

PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO COME:

'63 -- D. C.

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!

'65 -- LONDON!

'66 -- PICK UP STICKS! and..... and..... and.....

in this present mailing, 16-3/4 FAPAns will
state:

"100 mailings? That's not too many!"

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SALUD 10, published for FAPA Mlg. 100,
August, 1962, by Elinor Busby, 2852
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THE FANTASY AMATEUR

July 10, 1962

Bill, I liked the way the poll results were handled this year very much. Also, I'll be brave and frankly admit that I'm highly gratified by Buz' and my standing in the poll. The five points for fiction, counted as Busby(?) belong to Buz. He had a story, "The ASTOUNDING/ANALOG Man," in Bruce Pelz' zine. I had no fiction at all.

DESCANT -- Norm & Gina Clarke

Gina, I liked all your articles very much. #I saw "Five" in 1951. A beautiful opening, with very nice camerawork. But the film was a bit too Significant and Symbolical for my taste. The bit about the Nazi and the Negro was old-fashioned even in 1951. #I watched "Ben Casey" once--the night he was doing house calls to pay for his books. You described it beautifully. My main impression was that the program was horribly overwritten. So far, I haven't watched Dr. Kildare, but perhaps I shall someday. My sister and I asked our uncle, who is a doctor, if he ever watched Drs. Casey and Kildare. He laughed scornfully. "No," he said. He prefers "Hennessey" and Bob Newhart. I've never watched "Hennessey", but never missed Bob Newhart except when the set was out of order.

Norm, I'm really delighted that you've got so interested in fandom. You don't have to do mailing comments if you don't want to. Everybody likes what you do do, as you know full well. #Do you miss dear ol' PLANET STORIES, Norm? Hmmm...I wonder if we could hook you on CRY. #Liked all your little stories and so forth. Very entertaining.

Gina, I forgot to mention it earlier: Did you notice in the Heloise column a letter signed by Irene Scortia? No doubt this is Tom Scortia's wife, the former Irene Baron. What d'you say we infiltrate that column? Do it good.

DESCANT fine zine, as usual. Both Clarkes in very fine fettle.

ELMURMURINGS ... -- Elmer Perdue

Very pleasant ramblings, Elmer. #Yes, we would like the Baum book, and will promise not to let a bookdealer ever have it.

A FANZINE FOR... -- Lee Jacobs

It was nice of you to put in a good word for Jane. She's a nice girl and a pleasant writer and I for one shall be very happy to see her in FAPA. I agree with you that there seems to be a tendency to use the blackball for purposes that it wasn't originally intended for, and that this is regrettable.

SELF-PRESERVATION -- Lee Hoffman

I enjoyed this.

WRAITH -- Wrai Ballard

July 12, 1962

We only have four typewriters. That's not too many. In fact, when Buz and I both want to use the Selectric at the same time, it's too few.

Apparently no recognition symbol will work if fans just aren't looking. Perhaps fans should write madly to everyone on or near their route before conventions, and arrange to take the same trains (or not, as the case may be). You and Buz and I, and maybe the Greens, will take the same train to Chicago, and have a fine little pre-con convention.

This was a very good WRAITH.

MELANGE -- John and Bjo Trimble

John, I am sorry about your mother's illness.

Burbee-talk great.

I like all colors, almost, warm or cool. The brighter the better. The only colors I dislike are greyed blues, greyed pinks, and pinkish browns and beiges. And not all of them--I like terra cotta all right. Of your lavendars, I prefer the blue-purple, which I call periwinkle. But I like mauve too. --Suddenly realized--the pinkish browns and beiges that I dislike are the much greyed ones.

ANTAIOS -- Jack Speer

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Last year's Hugo Winner was "Who Killed Science Fiction?". "Why is a Fan?" would be eligible for this year, but I don't remember whether it was nominated or not.

The robin who sits in the barn, and keeps himself warm, and hides his head under his wing, poor thing, I have always assumed to be an English robin, i.e., a warbler, and not an American robin, a thrush. But I don't really know. In any case, American robins don't go south for the winter anyhow, do they? Seems to me one sees them around all year. But I don't look at robins. There is something about robins that inhibits the bird-watching instinct. There are too many of them, and they never do anything interesting. Of the common birds, I like swallows and seagulls best. All uncommon birds are interesting.

"I would rather trust laymen than a jury of experts who already have their minds made up." Yes, I think you are right there. A jury of laymen, presented with expert evidence, will have no particular axe to grind, and will allow common sense and the overall view of the evidence to enter in. I don't doubt juries have made a great many goofs through the ages, but it's a tolerable system. --Police and courts and laws and prisons are infinitely superior to personal vengeance. Personal vengeance must have a highly deleterious effect on the character of the person exercising it (in addition to the likelihood of its being used on the innocent) so it's surely much better to leave these things to the professionals, plus the disinterested jurymen.

I shall be one of many to inform you that the allusions in Karen's zine that you didn't get were to "Fury" by Lewis Padgett (I think) and "The Stars My Destination," by Alfred Bester.

I enjoyed your story. All in all, a good zine.

LIGHT 69 -- Les CROUTCH

We don't have the climactic extremes in Seattle. It's been 100° in the summer one summer during my lifetime--our usual summer heat doesn't reach 90°. In the winter it gets down to 10 or 12° every twenty years or so. Every third or fourth winter we have enough snow for the kids to get their sleds out. Or perhaps every second winter. Our winters usually run from 30 to 50°, and our summers from 60 to 80°.

CELEPHAIS 31 -- Bill Evans

Good trip report. I am certainly glad that you have a mimeo now. I MUCH prefer it to ditto. Now if we could just win Jack Speer over....

DAY*STAR -- Marion Zimmer Bradley

I don't see anything unladylike about your remarks about draft-dodging. They seem very sensible to me, and not in the slightest coarse or crude. --The Kent Moomaw bit is creepy, all right.

Do you remember a story, about 8 or 10 years ago, about a planet where, it turned out, the children all had buttons implanted in their backs, so that if they ever got discouraged with life they could press the button and be immediately and painlessly killed? Eventually they bred out all mental and emotionalⁱⁿstability, and also all genius and artistry. I wonder whether FAPA would have any members at all, under such a system?

You have so much drive, Marion. It tires me out just to think of all the work you do. I have spent this whole day on just one page of FAPA mailing comments, and they aren't even very interesting so far. But I hope they will pick up soon. It always takes me a while to get in gear.

BADLI -- Rusty Hevelin

"Do you propose Coventry for the unmentionables?" Rusty, I take it that you have never heard of the organization known as Coventry. What a lucky man you are!

THE RAMBLING FAP -- Gregg Calkins

We're sorry that you are going to Southern California instead of coming to Seattle--but I don't suppose you are, so something's gained, at any rate. At least now we can expect to see you at the Westercon in Berkeley next summer. Al haLevy has promised to try to locate it in a motel with a swimming pool, so Bounce Fandom can convene once more. You

JoAnn missed the second session, you know, in the Hyatt House swimming pool, but as charter members will always be held in due regard. --I wonder if people Bounce at Midwest-cons?

Buz and I can neither one of us read on a bus. We can both read on trains. This is one reason why we take trains instead of buses.

Yes, I heard the old saying that you mention, "I like my coffee like my women, hot, black & sweet," for the first time when I was about 19, and have heard it every two or three years since then. Every man who makes this great witticism does so with an expression of great daring on his face, yet one (this one) surmises that he has never even been near a woman not of his own race.

