

null-f 26



# ALLERLEI<sup>2</sup>

## MAILING COMMENTS BY WALTER GREEN

FANTASY AMATEUR: Officialdom - Acknowledged. § Seeing that SAPS has a w-l fee, to be applied against dues, I don't see that there should be any difficulty here. It makes sense, and I for one make no objection. However, in all likelihood many waitlisters now charged a periodic reg. fee might be on the w-l long enough to have their accumulated reg. fees exceed the first year's dues, possibly the second year's. Will all this, or only a specified percentage, or only all up to a maximum of \$3, be credited against dues? Marion?

LIGHTHOUSE 4: Peterry Carraham - Survey research-you are welcome to it, Pete, clattering IBM cards and all. At Cal's Sociology Dept survey research is a ghoddamn Way of Life. A full year of that sort of methodological crud including not one but two research projects (a number likely to be increased) is now required of every grad student in the department. One of my biggest gripes at it is the way that researchers have to tailor the questions and possible categories of replies so that the things can be conveniently tabulated on those bloody IBM cards. I am convinced that this procedure by and large biases the results so drastically as to render them all but meaningless. Examples that immediately come to mind at Cal: A certain survey having to do with anti-semitism (using, I suppose, the familiar and much refuted "F" scale from Adorno & Co.'s "The Authoritarian Personality") got confused and unintelligible results because the surveyists had been consistently confusing anti-semitic (racial) responses with anti-Judic (comparable to anti-Catholic or otherwise "anti-religious") responses. This sort of distinction isn't immediately translatable into the rigid categories tabulable on IBM cards; it would require closer questioning to identify, and a degree of alertness on the questioner's part far above that required of the usual surveyist whose gig is simply copying yeses and noes. # Another and even more croggling instance of IBMuddling here was a recent (1960) study which indicated unequivocally that the "best" students at many so-called elite colleges (and others) tended to be religiously conservative. This is in blatant contradiction to numerous earlier studies, even better documented, which showed that highly intelligent people were for the most part unbelievers, in or out of college. The Soc. Dept. spent literally weeks on this paradox, trying in utter stupefaction dozens of the most recondite analytical techniques and statistical procedures, at one point holding as many as 25 different variables constant, to try and account for the contradiction. They got nowhere. The prof. threw this problem to the class to find out if anyone had any ideas. Nobody said a word. Finally, ~~superstition~~ <sup>esp. its</sup> ~~to the rescue~~ yhos put up a timid hand and brought up the point that surely these IBM-worshippers had been confusing "best students" (including climbers, grinds, Marks are a Way of Life types, etc.) with the entirely different category of "most intelligent". But of course the indices that could be tabulated on IBM cards didn't admit of the possibility that anything but marks--in this study--could be valid indicators of intelligence. Other examples could be multiplied; almost every time someone uses the abovementioned "F" scale he gets similar confusing results. One of the most egregious was a study seemingly indicating that the Air Farce/OCS produces types less authority-oriented, less gung-ho than random recruits, specifically that they were less so after training than before--corporals, buck sergeants, 2nd Lts and all. § And what results from such studies? Vast quantities of statistical data processed into large numbers of improbable numerical relationships, but little or no reason why these things should be accepted as proving causality. § Applying this to your proposed fan survey project: I'll be interested to see it, but I suspect that the data and categories will be so complex as to require analysis protocol by protocol in depth, preferably with a couple of fan-oriented psychologists available for interpretations, rather than merely punching IBM cards with yeses, noes, father's income \$5500, 2 younger sisters, 8 close friends, 2 fanclubs and 2 apas + w-l's of 2 others, etc. § If you ever do get around to doing that study, Pete, let me



know; I may be able to help you. By that time I may have my own PhD in--goddammit--sociology, which I also think is a disreputable subject. (Why am I in it then? Mainly because it's a convenient intersection point for about 8 different fields of interest, and I can get A's for termpapers on related subjects about which I know more than the instructors, e.g. fandom, music and the beat subculture.) Hmm--come to think of it, Pete, if you get around to it in the next 2 years, I maybe able to use it in more specific fashion--as valuable documentation in a dissertation on comparative fandoms. § Have you thought of submitting that terrifying vignette on Kennedamn to some prozine? At the very least The Realist...

I hope to have more to say in reply to you on intelligence elsewhere, perhaps in DAY\*STAR, but right here I will try to answer a couple of what I feel are misunderstandings. First, I suspect your socialist orientation has allowed you to slip into a populist bias concerning my own motivations, and those of Mensa. A group of this kind isn't automatically a backslapping bunch guilty of the ghodawful snatches of conversation you ascribe to it. Nor is this need of cheap ego-boo why I (or any of my friends) have anything to do with it. In Mensa, as in certain segments of fandom, I find and dig a group where I can present, or hear someone else present, complex, wide-ranging and perhaps far-out ideas without having to spell them out in words of one syllable to the accompaniment of yawns and "Oh, come off your high horse" and "Wothell are you gibbering about?" and the like; a group where, in short, I can get a kind of intellectual stimulation not found by & large among members of your precious middle classes--or in most mundane discussion groups (or, I bet, even YPSL). I submit that this is a legitimate reason for joining, and staying in, any such group. I have been in mundane discussion groups, many of them. I have not found that "most contain high proportions of literate and sophisticated people conversant with that particular field (and, no doubt, with many others)" as you assume. The reverse, in fact. A person of that quality is rare enough there to be a freak save only in the General Semantics groups, Mensa, and fandom. I will go my way, with my evidence consisting of hundreds of meetings in fifteen or more such groups over the past ten or eleven years; and you will go yours with your populist orientation; and we will remain friends, I hope, but apparently continue to disagree.

Second, you clearly misunderstand the motivation behind the IQ tests scheduled for the Chicon. Speer has excellently answered you in EOS, so I need not repeat his remarks. But once your idea about the tests is rebutted with the commonsense judgment that facts are better than suppositions, you are left without a really good reason for your objection to the tests. Try again.

Vito Battista has a peculiar name for a negro. And apropos of his namesake, Vito Marcantonio--responsible for the Puerto Rican influx into NYC--his corpse was found unwanted in a gutter some years ago. Poetic justice, I think.

I am glad you've discovered the Greeks, I recommend to your attention Werner Jaeger's *Paideia* (3 vols.), C.M.Bowra's *The Greek Experience*, and anything by him or Charles Seltman on Greek art in addition to Sir Kenneth Clark's *The Nude*. (And for another side of modern Greece than Kazantzakis, try the poems of C.P.Cavafy, in either of the two modern translations.) And as you deepen in your understanding of the Greeks, you may suddenly realize why a classical education was formerly such a desideratum. § Kimon Friar agrees with you about Kazantzakis's being both a mystic and a man preoccupied with the problem of the dualities you mentioned. (He also told me that in modern Greece there was a conscious effort to emulate the gusto of the ancients, that quality you had noticed in Zorba; but the sheer conscious effort to a certain extent negated the spontaneity. So much had centuries of christianity done for the people who once had produced an Aeschylus, a Sophocles, an Aristophanes, a Socrates.) The second part of "Gestalt Therapy" (Perls, Hefferline, Goodman) is devoted to the very problem you speak of--the intellectual discovering that to achieve the dionysiac hedonism of the Greek miner he would have to renounce the cherished aesthetic sense, introspection, intellectualism--the problem of the seemingly insoluble dualisms in present-day life. There is a way out of them, but it's difficult. § If the Greeks were overbalanced on the rational side (which I question), they made up for it amply by their holy roller cults of Dionysos and Orpheus (the well known mystery religions).



Terry: "Blind Clarinet" is superb. I dig it far more now that Vince Hickey has finally opened my ears to some of the rare beauties in traditional jazz. I mean both "rare" and "beauties" literally--and speak in full awareness of Sturgeon's Law, dammit.

