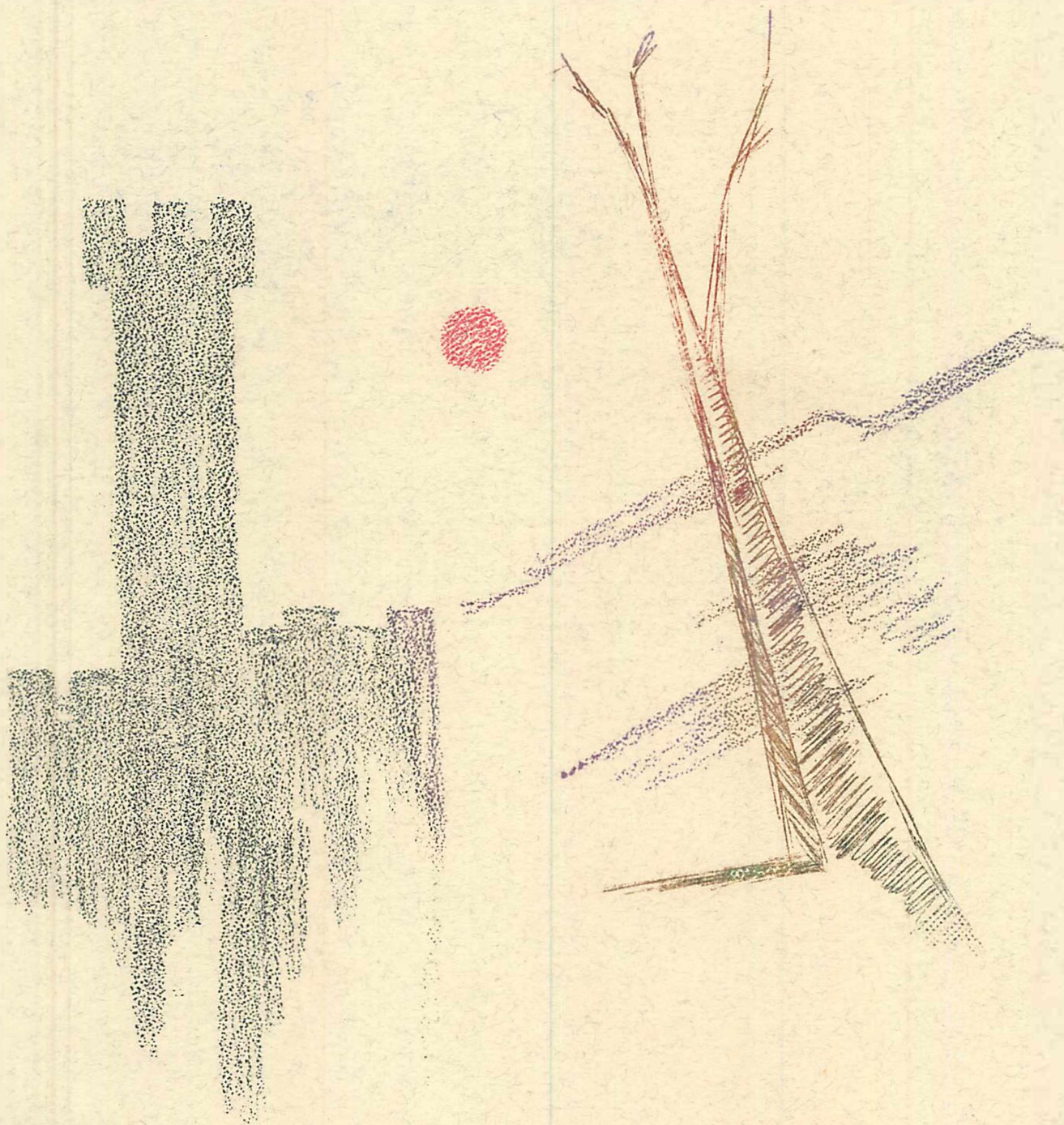


Sundance



number four

This is SUNDANCE # 4 put out from time to infrequent time by one Jean Young, now at 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass.

It has been, as they say (surely they say?), A While. I hope the next while won't be as long. I make no promises. This was started last April; I did four stencils (pp. 2,3,4,5). Then...GAFIA STRUCK! I suspect that it is pretty noticeable where I took up again. This probably doesn't sound like the old SD's. It doesn't to me.

And after all that wait, I've done all the rest of the stenciling in one week. Wuntcha know. The cover is as yet uncut -- undrawn, for that matter. Oh, and I should do a back cover, too. Well, I shall get to it.

You will notice, I suppose, that there is practically no outside material this time -- one poem and a batch of drawings only. If it suits you, it suits me; I'd like to see some poetry from other people, though, as well as art work (or, if you prefer, "drawings"...)

The poem "The Falls" on page 13 is by Larry Stark.

The Rotsler men and fat worms and spaceships are by Rotsler. Captions & "cornery pieces" (ay) around them are by me

Drawing on this page, and non-Rotsler critter on p. 21 are by Rosin Diamond (Sandy Rosin). The one on this page was called "Untitled" and the other, "Widget with Young".

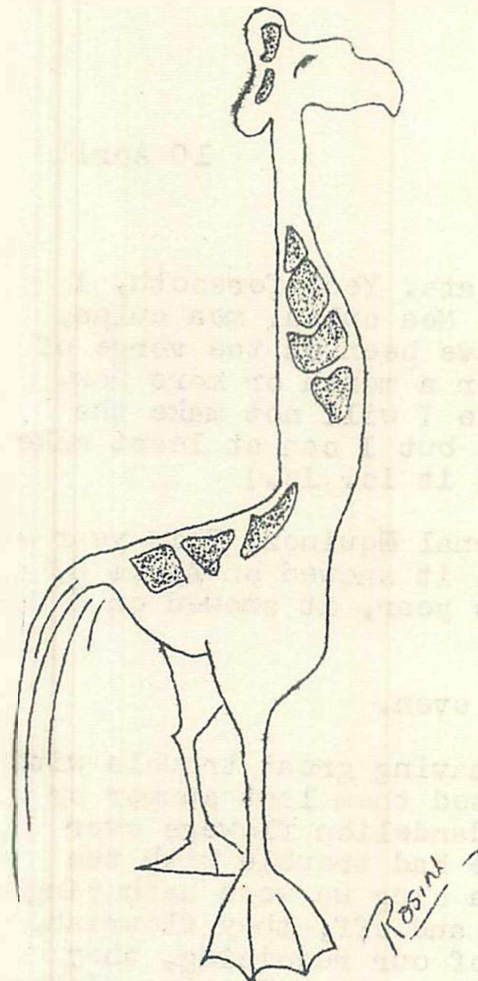
Ever'thing else by == me == .

Mimeoing will, I trust, be by the entire Buena Vista Mob, perhaps excluding the tadfry.

Paper doubtless by ABDick.

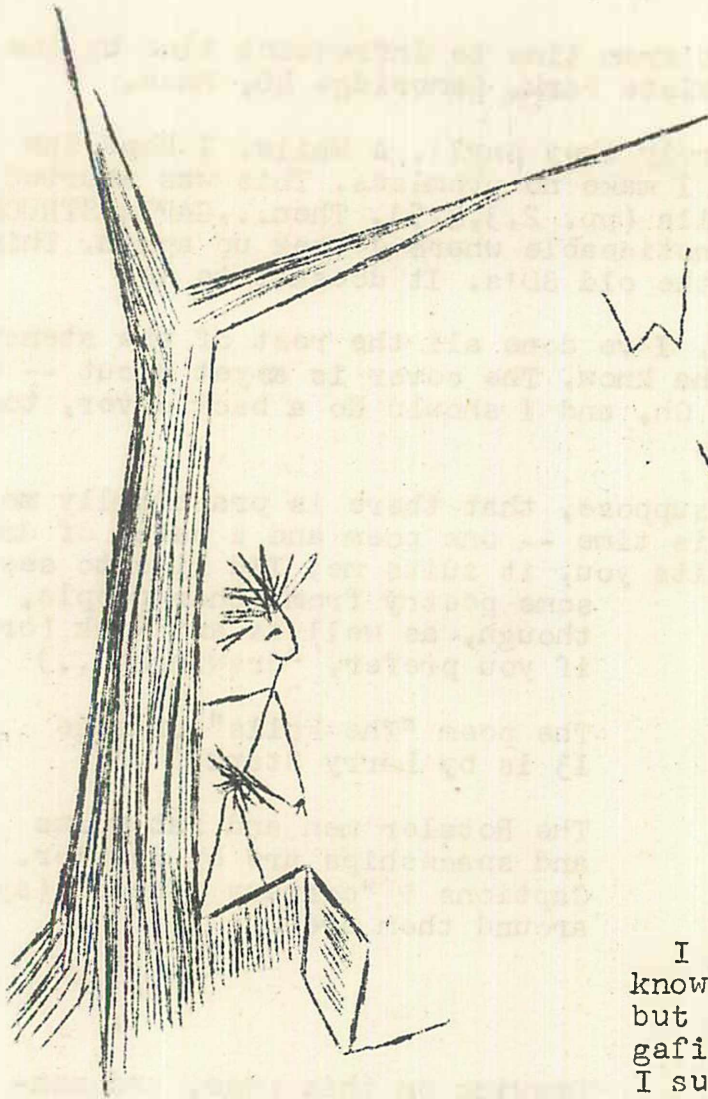
Dirty old brittle grey staples by Tatum's cheap side.

For the November 1957 FAPA mailing and various etc.'s.



"je m'en fiche"

A Velleitous Enterprise



WANDERING WITLESS

10 April

I am late. Yea, forsooth, I know it. Mea culpa, mea culpa, but I have been on the verge of gafia for a month or more now. I suppose I will not make the mailing, but I can at least make a gallant effort. (It is too gallant, it is it is. Is.)

