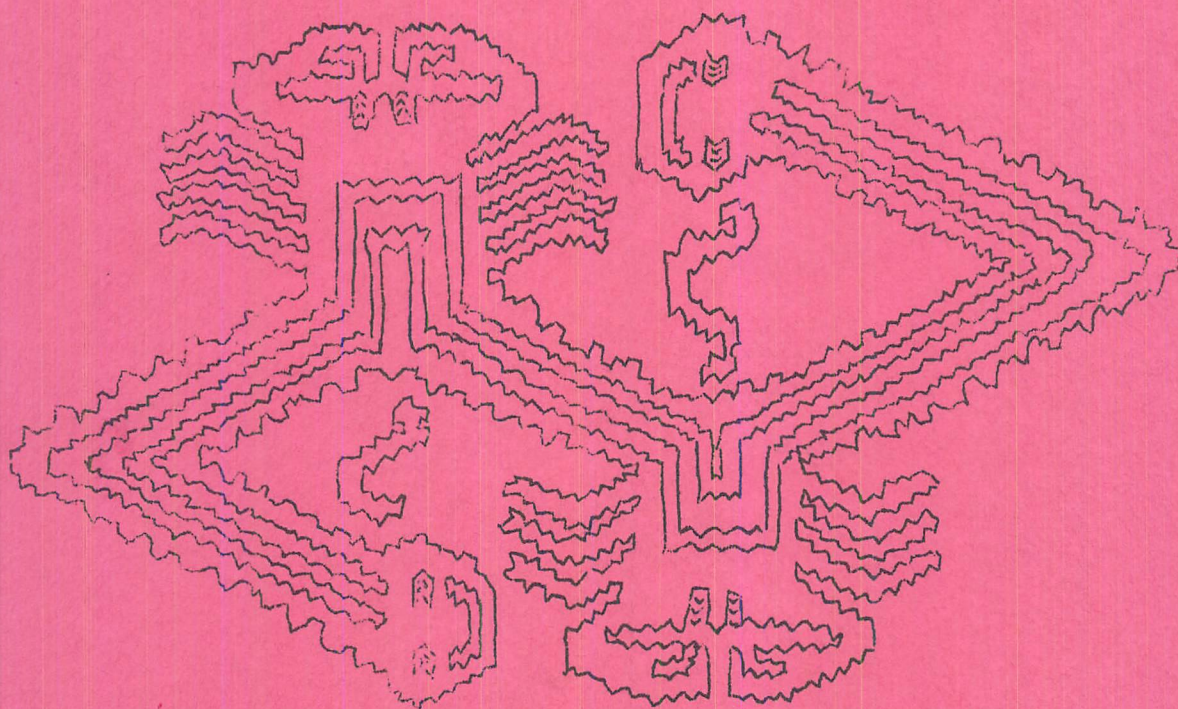


SPACEWARP 101

SAPS Mlg 102

Jan 1973



Rock Crab and Serpent textile design.
Huaca Prieta, Chicama Valley, Peru.
(Pre-ceramic Period VI: 1800-2500 BC)

Anniversary

3

SPACEWARP 6

Sep 1947

"No thank you," said Morgan Botts. "No beer for me tonite."

I stared at the Stefan-inventor unbelievably. His unshaven face wore an expression of profound melancholy. He was toying with a couple of ball-bearings, rolling them here and there on the marble-topped tavern table. I scented one of his stories.

"I've never known you to refuse a drink," I told him. "What's going on here?"

"This is September the 15th," Botts replied. "I never drink on the 15th of September -- it's a tribute to the memory of Jock MacTavish."

"Who's Jock MacTavish?"

"That, my boy, is a long story. It involves that famous old pro-mag, Scientific Techni-Tales, a practical joke, and a revolutionary scientific discovery. I must ask you to keep what I am going to relate in strictest confidence, for it's a dangerous secret."

I agreed never to repeat his words. Botts did not begin at once however. Instead, he watched with gloomy intentness as I took a long pull at my foaming stein. At last he broke the silence.

"Drink is the curse of the working classes," he said.

I wondered if he had suddenly gone batty. This couldn't be the Morgan Botts I knew! Botts saw my look of amazement.

"I'll start at the beginning," he said, "Which was back about 1952 when I was a staff writer on Scientific Techni-Tales. Do you remember the mag?"

"Yeah," I answered. "That was the one that sprang up to fill the gap after somebody set off an atomic bomb in Astounding's editorial offices, wasn't it?"

"Correct. ST-T bore down heavily on the science angle. In fact, so many of the stories were based on logical developments of current science that it became routine for the U.S. Patent Office to check ST-T first in their patent searches."

"What did you do as a staff writer?"

"Well," said Botts, rubbing his stubbled jawl with the back of one calloused hand, "I used to supply all those little filler articles for ST-T. You know, paragraphs about new scientific discoveries, biographical sketches of famous scientists, that sort of thing."

"Oh. And Jock MacTavish?"

"Keep your shirt on! Let me tell this in my own way!" Apparently abstinence from his favorite brew didn't improve Morgan's temper any.

"It soon became a matter of pride to me to dig up more and more obscure facts for ST-T fillers," Botts continued. "Often the bits of information were so incredible that readers wrote in to check on our sources of information. As time went on, ST-T became an accepted authority on science. I began to notice stories in competing sfmags based on information which had first appeared in our publication. Most of the stories were written by Jock MacTavish."

"I suppose you weren't very happy about being an inspiration to competitors?"

"Naturally not. It took me a long time to figure out a way to get revenge, however. After all, I had no proof that this MacTavish was getting his info from ST-T, and there was nothing I could have done about it, anyhow."

"It wasn't very ethical of him, was it?"

"Well, I've often debated that point. It's a matter of opinion."

One of Botts' ball-bearings rolled off the table at this point, and he conducted a long search down on hands and knees before he could locate it. I seized the opportunity to take a few refreshing gulps of beer. I hated to sit there drinking with Botts across the table and no stein in front of him. It didn't seem natural, somehow.

"At last I found the weak point in MacTavish's character," Botts resumed his narrative, returning to the table with the fugitive bearing clutched triumphantly in his hand. "He made his living by writing stf, but his hobby -- one might even call it his ruling passion -- was scientific research. He had one of the finest private laboratories in the country, in which he tested the theories on which he based his yarns. I learned all this from an autobiographical article he wrote for a fan-zine."

"What good did that information do you?" I wanted to know.

"Don't you see? It gave me the opportunity to squelch him thoroughly. He was proud of his ability as a chemist and physicist, and if he once began a piece of research he was so stubborn that nothing could sidetrack him until it was carried to a conclusion."

"I begin to understand," I told Botts. "You intended to get him so involved in research that he wouldn't have time to write any more stf?"

"That's right," Botts answered. "It was a difficult plan, however, since he WAS an excellent scientist. Then, one evening after I had consumed many, many steins of beer, I got an inspiration."

"Yes?" I asked breathlessly, as he hesitated, plainly in the grip of strong emotion.

"Well, I decided that no genuine problem would stump him for long -- he knew too much about science. The only solution was to make the trap so obvious that he would pass right over it without noticing. Forthwith I staggered back to the ST-T office and dashed off a few paragraphs for the next issue."

"What about?"

"Well, I said that an obscure Hindu scientist had found a new way to release atomic energy. He merely put a copper and a steel sphere, each one centimeter in diameter, into an aluminum crucible, and whirled the whole thing around in a hi-speed centrifuge. I put in a lot of double-talk theory about atomic interaction under the stress of centrifugal force, and stuff like that."