Apropos of the Interlandi cartoon about the bomb, one night in November after many hours of thesis work I went to bed about 1 AM, and just as I was on the point of dropping off to sleep--maybe 1:15 or so--came the most ear-shattering yowling of sirens. Not the fire or ambulance kind, but the airraid kind. For the life of me I couldn't get out of bed to seek shelter even had I known where one was or believed it might help. (Actually I suppose I would have rationalized it as preferring to die with my friends rather than die alone--nearer the truth anyhow.) I simply couldn't move--my muscles refused to work. I remained in bed, covers pulled up over my head to help shut out the terrifyingly loud noise, shivering with cold sweat despite blankets, dry mouth and throat, terror going right into panic while something in me watched helpless. The sirens abruptly stopped. No all-clear, no other noises. I remained where I was, trying to convince myself that it was a short circuit or some other electrical goof. I got no sleep the rest of that night. Cars and garbage trucks and streetcleaning equipment began going by and the day brightened up just like the many before and after. Not getting any of the local crudsheets, I don't know if the 1:15 AM sirens got reported; they were not mentioned in any of the local radio news coverage I heard, though. People may be blase about the civil defense rigmarole, but this felt and sounded different. And before you call me a coward, ask yourselves if you would have been able to do anything different--and how do you know. ((This paragraph reprinted from the Cult; my FR 104, page Letters-IV.))

Ted: I went through this same four-to-the-bar-in-F jass in 1952. It has evidently not improved since then, and there have been some changes for the worse. There were 33 doctors I had to pass by before coming to the two psychiatrists whose decisions made my life brighter. But I'll begin with the oddest part of the story.

Six weeks before I left Baltimore for NYC, in the summer of 1952, the moronic mother of a friend of mine predicted that a terrible mistake would be made, that "they" would try to get me back into uniform. (Her predictions had an uncanny way of coming true; of over fifty that she made on me, one only remains to be fulfilled. But that's another story for another time.) Not quite six weeks later, a couple of days before I was to leave for NYC, a snotty little organization man knocked at the door, flashed a badge at me and identified himself as from the FBI.

"To what do I owe this honor?"

"You're a draft dodger and either you report for induction right away or we put you in jail."

"Balderdash! I was not only in the service already, I was in VA hospitals for two and a half years as a result of it."

"We know all that already. We traced you from Boston to Cushing Hospital to your other addresses after you left, to Washington, New York and finally here. We know everywhere you've been."

"Then you know I haven't been trying to evade anything."

"Nevertheless you're still a draft-dodger. You failed to report your change of address to your draft board in October 1948 when you went to the hospital. You failed to report after you got out of there and when you moved from Boston to Washington in Jan. 1951 and to NY and Baltimore after that. Each time you failed to report you violated the law. The only way you can avoid going to prison is to report for induction now. There has been a call for your immediate induction ever since Jan. 1949."

"In Jan. 1949 I was in a locked psychiatric ward. I asked the doctors about my ~~draftboard~~ situation and they said they would take care of it, that I didn't have to write or anything."

"They were wrong and it was still your responsibility. Either report for induction tomorrow morning or we put you in prison where you and all the other draft dodgers belong."

"On such short notice? I was moving to NYC this coming weekend, now that I have a job awaiting me."



"You tell it to your draftboard tomorrow. If they don't schedule you for examination right away they'll tell you to report to the Pearl Street board in NYC. But you report to the draftboard here tomorrow morning or off you go to prison--no ifs, ands or buts. And if you ever get into any other kind of trouble, your record as a draft dodger will be held against you."

"Ridiculous! Am I still a draftdodger after I report as you tell me to, even after I get my 4F?"

"Yes, and don't be so cocksure that you'll get 4F."

"If you know as much about me as you think you do, then you surely know about my psychiatric history. If you think the Army wants me with all that, you really are an optimist. You're also exceedingly rude and I have a mind to report you to the district supervisor."

"I have said all I'm going to say, Mister Breen."

"Goodbye!" (Sound of door slamming.)

And the next morning the draft board did indeed tell me that I would be contacted by the Selective Service hq in NYC on when to report for pre-induction physical, and that it would be in about three weeks. (It was actually nearer to two months.) In the years after this episode I matured slightly in my attitude towards this FBI creature--after all, the man probably had been dealing with intentional draft-dodgers for years; but this was still no excuse to identify me automatically as just like the rest. And the truculence of his tone (which was much more exasperating than appears by the bare dialogue) was about what one could expect of a cop, though I didn't know that at the time.

My experience at 39 Whitehall differed a little from yours, Ted; instead of eight hours, it was about six. No loyalty oath as yet, but a many-pages-long medical history form plus a blank form on which the succession of doctors were to make their notations. Each of the 33 doctors I saw (who each checked a different part of my body) put a larger red checkmark beside "Psychiatric" on the blank form; I must have been in a bad way at that time. The color-blindness test consisted of naming the colors on several pieces of yarn handed me by a flunky. (Pale pink, olive-green, purple, yellow-orange, one or two others.) I don't remember the intelligence test, but I suppose it was the same kind they gave you. Most of my time was spent standing in line, undressing for one doctor and dressing for the next one or two and undressing for the next and dressing again and... Finally, once again clothed, I saw the first psychiatrist, a hard-voiced character about Harlan Ellison's build but rigid and completely unrelaxing...I pity his patients, if any. He looked over my medical history form, filled out in detail, and then through a thick dossier that he had gotten ghod alone knows where.

"Mister Breen? Roll up your sleeves."

"I haven't been mainlining anything, Doctor."

"I don't believe you. Roll up your sleeves." He found no puncture marks, mainly because there weren't any. He then questioned me at length, concentrating particularly on the psychiatric troubles I'd had in the Army, and assuming that I'd been malingering in claiming amnesia. He tried every way he could to shake my story, but of course failed because it was true and consistent with the records. His questions sounded, and felt, like verbal attacks. I finally was almost in tears and burst out with "But dammit I'm NOT faking. Don't you think that if I had been, the army psychiatrists would have found it out sooner or later in one of those hospitals?" "That's all; proceed to the next room."

In it, standing behind the desk, was a motherly old character who would have passed for a department store Santa Claus without pillows--all he needed was costume and white beard.

"Mr. Breen" (softly, smoothly, a little swishily) "when did you have your last homosexual experience?"

"Doctor, if I'm to be rejected anyway, I don't need anything like that. You have my dossier."

After flipping through it briefly, he said "Yes, I guess we have enough on you. OK." And he slammed a big rubber stamp down on my forms saying REJECTED.

Your remarks on the trade of professional murderer to which so many of us become apprentices willy-nilly are beautifully clear but I strongly suspect that they will simply reinforce the



believers while not affecting even slightly the Armyllmakeamanoutaya types and the Armyisour-greatestbulwarkagainstcommunism types.

Here is one waitlister, Terry, who definitely would rather still have Redd in FAPA years from now when yhos gets in. I think your reply to him is just about definitive. I hope he reconsiders. There is something grotesque about a fan claiming to be so tired of FAPA while simultaneously letterhacking in the cruddiest neozines. Particularly after failing somehow to see that in the mc's which he decried there is both communication of a higher order, and creative writing of higher quality, than in the lettercols of those neozines. Bergeron seems to have fingered it pretty accurately in pp. 6-7 of the current Wrhn.