Y'know, last year it snowed on the Vernal Equinox. This year -- it snowed on the Vernal Equinox. Last year, it snowed on April 8, when I was in the hospital with Susan. This year, it snowed on 8 April (though I wasn't in the hospital.)

Unimaginative, isn't it? Repetitious, even.

It is, of course, Spring now. We are having great trouble with the dandelions in our tulip pot. Andy planted them last summer or fall, and we have been trying to get some dandelion flowers ever since. We're lucky to have leaves. First we had trouble with the tender li'l green shoots being munched by a slug we were harboring unawares; then it was lack of sunlight. On and off, they flourish, and we think, Hoo-hah. Then, in the midst of our rejoicing, they begin to wilt. The tulips in the tulip pot aren't so hearty, either.

I wonder if it would be better to have TWO pots?

At this rate, the dandelions outdoors will bloom before ours; what's the use, eh?

THE WIND FROM THE OTHER WAY

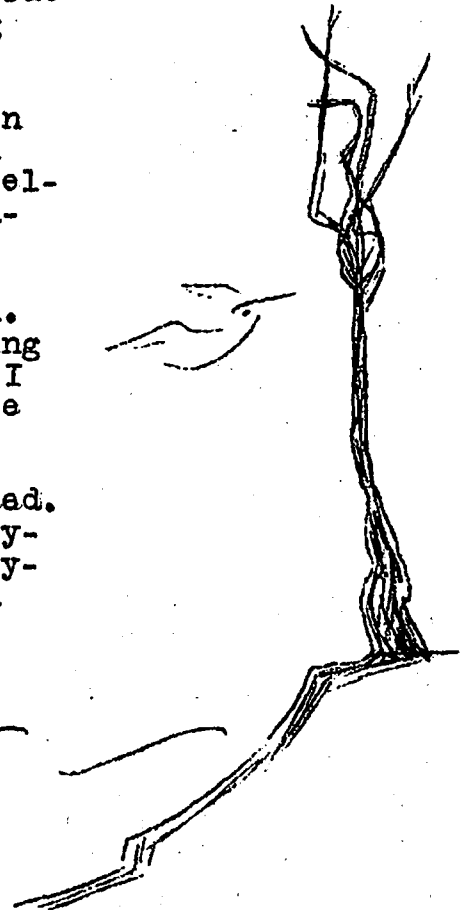
We went out to Revere Beach again on Easter day. The temperature, they said at the weather bureau, was 86°; I called to find out because I had taken the Susan up on the porch to see what kind of day it was, and it was hot; but Andy wouldn't believe me, so I called up for proof.

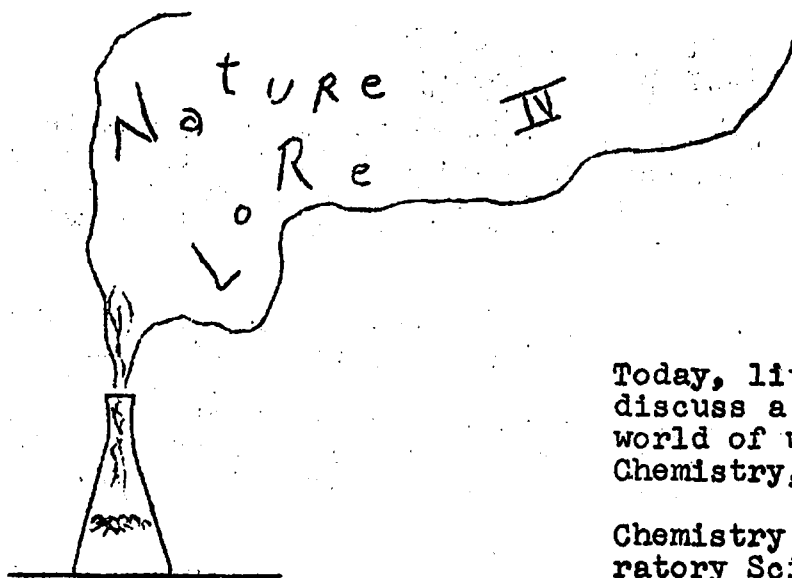
There were mobs, of course -- mobs everywhere, for it was Easter, and beautiful...mobs on the subway, so we could hardly breathe. The Susan itched and fussed, and crowds of kids yelled back and forth and knocked us over every time the train started or stopped. I was holding the Sue, and she grabbed for my glasses and pulled out the little pin that holds the earpieces to the frames, temporarily blinding me...

The mobs all went to Wonderland, the end of the line, as did we; but they all headed for the amusements -- the ferris wheel and the roller coaster. We watched the roller coaster for a while, too, as we went past -- little cars on a track, right out of a physics text, and the structure itself a three-dimensional graph...my glasses were repaired with a piece of string, and the world came back into focus...

The beach was hardly crowded at all -- just a few people here and there, most of them with kids. Susan sat down among the pebbles and started eating them; Andy was pawing through the pebbles for good skipping stones, to perform some experiments with (he wanted to check up on Scientific American). I took my shoes and socks off, and ran around in the sand, feeling it warm and lovely on my feet. The water was another matter, though...

Andy decided that the article in S.A. wasn't entirely correct, and was collecting Interesting Pebbles Found on the Beach...I waded out into the Great Atlantic a little way, nearly paralyzing my ankles, when I saw an odd sort of Thing floating in the shallows; it didn't quite look like seaweed. In fact, it looked more like a large jellyfish. I called Andy...it WAS a large jellyfish. I pulled it in a little ways with a stick, and we looked at it... Afterwards, we all went and got some food to recover our strength.





Today, little friends, we will discuss a little of that great world of wealth and fortune, Chemistry, or Dupontism.

Chemistry is Essentially a Laboratory Science, so we shall commence by considering some of the Laboratory Equipment such as is used by Chemists in Attacking

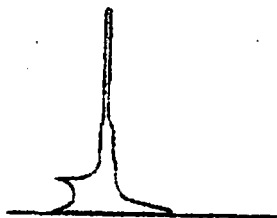
the Frontiers of the Unknown, to provide us All with Better Things.

To the right, we have a beaker. A Beaker is a sort of glass pot to put things in. Various things can be put in a Beaker -- Water, Acetone, Alcohol, Copper Sulfate Solution, Bromoform or Jack Daniels if you are hard pressed.



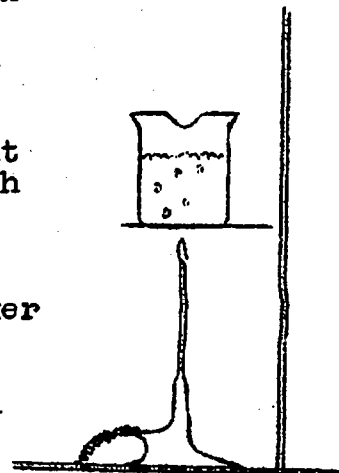
Beakers come in various sizes. I regret that it is not known what size this Beaker is. Let us say that it might be 450 ml. or 500 ml. or Pyrex or something of the sort.

To the Left we see a Bunsen Burner. It is for heating things with, not for raying Martians down with. Primarily, anyway. Things can be burned in a Bunsen Burner if you are not careful, though.

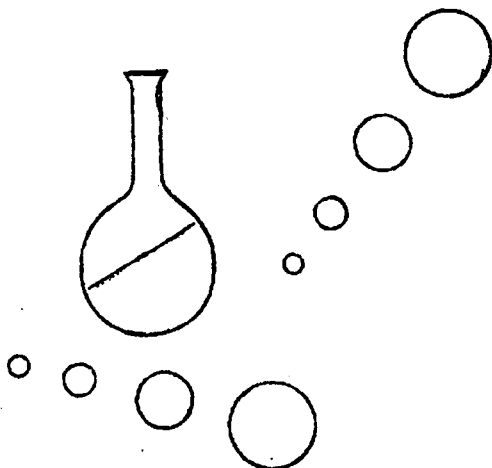


Among the things one should be careful about with Bunsen Burners is lighting them. Sometimes people turn on the Burner and then find a match and strike it and light the Burner and it goes VOOM and their hands get burnt, which is what probably happened to the man who invented it which is why he called it a Bunsen Burner.

To the Right again we have a Combination of Bunsen Burner and a Beaker. This is called a Beaker Burner. Sometimes it is used for making Onion Soup. When making Onion Soup in this fashion, it is advisable to wash out the Beaker you have been dissolving arsenic in before adding the Soup.

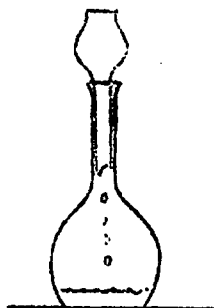
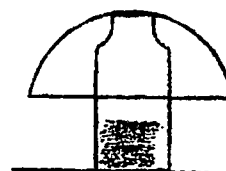


There are also various sorts of flasks which are used in the Laboratory.



To the Left we have a Round Bottom Flask, so-called for obvious reasons. It is generally considered a rather attractive vessel for certain purposes. Due to its shape, it is unable to sit on a flat surface without support, and frequently is found floating on a Cloud of bubbles, or perhaps surrounded by a pink haze.

Below, Right, we have a Wide Mouth or Reagent jar, such as are frequently found on stock shelves in the Laboratory. In this drawing we find that the Reagent Jar is covered with an Evaporating Dish. This dish has evaporated so far that it is semi-transparent. It is thought that such an arrangement of Jar and Dish might make a good design for a Modern Lamp.