"You printed that in the next Scientific Techni-Tales?"

"Yes," Botts said, his voice hardly more than a whisper. "It was just the sort of thing MacTavish would use as the basis for a stf tale. And I knew his first step would be to duplicate the experiment in his own laboratory."

"Sounds nuts to me."

"True, but it seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Well, what happened?"

"That's just it," hissed Botts, twisting the two bearings between his fingers. One was reddish-yellow, the other silvery, I noticed. "It worked!" he sighed.

I stared at him speechlessly.

"Don't you understand, man? It worked! I thought he'd waste a few weeks in trying the experiment. I had made my article purposely vague and ambiguous in spots so that he'd have to try several dozen experiments before discovering the hoax. But--"

"But?" I echoed, as he paused, his shoulders shaking with inaudible sobs.

"Jock MacTavish blew himself and his whole laboratory off the face of the Earth on the evening of 15 September 1952! Every year since, I've laid off the beer on the fifteenth, in memory of him."

The tavern clock struck midnight. Botts paused for an infinitesimal instant, then his hand reached across the table and grasped my stein of beer. The two bearings rolled off the edge of the table and made two little clicks as they struck the wooden floor. They were plainly audible above the sound of Botts guzzling beer.

#4

The Barber Enigma

SPACEWARP 7

October, 1947

"Look at the oldie I found in a junk shop this morning!" I greeted Morgan Botts, triumphantly waving a tattered pulpmag with a lurid cover. Botts lowered his stein carefully to the table and donned a pair of greasy horn-rimmed glasses which he fished from his shirt pocket. Eagerly he bent forward to examine my prize.

"A 1952 Flabbergasting Adventures," I chortled, "and with a lead story by Barber, too!"

"Wonderful!" Botts agreed, nostalgia and several beers tingeing his voice. "Well do I remember those old days, when fan fought fan with a bitter, undying hatred, all because of the famous Barber Enigma." He applied himself morosely to his beer.

"Ho, this is a good story," I chuckled, deeply absorbed in the dog-eared pages. "Barber is telling about how every tree is inhabited by a spirit of life; and that when somebody cuts the tree down, the spirit remains in the wood, scheming and planning for revenge upon humanity."

Botts hastily swallowed his mouthful of beer in order to reply. "Yeah, I remember he once challenged any fan to prove that when a scaffold breaks and drops a carpenter to his death, it is not caused by the evil spirits of the trees. He always claimed the spirits talked to him by tapping in morse code on the inside of his skull."

"Cornny, wasn't it?" I rejoined. "Especially when the editor of Flabbergasting Adventures, Raymond A. Handley, backed Barber up by asserting that many a man has been carted off to a booby hatch for hearing noises in his head when all the time it is merely the persecution of the wood-spirits."

"What got me," replied Botts thru the foam of a fresh beaker, "was the way screwballs from all over the country wrote in to FA, telling how they, too, had encountered the evil spirits, or relating how a two-by-four had once fallen on their head. Of course, Handley wove all this into the pattern of the Barber Enigma, until he had even a few of the more impressionable actifen believing him."

"There were some great feuds over the Barber Enigma," I agreed. "But all of a sudden it seemed to die away, except for some minor muttering and groaning among the actifen. What did happen?"

"You mean you don't know?" the stfan-inventor asked in surprise.

"I've heard rumors, of course," I retorted. "I thought you might know the true story."

"As a matter of fact..." said Botts. Then he paused and eyed his empty glass significantly. I nodded to the bartender who from long experience was familiar with our requirements. Botts settled himself comfortably in his chair. With an uninterrupted supply of suds, a cozy tavern, and a tale of the old stf days to tell, he was in his element.

* * *

"It is seldom realized," he began, "that Raymond A. Handley himself never met Richard S. Barber during the heyday of the Barber Enigma. Their business dealings were conducted by mail. Barber lived in a small town in upstate New York, while FA was published, of course, in the metropolitan area."

"I, myself, have seen some of Barber's original manuscripts and the letters which accompanied them, and there can be no doubt that he was absolutely sincere in his bizarre notions about evil spirits. He had a fair talent for stringing words together, and RAH knew at once that here was the opportunity to revive his sagging publications, Amusing Stories and Flabbergasting Adventures. I doubt, however, if even he foresaw that the gag would snowball until it rocked the entire structure of fandom.

"Gradually the Barber Enigma became the most important thing in RAH's life. Letters concerning wood-spirits poured into his office -- fanmags begged for 'the real lowdown' on the Enigma -- amateur investigators hounded him in an effort to prove its truth or falsity. Oddly enough, no one ever did come up with conclusive proof that the whole thing was a hoax, although some of the best trains in the country -- the organized stfen -- attempted to do so.

"Picture, then, RAH's situation. He was occupied with the Enigma from dawn until late at night. He was forced to formulate convincing rebuttals to every conceivable criticism of the Enigma, or else admit that it was all a publicity stunt. And over all, the stream of stories poured in from R.S. Barber, each tale breathing a passionate sincerity, persuasive in its eloquence."

"You're beginning to shed a new light on RAH's actions," I observed.

"Shuddup!" (Botts hates to be interrupted in the midst of a tale.)

"Anyway, the inevitable happened. Handley, overworked to the point of exhaustion, began to lose his objectivity. A tiny thread of doubt crept into his mind. What if the Enigma were true, after all? He began to read the screwball-letters with more interest, looking for corroboration of the Barber Enigma instead of merely observing whether the letter contained a subscription order.

"Once this attitude dominated him, RAH was doomed. He became more adept than ever at twisting incidents into support of the Barber claims. He began to ignore even the most glaring fallacies when they were pointed out to him. I knew he was finished the day I saw them move his great antique oak desk from his office and replace it with a new steel desk."

"You mean...?" I asked, tapping my forehead significantly.

Botts nodded silently, pausing for a long draught of beer.

"Events moved swiftly to a climax," he resumed. "Handley was by now showing his contempt for those who were not fellow-believers in the Barber Enigma, even when his attitude was against the commercial interests of his magazines. Authors who had remained on his staff for years took offense at his sweeping policy-directives and began to write for competing mags. RAH had developed a persecution complex; became convinced that the walnut-paneled walls of his office were about to close in on him in retaliation for his blasphemy in printing the secrets of the wood-spirits.

"Ultimately, he refused even to discharge his duties as editor, for his terror extended to the wood-pulp paper on which AS and FA were printed. At that point, one of his assistant editors recovered enough initiative and presence of mind to summon a psychiatrist."

"Hmmm, so the rumor was true after all?" I remarked, remembering how the incident Botts was relating had become legendary in the annals of fandom.

"RAH was dragged from his office, screaming in terror at the sight of a yardstick or pencil. He was hustled away to a small country sanitarium many miles from the metropolis: and only after he had been shown that the entire building was constructed of metal and plastic, and that even the padding on the walls contained no cellulose, would he calm down enough to go to sleep.

"Late that night, he was awakened by an intermittent clicking sound. Curious, he groped his way from his unlocked cell, down the darkened hallway toward the noise, where a bar of light splashed across the corridor floor from a half-shut door.

"RAH opened the door and peered curiously into a cell much like the one he had left. The padding on the walls in this one, oddly enough, was frayed and worn, as if it had taken a great deal of punishment. In one corner a thin, pale young man was pecking away at a battered portable, pausing now and then to count his fingers.

