

Fantasia



Justifying the cover cut..

KRESKIN the MENTALIST

1968 and 1972

By Pam Wesson

AN OPPORTUNITY to see Kreskin, the Mentalist, who tours the U. S. and appears on TV, should not be passed up. I witnessed his performance in Westfield (N.J.) and came out utterly dumbfounded.

Before he became involved with the bulk of his show, he told us about Houdini, his own experiences on TV, and mainly about the power of suggestion.

In this commentary, he informed us of some very interesting "coincidences." He was on a Huntley-Brinkley news presentation during the riots in Chicago and had a chance to observe them. He noticed, and I think some others also noticed, that when the young people were questioned, a majority of them could not seem to recall where they were and what they were doing during certain times. During marches ("practice" marches, of course) a few certain words were repeated over and over to them. These words were heard during the riots. But, strangest of all, several men, 50-ish, were noticed at the riots murmuring these phrases. The same men were later sighted on newsreels of the fights at Columbia, and were murmuring the same phrases. There was also a duplication of students.

He said no more, but left us to our own conclusions.

(PY W, 1968, 13 yrs old)

January, 1972:

In addition to Kreskin's regular routine which involved "receiving" particular numbers or names from the audience, he performed a feat of levitation which still has me confounded. A small wooden table was brought onstage and a volunteer was selected from the audience. (He happened to choose one of my friends, so it wasn't a plant.) The volunteer examined the table closely, turning it over and searching for wires or hidden devices. When she found none, Kreskin instructed her to place her hands flat on the table top as he did also. You could see them both concentrating, and a minute or so later, the table rose to eye level, bucking and swooping with seeming force! Naturally we were astounded, and didn't breathe till the table relaxed and descended after a short time.

A plausible explanation is that the trick was performed by mass hypnosis. However, at a subsequent demonstration, I was one of several volunteers whom he tried to hypnotize. He succeeded with the others but not with me, although I wasn't resisting him to my knowledge. If mass hypnosis was employed for the levitation, wouldn't I be affected? In any case, Kreskin alleges that he loses seven pounds each performance through his mental exertions, so I am willing to believe that the table truly defied the earth's natural laws.

Helen here: I, too, have watched Kreskin perform once on TV, and he is obviously a mathematical genius..or so it seems to one whose family laughingly taunts her with, "How much is 6×7 ?"

43, of course. + + + + +

The heading is scraggly because, though we've been in this house for 10 years come August, nobody has cared enough to put together my home-made mimeoscope..although I have two sons who can't always afford to buy gifts, but who did have ample time, all that is required.

AND THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT..Rod Serling's Night Gallery had Elsa Lancaster playing in "Green Fingers," and the climax had just been reached when the entire house went black. I still don't know why the mean old man's hair turned gray and he went mad (I believe..the lights went out subsequently several times) but these stories are fairly predictable. Nevertheless, for an aficionada of the genre, Night Gallery is usually worth watching. And there is a new show coming up which is unusual: ESP. It premieres this weekend, and I hope it is a success. I am one of the few who do not watch All in the Family. The wife is humorous, and I know I'm supposed to think Archie hilarious, but he would never be a friend of mine, so why invite him into my home regularly? Besides, I waste enough time on the Mystery and Horror films, though during this period when I am not working, there is not a thing, good or bad, to view on the Late Shows. (And I think daytime TV, except for The Sesame Street Muppets, should be cancelled.

I DISLIKE INTENSELY publishers who make one search all through their zines to find the Colophon giving their names and addresses. Now see how they like it:

