. Likewise, a lot of the stories in the prozines, especially Fantastic Adventures and Planet and Amazing of several years back were not sf; they were fantasy or nothing more than mundane stories in an exotic setting that had nothing to do with the plot - space opera. If we are going to have science fiction, let's discuss science fiction. And I've said nothing about how good it is - some of the true science fiction of the Gernsback Amazings are horrid to read. And a lot of fantasy could qualify; the treatment is the deciding factor. You note that I have admitted several items to the canon that really don't belong - time travel and faster than light ships. Even when there isn't a good explanation for the event; it has become one of the accepted bits of background, just like a ray gun.

But enough rambling of the cuff. Maybe soon I can do a good job on this.

TAFF [Brown]. Unfortunately, this was at the bottom of the pile, and I've just about used up energy and comments. At least, it didn't stir any comment from me, except that I hate that wiggly line around some of the pages. It distracts me.

I see I have some white space, but it is too hot and too late to do anything about it. Except to mention that the Ditto is in the repair shop, and so this will be postmailed. Maybe next mailing I will be in the bundle. I hope....

Typos this time
Country US Govt -
I've been working
too long to think
at night when I
get home - Sat + Sun too

B.!!