"Handley coughed tentatively. The young man looked up from his typewriter, and a welcoming grin spread across his face.

"'Hello,' he said, 'You must be the new inmate. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm one of the old-timers around here. Perhaps you have heard of me. I've - uh - done a bit in the literary line. Barber is the name. Richard S. Barber.'"

Teleportation, when suitably used,
Will leave all one's friends and one's neighbors confused,
Enabling its adepts to do as they please
And still evade capture by baffled police.

The right to bite women is the right to be flea...

WHAT MARK WOULD YOU GIVE
THIS TERM PAPER?

by Ms. Nancy J. Rapp

Who Understands Who Anyhow? ¹

"There is one phase of life that I have never heard discussed in any seminar, And that is that all women think men are funny and all men think that weminar."

What are the forces causing the irrational prejudices of each sex's role in society and culture? A major influence is religion. Although in ancient history there were some feminine religions (such as the cult of Ishtar in Babylonia) all influential religions surviving today are masculine oriented.

Christianity, Judaism and the Moslems all teach that the female is lesser than the male and in some sects (particularly in the Far East) the female is considered less than the beast.²

For example, in the Old Testament we have the Adam and Eve story wherein Adam gives birth to Eve. Apparently there was only masculine in the beginning: God was a male force which created (i.e., gave birth to) another male (Adam), who in turn gave birth to a female. The female immediately proved her unworthiness by disobedience and caused God's punishment to fall on both Adam and herself. But here the male God showed favoritism by punishing the male less harshly than the female. He took Adam's uterus and vagina out of Adam's rib cage (where apparently, it had been originally; else Adam underwent a terrific labor!) and stuck it on Eve in a less conspicuous area of her anatomy.

These masculine religions thereafter went to great lengths to explain away the mentally unsound concepts of women and birth and menstruation. All these aspects of femininity were apparently abhorred, yet man had to use women to birth his gods. Without the legend of the Immaculate Conception or its equivalent (found in many religions) where sexual reproduction without the usual means of fertilization is utilized, mankind had to have a divine or magical male element essential for the god's conception.

Parthenogenesis -- the asexual reproduction on the part of the female parent of the god -- is greatly valued by all who would attain divinity or become superhuman (for example: saviors, heroes, god-like ancestral figures or magi). Buddha, Plato, Genghis Khan, Jesus, all were said to have been born of virgins. All wanted to be considered solely born of their mothers and disclaimed any bodily fathers. Why? Perhaps because supreme masculine figureheads, in their minds, necessitated originators whose godliness overcame the typically dirty-concept of female mother. Did they claim virgin birth because this lowly creature, woman, was so far above the ordinary female that she wasn't human any longer? They raised the virgin mother above humanity and made her somewhat into a god-figure rather than a mere mortal. Therefore, since she was an idealized but not a real female, she was a fit vessel to birth the male hero, god, or king. Men thus created a new type of being simply by coining a new term for the mothers of their heroes. Since they were the cream of the masculine crop they had to have mothers better than ordinary females.

In some civilizations of the pre-Christian era of the Middle East women were not only free and protected by law, but in the pantheon of

Babylon, one of the most enduring and successful cults of female worship flourished in the form of the great mother goddess, Ishtar. Ishtar was associated with the planet Venus (an idea of how powerful her cult was can be seen in the fact that, fifty centuries later, our great B science fiction movies invariably portray the planet Venus as the abode of a voluptuous Amazonian civilization). She was the daughter of the moon which waxed and waned, perpetually renewing itself. She was the goddess of fertility, physical love, and was also a war goddess. Ishtar was greatly adored and her cult waxed like the moon.

It was to the worship and practice of the Ishtar cult (which was the origin of the later goddesses Astarte of the Phoenicians and Aphrodite of the Greeks) that these civilizations owed their prodigious mental health. Through their belief in a mother goddess, seen as a universal force of nature, they outwitted the Oedipus complex long before Freud stylized it into a mental sickbed for the civilized West.³

People of these highly developed early civilizations cannot be understood in terms of contemporary psychology or morals, because they lived before the concept of guilt as understood by Western civilization was created. Guilt is one of the supreme psychological weapons invented and used by the early Hebrew and Christian religionists. Neither the Babylonians, Egyptians, nor Classical Greeks had any notion of sexual guilt. Their psychological health was considerable, and in comparison with them many people of far later periods were sick creatures, bedeviled by a religion-inspired syndrome for which a Babylonian would have called in a sorcerer or exorcist.

The sex-obsessed denunciations of Babylon by the Old Testament prophets still echo today -- they pass over in comparative silence the fact that Jerusalem at that time was also notorious for the quantity and quality of its prostitutes. That the church's intention was partly political has been lost sight of. Just as the Christian church perverted the legend of Adam and Eve to use it as a warning against the wickedness of sex, so the fall of Babylon has been ascribed by later writers to the appalling wickedness of the Babylonians. And this wickedness centered on the Ishtar cult.⁴

Another force causing prejudices between the sexes is Society itself. Society is defined as a human group distinguished by a common culture. Defining culture as "the way of life of a society," we come to the conclusion that society is largely defined by its laws, and culture is the everyday working of the society, especially in those areas not specifically covered by law.

J. J. Bachofen, who formulated the theory of matriarchal societies, stated his theory of social evolution as "universal promiscuity, developing into a family group organized strictly by the mother and consisting of her children without regard to paternity, graduating into a matriarchally-controlled family with acknowledged fathers, and finally to the patriarchally-controlled families so familiar to Europe."⁵

A matriarchal society is defined as a social organization in which descent is reckoned through the mother; or, sometimes, one in which women exercise the main political power. In contrast, a patriarchal society is a system of government in a family or tribe by which the father is supreme.

Cultural systems of both matriarchal and patriarchal types have endured successfully for long periods in various places. For example, we can take two tribes of American Indians and examine how their matriarchal systems operated. The Zuni Indians seemed to have a typical matriarchal society, for the economic system was strictly under feminine control. The women owned all property: they not only owned the homes and fields but also all that was produced from those fields. Lineage was through the females, and husbands had to live with the wife's family. These men could very easily be divorced by the simple process of the wife's placing his belongings outside the door of the home. The husband felt his real home was the home of his mother and sisters, which caused him to interest himself deeply in their affairs. He was concerned with the rearing of his nephews and nieces and returned to his mother's and sisters' home for all ceremonial occasions. His authority in his wife's home was, especially with regard to rearing his children, dimmed by the fact that his wife's brother had more control over children in the family than he, as father did. The husband was considered the outsider in all situations except in his own ancestral house.

Most of the matriarchal tribes around the world have one thing in common: they practice gardening based on natural rainfall rather than irrigation which would require male labor to build and maintain. As the primary food producers (although the men worked in the gardens also) women tend the gardens, collaborate in processing the food, have common storage places and sometimes even cook together. Irrigation changes the picture because the responsibility for success then depends upon the males who must keep the irrigation channels maintained and the water flowing.

In the Iroquois tribe, although the women didn't actually sit in the seat of Ruler, they had the power to appoint or remove the leaders. They not only owned the land and houses, but also the tools. Peace and order in the longhouses were controlled by the females, and in the political sphere the women appointed the sachems, named their successors when sachems died, and even acted as regent for a sachem too young to rule. For all these reasons the Iroquois are regarded as having come as close to being a matriarchate as any society in the world. By a strange twist of irony, the League of the Iroquois became a model not only for the Marxist theory of society, but (according to some historians) as a model followed by our own Constitution.

