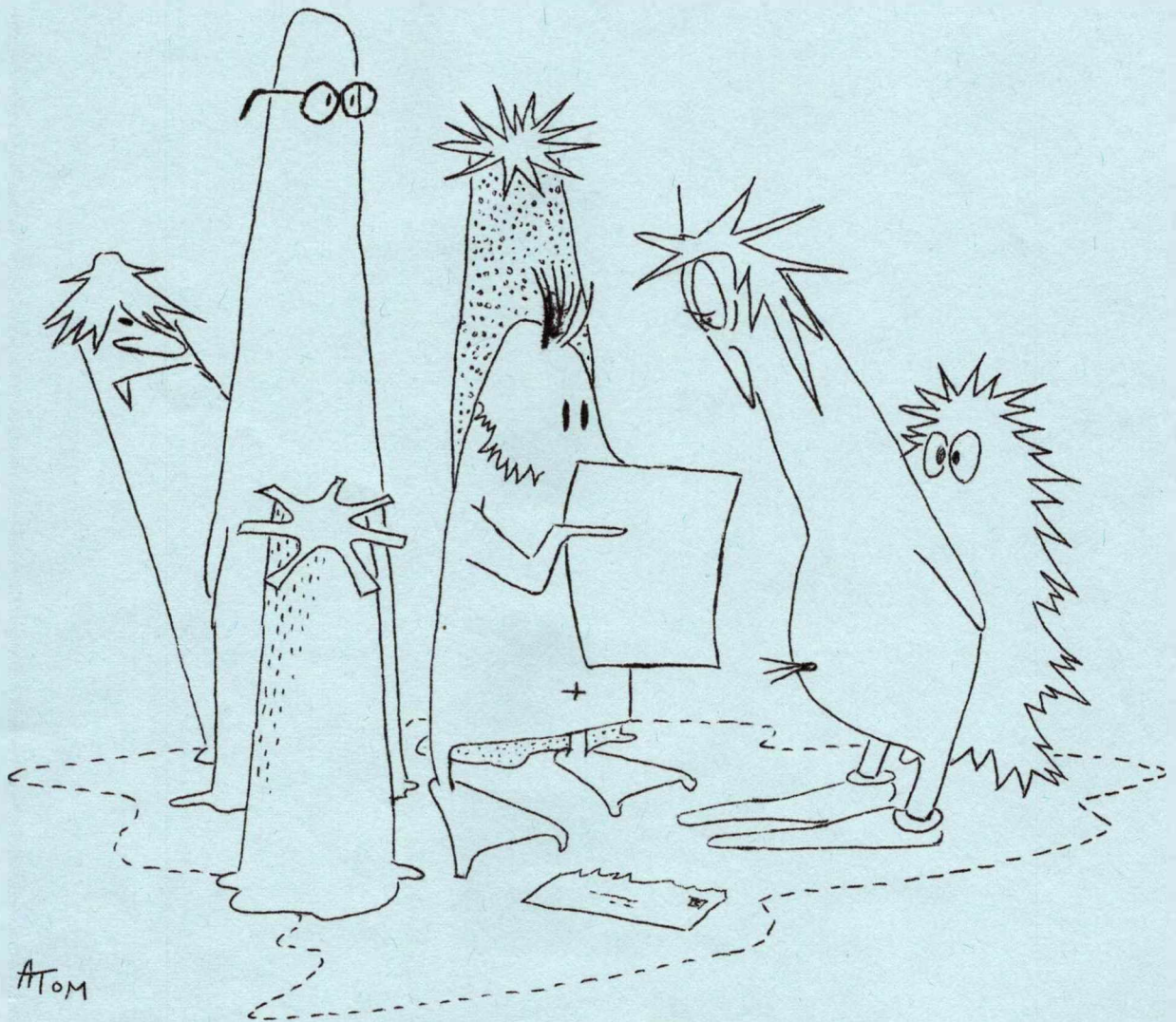


D O L P H I N O N E

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Ompa Mlg. 31

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Seattle 99, Wash.  
U.S.A.



Well, at least the letter starts out right. It says:

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF!

I was going to tell you all about myself, below. But I veered. Next issue, I'll tell you all about the Seattle World's Fair.

