

# *helen's* fantasia

#19 May 1967 HELEN WESSON 340 Washington St., Glen Ridge, N. J. 07028



HONG KONG JUNK  
*Stylized linoleum cut by Helen*

ON BOARD

# YEE YANG

怡陽

SIAMESE STANDPIPE #46, our family journal, reported succinctly: "The Dave Barker family -- Christine was born at St. Luke's, in Tokyo, same day as Shel -- invited us for a weekend involving a sail on an authentic traditional Chinese junk, at Mystic Harbor, Conn."

That's how we met two people, Edith and Burton Moore, who had been ordinary folk, even as you and I...in fact, Burt had been a newspaperman. At a time when most people die a little, here in the States.--when the children are grown and living their own busy lives -- these two literally set sail into a hitherto alien world...the world of the Hong Kong Boat People. Yet they have never been to Hong Kong!

"Yee Yang," our host explained, "means Sunny Way of Peaceful Living. The dinghy is Su Wan, Small Cloud." Yee Yang (pronounced Ee Yahng) is not a junk-type pleasure craft, of which there apparently are several in American waters. It is the authentic, traditional, carved teakwood junk which is home for so many Chinese in the British Crown Colony. There is a large, quarter-circle Chinese fireplace of small black tiles built into one corner of their living quarters. There is also the shrine of the Patron Saint of the Boat People, the Queen of Heaven, 天后 properly placed to satisfy the Chinese shipbuilders that the craft will be lucky.

Burt and Edith had been amateur puppeteers, giving shows in New York and Connecticut. They had never sailed. In fact, "we thought when the children were grown we'd sell Brookmoore and rent a trailer--that was before the days of the trailer camps when you could park where you want. Then a friend, a sea captain who'd spent a great deal of time in the Orient, told us his dream of having a Chinese junk. They are, he'd said, the most seaworthy boats in the world and ideal for a small crew. We are the crew, of course," said Edith.

It took the Moores five years just to find a shipyard capable of building the junk they desired, but they did find one in Hong Kong. (I consider this a matter of naive innocence; anybody familiar with Hong Kong might be overwhelmed at the start!) The boat was delivered to them by freighter almost three years later. They had been fortunate in finding the proper Chinese boatyard. A representative of the company visited them, and brought pictures of the junk at all stages, including the proper Chinese ceremonies necessary for the good fortune of the vessel, so they were able to share this long "gestation" period. (I think he wanted to meet these "crazy Americans" who were not ordering a rich man's yacht, but a boat of his people.)

THE ORIENT is vast in physical distance, but it is a very small world indeed sometimes. As we ate a Chinese pork dish prepared by the Moores, I mentioned that Nancy Ma and her daughter, Helen, had visited me the previous week on a trip from Tokyo to publicize her cookbook.

"Why," exclaimed Edith, "it is her cookbook I use!" The Moores cook with a Chinese wok fitted with a bamboo Chinese steamer on top. Cooking has always been one of their interests, and before they sailed on their fabulous voyage, they were featured by Craig Claiborne in the New York Times (Aug. 18, 1966).

Another meaning of Yee Yang is Law and Order, which ties in closely with a happy life, the Moores philosophize. In this, too, they are simpatico with the Boat People, who are probably the most law-abiding section of the Hong Kong population; they seldom give much work in the courts beyond infraction of the rules for carrying too many passengers...to the Chinese a family counts as two, no matter the number of children!

The burgee of Yee Yang is a setting sun, but when we received their printed Christmas letter I knew I'd been right when, from my Japanese background, I had thought it a rising sun. Their letter, in part

"DREAMS, like disasters, have a way of accelerating from slow progression to hurricane rapidity. We built lazily toward retirement until 1963, when we sold Brookmore and ordered Yee Yang. In 1964 we moved aboard, but although we had fewer material things, our lives were not much changed. We could return to a landsman's life with little trouble.

"The irrevocable die was cast when Burt resigned after 21 years with the State, and Edith from her teaching. From that moment the pace quickened: Cars to sell, personal business to wind up, relatives to notify, provisions to buy, equipment to install, farewells to be said. On September 17, with shipyard staff and friends waving 'Good-bye,' we left Mystic for somewhere South: No deadlines, no precise destination; above all, no hurry, but free as the geese already honking overhead...

"HIGH, GUSTY WINDS of 30 to 45 knots kept us from hoisting sails on the 'outside' run from Sandy Hook to Manasquan Inlet. It was wild but exhilarating, and opposite to what followed. The New Jersey Inland Waterway was narrow, shallow, unpredictable. We waited hours for low tide in order to go under fixed bridges, and for high tide to go over shoaled areas. We were blocked 14 hours near Atlantic City by a dredge across the channel. The following afternoon, October 4, misfortune struck. With plenty of water under our keel, we struck a submerged object and lost our beautiful rudder. Ignominiously towed by the cooperative Coast Guard into Avalon, we sat there two weeks waiting for a new one to be built.

"Because of a storm, it was October 21 before we left Cape May to run up the tricky Delaware River. In the Chesapeake Delaware Canal we met the huge HONG KONG EXPORTER, crewed by Chinese, and were thrilled when she greeted us with three thunderous blasts from her horn. We beeped an answer on our little tiny one. (This is the incident that appeals the most to me. I can imagine the consternation of the Chinese crew, the delight, the grins and the wild chatter.)

