

# Fantasia

HELEN WESSON 340 Washington Street Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028

F  
LIM

F  
LAM

F  
LIMSIE

# CIVILISATION

“Whereas in talking about Italy one is concerned with the enlargement of man’s spirit through the visual image, in the north one is chiefly concerned with the extension of his mind through the word. And this was made possible by the invention of printing. In the nineteenth century people used to think of the invention of printing as the lynchpin in the history of civilisation. Well, fifth-century Greece and twelfth-century Chartres and early fifteenth-century Florence got on very well without it, and who shall say that they were less civilised than we are? Still, on balance, I suppose that printing has done more good than harm.”

This series of color film narrations by the eminent art historian, Kenneth Clark, Lord Clark of Saltwood, will be presented on the NET Channel 13 this Fall, courtesy Xerox.

Pam and I saw this exposition of Western

art in its relation to human events when the series was presented by New York University and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

I recommend that our printers and graphic artists view at least the installment entitled **PROTEST AND COMMUNICATION** which — despite its *Now* sound — features Renaissance and Reformation in the north, from Luther to Shakespeare, with a memorable Yorick scene.

Lord Kenneth discusses Durer: (“a strange, uneasy character. . . The German mind which produced Durer also produced psychoanalysis.”) He speaks of “the truth of thought and the medium of printing was there to make it accessible” and the “instinct to destroy of ignorant people.”



GROUCHO Marx, reminiscing with Dick Cavett, said that when he was about 10 or 12 or so, he wanted to print. However, he

was poor and toy presses were expensive—almost three dollars! So Groucho attempted to shoplift one at Bloomingdale's. He was caught but "Old Man Bloomingdale" himself, understanding, let him off.



FFF is a one-shot handset and printed by HELEN V. WESSON for the AMERICAN Amateur Press Association in accordance with the Presidential Proclamation of Pamela Ynir Wesson, calling for a June Bloom Bundle Boom. Better late, etc. (*June Bloom* is *Gator Grawl's* home-printed baby sister. Hi, Lee!) Blame Wes Wise for all flimsies. CIVILIZATION was spelled British-style in honor of Lord Kenneth—also because we lack a Z in Hadriano. Color scheme was swiped from the President's Citations (since the ink was on the 8x12 C&P anyway, which I feed at 720 per hr., slipsheeting).

340 Washington Street, Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028

Summer, 1970

Distributed to Fantasy APA and as credential to APA.



# ROTC and the RADICALS

*By Sheldon P. Wesson*

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute '69

Reprinted from the RPI Cadet Newsletter

THE PRESENCE of the AROTC battalion at Rensselaer has been challenged in various publications by the local radical faction, the Peace and Freedom Party. It is unfortunate that the rebuttals published by two cadets have resorted to petulant nitpicking and emotional smear tactics while skirting the important issues. The radicals have confused the argument with their special brand of yellow journalism, but the corps cannot respond to this provocation with cliches and vapid generalizations when the real issues are so vital.

The radical's hatred for the military arises from several logical ideas: That war is man's most absurd and cruel invention; that no political dogma can justify the murder of a human being; and that the policies of the American military-industrial complex are often self-serving and detrimental to the country as a whole. No American soldier would contest the first two arguments, while financial and tactical mismanagement at the highest military levels have given ample stature to the third.

The radical solution is to destroy the military establishment and to end international power politics. The

student left attacks the ROTC programs because they are a visible segment of the establishment and small enough to be vulnerable to student opinion. The attack is joined by protest publications with an editorial posture of moral outrage, and the important issues are swamped in personal and peripheral argument. Similarly, the necessity for freedom of choice and the development of leadership potential were supposed to have justified the AROTC program. These arguments are irrelevant if the existence of the parent organization cannot be rationalized.

Unfortunately, the radical alternative to the present system does not seem useful. It is obviously naive to assume that a democratic government can survive without exercising military authority in international politics. Democratic and military ideals may be incompatible in many ways, but their juxtaposition is a necessity at this time. The student left has shown a lack of thoughtfulness in considering this and other physical realities, and has directed no effort towards developing workable alternatives to the system it wishes to destroy.