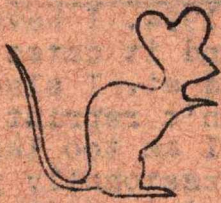
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ORIENTAL FANTAZINE is published by Helen & Pam Wesson for FAPA (meaning some of it has been published as Peko's Pages, and reprinted in FAPA format,) for two reasons: 1) Lillian Worley, a printer in APA, gave the vertical cut to me knowing I couldn't resist it; 2) I honestly think more Americans should know more about the Orient, especially in view of our President's own gauche treatment of Japan. If I had been running things instead of Kissinger, I'd have consulted with Japan previous to announcing any overtures to Red China, to allow the Japanese to Save Face. In fact, I'd never have put that embargo against Chinese antiques into effect. And as long as I am running the Orient here, I condemn the rape of Tibet by China with its accompanying genocide; and I want the Formosans (who are NOT Chinese) seated in the UN on their own. Also, I think India disposed of her Pakistan refugee problem in the only way possible; King Hussein was more hospitable and the Palestinian refugees repay him by killing his best general and may yet succeed in killing him, our only friend in the Arab world.

If the President wishes to discuss all this with me, I am available.

Pam's articles are several years old but still valid. She has been studying Far Eastern History (China and Japan) at Rutgers University in Newark during this senior high school semester. It is an Advanced Senior (college) course under Dr. I. Wou, and she has enjoyed it so much she is extending to another course next semester on Traditional China, besides the F.E. History which will be on Japan this coming semester. There are several Viet Nam vets in her class. For the last class before the Holidays, she brought in a great pot of imported Japanese soba, with bowls and hashi, and a nostalgic time was had by all former Orient hands. (Wish I'd thought to bring home a soba-ya whistle.)

If ORIENTAL FANTAZINE is not in this bundle, it is because this F must meet the deadline but I wish to add more to OF. Any subject interest you especially? IF YOU KNOW of a country printshop that has Wooden Type knocking around, I collect it to design F covers, etc. Incomplete fonts OK.



1972

FANTASIA for the Feb.
1972 FAPA bundle is
being published during
the Hectic Holidays
between (reading right
to left, Oriental-style)
(loused that up, didn't I)
the Year of the Wild Boar
and the Year of the Rat.



1971

The Year of the Rat starts a new twelve-year cycle in the Oriental Zodiac, and since 1971 was such a bad start for the Occidental decade, I'm happy to make a new start this way.

The Rat is the symbol of prosperity, and the god Ebisu, sitting on his bales of rice (wealth in the Orient) is disdainful of the rat nibbling away at the grains from a corner of the bale. Otherwise, it may be a tricky year, as Orientals give the same attributes to animals as we do, and by their tale, the Rat won first place in Buddha's zodiacal cycle through trickery, as told in some previous Fantasia.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Perhaps others do not vote in the Egoboo Poll for the same reason as I: I can't go back and review the year's bundles, and there's a tendency to be swayed by the bundle in which the Poll is received, neither of which is fair. (Calkins)

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY (Lee Hoffman): Congratulations on having the get-up-and-go to move to Florida. I have all that, but not the resources, so I spend my daydreaming time figuring out ways. Pam fell in love with the Bay Area when she arrived at the Carpeted Tampa Airport, was taken from the plane to the airport proper in a Carpeted shuttle, and saw the luxury of the brightly-carpeted conversation areas in the other clean carpeted airport with its attractive shops. What a contrast to New York, Newark and the dingy airport at St. Thomas; also Haneda at Tokyo. Then we visited an old friend in Tampa and she saw something of the private (vs. h/motel) life available, the CLIMATE, etc., etc., and applied to New College, Sarasota. (Since then we have been receiving warnings that the students at New College are really weird types, from a boy of her own age group, but New College is probably only 4th on her list anyway.) I hope you tell us of your travail in becoming established down there, your gripes and groubles, because I'd like to hear another side to make the crime and grime up here more palatable. /Sorry about your accident. We had a Ford station wagon accordion-pleated on us front and back when a car plowed into our stationary car and pushing us into a truck. X-rays showed nothing, but after the insurance was settled (it cost us money to be the innocent victims!), I found my spinal fusion acting up and I can't spend 8 hours a day sitting over a hot typewriter any more. Hope your stitches don't show, but as you know, they do disappear in time. The kind of trouble I want to hear is like palmetto bugs, hurricanes (an obscenity in the Keys), and anything else to console me, and other FAPAns who crave the sunshine and a daily swim.