MASQUE -- William Rotsler

This was fun.

Bill, you were very much missed at the Westercon. Buz and I had looked forward to seeing you again, and instead you were off on an island somewhere, making either money or women, or possibly (who knows?) both. Try to come to the next Westercon, won't you?

POO -- Andy Young

Parts of this were pretty interesting, but it appears to have been written quite a few years ago. How come?

SERCON'S BANE -- F. M. Busby

I don't want any part of your possible Presidency, Buz, and I told you so from the very beginning. If you should win, I would be quite content to be First Lady. Campaign promise: if Buz is elected President, I shall refrain from wearing my hair bouffant or my skirts above my knees. My knees aren't all that pretty, either.

TARGET: FAPA -- Eney

I am so TIRED of the Eney/White feud! I couldn't care less who's right and who's wrong--I actually think you are both probably wrong, and if you proved otherwise (or if Ted proved otherwise) I most likely wouldn't even read it.

What can you gain by this feuding? You can't drive Ted out of fandom--he's every bit as hardy a perennial as yourself. Why don't you guys just shake hands and resolve to hate each other QUIETLY from now on?

MCONSHADE -- Rick Sneary & Len Moffatt

"How importen to you is the opinion of a fringe-fan or neo-fan, when it comes to judgeing a fanzine?" Well--that depends upon the fringe or neofan. I depends upon the fan's taste, intelligence, and also on something not related to either taste or intelligence--the ability to enjoy what one doesn't fully understand. Outside of CRY, which was only meeting notices and minutes at the time, the first fanzine I ever read was HYPHEN 11. I was utterly delighted with it. I thought it was marvelous, and still do, but I imagine that when I first read it I missed a lot.

I don't like your idea of having an Awards Committee do the judging for fan awards. There would be much more resentment that way, than if All Fandom had a say.

LIGHTHOUSE -- Pete Graham and Terru Carr

Terry--about satires. Norm Clarke's "How To Spot A Jew" was funny because it was a satire not about Jews but about old-fashioned gentile attitudes towards Jews. Was "Green Pastures" a satire? It seemed too warm, loving, sympathetic, and too full of religious feeling to be a satire. Of course, I'm thinking of the play, not the book from which it was made. That might have been quite different.

Actually, I think I only read about one article by Doc Weir, if that.

Fairies--OF COURSE that was what I had in mind.

Carol--your first page didn't appeal to me. I thought your second and third pages very good. Of your fourth page, I disliked the top half but liked the bottom half.

Dave Rike's cartoons look as if they must be very good, but somehow I don't recognize

anybody but Bill Donaho--and Jim Caughran, too.

ALIF -- Karen Anderson

July 14, 1962

Very attractive, pleasant zine. --It was nice seeing you in L.A.

NULL-F 28 -- Ted White

I don't remember what Marion said about "Green Monkey" and Silverberg's crew girl story, and that mlg. is buried under other things. If I repeat what Marion said, you must just bear with me.

I didn't like either one of those stories, and I don't see how any person of taste could. Sex has nothing to do with it. One can have QUITE liberal views on sex and still dislike bad stories, you know! --I only read each of those stories once, some years ago, but let me give a rundown on them as I remember them.

Green Monkey. Guy and wife find effeminate man being picked on by hoodlums. Guy rescues e.m. and takes to his apartment. Proves himself, though Good Samaritan, to be insufferably patronizing and cloddish Good Samaritan, motivated by Oneuppishness at least as much as by true kindness and empathy. Goes out of town, leaving wife alone with e.m. Turns out that e.m. is actually extraterrestrial, and not effeminate at all. Wife and e.t. attempt affair, but entry proves impossible. When husband comes home, wife taunts him, presumably for an anatomical insufficiency. This is a story? I rather think not. I can't see why the wife and the author should be so annoyed at the Good Samaritan's cloddishness. Presumably they knew he was a clod all along--I can't understand why it they should suddenly be so shocked by it. --Did I miss the point? Is there any other point to the story? --Now don't tell me the story was about how people persecute people who are different--I shall jump up and down and scream if you do.

Silverberg's crew girl story. Girl signs up as crew girl, understanding job requirements but thinking she can weasel out of them. Wishes to join fiance on distant planet. Since Availability of Crew Girl Absolutely Essential to Sanity of Crew in Hyperspace, psych. officer (or whatever his position) totally anesthetizes/^{girl}use of men. Near end of journey, psych. officer gives girl set of false memories in which she won, and had pure voyage, and she disembarks to meet fiance resplendent in imagined virginity. Psych officer discovers fiance to be his own son. This is a pretty loathesome story, and the more you think of it, the more loathesome it gets. In the first place, intercourse with a totally anesthetized woman is just next door to necrophilia. Men who could prefer this sort of perversion to homosexuality or masturbation must be so far off-base one could almost wish they'd never get home again. In the second place, giving the girl false memories is a fantastically cruel sort of kindness. It's a pretty small universe, with a lot of people in it who knew the girl hadn't won. More basic, even if the girl's mind didn't know, her body knew, and anything that makes a separation between what the mind knows and what the body knows is a boobytrap. But these are all objections peripheral to the story; a central objection is that all decisions, all action, are taken by a character who is essentially a bystander. An attempt to tie him into the story is made by having him turn out to be the fiance's father, but the attempt is not altogether successful. It's still a structurally weak story. --A much stronger story could have been made with the same situation. The girl could signed on with the intent to tease, been made to understand the Gravity of the Situation, and have decided of her own free will to fulfill job requirements--Cold Equation stuff. --Doesn't sound plotty enough? No doubt it could be beefed up--in any case, better too little plot than too much and all of it lousy.

Sylvia isn't the only woman who looks younger than she is. Only two years ago I walked into a liquor store in broad daylight, and when I placed my order the clerk said, "Let's see your i.d." I broke into merry laughter. "You're kidding," I said. "No," he said, "I'm not kidding, and furthermore you won't get any liquor from this store until you show your i.d." Still giggling, I got out my driver's license. He stared at it dumbfounded. "Why, hell!" he said, "you're older than I am." He was pretty disgusted, and you could see he thought ancient old things like me had no right to bounce around looking girlish and carefree. But he certainly made my whole day.

VANDY -- Buck & Juanita Coulson

We read in AXE the other day, Buck, that you are dropping Fapa activity under doctor's orders. . . We're extremely sorry to hear this--shall miss you very much--and trust that this will be of very short duration, that you will be back with us soon with your doctor's full approval.

Yes, I know that the Germans are close to the Americans, and that all servicemen stationed in Germany liked Germany best. So? It's the people who share one's own faults who irritate one most, as everybody knows. Not that we'd ever exterminate a race. O well.

You are probably right, that my sister who is just beginning to like science fiction would dig Edgar Pangborn. She would like "Mirror for Observers," at least. You mention Hal Clement--I think she might also like him. He's too technological, but that's minor compared to the essential kindness of his stories. She's more tender-minded than I am, and I am not the toughest minded individual in this universe.

I agree that some up-to-date fashions make women look ridiculous. Some fashionable hairstyles in particular are really ludicrous. I can't imagine going to so much work to look so hideous. Also, truly up-to-date women sometimes look a bit anonymous. I was at a party with two such women, and they looked like Interchangeable Parts. They were both very pretty women, and extremely pleasant, but after spending three hours in company with them I would never recognize either one of them if I ever saw them again.

