



MAILING COMMENTS

(July 11, 1960)

Officialdom: The new envelopes are wonderful, and 6¢ or a little over sounds very very reasonable indeed.

John Trimble, Wm. Rotsler: I am in favor of Fapa donating money from its treasury to TAFF & to a large fannish project. Am also in favor of reducing dues for fans outside dollar area.

Jack Speer: I thought your little article about what a young Fapan should know was excellent. 'Twould be equally valid for SAPS. #I started high school at age 15, in the 10th grade, as a sophomore. Jr. High School had absorbed grades 7, 8 & 9. #You imply that in SAPS the typical member does not frame his remarks so they can be understood, and furthermore state that you get this impression partially from Buz' and my FAPazines. The most unkindest cut of all! I think that same accusation could be made against almost anyone in FAPA, including yourself, Jack. I think we all of us occasionally err in this respect. #Buz should demand \$35,000. The amount \$35,000 is a catchphrase, an Instant Joke. Reference:: WSFS suits. Silverberg doesn't really think Buz should demand \$35,000, or any amount at all. He was just saying that, for funny. Buz and I laughed. #Gordon Dickson is not only an oldtime Minneapolitan, he's a present-time citizen of Minneapolis too. #If socialism sounds drab, find you no drabness in businessmen's luncheons? What a question to ask Buz! What would he be doing at a businessmen's luncheon? He's a goshwow engineer. #I should not consider drunkenness as ipso facto a crime against society. It may occasionally involve crimes against society, but is surely not in itself a crime. #I don't remember Harry Warner ever being discussed at my house with the conclusion being reached that there was little humor in him. I certainly would not agree with any such conclusion. #I do not at all agree that "at birth a child has no particular right to life if his parents don't want him"--on the contrary, I feel very strongly that a person has a right to life from the first moment he's conceived. A couple of my friends have had abortions. In both cases, I didn't know anything about it until it was all over with. If I had known ahead of time that such a thing was planned, I would have put on every bit of pressure I could to get them to change their minds. Murder is murder, whether it's of an adult or a helpless little embryo. #Why are you guys so queer for liquor? You'd think drinking was an important right. Why are you so anti-liquor? Were your parents alcoholics--was that your handicap? #I think people are very right to leave countries where they do not feel at home for new countries where they may feel more at home. No doubt it's true that there are no perfect societies, but some are more to one's taste than others. & all of us are not reformers. Thank God.

Bill Danner: "I wonder if children would like school any better if told they must not go. Has this ever been tried?" How could it be? If you lied when you told the little children they couldn't go to school they wouldn't pay any attention, and if you told the truth, while they might not enjoy not going to school they could scarcely enjoy going. I do think that where school is a hard-won privilege it is more appreciated. But this is not compatible with free compulsory public school education. #It's true that automobiles kill people, but automobiles do serve a need in our society that nothing else does. Do plastic cleaning bags? I for one was perfectly happy with brown paper cleaning bags. #Constructive dreaming: I sometimes get clues as to how I really think and feel about things from my dreams, and I suppose most people do, or could if they paid enough attention. Coleridge got the poem "Kubla Khan" in a dream (perhaps an opium dream?) but while he was writing it down he was interrupted by a person on business from Porlock, and so it remained forever a fragment. Mary Shelley got the plot to her novel, "Frankenstein", in a dream. I'm sure there's lots of constructive dreaming going on.

July 12, 1960

Mal Ashworth: A girl who is too sexy is one whom the fellas rush to seduce without pausing to note that she has feelings and reads the paperbacks. #Lovely li'l movie review. # "ASCENT" a gas.

Karen Anderson: Doheug very good, with pretty artwork. I love your punchline: "It's a pretty good non-existence, colleague." #Is the fountain you mention in AMPERSAND the same fountain you drew in ALIF? I love fountains. & that's a nice classic one.

F. M. Busby: As you well know, I don't agree with you about capital punishment. I don't think it's any deterrent to murder at all. A person who is sufficiently death-oriented to be able to kill may well be death-oriented enough to secretly long for execution. I mean subconsciously, of course. I suspect that many violent criminals are much more afraid of life imprisonment than they are of capital punishment, and that life imprisonment would be at least as valid a deterrent of crime. Life imprisonment's main weakness, so far as I can see, is parole boards. #I do not think that Caryl Chessman should have been executed because he was not a murderer. To say he murdered a mind is ridiculous. The woman had a history of mental illness before he committed his act of sexual perversion whatever it was.