Through much sunshine and some rain, sudden fog, new sights, strange bird calls, and pleasant experiences, we made our way down the Chesapeake. Delayed too long, we skipped Washington and Annapolis, saving them for next Spring. We went through historic places in Norfolk Georgetown, Charleston, Beaufort and Savannah - a day here, a week there depending on whim and weather.

"FOR TWO who have done little traveling, it is a voyage of simple discovery in the slowly-evolving, ever-charming details that pass before

eyes and binoculars. It is the gold of marshgrass in haze at dawn, the faint red of a buoy emerging in its expected place through heavy fog, the slow movement of a heron's wings or the soaring stillness of a preying hawk. It is the glory of a vivid sunset or the sombre beauty of a glowering sky. It is the texture of ancient trees and buildings, and old faces; the taste of new foods and wines, fresh viands from the sea, and local recipes. It is watching yachts glide in to dock at twilight and roar out again at sunrise; it is anchoring in protected creeks where birds and water noises are the only sounds.

"IT IS PEOPLE, above all. Whether there is some inner peace with those who spend their time in boats, we cannot tell, but people have been wonderful. Strangers of half an hour before are friends and helpers until we depart and, we hope, for much longer. There were the fishermen who gave us clams and oysters, shrimp and crabs; the many who loaned their cars for shopping and sightseeing; the yacht clubs which let us dock or anchor without charge, the restaurant owner who invited us to raft up with his famous schooner, "American," now a cocktail lounge, for several days. There were the two fishermen, on Thanksgiving Day, who circled us at anchor and gave us a recipe for catfish stew, and the ugly critters with which to make it.

"This brotherhood of boating men stands out in our remembrance during this advent season. Its members seem to truly live the Christmas spirit of good will toward men."

#### THE WATER PEOPLE OF HONG KONG



(Their  
Head  
Gear)

LIKE THE GONDOLIERS OF VENICE, the Boat People who live on the waters around Victoria, Kowloon, but particularly at Aberdeen, have become the trade-mark of their city. But like the gondolas, the junks are fast disappearing - replaced by motorized boats - so that when we were last in Hong Kong there were rumors that the HK Tourist Bureau may have to subsidize this attraction. Like a gondola, a junk is a family affair, and insurance for the future, but motorized boats naturally earn more money.

Unlike the gondola, the junk is home, 24 hours a day, for the Water People, who, originally were not Chinese, but aborigines. The younger generation ceased to regard itself as a race apart, but the Old Man will preface his remarks with, "We Water Folk do this, (or do that)." He was probably born aboard his junk, but his children and grandchildren were born in a maternity ward and have a strictly modern viewpoint, accepting all progress. Compared to the land dwellers, there is very little sickness and TB.

Most of the Boat People are fishermen, receptive to new ideas at their work. Many women - with babies on their backs - operate small craft: sampans, walla wallas. My favorite memory of HK is the walla wallas, invisible themselves at 3am, but with their lights tiny from the hotel room, crossing back and forth, to Kowloon, to Victoria, like little water bugs, once the Star Ferry is berthed for the night.

The Water Folk are largely a self-contained community. They are religious, with colorful festivals; generous, with a present when they visit; superstitious, both from a religious viewpoint and from a love of gambling. It is thought that mahjongg originated among the sea-faring folk, tiles being substituted for cards which proved unmanageable in a breeze. This trait they share with

all other Chinese, because as one walks the streets of Victoria or Kowloon after the day's work is done, there is a constant clack-clack sound, like many machines whirring with square gears. The sound emanates from mahjongg tiles, fan tan, other games of chance, played so rapidly even the cards make a steady sound.

Hygiene on board the boats "seems to be excellent as the junks are kept scrupulously clean." (Chinese Creeds & Customs, V.R. Burkhardt.) Paid hands mess on the fo'c'stle and the owners on the poop, squatting in a circle round the dishes on the deck, which is then invariably washed down after each meal. During the Japanese occupation the lightermen became the wealthiest, aided by false bottoms in their lighters! They waged their own private war against the invaders, and booty was considerable, but at great risk. Others, on the verge of starvation, owed their survival to their generosity. During this period the Boat people made their first contacts with foreign civilization, as they could afford to patronize the restaurants of the big hotels. Chairs were unknown to them aboard-ship, and the waiters at the Pen (Peninsula Hotel) and other traditionally stuffy places had their dignity bruised when they were obliged to serve birthday parties where all guests perched round the table with their feet on the seats.

(The Chinese in general are wonderfully gregarious at parties, as opposite to the formalistic Japanese as opposite can be. One of the reasons I love Hong Kong was that it was such a relief to see whole families laughing and toasting drinks together...not only grandfather, sons and grandsons, but prominent in the party, grandma, sister and the baby of the family. They are a boisterous people, talking rapidly and melodically - with many words carrying a long, questioning "aaaaaaaaaaaaah" as the last syllable. When they departed the restaurant the waiter would clean up the mess resignedly: it is the custom to spit on the floor unwanted morsels! Not that there are many in really good Chinese cooking.)