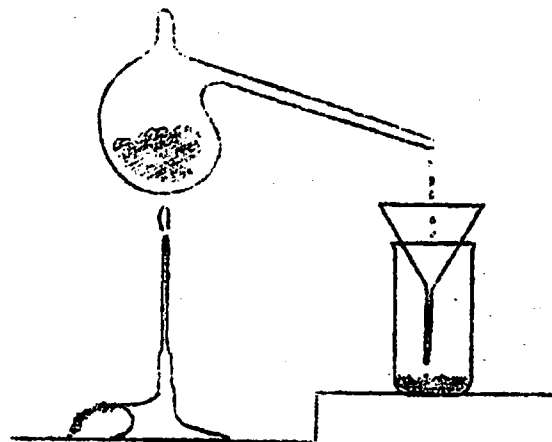
Again to the Left we have a Florence Flask, so named after the Lady of the same shape, many centuries ago (for Chemistry is a Science with a long and distinguished tradition). This Flask is seen to contain a Thistle Tube on top; the Lady in question must have been of Noble Birth.

There are, of course, many other kinds of Flasks -- for instance, the Erlenmeyer Flask, seen on the top of the preceding page (Left). There is also the Hip Flask (not pictured.)

Below to the Right we have a complicated apparatus such as might be used for Distilling. (Hip Flask still not shown.) It involves a device known as an Alchemist's Retort, so called because All Chemists were inclined to make sharp remarks when questioned about the Purpose of this apparatus.

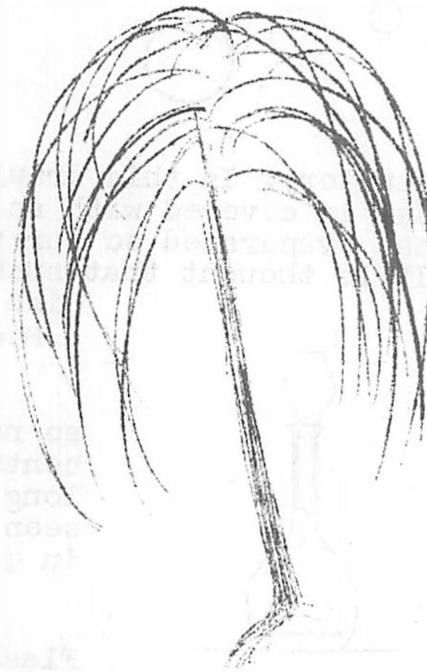
Also to be found in this Laboratory Setup are a Lipless Beaker (discharged from a band when it lost its lip during a Crucial Moment) and a Funnel (short for Funny Tunnel, from its shape), as well as our old Friend the Bunsen Burner.

I hope you have enjoyed your little tour of the Laboratory and the World of Better Living today. Nylon Forever!



...and like that

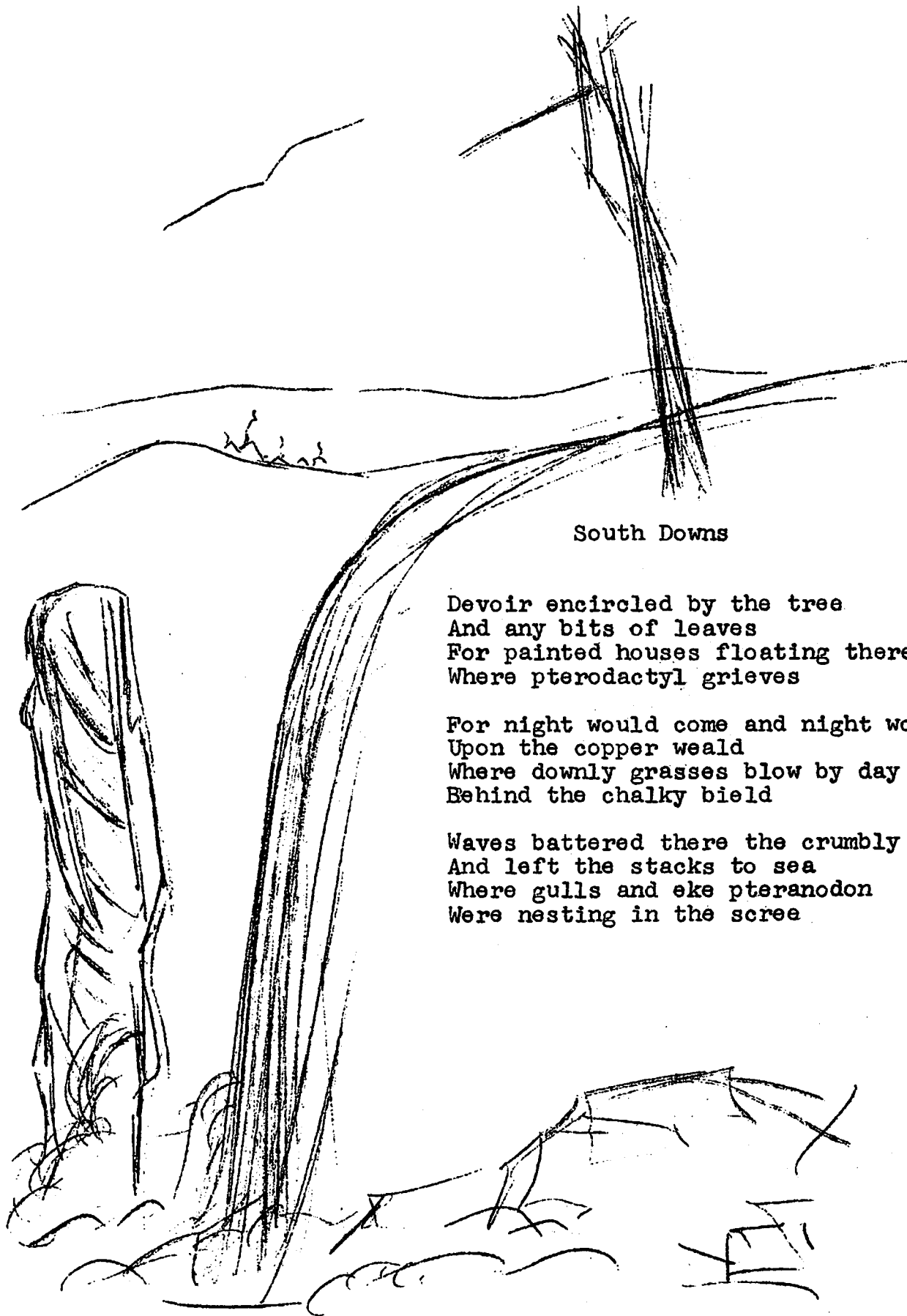
The WILLOW weep along the Stream
the Clouds is SCUdding by
CHilder AWAKE from yon sWEet Dream
Your D U T Y do, and cry.



Johnny sit upon a hill
Look there far below
See the little people, boy
See them Come and Goe



Tell them they are Wrong, my boy
But don't say what to do
Tell them they are less than dirt
Else they might tell You.

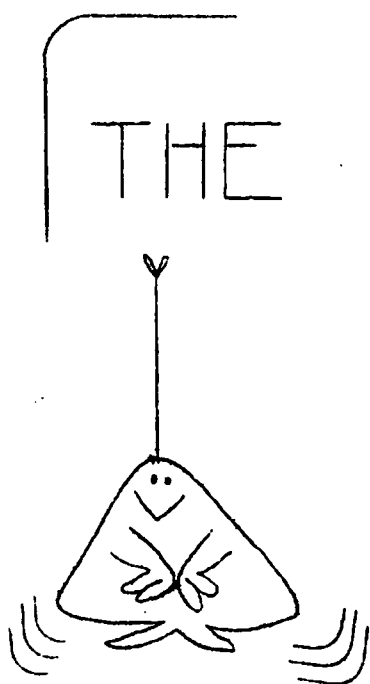


South Downs

Devoir encircled by the tree
And any bits of leaves
For painted houses floating there
Where pterodactyl grieves

For night would come and night would go
Upon the copper weald
Where downly grasses blow by day
Behind the chalky bield

Waves battered there the crumbly cliff
And left the stacks to sea
Where gulls and eke pteranodon
Were nesting in the scree



LEAF

SQUARE

18 October 1957

It seems too trite almost to comment on the passage of time; however, the sheer quantity of it is depressive. You figure: February to November-- that's a long time. Of course, I haven't done Nothing At All during that time -- just not SUNDANCE. There's been GARAGE FLOOR and art folio and one-shots and Cult stuff (sigh... yes, I'm a member of the Cult, unless they've kicked me out for non-conformity) and...and...

Mmmmmmm.

I didn't write many letters, did I?

I will == R°E°F°O°R°M == . A resurgence of fannish activity is taking place at 11 Buena Vista Park; typers click, styli scratch, mimeo's rumble through the night, and the walls resound to the steady slurp, slurp of stamps being licked.


We DISOWN gafia. Temporarily...

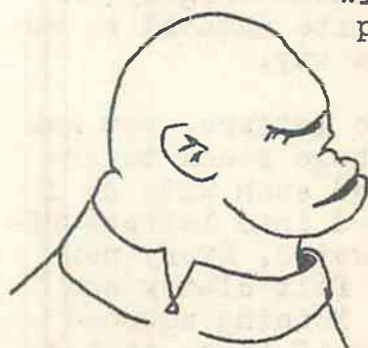
At any rate, POO #8 (the real #8) is run off and assembled, and ready to mail. GARAGE FLOOR #2 is on stencil and ready to run. The new art folio is two-thrids (a thrid is kind of a fraction of a third) completed and the rest is on stencil ready to run...and lo, here I be, typing a stencil for SUNDANCE at last...

... The Susan marches in, bearing a jar of peanut butter; obligingly, I scoop her out a wad and stuff it in her mouth. Raw peanut butter. Ugh. Do all children have villainous tastes?

It seems impossible to cut a stencil without interruption; at the moment they seem to be coming at the rate of one every line. If I seemed disjointed, bear with me.