Marion Zimmer Bradley: I think you have more humor than you care to admit. & I think that your objection to humor is based on a feeling that too many people feel that humor excuses all, that if a thing is funny it doesn't matter whether it's fair or true. I enjoy humor intensely myself, and feel that it indicates a sense of proportion and a sort of detachment, both of which I think psychologically valuable. #I liked "Centaurus Changeling" very much, and was going to write a letter to Boucher praising it--but somehow, I never did. # "The newly born of virtually every mammalian species are delightful to me, including the human. Only when they adieve two or three years and turn into whining, demanding and wearying kids do I begin to look with a jaundiced eye on maternity; I can think of nothing more delightful than having "a lap baby, a po'ch baby, a ya'd baby and a shirt-tail baby" all the time." Hah.... the lap baby is the only one who's a baby in the sense you mean--the others are all whining, demanding, wearying kids of two to four years old. (I'M not saying that two and three year old kids are whining, demanding and wearying--I'm just quoting you.) #I think you're mistaken about the application of birth control in this country, Marion. I don't have any figures, and I don't suppose anyone does, but it appears to me that nobody (except perhaps women who were badly frightened the first time) has an only child on purpose. &, what with Malthus and all, I can see that it's essentially more virtuous to have six or eight children than it is to have two or three. A husband and wife and perhaps their doctor are the only people who necessarily know whether birth control is being practised or not. #In Seattle, fish and chips are chunks of sole fried in deep fat, with french fries. Ten or twelve years ago, if I remember correctly, the chips would be chunks of potato about the same size as the fish, fried in deep fat. #You think formal weddings are contrary to common sense and self-respect? Egad! I think festivals are nice, and I approve of them highly. I think the great landmarks of one's life should be celebrated, and if one's marriage is not a great landmark, why bother? Buz and I did not have much of a wedding, because my parents were dead and his were out of town and we got married on short notice, but we had a certain amount of festivity, and I'm very glad we did. #Bob Silverberg look^{ed} familiar to you because you've seen his pictures on a couple of POLARITYs sent to you. #On "Open End" a few months ago some foreigners (I don't know exactly what they were, as I tuned in late--perhaps newspapermen) were agreeing that USA has about the best, or one of the best, presses in the world--remarkably fair and impartial. I gleed. #SALUD is always me--SERCON's BANE is always Buz--FAPPENDAGE is always one-shots when we have a party or something. #One of the best things I've ever read in The Ladies Home Journal was "The Fountain Overflows" by Rebecca West. I imagine you remember it with pleasure, Marion, and I should think any fan would enjoy it as it's about a most supremely fannish family. I picked up a nice clean copy for 10¢ at the local Good Will store.

Wrai Ballard: You feel more inhibited in FAPA now than you did when you first joined? Gad..... And Marion Bradley felt ill at ease in FAPA for the first ten years of her membership, it appear.... What is there about FAPA? Why does it frighten people? What shall we DO about this, anyhow? #At the Boycon I suggest^{ed} to Terry Carr that he do all his mg. comments in the style of the person commented to (in SAPS) just once, for kicks. But he said he couldn't do it. So then I asked him to do his comments to ME in my style. He said he couldn't do it. Alas. Carl Brandon could have done my style. #I like the borrowed standard. Not a single I8m or I8ll in the zine. It's clear they're not an integral part of the Ballard personality. #I like your zines, too.

Robert Coulson: Buz and I usually get very good service in restaurants, but when we were in the Midwest in 1957 we certainly didn't. It may be that nobody gets good service where you live, Buck. #Where I was talking about cleaning bags beings too quiet, too clean, too neat, and too readily available in too great privacy, I wasn't talking about suicide at all, really. I was talking about mothers preparing to commit suicide and murdering their children first. A mother who really loves her child will not murder it in any very dirty, noisy, messy way. She doesnot desire to hear cries of anguish, or to see blood spurting. I don't really care what adults do to themselves in private, but if they are going to murder their children I think they should do it in public so that they may perhaps be stopped and the children saved. #Jack Paar is too stickily sentimental for me, but the reason I don't watch him is that he's on too late at night. I've never heard of the other programs you mention. #Who's James Mehmet Shahnakhroglu? Is he a fan? If he isn't, Buz won't trample him for any amount of money. Buz is much too proud to trample non-fan names. #Perhaps Terhune was a three plot man. I remember one story by him about a dog named Parsifal. Parsifal was an ill-bred, overstuffed mongrel collie who renovated the character of a lazy bum named Rashe, although the man and dog were not passionately fond of each other. It was a good story.

Bob Tucker: I deduce you do your own stencilling, since your margins are justified and nobody else's are in VANDY. Do you have to dummy it first, like normal people, or are you one of these slans who can compose on stencil and justify as you go along? #Is EGjr. Emile Greenleaf? #"On the Beach"--perhaps the checkoff for suicide pills was to give the populace the comfortable feeling that things were being taken care of properly. I'll bet the bloke whose name wasn't on the list got one, anyhow. Don't you think most people would go indoors to die? It seems tidier, somehow.

Juanita Coulson: I think gypsies are fairly unusual in Seattle, but I don't really know. The night I saw them they were in the skidroad area, and no one ever went down there at night before the jazz joints opened up there. #~~Okay, you've sold me on incest, girls.~~ I guess it is about the most special relationship possible between two people. #I read "Swann's Way" a long time ago, but I didn't dig it too much. Not enough to read anything else by Proust, it appears. Perhaps I'll give him another try one day. #Liked your article about the carny very much, especially with illos to match. When people write and draw both, their artwork illustrates their writing infinitely better than anyone else's could. Examples: Juanita Coulson, Karen Anderson, Bjo Trimble.

Boyd Raeburn: Much interested in your remarks (and quotation from George Bain) re overly cute commercial nomenclature etc. in England. Seems to explain why some English fans who are very good writers tend to ^{occasional} over-cuteness. National disease, like. #25% of the silver in circulation in Canada is U.S.? Egad. There is considerable Canadian silver in circulation in Seattle, but I doubt if it's more than 5%. It pleases me to think of American and Canadian coins being directly spendable in each other's countries--coins across the border, like. #I have not said 'phoo' for months and months now. However, I approve of the phrase "Phoo! (in the best Elinor Busby manner)" which was invented by Bob Lichtman to administer free boo unto the hot, panting, female Busty ego. #Arthur Ransome: No, John didn't strike me as a prig at all. I thought he was wonderful. His sister Susan unquestionably was a prig, but that was necessary. The Walker parents would not have allowed John, Susan, Titty and Roger nearly so much freedom if Susan were

not so morbidly conscientious about wholesome nourishing meals and early bedtimes. And the stories wouldn't be nearly so good if the kids weren't allowed to camp out without adults. I re-read "Swallowdale" recently--it's not bad, but not as good as I remember Ransome being. In one episode, the four Walkers and two Blackwell children are going to climb to the top of a "mountain". There is a good path that goes all the way to the top, but the children don't even consider taking it. One child asks, "Are there precipices?" and Captain Nancy answers briskly, "If there aren't, we'll make some." A commendably creative attitude. I had hoped "Swallowdale" was the one about dowsing, but it wasn't. Titty--yes, it's a terrible name. I suppose it's short for Elizabeth. I have it in mind that Dr. Johnson's wife, Elizabeth, was called Titty for short, but glancing thru Boswell I don't see any sign of it. Oh well.