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## D O L P H I N 1

### Introducing me

It may seem a bit foolish for me to bother to introduce myself to an organization where I know as many of the people as I do of OMPA. But there are a great many of you who do not know me at all. So--here goes.

I am Elinor Busby, the wife of F. M. Busby for going on eight years now. We have two dachshunds, named Nobby and Lisa, who are seven and six, respectively. We also have two birds, Brandy Cockatiel and Bongo Budgerigar, who are about two and a half. We live in a small, old house in a working class neighborhood. About one third of our neighbors are Croatian immigrants; they came from a little island in the Mediterranean whose name I have forgotten, but which is now a part of Yugoslavia. Their religion is Roman Catholic and most of them have to do (or so I believe) with the fishing industry, in some way or another. Some are fishermen, some are fish slicers. Buz and I, non-Catholics and non-Croatians, like and are liked by our neighbors, but play no real part in their lives. Last summer, after six and a half years in this house, my nextdoor neighbor, Sam Snidarich, confided something in me which I wasn't to tell anyone (nor have I) and said that they only reason why he was telling me all this was because I was a stranger. Well, I knew what he meant. --We've been very happy with our neighborhood. Our neighbors are all very pleasant people, and we did really WANT the togetherness of the suburbs. We enjoy our view of the bay and our glorious sunsets very, very much. But there are getting to be more apartment houses in our neighborhood all the time, and finally two weeks ago they started to build an eight-unit apartment house right next door to us, where there used to be blackberry vines gone wild, with song sparrows living in them. We are going to put up a six foot fence (if we can't talk the apartment house owner into doing it) and plant some trees along the side of it, and we'll try to make the best of it. But we are afraid that much of the privacy and comfort of our dearly loved little out-of-doors will be gone.

We have been remodeling our house ever since we first moved into it, and it remains in an eternal state of transition. There is not a single room in this house which looks at all the way it used to look or very much the way we expect it to look eventually. We'd get there faster if we weren't in fandom, but, well--we're in fandom. We like our house because we think it's cheerful looking and homey, and because it's quite ostentatiously unostentatious. But it has drawbacks. For one thing, it's not the least bit reposeful. Except for the dining room and bathroom (which are both small rooms anyhow) every room in the house has got three or four doors in it, so that wherever you are, it's continually being put in your mind to go somewhere else. Another thing is that there's only one comfortable chair, and if you sit on it the dogs insist on getting on your lap, and then it's not so comfortable anymore. And the numerous windows, which make the house cheerful, also make it drafty in the winter. But all in all, for us the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages.

We live in the city of Seattle, and oh! we are so proud of our city. To begin with, it's extremely pretty. We have the Cascade mountains on one side and the Olympic mountains on the other, and Mount Rainier off to the south. We have Green Lake right inside the city limits, and have Lake Washington, Lake Union (also inside city limits), Lake Sammamish, and another smaller lake floating around somewhere. We have the bay, constantly supplied with ferry boats and other vessels. We have great quantities of seagulls, which soar and glide so elegantly. And sometimes one sees them overhead, and their wings are edged with light, and sometimes one sees them silhouetted darkly against a creamy bay and sky, and what with one thing and another I'm inclined to think that a view without seagulls in it is hardly worth bothering about.

And Seattle is going to have a World's Fair, starting April 21. It is going to be BEAUTIFUL. It has got the loveliest bldgs.--there are little things with beautifully molded roofs and slim pillars, I haven't the slightest idea what they are--and some lacy concrete structures that go high in the air, and there's going to be a wonderful fountain..



## MAILING COMMENTS

Norm Metcalf: Doing apazines has one big advantage over writing letters: if one happens to hit upon a remark that's fairly wise or witty, it's pleasant to have it appreciated by more than just one person. If one keeps carbons of one's letters one can always dig it out later and use it again (and again and again) but this smacks of dreary economy. If one must plagiarize, it seems so unimaginative to plagiarize oneself! Of course, if one never says anything wise or witty, one might as well correspond and bore people one at a time instead of 45 at a time. So there's a great deal to be said for both letters and apazines. --For myself, I dearly love to get letters, and seldom if ever find them boring. But I seldom if ever feel like answering them. It's actually laziness, however.