No, it isn't the arousal that comes from the descriptions of sex that's unhealthy; it's the need for porno as a secret stimulant, as if the sight of a sexy girl (or nearness to her) weren't ample. The key word is need, like compulsion. There is good porno and bad; at the former extreme are such things as certain passages in Sexus and a few offbeat items like The Teen Agers, at the other are things like "I Am A Young Stenographer" and much crud lumped under the collective designation of "Bizarre" and "Exotique" and "Bondage", plus the sex comic books purporting to come from Havana (but probably printed in Brooklyn)--unimaginative, limited, loveless and crudely written and illustrated. The biggest trouble is (as I think I've said elsewhere) that kids get distorted ideas as to female attitudes and kinds of performance by both sexes, and they may well get inferiority complexes from not being able to match the mythical bedroom athletes. They may well feel that these are real people rather than colossally exaggerated archetypes in the manner of Gargantua, Pantagruel and Panurge. § Beautiful mc's, Terry.

The Ray Nelson article ought to be read side by side with the one he had in HABAKKUK 6; Ray is of course giving here the worst side he knows of beat life, in the gloomiest colors imaginable, without indicating here that this is so one-sided.

Pete: All right; FANAC has a circulation of 300, is owned and edited by yhos and of late published by Ted White, editorial offices generally 2402 Grove St., Berkeley, publication offices 163A West 10 St., NYC, and nobody holds any shares. There are no known bondholders, etc.

"Hard sounds" in "penis" and "vagina"? Someone had his authoritative head up his authoritative posterior orifice. The usual four-letter words have much harder consonants--try 'em on and listen--and I can't really say that the vowel sounds are softer. Soft vowels are at least partly a matter of subjective taste. § I second your remarks to Eney, all of 'em. § I wish you would print the Ellington letter. Dick Ellington also wishes you would print it, for the record, particularly as he considers it one of his better pieces of writing. Please? § Retsina? How can you stand that stuff even cold?!? § Was ist das sechl? Avram?

Tilting the scales in favor of minority groups, if kept up long enough, can and will result in demagogues claiming to represent said minority groups demanding, and getting, privileges of quite absurd degree, to the detriment of others. An instance in point: the NAACP has spawned demagogues who now shout "Prejudice!" whenever a white man rather than a negro is hired by NY City Hall despite the claims often repeated that merit irrespective of racial origin is the criterion for hiring. They scoff at such claims and insist that the city isn't hiring enough negroes and that this is completely from prejudice. (How many are "enough"?). What they want, in short, is not equality but preference. This way lies Black Muslimism. There is nothing in the world you can do that can adequately and permanently make up to the negroes for what other people have done to them; the attempts to do so can lead to behavior rather less than intelligent, and results rather less than satisfactory in terms of work done, quality and judgment and concern for long-term consequences. Do you propose to go on indefinitely tilting the scales, as you call it? If not, when do you expect to draw the line and why? And what are you going to do with those who thereafter shout "Prejudice!" at you? § Boyd Raeburn calls me a conservative because I'm averse to BigBrotherism in any form; Jeff Wanshel calls me a liberal because of my positions on such things as censorship and the like; Art Castillo calls me a radical (in KIPPLE) because I am thoroughly dissatisfied with all extant political groups, and the more "realistic" the more dissatisfying. So where do I go from here? Down with such pigeonholes. And I suspect that Ted White



would dislike those labels even as do I. Nan Rapp (acts her letter in TESSERACT 3) sounds so pro-labor that the epithet liberal/left seems inevitable for her; Buck Coulson sounds in many ways more conservative, especially in YANDRO. But maybe the Lupoff poll will yield other information.

"...more obnoxious discussionzines of the day..." I've heard you mention only two with a sneer--KIPPLE and XERO--and it seems odd that you didn't wish to mention them here. Afraid of a lawsuit, Pete?

Some times I dig hearing something read aloud, but often I object to it because I have a primarily visual memory and often want to refer back&forth in the written pieces, following up cross-references and maybe checking for consistency at various points. This is possible only in silent reading, which is maybe fifteen times as fast as Ted's vocalizing. No offense, Ted--believe me.

Highly popular songs from "My Fair Lady"? How about "I Could Have Danced All Night", which I have heard dismally syruiped down?

Terry: that analysis of Salinger is so good that it ought to get into one of the more widely known literary reviews. Partisan Review, say, or possibly Saturday Review, which probably pays more. It is easily the best thing I've ever read about him.

Of course we could just mail Metzger a cockroach, and hope that this one wouldn't end up the way the last one did that was supposed to go to Lupoff.

Sylvia--a magnificently done illo for "Blind Clarinet".

NULL-F 22 : White - No, it's Jim Caughran's mailings I've been reading (thanks, Jim); earlier, it was Terry's or Rike's when the latter was still getting mail c/o Donaho. § I dug your first line in the original version--"I found my mood upon the A train"--more than the one here, though the story was excellently done. Your description of the girl sounds very much like Miri Carr.

A couple of typos ruined the account of my record collection. On recount, including recent purchases, it now stands at 92 Bach, 62 Beethoven, 39 Bartok, 22 Mahler, 16 Handel, 16 Mozart, 15 Prokofiev, 14 Mussorgsky, 13 Brahms, 9 Schubert, and smaller numbers of Stravinsky, Leos Janacek (a much underrated composer), Hindemith, Ravel, Milhaud and others. But more important than the numbers is the quality; the Schubert includes the B-flat piano sonata (Schnabel) and the Budapest recordings of the last three quartets, two trios and the C major quintet. (Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann on the B-flat trio, Busch on the E-flat; the Budapest plus Benar Heifetz on the quintet.) For Harry Warner and Bill Evans and maybe a few others (Silverberg probably knows them already) I'd like to mention a couple of unfamiliar works well worth attention:

(1) Lili Boulanger's music, on an Everest disc. Particularly the "Pie Jesu" for boy soprano and orchestra, ending side two. This is unearthly music--unlike anything else I have heard by her or any other composer, and it is emotionally compelling to a degree utterly unpredictable from the fairly simple textures used. I have never been able to listen to it without tears, a very rare thing for me. Other people who have on my recommendation listened to it have reacted similarly, or have sat in stunned silence for long afterwards. Gary Deindorfer--who is a jazz altoist, as some of you may not know--described it after two hearings as "a musical turning point. I did not know that anything like this existed. It is making me reorganize my thoughts about music and what can be done with it." I would like to give Les Gerber public thanks for turning me on to this music. I would also like to point out that the "Pie Jesu" acquires additional dramatic and historical interest from its having been dictated, note for note, by Lili Boulanger on her deathbed after she was literally too weak to write it down (tuberculosis). On side one, "Du fond de l'abime" is also immensely compelling. Had she lived I have no doubt she would have been recognized as an authentic master--at least in a class with Faure, perhaps in a class with Debussy. She comes by it understandably--she was the kid sister of Nadia Boulanger, teacher of many of the finest musicians of our century.

(2) Bartok. Sonata for two pianos and percussion. (Exists also in an alternative version as "Concerto for two pianos and orchestra", but I have not heard this version.) This is a stunning



work, only rarely performed (live or on records). Bartok's music generally falls into two categories--that intended for large audience (e.g. Suite op. 4, Roumanian Folk Dances, Hungarian Sketches, Dance Suite, much of the piano music except for the sonatas, both violin concertos, all three piano concertos, the concerto for orchestra, etc.) and that intended for a few intimates who could follow with score (quartets, violin sonata, violin and piano sonatas, etc.). From the beginning to the end of his career this duality existed in his musical output; the esoteric music embodied his most advanced experiments, the exoteric put a few of them into a much more easily assimilable form. The first two quartets, e.g., were much earlier than many of his more popular works of the same period; the "Contrasts" (1938) for violin, clarinet and piano--a deceptively simple work--embodies many techniques and some thematic material from his difficult 6th quartet (1939); the "Divertimento" <sup>(1939)</sup> for string orchestra--one of the most complex pieces of writing for strings ever to exist--is also related to this quartet. The Sonata for 2 Pianos and Percussion (1937) is plainly aimed at a wide audience, though its experimental quality is obvious--experiments following up those in Mikrokosmos and the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta. (For instance, Bartok gets different sounds out of a snare drum by having it struck now near the rim, now near the center; and out of cymbals by clashing them or by suspending them and striking them at the edge by knifeblade or brush; the triangle sounds different when hit by a wooden stick or a metal rod; the pianos give out some exceedingly unusual sonorities.) It is easy to say that Bartok was merely rediscovering jazz percussion techniques long known, but perhaps harder to prove. However this may be, the effects in this actually highly contrapuntal work frequently sound improvisatorial and often extremely exciting, and his asymmetrical rhythms swing in a way those of no other modern "classical" composer (not even Stravinsky) have yet managed to do. This is a work impossible either to ignore or to forget once heard.