Gerald Steward: You got a postcard from Lee Hoffman on September 23, 1959? That was Lisa Plumcake's fourth birthday. Like so many wannaful people, she was born under Libra (or possibly under Virgo). Virgo would be equally appropriate for Lisa. She has been a virgin so long that she has almost completely lost her sex appeal. She came into heat a week ago, and so far she's only had one gentleman caller, a Boxer, who after expressing ^{hardly} more than polite interest, went away again and has not been back. A year or so ago she'd have had twenty dogs camping on her doorstep by now. It's very convenient this way, but it makes me feel a bit sad. I got a certain vicarious satisfaction out of having my little girl the neighborhood belle. #I think the letter you wrote to CRY must have been a form letter, back in the days when you were Conducting a Survey. Franson was really reaching for that one, if so.

Richard Eney: Glad you printed "The Rejected Canon". 'Twas interesting reading, though it's all stuff that was rightfully rejected. #Agree that killing people in wartime as part of soldier's duties cannot be considered murder.

Dean Grennell: 2852 14th W. is somewhat of a crossroads of fandom, too. 11 Fapans have been here--Karen Anderson, G. M. Carr, Terry & Miri Carr, Jim Caughran, John Champion, Coswal, Ron Ellik, Bill Evans, Elmer Perdue, Boyd Raeburn, Jack Speer. Of waiting-listers, Otto Pfeifer, Lars Bourne, Burnett R. Toskey, Bjo (no, put her amongst the members, and that makes 11-1/2 FAPAns), Don Durward, John Berry, Bill Donaho, Pat Ellington, and Tyrannical Al Lewis have all set foot within these etc. (the doityourself cliché). #The bit about "If an airliner crashes on the border between the US and Canada which country has to pay for burying the survivors" is just a wee bit unfair. People make slips of the tongue all the time. If one said that as an honest mistake, one (this one) would not be pleased at the audience one-uppishly saying, "Survivors? Hah! Hah!" One would feel that it would be kinder of them to (I'm quasi-quoting Trina) listen to what one meant rather than to what one said. Apart from that, it's a most amusing ploy, and friends of Dean Grennell are, in all probability (if you will pardon my saying so), prepared for the worst at all times.

Phyllis Economou: Loved the stuff about Brinker and his white overshoes. But you don't believe in laughing at dogs? By your own report, Brinker likes to be laughed at. Buz and I laugh at our dogs all the time. We feel that dogs are for fun, and the more fun the better. Sometimes Nobby likes to be laughed at, and sometimes it puzzles and worries him, and we stop. Lisa likes to be laughed at. She'll look at us tolerantly and wag her long long tail. Anything that makes us happy makes her happy. #I like your cover--we'll take the ears on faith. #'Special Beer Gelatin' is just ordinary Knox gelatine packaged in a special envelope so that they can charge 15¢ a piece for it. Now that Buz and I have a culture of brewers' yeast, we don't use gelatine at all. The man at the home brew store told me that the way to determine the alcoholic content was, when you first set up the batch, put the tester in before you put the yeast in. #Someone told me once that the word 'shalimar' is Persian for garden. Whether this is true or not I have no idea. Consider it a clue. #Liked your rundown on the current crop of music. #I'd say that 1952 was right for "Ruby". In 1952 I was living with a woman who dug the tune to that quite a lot, and it was new then. #We remember Mal Ashworth's first FAPazine--we

have it in our files. Tremendous. One could not imagine a finer first FAPazine. That, and "The Last Fans in Town", were enough to make us faunch for a TAFF report by Mal. No doubt he'll run for TAFF again, and win next time. #July 16 would be under the sign of Cancer. My next oldest sister was born on July 9, also under the sign of Cancer, and she and I fought like the proverbial cats and dogs all during childhood. I didn't get the least bit fond of her until I was almost all the way grown up. But perhaps this wasn't all her fault. When I was a child I took for granted that at all times and in all ways I was right and Martha was wrong. But now I wonder. I remember the details of just one hassel with her. She received "The Complete Book of Sherlock Holmes" (or whatever the name of it was) for Christmas. One day she was reading it, and put it down for a while to go off and do something else, and I started to read it. She came back and wanted her book and I wouldn't let her have it. I ran up the stairs and got on the roof, and she chased me all over the roof but she couldn't catch me, and finally went off disappointed. Looking back from relative maturity, it seems to me that I had a lot of nerve going off with her book, but it didn't strike me that way at the time. A similar situation with my oldest sister was differently handled. Sally found me reading her library book, "The Forgotten Daughter", and sat down beside me and we read it together. Although we were reading somewhat on the diagonal, being at different places in the book, this mode of reading was so pleasant to me that the moment I finished the book I got on the other side of her and started it all over again. My sister Martha grew up to be a very pleasant and loveable woman, but apart from that, she could not possibly resemble you less. She is a member of the Pentecostal church, is about 30-40 lbs. overweight, wears no makeup of any kind, does not drink, smoke, or approve of those who do, and all her interests and ideas of pleasure are centered around her family and her church. #Home-baked bread will not go stale if you keep it in plastic bags. Ours never goes stale, but after five or six days it molds. By that time, there's little if any left, so it works out well. (I don't mean baby-smothering plastic bags--perish forbid! I mean the plastic bags bread sometimes comes in.) If you had bread that started to go stale you could slice it and put it in a warm oven and make melba toast of it, and then it would keep for a while longer. Melba toast made from home-made bread is but heavenly. #I too make plain ol' white bread. #Agree Mr. Clean fine cleaner. #The amount of research you put in on FAPA turnover is most appreciated--a very fine article, indeed.