I agree that using the atom bombs against the Japanese was unwarranted brutality, but it wasn't until after they were used that the Japanese were willing to surrender unconditionally. Previous offers of surrender were all with conditions, and for some reason this didn't suit our leaders. Buz says that we should have warned the Japanese about the bombs first, and perhaps demonstrated them, rather than dropping them right on the populace. This seems reasonable to me. I don't know why they didn't warn the Japanese. Perhaps they didn't think it would work, or wouldn't work fast enough to save American lives. The American leaders certainly had a right to preserve American lives at the cost of Japanese-- one can only assume they made the best decision they could on the facts available to them at the time.

I knew two women who were interned in a Japanese P.O.W. camp in the Philippines. Both suffered much hardship, neither any brutality.

Ken Cheslin: I certainly agree with you that in Mary Renault's "The King Must Die" Theseus' ability to predict earthquakes is not necessarily supernatural. It could be psi, or, as you say, it could be a purely physical ability. However, isn't it hinted, doesn't it seem implicit in the story, that the ill-luck of Theseus' later years was due to his breaking his oath to Ariadne's father, and deserting her? That might be considered just an itty-bitty supernatural, mightn't it?

Archie Mercer: A defense of fur-ranching? Well--the fact that it's practical--that animals do breed in captivity--seems to indicate that they suffer no unendurable hardship in captivity. Whose side are you on, anyway? Minks? Why, they're terribly unloveable animals, or so I hear. They wouldn't be on your side. --I've never owned a fur coat, and in Seattle a cloth coat is much more comfortable. But I once knew a woman from Chicago who told me that back there a fur coat is virtually a necessity in winter--the biting wind goes right through cloth. And I suppose furs were very helpful to the people who explored north and south poles, and so forth.

I think it's quite common for the beard to be a different color from the hair. My brother-in-law, with blond hair, would have a red beard if he let it grow. There's no law that says all the hairs on one's body have to be the same color--the combination of fair hair and black eyebrows, naturally occurring, while not commonplace, is something I'm sure all of us have seen from time to time.

Much enjoyed first installment of your autobiography.

As a member of the Seacon committee, I object to your objection to "Who Killed Science Fiction"'s having won the Hugo. I am proud that we put no arbitrary restrictions on eligibility. A majority of voters liked WKSF best--what more can be said? Non-voters, or voters whose choices didn't win, are displaying poor sportsmanship by creebing about it.

Now about the American Revolution: you say, if I understand you, that the American colonists had no better right to revolt against the government than British citizens at home would have. I can't agree there, because the problems the Americans faced were quite different from the problems of their British cousins, and I suspect that even by 1776 the Americans were already taking on a national character very different from that of the British. The American character was set early: in 1842 Charles Dickens analyzed the Americans, and his conclusions were in some respects quite similar to those of Geoffrey Gorer, a hundred years later. The difference between American and British characters is

partly due to the difference/environment, but it's also partly due to the fact that America early acquired many non-British settlers. My Swiss forbears were in Pennsylvania at least a generation before the Revolution, and my German ancestors arrived just a generation after the war. Of course it's true that at the time of the American Revolution the colonists were still of predominantly British descent, but I think they had already acquired awareness of themselves as a separate, distinct people, (though it took another hundred years to weld them into a nation).

A good meaty apazine--much enjoyed.

Norm Metcalf again: Pooh--Paul said it was better to marry than to burn--what more do you want in the way of permission? Just because he didn't throw flowers down the aisle for you!

Bob Lichtman: The Good Will is a GREAT place to look for books. I found a copy of John Myers Myers' "The Wild Yazoo" (non-fantasy, but my favorite by him so far) at the Good Will, in very good condition for about a dime or so.

You know, Bob, I've known you for three years and it seems so strange that I've never met you yet. I go down to L.A., and you're around somewhere except you aren't in fandom yet, and I go down to Berkeley and you're around somewhere except you aren't there, and we go to all the trouble of putting on a convention and fans come from England and Japan and back east and everywhere else, but do you come? Certainly not. I'm beginning to think you're a mere figment, like Carl Brandon or Leslie Norris. I believed in them once, to what avail? I think I'll not believe in you any more, Bob. (& now I've got a really good excuse for not answering your letter, which has been sort of weighing on my conscience).

Terry Jeeves: Congratulations on your offspring. Didn't she just miss coming on your birthday? At any rate, another Libran.