Juanita--all bad drivers irritate me, but I don't know that women drivers irritate me any more than men drivers. I don't care about the reputation of women drivers. Buz thinks that I am a good driver, and that's the important thing for me. --I agree with you that it's always men who open the left door without looking. I don't think I've ever seen a woman do that. Horribly dangerous. The irritating thing that women sometimes do is stop at every cross street, without realizing they're on an arterial. I think I hate slow drivers most of all. They poop along, and poop along, gazing in every direction and weaving all over the road, and you can just tell that they're thinking that they're SAFE drivers, because they drive SLOWLY, and that they are feeling very superior to the drivers who are driving as fast as they can hope to get away with, and paying attention to the road and keeping in their own lane.

I am nearsighted, and I had measles. I had a very bad case of measles at age 10, and was discovered to be very nearsighted at age 14. My sisters Sally and Dede are both very nearsighted, and both had measles. If I remember correctly. On the other hand, I am pretty sure my sister Martha had measles, and she is not nearsighted. Actually, almost everybody had measles. Nowadays they've got this gamma globulin bit (I think) to at least lessen the severity of measles. 'Twould be nice if it would also lessen the incidence or severity of myopia--doesn't seem too likely, but time will tell.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE -- Jean Young

Your story doesn't come through to me. It's clear (I think) that your protagonist is feeling very put upon, but it's not clear why.

TIDMOUSE -- Bob Silverberg

Congratulations on your new house--it sounds very nice.

You can fix typos fairly well without corflu. Try smoothing the wax down a bit with something smooth.

HORIZONS -- Harry Warner

Evans'

If I were you, I'd tell the truth in your fan history. You imply that / daughters already know it--well, very probably, his grandchildren will not a great deal care (provided they ever read your fanhistory, in itself by no means certain). As to Laney's daughters, nobody knows where they are or even what their names might be by now. So far as I know, they have no contact with fandom, and considering child-support-money disputes after Laney married his last wife, it's probable that they have been immunized against fandom and fans. --I don't know. I might be altogether wrong. It might be that they worshipped Laney, adore his memory, and would be cut to the quick to find him not quite perfect. But I don't think it's likely.

How much are most people hurt by skeletons in the closet, blots on the escutcheon?

I can't tell, because I am probably myself atypical. If I were to discover anything of an improper nature about a near relative, I would probably be all thrilled. My sense of wonder, of the mystery and adventure of life would be titillated. One time I did discover that a relative of mine had inadvertently contracted a bigamous marriage; fond of the relative, I concealed my delight as best I could. Do you think I'm callous? No doubt I am.

I think that having waiting-listers sub to the Fantasy Amateur, to lessen the book-work for the Secretary-Treasurer, is a fine idea. Anything that simplifies work for people is fine. The only thing I have against this plan is that it might possibly increase the work of the O.E. Probably (or possibly, at least) a lot of fans might get on the wait-list just to receive the F.A., which is an extremely handy set of addresses of active fans, kept quarterly up-to-date. Fans who might be too conscientious to put FAPA to the expense of sending them FA's might subscribe to the FA's quite lightheartedly. But I do approve of your idea.

HORIZONS does vary in quality, though as little as any zine in the mailing. But I think it has not lessened in quality anywhere near so much as you imagine. You say that "Whatever Happened to Charlotte?" is the only thing in the past year that you've been fairly satisfied with. Well, I thought that was a good and interesting story, but you have had a number of things in the mlg. that I preferred to that. You did a good job of character development, but since it was a character that I thoroughly disliked I could not identify with her, nor with your appreciation of her. I infinitely preferred your story about your music teacher. I thought your article about your stay in the hospital was extremely good. So you wanted to do it better? EVERYBODY wants to do better than they do.

I sympathize with your dissatisfaction with the results of composing on stencil. I sometimes wish that I would first-draft my mailing comments. I'm sure by doing so I could eliminate a lot of awkwardnesses, unpleasing repetitions, omissions, and most important, misunderstandings. But there's a limit to how much time and effort it seems advisable to put into a FAPazine. You say that what appears in a FAPA magazine has a much better chance of being read ten or twenty years from now than items in genzines. If this is true, first-drafting might be worthwhile. I really don't know.

LE MOINDRE 26 -- Boud Raeburn

Okay, so you've been to Fiji--Honolulu--Karitane-- I'll bet you've never been to Hong Kong!

\$16 - \$17 for tailormade slacks? I'd say that was VERY reasonable. I bought a pair of readymade slacks for Buz once. They cost me \$18 and I bought them in a basement. God knows what they would have cost if I'd bought them upstairs. (Possibly \$18). \$70 seems very cheap to me for a tailormade suit. A man I once knew (I sat next to him in Primitive Political and Social Institutions) once bought a tailormade suit, and it cost him \$150. Apart from you, he's the only person I ever knew who ever mentioned having clothes custom made. He informed me that he had six toes on each foot. Didn't prove it though.

Fearless Ella Parker has already come out with a rather non-bland first installment. You will be pleased to hear (except that you have probably already read it) that she sort of gave the word on Mike Hinge. Gad! Imagine his refusing to shake hands with her because "in New Zealand no decent woman shakes hands". --I seem to remember we've talked about this before--but I'm still croggled.

Yeah, there does seem to be a correlation between the elimination of doctors' bills and the elimination of doctors. My doctor uncle says that in England more and more doctors are from underprivileged countries, that Englishmen are not as interested in going to medical school as they used to be. When those underprivileged countries cease to be underprivileged, the citizens thereof will stay at home. However, when that time comes Englishmen will probably become interested in going to medical school again.

My uncle regards socialized medicine with great horror, but he thinks it's sure to come eventually. --I think there will always be a correlation between an elimination of doctors' bills and an elimination of doctors, but if disease can be eliminated too it won't matter so much. It doesn't take so many doctors, to take care of healthy people.

July 15, 1962

It certainly is astonishing how similar your background and experiences are to Bob Lichtman's. Your personalities are as different as your persons.

I liked your poem in CRY (not, please note, CRY OF THE (UGH) NAMELESS), and meant to write you about it. I never got around to it, though. Your poem was a mixture of very good lines and very bad, but the total effect was definitely plus. Would you still be interested in any kind of rundown on it? (In private, I mean).

PHANTASY PRESS 36 -- Dan McPhail

I am afraid that the 100th mailing will be TOO big. Hardly anybody will be able to read it all, and nobody (with the exception of about two hyperactive fans) will ever be able to comment on it all. Mailing 101 will be almost as big as mlg. 100, because some maaad FAPAns will make a sincere effort to comment on all of 100. I'm not looking forward to the 100th mlg. much! The mere thought of finding room to store it all appalls me. But I guess FAPA will live through it.

One of the reasons why Those Dirty Furriners hate us is because we have "poured forth aid in the form of money, comfort and personal contribution to disaster areas over the entire world". It's not only more blessed to give than to receive, it's also a helluva lot more fun. Nobody really likes givers. They don't like us because we're helpful, but if we weren't helpful, they'd like us even less. The thing is, that we shouldn't need to be liked. We should just keep plugging stolidly along, doing our best for ourselves and for the world we inhabit.