DYNATRON (Tackett) So how many Ojibwas are left today? And do they do any better typing stencils without corflu?/I assume Telzey lives in the pulps you mention; seems to me an anthology of these stories would be useful for the pre-teen trade. (The teens are busy with Joyce and Yeats and Kafka.) I'd enjoy it, but then I intend to celebrate Oscar's Birthday with a Trash Party.

HORIZONS (Warner): "The Spirits Were..." in The Worst of Martin was not bad, for its day, but its day wasn't 1954. I have a carbon of the original ms. that went the rounds, and it dates 10-15 years earlier. Some of it I remember laughing aloud at. I also have the original ms. of his book, THE DUAL, but you can't reprint it as it was published professionally, under what title I am too lazy to research among my bookcase reserved for books professionally published by amateurs in the sense of "hobbyists" that is. / "Otherwise, the main problem was theft." Burglary is so usual in my husband's office that the girls try to hide the smaller machines at the end of the day in a game of outwitting the thieves, who always find whatever they want. At 11 a.m. one morning a girl reporter entered the Service elevator as a short cut and walked right into one of the firm's messenger boys being held up at knife-point. The anecdotes of this type are endless. This on Fifth Avenue. The firm has since given up the Fifth Avenue building, which connected with their own on E. 12th St. The various papers are now offset in Camden, N.J. and Chicago (if I remember rightly) because while our printers would never strike because they were collecting double wages (for work on two papers a day), still the printing business, thanks to Bert Powers of the Typographic Union, is dead in NYC. This means ruin for peripheral businesses, and the wave ripples out further than people realize. This is another factor in the emigration out of NY. / I am showing your "Summer of '42" to Bill, who is Shel's high school classmate and the new type of journalist. With two years of Vietnam duty as interpreter sandwiched in his college stint, he is running the radio station at Williams, worked two summers on the paper in St. Petersburg under their special training program, and will take a course in Law when he graduates Williams this June. Also to Pamela, for whom he may arrange a summer at St. Pete on the same program IF we can figure out how a 17-year old girl can live away from home safely when we can't safely leave her in her own home alone. Unless brother David can get a job in the typographical end there, and share an apartment for the summer, I just might have to take a two-month vacation from all my albatrosses and Hell-room chaos, and sacrifice myself to two months of Florida swimming. It is 94° sunny and 77° rainy in St. Pete, and 77 is about the coldest I like weather! We shall see; I'd have to surmount several obstacles, like, right off, my husband. / Please continue such articles with assurance they are appreciated by all..right, gang?

DIFFERENT (Moskowitz): (Nothing like variety in heads.) "Sexton Blake" is new to me. The article, like Warner's, is well-written but has something more, and I'm keeping it in my new Whodunit file to research some day.

GRUE and The LEWD BOOK (Grennell, who else): Kawasaki was town next to Yokohama whence cometh Hallowe'eny clouds of orange and black smoke when the winds were traveling in our direction. At that time nobody had heard of pollution, but I did have, for my first year in Japan, a conjunctivitis of both eyes. Now, I understand, Tokyo is probably the worst-polluted of all cities. The traffic policemen take oxygen breaks every half-hour, and vending machines dispense Pure Air upon insertion of a ¥50 coin. (Really true, I'm not putting you on.)

METANOIA 10 (Greg and Suzy Shaw): This time the extra underlining is intentional, as welcome, and if it really was an 8-year wait, you certainly have staying power! If you are interested in joining FAPA TEN YEARS AGO, send a bid in now