For the benefit of those who care about the mechanics of stencilling -- the lettering to the ~~left~~ right (I always have that trouble -- can't tell my right hand from my left; no wonder neither knows what the other doeth) was cut without writing plate (accidentally). It looks a bit scratchy on stencil, but it may not show at all when printed. I find this frequently -- somebody'll mention that "if the mimeoing looks different now it's because I" changed stencils, backings, ink, typer, platen, etc. I never can tell any difference. I yam UNOBSERVANT. Penible jY.

L. SQUARES




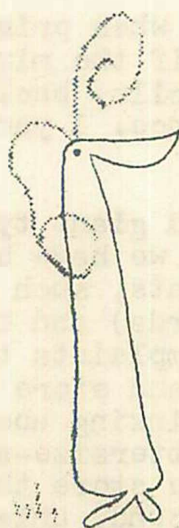
What with our comparatively brand-new second-hand giant typer with the super-long carriage and all, we have been playing around with various new formats, such as 11 x 8 1/2 (long ways, in other words) and half-legal. There have already been complaints that this makes our fmz hard to file and store and read and whatnot. I have been thinking about this, and I don't see why the lettersize-side-ways form should be any harder to store than the same size run t'other way around, unless you are awfully picky about having all your magazines face East or something. Half-legal may be a little harder, I admit; we just jam 'em in with everything else. I think it's an awfully good-looking form, myself. It looked pretty terrible on stencil, and I sort of secretly grotched at the thought, but now that POC is all run off and made up, I like it very much.

Full legal-sized things are a real problem. Normally, I'd never have any occasion to use it, but in the art folio, I have (as yet just on stencil) a legalength drawing, which I want very much to include (partly because I like the drawing, and partly for variety of size; I am getting pretty damn sick of drawing everything on 8 1/2 x 11 and having to run it on 8 1/2 x 11 and grrrrr!); but I debate with myself: if I did include it, I'd doubtless get grotches from people who didn't like an odd-sized thing sticking out of the bundle; so I'd have to fold it (I'd admit it would look messy hanging out limply) -- would that a) spoil the drawing b) get still more complaints? If I folded it, should I make the fold at the top, or bottom, or both? Should I crease it down the middle? Should I grab it in both hands and crumple it up into a little wad??? Oh, DECISIONS!

I shall remain serene and unconcerned, and do whatever occurs to me on the spur of the moment. I always do anyway.

By the way, I don't much care for half-lettersize format; and horizontal legal size makes the mind to boggle. I fully intend to do a couple-page cartoon one-shot that way some day...



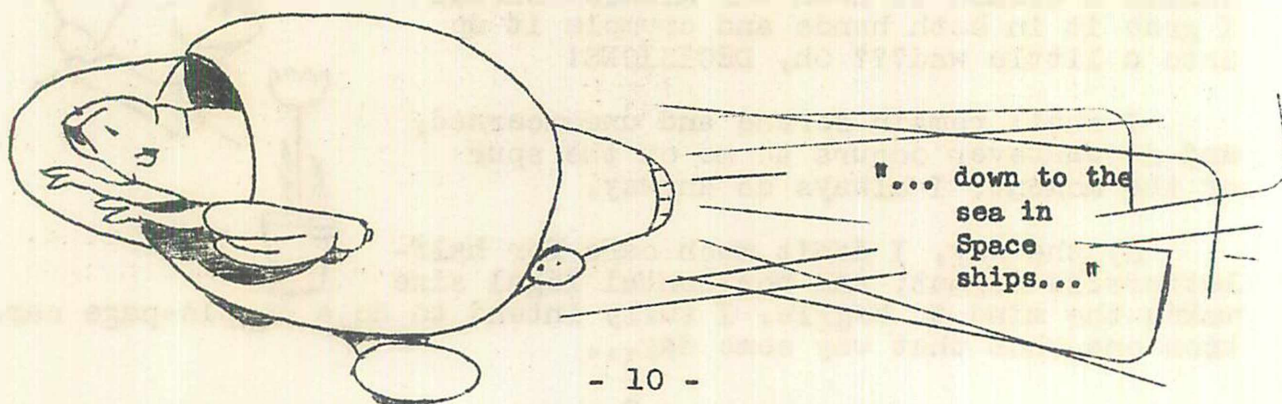


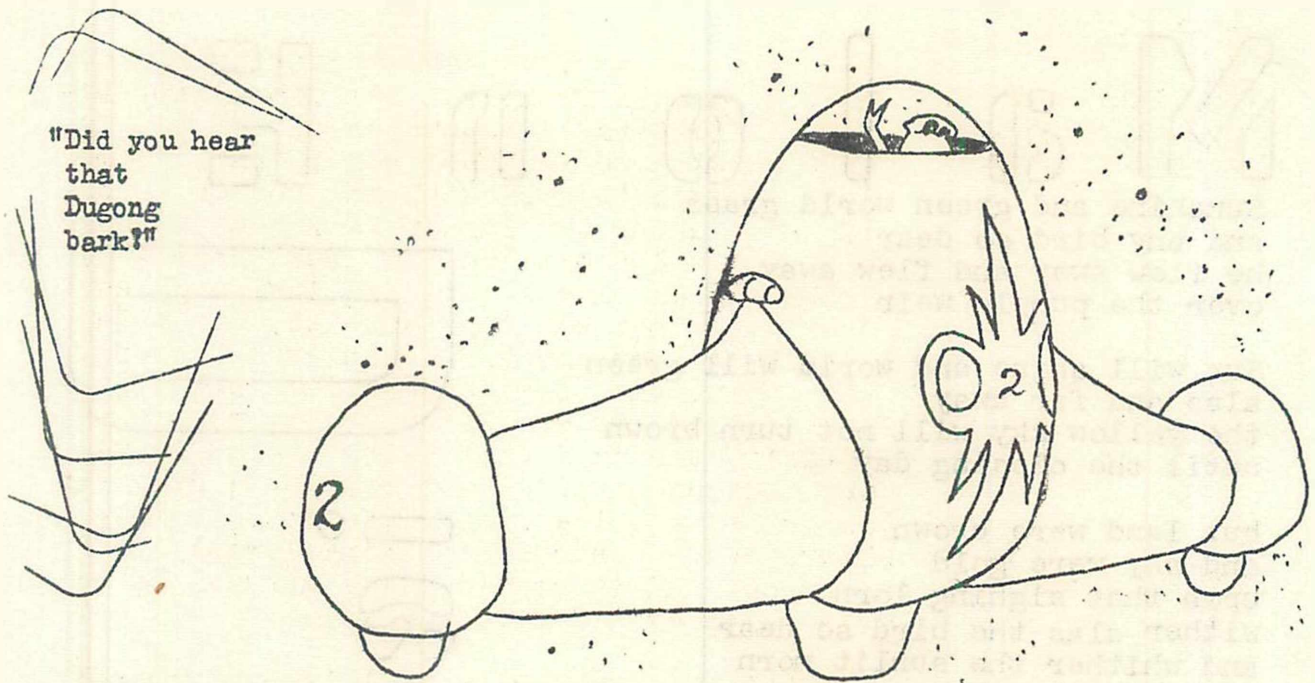
"... like I'd been
run over by a wa-
termelon seed..."

As I've been saying to various people in my all too fearsomely few letters, I have been out of touch with the written word, and to some extent, even with the spoken word, during the summer. For some reason -- I don't know for sure what -- I found myself writing less and less -- not wanting to write, not able to write -- not anything, not even letters. (This, plus the usual summertime gafia, just about killed off our fanac during that time.) I didn't even do much talking except about very mundane routine matters. But I did draw and paint -- quite a bit, in fact. I have always had a tendency to think largely in pictures, and it seemed quite natural to be expressing myself the same way.

Still -- you write no letters, you get no letters; and we had a huge stack to answer, so I finally gathered such wits as I possess about me and plunged into letter-writing. I tell you, it was weird. Every now and then in the past I've felt clumsy and awkward with words, but never so bad as this. Nothing sounded right. As you can probably tell from the style of this, it hasn't worn off yet. I'm beginning to get a better balance between visual and verbal images, but there are still days when the words come very hard and all I can think of is pictures. Today is one of them, but I'm trying to force myself to be verbal (deadline approaches, and like that.) I've made some attempts at poetry again, mostly to try and get the feel of words again, to get the sound of them. When I look over and mentally hear what I've written (especially today), it sounds terribly dull, terribly lacking in the nuances of sound, the shades of meaning and the odd little twists that make writing individual. I feel as though I were using someone else's words. I feel trite.

The little poetry (that should be "poetry") strikes me the same way; I feel as though I'd read perhaps too much poetry (especially of the Harper's and Atlantic variety) since I last wrote any. It's an odd feeling; I sometimes wonder who would build a wunkery just to platt quatts. Someday I'm going to greet my family with "gabble gabble HONK".





We went out the other morning, finally, to see it. We'd already tried once or twice with no luck -- fog, rain, and other natural phenomena interfering (we kept shutting the alarm off and going back to sleep.) We even went on one giant hush-hush expo with a crew from the Observatory who were eluding reporters. They might as well have come along, for all we could see; even the real moon hardly showed through the fog. (We did get a very fine free breakfast out of it, though.)

The night before, Andy told us it was the last night we'd be able to see it, probably, because there were clouds coming in that would cover everything for several days, and by the time clear weather came again, the satellite would be out of seeing range. We decided we really ought to see it, so we made strong determinations about not falling back to sleep again.

Five-thirty came awfully early, but the last-chanceness of it all got us up. We left Susan sleeping, alone, since we weren't going very far or very long. We walked the five blocks to the playground without saying much, befogged with sleep as we were. We stood on the bank at the edge, looking down into the big empty field below, and waited. I asked where northwest was. Larry went down into the field to get a better view. Andy said it was good enough up here, so we stayed up here.