A contemporary observation on the relation of matriarchy to economic conditions is offered by Mao Tse-tung, who says:

"As to the authority of the husband, this has always been weaker among the poor peasants because, out of economic necessity, their womenfolk have to do more manual labor than the women of the richer classes and therefore have more say and greater power of decision in family matters."⁶

On the whole, members of either a matriarchal or patriarchal society seemed content to conform to the dictates of whatever system decided their roles. What is wrong with our contemporary society to cause the massive discontent expressed by such phenomena as the adolescent unisex fad and the women's liberation movement? How can any woman see the whole truth within the bounds of her own life? How can she believe that inner voice when it denies the conventional, accepted truths by which she has been living?

The answer is deceptively simple:

We are in reality a matriarchal culture within a patriarchal society.

Charles E. Winick, Professor of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of New York, states that there is a blurring of sexual roles in this country. This blurring into a bland grey or beige nonidentity extends to all facets of our lives, including the architecture of our newer buildings. He calls it a lifelessness because our buildings lack femininity or masculinity. Our architecture lacks gender, as may be realized by comparing modern buildings with the Taj Mahal with its roundness and ultra-femininity, or even the soaring masculinity of the Empire State Building.

The rhythm of a period's style imposes itself on all of its activities. Our outer and inner space has become more homogenized and drabdy-hued. The consequences of living in such an environment include desensitization and flattening of the range of emotion.

Professor Winick also claims Barbie dolls are affecting mothering and wifely instincts of girls, making them unable to relate to either role in later life.

According to him, the ability that dolls once had to help a girl prepare for active nurturing motherhood became obsolete with the popularity of the mannequin dolls. He claims these dolls make the girl less able to achieve the emotional preparation for being a wife and mother than they receive from the former baby dolls. Barbie is a sexy teenager and thus the girl who projects and sees this doll as a mother figure is seeing her mother as a teenager, which is confusing to the child. On the other hand, if the girl identifies herself as the mother than she is taking care of a doll (child) which is already an adolescent.

The role of the new woman in the larger world is suggested in fashion-doll owners' play, which typically involves social activities for the doll and her escort. The girl selects a situation and dresses her doll accordingly. If she owns a male doll, he is also dressed -- just as if she could control the way in which the man in the mating game would dress. She gains experience in mixing with the opposite sex and competing for the male. On the make, in control of the situation, she is preparing herself to be the aggressive, predatory woman. By the time the Barbie doll owner reaches the age at which she can actually participate in dating, she is likely to have a definite idea of just how her escort will play his part. For this mechanical bride, little will be left to chance or to disturbing human impulses.

The young man whom she dates, already two years behind the female in reaching puberty, may be overwhelmed by his date's aggressiveness. For the Barbie-weaned girl, a relationship with the opposite sex may not be marvelous and exciting; it could well be a routinized aspect of our culture's materialistic assembly line, lacking in mystery or momentum because of its predictable outcome. During the latency years the Barbie owner is being introduced to precocious sexuality, voyeurism, fantasies of seduction, and conspicuous consumption (at least in the wardrobe department).

Much time separated the nine-year-old girl with an old-fashioned baby doll from her role as mother; she could enjoy fantasies about motherhood without being concerned with doing something about them. But the distance in years that separates a Barbie fan from a socially active teenager is slight and she can easily translate doll-play fantasies into real social life.

All of this results from a possibly unconscious but very real cultural pressure: "The only passion, only pursuit, only goal permitted a woman is the pursuit of a man."⁸

It is easy to see the concrete details that trap the suburban housewife, the continual demands on her time. But the chains that bind her in her trap are chains in her own mind and spirit. They are chains made up of mistaken ideas and misinterpreted facts, of incomplete truths and unreal choices. They are not easily seen and not easily shaken off.

Men and women ARE different biologically, but whether this difference extends to the psychological realm is debatable. It is obvious that much of the apparent psychological differentiation results from cultural pressures. When a society operates on the assumption that each sex must conform to a set pattern, the appropriate role has to be carefully and continuously taught in each new generation until it is ingrained in the developing child.

This sexual role indoctrination takes many subtle forms: for example, certain colors are regarded as masculine, others as feminine; certain social manners and responses are male and others female; certain thoughts are also divided by sexual boundaries. Playtime for the child is a primary means of reinforcing sexual roles. In our own society these roles are beginning to change, but oddly enough, only for the male children. For example: Dolls. Boys now have "officially sanctioned" dolls with accessories -- but these dolls MUST be sold only in masculine warrior attire or with sports attire and accessories -- but they are dolls nonetheless. Are these not a male equivalent of the Barbie dolls Professor Vinick denounces?

From the feminine side, girls have been allowed to encroach on male styles of clothing (such as jeans and leather jackets) which was a socially acceptable encroachment since it was through the feminine area of clothing; but they have not been allowed to trespass on male prerogatives in the initial conditioning years of development, that is, in the world of playthings. How many toys for girls feature the accepted masculine traits of trucks or guns or "building" sets? None. Barbie is allowed a slight crossing of the line: she can have a toy automobile -- but it is a sporty feminine convertible. Barbie does not have outfits suitable for fantasy roles as heavy machinery operator, corporation executive, doctor, lawyer or explorer. She has no imaginative EXCITING outfits, merely a glossy facade of social activities -- or relaxing with a camping outfit replete with conveniences. And two sleeping bags!

As Ruth Benedict pointed out in Patterns of Culture, any culture is subject to unavoidable change. It seems our present culture is the beginning of one of these changes, as can be seen through the subtle changing of children's toys. Boys are now on the verge of being conditioned to accept and express some of the traits formerly held as strictly feminine. Females, however, are still being conditioned in the same old pattern -- but with more sinister undertones. Males invade

the cultural area formerly held as sacred to the female, yet this molding of the sexes into a healthy (psychologically and emotionally) Being is doomed to failure unless the females, are, at the same time; allowed to develop and explore certain areas formerly held sacred to masculinity. Boys are now being conditioned to express emotions such as weeping for sadness or joy; they are allowed, with social approval, to invade feminine occupations (nurse, airline steward). Mothers, who are the cultural conditioners, eagerly tackle this responsibility. Yet at the same time, are these mothers just as eagerly conditioning their daughters to acquire masculine objectives? Are girls being taught to be aggressive, inquisitive, technically creative, intellectual? I think not.

Women control the home and child-rearing, and thus the cultural conditioning. Therefore women have a direct control over the development of the society. The basic unit of any society is its family units. The majority of these family units are directly controlled by the female; therefore, although our present society may legally and politically be termed a patriarchy, it is under the control of a hidden matriarchal culture. Perhaps some of the present confusion as to sexual roles in our society stems from this fact.

Men know it; women know it. Yet to preserve the status quo of our society we continue to pay lip service to the myth that our society is patriarchal and that all factors affecting it are also patriarchal in essence. So throughout this society, with its hidden matriarchal reins, women are led to believe men are funny, and men think women are funny.

"Well, it so happens that this is a unique fight,
Because both sides are right."