to me. I am about to make my ten-yearly clean-up, which means all bundles plus some fanzines from previous eons. All but Horizons, which I keep separately, and buyer is honor-bound to supply Bob Silverberg with whatever zine Bob lacks due to his fire, gratis and with a smell of my own guilty conscience for never having checked Bob's list against the stacks in the attic and my hellroom./ Please bring us FAPAns up to date on your neighborhood with back reprints, if this is a sample. It is stuff like this (not s/f) which has kept me in FAPA lo these fascinating years. Willie's "Gang Bang" is one of his best./ Carnegie Hall is the site of a return of The Rock, 1950 style. Shanana. "They're greasy," says Pam. "Oh, they're no good?" "They are - that's what 'greasy' means," she corrects me, and I feel like the tv commercial mom on a motorcycle saying, "Oh, gravy..I mean, groovy." (About the tv commercial, asking, Do you know where your children are tonight?" I can always answer, "Pam's on the phone." CORRECTION: "Being greasy is very bad. However, something greasy may be good because of its greasiness. However, conversely, something good is not greasy," corrects Pam. "Oh, in other words, greasy is camp." "Yeah, it's Late Camp." Seventeen has a language of its own. An item in the Journalist caused The Censor to recall every single copy..something about the Nobel Piece Prize. The word Piece merely means figure; how could the nasty-minded ole Censor know that? Welcome.

THE LEGAL RULES 4 (Jack-Speer Jerry Lapidus): Moved and seconded.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins): I don't know how the badelors feel, but your tales of house-redoing arouses both sympathy and empathy. I know how that old carpet got so gray..the family before you had a bunch of kids and a dog who insisted on eating greasy bones in the front room. Our dog has more breeding than that; he eats his in our dining room, on my new white carpet. The reason it is new is explained in the previous sentence. However, I can't blame him for the front stairs. Only this summer we installed gold tweed commercial carpeting, which was cleanable for two-three weeks and has since turned an indefinite blackish yechhh color, especially the bottom four steps. NOTHING cleans it, not even ammonia. (Anyone got any solutions, outside of throwing the Drum Section of our Marching Band out of the house completely.)/Loved the cartoon, also your humorous lilt of writing./Sorry about the second fusion and I don't blame your resistance to the idea. However, I've been in Surgery 7 times, and I'm certain Harry even oftener. It is a queer feeling to watch them stick tubes into the skin of one's hand without feeling a thing, but the room doesn't narrow down; you just wake up and tell them not to do anything, you're still conscious, and they tell you you're in Recovery already. Maybe you should ask for that type of anesthesia, doctor permitting. (I will admit that I am putting up with pain rather than risk a second fusion, which in turn can be discombobulated by another accident, ad infinitum. / Agree your wife probably would not enjoy a Con, if she isn't a fan./ Re comment on NYC, pg vii: You must go see "The Out-of-Towners" with Jack Lemon and Sandy Dennis. It isn't far-fetched at all./Your statement that you enjoy your material possessions reminds me of the brief Holiday visit I spent with my tenants, Cuban refugees. He had owned a thriving shop in Cuba, and the soldiers had walked in, said they were taking over, and he and the personnel and customers just dropped what they were holding and walked out, and glad for that. He was able to leave Cuba because he had a Spanish passport, but not until every item the family owned was inventoried and checked after his family's departure. Their only link to the past is precious baby pictures which they saved by sending them, one at a time, to various friends and relatives.

ESDACYOS (Cox): "Most newspapermen take a drink now and then..."

This is strictly out of Old Movies. My husband never drank till we returned to Japan the second time and he had to take guests to lunch and it put a pall on things if he didn't order a Dubonnet or something besides Coke. I know of another newspaperman-to-be, a Viet Nam vet, who never drinks. The Press Club bar in Tokyo did do a good business, but they made money on the commercial associate members. All the newspapermen I know well and respect are not drinkers in the Old Movies sense. Some are teetotalers, others can drink or not, according to the occasion. If you look in industry, I bet you'd find drinkers in industry are a problem, but since they lack the romantic charisma of the newspaperman with his hat tipped on the back of his head (my husband wears one only if it is snowing and I am up to see him off), the problem is never mentioned except at seminars of the American Management Association on Drunkenness and Absenteeism. / Not that my husband is a charismatic newspaperman any more; with his third due for college, he has become a harried Advertising Sales Manager. / Humpty Dumpty and, later, Children's Digest were worth reading and you may try them out on Kevin. / "quiet sunday" evokes quiet mood.