Andy said, "There it is." I looked. There it was. It crept up across the sky like a spark, getting brighter, then dimmer, then brighter again. We watched. No meteor ever went that slowly. No airplane ever brightened and dimmed that way. Nothing was ever so silent as this, or so far away, to be so close.

It is just up there, going around and around, not stopping, not making noise, not roaring with rockets and jets and motor noises. Just going around and around...

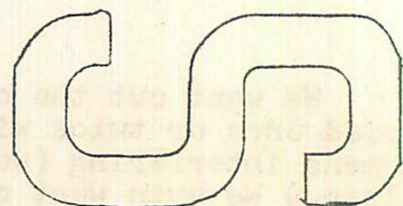
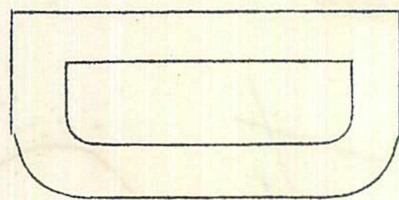
M a l o n e

Sunshine and green world grass
and any bird so dear
he flew away and flew away
over the purple weir

Sun will shine and world will green
alas and far away
the yellow sky will not turn brown
until the closing day

but land were brown
and sky were gold
upon that sighing lorn
withier alas the bird so dear
and whither the sunlit morn

the pale transparence on the hills
was ever and away
was ever pale and green and gold
was ever lavender and old
was ever...



29 jan 57

KOBILA'S SONG

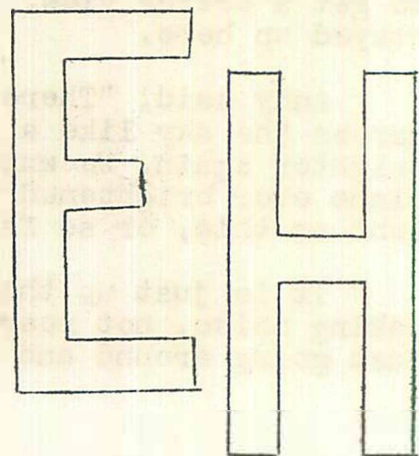
Oh lady, lady glowing
on the silky silver green
Oh lady, clouds about you blowing
on the silver green
Were you gone
With the morn
Oh lady, like a pine tree growing
on the green

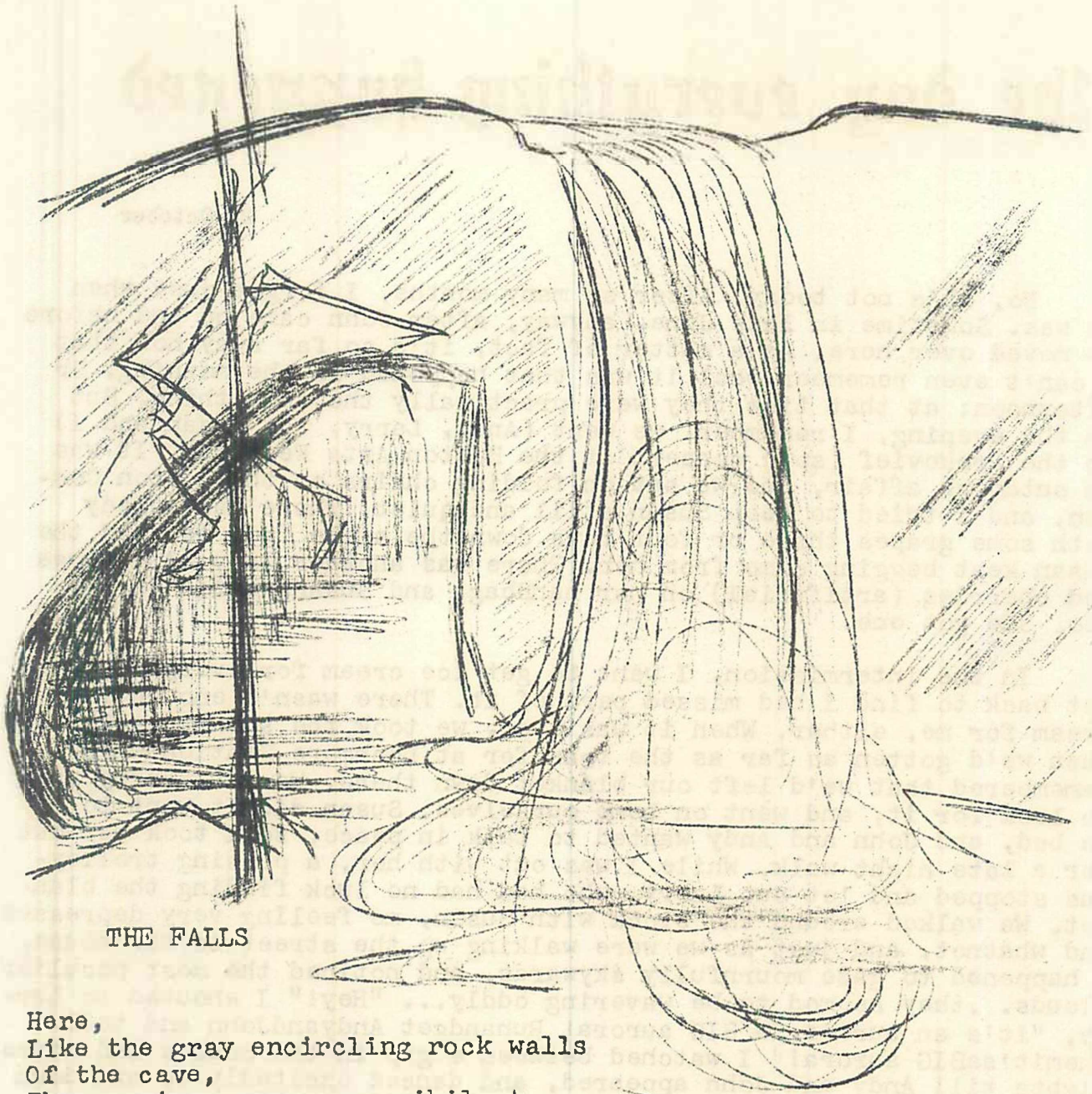
9 feb 57

FROM

They got him at dawn
in the marshes
three blue herons called
three rifles
he daid now, sonny, daid

5 oct 57

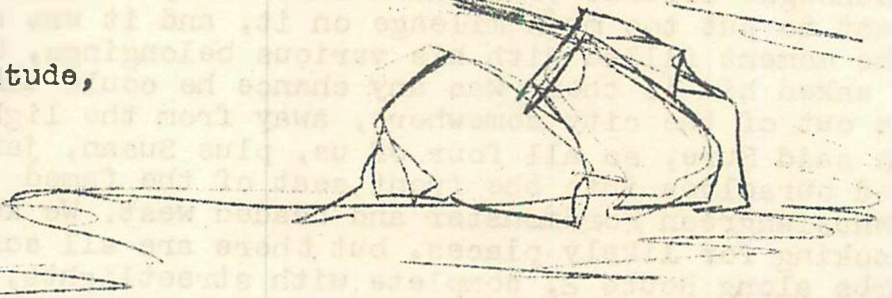




THE FALLS

Here,
Like the gray encircling rock walls
Of the cave,
The roaring, sonorous, sibilant
Murmurings of the rushing river
Envelope and surround me,
Separate me, unseparated,
From companions,
And I stand alone,
In companionate solitude,
With but myself
As company.

-- LS3

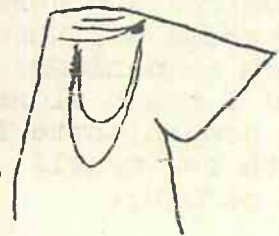


the day everything happened

21 October

No, it's not today. After so many months, I forget just when it was. Sometime in late June, anyway, after John came up and before we moved over here. As a matter of fact, it's so far away now that I can't even remember what it was that happened in the morning. Or afternoon; at that time they were practically the same thing. But in the evening, I remember, we went (Andy, Larry, the Susan and I) to the Prokovief (sp?) concert at the Boston Arts Festival. It was an outdoors affair, and we sat on folding chairs on the Boston Common, and I tried to keep Susan still and quiet. There was a lady with some grapes three or four rows down the aisle from us, and the Susan kept begging some from her. There was another lady with three red cherries (artificial) on her handbag, and Susan wanted those, too. She got one.

In the intermission, I went to get ice cream for everybody, and got back to find I had missed part of it. There wasn't enough ice cream for me, either. When it was over, we took the subway back, and when we'd gotten as far as the transfer at Lechmere Station when I remembered that we'd left our blanket down there. We sent Larry back to look for it, and went on home ourselves. Susan didn't want to go to bed, and John and Andy wanted to talk in peace, so I took her out for a late night walk. While I was out with her, a passing trolleybus stopped and let out Larry, who had had no luck finding the blanket. We walked around the block with Susan, me feeling very depressed and whatnot, and just as we were walking up the street to the house, I happened to gaze mournfully skywards, and noticed the most peculiar clouds...they seemed to be wavering oddly... "Hey!" I shouted to Larry, "it's an aurora, a BIG aurora! Run and get Andy and John and tell them it's a BIG aurora!" I watched between a gap in the houses and street lights till Andy and John appeared, and danced excitedly up and down with Susan in my arms. "LOOK LOOK!" It was indeed an aurora, a big big BIG aurora. We looked for a little while, and cursed the streetlights. Then we bethought us that John had a car; true, he didn't want to put too much mileage on it, and it was at the moment filled with his various belongings, but I asked him if there was any chance he could take us out of the city somewhere, away from the lights. He said Sure, so all four of us, plus Susan, jammed ourselves into the front seat of the famed Venusian green Ford monster and headed west. We kept looking for likely places, but there are all sorts of continuous suburbs along Route 2, complete with streetlights, and we went out as far as the Belmont Country Club before we stopped. The golf course there was a lovely place to observe from. We all stretched out on the ground and watched.