Dick & Pat Ellington: Muff-Muff should be bred to a yellow tom to get calico kittens and calico kittens are the Best Kind. #Sad to hear of all your pet problems. Buz and I have certainly been lucky--in nigh onto 8 years, all we've lost is three budgerigars, only one of which we were strongly attached to. We're lucky--knock on wood.

"According to literal verbatim accounts I've had, the women's toilets in this country far outdo the men's for filthy writing." WHAT? Are you and I living in the same country, Dick? Gad, I really thought I'd seen a little of the world--I've been as far north as Fairbanks Alaska and as far south as Acapulco, and as far east as Pittcon (that's not very far, I know), but I have NEVER IN MY WHOLE LIFE seen ANY filthy writing in any women's toilets. In very few toilets is there any writing at all. In the crummier ones, there will be things like "Barbara loves Mike" or "Sandra loves Jimmy"--with hearts drawn about it, with an arrow through, you know the sort of thing. And there will sometimes be impressions of lipstick on the wall. Period. On some women's toilet wall/once

"Some people come here to sit and think, but I came here because I had too much to drink" but I don't remember for sure whether I saw it myself or whether a friend saw it and told me about it. At any rate, it's unique in my memory as the only piece of writing I've ever heard of appearing in a women's toilet. Where are earth are these obscene toilets you've heard about?

As I understand it, the thing about the Bowie knife was that one didn't cut one's own hand with it in wielding it. #Bowie was a widower at the time of the Alamo. Pitiful story (& one you no doubt know): there was an epidemic of fever--he sent her and the children away so they'd be safe--they died, but he lived. For a while.

Ethel Lindsay: "Witch Switch" cute. #MachiaVarley should read Alex King's story about getting rid of a package of dead kittens. I think it's in "May This House Be Free From Tigers".

I think that people are happier nowadays than they used to be, Ethel. You cite instances from your own family, and I think I could match them with instances from my own.



In the old days, parents were hung up on respect and discipline, whereas nowadays they seem to look upon their children as human beings in their own right--they tend to respect their children, as well as demanding respect in return. People look with horror on the high divorce rate--one out of every four marriages fails. But in the old days a woman almost had to stay with her husband, no matter how unpleasant he was. And now, if a marriage lasts, one may feel quite sure that husband and wife enjoy each other's company, and three out of four marriages do last. In the old days, unless she were an heiress, a single woman was a Poor Relation and an object of pity. Nowadays, a single woman may be as respected and admired as anybody. People talk about the pressure towards conformity in present-day America--but it's (so far as I know) no greater now than it ever was. I think it's actually considerably less, because there are more different sets of things to which one might conform. Also, transportation is such nowadays that one's neighbors and one's friends can be two entirely different groups of people, which tends to alleviate any pressure to conformity. But an important source of happiness which one seldom sees mentioned is this: people are healthier than they used to be. It isn't just that most of the danger has been removed from illnesses which were once often fatal, like pneumonia and tuberculosis, but that the healthy people are healthier. People eat fresh vegetables and fruit all the year around now, which didn't use to be available in the winter-time. People don't take spring tonics in the spring any more, because their systems are kept perking nicely all the year around.

"But wouldn't you say that it would be natural, when faced with inconsideration, to be more disappointed when the person is a fan?" Only if one had unrealistic expectations, evaluations, of fans and fandom. It's important to keep in mind that fans are like the non-fannish majority, except in being just a little bit brighter, generally speaking, and having a stronger urge to communicate real experience, real thoughts, rather than agreed-upon experience and opinions. And among fringe-fans, even that isn't necessarily true. Many fringe-fans are just exactly like mundane in every respect except that they read science fiction and have heard of fandom and have nothing better to do with their time. And in my experience, practically all abuses of hospitality and so forth come from fringe fans, club fans, and the like, rather than from good-ol'-fanzine fans. Buz and I have never had our hospitality abused in the slightest degree by any fanzine-fan, and not to speak of by even the fringeiest fringe or club fan. Of the impositions that I remember hearing of, most of the imposers were fringe, club types.