I might also mention Bach's Brandenburg Concerto #1 in F, the least often played of the Bach Brandenburgs, and the most unusual. For people who think of old Bach as a composer of sweetness and light, this is a work with shock value. The slow movement contains hair-raising dissonances (which must have seemed even horrifying to audiences in Bach's day, if this work was ever performed then) which raise the emotional intensity of this movement to an unexpected level. The rondo finale is also surprising by having its alternative sections in seemingly unrelated rhythms. Over and above the enormous technical proficiency one expects in Bach, this is also melodically and dramatically interesting at least to an equal degree with his more popular works.

"SaM's Blues"--superb, ~~DATA~~ Terry, and it deserves wider circulation. VOID, maybe?

Ted: Meskys is a kid? Isn't he older than you, or was this many years ago when he claimed that girlymags were porno? § Lovely artwork.

HORIZONS : Warner - You are right about the numbering of the Bach cantatas. I have the Schmieder thematic catalogue before me and the Bach-Gesellschaft edition numbering is followed verbatim for the cantatas. What I have not been able to figure out is why this edition used that particular disorder. Possibly it was ignorance of the true order of composition, perhaps the realization too that establishing such order (if even possible) would have taken many decades and delayed the completion of the edition still more. The same kind of disorder is found in Longo's edition of the Scarlatti sonatas, which obscured the fact that many of them were conceived (and intended to be played) as pairs.

But Harry, many states do not have Montgomery Ward stores; and weapons, ammunition, &c., are unavailable. I admit I was thinking less of western states where laws are a bit more relaxed than of the East Coast, but then the population density and the police problem are worse in the E.Coast than elsewhere save perhaps a few cities like Chicago, Los Angeles and the BArea. § Your suggestion of simply forcing cops to walk their beats again is one step in a good direction, but it does not eliminate the problem of police corruption (read: predation). W. A. Westley's classic paper "Violence and the Police" (Amer. Jour. of Sociology, 59:34-41, 1953) shows how police accept and morally justify the illegal use of violence. They are from the outset part of a morally ambiguous "service occupation" where the "service" involves mostly doing things to people which



are unwelcome--suppression, threatening, hurting, impoverishing, even destroying. (School-crossing guard duty, answering emergency calls, and the like, seem a relatively small part of their role.) The traditional mutual antagonism between them and the general public dates back to the very beginnings in 1844 when the first USA municipal police depts. were established. Long regarded as pariahs, they have developed a subcultural solidarity (of which the Fraternal Order of Police is only one expression), emphasizing secrecy, coercing respect (read: fear), and the belief that "almost any means is legitimate in completing an important arrest". (Give a dog a bad name, etc.; and note well that many police depts. have a specified quota of arrests per month --regardless of the number of convictions resulting therefrom. And this is one of the greatest evils involved.) There are, of course, occasions in which violence is seen as an occupational necessity, e.g., gun battles with desperadoes, but their tradition and their self-image and their general trigger-happy pattern induces police, by and large, to try to multiply such occasions, as well as to try (by restrictive regulations, licensing, etc.) to obtain and keep a monopoly of the means of violence. Apprehension and conviction of a felon is the Big Thing in police work, resulting in prestige (and possibly increased appropriations for the department, pay raises, etc.); it has career implications; it justifies, to the police, their own existence. "Out of these conditions a legitimation for the illegal use of violence is wrought." (Westley) And so we have the 3rd degree and the extorted signatures to police-drafted confessions and the disgraceful episodes like the one where cops fired into a crowd in Grand Central Station (killing a couple of innocent commuters) in a vain attempt to bring down a fleeing thug. And on a milder level we have things like extortions from storekeepers, something like the Mafia "Protection Service" in the old day in more than one way. But you have not refuted my stronger point, which was that the public has no defense against the police abuses.

It is possible that Goethe in "Faust" and Ibsen in "Peer Gynt" were writing more to be read than to be performed as is; and equally possible that they were groping towards presentation in a medium which did not then exist but now does, i.e. experimental movies.

Doc Weir hasn't been entirely forgotten. Pelz and I did obituaries on him--so did several Britishers, I think. And isn't there some kind of Weir Memorial Fund in Britifandom? It is from this, I suspect, that the eventual anthology of the man's fanwritings will be issued. In the meantime, a good example is in I PALANTIR #1; 25¢ to Pelz and highly recommended to all who haven't already seen it.

Ah, the eater. Here we have humor frequently approaching the pataphysical (some of it worthy of Ray Nelson at his best) and easily rebutting Al Capp's sicksicksick theory (unexpectedly echoed in "Stranger in a Strange Land") that we laugh only where it hurts--Capp would say: welaugh only at others' sufferings, making humor merely sublimated sadism.

Which '78's were played and on what kind of equipment, and were the audiences the usual tin-eared public or trained musicians? There is, of course, another problem even now: the PA system used to offset bad acoustics in an auditorium, or to amplify the sound of a harpsichord or a string quartet, even to the farthest-back rows in the peanut gallery, is often of abominably low fidelity, so I can easily see where some folk unfamiliar with close-up live music can confuse their concert-hall experience with monophonic records of the same works.

You've devised a good argument against the vegetarians. But the ultimate question is, what moral obligation, if any, have we to lower forms of life, and why? This is independent of the arguments against actual cruelty to animals, of course; it has struck me that cruelty to animals is often a substitute for cruelty to children and the effect is in the long run worse on the inflictor.

Have you any information that G. W\*\*\*\*\* is even still interested in fandom, let alone in FAPA?

Your argument against using insanity as a defense shows, of course, the absurdities inherent in the whole legal procedure, which was one of my points in DAY\*STAR.

Everyone to his pet poetic hate. Mine is Robert Browning, surely the most leaden-eared Big Name Poet (the capitals are to leave out people like Eddie Guest and Leman's favorite Morris Cottrell). Exhibit A: "Rabbi Ben Ezra". Tennyson is probably the most banal of all, but at least his verbal music is a little more agreeable than Browning's all but undeclamable stuff.



I was at Harpers Ferry less than a week before the Season and must now add my enthusiastic recommendations to Harry's and Evans's. Wear sneakers or crepe-soled shoes, though, as in some areas you might have to do a bit of climbing around, and there is one self-guided nature tour (Virginius Island) in which you might find your Florsheims getting a bit muddy. It's worth spending a whole day on; bring the kids and box lunches and enjoy yourselves. I'm a history buff, though not specifically a Civil War buff, but I got even more enjoyment out of exploring the ancient buildings, ruins, old tombstones with witty epitaphs, and some really breathtaking landscapes.

Possibly had the girl been less good-looking, the jury might have been less prone to find her innocent, in the Ayn Rand play as in real life. Put into the defendant's role a hatchetfaced, flat-chested dame with a paranoid look and see how many acquittals you get.