Today the old sailing junks remain as houseboats for the superfluous members of the family, moored within reasonable distance of some educational facilities for the children, while the men fish aboard their power craft.

Others beside me claim Hong Kong is the most beautiful harbor in the world. Much of this fascination which holds one in a spell is the result of the colorful junks, their sails purple, perhaps, or mostly a medley of patches, sailing across the waters. And the sampans, with a woman at the tiller, a baby on her back perhaps, but surely jade or gold earrings in her ears. And the clusters of boats about the great ships of the Seventh Fleet, which at night hang out strings of lights which make "Mount Fuji" against the blackness of Red China beyond. And the gaily-painted, dragon-carved floating restaurants at Aberdeen, among the Boat People, where one dines on fresh fish (and picks up a bottle of paregoric on the way home)... You drink your beer and watch these people living out their lives aboard their junks, the babies toddling about clad in bibs, perhaps, and you wonder if, living on the water, any of them learn to swim... And then the little girl with the smile and the jade earrings (she's probably 35) takes you back to shore... And all night long the little water bugs with lights flicker to and fro...And beyond, the ominous Blackness...

has golden sails.

YEE YANG





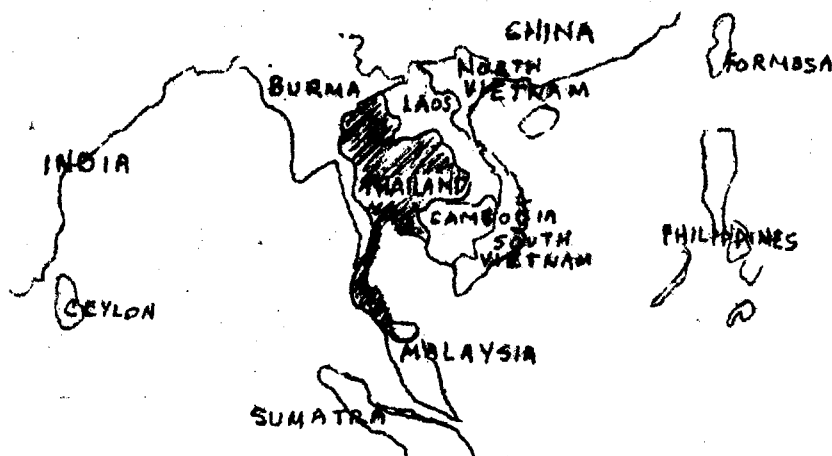
*Thailand*

SUPERSCRIPT (Caughran): Jim, you malign when you write: "...Thailand - any use of "free" with these countries must be in jest.." Its very name means "Land of the Free People." (Michener) "It is true that the democratic regime in this country has been established and developed by the Thai people themselves, without the direct guidance of a foreign democratic power, but the Thai leaders, of course, have been and continue to be influenced by western concepts of free democracy. On the other hand, it may well be that because the Thai people have been working out their own democratic regime themselves, such regime will have a good chance of success." (H.R.H. Prince Wan Waithayakom) Thailand is about the size of Spain, separated only by Laos from China, whence the Thais originated. It was the world's last important absolute monarchy. In 1932, a bloodless coup by young officers forced constitutional government upon the king. Yet the King of Siam has a greater hold on his people, if only their hearts, than even Queen Elizabeth, is my observation. (The Thais were highly incensed by the picture "Anne and the King of Siam" (The King and I), so much so that when we visited Bangkok we were not permitted to use our home movie camera on the palace grounds. In 1941, when Great Britain was unable to help Thailand, she signed a treaty with Japan and was occupied peacefully. The proud Thais have never been a colony, they have no anti-white animosity resulting from a feeling of inferiority or hated colonialism, and one feels this when traveling in the country.

Even during the war, Thailand was not a puppet of the Japanese. Of the two leaders of the 1932 revolution, Pibun decided to back Japan. He declared war against the United States and led his nation into the mildest and most successful Japanese occupation during the war. Pridi, the other officer, backed the United States to the hilt and at the risk of his life cooperated with our secret agents, forestalled the Japanese and paved the way for victory in Thailand. (Michener) Today, ironically, Pibun is fighting Communism in Thailand and led his government into what amounts to an alliance with the United States, with the overwhelming support of the people of Thailand; while Pridi, whose life was saved by American funds, has called upon the people of Thailand, from Peking, to revolt.

One way I know the Thais helped the American-British side is typical of the terrain. They stuffed life-giving fruits and vegetables into hollow bamboo poles, and floated them down the rivers into Burma and Malaya, where the prisoners would retrieve them. I know also that Americans in official positions sought to repay the Thais later, because my husband, who as Chief in the Textile Division in charge of allocations, was asked to send a shipment of silk to Thailand. He demurred, as the silk was needed to repay the cost of the Occupation (\$1-million a day). Back came the answer: These people have never worn rayon, they were our allies, and we're not insulting them with rayon. I daresay they got their silk. Jim Lucas once remarked that the Thais played both sides against the middle. Goody for them. For generations the main principle of Thai policy was to play the French in Indo-China against the English in Burma and Malaya. As a result, Thais have retained their culture, independence and pride. But today, no other nation in the free world (at which you sneer) is so completely surrounded by Communists. If we fail them, they may have no alternative. (They're sitting ducks, face it.)