ALGOL (Porter): Is or isn't this going to be a FAPazine?

CRAZED WIZARD'S GIFT (Bob Vardeman): Con reports miss if one does not know the people mentioned, which makes all the difference. However, I'm sorry I missed Bob Silverberg as MC. / "Lots of people but very little contact with them..actors in a Fellini movie.." That was my feeling about the NYCon, the only large con I've attended. Lunacons are more fun, being smaller and cosier. I must remember to tell certain ajays that at S/F conventions there is skinny-dipping; one of the mundane types took exception to the bikini-with-harem-pants I wore to the AAPA luau, swimming later in the wee hours sans the harem pants. Truth was, I hadn't time to pack, and that is likely to start me in a tirade against Medicare/Medicaid, and the fallacies Americans believe in re care for the aged. I couldn't get professional care for my mother for two months after the fall due to arteriosclerosis, because she "did not need medication," although she was totally paralyzed from the waist down. If you check into Medicare/Medicaid, my friends, you'll find that, like College Costs, millionaires and Welfare have no cares, but the Man in the Middle - the taxpayer - is forgotten again.

BLIND STARLING (Wyszkowski): Some people can travel abroad and make the travelogue dull even for me, but your details take us right along on the trip to Warsaw. / Amen to Sexual Revolution Dept. Women's Lib extremists do not speak for so many who want to feel feminine, who must be protected (especially in this era of violence), and others like me, who have lived life as a woman and now frankly just wish to collect the rewards (which are damn few as it is these days when it's an insult to be called a "jewish mother" not because the remark is anti-semitic, but because it is anti-mother, "jewish mother" being a conscientious one.) Like all extreme movements, the sexual revolution has opened many doors. Women are people, too, and should be compensated commensurately with their production without discrimination. However, other extremes in the sexual revolution put too much pressure on young uns too young to cope with all the intricacies of a sexual relationship which Society seems to be forcing on them before they are mature enough; that can be a burden, especially on young girls. / When prostitution is

controlled (legalized, with health controls) then VD will be almost controlled. Unfortunately, it is at the youthful end of the scale that VD is epidemic and most tragic, and this loving-and-giving jazz among youngsters would not be much affected by legalized prostitution. However, lp would probably help decrease sex crimes. The trouble is, the organized crime (mustn't mention -----) would just shift to bigger and better - and legal - profits.

BLIND STARLING #3 Wyszowski: Two in one bundle generally means you get only one mention. II, II, II, II No, it won't work on this Royal All-Electric, a Christmas gift to myself - and one to Pam for college use. Actually the most-fun typewriter is the \$800 IBM Executive. The letters are "justified" like type, ie, m stretches to 5, n to 3, l one, etc. It drives the girls in the office crazy when they have to backspace, but I took to it readily, being a printer and full-fledged Member 357 of Amalgamated Printers Assn. /Grennell wants to remain in FAPA because in each bundle there's sure to be one item, one laugh, which justifies FAPA's existence.. and he doesn't want to miss it. That would be the minimum reason.

BILL EVANS: I seem to have missed something. Good health to you.

SERCON'S BANL (Busby, FM): Just because I'd like the social experience, I'd like to spend one summer at a Mystery Writer s of America seminar, but I can see from your experiences that I'd better get back to Writing so I don't get found out. Seems to me the way to meet fellow-mystery fans, at any rate.

SYNAPSE (Jack Speer): Crystal is a very clear glass which must, according to industry definitions and U. S. Customs, contain a certain minimum amount of lead and other chemicals, chiefly lead, like maybe 15%. The lead is added to give strength, hardness and clarity. (Fancy me explaining something to Speer!) The best crystal comes from Czechoslovakia, France and Italy, although considerable crystal is manufactured in US and Japan, England and other European countries. It is a must for a visitor to Italy to savor Venice and visit Murano, and its glass-blowers. "Crystal is one of those terms which has unfortunately been blurred in the public mind by abuse," says SCWesson "and misuse in advertising and other commercial context..like "high fidelity"/ Thank Ghod someone has the foresight to approve of our space program. It bother me intensely to see the 10-year olds on Dick Cavett's show, with one exception, down Space Exploration in favor of mundane matters which will need correction. I'm certain Queen Isabella was criticized for wasting so much money on Columbus and his three ships, when there was so much poverty, etc. etc.