---

## EASTERCON LUNACON '70

'TIS A FINE THING when a member of First Fandom - and one eligible before the NYCon for a' that - attends a local S/F gathering as chaperone for her daughter.

The Con(s?) were scheduled for Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday. The Sunday feature - Isaac Asimov - was moved up to Saturday, so we did not bother to attend Sunday and you only have to read through Friday evening, which was fun, and Saturday, which held two disappointments.

John Mansfield approached us when we were standing around, getting our bearings Friday evening. Both of us enjoy observing the people at Cons, and there is always the possibility I might know someone. When Mansfield heard I was from FAPA, he instantly oriented me: "There's Bruce Pelz over there." Meeting Bruce was worth the evening, with his kind words about Wesson typography. Immediately Pam felt at home. Then came Rusty Hevelin, Bob Silverberg, Lee Hoffman, some fans who were going to Heidelberg as a group and I rode a wave of false enthusiasm for a moment till I realized the trip wasn't practical for me.

We talked with Isaac Asimov, and then Pam received her Big Moment: Lin Carter, whom we remember as the Wizard at the NYCon, invited us to view his archeological antiquities at his home. Archeology has always been one of my major interests, and our trip around the world was archeologically oriented, so it follows



that Pam spent one of her adolescent years intending to become an archeologist. When Bob Silverberg gave Carter's collection his approval, Pam was even more delighted. Frankly, I didn't know whether I'd enjoy it fully as I am the acquisitive type and would want some pieces for ME! (There is a pair of Japanese screens in the Philadelphia Museum...not to mention the Tibetan collection at the Newark Museum...) This was already an exciting Con.. My husband met us and escorted us back to Glen Ridge. It had been arranged long ago that Sheldon would escort us home Saturday evening, to which he had agreed and my husband made his own plans for Saturday evening.

Saturday we roamed through the Huckster Rooms, met Norm Metcalf, Sam Moskowitz (whom I first met at an organizational meeting of the Eastern S-F Assn., formerly the Null-A Men).

Saturday included a panel discussion on the woes of pro-publishing, with Terry Carr (handsome, like D'Artagnan, with his hair an asset rather than the usual liability --but then, if a man is handsome he seldom hides behind scragginess); Doc Lowndes wearing his own generation's crew-cut and a loud red shirt; and Ted White with a pronounced facial tic. (I understand Ted is moving from NYC and this may be a good thing. The last time I saw a facial tic as pronounced as that, it was on a Vice-President of one of the big three advt firms in America and he wound up 6 months in the hospital. Perhaps the change of scene will remove some pressure from Ted. At any rate, whatever it is, life is too short - take it easier or you'll HAVE to.)

It was announced that the program was switched and that Isaac Asimov would speak on Saturday instead of Sunday, so I stayed glued to my seat during an interminable discussion on the woes of pro-publishing which one BNF said he had heard at every Con and which he said was more interesting to the panelists than the audience. Them's his sentiments, so I feel relieved to report, they're mine too. Pam made no pretense of listening and left for the Huckster rooms. Therefore she missed the highlight of the day: The exactly FIVE MINUTES (ok, then, exactly 10) which was allotted Asimov because the discussion rambled all over his time slot on the program. Maybe this was a put-up deal with the Program Chairman; if so, it was shabby treatment for the audience. If it was unintentional, then it was boorish to keep Asimov cooling his heels on the sidelines while we waited for him. He's the type speaker who carries his audience along with him..humorous..with so much knowledge that it tumbles out with no "ehrrs" or "unhhs."

"Isaac Asimov is a cool guy," says Pam, "He's just like my father." (Both have the gift of gab.)

Asimov spoke about writing his article for TV Guide on writing for TV, and then had a humorous exchange with Harlan Ellison. All of which Pam missed as it was all over in minutes.