Almost every Thai lives off the rice market, which was (is)



a government monopoly, and sometimes mismanaged, as with all governments, which the Communists hope to exploit. For as long as Asia eats rice, Thailand will remain a major nation. (Other natural resources include teak, and the

rosewood I myself favor. Thailand is no have-not, backward area, considered from the proper viewpoint.)

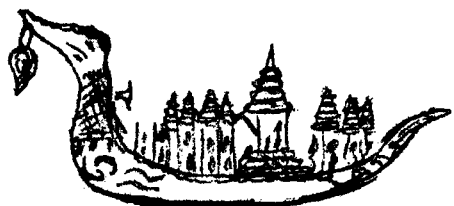
Out of a population of more than 20 million, more than three million are Chinese. Bangkok is 50% Chinese. It is hoped that a majority of them are loyal citizens, but as with all Overseas Chinese, the minority that must be considered potential Communists will be vociferous, active Communists. The Thais were already worried about their stranglehold on the economic life of the country and when we were there, about 1960, there were restrictions such as Chinese in Bangkok cannot travel more than 50 miles into the hinterlands.

Today the Thais are grateful for our help in forestalling what would be inevitable and overwhelming defeat in the face of massive odds. I know we have sent psychologists, under AIR, to test the Thai children for a crash program of higher education. Those with highest IQs will be sent on <sup>by them</sup> to college first, others following according to ability. This is not a give-away to a puppet nation; we are merely accelerating their own help-themselves program.

Elsewhere in this issue I said the Thais are already fighting Communist guerrilla bands 1,000 strong, with weapons sneaked in through Laos. (NYTimes) Also, the "assassination rate" in the northeast has risen from a long-standing average of 10 a month to 15 in February 1967, and one a day since March 1. (NYTimes).

"...a Pacific controlled utterly by the United States or make it across the Pacific in airplanes and penetrate our air defense." And where do you think our fleet and air defense are stationed? Bottled up, all of it, in Pearl Harbor? Are we powerful if our fleet is based on our West Coast and therefore automatically on the defensive? The Seventh Fleet, the most powerful of our four numbered fleets in USN, operates from bases in Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines. I know that our bases in Japan are vital to us for reasons I won't go into here. Japan is our ally because we are strong. Take a look at this map, remember World War II, and tell us what your long-range strategy would be.

No emotional arguments against the Vietnamese war outweigh my own: two sons who are not draft-dodgers but rather are in ROTC. Yet I cannot find any solution to this dilemma which has far better heads than mine working like crazy. How come you find it so simple?

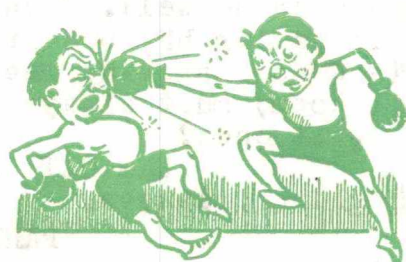


Brooch

(Left: Nielloware, sterling inlaid with a black alloy, repousse, depicting a Royal Barge. My drawing is too crude to show that the "roofs" are actually umbrellas.)



# F A P A SPORTS



HABEKKUK (Donaho; Alva Rogers, Art): You don't have to apologize for tardiness with this zine; it's well worth waiting for. Stiles and Cameron continue to steal the spotlight deservedly. They write well and their subject--life in Vietnam today--most absorbing. This issue seemed to be a bit top-heavy with non-FAPA letter-writers, but that is probably because I'm not much interested in s/f talk anyway; at least, not this. Enjoyed the art work, though.

WRAITH (Ballard): We've often said that when our last child leaves for college, we'll break down and buy a TV set. There have been some programs I'd have liked to see, but it's not worth the fuss and bother I've been through the few times we've been in motel rooms with TV and I couldn't peel anyone away from the idiot box. Contrariwise, I think that it would be a waste of money because as soon as the novelty wore off, we'd all go back to our presses, banjos and books. Somewhere, in my childhood, I read of a machine which produced an endless amount of something and wouldn't stop, and the product overflowed the world, as the machine kept producing. Well, that's the way I feel about the deluge of books in this house. No matter how many bookcases we buy and build, we can't keep up. I prefer it that way, to TV.

GOLIARD 840 (Poul & Karen Anderson): That is to say, Karen has published it but Poul manages to get in a few words. I feel rather breathless just trying to keep up with Karen's schedule, and rather wistful that nobody here ever even heard of Creative Anachronisms, though I'm sure there must be a Consortium Antiquum in Greenwich Village..in fact, I seem to remember such a musical group singing for noon-time pedestrians recently. I guess you are really living Fandom, with all these conventions, but then, too, it is your husband's career also. A person who combines his vocation with his avocation is fortunate, indeed. I can't say more than "Hope you give us more cards and illustrations like these," because David looked in and now he's chuckling over G840 in his room.