FOR FUN AND PROPHET (Dick Eney): This is as interesting as the Report on Psychological Aspects of American POWs in Korea, which Art Rapp once circulated in the bundle. (Incidentally, if someone would Xerox a copy of that Rapp report for me, I promise to reimburse for same immediately. Mine did service with youth group-oriented friends and neighbors.)/ Already China is admitted to UN, which shows how things can change overnight, and I believe we already recognize her as a nuclear power./ You mean we have to wait till 1976 earliest for polluters to be taxed directly for pollution control?/ Following Chiang's death, I hope the Formosans (who are not Chinese and resent being considered Chinese) will rise up, take control of their home island, and seek representation in UN as a separate nation. They have as much if not more right to this as many African nations. Taiwan rates 11 or 14 out of 250 UNations as to pop-ulation.

And the August 1971 FAPA Bundle..

THE NEHWON REVIEW (Redd Boggs): Speaking as a fashion writer who is familiar with Pucci and his bold use of color, I still prefer our Space Program stick to such "patriotic blather" as Red, White and Blue. ("Green, blue and -- lavender!" indeed!!) Psychologically speaking, and also speaking as a woman, I know that men love any color as long as it is red, whether they know it or not, and they can't resist the combination of red and blue. Besides, no matter how much our Space achievements are put down in our own generation -- and the one coming up whom I'd just as soon ignore until they do something constructive themselves -- in the total history of the world, it is in its way even more significant than the Voyage of Columbus. Columbus, after all, did not knowingly leave the Earth, completely and totally and knowingly. He did, after all, have his own theory that he wouldn't fall off the flat earth. /ESP has nothing to do with LSD; I'm certain LSD would kill whatever ESP may exist. It is interesting to note that my neighbor, a Personnel executive in a very large concern, talks interestingly about ESP and industry's quiet investigations into the possibility that the most successful executives are at least somewhat Sensitive, that their successful decisions are based on business know-how plus a little more.

A strong case I've heard concerns an executive who was camping in the Canadian wilderness four days from a telephone. He dreamed that a box-car belonging to his division was destroyed, and he saw the numbers and remembered them when he awoke. You guessed it; he was right down to the last number.

This neighbor brought his children over for a Christmas tree visit and just as he was leaving, brought out a pack of new Tarot cards from his pocket, very different from regular Tarot cards. When we, Pam and I, recognized Tarot, he pulled out a few to test us on, telling us that, when interviewing a man for a key spot, he just happened to be playing with the cards when the man walked into his office, and that the man revealed more of himself in the ensuing fun than he would have in a formal interview. After that I should have shut up, but when he pulled a few out for Pam and me to interpret, the results were interesting. What he discovered, I'd like to know. As Pam noted, "Have you noticed how he lets us do the talking?"

Redd, why not Space, instead of a boondoggling WPA Program. Seems the money now is just going on Job Insurance for engineers. The trouble is that in the United States we cannot keep our Space engineers and astronauts (and suppliers, who are the ones who profit from the taxpayer) more or less imprisoned, receiving no more pay than peasants with the alternative Siberia. Under Communistic conditions, our Space program would cost much less, but let's measure by Success, shall we? And individualistic rights... including your right to criticize without fear.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY (John Bangsund) Greetings, Sun-downer. We should have more zines like this, which inform. A ballet version of 1984 for London may not help those of us in New York, but it alerts us to the possibility that it may later be presented in NYC./Also interested in your news about Virgil Finlay. Americans never mentioned it that I noted. / Warner's description "devotion and intelligence" describes ASFM. Neatly legible, too. This applies to No. One as well as Nos. Two to Four./ Are you interested in HPL?/ Do you have Horror Movies on your Late, Late telly? (I'm watching Thriller Theater now.)