I had a premonition about our date to go to Lin Carter's, so we rushed through dinner at the Chinese restaurant across from B. Altman's rear end. At 7 pm precisely we were washed, fed, and looking for the party which was to leave at 7:15 pm. Complete to Sheldon, who was to escort us back to Glen Ridge in the wee hours. He was being Silent. A group told us the party had already left. We were disappointed, Pam and I. Then a young boy told us a second group was going, later, so we hung around.

Finally Lin Carter collected us all, questioned me about my



tote bag (it contained chiefly a bottle of Japanese Plum Wine for our host -- Kikkoman, with the wood kokeshi bottle top, is the mellow brand, but it is a liqueur, not a wine--and a sweater) and I did not plan to return to the hotel again that evening. Sheldon, in blue jeans, was silent, but he is not the loquacious type so I received no warning.

At the subway station, we waited again, this time 20 minutes, for the train to Carter's house. Everyone was enjoying himself. Shel stood off to one side, still silent, but aggressively so, to one who knows him. As we entered the train, he remained behind and said he wasn't going. If he had only announced it during the long 20 minutes' wait, I could have thought it out, but as it was, I grabbed Pam off the train as the only logical alternative to making the long trips from Carter's house to NYC and from NYC to Glen Ridge by ourselves very late at night.

This is the first time I remember seeing Pam cry. She is a thoroughbred, but the buildup was so high, and the thud coming down so sudden.

CELEPHAIS, Lee Hoffman: Pam and I are fascinated with the kaleidoscope, and about Carter's doll house, I must echo her statement: "I want to see it." Had I known about it while in Japan, I'm sure I could have found some additions. Japan is a happy hunting ground for miniatures of all types and values. Pam's Dairibina contains a shelf of pre-war miniatures: a game box 1/4" decoratively lacquered and lined; teeny silver tea-making utensils each with its almost microscopic design, etc.

Rusty Hevelin, Sam Moskowitz and First Fandom saved the evening for us when we arrived back at the hotel. I admitted reluctantly to my eligibility for membership, paid my dues, and Pam and I went to the First Fandom room party.

Pam says about Rusty: "He's just like one of us." Meaning, she explained though I understood what she meant, that he'd fit right in at our printers' and amateur journalists' meetings and conventions. From her, that's the nicest compliment, Rusty.

The First Fandom conversation - publishing s/f anthologies, etc. - gave Pam the lilt back from her disappointment, so we look forward to next year's Eastercon. I find the Eastercons more fun than the World con - except for the costume and fashion shows. And some even provide that at the Eastercons!

Pam and I both hope that some day we'll get a second chance to become better acquainted with Noel and Lin Carter and their fascinating collections.

CELEPHAIS, again, Lee Hoffman (thanks to Bill Evans): Shel learned glass-blowing at RPI since he was working on a glass vacuum machine and some piece or other always had to be replaced, so I am interested to learn it can be a home hobby. You'd love a piece of "house jewelry" I saw recently and coveted. Emerging from a gem stone which looked like the entrance to a crystal cave, was a flow of sterling silver young girls, each about an inch or so, leaping upward into Space. I call it "Children of the Stars" or "Children of Nova" if that will help you visualize it any better. The same artist also does it, less imaginatively, with seagulls. It is truly a jewel.

I enjoyed the story of your life, especially since you seem to land in more interesting jobs than I since my return. You in printing (we have 6 or 8 presses in the cellar right now, three active) whereas I can't get out of the mold I poured myself into by working first for a bank. I quit after 2 months and that is a different story. I hate secretarying, or at least, steno.



HPL

FILM IS A HORROR, is one reviewer's summary of HPL's Dunwich Horror ala Hollywood. I have long since forgotten my Lovecraft, and the picture came to a drive-in far enough from here, that I didn't feel like driving myself alone and nobody else wanted to endure. According to Gunter David, the critic, the film revolves about two little words, "Ayak" and Safak, "and they must be pro-

nounced consecutively, clearly and precisely. They must be repeated several times, and the result, if you're lucky will be that 'the old ones' will come to earth from another dimension to take over." The antidote is to shout, "Oobikoo," and the snotty review states, "It's that kind of a film." Most films are.