BJOTTINGS (Bjo Trimble): It is interesting to watch someone else orient to a move, for a change. I shall be interested in the costume exchange, too, though not for practical purposes. I've dropped out of the Women's Club for reasons I may give elsewhere, but I'll not miss it. Not only because I'm not a Women's Club woman, but when they do give a costume party (dinner dance), only the dance committee turns up in costume, and those are all rented. Hope you make it to New York, in which case I'd be sure to attend. Who thought of the name Maneki-Neko? Who is Takumi Shibano and how adequate is his English? Many Japanese students come to the States on college scholarships and then flounder because of the language difficulty. You are very fortunate to have friends and acquaintances in your new location, with the same interests. For as long as we remain in Glen Ridge, I expect I'll turn more and more to FAPA for mental companionship. With the exception of one neighboring family who do all sorts of unRidge-like things like live in a Frank Lloyd Wright house, marry and move to Bangkok, etc. I am not particularly simpatico with anyone. I never thought I'd become a bird-watcher, either, but Lord and Lady Cardinal are a breath-taking sight against a new snow-fall, the bluejays buzz-bomb



the unwanted starlings. But the strangest birds of all at our bird-feeder, in fact they were so heavy they broke it down, completely smashed, were gray-furred, with fluffy tails waving and look strangely like those little animals you always draw so well. I said I was going to keep a stencil in the typer always for hF, but it doesn't work out because everyone who passes (and none should, really, except Peko who's encouraged to sew in my Hell Room) must always peck out a few letters to see if the stencil works. It does!

NEW CAT SAND (Demmon)  
More poetry and more of the "dumbbell English" classes.

PANTAPON (Berman): It ain't in the dictionary; Pam looked.

NULL-F (White): "We hear so much about the nasty things we Americans have done in Viet Nam. I wonder if we could balance these things against the nasty things done by the Viet Cong, and come up with a fairer picture." READER'S DIGEST, March 1967: "By mounting a massive propaganda campaign over the accidental killing of a few hundred North Vietnamese civilians, the communists hope to hide a whole decade of deliberate murder of tens of thousands of non-military South Vietnamese."

Since 1957, the number of civilians killed by communists in South Vietnam and from the North, is 11,000 actually counted and many thousands more uncounted. This includes deliberate genocide of the village leadership class: village headmen, teachers, nuns, elders. Whole villages have been burned to the ground, with torture and death for children also. As for our "indiscriminate bombing," Ho Chi Minh's terrorists have killed civilians in schools, clinics, theaters, playgrounds, marketplaces, and on the streets of Saigon. This murder and terrorization is deliberate; it is not the by-products of attacks upon an enemy in warfare.

Anyone who wishes to be fair to the American side should know more before he attacks his own side. Read the condensation on the RD, or the article in US News & World Report.

And while we're on the

subject: **VIET NAM**

Recently a FAPAN with an obviously propeller-beanie mentality asked me if I expected Hanoi to attack the American Mainland. Strangely, the answer is: Indirectly, YES. These are the facts, the steps that lead logically from one to the other:

1. We pull out of Vietnam and let the Reds take over. This shows Thailand and the rest of Asia that we are no allies. (Thailand is helping us in Viet Nam, by the way.) Since China wants, not the long useless borderline of Russia, but the rich rice basket of Asia, Indo-China, Thailand, Burma, and then India, wealthy in natural resources which the Indians themselves cannot exploit because of their fanatical religious differences. So Step 2 is a communistic Asia thereby causing Japan to throw her weight in with China. Japan is the industrial America of Asia, a little country with, as we found out, all the industrial power needed for warfare. Japan will, I assure you, be quick to jump if it is worth her while. This gives us a vast Communistic network, with Russian and Japanese industrial power, Chinese and Indian manpower, and--from S.E. Asia, ALL THE RICE they'd need to fight on. Step 3 is so logical, Australia is already wary. Then Step 4: the American Mainland. Asia was our beat. I know where. I speak--first-hand.

## MOTORCYCLE CALLED DEADLIEST VEHICLE ON THE ROAD

Fatality Rate 20 TIMES

Higher than for Auto, states a Univ. of Iowa professor.

Only two of every 100 vehicles on the road are cycles, but at least three of every 100 persons killed on the nation's highways are cyclists.

On a per-mile traveled basis, a cyclist's chances of being killed are about 20 times great than those of an automobile driver. (Another report states motorcycle accidents are 3 times more fatal. "The individuals who are being injured are largely high school and college people. They are not 'leather jacket boys'," states a Kentucky doctor after a study of motorcycle accidents in the Louisville area.

The National Highway Safety Agency already has a Federal requirement for crash helmets under study.

"The motorcycle is the most deadly vehicle on the highway today, and this ghastly characteristic is inherent in the machine. It is unstable and completely exposes driver and passenger to the injurious forces of collision," states Professor John O'Mara, who teaches transportation safety for the Univ. of Iowa's civil engineering dept., and who considers the number of deaths and injuries caused daily by motorcycles to be the equivalent of an epidemic.

So who pressed the button for me? PERSIAN SLIPPER? No. I read Ted's article with interest, as I used to enjoy Ger Steward's articles on auto-racing: It had nothing to do with me. Then I found out my older son is riding around Troy as a motorcycle passenger, and without a crash helmet. If there are laws governing crash helmets, goggles and other protective clothing, an alert policeman (as we have in Glen Ridge) can flag down kids who scorn such safeguards. This takes the matter out of the hands of helpless parents, who are blithely told they worry too much. Cyclists like Ted respect their machines and understand the dangers, and ride properly equipped. It's the high school and college kids who need federal regulations to offset their "cool."