NOTES

1. The title of this paper is also the title of a poem by Ogden Nash. The couplets quoted at the beginning and end of the text are from the title poem.
2. The Arab word for woman, orett, bears a double entendre: shame and nakedness. Woman was always from ancient times thought to be highly impure because of her apparently insatiable capacity for love and her periodic ailments. While the misogynist damned woman as a tool of the devil, there was the romantic who fervidly likened her to beauteous moons and pools and the perfect receptacle for glorious manhood. Of all the Eastern peoples the Hindus display the most tolerant attitude toward their womenfolk. Woman as a passive creature, in the east, was regarded with distaste. She afforded ecstatic pleasure and yet she was unclean and lustful. This incongruity of feeling tormented every ancient civilization from Greece to Palestine. Woman's status was nothing more than that of a drudge who labored for the man and also served him for pleasure and propagation. The Koran and Old Testament clearly state these precepts; and womankind, knowing little else, accepted bondage.
-- The Jewel In The Lotus, Allen Edwardes
3. This idea is contained in James Graham-Murray's A History of Morals, but how he was able to ascertain the state of mental health of ancient Babylonians is not explained.

4. Since my religion is the only true one, if you follow some other religion you are, by definition, wicked.
5. At least, the Europe of his day: 1815-1867.
6. Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung, p.169
7. Not to mention the oft-cited Freudian implications of the Washington Monument, memorial to the Father of Our Country.
8. Betty Frieden, The Feminine Mystique

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE: The foregoing was submitted as Nancy's term paper for Social Science 151, Contemporary Woman.

It got her a grade of A-.

Oh yeah, she made the Dean's List again this semester. I jest don't know what's gettin' into these here wimmenfolk nowadays.

Experience to me has taught
That women dislike being bought.
Well, you don't hear complaints from me
If they insist on being gree!

BOOK REVIEWS.

CYBORG by Martin Caidin (Arbor House; 1972, \$6.95.)

There is no question that Mr. Caidin is looked on by the Air Force Association, NASA, and an assorted mob of mundane reviewers and readers as the writer of fiction connected with the space program and associated projects. Most readers/reviewers of the genus stfanus tend to put Caidin down, probably because he writes outside science fiction's conventional little framework. He also writes on a level that is a little more realistic and mature than most SF fans are accustomed to. There is no question that Caidin has the contacts to make his backgrounds a bit more "authentic" than those of most anybody else who writes space fiction. And you know, of course, that space fiction these days does not necessarily equate with science fiction.

CYBORG is a story of the fusion of man and machine. This is another theme dear to the hearts of stf people. McCaffrey's The Ship That Sang comes to mind as does Kapp's Gottlos among others. Cyborg is, perhaps, a little closer to reality than these two. Perhaps.

LtCol Steve Austin, an astronaut who has walked the moon, has returned to being a test pilot as the Apollo program is phased out. He is "flying" the M3F3, an experimental reentry vehicle which may be used in the Skylab program. The vehicle proves faulty and parts of it and test pilot Austin are spread for miles across the California desert, Austin is alive but mangled: left arm gone, both legs crushed, ribs crushed, heart punctured, liver damaged, one eye gone, and miscellaneous other abrasions, cuts and fractures. He is a mess. The government decides, however, that it has too much money invested in Austin to let him die -- he can still be used -- so he is rebuilt. Caidin provides a rich description of the latest advances in limb and organ repair and replacement, the uses of exotic alloys and plastics to take the place of flesh. Steve Austin emerges from the hospital as a highly probable -- and expensive -- blend of machine and man with limbs powered by electricity generated by the decay of radioisotopes, built in radio antenna and communication devices, and various other improvements. He is superior in many ways to ordinary men but is still a man himself.

To pay for his rebuilding Austin is assigned to "Intelligence" where his new abilities prove to be quite useful and this makes up a large part of the story. That story is interesting, exciting, and highly possible.

Cyborg, like Caidin's other books, provides many interesting and somewhat frightening glimpses into the workings of government. Government medicos, for example, spend millions on esoteric, impersonal research into the human body but view it not as a human body -- it's just another machine. Caidin doesn't exaggerate. Consider the astronauts.

Cyborg is a good story and I recommend it. I also recommend as an antidote that you follow it by re-reading C. L. Moore's No Woman Born.

--REVIEWED BY ROY TICKET

BREAKTHROUGH: An Amazing Experiment in Electronic Communication With the Dead, by Konstantin Raudive Ph.D., translated by Nadia Fowler. Taplinger Publishing Co., New York, 1971 (\$10.00) (Dewey 133.9)

This one had me going for awhile. Dr. Raudive, described as a "scientist, born in Latvia; and a Swedish citizen who lived at the moment in Bad Krozingen near the Swiss border in Southern Germany" (preface, p.xiii) gets messages from the spirit world. How? By playing into a tape recorder a radio tuned to the atmospheric static on frequencies where no station is broadcasting -- or by using, instead of a microphone input to the recorder, a diode connected to nothing.

When the tape is replayed, on it are found spirit voices speaking in a strange, fast rhythm, in disconnected fragments of sentences. In the course of several years, Dr. Raudive has recorded and cataloged some 30,000 of these tapes, containing, among others, the voices of Hitler, Stalin, JFK, Nietzsche, Bismarck, and many other famous dead persons, not to mention innumerable relatives and friends of the various persons participating in the recording sessions.

Sound good? It's all presented with a vast mass of technical detail and translation of the voices from the foreign languages they speak in, etc.

Here's catch number one: The voices speak so fast and in such a strange rhythm that one has to be specially trained to hear them. Dr. Raudive claims that after two or three hours of listening to his tapes, under his guidance, anyone with normal hearing can detect the spirit voices for himself. Detect them, that is, not understand them. It may take as long as six weeks of listening before the student is able to make out any of the words for himself.

Catch #2: regardless of nationality, all the spirit voices communicate in a weird mixture of all major European languages, plus such minor ones as Swedish, Latvian, and the particular dialect of Latvian spoken in the Doctor's native province. And by mixture, I mean that as many as three or four different languages will be used in a half-dozen word sentence.

Catch #3: The content of the messages, as deciphered by Dr. Raudive, is of the same trivial, dimwitted kind that mediums and table-tappers have been giving us for the past century. No matter who conducts the recording, almost invariably they are immediately greeted by their deceased parents or other close relatives. Their messages run along the lines of "We are all happy here; it is indescribable in earthly terms; you must believe in God" and so on.

When the Doctor asks the spirits how to improve his apparatus, he gets vague and not very helpful instructions, despite all the dead electronics experts presumably available (on the other hand, when he asks to speak to some famous person, the requested party shows up almost immediately).

Despite all his vehement protests to the contrary, one is led to the conclusion that most of the spirit messages originate in the subconscious mind of the experimenter. On the other hand, you might read this book, set up the apparatus as described, and try to find some spirits to talk to you. Maybe for you they'll skip the Latvian dialect.

****REVIEWED BY ART RAPP**

LETTERS ?

In spite of everything, the USPOD once in awhile comes thru with some non-junk mail for us. Like...

REDD BOGGS Dear Nancy and Art: Nancy's chatter in Ignatz was generally more enjoyable than the reprints from old sapszines, though some of Nan Gerding's "This Old House" was well done. I didn't remember she was quite this much of a craftsman. The reprint from Outsiders kept me puzzled for awhile whether it was by Ballard or a column by Nancy that appeared in Ballard's fanzine. As for Nancy's chatter, I came in somewhere in the middle so I'm not too sure whether she's attending the University of Maryland (if that's in Baltimore, and I'm not sure it is) or some other college. Sounds interesting, in any case.