It was cold. We wished we'd worn more. The aurora was eerie; it looked like angels, with wings and hair of cold flames. (I wonder if this is how the notion of angels started?) After a while, we heard a car pull up the little road we were parked on, and saw headlights. "Cops," said John, and it was. They flashed their lights in the back seat of the car, and found only trunks, blankets, books and furniture in it, as we came running up. John explained that we were looking at the aurora, and one fellow turns to the other and says, "Theyah lookin' at at the nawthun lights" in a disgusted voice. They left. We went back to watching.

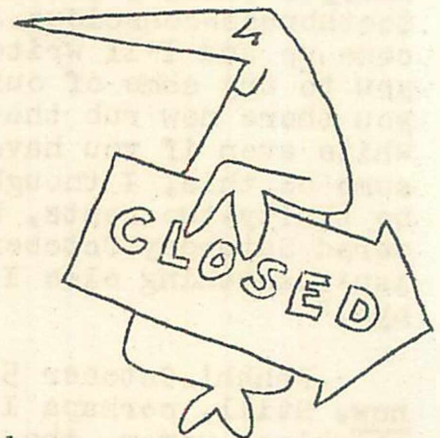
There began to be curtain effects, such as I had never really seen before. Half the sky was covered, and great huge tongues shot up to the zenith. We compared this with auroras we had seen in Oberlin, and decided we'd never seen anything quite like this before.

"My god," said somebody suddenly, "look up the hill -- it's a ghost!" There was something, ghostly and wavery, that advanced and retreated and advanced again. We shivered and watched it for a while. "It's a Flying Saucer," said John, "come to pick us up and take us back to our home planet." We wondered if anyone had heard. After a bit, arm in arm, we advanced on the ghost. A lawn!sprinkler, of course...

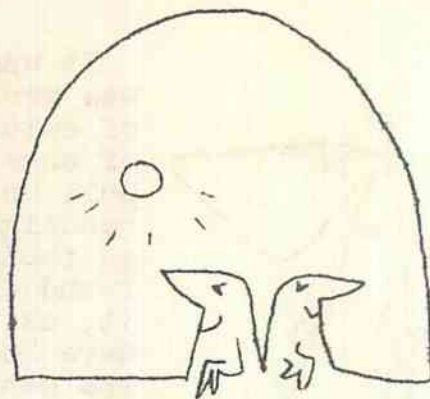
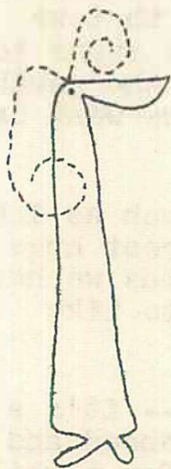
It kept getting colder all the time, and Larry at least had to get up in the morning, and John claimed he wanted to, so we decided to go find us some food (since we were all starved after the excitement) and go home. We started off back the way we came, tired and not saying too much, though maybe John and Andy conversed a bit. We couldn't find anyplace open. We were just heading around a traffic circle when John cried out, "Somebody's been killed." On the other side of the circle, a man lay in the road, and one car was stopped. We pulled up, and John got out and tried to find out what happened, then went and called the police. A few more people gathered, and for a while we waited. The man wasn't dead, probably not too badly hurt. Someone covered him with a blanket. I got out and went to the edge of the group that had gathered. It was too much like a very odd dream I'd had once, that I'd been afraid would come true. I felt very shaky. After a while the police and the ambulance came, and we left.

We had to go all the way into downtown Boston to find an eatery open -- a little white tower-ish place near Copley Square. We felt we needed it worse than ever. The people there didn't even seem to find us very strange, despite Susan. They must be used to odd characters. We saw a couple in there ourselves.

It was four o'clock, I think, before we got to bed. The morning came very early next day.



DOWN THE LONG AFTERNOON



still 21 October

It appears that this is again a highly inappropriate title, since it is being typed (probably in its entirety) at night. That's what I like: Significance.

The other day (in the morning, not the afternoon), as I was in the midst of doing dishes or some other messy chore, the doorbell rang, and, all dutifully and housewifely, I lumbered to answer it. Behold, it is the Fuller Brush salesman. "I've come to take your order from the catalogue I left," he says. He didn't leave me any catalogue, but that's all right -- I didn't want one. "I've brought my samples," he adds, pointing at box he has slung over his arm. "Here's your lipstick in the new, easy-to-use, pop-up case with..." "I'm sorry, I don't wear makeup," I told him. He looked at me more closely and said, "Oh, you don't?" "No," I said. "Well," he booms out all hearty once more as he paws through his kit, "I've something here for your husband -- has to shave, doesn't he?" "No," I said, struggling to keep from laughing outright, "he wears a beard." "Oh. Wears a beard, does he?" "Yes." "Oh." Short silence. "Well, I guess that's that. Are you sure there isn't something else I could show you -- brushes, hand cream..." I felt sorry for him. He had a southern accent, and was obviously a long way from home. "Do you carry a child's toothbrush?" I asked, since Susan was getting very toothbrush-conscious. "Oh, of course, certainly we do, just let me come up and I'll write you an order, and while I'm here, let me ask you to try some of our new hand lotion just hold out your hand will you there now rub that in guaranteed to keep your hands soft and white even if you have them in water all day ((Larry should have some of this, I thought)) yes here it is, child's toothbrush, that'll be thrity-two cents, here's your receipt, your order will be delivered Saturday October 5th, is that all right? Are you sure there isn't anything else I can show you? Well, thank you very much, good-bye."

Phhhh! October 5! That's two weeks away. I wanted a toothbrush now. Still, perhaps I saved his day. What with bearded men and lipstickless women, the country must be going to the dogs.

Geez, and y'know, just the other day Andy and I went out to buy us all new toothbrushes, and I saw I could've bought a kid's toothbrush for 19 cents. Phoo. Oh, it was delivered on October 5 -- one toothbrush in all its lonely glory. Small.

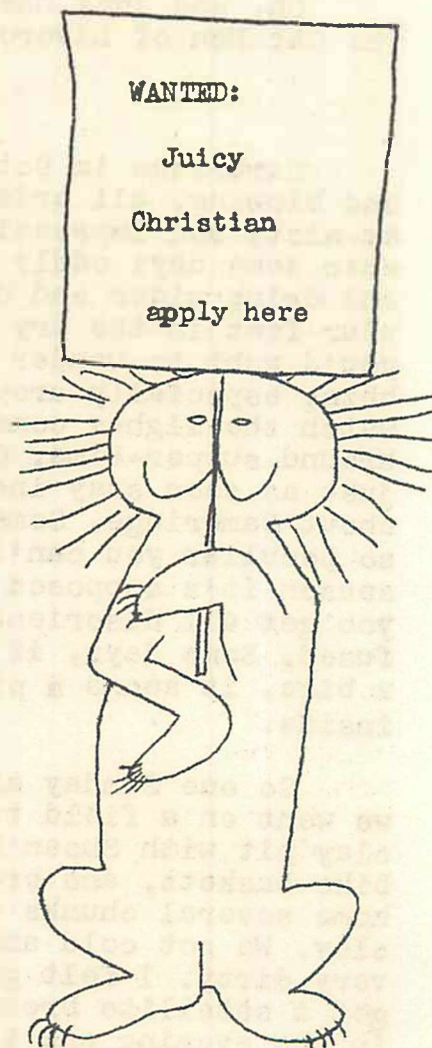
ooooo

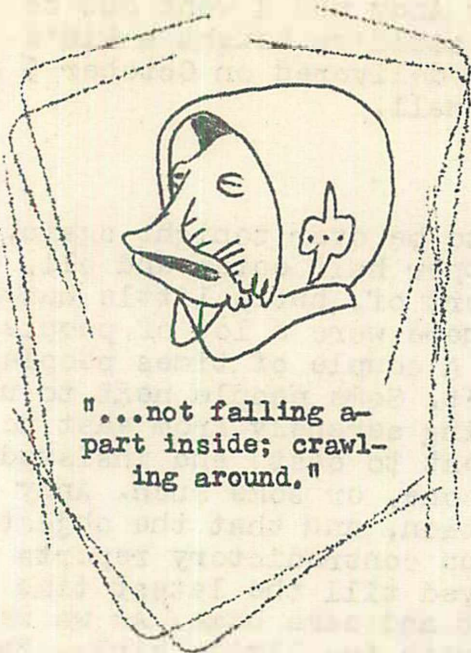
We knew the satellite was supposed to be over tonight again, so we trundled out to see it, leaving supper half eaten and all, at a little before seven. It was clear, sort of, but a little hazy, and got hazier all the time we looked. There were a lot of people out at the playground, as Andy had said. A couple of times people yelled "There it is!", but there it wasn't. Some people next to us pointed out two objects which were floating serenely from east to west (the satellite and rocket go from west to east) and insisted that it must be the rocket and the nose-cone, or some such. Andy assured them that it was the wrong direction, and that the objects were high-flying jets... We'd heard various contradictory reports on the time the thing was due, so we stayed till the latest time we'd heard (7:20), and gave up in disgust and came home. As we were leaving the playground, we passed a man with two little girls. He asked if we'd seen the satellite, and we said no, and that we weren't sure why not, and he said he thought it was just a bunch of propaganda, that that thing wasn't an artificial satellite -- maybe just a natural one, but now people are all worked up over it so they think they see things. We asked if he'd ever seen it, and he said No, and we said we had, and that it was obviously there. On the way home, we pondered the ways of our fellow-man, and shook our heads sadly.