I am a bit surprised that you were unfamiliar enough with the universal practice of "moonlighting" by musicians to doubt the waiter's claim that he was a jazzman by night. The vast majority of musicians, classical and jazz, have to have additional jobs to survive. Music is no more a living for them than is subzine pubbing for us. And so we find them as waiters, cab drivers, teachers, piano tuners, mechanics, etc. § Does all ballet bore you, or merely the traditional sort in which there is no dramatic component but merely the pageantry of abstract patterns formed by the dancers? A lot of the latter has fiftieth-rate music by hacks such as Minkus (I have written better stuff than that myself) and if one of them is on the program I will not attend the ballet that evening, at all. But a thing like Kurt Weill's "Seven Deadly Sins" (with the basso profundo in drag as Grandma and the fantastic mugging) can be an immense amount of fun; and "The Cage" is a terrifying thing, the pantomime bringing out emotional depths in the Stravinsky concerto grosso not earlier suspected. The "Medea" by Barber and the other one arranged from various Bartok works are both highly successful. There are stage bits in Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" which absolutely require either a ballet performance or a score, e.g. when the Corregidor is bedraggledly trying to climb out of the pond and the infuriated Miller's Wife is stamping on the brink, trying to step on his hands; and when the burlesque quote of Beethoven's 5th ("Fate knocking at the door") sardonically announces the arrival of two enormous policemen who proceed to drag the Miller away from a party; and so on. § But of course this episode is fiction, so maybe I've been guilty of Creeping Serconism or something after all. It's just that you are still so much yourself in this piece of fiction even as in your other writing.

As for "Fie, Sci!", have you ever encountered Willy Ley's book "Engineers' Dreams" that details just the kind of perhaps feasible projects that failed long ago for reasons that would not now prove a deterrent?

CCON: Eney - Noted

PHLOTSAM: Economou - Glad to have you back, Sense of Wonder and all. Only don't let WAW know that each fan has only one vital conrep in his system. We're still hoping he'll be an exception.

Live and learn. Mad passion, yet, producing yawns--invitations to come to bed?--something I never, but never, suspected.

At least this time you won't have any difficulty with TAFF ballots. Two of 'em went out with each of the 300 copies distributed of FANAC 81. And other fmz have carried them too.

One reason why kids so seldom can accept themselves wholeheartedly as worthwhile is that society has nothing really useful for them to do and all too often neither parents, teachers, bystanders nor the other kids accept them. "Children should be seen and not heard" and the rest of that claptrap. Add onto this the anti-intellectualism current today (and the worthlessness of the pabulum spoonfed into the hapless victims in most public schools) and even getting an education begins to seem to many a drag, to others an insult to their intelligence. It is hardly any wonder that after a while they begin to question if (and why) they owe anything to society. I expect MZB will have something to say about this too. Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd" (a very great book) is one of the best statements of the case I have ever encountered.



DAY\*STAR: Bradley - I wonder you didn't give a few details about that required bible course and its all but unprintable instructor. But I suppose they would have come as a jar juxtaposed with the almost dreamlike prose in your description of what in other hands might sound like a thoroughly mundane chore--getting up and commuting to school.

FAPA really isn't as democratic as all that. I am uncomfortable about the Wells proposal, even though he thinks I might get in faster under it (which I doubt); I like the idea of meritorious waitlisters like Budrys and Bergeron and Donaho getting in, but I still can't dismiss the feeling that such a procedure would stir up much hostility. Possibly a worthwhile alternative, to chop deadwood from the waitlist, would be to require credentials more often (every six months?) or evidence of activity elsewhere substantially equivalent to what they would be required to produce once they got into FAPA. § It isn't only the postage which constitutes a disadvantage in increasing the FAPA membership from 65 to 80 or 100. It is the time and trouble of assembling and mailing the larger number of zines in larger numbers of bundles. It is also the time and effort of reading the larger number of contributions. Good material might well lie unnoticed in the bundle because by unfamiliar contributors.

I hope that the fapans who read both this "Essay on Draft-Dodging" and its predecessor "Essay on Justice" realize that they are related, that I am trying to deal with several different aspects of one gigantic question: why is the relationship between individual and society so often mutually destructive, and what can perhaps be done to make it less so? I don't expect a great deal of comment, but I only hope that what comment there is amounts to something other than (perhaps rationalized) statements of Which Side Are We On. This is the easy way out--avoiding thinking, avoiding questioning one's own assumptions. § Marion, your two straw men prove nothing other than that you have little experience with beats. Yellow journalism applying that name to parasitical clods is one reason why the real beats usually dislike the name. They--and I--blame the public image on the newspapers, whose respect for truth is a good deal less than it ought to be. I do not now expect society to welcome open-armed those who admittedly prefer to minimize their contact with it. I do expect a live-and-let-live attitude at least in some quarters, at least until the intentional communities become large enough to accommodate all the disaffiliated who wish to enter. As for the rest, there is no cut-and-dried answer; I never said the problem was an easy one. My own attitudes are still very much in flux, though I suspect the cynicism about indurated Authority and Institutions is here to stay.

CATCH TRAP 96: Bradley - "The G&S operas, typically, contain music which at times is as beautifully constructed as anything by Verdi; and in some places approaches Mozartean purity and intricacy..." For the first, that isn't too difficult; the second I can only call blasphemy. G&S can be fun (especially the words) but I refuse to take it seriously enough to think of it in the same context as Mozart. Rather, I have to accept it on its own terms, much as did the protagonist in Hermann Hesse's "Steppenwolf" when confronting frivolous dance-hall music. Neither really pretends to be anything more than what it is, despite Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan's long-held ambition to write grand opera. (Strange how many composers get infatuated with the theatre, and produce failures. The roster is almost endless: Beethoven, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky...to name only the best-known examples. And yes, I am aware that Beethoven's "Fidelio" gets performed, but in my experience the rare performances are almost invariably reverent and more like concert (or oratorio) than theatre, more because it's Beethoven and good music than because it's operatic. The recordings bear me out. Says Schwann (May 61):

Opera	Complete perf's	Excerpts (Arias, &c)	"Syntheses"	"Suites"
Fidelio	4	5		
Carmen	4	9	4	23
Aida	6	7	3	
Rigoletto	7	6	2	
Barber of Seville	6	3	1	
La Boheme	7	11		3
Madama Butterfly	10	6	3	
Cavalleria Rusticana	11	5	1	
I Pagliacci	12	6	1	



I think this tabulation pretty well speaks for itself.

I'm with you on tastes, and the only reason I can think of why sweets are declassé is that they're considered kid stuff. But at least thank ghu A&W isn't declassé in fandom...

Conan Doyle? How about Dr. David Keller or Dr. Alan Nourse? Not that either of them is a particularly successful combination of medicine (or psychiatry) and literature, either.

I know that you were primarily asking Rick Sneary, but you got me to thinking. I'm not sure I can formulate clearly what my own personal heaven would be, though I do know in part. There would be travel in it, some involving scenic and completely unfamiliar places, some returning to old friends and long-lost pleasantnesses. There would be a wife (possibly more than one) and kids; and one of my delights would be traveling with them and sharing the kids' Sense of Wonder. And definitely there would be music--some of it we'd be making ourselves, some we'd be hearing at various places on our journeys. And another of my delights would be in teaching my kids (and perhaps others) anything they wanted to know, and learning with them other things new and delightful and profound on our journeys. There would be no cold weather or insect pests, so clothing would be entirely a matter of option and decoration. The heaven would be a quite earthly place--only earth of another epoch, sparsely populated and incompletely explored, fertile enough so that food would never be scarce, money unnecessary, political authority unknown.

EOS : Speer - I am surprised anyone would waste time on any Hollywood production of Atlantis.

There is only one book mentioning it that makes any sense to me--Jurgen Spanuth: "Atlantis--The Myth Unraveled". This piece of Teutonic scholarship finally located the sunken island (not continent) in the North Sea. Spanuth afterwards hired a ship and deep-sea divers, went to the selected spot, sent down the divers and heard them report a concentrically-laid-out city. The location he gave in his book is precise enough so that anyone interested enough (and with the necessary equipment) could verify it. I suppose that one of the big reasons why no further research has been done of late is the high cost of any such venture.