Bill Morse: We congratulate you most heartily on your new daughter.

Redd Boggs: "The Big Three..." is a very fine and lovely job. #I see you list "Hand of Zei" amongst important and memorable stories. Buz and I consider it memorable as an example of how much padding Campbell will put up with. Perhaps neither of us really digs the picaresque novel--at least, not as done by deCamp. #1952 was a GREAT year for stf. I was a brand-new reader, full of enthusiasm. "That Share of Glory", "Telek", "Firewater", "Blood's a Rover"--like wow. With GALAXY, the vintage season (for me) started late in 1951 with "Inside Earth", which really turned me on. "The Demolished Man", "The Girls From Earth", "Conditionally Human", "The Year of the Jackpot", "Accidental Flight"--there'll never be science fiction like that again. Not for me. #Buz and I thought "Preferred Risk" memorable only as memorable crud. #I think "Down Among the Dead Men" is the best Wm. Tenn story I've ever read. # "The Other Celia" by Sturgeon was interesting, but we didn't think it belonged in a science fiction magazine. In a stf zine it was objectinnable--in PLAYBOY or MADEMOISELLE, it would have been jes' fine. # "Bread Overhead" by Leiber is a story that always comes to mind when I try to sum up what's wrong with GALAXY. It's the sort of story that turns me off to such an extent that just the memory of it makes it harder for me to pick up a GALAXY to read. Story is about bread with so much gas in it (to make it lighter and to expand the loaves) that it floats. The characters are perfunctorily shaped in papier mache, the plot is a creaking mechanism, and the story is informed with a sort of leaden facetiousness. Like ugh. #You didn't like Karen Anderson's poem for Henry Kuttner? Buz and I liked it very much--the gimmick of using the titles of his stories we thought wonderfully evocative. Essentially, it wasn't Henry Kuttner the man that Karen, and we with her, was mourning for. Although she'd met him, he hadn't yet become a close personal friend. It was Henry Kuttner the

science fiction author we all mourned. By weaving titles of his stories into melodious verse she expressed our sense of loss as completely satisfactorily as I think it could be done. Gad...when you describe a poem I enjoyed as 'perfunctory' and list "Bread Overhead" as an 'important and memorable story' I feel that either you or I are off in a parallel universe somewhere. #The F&SF story that turned me off more than any other F&SF story and for years was a symbol to me of what I didn't like about F&SF was Boucher's re-write of "Ruddigore". I thought it utterly dishonest. There was nothing to the story except the gimmick, and the gimmick was stolen. Early in the story I thought, "Oh no! Not Ruddigore!" & sure enough, that's what it was. But you list it as an 'important and memorable story', and omit "Sealskin Trousers" which I thought one of the best things in the first few years of F&SF. #Gee--F&SF has had a lot of good stories. "Time is the Traitor" is one of the finest short stories I've ever read--"My Boy Friend's Name is Jello" and "Walking Aunt Daid" are two good stories that would appear nowhere in the world but in F&SF. #I thought I read "The Quest for Saint Aquin" around 1953 or 1954. When it appeared in 1959, wasn't it a reprint? Yeah--I'm sure it was. # "Flowers for Algernon" was a superb story. I voted for it on the Hugo ballot.

Gregg Calkins: Well, we did meet you and JoAnn at Boise! 'Twas a wonderful weekend, wasn't it? #The picture of Boyd Raeburn looks more like John Champion, but frankly, I can't imagine either of 'em looking quite so untidy. Most pleased to have the other pics.

Bill Evans: If your roommate has never had a serious accident while driving, and has been driving for a long time, you might as well relax, when riding with him. I figure that luck is more important than caution. NEVER ride with unlucky people. #Of course you'll have to return. We even have the leaks in the Rain Room fixed. I think. #When I was in high school a lot of the boys wore dirty cords--and a lot of the girls wore dirty saddle shoes. But I have an impression that the dirty cord boys and dirty saddles girls were of the second-class elite rather than the elite-elite. I myself was a rank outsider, and white^{ned} my shoes every night. Quite regardless of fashion, I was compulsively fastidious during high school and for a long time afterwards. #I've toured three breweries: Cuauhtemoc brewery in Monterrey (makers of Carta Blanca, a real lousy brew in my opinion) and two Rainier breweries in Seattle. I'd like to go again some time; now that Buz and I are brewers I think it would be more interesting to me. #If we had white sidewalls, I would wash them, but not often. I would let them be dirty most of the time. #Howard Pease came along at just about the right time for me. I read him in hardcover, of course. I got the "American Girl" rather than "American Boy", naturally. I've only read the first few; I probably outgrew them before he'd written more. Same way with Arthur Ransome. I outgrew his books before the public library had gotten more than five or six. #I liked "Rope of Gold" much more than "Green Eyes"--probably because the former was more informative. I love to get information free, i.e., wrapped up in an interesting story. #I agree thoroughly with all your remarks about Dorothy Sayers. Sometimes her stuff came to life, and sometimes it didn't. Do you remember the trouble Harriet Vane was having with her story in "Have His Carcase"--I think that's how Dorothy Sayers felt when she was writing "Five Red Herrings". Harriet wrote her books with a fountain pen--one assumes that Dorothy Sayers did too. Imagine! Writing a whole book out by hand. Seems incredible labor. But of course there was a time before typers were invented, and after they invented, there was a time before people were accustomed to using them. #When you use ... to indicate omission, it should always be three ... --why, I don't know--it's just another example of the pervasiveness of the mystic number three in our culture. When one uses periods as one might a dash, one should always try not to use 3 periods--sometimes habit is too much for me, though. Oh. I see that where I thought you were using four periods to indicate omission, you were actually using three periods plus one to end the sentence. My apologies.