A year or so ago a young man named Randy Something-or-other visited us for an evening to pick up what he could about HPL. He was working with a grant from Brown University, collecting for their records facts and films (photos, etc) on HPL. In the course of his nationwide rambles (he's from California, alienated from his father, an editor on a LA newspaper, I gather), he discovered that Sonia Davis Lovecraft was not only still alive, but since their decree was never final, legal heiress to HPL's royalties. He initiated a suit in her behalf, but I do not know more. He was an outspoken young man, taking his post-graduate studies in Black language & lore at a Black university (he was white), and he thought to shock us with details on HPL's sex life, much to the secret amusement of my husband and myself--not only old marrieds but newspapermen.

MIRAGE: Just how much are you interested in HPL? Your article on The Necronomicon is appreciated..but not by Harvard Library, I'm sure, unless someone there is another HPL fan.

Someone who wrote the package backs for Wheat Chex "The Morning Chex-Press" was a HPL fan. At least two editions alluded to HPL or his works. In "The Dream Corner," I dreamt I was walking along a lonely mountain road at midnight. Suddenly I heard snarling behind me and I dared not turn to face the loathsome creature I knew full well would be waiting there to pounce. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was directing traffic at the corner of Arkham and Dunwich (sic) Streets in my hometown. Can you explain this dream? (Sent in by Mr. HPL.) "Solution: Mr. HPL will shortly receive a tax refund in the mail." (That's too clever for me; I don't get it.)

---

SOUL is Barnabas sticking up a blood bank.\*

---

Provincialism: David Collins (Henesy) was born in Glen Ridge.

---

SOUL is greeting Twiggy with "How's every little thing?"\*

---

Other movies I missed: Ray Bradbury's "Illustrated Man," and "The World of Ray Bradbury." How come no reviews in FAPA mailings?

\* Which may be the reason our TV set bears a label from a Christmas-present punch labeler: Caution: TV may be hazardous to your mind." The house is littered with such signs. Six months after Christmas I discovered one above the living room door, concealed in the moulding: "QUOSQUE TANDEM ABUTERE, CATALINA, PATIENTIA NOSTRUM"--including typos.



### For MYSTERY FANDOM:

The earliest known use of practical fingerprinting is found in China. As early as 650 A.D. Yung Hui, in writing on the law of domestic relations in China, said: "To divorce a wife, the husband must give her a document stating which of the seven reasons for divorce was assigned to the action...in case he does not understand how to write he should sign with a fingerprint." In 851 A.D. Soleiman, an Arab merchant, mentioned in writings the practice of the Chinese in applying their fingerprints to business documents.

In a future issue, I hope to have a review of Robert Van Gulik's Judge Dee mysteries. "The Lacquered Screen" has just been published posthumously. The author lived in Tokyo as Ambassador from The Netherlands, but unfortunately we had already left Japan when he was appointed, though at that time I was only familiar with DEE GOONG AN. Van Gulik was an eminent Orientologist, illustrated his books authentically with simple line drawings. There are two types of Judge Dee books: Van Gulik started off, in his First Series, by translating Chinese stories with the myriad of characters and plots which seem characteristic of Oriental literature. In his New or Second series, he simplified the plots somewhat, in an Occidental manner. Both are fascinating. I recommend you try Van Gulik, especially if you have any feeling for the Orient and China.

Count me in on Mystery Fandom. If there is a subzine devoted to it, please let me know. I remember one mentioned in a FAPA mailing, but can't find the allusion. Pam is also interested. When FAHRENHEIT 451 first made the theaters, I dragged the kids to see it, and they weren't much impressed. However, when it hit TV recently, Pam and I watched it again, and dug it more. At the time we saw it originally, we had not had a TV ever, for instance, and didn't realize its impact on American contemporary civilization. The second time she watched, Pam remarked afterwards, "I'd be one of the Book People. I'll memorize all of Sherlock Holmes."

What book would you choose to commit to memory so that it would not be lost to the future?