Doubtless many will tell you: velocity is speed with a direction; speed doesn't have a direction, as the word is used in physics.

The bit on death raises the ghost of an old Cult discussion--on premature death. The piteousness of a given death depends on many things, among others what the culture has presumably lost by the individual's passing. Much, doubtless, in Abel, Galois, Mozart, Schubert, Arriaga, Lili Boulanger, Beethoven and others who were still vigorously creative up to the time of their death; less, perhaps, with Goethe, Leonardo and Michelangelo, who had lived long full lives and created much during them; comparatively little in the deaf-mute quadriplegic veteran who is completely helpless and who had shown no signs of special ability before his spinal injury; still less in the inmate of a senile ward who (never having been more than ordinary) now does nothing but read the daily newspaper only to forget its contents moments later, babble reminiscently and barely coherently, and have nothing to look forward to but his next cigarette and his next meal (which as always now he will eat grotching about its tastelessness, unaware that his own taste-buds have atrophied).

Abnormal psychology is one of those "fields that relate to a life very different from the here-and-now"? Are you serious? Naming this as an example weakens your case.

More popular than the insufferably prissy affectation "aren't I?" among those who disdain to use "ain't" even in this context is, in some regions, "am'n't I?" with some indefinite vowel after the m.

I agree with you about the Newburgh proposal. The opposition to it was mostly from bleeding heart types. Some of their motivation might well have been "these people will vote for us (or for measures we want to see passed) if we subsidize them, and maybe if we get old and can't live on pensions, we can benefit by these same laws." But this is clearly short-sighted.

The version "The lady doth protest too much, methinks" is from the Second Quarto; the one with "protests" is from First Quarto and the Folios. (My ref. is Munro's 6-vol. London Shakespeare, which is a variorum edition.) § It was Max Eastman who wrote "Enjoyment of Laughter."



Individuals outside the robber baron class obviously do have fewer freedoms than before-- e.g. restrictions on foreign travel (involved in getting a passport) and on what you can or cannot bring into or take out of the country; and the prohibitions on such things as making one's own liquor, growing or smoking marijuana, experimenting with peyote in some states, and the whole implication of the statutory rape law by which a bible-belt man and his 16-year-old bride were arrested and jailed in NYC a few years back, their marriage not being recognized owing solely to the girl's age, despite its legality in other states. Not all these restrictions always existed in the USA. I have given the matter much thought and I have to agree with you: these restrictions are usually the work not of "liberals" but of moralists and reactionaries. The "liberals" do, however, seem responsible for child-labor laws which make it difficult in some regions for a kid to get a job until he is eighteen regardless of his academic progress or lack of it. And they are certainly responsible for restrictions on robber barons, and for loose regulations allowing Big Labor to become a major force in the country to the detriment of everyone else. For this I will continue to damn them as soft-brained.

"seague" is a Ted White typo for "segue", literally "follow", usually used to mean "continue" or "lead into", but the correct use is musical and means either "follow immediately with" or "continue this pattern identically".

CELEPHAIS: Evans - There are many dodges for getting around the 40# weight limit on airlines.

My usual one is to carry small heavy objects in topcoat pockets, jacket pockets, & pants pockets etc. rather than in the Big Briefcase, wear my heaviest clothes, and fill all pockets--until after I'm weighed in. I knew one coin dealer who used to import his gold coins that way, in moneybelts. (I guess he was respectable-looking enough so that nobody frisked him at customs.) So far from cheating the airlines, it is simply getting around an utterly absurd and fortunately moribund regulation about weight limits. It is clearly stupid to charge someone the size of Harlan Ellison \$8.60 per lb. overweight <sup>baggage</sup> when his next-in-line neighbor, the size of Bill Donaho, gets in without such surcharge (the figure quoted is for NY to LA or San Francisco). There has been talk of weighing the person and his baggage together, but the more likely course is to drop the baggage charges altogether save when it is obvious that many hundredweight will be added to the payload by a single individual or family.

Pavlat and Moore saw only bears at Yellowstone? I guess they must have passed through at the wrong time of day. Ted & Sylvia and I saw, in addition to some 34 bears (I'll let someone else say the inevitable burbeeism this time), a herd of what must have been elk with a few antelope, probably about thirty beasts in all. This was just at dusk, under a soft rain, some hundred or so yards off the roadside. Cars were stopped at the shoulder for maybe a quarter mile, while tourists silently snapped pictures and exposed hundreds of feet of movie film, and others shushed their delighted kids. I still have a Sense of Wonder about these lovely graceful creatures in any setting except the usual zoo cages. § I think that was the same evening in which we had earlier seen an honest-to-goshwow fivefold rainbow, whose principal band was extraordinarily brilliant. § Fine tripreport, much enjoyed.

I don't smoke either, and oddly enough there are quite a few other fans who rarely or never do. Ted White rarely, Les Gerber, MZB rarely, Kevin Langdon, etc., etc. This guff about smoking in self-defense is meaningful only in the context of smoking deadening one's sense of smell-- a pretty high price to pay, I think.

You are so right about the mutilation "Boris" has suffered at the hands of Rimsky-Korsakov. The Metropolitan Opera gave what purported to be an original uncut version some years back, ending with the idiot on the stump ("Cry, cry, Russian people, hungry people...") but to my extreme disgust the majority of the audience walked out at Boris's death, not waiting for the final act. Such boors! § Rimsky-Korsakov, doubtless envious of Mussorgsky's gifts, vulgarized much of his music, and the original scores haven't been available till recently; this treatment is unmatched for shamefulness in the history of music save perhaps by Löwe's "revisions" of the Bruckner symphonies and the "transcriptions" of Bach by Jtokowski. The worst part of it is that



these vulgarizations (uncharacteristic orchestral colors, expurgated harmonies, etc.) are what most audiences have come to expect of Mussorgsky--and the original versions are unpopular by comparison even when available. Even the superb Angel recordings of Christoff singing Mussorgsky's songs uses, in some of them, the Rimsky-Korsakov versions. And the Chaliapin arias from "Boris" (also Angel) also use R-K's version--though even in their mutilated state and poor sound quality they are among the most moving things I have ever heard on records.

WRAITH 15 : Ballard - Don't judge IPSO till after you've read this third mailing. You may have some surprises coming. § I guess by your test I'm fijagh. I have to admit I was more amused than resentful of a certain individual at the Seacon who resoundingly downgraded fans for not being professionals and who claimed therefore that they did not know what they were talking about anent any subject but Science Fiction. (But when the threat of a lawsuit came up, that changed matters: amuseument then would have been a little inappropriate.) I've been accused in some quarters (because of my hyperactivity and despite my continual harping on fijagh) of being fiawol; but I think the difference is that a fiawol type has few or no resources outside fandom. He then lives for fandom--it takes up much or even most of his time and interest. For me it's one of many arenas, even though an important one. § Buz--wothell is a "plinker" gun? Typo for plonker?

BOBOLINGS 7 : Pavlat - Glad you put in that history of SAGWAL; this was of special interest to me since Ted White told me I'd qualified during the trip to Seattle. (I particularly remember a drive-in place just a few miles E. of the Iowa eastern border. Lovely.) ....But I'd have to give Santa Monica at least one star and possibly two, to judge by my three days there for a coin-fandom con, and by the sights at a certain A&W stand--Pelz or Jdnstone can give you more details as they were there too. My only experience with the Salt Lake City sights was at the airport at 11 PM, and on the basis of that alone I'd have to give it several stars --I wasn't bored a minute, even though I had two hours' wait between planes. (No, Gregg, I didn't feel I dared call you at that hour.) Ted also seems to have made Andy Main a member, though I have this only from Andy (who probably deserves it anyway).