Marion Zimmer Bradley: You again? I wish you would consolidate. However, do it as you please, it's not important whether you consolidate your zines or not. #In Herman Melville's "Typee" he has a polynesian woman teaching, no, putting her five-day-old baby in a pool and letting it swim. Said it swam like a large frog. Babies still have

reflexes at that age that they lose later on. Did not hold his head out of water, though, so could not swim very long without drowning. #When I was a child I dearly loved to swing, but could do so for only a very few minutes without nausea. We had a rope swing at home that hung between two huge old madrona trees. It was about twenty feet long, and swung out over an incline which tended to increase the feeling of flying. One swung into a sort of avenue created by another madrona and a large dogwood. It was superb. #I can't imagine going to a circus in high heels. I'd go in saddles too, Marion. If I'd go at all. I went to my last circus when I was eighteen, and didn't really dig it too much. I don't know why. I like to read about circuses well enough.

Ron Parker: Glad to hear the story which Martinez published was at least three years old. It was a bit repellent. #Interesting chatter. I especially enjoyed the stuff about Frankenstein Castle. #Welcome to FAPA.

Terry and Miriam Carr: Rotsler is charming (if I may use such a fey word). #Bob Tucker's story about the village constable and the eclipse of the moon was cute. How delightfully exotic to live where the police is/are summoned by blinking the street lights! That's the way we call people in out of the Fenden when food is ready--blinking lights. #Terry, did you ever know or hear of anyone who died of venereal disease--within the last ten or twenty years, say? I never did. #We are very glad that you have a nice place to live, Miriam. I hope you do stay there for awhile. I know/ ^{your address} by heart, and when I know somebody's address it's very bugging to have to forget it and learn another. #You think my aunts' names are ridiculous? Pooh to you, say I. I hereby laugh at the names of your aunts, even without knowing whether you have any. I like the name Newcomer very much. It's not terribly euphonious, but it looks nice (to me) and seems rather interesting. I dislike the name Doub very much; 'twas a happy day when I got rid of it forever. I think 'Doub' is a stodgy, plonking, terribly unbecoming sort of name. I love the name 'Busby'. It's a thoroughly cheerful sounding name, is neither too short nor too long, it ~~sounds crisp but not harsh~~ and is neither too common nor too uncommon. If you think the names Emma Newcomer and Martha Doub are funny, you'd really be gassed if I told you my maternal grandmother's name. I don't know whether I should or not, though. She did her best to keep it a secret during her lifetime--perhaps 'twould be unfair of me to divulge it now. #Terry, you are confused. The fesh stencil bit was when Bill Evans was here. And you weren't. FAPPENDAGE #2's the one you did most of. You did a very fine job of writing in Wally Weber's style, and Wally Weber did a fine job of writing in Wally Weber's style, and the juxtaposition of the two I thought most amusing. & Jim Caughran did an excellent job of writing in Jim Caughran's style. I thought it a fine one-shot, but perhaps I shouldn't say so. No--I guess it's okay for me to say how much I liked it, since I didn't do the work myself. #Sorrow. You can imitate Weber, Burbee, Bloch Willis and Caughran (& Wrai Ballard), but can you imitate me? No. #Jack Speer asks about FAPAns who do not save their mailings. I think that names of FAPAns who do not save their mailings should be printed in the FA, so that waiting-listers could contact them and arrange to buy mailings. Terrible to think of material that someone would be very glad to have being thrown out. #Lovely KLEIN BOTTLE, kids. Delightful from the striking front cover to the funny bacover.

Dan McPhail: I will certainly send Gregg a snapshot one of these days. 'Tis indeed a most worthy project. #If you inherited land that was originally Indian allotment, then definitely, you are Indian where it counts. Glad to hear it. #Nope, we aren't driving to Pittsburgh. We're taking the train. I think we could drive out all right, since both of us are good drivers and, with our individual reclining front seats, the passenger can lie down and sleep. But it's ^{but} more of a vacation to take the train. #I have no gripe against social security at all. /Buz' uncle is on social security, and he claims that he'll have to live to be 120 yrs. old to get out of it all the money he's put into it. I don't know whether he's figured it up, and if so, whether his arithmetic is right, or if he just pulled an age out of the hat, as it were. In any case, I can't see why he'd object to living to 120. He has a good time. #This woman I was living with in 1952 did

silk screen posters for a living. It was a pretty thin living--no wonder she took in boarders, though Peggy and I didn't pay her enough to be worth her while financially. But we were valuable in other ways. We chaperoned her while her soon-to-be-ex-husband was living with us, we read to her children, and helped the one with her stamp collection, and when her ex-husband kidnaped the children we made consolatory noises. They eventually reconciled, and the last I heard were living happily ever after. Anyhow--we were talking about silk screen work. Kay's method was infinitely more laborious than the one you describe, but her results were worth it. She used stencils--a different stencil for each color. I don't know whether she used a special silk-screen stencil, or whether it was an ordinary mimeo stencil. I really didn't pay too much attention. But I remember her scraping the wax off with a sharp little knife, and her anguish when, toward the end of a complicated stencil, it tore. And I remember wet posters lying all over the attic, and the smell of paint thinner. Kay used a fine silk (very expensive), and claimed that nothing else was satisfactory. #I liked the Lowndesazine covers with black & white illos on the cover. I thought they were very attractive and appetizing. #We'll be looking forward to meeting you at Pittsburgh, Dan!