As for Spacewarp #100, I had to go and lie down a while after reading in it that you ran it off on the mimeo that I sold you so many years ago. 101 pages on that thing certainly makes me tired just to contemplate! It is gratifying to learn that it is still chugging away. I guess you have gotten \$12 worth of use out of it -- if that's what I sold it for -- and I seriously suggest that the venerable machine be retired to a museum and you buy yourself a more adequate machine, like a Gestetner maybe. Incidentally, while the machine is indeed a Hoyer Lettergraph, I bought it from Montgomery Ward for \$19.75 or thereabouts. Is there not a Ward's label on it somewhere /No. 7 The last Ward catalog I saw, not long ago (less than a year) still sells it, for (as I recall) \$39.95. I'm sure it is the very same machine.

I enjoyed the reprints of the first two Morgan Botts stories, and one other, and I'm pleased that you intend to bring all the others back into print. However, I'm not sure that you're right that this is the first printing since the original appearance for these stories. At one time I intended to bring out The Botts Reader, and I remember having these first two Botts stories, and maybe four or five others, in dummy form among my fan stuff for some years. Then somebody, I don't remember who, got the idea for a Botts collection, and I not only turned the idea over to him but (as I recall) even turned the dummy over to him. Whoever-it-was brought out such a collection, I believe, though I could be wrong.

BOY TACKETT Well, you sneaky old artrap, you--- I wasn't aware that you were still in SPS and still publishing SPACEWARP.

87107
915 Green Valley Rd NW
Albuquerque, NM
I had gotten was that you were completely gaffiated from all things fan-ish. And here you come up with a 100 page SWARP. You start publishing 100 page fmz and the next thing you know you'll be branching out into general fandom again and joining the NFFF and all sorts of crazy things.

Anyway, thanx for sending me a copy of the 25th annish. Lots of things therein that I hadn't seen before. SPS, about which I know nothing, seems a somewhat strange organization. More close-knit than FAPA certainly. What are the requirements and all that?

I guess all public libraries are having their financial problems. I must say, though, that the Albuquerque Public Library's solution seems a bit, well, unusual. They eliminated the purchasing of new books from the budget.

All sociology prois seem to be queer ducks. The head of the Soc Dept at UNM got into a big hassel with some of the TA's for giving "A" to freshmen. No freshman, says the Prof, rates an A. Weird.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
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21740

Dear Art: My thanks--the very highest quality, carefully hand-picked, grade A thanks, unadulterated by any thoughts of conventional etiquette or conditioned reflexes--for the batch of SAPS publications. Even if you didn't send them for that purpose, you've done immeasurable good for the next volume of my fan history, if I ever get it written, in addition to providing me with a lot of good reading. I have only the most scattered sort of SAPS files, a few complete mailings, a few incomplete mailings, and some isolated SAPS publications, out of a quarter-century of SAPS' existence. I'm not Weinbaum's Oscar and can't deduce the entire SAPS universe from one small morsel of a SAPSzine. So you've provided all sorts of previously unknown data, like the mailing page counts down through the ages, your own phenomenal publishing achievements in SAPS, some of the more detailed historical information reprinted in your 25th anniversary issue, more about the legendary aspects of SAPS, and as all the ads seem to say nowadays, Much More.

You managed through these fanzines to waken in me nostalgia for a fandom past that I didn't really participate in to the fullest. After all, I was fading from activity just about the time you got started, and didn't resume all-out fanac until the very years when you interrupted publication, and I never was a member of SAPS or had correspondence with some of the leading legend-makers in SAPS. But I got some peripheral whiffs of this segment of fandom in various ways--a long tape correspondence with Wrai Ballard, the years when certain prominent SAPS members were also in FAPA, the fanzines Nancy and I exchanged, and so on--and all this nostalgic material leaves me in much the same mood of Was I Really There? that I can get from reading Tom Sawyer or The Mill on the Floss because those environments seem so real and they're somehow tied in with my own past. Mercy, I could have done a much better job on that article for IS if I'd been able to see your own project via time machine.

There's no doubt about Joe Kennedy and the poet with different initials being one and the same. A fan here and there has contacted Kennedy after lectures on the college circuit or in connection with the ghost of fandom past. He freely admits his association with fandom, seems to have no interest in it any more, and I believe someone surprised him tremendously with the news that SAPS still lives. I recall vaguely that someone had found some fannish influences on one or two of his poems, but details escape me.

WAHF: NAN GERLING
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Roseville, IL
61473

THE GRIPEES OF RAPP

- Thru Darkest Mailing 101 With Acid Gibe and Loathsome Pun

SPECTATOR 101: Aw pdease, Doreen and all future OE's, don't ever make bundle totals come out to a fractional pagecount. It complicates the statistics-keeping something fearful. # Having a normally SAE-type suspicious nature, I'd advise you to apply hoax-detection methods to #14 on the WL. "RAVANOUS" might just be hungry to get into SAPS.

BLACK BIKE 7 (Edmonds): I read a few days ago that a survey of attitudes toward pollution and recycling of rubbish disclosed that concern with the problem and willingness to go to a bit of trouble to help solve it is almost exclusively confined to above-average intelligence, college-educated people. As usual, the ignorant slobs of the world couldn't care less. This holiday season residents of Baltimore were offered a chance to recycle their used Christmas trees. All you had to do was haul it 15 miles outside of town to a state forestry establishment, where they would accept it and chop it up into mulch. I wonder how many Baltimoreans bothered? As for our surplus trees, they get chopped to bits right here at home and dug into the ground. Since our garden started as almost pure clay, it can use a good deal of even such coarse organic material as wood chips.

INVILIOUS 1 (Lillian): I was doing fine reading this until you hsp-pened to mention looking at the 1972 calendar and figuring that since it was just the last week in January you had time to get it into the mailings. Since THIS is January 1973 I went round and round trying to decide if you were confused or if this had been written sometime back (which turns out to be the case).

INVILIOUS 2 (Lillian): Ah, now we're correctly time-oriented. Speaking of time, I must call you on your unjustified assertion that hecto "fades and smudges with time." The only fatal enemy of hecto is water, as I learned, sorrowfully, when the garage roof sprang a leak during last summer's rainy season, smack over my fanzine files. The 25-year-old hecto'd fanzines that didn't get wet are still as colorful and sharp as the day they were run. Mimeo, of course, does not fade with time -- but mimeo paper tends to get brittle and crumbly, not to mention brownish. The most obvious sign of age in a fanzine, tho, is rust marks around the staples.

INTO THE LIGHT OF THE DARK BLACK NIGHT (Lillian): Interesting.

IGNATZ (N.Rapp): Lead editorial in the DUNDALK TIMES, 4 Jan 73:

FORT HOLABIRD USE: The Fort Holabird Commission selected by two U.S. legislators to study the future use of the fort when the Army Intelligence School and Command moves in July announced the other week that its membership, which includes a number of Dundalk residents and politicians, has decided that the best use of the fort's grounds was as an industrial park.

The TIMES feels that to use all the land at Fort Holabird would be a disaster to Dundalk residents even though we understand that Baltimore City will have its tax base strengthened with more industry within its boundaries, which is sorely needed for its annual operation.

But, the other suggestion for the use of the fort which is favored by many local residents is for a complete care center for the aged.

It is ridiculous and wasteful to raze all the existing buildings already at the fort just to build a tax base for Baltimore City.