RAMBLING FAP 28 : Calkins - If Kirk Allen was in any way responsible for the h-bomb or similar horrors, then you are surely right in suggesting that Lindner did us a Dirty Dastardly Deed in curing him of his 'delusions'. But then, speaking merely as a fan, it's a shame that those 'delusions' weren't written up in more detail; lord only knows how much good stf might have come out of them. § Much enjoyed.

PHANTASY PRESS 34 : McPhail = Are you also a member of SAGWAL? You sound like one, and it Certainly Is A Wonderful Thing.

ALIF 13 : Karen Anderson - Your mention of Poul's mother reminds me of the exceedingly pleasant meeting I had with her at Hallowe'en. Extremely alert & vigorous mind which seemed to be open to a degree unusual for nonfans of an earlier generation whom I've met. § You'll get a copy of my conreport for Heinlein as soon as Ted sends me the reprints; I also am saving for you a copy of the Clinton speech as it appeared in FANAC 79, and I suppose he will also get WARHOON 14 with my article on "Stranger...". You might tell him nobody's set fire to my beard yet. § I liked your conrep when I read it in SAPS, and I still like it here. § Conanical Writings? You mean that crazy Robert E. Howard stuff?

SF FIVE-YEARLY : Lee Hoffman - Lovely, though I still wish there were more of it as in #2. I can't promise to hold my breath till nextish, but I hope to be around to see it. § You did send me a trade copy at that; thanks--it was awaiting me on my return to Berkeley. § Enjoyed that all too brief meeting at Ted's office. You were pleasant to look upon as well as to listen to. § I find it remarkable that the justified quote cover displaced to p. 31 contains no extra spaces between words. That must have required hours and hours of



dummying from among probably hundreds of other phrases/quotes available. § And they may talk all they please about people who typo in lettering guides; you, Lee Hoffman, have added a new category to the language--typoing in morse code. "JUST FILLR THATS ALL" it said...Ha.

QWERTYUIOPRESS RELEASE : Janice Krenmayr/TW - Surprisingly few boo-boos for a newspaper story. Too bad they couldn't have done better about reporting the Season, from what I hear. § A neat idea.

LE MOINDRE 24 : Boyd Raeburn - You sound as though you've actually been reading those copies of COIN WORLD that Silverberg got you sent. It's post-1933 gold coins that are illegal, though so far I haven't heard of anyone being forced to surrender his Vatican Holy Year (1950) sets with their goldpieces. And of course jewelers, dentists, chemists are legally permitted to hold small quantities of bullion for making rings, settings, fillings, etc. § On occasion I have such things as shoes custom made, e.g. the molded shoes I wear in preference to any other kind. But other articles of clothing--no. Clothing is not a Way of Life; Clothing Is Just A Goddam Nuisance. § "A giggle of Girl Scouts"--someone ought to send that one into YANDRO to go along with their letterhacks' recent "omniums" kick (an "omnium" being a collective noun, e.g. an exaltation of larks, a gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a shrewdness of fans, an eternity of sermons, a flourish of strumpets, a caterwaul of folkniks, etc.--make up your own nonce-omniums, they're more fun that way.).

LAUNDRY MARK : Hevelin - I'll wait till the "Waste Makers" and "Split-Level Trap" books come out in pb. § The only trouble with your phone directory for FAPA (and thanks for including me) is that it's now out of date. The idea is a good one, what with the growing Phone Fandom contingent, but to remain good it will have to be pretty much kept up to date--say every other mailing, anyway.

LARK : Danner - The only other JWDunne book besides "Experiment with Time" with which I am familiar is "The Serial Universe" and this contains highly interesting speculations, though I find his rejection of telepathy and his postulated infinite sequence of "observers" a too-big bolus to swallow. Never heard of "The New Immortality" save through your mention. I have repeated Dunne's experiments with my own dreams and find that in the long run about one third of them have had precognitive elements. Sheer wish fulfillment, symbolism, and past events make up most of the remaining 2/3. § I have found that insect repellents, particularly of the 612 family, age in the bottle and after a few months become attractive to mosquitoes rather than repellent! And yet no warning is placed on the bottles. § At least there are a few good music stations in NYC and the Bay Area. WNCN does, or at least did, carry 24 hours/day of classics, but there's nothing like that here; nevertheless, it's a rare hour when I can't find something worth hearing on the radio, save between 1 AM and 6 AM. § I'm entertained by humor in these mailings even when I'm not able to produce humorous writings of my own. The serious constructive tirades, as you call them, sometimes appear in an apa not so much to edify or convert the members but to use the apa as a testing ground--if one has made any really bad blunders he is likely to be informed of them in detail.

BLUE BOOK OF CRY 30 SERCON'S BANE 8: FMBusby - You seem to have the tacit assumption that history could have proceeded in only one direction, no contingencies being involved. It's just possible that this time around some of the citizens could have learned from experience. The USA got along without municipal police till 1844 and some frontier regions did not have them until long after that. But as I said in that article, I was not offering the abolition of police, jails, taxes, etc., as a panacea; it is not a sufficient condition for libertarian community, though it may well prove a necessary condition for it. But we'll never know until some such experiment is tried, wholeheartedly, for long enough to allow conclusions to be drawn that are more than biased guesses. Probably I should have spelled out in more detail that a necessary condition for an armed but peaceable citizenry is what you elsewhere call training in "handling" firearms--together with a live-&-let-live ethic.



SALUD 8: Elinor Busby - At least you didn't claim to enjoy limburger, liederkranz or Oka. I sometimes wonder what kind of people can, with a straight face, claim to enjoy these; I could imagine eating them only if my sense of smell were entirely dead. And maybe there is the clue--are these Okaphiles heavy smokers?

This objection to large age differences between prospective bride & groom sounds like a taboo. The same taboo, come to think of it, which pretty much segregates differing age-groups in general. Personally I can't see where there is intrinsic harm in such an age difference--it would depend on the individual cases.

Liberals fight robber barons by strengthening the monstrous government. Conservatives, disliking elephantiasis of the government, do what they can to prune it down--and their efforts are much liked by the robber barons. So where does one go who dislikes both the NAM and creeping BigBrotherism? § By now you surely know that my Essay on Justice was an expansion of material in a letter of comment I had originally sent Terry and not expected to see published in letter form.

I'm not myopic either--better than 20/20 by tests at Cowell Hospital on entering Cal--and my abominable stepmother told me I'd learned to read before age two. Myopia, according to one eye specialist with whom I've discussed it, is a hereditary thing, as is farsightedness (except for the so-called farsightedness of aging).

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE: Terry Carr - Superb, though I'm sorry you left out certain ones that were in the original MS. read at Ray's writers group.

FOTHPATLAW 2: Versins - Pleasant enough and the illos are imaginative.

~~THOU ART GOD~~ THETA: Harness - This ought to be fun at Chicago.

ANKUS 2: Pelz - The music will probably keep "West Side Story" and possibly "Candide" alive while some of the Rodgers & Hammerstein things die out. I base this on the increasing sophistication of many listeners to musicals. I would vote for the German version of "Three Penny" (and possibly the English will also survive) but its survival will most likely be via records, overseas performances, and--yes--performances at the transplanted Metropolitan Opera.

MELANGE 3: Bjohn - Clam chowder for breakfast? A fine idea--better than the usual crud of tasteless cereals, soggy cold toast, etc. § Elmer Perdue is superb. So is Ed Cox. § Is there a tune to the "Coward's Song"? § Much enjoyed.

GROTESQUE: Martin - Noted

Postmailings:

OBJECT APOLOGY 1: PHLyons - Speaking of godless-fathers, Kevin Langdon just made some crack about his being a godbastard because his godfather and godmother were not married to each other. Owell... § While you were at Rockport, did you at least get to Bearskin Neck? It's less touristy than it looks at first sight, and as a SAGWAL member I can testify that it rates a star or two anyway. § My unabridged dictionary lists "ain't"--with alternative spelling "an't"--but only as Dial. or Illit.