SALUD: Elinor Busby):

How come the Busbys share one membership on the FAPA list, and the Breens get TWO? # Yes, Let Piser index fanzines. It seemed the height (or depth) of futility to me--I mean, fanzines--but having met Piser I am happy for him that he has an enthusiasm and a bent for indexing, at a time of life when an enthusiasm can make all the difference. # Thanks for the hint. I have some kumquats and the "moral courage" to eat them, but we shall see if I also have the green thumb to grow them. Persimmons are a favorite fruit of the Japanese, and are therefore represented in all their arts: kakemono, wood carving, pottery, etc. The kids seemed to enjoy them there, but here they'll have nothing to do with them. Pomegranates are popular, especially since David figured out a way of cutting them that one gets a maximum of the juice with each bite. We also had in Japan a fruit we loved, the nearest to it being a pear, but crisp, crisp, hard and juicy. And in mikan season one wades ankle-deep, in train and theater aisles, in peels--tangerine peels. We used to pay \$1.25 for a lemon, and here we use plastic squeezers, which shows the perversity of the human, I guess. Bananas also; here where they are the cheapest fruit, nobody wants them any more. # The way we figure it, Pam was born in the year of the Horse, so we don't pay any attention to that; whereas David has a collection of tigers of all sorts because the Tiger is most auspicious for a boy and ranks only lower than the celestial dragon. The tiger seeks no fight with the wild boar, however, which is Shel's.

HORIB (Pat 'Dick): How come the Luboffs occupy only one FAPA listing when the Breens hog two? // We have a young neighbor who suddenly realized that putting boots on sixty little feet, and telling little boys to go to the little boys' room, not the little girls' room, etc. was just not for her. She is now en route to IBM in Kingston, to become a computer-programmer, for which her Masters is useless, but I know it will be an asset in making new friends; an education always is especially when one is otherwise pert and attractive. So now I'm interested in IBM and Kingston. (I also have a cousin there whom we visited for the first time since we were in our early teens, although her sister, coincidentally, lived in Japan, still does, concurrently with us.) I am interested in individual's reactions to the Mobile Society, the problems of adjusting to new people..I guess you might say, what are Americans like in their native habitat?

With something like this in mind, in fact, I recently made an experiment. When I moved into Glen Ridge I was properly called upon by my immediate neighbors, elderly people who observe the traditions of the past. I wanted to see just how far these traditions go; also, I wanted to be friendly in order to make new friends myself. Therefore, I made "calls" upon five newcomers to GR, for the usual ten minutes, with my gimmick for conversation the second referendum for a new high school here. In one home where the woman has 7 children, including 5 boys, I was welcomed in. I found her to be delightful, with a sense of humor, but with so many small boys she was unable to accept my follow-up invitation to a luncheon for my neighbors. In the other four homes: 1. the woman spoke briefly from behind the closed screen door, although her daughter was already playing with mine. (I always make it a point to know the parents of my children's friends, as best I can.) 2. the woman opened her door six inches and that's that. 3. I was invited into the entry hall (Italian marble) and spoke with the mother of the family who was a warm enough person, being Italian, and I received an impression that she lived for her family, and was not just being abrupt. 4. Nobody answered at both calls, but when I sent Pam over (across the street only) with a bough of Paul Scarlets, the daughter-in-law phoned her thanks, adding she was expecting her baby that very day. When we moved into Glen Ridge, the mayor had assigned old-timers to welcome the new-comers, but: Our couple took us to a Home and School Meeting (our equivalent of PTA) at the high school, but warned us en route that "there is a social hour afterwards with refreshments so one can meet one's neighbors, but we find it very boring so do you mind if we all come right home?" Being new to America, and polite, we departed; now, I realize we should have stayed because that would have been the substance of the evening for a newcomer--meeting the parents of his/her children's new associates. Unfortunately, for various reasons I sometimes err myself, so I must include myself when I say that, even with all this "leisure" we're supposed to have, Americans don't have time to be friendly or neighborly. Apparently, this is not peculiar to America, because a Swiss friend who lived overseas now misses the friendliness of the Americans he knew, compared with the native Swiss he now lives amongst. Perhaps the key is that provincialism plays a part, and Americans can be provincial, too. Glen Ridge certainly is!

HORIZONS (Warner): Continuing: a mayor's wife remarked to me when I was new to GR, "I married into Glen Ridge 35 years ago, and I'm still a newcomer!" As for me, when I dream, I am always in a foreign land, most often Asia, of course.