MOONSHINE, August 1969, Len's Den: With more good fortune than I deserve, I've just gathered up the mailing from a year ago exactly and found I had turned Moonshine open to your article on Mystery Fandom and folded it there.

"Bruce Pelz...loves to organize and put on conventions (and does a hell of a good job) and he loves mystery stories." I only hope Bruce has not already held the mystery fandom conference and it was a bomb so he dropped plans for the future. I'm certain anything Pelz does, he does well, and he has the knack of communicating with people that so many s/f fans lack, in person. Pam and I will not miss any convention we can afford to go to, for s/f but absolutely for mystery fandom.

BRUCE PELZ: Keep FAPA informed of any mystery fandom developments, please. Public relations, and all that. And count me in.

Prof. A. Denis Baly of Kenyon College wrote an article defending English mystery fiction as an accurate reflection of the society in which it was written. Why do mystery fans always feel they have to justify reading what is probably the most difficult plot to write?



## HOUSECLEANING... or, Helen's Clipping Service, Spawn of Chaos...

In Chicago a woman was not permitted into the poshest of the resaturants at O'Hare Intl. Airport because she was wearing slacks. She finally gained admission yesterday after slipping off the slacks and saying her blouse was a micro-mini skirt.

Which brings us to Women's Lib. I was asked recently whether I was going to join Women's Lib, and I answered that in one of my earliest publications (The Unspeakable Thing) I listed "women en masse" as one of the things I can't stand, but that I would be willing to profit if the movement gains anything. Since then I have listened to Gertrude Steinem talk on the Dick Cavett show and I agree with her that its opponents are defeating the purpose with Ridicule, using the antics of the extremists as typical of the whole movement. I think moderation in all things from all sides might advance the cause of everyone.

Alimony, for instance. I don't think that a young thing who marries rich, divorces with no children, and collects alimony in thousands has earned it. On the other hand, a wife of many years divorced by her husband in favor of a younger woman (Rockefeller, for instance) deserves fully as much as she can get, especially if she has fulfilled properly her function of motherhood. Too many of the young things in Women's Lib think they will be young forever.

Equal rights and wages: I think a woman can write as well as a man, but as a war correspondent she presents special problems to the ranking officer who has enough worries. Yet we have had Maggie Higgins, Elizabeth Pond and others. However, the home offices of the weekly newsmagazines, for instances, are notorious for their discrimination against women writers; presumably NYC isn't safe, if we take this in the light of the war correspondent argument. (You bet NYC isn't safe!) About wages, I am a retread and from now on I shall gather first-hand information as I can on wage discrimination. (I am a retread secretary, but the reporter in me lies barely beneath the surface. As a temp, I go from one office to another, an ideal way to catch up with the working world.)

There are fields where women do very well - real estate, for instance, though one of the foremost women in this field complains of discrimination in commercial property. Naturally, women can sell houses better to other women, especially working in the local neighborhood.

Nevertheless, there are jobs which women perform better than men if only because they are "sex objects" - airline hostesses, fashion models, receptionists, jobs which require "mothering" or compassion: nurses, and the usual. In the future, women will become vital in many still obscure sciences just appearing on the horizon: aerospace, space medicine, ecology.

I for one enjoy Dean Martin and the Gold Diggers, and particularly the British humor in the British Gold Diggers this summer - much more subtly adult than American humor - and I enjoy the Gold-digging songs. This makes me an outcast from Women's Lib, but I shall still join the strike on August 26. It makes a good excuse to go out for dinner.

Hippie: "If a person really wants something, it should be paid for with an object he loves, not with some meaningless paper," and hands the airline ticket girl a rock and two seashells in lieu of paper money. He got as far as Pittsburgh--in newsprint, that is.



FANTASIA - Summer, 1970 - is perpetrated on my son's SCM portable Sterling, using what may be the last of the Asia Stencil Papers made in Gifu, Japan, which is famous for its beautifully painted paper lanterns, Gifu chochin, perfect for garden parties but very delicate. I believe paper parasols are made there, too, but am too lazy to check - so much for the files of reference clutter.