NULL-F 29 -- Walter Breen

I don't know that Haarmann killed all the boys who disappeared. He was charged with killing 20 or 30, or something like that. This was during a time of troubles, you must remember; and the boys he killed were homeless, or boys who had left home in search of work in the city. I believe that none of the boys were really members of society at the time of their deaths.

No, even if the name were Bloch or Willis, would I favor the omission of the long wait on the wait-list. However, neither Bloch nor Willis would accept any such abrogation, so my feeling on the matter is academic. Or so I believe.

My remark about the way to keep hair growing is to cut it was intended as a mild jest. I must say, though, that ever since I remarked that my hair wouldn't grow more than about 6" down my back it has been growing madly, night and day, and is now almost all the way down to my waist. One of these days I shall have to trim it down a bit.

"I never saw any of E. Bronte's poems, & for some reason never got enough interested in the 'Irish Renaissance' to investigate it." A curious slip, my dear Walter, and I am sure that you know better than that. E. Bronte was, needless to say, an Englishwoman of half-Irish descent, who lived, wrote and died, a generation or so before the Irish Renaissance. Perhaps you think of her as Ellis Bell.

Perhaps you are right about Gerard Manley Hopkins being a major poet. Although I like some of his work intensely, if his influence is truly immense (as you say, and as seems very probable to me) it has not been altogether salutary. Never since literacy began has poetry been so divorced from the ordinarily literate, ordinarily cultured person. No doubt poetry not written for us ordinary folk can reach heights not otherwise attained. However, there's a loss to the poet in material gains as well as in egoboo.

You haven't heard any of the vulgar bragging I mentioned? Well, I'm sure that Leslie Gerber mentioned his i.q., and I think that two or three others have done so also, though I couldn't swear to it. Richard Bergeron mentioned his various stocks, in response to my mention in a CRYcolumn that the stereotype of the Broke Fan was a bit out of date, nowadays, that quite a number of fans were reasonably affluent. Richard mentioned his various stocks as a sort of ploy; Betty Kujawa bit, congratulated him on his fine stocks and mentioned hers, I believe. I don't know--perhaps I'm old-fashioned or just don't dig the scene rightly, or something, but all this seems vulgar to me. Perhaps I'm right, and it is vulgar, and I'm as bad as any of them only I just don't notice it when it's me.

Good grief, surely you're kidding." Yes, as a matter of fact.

July 17, 1962

Okay, Heinlein anecdote: The night in Marijane Johnson's room Heinlein was talking his and Ginny's trip to Russia a couple years previously. His papers said that he was a writer, so an organization of Russian writers, although they had never heard of him, threw a reception for him. There were a great many toasts, all to be drunk in vodka, and he drank everyone of them. First they toasted Eisenhower, then Krushchev, and the U.S., and Russia, and friendship between U.S. and Russia. Ginny's Russian was so excellent they thought she must be from Russian-speaking family, and when they learned not, toasted the school where she'd learned her Russian. Heinlein told them that in America, the optimists were learning Russia and the pessimists were learning Chinese. He said their reaction was marked, and that it was the same everywhere in Russia where he told that joke: brief uproarious laughter, followed by a deadpan silence. But the rest of the evening, about every fifth toast was: "To the optimists!"

End of anecdote. However, I was watching David Brinkley's Journal the night he interviewed the lawyer who had arranged the swapping of Powers and the kid for the Russian spy. The lawyer remarked that when he and the Russian he had worked with made their farewells, the Russian complimented him, said that he would like to have further opportunities to work with him, and suggested that he learn Russian. The lawyer repeated the same well-known joke. The Russian's reaction was silence. In other words, it was the customary reaction minus the surprise reaction. The joke must be all over Russia by now.

HOORAH!--Ron Parker

Congratulations on your marriage. #Archie Goodwin's girl friend makes him feel vaguely unclean. I suggest we need to hear no more about this person. #Trip to see Linards has a nice write-up. #I don't find it terribly clever of you to be sarcastic to the newsstand dealer when he wanted to know if you were 18. Presumably his question was in accordance with local regulations of some sort; a straightforward question deserves a straightforward answer.

SHADOW FAPA MAILING

LES GERBER: Les, dear, I know darned well that Shadow Faps want Fapazines. I always run off extra copies and mean to send them out, but I haven't for ages. Perhaps I'll get on the stick and do it one of these days. I hope so.

Richard Bergeron: Charles Wells is quite right in regarding fanzines as extensions of personality. That's why I gave up reviewing fanzines some while ago. #Vernon McCain's article was very sensible. I would take issue with only one itty-bitty part, where he says that the science fiction fan's reality is the future. It's a contradiction in terms, but quite apart from that, science fiction fans are not necessarily any more interested in the future than anyone else. I, at least, am more interested in the 19th century than in the 21st, and suspect that several other fans are too.

"...if FAPA can occasionally vote to retain a dilatory member why shouldn't it be able to vote to eliminate a rabidly undesirable waiting lister? The other side of the coin on votes to retain members is that every such vote is in effect a vote to slow down the admission of waiting listers." As to your first point--the purpose of the blackball is to eliminate rabidly undesirable waiting-listers. It is not to eliminate waiting-listers who are not rabidly undesirable. As to your second point--Buz and I have decided not to sign any more petitions for awhile. Perhaps we would sign a petition for someone who had forgot to pay his dues--because that could happen to anyone. No more petitions for activity, whatever the circumstances. (Unless, of course, we change our minds again, which could happen, goodness knows.) But I think that no one should ever sign a petition for any FAPAN without looking over the first ten (or so) names on the wait-list, and wondering whether it's really fair to keep them out for another two or three mailings, or perhaps a year. Because we should all keep in mind that people just aren't dropping out of FAPA the way they used to.

Cal Denmon: Well, now you've met the Busbys. And I have two pictures of you, in both of which you have thrown your head back and are laughing. So I won't take any more pictures of you, because I know what you'd do: you'd throw your head back and laugh.

Don Fitch: & we met you too. But I don't have room to talk to you here, because it's the bottom of the page. See you in OMPA.

THE LETTERS OF THE BRONTES

A Selection, edited by Muriel Sparks

ROBERT SOUTHEY TO CHARLOTTE BRONTE--March, 1837

...You evidently possess, and in no inconsiderable degree, what Wordsworth calls the 'faculty of verse.' I am not depreciating it when I say that in these times it is not rare. Many volumes of poems are now published every year without attracting public attention; any one of which, if it had appeared half a century ago, would have obtained a high reputation for its author. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of distinction in this way ought to be prepared for disappointment.

... But do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess, nor that I would discourage you from exercising it. ... Write poetry for its own sake; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity; the less you aim at that the more likely you will be to deserve and finally to obtain it. So written, it is wholesome both for the heart and soul; it may be made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind, and elevating it. You may embody in it your best thoughts and your wisest feelings, and in so doing discipline and strengthen them....

[This is the celebrated letter in which Southey told Charlotte that "Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be." Southey shared the prejudices of his time, but his long letter to her, an unknown young woman, is filled with the spirit of kindness and sympathy.]

CHARLOTTE BRONTE TO G. H. LEWES--November, 1847

...You advise me...not to stray far from the ground of experience, as I become weak when I enter the region of fiction; and you say 'real experience is perennially interesting, and to all men.'