While we ate a belated supper, Andy turned on the radio, and we heard the WBZ tape recording of their Sputnik-spotting party. Everybody there, in particular Streeter Stuart, one of their leading news-commentators, thought that the two jets were the rocket, falling apart. Everybody got terrifically excited, and the station called Smithsonian and talked to somebody I didn't know, who explained that no, nobody at Smithsonian had seen the satellite, and no, those were just two high-flying jets, and they were being flooded with phone calls from the masses who had seen them, and no, they didn't know where the planes were from or whether they did it on purpose, but they would probably check.

One could start a panic so easily.

At any rate, we'll try again tomorrow night if it's clear. I want to see it again; I want to see it and see it many times. Maybe then I'll get used to it.





"...not falling a-
part inside; crawl-
ing around."

If any of you have been reading F&SF recently, you may have seen an article on Mars by R.S. Richardson; and you may have noticed that he mentioned one of the "proofs" for the existence of life on Mars -- the spectrophotometry of Mars picking out the CH band -- done by William Sinton. That is our "Wild Bill" Sinton, who has now gone out to Lowell Observatory. A couple of issues ago -- say a year ago -- I wrote up in SD about going out to the Station with him one night, and climbing up on the observing platform of the 61" and so on, and the joys of the little Nernst glower. Well, that's what he was doing that night: spectrophotometry of the planet Mars.

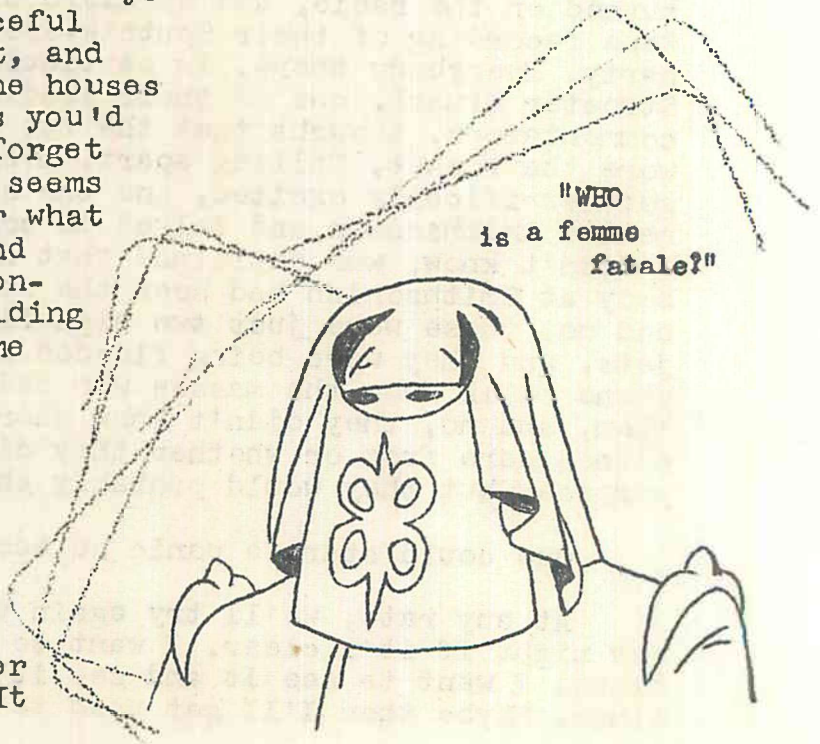
Ya seen it first in SUNDANCE. We may be late, but we're newsy.

Oh, and Andy has a class with Gold (PROFESSOR Gold, that is), The Cat Man of Liverpool fame.

ooooo

Cambridge in October is an odd thing -- some days bright-blue and blowing, all crisp and gay and autumny, some days sort of golden-misty and impressionistic, some days cold and grey and wintry -- even some days oddly like spring. Some days you want to eat apples and drink cider and donuts and rustle your feet in the dry leaves. Some days you'd want to wander in a peaceful haze, especially around sunset, and watch the lights come on in the houses around supper-time. Other days you'd just as soon stay inside and forget about Cambridge. Some days it seems so peculiar you can't remember what season it's supposed to be, and you get all disoriented and confused. Some days, if you're riding a bike, it seems a pity to come inside.

So one Sunday afternoon we went on a field trip to a clay pit with Susan in the bike baskets, and brought home several chunks of dry clay. We got cold and very, very dirty. I felt good. We got a satellite broadcast later in the evening and taped it. It was a nice day.



22 October

Somehow, it is tomorrow morning already -- even it vergeth on tomorrow afternoon. I don't stay up as late at night as I once did; the Susan gets up around eight every morning, so I don't get much sleep if I'm up till three or four or five. I kind of miss it; it was an odd and wonderful world, the night world. But we have neighbors closer now, and we'd like very much to stay on good terms with the landlord and family. At that, it is usually two o'clock or later before Andy gets to bed, and one or two before I do. But I like having my evenings free of Susan, so I put her to bed at 8:30: therefore, she gets up earlier. I discovered that it was rather hard to find baby-sitters for a child who was running around and raising hell all evening long, among other things.

At any rate, since we moved, my life has become much more mundane. I don't want this place to become as much of a mess as the other one did; this means cleaning up and picking up. There is more laundry than ever, it seems (Susan gets dirtier faster) and I find myself ironing instead of cutting stencils. This is one of the things that happened all summer; now I am determined to do fanac at All Costs, wow, and so once again I leave the floor unswept for weeks at a time, and let the dirty laundry pile up till Andy complains of having no clean socks.

I like fanac BETTER.

At any rate, I am now mostly a Day Person. In some ways I like it, even. I have always enjoyed watching the rhythm and flow of daily life in the more or less suburban sections of a city -- kids going to and coming from school, the women hanging out their wash, the littlest children playing in backyards with puppies and kittens, delivery trucks and (of course) the mailman. I get a chance occasionally now to indulge in one of my favorite occupations: sitting and staring out the window. Our basement windows in the other place didn't let me see much of anything but feet and grass. Here I get a lovely variety of views from our different rooms. I have other things I ought to do, of course, but I keep feeling that somehow, it'll pay off some time...

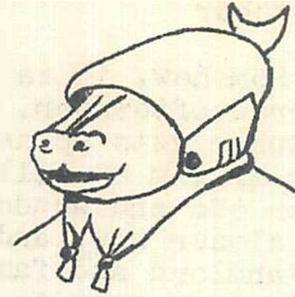
Self-justification. I'm lazy.

"We will
rescue
the
fair
Queenie
May!"



ONWARD

WITH THE



22 October

ARTS & SCIENCES

As you may have gathered by now, I am a bug on mimeo art. I have Great Faith in its Possibilities as a True Artistic medium and like that. Mainly, though, it's cheap. I don't have the equipment for making lithographs, wood-cuts, serigraphs, & other accepted forms. By dint of much fiddling around and manhandling of stencils and mimeo, I've found I can get some remarkably un-mimeographically effects. I think.

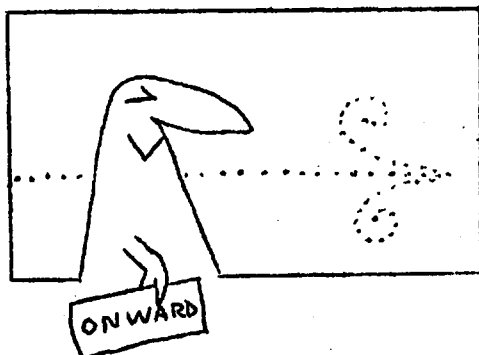
I have also Learned Some Lessons. Speed-O-Print, for instance, makes nice lil' machines; I'm very fond of our Model L, which takes quite a beating from me with no complaint. Of course, the feed is lousy, but the feed is the weak point on most machines, I think. And the same people make luvverly, luvverly Sovereign stencils, on which I am completely sold, and will use no other for artwork if I can get Sovereigns. Sometimes I am broke and desperate, and these ABDick 1360's hold up remarkably well, and the 960's (which I hate for typing) are pretty decent. However, Speed-O-Print makes the most miserable ink I have ever used. We were nearly out of ink, and the people down at Poet's Theatre (I do mimeoing for them) gave me a pound of S-O-P ink, since they couldn't use it in their ABDick machine. I used it on a good deal of the art folio, since I used up all our other. Not until Too Late did I discover that it is the oil-

iest stuff in all creation, and leaves huge oily halos around the big black areas on my drawings. This doesn't show up for a week or so after the things have been run off, either. I'm putting all the drawings through FAPA anyway, and beg your indulgence; try not to look at the oily outlines.

As far as I can tell, the cheap ABDick ink is better than S-O-P, and the ABD Super-E stuff is very good. I am going to run the remainder of the art folio with it, if I can.