BOBOLINGS, Feb.70 - If anyone does know authoritatively the exact data about 24-page stapled papers Postage-wise, I'd be happy to learn. Of these 24 pages, 22 must be printed on, that is one positive fact. Then, Wessonmale says, each paper may go Book Rate but not in bulk. I want to the PO to have the whole thing clarified for AAFA, and I returned still confused. # About "This is Tranquility Base," you write:..."the phrase was coined by one who could play the game of rat and dragon, who could feel the outward and upward surge, who could sail the soul, who could ride a green dragon flying to save a red dragon lying." This is beautiful word imagery, especially the underlined (my underlining); will you please explain the rat and dragon, and red and green dragon allusions?

A PROPOS DE RIEN 130 - The Andromeda Strain hardly reads like fiction. Especially since the ending is just about what you'd expect would happen in real life. The Day of the Dolphins was another book where fact and fiction mingle so much like colors in marblizing papers...I kept checking with Shel (my son, the research chemist!) about words in The Andromeda Strain that were suspect. These two books are far, far above s/f as it is usually read. = I find myself in the midst of the marijuana problem, in such snobbish company as the Kennedys and the Schrivers. Except that their boys are 16 & 17, and are still under parental control, whereas mine is 23 and headstrong. Merely riding in a car with a neighboring boy who had 2 oz. of pot on him cost Shel \$580\* PLUS a life-long bbt on his career record, according to NJ law. Not that I am making him out innocent, as that sounds. He has, as a chemist experimenting, tried all the usual, thinks them all dangerous but marijuana. I in turn cannot understand why anyone would release any control of his mind, and I can only hope that he "talks a good story" to bait me. A Japanese playwright and radical stated in The Village Voice (Greenwich Village, NYC), "To create revolution in the country (Japan), one must first create revolution in the home." I am amazed that anyone of Shel's intelligence should return from a college with a BS but brainwashed of family loyalty. His boorish, last-minute refusal to escort Pam and me home from Lin Carter's party--thereby making Pam miss this event, the first time I've ever seen her cry--was a case in point. Perhaps it is a phase? I like a man to be determined, out egocentrically ruthless to those who love him most, ..never.

RAMBLING FAP, Feb.70 - I went through that whole left-leg-etc syndrome plus staph, and I came out of it a strong swimmer. My advice, to be seconded by your surgeon, of course, is to join a YMCA and swim AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE for therapy. I went every day through a miserable winter, hating the cold water (the YW shared the YM pool) but I am now enough at home in the water to make Snorkeling my favorite outdoor sport -- if I had the money to go snorkeling every weekend in the Bahamas or wherever. Actually, I spent one day snorkeling --the last day of my stay, all too brief at best, in Grand Bahama-- and it is like entering a new world..utterly fascinating.



FAPA PEOPLE POLL, Gregg Calkins - I "obey general traffic laws" all the time, if I know what's good for me. I have 7 points and if I get 12 in the next 3 years, my license is suspended for a month. How I ever attained 42 mph within one block, starting from a full stop and rounding that corner on the start, I'll never know because The Little Red Wagon (Opel Caravan '62) does 60 all-out, pedal to the floor, on a downhill stretch. So twice within one block of my house I earned points up to 7, the other incident because of a slight side-swiping in rain on a snow-piled street before the crest of a hill. This all makes me so self-conscious of driving that I may only work nearby or someplace near Shel's chemical company so that I can car-pool with him.

No, I would NOT "take a color TV set during a riot if I could get away with it." But I do know how human it was of the Little Old Stowaway in AIRPORT when she said about her first-class trip on the company, "It was so much more fun the other way!" I enjoyed that picture, and thought Helen Hayes did a bangup stowaway. That was exactly the reaction wanted from everyone in the audience.