DESCANT (Norm & Gina Clarke): How come the Clarkes occupy only one number on the FAPA list, while the Breens warrant TWD, with a WL so long? # I was going to answer Gina's diatribe on Wasps, but decided that as she grows older, life will teach her two things: one, that each side despises a traitor to his own, as one holds a spy in contempt; 2, prejudice works both ways, on, What did the Yiddishe Mama say when her son brought home a shiksa to marry? A third point is that I have noticed recently that no matter how homogenous a group of people may be, they'll find some reason to divide up against each other, as in The Secret of Santa Vittoria, where the tiny little village is divided into three geographical, social groups (remember the Frogs?) and are fiercely prejudiced against each other! In Japan, the social groups were the Japanese, the gaijin (foreign devils), and hovering in between, belonging to neither, the Eurasians. I once had a Catholic priest confided to me that he had hated his parents for marrying each other and producing him (mother Japanese, father British). Within themselves, the Japanese have Untouchables--the Eta--who are prohibited from marrying outside of their caste which is branded on them by their birth registration. To them were relegated the lowly tasks. The little local shopping district nearest Akamon was known as Dirty Village, not because it was any dirtier than any other corner of Japan, but because long ago it had been a village of Eta. Of course, Cook-san shopped in Motomachi, a bus ride away, the gaijin's market. (Servants who work for gaijin demand more pay, not only because gaijin will pay more, but because there was a nuance of social stigma.) Gaijin include not only "blue-eyed devils" or "red-haired devils" (originally the Dutch traders) but Wasps, Jews, Negroes, and the downright hated Koreans. And, as I said elsewhere, the only trouble with India today is that her people will not homogenize; she is shackled by her caste system. Anyway, why take it out on Wasps? When I wrote in a previous issue that our moral code is based on the Judaic moral code--wherein sex without progeny is sinful (ie, homosexuality, onanism, etc.) that is because the Jewish tribes were surrounded by large numbers of powerful enemies and they would not waste seed if they were to survive. All that took place thousands of years before Anglo-Saxon Protestants (or even Anglo-Saxon Pagans!) hit the front pages. And while I'm sounding off, I might add: I am no Anglophile, but I did not like Andy Main's sarcastic denigration of a people and a nation which survived the Blitz with more courage than Andy shows in trying to draft-dodge his responsibility. People don't object to Bohemians because they use second-hand furniture, but because they abdicate their responsibilities to others already burdened. Every man his share..

GRANDFATHER STORIES (DeVore): Have you investigated this Eppinger freeze-sleep angle, or was it just thrown in as a hook?

SPINNAKER REACH (Chauvenet): Who said I am in favor of fighting China now? I'm not in favor of any war now or later. I don't even think that like greatness, Vietnam was thrust upon us; I think we should have minded our own business instead of trying to make a democracy or republic, whatever, out of French Indo-China, when the French had the responsibility and a volunteer Foreign Legion of toughened professionals, not 18-year-old boys. No, I don't believe in self-government, American-style, for all peoples. When you show me a country which has, simultaneously, a George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, an Adams family, a Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, Thos. Paine, etc., etc., then I will show you a country ready to govern itself. Uhuru cannot be packed into suitcases. Amen.



"Christ wore a beard," Jim said. "He wasn't Beat." He smiled wryly. "I'm not trying to be flippant. It's just that the labels and the symbols are all meaningless in themselves. There's more to the so-called Beat Generation than sitting around in coffeehouses digging cool sounds, or spouting poetry to music. Being beat has nothing to do with writing books or making angry noises. They did all that when we were young, in Greenwich Village, on the campuses. Being Beat is simply an attitude toward life which no amount of sophisticated rationalization can cover up. An attitude of me-first, of anything-for-kicks. Larry had it. Or it had him. He may have been an extreme case, but I think the Beats can be characterized best by one of their own phrases. Sick-sick-sick."

The Dead Beat - by Bob Bloch

FANTA SIA (Wesson) comes to you on Goldsmith Bros. Highest Quality Opaque Guaranteed See-through Mimeo Bond. A pox on their houses, you should podden the expression. And I don't know what they're putting in nail polish these days; if it dissolves the stencil can you imagine what it does to fingernails? There is always a reason why I am rushed for the deadline. This time..well, I'll tell you about it next issue.

My husband has started a campaign against my writing right off the top of my head onto the stencil, insisting that I write much better than I do in Fantasia. I know I do. But in hF I'm not writing, I'm talking; also I haven't the time. Then, too, the fun is the spontaneity - and you can always tell, I know, when even that is forced by deadline pressure; also I haven't the time. The professionally-edited STANDPIPE has practically overbred itself out of existence; also I don't have the time.

DIE SCHMETTERLING (Schultz): Which book? An unabridged dictionary, of course. My kids paid \$2 each to see "Fahrenheit 451" and I refunded \$1 each because I thought that was what the film was worth. The film was made on a low intelligence level, compared with non-Hollywood films, although, as you say, one keeps finding more food for thought. Perhaps it lacked impact because most of the action has already taken place in the past; Bradbury skirts reality too closely for us to accept a fantasy. Obvious, perhaps is the word one waits to see if "Mein Kampf" is burned, too, and it is. What bothered me through the film was that during the book-burning sequences they had to burn real books - though I noted most of them were thriftily paperbacks. Pam had to see "Fantastic Voyage" for Science Class, and I'd rate that higher, as more imaginative. After all, women have immolated themselves for a cause in the past. (Can anyone tell me the identity of the Saint or nun whose face burns; I've never seen St. Joan in nun's habit.) "a movie full of depth and patois"?\*Y'mean, "pathos"?\* (Tsk\*)

SYNAPSE (Speer): I made an error I bet you didn't catch, yayayah. Not a typo - don't even bother to list them. I said about No Pise Al Prado that there were no such signs in Japan. HOW SHOULD I KNOW? In Japanese calligraphy, I can recognize "ice" because it is depicted as a theater might announce Air Conditioning on a hot day; and I know soba-ya because the first brush stroke resembles the noodle. There are no Ladies and Gents signs (communal, y'know), but I can read In and Out, especially if I see people coming in or going out. (A local theater is much indebted to my husband for adding the ideographs for In and Out to his U.N. of signs.) It is a terrible jolt to be able to read the signs here, instead of artistic calligraphy. They leaped out at me.