G. M. Carr: There are indeed two John Berries. #Your quote from Toskey is very funny. You imagine what would happen if you had said that, and let me assure you that the reaction Toskey got was very similar. Like, he got the word. The word like a ton of bricks. Funniest part of it was that Toskey didn't notice anything the least bit off-color about T&M Carr's cover until Buz carefully pointed it out to him. #I think Charles Van Doren was a liar and a cheat. And I think people who ^{have} lied and cheat ^{ed} are worthwhile only insofar as they passionately regret having done so, and are resolved never never to do it again. I understand that they told Van Doren that by appearing on the program and answering the questions correctly he would give his class, the intellectuals, more prestige, and that this was a part of his motivation. To me, it's no amelioration. Quite the reverse. This sort of cheap empty vanity is more disgusting to me than greed for money. I agree with you in not condoning what he did. I felt quite ~~grieved~~ ^{grieved} for him at first because he seemed so terribly ashamed and unhappy, but too many people seem to think that he didn't do anything wrong. #I would dearly love a luxuriously bound "Cranford", and would pay any amount within reason for it (\$2-\$3.50). I think it's a delightful book. #Barchester Towers. I wonder why it is that whenever any publisher reprints Trollope they pick on poor ol' "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers". The former is early Trollope, and not up to his later stuff--the latter just barely coming into his mature period. Of course, most of Trollope is in print now, but those two books are in more editions than all his really good novels put together. I wonder how many people have been put off Trollope by being unable to get into "The Warden"? People who might relish "Doctor Thorne," or "Framley Parsonage", or "The Last Chronicle of Barset". Alas. I agree with

James Hevelin: My goodness! You have ten dogs and seven cats. & children too? Heavens! (no, Hevelins). What a family. #I remember Kay Francis, but not the others you mention.

Dave Rike: Your friend is 6'3"? That's about your height, isn't it? #Your resolution to look behind the billboards instead of running away from them sounds very pleasant. If you ever decide again to run away from them, try Alaska. In 1954, at least, they had very very few if any. Really unspoiled countryside.

Bill Donaho: I don't know whether I could say that I got more stimulation and knowledge from fellow students than from the instructors (as you did), but certainly, I got very nearly as much. Another great source of stimulation and information was just living on campus, close to wonderful libraries (one of which I worked in part-time for over two years--I was like the kid who wants to grow up to own a candy store and be his own best customer), and to lectures and concerts. People who go to college in their own hometown and live at home miss a lot. #Why should you apologize to me for saying that confession magazines are the Ladies Home Journal of the masses? I think you're quite right; furthermore, you are indirectly complimenting me by implying that I am not of the masses. (If you are going to connect me with the Ladies Home Journal at all, that is.)

I don't like uniform bindings either. Didn't realize that Heritage had 'em. Uniform bindings are one thing that has always put me off Modern Library, Everyman, & Oxford Library; but sometimes stuff one wants is not available elsewhere. #I loved "The Secret Garden". Gee she got a lot of color in that--different scenes and different people. Burnett's "The Little Princess" was another favorite, although it didn't have the pleasant outdooriness of "The Secret Garden". #The Winnie the Pooh books were all read to me at my mother's knee, and she enjoyed them as much as I did. 'Twas a bond between us. In "Now We Are Six" her favorite was "Christopher Robin had measles and sneezles", but I much preferred "Bunker what I call him is a secret of my own, and Bunker is the reason why I never feel alone..." #I read "Wind in the Willows" as a grownup, and though I liked it very much, I don't think I ever quite finished it. I was reading it out loud to my friend Kay's children, and the scene where Toad is thrown in the deep dark dungeon moved us so deeply we all three had tears streaming down our faces. We never got any further. I guess we felt that anything after that must be an anti-climax. #I've never read "Prester John". The books by John Buchan that I like best are: "39 Steps", "Green-Mantle", "The Man from the Norlands" and "Mountain Meadow". I've enjoyed all of his books that I've read, and I've read all but "Prester John" and "Blanket of Dark"--that they've had in the public library, at any rate. I always think that Gerald Steward looks like a character out of John Buchan, but what character I don't know. Certainly not Sir Richard Hannay or Sir Edward Leithen. I shall have to read all the Buchan books again, and find out who it is that Gerald Steward looks like. Possibly Lord Lamancha. (At any rate, I'm sure it's one of the good guys, Gerald). #What do you mean, "'Pride and Prejudice' is of course her best book..." Neither Sheila Kaye-Smith nor G. B. Stern would agree with you there. If I remember correctly both think it her poorest book. I have never been able to make up my mind which of Jane Austen's books I like best, or which worse. I like "Mansfield Park" very much, although I'll admit that in Fanny and Edmund she has her least attractive heroine and hero. I like "Sense and Sensibility" very much. For a number of years after I was a most passionate Jane Austen fan I disliked just one of her novels--"Emma". I think my difficulty was an inability to believe in the central character. In some respects she was as perceptive as she was beautiful, intelligent and spirited; in other respects she was cloddishly impervious to other people's feelings. Could this be one woman? Now, I think it could. I think that a potentially very sensitive and perceptive young woman was armoured by her conceit. #Yes, I have indeed read John Coates' completion of "The Watsons". Got it out from the library and liked it so much I re-read it before I took it back. One reason why you can't tell where Austen left off and Coates began is that he re-wrote her fragment, on purpose to remove the change in styles. Also, his own part got so big he had to cut her part to make the right sized book. It's very delightful, though. Actually, it reminded me more of Emily Eden's novels--"The Semi-Detached House" and "The Semi-Attached Couple"--than it did of Jane Austen's. But that's okay--I like Emily Eden too. #As you are fond of "Pride and Prejudice" let me recommend to you a book with the same characters, a very pleasant extrapolation. "Pemberley Shades", by Miss D. Bonavia-Hunt. Elizabeth and Darcy have been married three years and have one child, a little boy. Plot deals with the marriages of Kitty, Georgianna, and Miss de Brough. It's very charming. Somewhere, some years ago I read another novel using the "Pride and Prejudice" characters. But I can't remember the name, or the name of the author. It wasn't as good, anyhow, but I'd like to look at it again. Elizabeth and Darcy were in early middle age and had one child, a marriageable daughter. Wickham was in it, too. #Why women don't like women?" Man! That's a topic for a full-dress article. But I shan't. Will say this. There are innumerable reasons, and most of them contradict some other reason. A few points: (1) Women like other women much better than they realize. This "I can't stand women" jazz is partly a form of showing off, indicating their complete eligibility for masculine society. (2) Do animal females like other females of their species? Lisa is much more nearly tolerant of strange male dogs than she is of strange bitches. I believe I've heard that a female dog or cat will permit her family to adopt a male dog or cat but will resist insofar as possible the adoption of a female dog or cat. (3) Men and women have a special liking for each other, that's not just based on sex as such. Men and women have different sorts of minds, experiences, reactions, tastes, ideas, and find the difference