We can sympathize with the City over its financial woes, but to abut this residential community next to an industrial park -- no matter how beautiful it is constructed -- is out of the question. No community wants to be totally surrounded by industry.

A more practical solution would be to establish the aged care center in the already existing buildings and use the back portion of the fort's grounds near already existing industry for the industrial park concept. The care center would also act as a buffer for the residents of this community.

--That's at least a bit of encouragement to Nancy's project. Incidentally, she has now incorporated her Support Our Seniors organization (with \$29 of my money!) and is applying for a federal research grant to study the public health situation in this area. When not being Chairman of SOS, Inc., she's busily feuding with the college over their insistence that 2 credits in Phys Ed are mandatory for graduation. I tell you true, things were simpler in the old days when I kept her barefoot and pregnant. Now she even goes around marking up my books with marginal notes. Resigning myself to the inevitable, I even bought her a highlighter, but she prefers a messy black pencil.

That's why she doesn't have time to do IGNATZ for SOPS. (Would you believe she managed to palm off on her long-suffering biology instructor a term paper dealing with the role of yeast in the fermentation of home brew?)

LOCENTURION (Lillian): Heh, as a prominent comics fan, perhaps you can give me some vital information. I have a rare old volume (1942) titled NINA AND SKEEZIX (of "GASOLINE LLEY") in THE PROBLEM OF THE LOST RING. It's a novel illustrated about every 10th page with a Frank King drawing. Is this something those crazy comix fen would go for? If so, pass the word around that I'm open for offers.

LIBEL (S. McEvoy): There's a substance sold in auto-accessories shops called Dripless Oil. I think the theory is that it's a suspension of silicone in solvent, and the solvent evaporates leaving a lubricating film on the parts. Maybe that's what your Japanese movie projectors need. # I still treasure the memory of Sarge Saturn's first review of SPACEWARP in TWS: "This one has nowhere to go but up."

DOWN THE XYLEM 5 (Labowitz): George Wetzel got tossed out of FAP, (or maybe denied admission to it) for some heinous crime which I disremember. I believe Paul Rehorst was the one who wrote the ultra-intellectual articles. # The cover on SW 98 (I had to go look in the files to refresh my memory of what it looked like) is based on an Etruscan tomb fresco. Offhand I would say it represents a procession of mourners (despite the somewhat cheerful expressions on their faces). The bottles they are holding are probably to collect tears of mourning to be placed in the tomb. The trouble with Etruscan history is that it is derived almost entirely from tombs, which sort of distorts the picture. (M.I. Finley, in ASPECTS OF ANTIQUITY, points

out the unfairness of one antiquarian's theory that the Etruscans were a prudish civilization since almost no indecent artifacts exist (in contrast to most other civilizations). If present Western civilization were to be evaluated on the basis of its cemetery monuments, the same judgement would be made, he points out. (What does help with the Etruscans is that, in the Egyptian tradition, their tombs were regarded as sort of dwelling-places for the dead, and were furnished with all sorts of household artifacts, or at least paintings of them.) This 6th Century B.C. Etruscan art is crude by later standards, when imported Greek artists profoundly influenced Etruscan painting.

Which is probably more than you wanted to know about the Etruscans.

INSTEAD OF...IS (Collins): After that magnificent IS in SAPS 100, you are entitled to take it easy for awhile.

STUMPING 39 (J.Webbert): One of my standard cures for insomnia is trying to work out the Centigrade equivalent for some Fahrenheit temperature (mentally). I can never remember the formula, so I have to start out by deriving it from the known facts about the freezing and boiling points on the two scales. By the time I've gone thru all that and then applied the formula to whatever temperature I have in mind, I'm usually near enough asleep so I don't even check to see if the answer sounds reasonable or not. (A wise precaution with any practical problem in mathematics). Another good sleep-inducer is to try to find, mentally, the square or square root of the current year.

PEDDYBEAR'S SAPS ZINE V2#2 (Sims): Hey, I think I owe you an apology; last time I said "why don't you print your own stuff?" when what I meant was Why don't you write some more new stuff instead of reprinting your old stuff?. (And who am I to ask a question like that, I ask you?) One of the sad disadvantages of being the patriarch of S'PS is that when someone reprints something, I've always seen it before. No other S'P can make that statement.

DAWN 1 (Erlenwein): Read a fascinating book on microscoppy the other day. Said the best thing to do with a frog is grasp it firmly by the hind legs and bash its head against the edge of the lab table. After that you either cut off its head with a scalpel or pin it down and start skinning it. (SO TELL YOUR SISTER TO WATCH IT WITH HER HEXES IN THIS DIRECTION, HUH?) # Too bad FTLaney isn't still around to review this zine, is all I can say. Are you by any chance a hoax?

MEDITATIONS 1 (L.Lewis): As an old experienced ocean traveler, Nancy could have advised you that one of the essentials to crossing the Atlantic with a baby is a huge supply of disposable diapers. # Transplanting customs: Tsk, we set out luminarias on our Vicenza, Italy, apartment balcony one Christmas. The Italians loved it. (We tried it at Nancy's folks' house one Christmas, too, in Pennsylvania, and everyone there thought we were nuts.) Easter eggs can be dyed beautiful shades of yellow-to-brown with a tealike brew of onion skins. Also painted with magic markers, if you like them fancy. # Of course, bowing to popular demand, our years overseas with the Army were not nearly as foreign as yours. The Army tries to transplant a bit of America to every overseas post, then wonders why the GI's and the natives don't get along very well. # This was a fascinating account, Linda. By all means give us more in future mailings.

EL BANDITO 1 (A.Lewis): If you ever have a plugged-up drain and have to get a plumber to unstop it after all home remedies have failed, you'll appreciate the advantages of the British system, Al. # In Italy the houses had two electric circuits: 220 volt for appliances, and 110V for illumination only. It was against the law to use the 110V circuit for anything else. Do you think that stopped us from plugging in our 110V American appliances? (And Nancy flatly refused to pay the Italian tax on our radio. I bet we're still listed on the tax-evader rolls in their archives). # Row-houses with each unit separately owned are quite common in this area. As also are houses whose owner only rents the ground they stand on. I'd never heard of "ground rent" until we moved to Baltimore; apparently it is a Maryland legal peculiarity that amuses hell out of lawyers.

WXXX/XX/XXXXXX (G.Steele): I've remarked before on people who don't put their zine's title on the cover. May Oscar gnaw your Analog files! # What are you majoring in at college? I mean, you must be taking some other course than Golf...

DEEDS IN DEFIAL '72 (Steele): This sounds like you had a lot of fun; if I knew or had ever heard of more than one or two of the people you mention (proxx excepted) I'd probably be more enthusiastic about it.