23 October



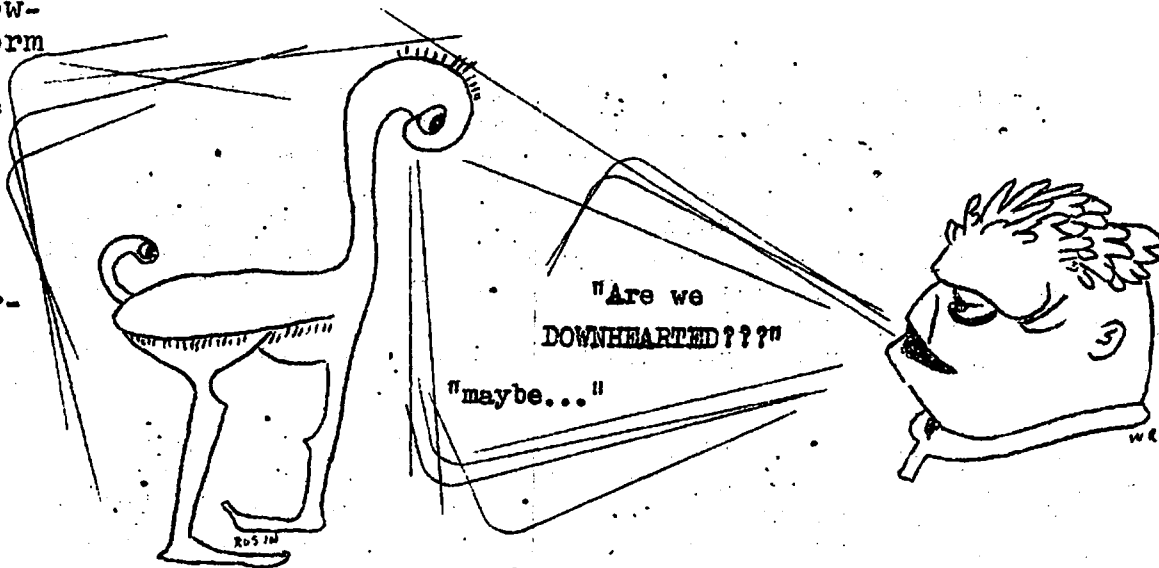
About the Poet's Theatre: they occupy a loft next to Paul Shuster's Art Gallery. I'd been intrigued by them for a long time, but somewhat put off by the name and by the intense and dedicated expressions I saw when I peered in their open door. Well, last month or so, I happened to be stopping in at the art gallery, and noticed their door was open, and stuck my head in. Turned out it was their first day open of the new season, and a very friendly fellow was there, acting as temporary manager until they could import a new one from Ireland. He was lonely,

and wanted company, so we started jabbering away. I noticed a big batch of stencils hanging up on the wall, and I asked him if they had much mimeing to do. Well, they did, and he was looking for someone who could mimeo... So I ran off a stencil or two for him, and showed him and the director and the permanent manager some (most) of my mimeoart, and they liked it right well, which gave me a much-needed shot of egoboo, and suggested that perhaps I could do them some mime o'd publicity posters. Of course I said I'd give it a try. When their mimeo came back from Provincetown I made a stab at overhauling it, and discovered that it suffered badly from a surfeit of oil, which kept re-appearing now matter how often you cleaned it up. I think the old ink pad is farshimmelt and lets through only oil, and no ink. Anyway, it's a mess (ABDick model 90 or so), and I prefer to bring stencils home and run them off on the Velleitous machine here. They also have a little pactsard mimeo which I "overhauled" and ran some things off on. They are a bloody nuisance.

Well, I was so cheered by the kind words about the mimeo prints that I enetered one of them ("Tree and Shadow") in the Cambridge Art Association fall show (any member with \$2 can enter, so it isn't exactly select). Went around to the opening (free cocktails, yet! -- but I don't like either Martinis or Manhattens, it turns out) and was almost afraid to look and see it, small and black-and-white and odd amidst all the great huge oils and water colors. I got used to it, though, finally. The nice white-haired lady who is secretary came over and told me she'd heard people say nice things about it, and some of them were the judges. Turns out I got a citation, which is the low-

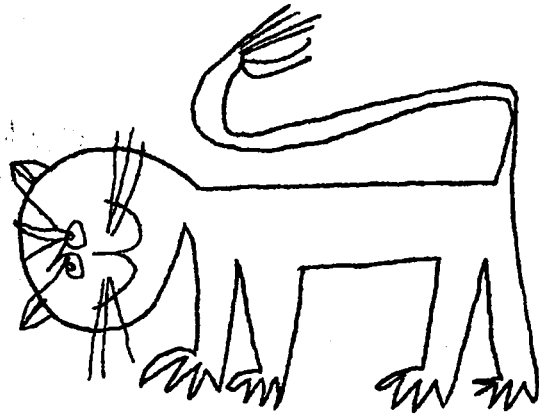
est form
of
praise
they
hand
out,
but a
very
encour-
aging
start.

MIMEO
FOR-
EVER!



It was one day in the middle of the summer that Andy came home whoopin' and hollerin' and generally shouting Eureka. He'd been working on the "blue clearing" on Mars for Whipple (who had a theory), and had gotten very discouraged, because a paper he'd read showed measurements that proved Whipple's theory couldn't be so. However, he had a curve, and they (the "they" what wrote the paper) had a curve, and they didn't match. So Andy reduce their data ("they" are Johnson and Gardiner), and found that it had been done wrong. So he came home shouting and yelling, "I was right, I was wrong, Johnson and Gardiner are wrong, they goofed, they reduced their data all wrong," and went around the house waving his arms and shouting, and we all came and gathered round while he explained his triumph.

"...you're just saying that



'cos you think I'm simple-minded..."

Well, of course, a discovery like this, you gotta publish, so he worked on his data and computed and read and so on, "working it up" to publishable form. Then, at the end of the summer, Freddo ("lemonade") Franklin sent word back from a vacation out west that somebody else was working on the blue clearing, too, and might discover J & G's mistake any moment. So Andy saw Whipple, and wheels whirred and gears clicked and we Went Into Action, and Andy wrote up a Note, and spent a couple of awful days looking for the Observatory Editor (a different kind of OE) who kept not being there when he was (she checks to see that papers are in the proper form) and getting the thing approved by the council (though there was no real question that it would be) and drawing up a diagram on fancy board, and FINALLY sending it off. I think it went to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, who published J & G's original paper.

At last, he is going to be published. Ghod knows when, but it will happen. Brrrrr.

ooooo

A while after we had moved to this place -- after John had left near the end of August, in fact -- we got us some more furniture from various friends who were leaving. One of them was an Observatory couple (with new baby) who were going to Australia for two years. From them we got our most luxurious 6'7" desk on which I am now typing, and an overstuffed leather chair and sofa which had been in the Summer Palace out at Agassiz Station, before that decrepit structure was torn down. It is a tradition that these items go to Observatory people; when you move, you give it to someone else at the Obs. Free, of course.

We were at breakfast at the Gaposhkins' the other day after a futile Sputnik hunt, and Sergei (Dr. G. Him, as apposed to Dr. G Her) said, "This is a historic table we eat off of. On it the Mass-Luminosity Relation wass discovered in 1911". Sense of Wonder.

It was after the last FAPACon that I went to my folks' place for a few days to visit, with Susan. I persuaded my brother one day to take me up to French Creek and Hopewell Village. It was a quiet, sunny afternoon, and we drove fairly fast. My folks have a four-porthole buick with a ride like a yacht in a low swell, very overstuffed and American Dreamish; oddly enough, it seemed to go quite well with deserted big highways and the radio playing. We talked of minor things, my brother and I; we've been apart a long time, and don't know each other very well, I think.

After a bit we fell silent -- nothing to say. It seemed so high and wide, the afternoon, and very thin, curiously empty and over head, like violins so high they almost break...

We turned off the highway onto blacktop, and from there to almost genuine back roads, and finally to Hopewell Village, and parked on the hill above all the reconstruction. It seemed a fairly long, steep way down to the village, and I half thought I wouldn't go, but we went, and looked around a little, and got a drink of iron-tasting water at an outdoor fountain. There was a lot of slag in the various driveways; this was an old blast-furnace, and slag was dumped everywhere... I looked at the walls they were rebuilding, and remembered:

"Mine eyes have Swept the Distant



Galaxies, McGregor, and I tell you,

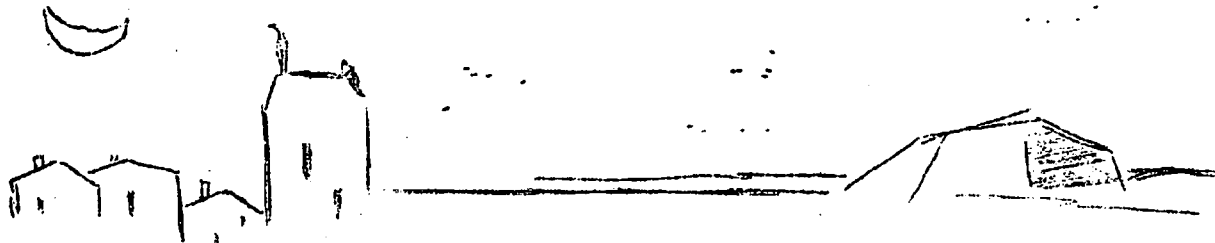
This is my valley, my red sands valley I found in my own back yard when I looked all over for it, like the man in my own story. And I pawed among the slag in the driveway and found some small chunks of the sands to take back to Cambridge with me, to show I had really been there...

On the way back, we went along the Brandywine, and up the ridge to the feldspar dikes, where they dug kaolin clays not very long ago. I wanted to see a couple of my favorite hunting-ground quarries again. I'd sworn I'd never collect another chunk of rock from there, because I had had to throw away so many when my collection got too full, or we had to move. But I couldn't help myself. I tried to take just one of each (quartz, feldspar, mica), but the little mica plates were too pre-

there are Mysteries we should not..."

ty and too varied, and I got a handful... At least I washed them off as soon as we got home.

My brother drove me back to Cambridge and stayed for a visit, and while he was here with the car, we got him to take us all out to the gravel pits and road cuts along Route 2 to the west. We took the camera along, and Andy got some nice shots of layered sands for me, and of dikes and veins and huge globby crystals in the road cuts. I found a chunk of rock with garnets spattered through it like tiny drops of dried blood... My collection grows again.



L'envoi -- To Anon

(lullabye)

The stars looked down on Cambridge town
Its windows all asleep,
And lo, external galaxies
Were watching o'er its sheep;
And Magellanic Clouds close by
Were smiling on its twin
While open clusters guarded both
The heavy and the thin.
The clouds of dust which in the streets
Rose with the passing breeze,
Swirled in the emptiness of space
Beyond the whisper-trees;
And stars that shone for all to hear
Might just as well have died
For all the ears that listened there
At turning of the tide;
For one who sees the precious moon --
He calls it, "Sweet Diane",
And all above are myriad jewels
To sprinkle, if he can,
On heads of lovers passing by
Or staring in the sea,
Who never knew the Milky Way
Was their sweet galaxy.