refreshing. Since there are many more men in fandom than there are women, all the women in fandom get quite a lot of egoboo just by being women, and tend to regard the presence of other women in fandom as threatening to this special egoboo. --Must say, I like most of the women in fandom very much, and feel sure that they like me.

Jean et Anie Linard: I read your zines carefully (except for the article by someone else) and much of it I appreciated, but I find only one checkmark, by the part where you are saying that you don't mind/^{being} criticized or ignored, but you don't want insincere compliments. That I appreciated especially. # "A more particular trait of our natures is we have troubles." This is a trait that should be corrected, but I don't quite know how one would go about it. Shall I simply say that I wish you better luck in the future?

Harry Warner: Why shouldn't people leave their money to the church, if they don't have any friends or relatives that they want to leave it to? You can't take it with you, you know. You have to do something with it. One could leave it to a university or to a library, or for a public improvement of some sort; but leaving it to a church is far more sensible than leaving it to a dog or cat, for example. # You wouldn't pay \$1.75 for a roast beef sandwich? Even if you were hungry? Buz and I paid \$2.30 for a chicken Sandwich--\$4.60, since there were two of us. But we were very, very hungry. # "the customer who gets gypped can't hope to inform everyone in town of the event"--yes, and furthermore the customer who gets gypped may well never know for sure whether he was gypped or not. But the suspicion, the near-certainty, will lessen his rapport with subsequent repairmen. # I'm sure I would have liked school much better in a modern school building. One thing that turned me against school was the little girls' room. I remember it as being unutterably nightmarish. The toilets were set in open stalls, and some very athletic little girls used to climb up on top of the partitions and scramble around, hooting and screaming and jeering at the little girls below. # There are hundreds of both Doubs and Newcomers around Hagerstown? I am delighted to hear it. No doubt if the truth were known they are all relatives or connections of mine, however tenuous. # SAPS and FAPA each has its advantages and its disadvantages, and in both, the advantages and disadvantages are inextricably linked. Buz and I are glad we belong to both. # Thurber wrote a piece on Terhune? Sounds fascinating. # Opera article interesting. # Liked all the stuff about fireworks, especially your comparison of a Roman candle to a dog having puppies, "because you could never be certain when the last fireball had arrived from the litter." I'd forgotten, but I think you're right--that the most enjoyable fireworks were the ones that had to be coaxed. # Do you have a very small anchor on your chest? # Though there is no real doubt in my mind, I could not swear as to your legitimacy or being of white race, but would be most pleased at any time to takemy oath on your not having been stillborn. # Fasnachts sound fascinating. Also Queen Elizabeth's lookalike. # Remarks on fandom interesting--especially fanfic engaged in by love story fans. Little humor? Ah, Speer's nuts.

Louis Russell Chauvenet: We got a zine from you which we much appreciated, but it's presently lost in the stack. I'll find it some day. In the meantime I remember a few things--(1) You are a yachting and family man. Do your children read Arthur Ransome? If they are of suitable age (10-14 yrs.) they would probably enjoy his books. (2) You have a poem in your zine that I admired very much. (3) With respect to G.M.Carr, D. H. Lawrence, and love, the thought occurred to me that while D.H. Lawrence's major preoccupation was love, and particularly the relationship of physical love to other kinds of love, G. M. Carr's major preoccupation appears to be power. I think this is indicated by the Westercon report in which she accused Buz and me of seeking power. And I seem to remember her having in some fanzine or other described her trouble-fomenting activities as "pulling strings and making the puppets dance." Where was it? YANDRO? APE? N'APA?

& she thought that D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" shocked people because Lady Chatterley fell in love with a gamekeeper--a man not of her social class. But that was just one aspect. It appears to me that D. H. Lawrence loaded the dice against Constance and Mellors in every way he could: the lover was of lower class (one very small item); the impotent husband was a war hero, the husband loved Constance, or thought he

did, needed her, or thought he did, was willing for her to commit adultery so that she might have a child, (and she herself had already committed adultery for sexual relief)--Lawrence threw in every reason he could for her to be obligated to stay with her husband and yet convinced us that she was right to go with Mellors.

B O O K S

In my comments to Marion Zimmer Bradley I described Rebecca West's "The Fountain Overflows" as being about a fannish family. I regret that adjective. To many people fannish might possibly convey flippancy, determined whimsicality or facetiousness, or even (in Boyd's phrase) fleeb! fleeb! I meant none of those things. I meant merely that most of the characters in this book are for the most part concerned with reality rather than with appearances, or with adjusting their perceptions of reality to fit their preconceptions.

Story's mostly about a mother and two little girls, all of whom are very musical, and another little girl who is not musical but, unable to conceive of any other life for a female of her family, persists in thinking that she is musical and in playing the violin. There's much more to the book than this. It takes place in London around the turn of the century, and yet it has a sort of fullness, richness and warmth that reminds me very much of Tolkien. Some of the characters in this book are quite elvish. Not like elves, exactly, but the men of Westermarck, who had considerable elvish blood. Poor Cordelia, who insists on playing the violin, does so with dwarvish obstinacy.