SMILES & GRINS 5 (Budka): Peter Brown's poetry hardly lives up to the high standards of S&PS verse, now does it? # I've been experimenting to try for better reproduction, too. The Tackett book review and the 1st page of the lettercolumn, for example, were typed with an acetate sheet under the stencil. The rest of this stuff is just with the stencil (no cushion sheet). Trouble is, back in the Bottstory section, that it was a pack of dried-out stencils. These seem better, but then, too, the typer is getting old. If you look in SW 100, the Bottstories there, you'll see how it cut a sharp stencil 10 years ago, which was when I stencilled those (That's why #9 followed the first two -- at Forrt Bliss, back in 1960, #9 was the next in the series that I happened to have available at the time). # This isn't much more the South than your location, Ken, but on New Year's Day I went out in the garden and cut some Swiss Chard for supper. (Since then we've gotten a good frost which demolished the remaining crisp leaves). I think it's the proximity of the Great Lakes which has such a dastardly influence on your climate. (One of the main reasons why I've never felt impelled to move back to Michigan). # I was a kid before clock radios, but my Dad used to turn on the radio when he got up at 5:00 a.m. to start the coal fire in the living room stove. Station WJR in Detroit used to broadcast a program of tango music at 5:00 a.m. 30-odd years later, I still can't stand to hear Tango music. # Since IQ consists of mental age divided by chronological age, it is upsetting to realize that every time one has a birthday one's IQ drops abruptly. I guess the only cure is to sit up late the night before your birthday, studying like hell to bring up your mental age. # I stapled SW #100 with an Arrow tacker-stapler, placing the zines on a piece of plywood with a notch in the edge to allow the staple to penetrate the paper without nailing it to the board. And then flipping it over and batting down the prongs with a hammer. After all, for a 25th Anniversary Issue One Must Soffur... (It took me a month of anxious cogitation and experiment to devise this method, tho; for awhile I thot I might have to issue the 101 pages in about 3 segments, to suit the capacity of my trusty Bostitch.) # Found a partial solution to the electrical outlet problem when I shopped for parts to replace a broken

wall outlet in the kids' room recently (Since Steve has taken to raising tropical fish, his electrical consumption problems have become acute). Anyhow, they now sell a three-outlet wall socket that with a few twists of the screwdriver replaces the old fashioned two-outlet wall sockets. At least, if the old screws aren't clogged with innumerable coats of paint, and/or corroded in their sockets, which makes a more complicated operation out of the whole thing. Not to mention the necessity of obviously using the circuit tester to check, recheck, and check again that there is no current in the line, for the benefit of eagerly watching offspring who will no doubt try their own hand at repairing the next outlet that goes bad. # Did any of you people ever hear of a Harleyburger? It's a local (I think) chain of drive-ins, and their hamburger is served on a sort of hoagie bun with a kind of spiced sauerkraut over it. If this is an impressive description, it is because Harleyburgers are indescribable. But good.

PAPAYA 6 (Cornell): Many many thanx for your bookend-from-coathanger idea. It should stop some of the cascades of books off the ends of the shelves around here. Now all I need is some MORE bookshelves... Over the past year or so I've completed cataloging (according to the Dewey system) all our nonfiction, which now takes up all available shelf space (the fiction is mostly in back of the outer row on the shelves, tho a couple cartons of it is out in the garage). Of course, along with cataloging the books I compiled an index by title author and subject (combined in one looseleaf alphabetical listing), which has proved invaluable in researching Nancy's term papers and like that. (I think, of the bibliography in her article this issue, only one of the books came from the public library rather than our own collection). # Ahem...I wrote "Spicy STF Stuff". Ralph Fluette, a long-gone Saginaw fan, did the illios ("He traces them from Planet Comics" as the ancient but no doubt true allegation went). It was the product of a drunken oneshot session in Saginaw during our great feud with the DSFL.

OUTSIDERS 89 (W. Ballard): What happened to YOUR faanish enthusiasm? Never thought I'd see ~~the day~~ a 1-p OUT.

BASINGSTONE 26 (C. Ballard): Sounds like a fun summer.

THE SAPPY HAP (Svoboda): See, those lackadaisical elderfen are having a bad influence on you!

OWL 7 (A. Cox): Doesn't apartment living give you a renewed appreciation of individual houses? One of the bleakest prospects of the world of the future is that it'll probably be so overpopulated everyone will have to live in apartments.

MC'S ON SAPS 100 (Carlberg): According to Webster's Dictionary, unco is a Scottish dialect abbreviation of uncouth with the meaning "remarkable" or "strange". Until I looked it up just now, I'd always thought it was derived from "uncommon" which turns out to be a fairly accurate bit of folk etymology at that.

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH (Harris): Looking forward to your longer zines.

PAPAYA 7 (Cornell): A pure reincarnation of Norman Wansborough, if one judges by this publication.

MAINE-IAC 47 (E. Cox): Hey, take some vitamin pills, Ed. You're starting to sound like an Old Fan and Tired.

POR QUE? 56 (D.Webbert): I'm glad you characterized SW as "Gripping" rather than "Griping" # Whatever you decide to plant in the way of ground cover for your rock garden, DON'T plant Gill-Over-The-Ground! One of our neighbors did that about ten years ago, and though his rock garden has long since been eliminated, the whole block is infested with Gill-Over-The-Ground (which we named "Creeping Menace" during our initial encounters with it, and still prefer to the official name.) Every year we fight a continuous Day-Of-The-Triffids type battle to uproot the stuff before the tendrils creeping thru the fence can take root in our lawn. (The main objection to it is that it has a musty, unpleasant odor when crushed, which takes all the joy out of lawnmowing if your grass is full of it). Why don't you use strawberry plants as ground cover and have a rock garden that is useful as well as ornamental? # Sorry, the encyclopedia at hand doesn't say what day of the year Leonardo daVinci was born. Besides, going back that far you astrologers always have to allow for the fact that the calendar was reformed in the 18th Century, and you're never sure whether the birth date cited has been converted to the current system or not. Bah, humbug. Much better to tell fortunes by inspecting frog livers. # Which mailings do you need the 00's of to complete your collection? I don't have (or rather, wouldn't be able to locate) many extra ones, but since the earlier ones were sometimes only two-page things, it might be possible to make copies for you (if the library ever gets its copying machine repaired, that is). # The only one of Nancy's cookbooks that has completely disintegrated from use is one called The Pennsylvania Dutch Cookbook. Of course, it was only a pb to begin with, and, alas, apparently out-of-print now. # We built Mike a dollhouse for Christmas this year (Nancy has this long-repressed urge to furnish a doll house, and no daughter to wreak it on -- so we made Mike a G.I. Joe Headquarters and Barracks). Complete with furniture, linoleum (Contact, that is), curtains, painted wallpaper, etc. He plays with that more than with the expensive readymade toys he got.

THE DOM 1 (Toskey): The reason the inside of a glass container (car, greenhouse, etc.) heats up (it's known as the "greenhouse effect" incidentally) is that radiant energy striking an opaque surface is converted to heat. Glass lets the visible light in, and it converts to heat (infra-red) upon striking the non-transparent floor or whatever. But glass is opaque to infra-red, so the heat energy can't dissipate as it does in the open air. Consequently the temperature inside the greenhouse goes up. (Probably a very incoherent explanation; I learned stuff like this 25 years ago and haven't had to verbalize the knowledge since). # Mockingbirds can bully starlings because starlings are nervous-type birds and a mockingbird is full of self-confidence that he can outfight anything on earth. At least, that is the impression their respective actions give.

GRYFFYN 2 (Denton): Maryland pulled a nice little trick on homeowners this year. With great hoopla they kept the property tax from rising, then went out and reassessed all the individual-owned residential property, in some cases raising the assessed value 100%. Along with many others we've filed a protest against the increase in our assessment; in a year or so we'll see how it all turns out.

ROGER'S REVENGE 3 (Bryant): How I MC is: Nancy reads the bundle, after which it is thoroughly shuffled (After I read the bundle, if I get it first, the zines are still in neat and perfect order. Gah, wimmen!) and rather than waste time, I just write mc's in the order the zines are stacked. So if yours is not commented on, blame Nancy. I just ran out of space.