No, I do not "consider that I have the right to break (a) immoral laws (say, the draft)" but especially since the Cambodian occupation I'd be a mother first and a patriot second, feeling that as a patriot I can no longer justify possible destruction of Angkor Wat as well as the human misery of the whole bloody mess. "(unpopular laws: prohibition)" That's an unfair example and I can't think of an equivalent except Taxes, which are very unpopular, but I pay them, grumbling as you do, about the way the money is spent, and "virtual confiscation" when it is out of my own pay check! "(c-illegal laws: segregation)" When we were on home leave in 1957, I think it was, we went to the performance of Our Common Glory on the Univ. of Va. campus. Shel, about 11, had lived all his life in Japan, virtually, and after the performance he ran up to the WC marked, "Black." "Shel, you can't go there," I called to him. "That's reserved for Negroes." He went on, saying, "Oh, I won't hurt their old benjo!" I guess that incident correctly reveals our feelings about segregation (he accepted it in reverse, from being a gaijin in Japan) and our reactions to laws, though neither of us knew, as we know now, the meaning of the sign fully.

"If two or three young people were kicking a policeman who was disarmed and semi-conscious" I would call the police. On the other hand, when the Glen Ridge officer told David he couldn't play his guitar while seated on the mail box by our house, I went to HQ and conceded that point but complained they didn't have the right to then say, "Well, you better move on." "Move on to where?" I asked, "The boy was HOME." In fact, when I heard of the incident, I went out and sat on the mail box myself while dinner was cooking, and waited for that neighbor to phone the police again. The commuters had been told of my wrath by my husband, and one observed, "You must do this as a controlled experiment: with the guitar and without." So I sent Pam out and she sat on the mailbox and played her guitar. Nothing happened, but I told Lt. K. I had all sorts of answers ready for the PO's question, "What are you doing there?" One neighbor said I should have told her, she'd have served martinis to the commuters and really worked up a Thing, but she is new to Glen Ridge and really one of Us, being WNBC and all. And "my answer if the cop were a negro" would, in all instances have been the same. And the same goes if the attackers were adults, little old ladies or BEMS. But if I am ever mistakenly arrested by



"a policeman courteous but firm and draws his pistol," I am meek and mild till I get to the station house and then I call my husband or the Glen Ridge Police on my one phone call allowed, and then I sue for false arrest except that my husband would tell me to drop it and come home. Note my whole attitude: In trouble, I'd call the Glen Ridge Police from anywhere in USA, expecting them to do something. But this, I admit, is unusual. The lieutenant knew, before I said so, that I was referring to "David, who goes to Syracuse" when I complained that the incident was a poor welcome home on his first day of vacation. In fact, lately we've been living in some of the best-policed area of USA, as Fred Lacey, U.S. [General Attorney], lives a block or so away and his family has been threatened by the Mafia during the recent investigation. There are only 2800 families in Glen Ridge, all but a few white though we nestle between Newark and Montclair, both with black mayors. I live only 1½ blocks from the Montclair line, all black, but one can't tell unless one is alert to the fact that Glen Ridge has gas lamps and Montclair modern lamps. The same real estate agent who pointed this out to us to consider apparently didn't think otherwise would shrug it off because it was pointed out to us again when Wesson-male once thought of selling (after an autumn bout with the leaves!), and I wonder if it really would matter to someone. T'hell with 'em. "Would you consider becoming a policeman yourself? Yes, I'd like a job being secretary to Gideon or West!

While we're on the subject, one of my friends is a black policeman (also a minister), another a black youth worker from the Ghetto transplanted to nearby East Orange. When I said that Pam was a Teen Leader in the East Orange Y, Dave, who didn't know us well, said, "You mean Montclair." (a predominantly white YMCA). "No, I mean East Orange," which is predominantly black. "The Y at Montclair is a YM, and I don't approve of Pam's being at a predominantly male Y, where I've seen fights and men coming out on stretchers. It isn't the right atmosphere for a young girl. Would you want your girls there?" He paused. He had never thought in terms of anything but black vs. white, but he had to agree with me on my basis. Then I mentioned to C, the black policeman, that I had to drive Pam to the YWCA because to get the bus she had to walk 6 or 8 blocks through the black section of adjacent Montclair, and both David (Wesson) and I had had bad experiences. I know from foreign countries that when the pre-schoolers taunt you, they reflect the entire attitude of the homes, the people themselves, not just politicians. When the Emperor decreed a peaceful Occupation, only one boy of all I met in our SCAP years was obnoxious, so unusual that I remember it yet, and I know that kid would have been obnoxious under any circumstances...spoiled rotten, as the saying goes. Combined with other experiences, like a neighbor who wound up in the hospital when she surprised a housebreaker for the second time in her living room (the family in the house, too!), I can forgive whites their desire for safety.