The book is beautifully written in a clear but vivid style, and full of immensely quotable stuff. Example: Rose and Mary have finally left school and become music students. "This was innocent living after the long criminality of school. It was not, of course, that our schoolfellows and our teachers had belonged to an inferior breed of human being; it was that the horrid necessity of a general education must needs inflict on most children so many boring hours, when they are taught ^{the} subjects which do not interest them, that they must find refuge in spite, while their teachers grow irascible through teaching bored children. But here our studies were also gratification of a passion."

"Muscle Beach", by Ira Wallach. This paperback is really a gas--I recommend it heartily. It's extremely funny, and is a sexy story about pleasant people.

"The Tents of Wickedness", by Peter De Vries. I haven't finished this one yet, and goodness only knows whether I ever will or not. Blurb says: "He tortures the funny bone with sly mimics of Marquand, Faulkner, Proust and Joyce, finally... Kafka..." Well now, this might be all very well if I were familiar with any of these novelists but Marquand. But I'm not. Shucks! Ol' De Vries used to write quite enjoyable light novels, but apparently writing enjoyable light novels was too easy for him; he had to start showing his muscles and goofing around with parodies. A pox on him.

"Sixteen Self Sketches," by Bernard Shaw. (Publisher's remainder--\$2). This is an interesting book. Shaw was an interesting man, and this book gives some clues as to how he got that way. His father was a drunkard, with a sense of humor that delighted in the anti-climax. He was a weak but likable man. His mother "was neither weak nor submissive; but as she never revenged, so also she never forgave. There were no quarrels and consequently no reconciliations. You did a wrong; and you were classed by her as a person who did such wrongs, and tolerated indulgently up to a point. But if at last you drove her to break with you, the breach was permanent.... From my mother I ... learned that the wrath on which the sun goes down is negligible compared to the clear vision and criticism that is neither created by anger nor ended with it." Shaw, as a child, was allowed considerable personal freedom, and was subjected to little discipline at home. He liked his parents but did not love them, and did not feel that they loved him. His home was always full of music and he was much exposed to the beauties of nature; he felt that without these ^{humanizing} influences he might have grown up to be an emotionally sterile person.

"Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties," by Frances Winwar. As a piece of writing I didn't dig this too much. The writer's style is a bit too florid for my taste.

As an appendix, I don't know how accurate it is. SHE says it's very accurate. "It contained no assertion, no quotation that had not been carefully authenticated." She tosses around phrases like "greatest objectivity" and "scrupulous adherence to truth." Yet, she has an article by Lord Alfred Douglas disputing her book, and in this he says: "...my father's whiskers were not red but very dark brown, almost black... Not that it matters. I merely mention it ... to give specimens of what might be done in the way of picking holes in Miss Winwar's book." But in the book, which is a different edition from the one Lord Alfred was commenting on, Miss Winwar goes right on with this story about the Marquis of Queensberry having red whiskers! She never saw the Marquis of Queensberry in her whole life, but if she said he had red whiskers, so far as she was concerned he had red whiskers! Of course it doesn't matter. Who cares? The Marquis of Queensberry and his whiskers, whether red or dark brown, are long since dust. It's the principle of the thing. If I were writing a biography, if I didn't know what color somebody's whiskers were I'd leave them out, and I'd certainly take the man's son's word for the color. The Marquis and Lord Alfred Douglas didn't like each other, but they were quite well acquainted.

Anyhow, the thing about this book that really impressed me the most was that Oscar Wilde's great tragedy seemed to have happened on purpose. When he was a young boy he spoke of some great trial and said that he would love to be the defendant in a famous trial like that. & all his life seemed to be pointed in that direction. When he took up with Lord Alfred Douglas (and ^{also} with a great many teen-age boys of low degree) he flaunted his dubious friendships--he made people notice them. When the Marquis of Queensberry left him a visiting card inscribed "to Oscar Wilde, posing as a somdomite"(sic) Wilde, instead of swallowing the insult, sued for libel. He lost. His friends begged him to get out of the country. He stayed. He was arrested. The jury could not reach a decision. He was out on bail. His friends begged him to leave the country. He stayed. With the third trial he was sentenced to two years at hard labor. Nobody thought he would live through it, but he did. What force was it that made prison the necessary climax to his life?

It accomplished two things. Shortly after his release from prison a warder whom he had known was fired for smuggling food to a little child who was in prison for unsuccessfully trying to steal rabbits, and who was starving from unwillingness or inability to eat the black bread which was his fare. Wilde wrote a letter to the newspapers exposing the conditions at the prison, defending the kindly warder. As a result, certain prison reforms were undertaken. A more long-term result was the poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol". This expresses, as well as any poem could, ^{the} objections to capital punishment. It expresses: the comparative minorness of some capital crimes (what is murder in hot blood, indeed, to the systematic torture of children over a period of years? Yet that is not and never has been a capital crime), the dearness of life, even under the most unpromising circumstances, and the demoralizing effect execution has on other prisoners, warders, and all. I think capital punishment ^{had} will eventually be abolished, and I think Oscar Wilde's term in prison will have ^{had} something to do with it.

POETRY SECTION

DERIVATIVE DREAMS

I wish I were a werewolf,
To while away the night,
And for a world of wondrous smells
I'd trade my color sight.

I wish I were a mermaid,
To play in silky brine,
For swimming's just like flying, when
You've gills, as would be mine.

I wish I were an elf-maid,
To live in Middle Earth.
For elvish keen perception, oh!
What would it not be worth?

The tiny green budgerigar struts
Like a little boy with his
hands behind his back.