I feel that this ...is true; but, dear sir, is not the real experience of each individual very limited? And, if a writer dwells upon that solely or principally, is he not in danger of repeating himself, and also becoming an egotist? Then, too, imagination is a strong, restless faculty, which claims to be heard and exercised: are we to be quite deaf to her cry, and insensate to her struggles? When she shows us bright pictures, are we never to look at them, and try to reproduce them? And when she is eloquent, and speaks rapidly and urgently in our ear, are we not to write to her dictation? ...

CHARLOTTE BRONTE TO G. H. LEWES--January, 1848

...Why do you like Miss Austen so very much? I am puzzled on that point. What induced you to say that you would have rather written "Pride and Prejudice" or "Tom Jones," than any of the Waverley Novels?

I had not seen "Pride and Prejudice" till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant but confined houses. These observations will probably irritate you, but I shall run the risk.

Now I can understand admiration of George Sand ... she has a grasp of mind which, if I cannot fully comprehend, I can very deeply respect: she is sagacious and profound; Miss Austen is only shrewd and observant.

[This is interesting to me in being proof of an undoubted fact: that no writer, however fine, can hope to be appreciated by everybody--not even by every intelligent person. Temperament enters in. Charlotte Bronte was herself a fine writer, and was a very intelligent person, yet she failed to see that Jane Austen was very much more than 'only shrewd and observant.']

FAPA Mlg. 101
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Nothing but mailing comments, fellas. So much for good intentions. No yellow paper. Alas. I hardly know myself as such a pallid FAPAn. But I haven't got down to the Kaplan paper co. lately, and so have to use what we have around the house.

This SALUD has been got out under difficulties. What these difficulties were I cannot tell you, because I don't really know. I have been thinking unfannish thoughts, and doing unfannish doings.

I painted my kitchen. This is a project started many moons ago. I bought some paint, painted quite an area, realized I loathed the color and stopped. Then I bought some more paint, painted quite an area, realized that I wasn't quite sure about the color, and stopped. Then I bought some more paint, painted an even more extensive area, discovered within myself a not wholly positive reaction to the color, and stopped. By this time my kitchen had five different colors of paint in it, not counting the inside of the cabinets and doors, both of which colors are trim and don't count. Seven, counting them. Despair set in. But last week I made one last brave effort: I bought some more paint, mixed it with the first two batches of paint, put in about half a tube of chrome yellow and painted one side of the kitchen. The other side of the kitchen I shall finish off in latex paint, because I feel we have suffered enough for one year.

The paint turned out a sort of yellowish gray, and it looks altogether different at different times of the day. Right now, in the middle of the day, it looks great--just exactly what I wanted. When it gets towards evening it will have an unwholesome greenish glare to it. I can certainly understand why sensible people are very conservative in their approach to color--to say it's tricky is to put it very mildly. My younger sister, however, who is in general an extremely conservative person, painted her kitchen orange and it's really glorious. She delights in it, and so do I, and so do about half the people who come to her house. The other half can't stand it. So I guess you never can tell.

Since I saw you last, I've knitted a couple sweaters, both designed by me. One is a grey orlon lace-stitch blouse, with short sleeves and a little collar. I like it. It's not a particularly thrilling garment, but I find it both physically and psychologically comfortable to wear. The other one is not at present a complete success, but I have hopes for it. It's a white, sleeveless, orlon sweater shaped like my yellow-with-fish, but instead of fish there is a bird sitting in a flowering tree. Some of the flowers and leaves are knit in, and others are to be embroidered on. I don't know how satisfactory this is going to be. My fish sweater is both knit in and embroidered, but all the fishes are knit in, and all the knit-in part embroidered. Whether it will look all right with part of the pattern knit in, part knit in and embroidered, and part just embroidered I shan't know until I see with my own eyes. If it turns out nicely I shall wear it to the Westercon next year--if it doesn't, I am sure it will be delightful to garden in. All I have left to do is the embroidery part, but at present I am embroidering a pillow case instead.

My pillow case has got parti-colored Danish birds marching up it, in red, blue, yellow, two shades of pink and two shades of green. I think I got a little carried away. I often do. But I am intensely interested in it at the moment.

I have also read a book by Adelle Davis and got interested in nutrition, and a book by Wayne Healy and got interested in fashion, and a book about otters and a book about seals, and am longing to move to a place with a lake, and get our own seal, or otter, or both. But one of the nice things about seals and otters is that they look quite a lot like rather shapeless female dachshunds, and we HAVE one of those. It's true she's not aquatic, but she doesn't subsist on live eels, either, which, as you can well imagine, is rather a comfort.

mailing comments

Shaws -- ICE AGE

Noreen, what a lucky girl you are--to have seen the Harlan/Harmon door incident! You and Sally both!.... #I planned to order Howard Johnson's Tendersweet fried clams on our trip to the Chicon, but we didn't even see a Howard Johnson's. So I'll never know whether they are the same thing as we get at the drive-in.

I guess everybody may have a different idea of Goldberry, but the way her slenderness and gracefulness is emphasized I see her as looking like Sylvia. Djinn Faine is a tall woman, big-boned; Fritz Leiber described her once as "a clumsy lout of a goddess"--a rather good description.

We never did see any of Bergman's movies. Alas.

A.J.'s play is marvelous. It would be wonderful to have it at a convention. Or recorded, the recording on sale at a convention (or distributed free to FAPA members). Who in fandom sings well? I see Marion Bradley and Juanita Coulson. (soprano and contralto) as Priscilla and Ogre. Bruce Pelz and Ted Johnstone do a lot of singing, but what roles they'd be best for I don't know. --There's probably insuperable difficulties in the way of ever putting this on, because it should be done quite well or not at all. It's too good to goof up with people whose voices cause great anguish.

White & Breen -- MULL-F 30

Ted, there wasn't any buggery in "Lady Chatterley's Lover"--not as I'd define the term, at least. There should be verbal distinction between sexplay prefacing intercourse and sexplay substituting for intercourse. There was (if my memory serves) plenty of the former in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and none of the latter--& I don't think even Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (an extremely puritannical book) would want you to call the former buggery.

Walter, I agree with your statement: "Most human actions are motivated at least in part by selfishness, which is nevertheless irrelevant to their ethical value." I'd say, however: The fact that all human actions spring from the ego is irrelevant to their ethical value. I think the word selfish is a bit out-of-key in this context.

Why do I loathe Fanny Stevenson? Well--I'll tell you. Stevenson and Henley were friends for a long time. Stevenson's first cousin, Katherine de Mattos, was trying to write and Henley was trying to market her stories. She wrote a story which Fanny Stevenson was quite taken with, and she asked Katherine whether, if she were unsuccessful in selling the story, Fanny could write a story with the same plot. Katherine was not successful in selling her story, and Fanny wrote a story with the same plot, although RLS asked her not to. He told his wife that although Katherine had given her permission to use the plot she was obviously reluctant and unwilling. But Fanny wrote the story and, possibly by virtue of her position as RLS' wife, sold it. Henley read the story, wrote Stevenson that since the story had Katherine's situation and even much of the same phraseology he thought that Katherine should have had a co-byline. & that was the end of a 13-year-old friendship. Stevenson and Henley were never friends again, and neither got completely over missing the other. I don't altogether absolve Stevenson. A man has got to be loyal to his wife, but he should also be loyal to his friends and to common sense. But rage is one of the most infectious of emotions. --One trouble was, that Stevenson had given money both to Katherine and to Henley, and I suppose that he, or more probably his wife, felt that when you give people money you buy them body & soul.