Roy Tackett says: "Since WW1 the advertising media have encouraged the placing of "woman" on the well known pedestal." Hah! The advertisers weren't to blame this time. Women were already there. In 1842, Charles Dickens found, on the railways: "If a lady takes a fancy to any male passenger's seat, the gentleman who accompanies her gives him notice of the fact, and he immediately vacates it with great politeness." Twenty years later, Anthony Trollope commented, surprised, that on the omnibuses a man would immediately rise to give a standing woman passenger his seat, and that she would take it so much as her right that she probably wouldn't even bother to say thank you. Women have always had the pedestal in America, and I've heard it attributed to the scarcity of women in a pioneer environment--which seems reasonable. In a pioneer environment, women were not only fewer than in a settled area but were immensely more valuable for their housekeeping skills. --I think (& have heard it said) that American men dislike women because they are brought up almost entirely by women, and have to rebel against them in order to grow up to be men. Practically all school teachers in America are women, which is really a misfortune, especially for the boys.

Much interested in Roy's article about his stay in the Marines. He was very unfortunate in picking the university he did. If he had gone to University of Washington he would have had much less trouble, and would probably be working at Boeing's this very day. But he could hardly wish his wife unmet and his children unborn, and probably he wouldn't even have LIKED working at Boeing's.

Brian Aldiss' poem fine--egad, mescaline is as bad as peyote? What a disappointment. Walt Willis is much missed in FAPA, quite apart from his fapazine. There's also the fact that one likes to have people like Walt reading one's own material. --I'm still much enjoying his reminiscences.

And yours. And I like Arthur's little illustrated poems.

John Roles: Yours was an awfully skimpy zine, but what there was of it I enjoyed immensely.

Where do we go on holidays? Americans don't go on holidays, we take vacations instead. (As you very well know). Buz and I never go anywhere except to conventions. I can't remember a single trip, in all the 100 months of our marriage, that wasn't either to visit his relations or to conventions. (My relations whom we see live closer at hand). I often think it would be fun to spend a weekend in Victoria, or the Olympic Rain Forest, and Buz will sort of almost agree in abstract, but when I mention a specific weekend, why, it's impossible--we have to fan or some darned thing. But we get to quite a few conventions, and that really is the best kind of vacation for fans.

I thought I had forgotten my high school Latin, but cum quo puella concubuerit came through loud and clear.

Jimmy Groves: Thoroughly liked your rebuttal to the proposition that US and Canada are "tapidly sinking into a sump hole of literary and cultural ignorance."

Margaret Kennedy is one of my favorite mainstream writers. I've read everything by her that I could find. Her books vary quite a bit quality, I believe, but they are always intensely interesting. She has probably written about fifteen or twenty novels and nobody ever writes fifteen or twenty first-class novels, but some of her books are very good. My favorite is "Lucy Carmichael", which is the story of a girl's gradual recuperation from the heart-break of losing the man she loved and the humiliation of being quite literally left waiting at the church.

Bill Donaho: Buz and I used to play samba before we got into fandom, and you could have easily talked us into a game of canasta when you were up here a couple years ago. You'll come one of these years and we'll get the cards out. #I loathe hearts--it's a terrible game. Trying to get a low score is totally against nature--it's like trying to make water run uphill. I'd almost as soon play scrabble as hearts, and scrabble is a game that infallibly puts me to sleep.

I couldn't agree less that simple repetition of anything can make it screamingly funny. I think Ray Nelson was being a bit sarcastic there, no? Surely Ray does not laugh wildly at the mention of Alfred E. Neuman?

Bill, your confessions story is very good. You do indeed have the style down pat.

I call men by their last names sometimes when the last name seems to suit them much better than the first. Tosk, for example, I would never dream of calling Burnett. He doesn't seem the least bit Burnettish. And Rotsler is such a wonderful name nobody could ever call him Bill.

In "Must You Conform?" Lindner differentiates between homosexuals and homoerotics, and I think this is the invert/pervert bit that Bobbie Gray speaks of. I am sorry to say that Lindner is very unscientific about the whole thing. He describes homosexuals as being obsessed by love/longing for other men, but describes homoerotics in one place as weight-lifting and another place as effeminate, and never defines this term (which he apparently made up himself) in the slightest. However, one does grasp that the distinction must be that the sexual orientation of the one is involuntary, of the other, by free choice. I don't see how one could distinguish between the two types. One could tell by conversation, but homos don't usually confide in heteros (not to me, at any rate).

Andy Main: Swedes and Germans in OMPA? In God's name, whatever for? I feel the more British in OMPA the better, and if any Swedes and Germans join, I shall do my very best to be brave and cheerful about the whole thing. But you know, Andy, most people find it quite difficult/<sup>enough</sup> being interesting in their NATIVE tongue.