MIRAGE: We should all do our little bit towards understanding, but I wouldn't be so sanctimonious about it, as in "People like you." I think you'll find that in FAPA, an overwhelming percentage of us are removing bricks from the wall between the blacks and the whites. In fact, I think in my quiet way of just living, I am removing more, actually, than my David, for instance, who demands to know what I am doing to free Bobby Seale and the Panthers. Damn little.

DIRTY is a State of Mind, new and popular Off-Broadway show, is written by Tom Eyan, who doesn't touch booze or drugs because he wants "complete control" of his body. Why surrender this complete control?



## HOUSECLEANING TIME..

How creative are you? Family Circle Magazine ran an advt in four parts, one of which is so elementary I won't give it space. The others:

Part 1. Think of 8 to 12 uses for each of the following objects: a rubber ball, a common brick, a wire hanger, a one-ft ruler.

Part 2. Write a story in 3 minutes using these 20 words in the order in which they are given: STAIRS OCEAN CHEMISTRY SONG TEST MOUNTAIN BUBBLE DOG LEMON PICTURE POST BLANKET VIOLIN LAMP NIGHTMARE STREAM LEG WINDOW SWAMP STAMP

Part 4. Think of 4 to 8 things that might happen if:

- a. We suddenly had 3 arms.
- b. Farmers could grow no more cotton.
- c. Cars suddenly doubled in size.

If you have a wobbly table or chair, it is actually simpler to LENGTHEN the short leg, than shorten the long ones. Use wood plastic or wood putty, press down till the table is steady, then let harden.

ROBERT RUARK was one of the many who was never satisfied with the Warren Report, which he read scrupulously, several times, with particular attention to the ballistic details. Perhaps some of our gun-fans might clarify: The WR mentions that "the scope made fast shooting possible." Ruark said this is "utter nonsense. Every time you fire a scoped rifle the blast knocks your eye out of the scope, and you have to rediscover the target," and gets technical about "parallax," which makes the target disappear is the eye isn't rightly adjusted to the lenses. JFK was hit in the back, a heart shot, as well as being hit in the neck, the bullet passing through and coming out of the throat. Another bullet blew off the back of his head. "As a rifle an I do not understand the combination of angles," Ruark wrote, citing the three basics that a shot fired on the level goes straight; from on high it goes down and from below travels up. Oswald, shooting from his lofty vantage, would have had to hit Kennedy high in the head to shove the bullet through his throat. To hit him in the back, at that range and elevation, is impossible, he stated.

Coincidentally, Ruark died later. I do not think it was a coincidence, however, that either 11 or 14 of the witnesses or unsatisfied investigators (like Dorothy Kilgallen) died--three in unsolved murders. Also, I never was convinced that the Russians would allow a niece of the NKVD (or whatever alphabetical combination denotes the Russian Secret Service) to marry an American good-for-nothing..unless they thought he was good for something. Marina later sued the U.S. Govt for half-a-million\$ for Oswald's effects, which they impounded. Talk about nerve....

We need a federal law, though I am against too much federal power, to control - BAN - sale of bazookas, grenade launchers, machine guns, anti-tank guns which no citizen could conceivably need; a ban on sale to minors; a registration of every gun legally possessed; and a watch on private arsenals. I know gun-bearing FAFans will hop to defense of their rifles, but if rifles are sold a notarized affidavit must accompany the sale which names the principal local police official of the district of the buyer, so that the named police official would clear the sale.

Why should this be necessary in America?