I have nothing against Eleanor Roosevelt--after all, she's a fellow Libran. Nobody born under the sign of Libra could possibly be all bad. As to the other names you mention, I don't know enough about them to react to them strongly. --Eleanor Roosevelt was born on October 11. Kent Moomaw and John Champion were both born on October 11, 1940, and both died violent deaths on the 13th of the month. A bit eerie, no?

I like your saying that the we're-ALL-responsible-for-everything bit is like "In Adam's fall, we sinned all". Very good, ol' Walter. I hereby state that I am not responsible for bombs dropped or Hiroshima. I wasn't there, I didn't do it, and if I had been there, I wouldn't of.

Moskowitz -- DIFFERENT

Thanks for printing the question and answer period from the "Why Is a Fan?" panel. I found it extremely interesting. -- It appears to me that Walter Breen, in FANAC, reported the exchange quite as factually as anyone not a Fair Witness could hope to do. --Christine did indeed "harangue at length" as your verbatim report proves. It's true that Christine did not say in so many words "She's ignorant!" but came very close to it indeed: "...I doubt very much that this young lady knows anything..."

At any rate, it was very entertaining to read on its own merits. Fans do seem to be rather witty types. --Kemp did a very nice job of moderating.

Carr & Graham, etc. -- LIGHTHOUSE 7

Peter, I really do think it is nice of Americans not to let the poor Cubans starve, when they come to this country. Of course an effort is made to find work for them also, but the relief is immediate. May I ask what your objection is?

Terry--you quote me as saying "According to the paper there's this scene where the boy has incest with his mad sister, and it's real artistic. I like artistry, don't you?" and you say that's not worthy of me, and I sound like Bobbie Grey. Well, I'll agree it's not worthy of me. If I were to first-draft mailing comments, that's the sort of babble I'd cut. However, it's not the least bit like Bobbie Grey. I really do like artistry, and especially artistic incest. (By the way, I dig Bobbie Grey the most. She's terribly puritannical, and goes off on weird tirades from time to time, but there's a lot of meat and interest to her zines. She's one of my four or five top-favorite Ompans. You read a zine of hers, and there she IS.)

Chesterton reads as calculatedly epigrammatic as Wilde? That's bad? You speak of mere word-cleverness--I think that's almost a contradiction in terms. Believe me, I'd give a pretty to be as clever with words as G. K. Chesterton. OR Oscar Wilde.

Redd Boggs is becroggled at the value people put on the writings of Harry Golden and Pierre Berton. Well, Harry Golden is very dull from time to time, but sometimes he's damned good. Just now and then, perhaps--but it's worth waiting for. As for Pierre Berton, all I've seen by him are his better columns, but they are wonderful. His personality comes through so well, and it's such a nice personality--intelligent, moderate, cool/warm, sweet/sour--a personality with a good flavor and feel to it.

Well--all in all, fellas, this was a good zine, though I think not quite as good as LIGHTHOUSE usually is. Better luck next time.

Brown -- POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 14

Jim Webbert may look like a hazy Kirk Douglas--depends on how hazy, I guess. He looks more like John Campbell, though. Doreen Webbert is not a tall, junoesque blonde, however. She is of medium height--somewhere around my height, and is very thin and has dark red hair.

"they were, in my opinion, slobbering, viscious drunks"--ah, viscious is a lovely word. Let me nominate it for best portmanteau word of 1962--vicious and viscous. I suspect they viciously drank viscous fluids, a VERY viscious thing to do.

Well, Rich, obviously there's nothing wrong at all with young folk marrying the aged as long as it's temporary. It's just in the till-death-do-we-part framework that it's ill-advised. I guess you know that around here ancient Indian women got to marry handsome young men (back in the good old days before we whites were here to goof things up) and I think there's probably something to be said for this sort of thing and if I were much older and single I would think there's a GREAT DEAL to be said for this sort of thing.

I still like the taste of gin. Smells good, too. Thank you, anyhow.

I can't see Wrai Ballard as Aragorn. I think Aragorn should be dark and have a long nose. I think Ger Steward is much more of an Aragornish type. Ger is romantic looking. I'm sorry, Richard, but I don't think you're the least bit Entish.

I LOVED your quotes from Don Marquis' letters, and thank you heartily for printing them. Don Marquis' letters are obviously something that I should have.

The brick joke's 'point' is that when he took the brick outside and threw it straight up in the air, it came down and hit him on the head. No, I don't think it's very funny.

If you must tell jokes involving throwing dogs out the window, let it be cockers or terriers or something. Not dachshunds, por favor. Have respect for the Hansen and Busby sensibilities. --I used to know (well, I met them on one occasion) some people who had a cat named Penny and a dog named Guinea. They got their animals in London, and paid pennies for the cat and guineas for the dog, hence the names. Don't you think it's very undemocratic and invidious and whatnot to commemorate these distinctions? They were an unusual couple: the wife was an ex-ballet dancer and the husband was half of a set of identical twins, and they lived on a houseboat which was very well-furnished in an extremely mundane way. What's this apropos of? Not a damned thing, I'm happy to say, except that you threw a dachshund named Penny out the window.

"I have a feeling that your interpretation of Elinor's line is not what she meant -- but I like it just the same." I hate you, Richard W. Brown. I don't think up these Superbly Witty Things every day, you know, and what good does it do me/~~to think them up~~ if people like you at all and Terry think I'm just being funny by accident and Don't Know What I'm Saying and all that crap? Poor me!

If Phil Harrell is paying \$50 per month for board and room, he's living very cheaply indeed, and is in fact, more or less subsidized by his parents. If the \$50 is for the room alone (highly unlikely) he'd do as well elsewhere. "If you go don't bother to come back." I wonder why he puts up with that kind of emotional blackmail? I absolutely refuse to feel sorry for him, although it shocks me that a man of his age (he must be around 28) should have so little personal freedom.

Wesson -- FANTASIA

I enjoyed all your talk about clothes, and was glad to see a picture of you.

I hereby state that Sylvia's poem was the best thing in THE ICONOCLASTIC QUARTERLY.

Boggs -- COCKATRICE

I enjoyed this.

Leman -- THE VINEGAR WORM

Good zine. #My Last Fanzine" great. #Much amused by your ambition for the Worm to become The Thinking Man's WARHOON.

Ted Pauls was very wrong in publishing a piece that you had written without asking your permission. #We have, in general, found Ted Pauls to be an unsatisfactory form of life. Quite a while ago Ted Pauls stated in his zine that fandom seemed to have almost exhausted the possibilities of comic books, and needed something new to talk about. He suggested gumcards. About the same time, he asked Buz for material. Buz wrote a humorous one-page article entitled "Whither Gumcards?" Certainly, it was putting down Ted's idea, but in a rollicking manner that would, in my opinion, have benefited Ted's zine. Ted scribbled a note in a subsequent KIPPLE that he'd put the article in the wastebasket. So a year or two went by, and then we got a plaintive little note from Ted wondering why he never heard from us. About the same time, we got a postcard from a Fapa member who isn't speaking to Ted asking Buz to reply to an outstanding bit of idiocy in one of Ted's editorials. Buz did -- and his letter was not printed. I think it was in the next issue that there was a letter from Dave Locke, complaining that Ted never printed a letter from anyone who disagreed with him unless it was someone he could one-up. Ted riposted that this was just Dave's silly idea, that fans like F. M. Busby didn't complain when their letters weren't printed. Of course F. M. Busby WOULDN'T complain about a thing like that, but I hope and believe that it will be a long long time before he ever writes Ted Pauls again. Because the thing about Ted Pauls is, he never publishes anything by anyone who disagrees with him, unless it's somebody he can one-up.