There are fewer girls in fandom than in mundane, but can you really say there is a much smaller percentage of pretty girls in fandom than in mundane? Perhaps you're just thinking of single women and/or girls around your own age. But fandom, with such women as Pat Ellington, Miri Carr, Sylvia White, Joni Cornell, and--let's see--there's lots more, I know--has no real shortage of female pulchritude.

Where did you hear that most people remember before their sixth or seventh years of life? I too have only a couple vague memories before that time. Jim Caughran doesn't



remember his early childhood; my younger sister doesn't remember much of anything before she was TEN. --Oh, heavens, that's Ted White, who says he doesn't remember much before sixth year. No wonder I got confused when you put him upsidedown. Why did you do that, Andy Main?

John M. Baxter: You're engaged but you don't like good women? How can this be? Are you engaged to a bad woman, or to a good woman whom you don't like? It all sounds rather saddening.

You dislike 50% of American fans? You ass, you don't even know 50% of American fans. What some people won't say to call attention to themselves!

You want to know why your genzine was so unpopular that it never got better than 40% response. I guess I can't help you on that one--I think 40% response very very good indeed! CRY is not what you might call a really unpopular fanzine--it even won a Hugo once, for what that's worth--but I doubt if we ever received anywhere near 40% response. The highest response we ever got was after the month when we pulled an April Fool's joke--oh, oh--scrub that--we weren't ever going to tell.

I remember your zine, John, and I was seriously considering writing you a letter. But that's as far as it got.

The poem you quote was quoted in "The Singing Sands" and it is indeed from that that the title derives. To ME it sounds like something out of John Buchan. (By the way, would you Scots be good enough to say whether it's pronounced Byew KAN or BUCK un? Bill Evans and I were discussing it a month or so ago, and neither of us was quite sure). I'm sure it's not James Elroy Flecker. His was an essentially Mediterranean scene.

Dick Schultz: I agree that Gregg Trend would be a wonderful artist if he could unclutter his drawings. Someone (I think it was Bjo) told me that what artists need more than anything else is someone to tell them when to stop.

Didn't you like "The Death Dealers" by Isaac Asimov? I did. I really did. One reason why I liked it is that it's set in a chemistry dept., and I worked as a secretary in the chemistry dept. at the University of Washington for a couple years once. The similarity was tremendous--the general atmosphere, and some of the people. There were three or four people in Asimov's book who were uncannily like people in the U.W. chem. dept; I felt quite at home. The murderee in "Death Dealers" was like a grad. student we had, who later committed <sup>ted</sup>suicide. "Handies" Foster was like U.W.'s "Sarg" Powell. The protagonist (whose name I've forgotten) was exactly like another guy whose name I've forgotten, and other similarities were much less vivid.

I don't see why both Ethel and Walt should have to speak at the Chicon banquet. We didn't make Ella Parker make a speech. Perhaps Ethel will have to--TAFF delegates always DO--but Walt needn't, surely. Well, Dick, at any rate that's not for us to worry about. Gee, isn't it glorious--not having any decisions to make about the con weightier than what we're going to wear to the costume ball and what to the banquet? You can't appreciate it so vividly, Dick, but let me assure you that it's very nice.

Yes, I remember running boards on cars. My mother used to let us ride on the running board sometimes for a big treat. There wasn't as much or as fast traffic in those days, and we certainly did enjoy it.

Oh, about the proportion of British to American in OMPA: rather than fix a definite limit of Americans, perhaps it would be a good idea to try to talk as many fine British fans as possible into joining OMPA. How do Americans decide to join OMPA? They hear about it from their friends; their friends talk it up to them and say, "Well, why don't you JOIN?" Now, why don't we all decide to concentrate on talking OMPA up to our BRITISH friends for a while, until such time as OMPA has British fans in very good supply? In the meantime, we Americans could help a little bit by, while engaged in OMPAac, putting ourselves in as British a frame of mind as possible. While typing or reading OMPAZines we could drink tea, or possibly even room-temperature beer. Our stockings could be held up by suspenders, if we were wearing any, and we could be careful to think of B.R.Toskey (if we thought of him) as a professor of maths., rather than something more singular. Surely this would help a little--eh, mates?