# BKS and Stuff

JOHN DICKSON CARR - CARTER DICKSON  
Paperbacks

The following titles I do not have but will swap or buy if the titles are not repeaters under a different name: (Other publishers possible)

The Hollow Man	JDC	Penguin 862	Fell
Mac Hatter Mystery		Penguin 610	
And So to Murder	CD	Penguin	
Death in Five Boxes	CD	Penguin	
She Died a Lady	CD	Penguin	(*being the same as
<del>666-Teaseape*</del>	<del>CD</del>	Penguin	(*Peacock Feather M.)
Plague Court Murders	CD	Penguin	
Red Widow Murders	CD	Penguin	
Most Secret			Hist.

In the case of historical novels, dates are given in the detective column.

ADD novels I want (thanks to Sneary's Bibliophile):

The Crooked Hinge	(Read this but don't seem to have)	Fell
House at Satan's Elbow	JDC	"
Panic in Box C	JDC	"
Dr. Fell, Detective	JDC	Mercury MM
Unicorn Murders	CD	HM
Punch & Judy Murders	CD	HM
Seeing is Believing	CD	HM
My Late Wives	CD	HM
Skeleton in the Clock	CD	HM
Graveyard to Let	CD	HM
Behind the Crimson Blind	CD	HM
Cavalier's Cup	CD	HM
Witch of the Low-Tide	JDC	1907
Most Secret	JDC	1680?
Seat of the Scornful	JDC	Fell

This was actually the second stencil of a compilation I had already stencilled, which was obsoleted by Sneary's Bibliophile. Duplicates which I have for swap are listed below, most of them being out-of-print now.

Below Suspicion; Till Death Do Us Part; He Who Whispers; Hag's Nook; Death Turns the Tables; Fear is the Same; To Wake the Dead; Problem of the Green Capsule; Third Bullet (shorts). (All PLs) \*\*H. Wesson

UPSALA COLLEGE is only a short distance from Glen Ridge, and quite by accident I noticed a poster advertising a symposium on The Detective Story, open to the public, and to be conducted by a visiting professor from Liverpool. He gave a short talk first, to an audience who apparently knew each other, most of them, and knew him and the professor who introduced him. There was nothing memorable about the talk but I followed every word with interest, as this was the first time in too long when I'd met minds on this subject. Then there was a question-and-answer period.

It had soon become apparent to me that I was the only one in the room who had ever read in depth in this genre, and that included the Liverpoolian. A couple of the girl students were evidently Psych majors and asked questions couched in psych terms - which were comprehensible to me because I had been a Psych minor, but which were fairly ludicrous because after all, the ultimate goal is an enjoyable story. The evening finally wound up as an exchange between me and the Liverpoolian, debating antique vs. modern detective story writing, so wasn't a complete loss. It remains in my memory, however, as I wonder why there are whole fandoms built around science-fiction, and readers get together in person and via fanzines to discuss books and characters, obscure names meaningless to anyone else. Why isn't there a mystery fandom?

Does anyone here even know of the name Gaboriau? Has anyone ever read Craig Kennedy? Recently I found a few more old mysteries: The Lost Casket, 1881; The Diamond Coerie, "A Startling New Detective Story" 1884; at a church rummage sale. And with its leather cover burnt almost off from our fire in Yokohama, a Gothic romance complete with all sorts of ghosts, The Three Spaniards, 1882. (Other items I had went in the fire, including a completist collection of Weird-Horror.)

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The White Witch of Rosehall is being made into a movie. The New York Times heartily recommends, by the way, the insignificant film playing second to The Prehistoric Women; it is a witch-horror with Joan Fontaine, in the tradition of Bette Davis-Joan Crawford-Olivia de Havilland. Title: The Devil's Own.

Humor is generally out of place in whodunits, but certain scenes remain in my mind: In Landscape With Dead Dons (Robt. Robinson, Penguin), all the dignified men running naked through the University town, pursuing a naked murderer. What a scene for a movie! More likely to become a movie, if some producer had any sense, would be a Henry Merrivale series (Carter Dickson, humorous alter ego of JDCarr), especially Skeleton in the Clock..Margaret Rutherford as Lady Brayle, with the skeleton gibbering back at HM from the brougham, and that wonderful carnival, which made me nostalgic for such forthright, uninhibited fun.

Anyone interested in Japan should read "Hirohito, Emperor of Japan" by Leonard Mosley. So suspensefully written none of the Wessons could put the book down until we found out whether Akihito ever did get born!

There's a home in Montclair nearby called "Mosly Ghos'ly."

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