Raeburn -- LE MOINDRE

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" is such a perfectly gorgeous title that after that he need hardly bother to write the play. It's almost sure to be an anticlimax.

Sorry you don't like the script. But I shall continue to use it for headings. I think it adds a note of variety, and furthermore makes the headings easier to spot.

Hoffman -- SELF-PRESERVATION 3

Sorry, we haven't met any Hank Rabey. I guess now the World's Fair's over with he'll be leaving this area, so there's no point in promising to keep our eyes and ears open. Too Bad. #Cute dialog. #It was great meeting you at Chicago.

Rapps -- CHURN

I wouldn't mind FAPA's being larger, but Buz is heartily opposed. #Three mlgs a year would help IPSO--I think you are quite right there. #The NFFF hospitality room at cons is a fine thing--makes things nicer for everybody. Even the people who never go to the hospitality room feel the happier for knowing that everyone has some place where he's welcome. #I agree that the NFFF is a worthwhile organization. I'd join it myself if it weren't that I can't afford to get interested in anything more in fandom.

Nancy--congratulations on your baby, and being able to have him by natural childbirth and all. You're a lucky girl. #I too felt very sorry for Marilyn Monroe. I always liked her, and felt that she was a basically honest person. Been reading in the movie mags about the poor girl. Not only has her mother been insane since Marilyn was five, both her mother's parents died in insane asylums, and I think it was after she goofed up on that last picture that they fired her from, an attempt was made to persuade her to commit herself to a mental hospital which was utterly stupid considering that nothing in the world frightened her more than mental illness. When I read how Joe di Maggio broke down at her funeral and wept and said that he loved her, he loved her, I felt very pleased. I felt that SOMEONE should care.

Hevelin -- BADLI

Why would Samuel Davenport Russell not fit into today's FAPA? From what Laney said, he was a very intelligent and likeable person. Is it that today's FAPA would not interest that Russell of yesteryear?

Ballard -- WRAITH 18

We all guessed wrong about the size of the 100th mailing. It was pretty skimpy, unless one counted the postmailings. I was in SAPS too many years ever to quite believe in postmailings.

I feel that TAFF should be for the importation of fans one especially wants to meet, rather than as a reward for services rendered; in other words, I agree with you rather than with Ella Parker. All services to fandom are rewarded automatically in a way--people who enjoy taking responsibility are given responsibility to enjoy. Since fandom is just for fun anyhow, no one has any business doing any services for fandom he doesn't enjoy doing. As long as a fan fulfills the work he contracts to do, it's a matter of no importance whatsoever how much or how little work he contracts to do.

You think of Karen as a new fan after she's been in fandom 10 years, but I think of her as an old fan because she's been in fandom three or four years longer than we have. & I suppose to fans who have been in fandom only two or three (or even five) years Buz and I are old fans. It's all relative. I wonder if there's anybody to whom you're a new fan, Wrai? Sam Moskowitz? Dan McPhail? Olon F. What'shisname?

Bradley -- ASTRA'S TOWER & DAY-STAR.

Liked your story of the meeting of Regis Hastur and Strider. We still don't know whether Regis was successful in rescuing Danilo or not--but I suspect he was.

For all-time favorites, I will second your choices of "Allamagoosa" and "Scanners Live in Vain." A story I thought superb was Bester's "Time is the Traitor." Daniel Keyes' "Flowers for Algernon" was good enough for any all-time list. But most of the stories on

my all-time list would be stories read during my first year or two of reading science-fiction. Poul Anderson's "Inside Earth" (the story that hooked me on science fiction), Heinlein's "Year of the Jackpot", McIntosh's "Hallucination Orbit", Miller's "Conditionally Human," Kornbluth's "That Share of Glory," Vance's "Telek," Tenn's "Firewater", Chad Oliver's "Blood's a Rover." Man, they really had stories that were STORIES when I started reading science fiction!

So the sack dress is out--and as soon as the sack goes out, the chemise and muu muu and things like that come in, and fashion editors talk about relaxed and lenient waists. If they can't throw the waistline out one way, they throw it out another. But I think they are beginning to relent and allow us to wear belts again. Though actually, this go-round there's been enough variation in styles no one needed to wear any uncongenial line in order to look completely presentable. --Must say, I join you in being bugged by the shortness of skirts, but not in resisting. My skirts just barely cover my knees--which to my mind is too short for comfort. When skirts got long in the fall of 1947 we heard quite a lot about how the Duchess of Windsor had never gone along with the short skirts fashion, but had always kept her skirts a couple inches below the knee. So I deeply admired the Duchess of Windsor's Courage and Independence and resolved to follow her noble example and wear my skirts 2" below the knees no matter if they ^(the fashions) did become short again. But now I think that the Duchess must be bowlegged, because nobody with a passionate desire to present a fashionable appearance has GOT that much Courage and Independence. If she covers her knees that carefully, she's got a reason.

Janke -- APOCRYPHA IV

There's lots of Republicans in the world--you aren't the only one even in FAPA. There's Buz and me, Gregg Calkins, Bob Leman, and probably heaps and heaps more. I expect ol' Boyd would be Republican if he weren't so pitiably un-American.

McPhail -- PHANTASY PRESS

Your memories of the beginning of FAPA were appreciated. Imagine you and Jack Speer both being charter members in the same itty-bitty town! Which of you got the other one interested in fandom/FAPA/whatever?

Economou -- PHLOTSAM! 20

Cover cute--Howard's little ms funny and very DeVoreish--"Bawl Street Journal" most amusing.

The reason why prostitutes are honest and straightforward is that they go to bed with people for money, which is something that even the stupidest person can understand and appreciate. Unprostitutish women go to bed with people for reasons of love, custom, sexual desire and whimsy, which are not nearly so understandable and hence may, by the stupid, be considered essentially Dishonest and Devious.

I agree with you, that happy endings are more realistic than dreary downbeat endings, because there are more happy endings. Very good. A happy ending is really a happy beginning. It is a door opening. There have to be more doors opening than doors closing in one's life, or one could not continue living indefinitely. Of course many of the most important doors that open are not perceptible to anyone except the individual; in his inner vision. --But not all constructive resolution of crisis-points are happy endings. Some are just brave endings, which make all the better stories, often enough.

I was convinced that redheads can wear pinks when, as a child in school, I saw a technicolor movie with Jeannette McDonald. In one scene she was wearing a most exquisite peachy-pink bouffant dress, and looked beautiful in it. Then a while later I read Clemence Dane's "Broome Stages" in which an older woman advises a young red-headed girl not to confine herself to blues and greens (in which, she informs her, she looks like a milkmaid) but to wear off-shades of red, russets, & wines and so forth. "Two wrong reds make a right," she says, a phrase that has always stuck in my mind. --In connection with this, Phyllis, I must mention again how EXTREMELY becoming that rose-just-tinged-with-blue dress is, that you were wearing at Chicago. It looked wonderful with your pretty red hair. Your rose dress was one of the two most becoming dresses that I noticed at Chicon--the other being

Noreen Shaw's pink sheath overlaid with cream-colored lace, which perfectly set off her slim figure and beautiful complexion.