VANDY 13: Coulsons - The figure 200 wpm is apparently consistent with that quoted by NYU's Reading Institute. Dismal, isn't it? (They tested me at 2,073 so I did not bother to go back; their tachistoscope has as its limit an .01 second exposure of a 10-word sentence. I found no difficulty reading such exposures. But I know many others who can do that well. ...Anyone know the address where one can write to learn about the so-called hyperspeed or 5,000 to 10,000 wpm reading techniques? I need them the way I need \$1 million because there is so damn much hogwash I have to wade through in sociology between now and my oral exams for the Ph.D.) § Good point anent the "nothing that did not happen" claim for OpAbol. I am reminded of the infamous Bms telegram, the "condensed" version of which (containing nothing that was not in the original) started the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. § Long-haired women lacking in intel-



ligence? Go, tell it to Sylvia White. Or MZB. For that matter, of the nine women (non-fans) I've been--er--intimate with, six had long hair and all were highly intelligent. I guess we've both operated with biased samples.

The weakest finger is the fourth, not the fifth, and your typer keyboard should take this into account. Of course, if the auxiliary keys--shift, shift lock, tab, margin release, backspace, etc.--are operated by the little fingers, then this does leave the ring fingers with the least work, at that. I have not seen the Dvorak or Seifert keyboards but understand that they are designed on this same principle.

The woman Juanita refers to who gave up using a 100% effective contraceptive method obviously still had qualms--either guilt feelings (from an old case of catholitis?) or a latent wish to become pregnant. I have the distinct impression that the biological urge to motherhood is very much in evidence even when for economic, religious or psychological (e.g. lesbianity) reasons fulfilment is highly unlikely. A frequent wish-fulfilment theme in lesbian fiction is in fact that of two women in love bringing up the child of one of them; and a frequent source of guilt among butch lesbians is from their preventing their girlfriends from achieving motherhood.

On second thought, now that you've reminded me of "Flowers for Algernon", that scene would be at least an equally adequate personal hell to the one I mentioned lastish. I've had nightmares about it. Maybe this plus some other things I've said here and there can make others think I'm a disgusting intellectual snob. I'm not going to go into a defense--merely mention that to me intellect is less a means of one-upping anyone else than it is a means for finding out things about the world and the people around me, a means of solving problems and therefore of staying in the game. § Juanita, I doubt that Laney invented the "if you're so damn smart why aren't you rich?" routine. I heard it on the E.Coast years before I ever heard of fandom. (I may have misunderstood you, though; perhaps you were merely referring to Laney's test of a fan in terms of his competence in mundane.) I also had to rebut it in my own way. I found out by experiment that if I want to take the time and effort, I can make as much money as I want; but money is not a status symbol with me as it is with many, and the ambition of "getting rich and retiring early" is a monkey trap into which I have no intention of falling. There really aren't that many things I want (other than travel) which cost money. But it isn't a subject I either need or wish to spend much time on.

STOP! WE GOOFED! : Officialdom - Noted

SPINNAKER REACH : Chauvenet - The bit on the Russian psi experiments is fascinating if true.

I would like to see more scholarly references on these. The experiment with the hypnotized subject and the electromagnet recalls claims made long ago by the Gestaltist, Wolfgang Köhler, that anything visualized corresponds to a particular perhaps isomorphic grouping of electrical impulses in the brain. Doubtless there will be other articles in English-language publications in the next few months, perhaps culminating in an entire issue of Analog.

FANTASY AMATEUR PLUS : Officialdom - Noted

DARK AS A DUNGEON : Coulsons - Noted

NULL-F 23 : Ted White - Gasoline on the fire, wasn't it? Lovely fade-out lino.

DESCANT : Clarkes - Evidently the counterfeit division mounties out your way are a different breed of dog from their USonian counterparts. I've had to deal with all too many of them stateside as a numismatist. Most of them have been swaggering, pugnacious, dogmatic individuals interested in seeing evil where none exists, in ascribing the worst possible motive to whatever is done. It is a positive pleasure to quote the law right back at them in refutation of some particularly pernicious piece of fuggheadry. The usual bit is when they get the ridiculous idea that museum electrotypes, made for study purposes and sometimes stamped COPY or REPLICA, are actually counterfeits intended to circulate as money despite being of obsolete



series incapable of fitting into bank rolls or vending machines. (An electrotpe is made by cementing together two copper shells filled with lead, these copper shells having been formed by electroplating on a plaster mold made from the original museum piece.) § I can see how from a distance a washed photostat of a bill might look like a washed-out bill, though I also suspect you didn't look too closely at the thing. One reason why counterfeits deceive the public is that most people are careless, even trusting. Who wants to insult the person who's giving him money by testing it for genuineness? or to risk a loss by looking afterwards? Better to spend it unthinkingly. It's the banks that discover 99% or more of the counterfeit bills around.

Enjoyed the brief talk with you even though it was at 5 AM Xmas morning, Norm, and look forward to the DESCANT copies in trade. Thanks.

I've argued a Jehovah's Witness down on more than one occasion, though it is difficult and each time it took over an hour and a lot of digging into biblical memory (quote against quote) and evolutionary theory; but fortunately I was on safe ground here, having studied genetics and evolution under two of the top experts in the world (Theodosius Dobzhansky and L.C. Dunn) and the JW retreated each time. There is something remarkable about this sect--its missionaries know a lot more about their cult and have far faster and more adequate replies than do most Protestant or Catholic proselytizers. They really give me a workout. I pity any person whose religious beliefs are in flux or who is a poorly-informed agnostic and who has to listen to JW's, tho; he may find his every argument beaten down, and how long can one stand that kind of onslaught? The JW's apparently have taken a leaf from Major Mayer's book.

So put that "Ten Ways to Spot..." satire in your next. I think Gregg & Co. have learned their lesson. § One of the best things in the mailing, believe me.

SHAPA:

PANTOPON: Ruth Berman - I dislike your conclusion that majority votes decide which books are "great" or even "the best stf novel of 1960" etc., because many who should vote don't, and many who do vote either haven't thoroughly read the books or haven't understood them, praising them for incidental or irrelevant reasons. Too often such votes reflect only the "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like" (but not why) school of what passes for thought. This way lies the radical subjectivism in aesthetics to which I objected in Toskey in the current SAPS.mlg. § But I enjoyed your other natterings.

LURKING SHADOW v2n2: Hansen - I already saw a quote from the item about fracture of the corpus cavernosum, somewhere in a fmz--not in the Cult (?). If Pete Graham's bits in LIGHTHOUSE are mailable, then so is this bit of medical curiosa--it's the reverse of erotic, I should think. § Good conrep.

FAP 3: Gerber - You are right about Sibelius. At the risk of offending Andy Main, should he get this far, I also have to say that Sibelius's reputation probably comes largely from the sheer popular appeal of crud like "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste" (the latter, so help me Blish, bracketed with the "immortal Fifth" in Heinlein's "Methuselah's Children"), partly from his ethnic interest as the first Finnish composer to achieve prominence. Externals, in short. I don't scorn him--there are too many fine moments in his symphonies and tone poems, and the first movement of the violin concerto is worth keeping even though the rest is inferior--but I do think he is vastly overrated.

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this has been NULL-F #26, the fanzine I never thought I'd be publishing, published by Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y., for FAPA 98. Three NULL-F's in one mailing...that's not too many.

The stencils comprising Walter's mc's arrived here on the 11th Hour and 59th minute--just as we were ready to trundle the giant boxes containing the other two NULL-F's and LIGHTHOUSE down to the PC. Oh well...fanzine factory? QWERTYUIOPress Cover by Pete Graham