I have never taken a guided tour when travelling, and as a result have no doubt missed seeing many significant sights. Eleven years ago I spent four months in Mexico without ever seeing the pyramids (a most shameful thing for an anthropology graduate to confess) however, watching a small herd of spotted pigs walking up a cobblestoned street was, in a way, quite thrill enough for me.

We love our IBM Selectric. So far we've had one service call on it, and that was for a very minor matter. It gives us no trouble and a great deal of pleasure.

I have never tried to drink perfume, so don't know whether I would like it or not. Probably it's too oily. I read a Robert W. Chambers' novel in my tender youth in which the heroine became an alcoholic (she had Tainted Blood, anyhow) by eating lumps of sugar soaked in cologne. That sounds extremely agreeable to me, and I would try it if we had any lumps of sugar in the house.

However, the reason why I defend the taste of gin so heartily is that I have just learned quite recently that I love the taste, and all my life I had previously assumed that the taste of gin was displeasing to all decent people. When I was just a little girl my mother's best friend divorced her husband because he drank gin in the bath tub, and once, if my memory serves me, he hit her over the head with a gin bottle. As I remember it, the circumstance of its being gin, and a gin bottle, was a serious aggravation of his offences of alcoholism and brutality. So as an adult I eschewed gin very firmly, and drank John Collinses and Vodka Collinses in preference to Tom. Now, after all those wasted years, I find that a Martini, or gin & water, or gin on the rocks, is infinitely preferable to any kind of Collins. After learning that my own distaste for gin was based on a profound ignorance, I wonder about the sincerity of other people's loathings for gin. --Not yours, Phyllis, or Bill Evans'. I am sure that both of you have given it a fair trial.

I agree with you so much about so many things, Phyllis, that it was with a real shock that I beheld your commendation of Helen Wesson's FAPazine before last. I thought that some of the things Helen said to Marion were unsportsmanlike in the extreme, and I would have responded very angrily had I not been afraid of gerberizing Marion, and so thought it better to pass over it in cold s. (to use an Avramism). I guess it's proof that no two people think alike about everything!

Gallion -- nay, Ellern -- KARUNA

Good to see you in Fapa, kid. Much gassed by your article. Must say this, though. I don't quite agree that Ayn Rand and Heinlein are at such opposite ends. Well, I see that's not what you say--just "totally divorced points of view." Well, perhaps. But the fact that Heinlein, in "Stranger" is preaching the love of equals, does not conflict with or negate Rand's angry resentment at the tyranny of the inferior for no better reason than that he is inferior. Ayn Rand might conceivably be able to accept loving one's neighbor as oneself, but is waging open warfare against the Golden Rule's customary bastardization, that one should love one's neighbor better than, or in place of, oneself.

Liked your talk about food. But why grasshopper pie? How unkind of you--don't you realize that practically everybody in FAPA is trying to eschew such goodies? Your recipes sound very good, but I am trying to convince myself that they sound terrible.

Lichtman

I must say that I disapprove heartily of Bob's rudeness to Sam Moskowitz. If Bob were to have shown anger or distaste at the Moskowitzes' suing another FAPAN, it would have been quite all right. But to treat Sam's magnanimous suggestion that Don Wollheim be given a copy of the 100th mailing with contemptuous obscenity is not all right at all. It's an example of give-a-dog-a-bad-name-&hang-him thinking, which is bad enough in mundane but quite unforgiveable in fandom. --Do you agree with me on this point, Ted White?

Parker & Martinez

Ron, your comments to Ted White about his liking a louder volume of music than is agreeable to others sound very sensible to me. Consider yourself commended and agreed with.

Will try to remember to go thru art files & send you what we probably won't use.

I hereby state that Rich Brown's poem was the best thing in ANKUS 5.

Grannell -- GRUE 30

Gee it was nice visiting you and Jean and kids this summer. Thanks again. #GRUE history interesting. I guess we have as close to a complete file as most fans do. We have it from #18 on, minus #26. A treasured file.

Warner -- HORIZONS 91

Liked your remarks about Kent Corey--that the antipathy he aroused in fandom is proof that we can spot a dubious individual readily. #Agree thoroughly that capital punishment "takes away from the central figure the years in which he might have repented." I too fail to see how it can be reconciled with Christianity. Proponents of capital punishment always say how else can you be sure a murderer won't be released to kill again? but I believe that's for the parole system to figure out. #Harry, when you speak of mescaline as a pleasant narcotic you prove you've never tried it.

How can you say that fan art looks quite crude beside a good reproduction of a first-rate piece of modern art when you have never in your whole life seen a fan art show? I don't know what to say to you, Harry, except 'tsk'. --Emsh is my favorite pro artist, and his finest works are very fine indeed, in my opinion. Silverbergs and Sylvia Dees both have F&SF covers by him, the possession of which I envy 'em most sincerely. But Richard Powers had an exhibition at the Chicon, and his stuff, too, was anything but crude. As paperback covers they may not look like much, but the originals have tremendous whammy. --I was looking at quite a lot of first-rate modern art today, and was impressed again as I have been many times before, that modern artists seem to be painting for museums rather than for houses. Most of the canvases were several feet by several feet--only the largest and barest of rooms could contain such pictures. A few modern artists do have a few pictures in reasonable sizes, just as Rembrandt and El Greco and Caravaggio and Titian painted in reasonable sizes. But most modern art is very large. You may say that a reproduction would be much reduced in size. Very likely; but when you reduce the size you reduce the whammy, and usually much falsify the colors, as well. In any case, no reproduction ever has as much life as the original had. --This summer I had an opportunity to buy a good reproduction of a first-rate piece of modern art for \$6. It was the poster used to advertise Mark Tobey's show at the Louvre (he's the only American, and one of only 3 or 4 living artists to be so honored) and I know it was a good reproduction because the identical print, minus the printing and plus the artist's signature, was selling for \$50, and Mark Tobey, like all artists, is as independent as a hog on ice and wouldn't sign any reproduction if he didn't think it a good one. I looked at it; I liked it; I wanted to own it. But I thought of the terrific vitality of the science fiction fan and pro originals on my walls, and I kept my purse closed.

You like modern art, Harry? I think I remember that Rotsler likes Rothko--didn't he speak of Rothko's "glowing bars of color"? I don't dislike Rothko, but if I were a millionaire I wouldn't care to own anything by him. I like an occasional picture by Mark Tobey, almost everything I've ever seen by Morris Graves. I rather like Sam Francis, and much to my astonishment I dig Franz Kline quite a lot. But Matta doesn't matter at all to me, and I actively dislike what I've seen by Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock. (This afternoon I took one last look at the World's Fair Art Show.) --So who do you like, Harry?

I take it that "The Little Sweep" is the opera from "Let's Make An Opera"? I saw that and loved it. What charmingly tuneful little tunes--I wonder if I still have the program around somewhere--it gave the words to some of the songs. I think I would like to have a recording of that.

I wish you would have shorter articles and longer mailing comments. However, I frankly and fully admit that you have a perfect right to do the type of fan activity that you most enjoy doing.