



MAILING #167 cont.

On rare meat, I'm inclined to go along with the oldtime cowboys before the days of refrigeration, who liked their beef cooked to a frazzle. One such, after a long and arduous trail drive, decided to treat himself to a dinner in the finest restaurant in town.

When the waitress brought him his steak, he took one look & sent it back with the comment: "Ma'm, I seen cow critters hurt worse'n that & lived!"

Is Helga a P 1800, by any chance? I had one, and named it Olaf, for an obvious reason, & the not so obvious one, after

the hero in one of my favorite e e Cummings poems. I doubt I'll ever have such cheap, reliable and thoroughly enjoyable transportation again. I paid \$3150 for it in '69, and sold it for \$2000 last year after 142,000 punishing miles. Maintenance & operating costs were very low & mileage between 20 & 28. On top of all that, it kept to pay for my trip to China....

You couldn't get away to attend Iggy? What the hell are you retired for?

"Trying to think of something original & clever to write." Well, I don't know if it was O&C or not, but I read it with interest. If you thought it was, why announce it? If you

you didn't think so, why bother?

"I used to use my two telescopes a great deal." Again, you leave me hanging. Why did you quit? And why keep ignoring the natural questions your readers are bound to ask about lines like that?

**SYNAPSE**

Jack Speer

How come you don't number SYNAPSE?

P. 3—"We have too much entertainment; it diverts attention from important matters." I must agree, but feel a bit uncomfortable seconding such a patently Puritannical statement. Said Puritans have often been put down as having the attitude that fun=sin, but unjustly. Their objection to card playing, dancing, & even drinking was not that such things were evil, but frivolous and time-wasting. It's just as well they didn't live to see TV.

However, as I get older my Puritan component (I won't even guess at %) dwindles, since it's only good for world-saving via democracy, and democracy itself seems to be becoming a victim of entertainment and/or just general sloth. Sometimes I despair, & think "What the hell, let 'em have their bread & circuses (TV&beer)

and concentrate on educating the oligarchy. HWWW?

P.5—I suppose you've been informed by now that a glass goblin is simply a malapropism.

As president of the International Nitpickers Association, you really should underline book titles (The Mysterious Stranger) or at least CAPITALIZE.

P.6—On the causes of inflation I meant to add to my comments to Roytac in YHOS #16 that a great deal of it is indirect payment for the wonderful Viet Nam War. I still think the Peacenik idea of requiring military costs to be listed in red on all paycheck deductions is a good one.

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P.20: I think I'd go pretty far in "allowing people to go to hell in their own ways." I'd say your duellists and youth gang rumbles were NOT "the business of the law." The business of church & home, certainly, the school and "social workers"—perhaps. As for defending paintsniffers (I assume you're using them as a metaphor for all sorts of addicts), they shouldn't be in court in the first place. You would be correct in inferring that I would also remove all legal sanctions against all other suicidals. I feel deeply concerned about them, however, & would make every effort to persuade them not to jump, not to sniff the paint, not to shoot up the junk, nor to wield the knife or pistol. But if they were quite determined to do any of these or other foibles—Sayonara! It's probably just as well that they remove their genes from the pool. It's dangerously polluted as it is. "Were doing it for your own good" is anathema to me: the root of Big Brotherism and all the evils that go with it. In fact, I would do away with the whole crime & punishment magillan altogether. Prisons are frightfully expensive and don't accomplish what they are supposed to. Even more, I feel it is morally wrong for us to do even nastier things to people

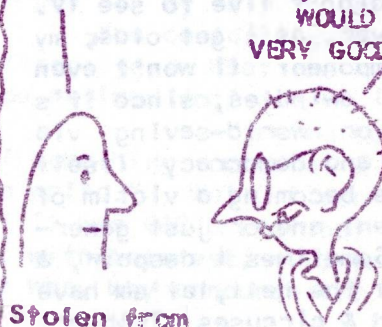
who have done nasty things to other people. I will admit that there is a tiny fraction of psychopaths who must be taken out of circulation to protect the rest of us, but that's about 1% of the present prison population.

I would take the money saved and beef up probation depts etc., so they could keep close track of offenders, see that they stayed at work & paid the heavy fines necessary to recompense their victims. If no victim were involved—forget it. I'm opposed to all sumptuary laws.

If this puts you out of work, I'm truly sorry, Jack, but I rather suspect that you & your colleagues will figure out a way to profit from the new system, as you now profit from this one.

MR. GANDHI, WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF CIVILIZATION  
IN AMERICA?

OH, YES. THAT  
WOULD BE A  
VERY GOOD IDEA.



Stolen from  
Co-evolution Quarterly ad

## Now Leaving on Track 9

### The Giver Flyer

I'm still wondering why it took you a "dozen years" to see thru Paul Harvey. You don't seem terribly far right or sturdier than the rest of us. Perhaps you're a masochist. Do you now dig Fulton Lewis, Jr.? Why bother with AM radio in the 1st place? FM offers a much wider range. Try NPR's "All Things Considered" and other news programs. A real breath of fresh air.

"Galactic Jive Tales" are worth continuing. Pray do. P.2 of GJT #155: "...the Hogus and Black Holes," sent a shiver down my spine. I can just picture Captain Star Twit & his doughty doughty crew gathered around the viewscreen: "Well, boys, we did it! There's the Black Hole receding behind us; now let's see what's ahead." The screen fogs, then clears. "Oh, no! It can't be! Not that, after all our efforts. It's the dread Hogus! All stare, grimly, then the capt faces up to the inevitable. "Very well, full astern Mr. Boogalosian. Warp 5, back to the Black Hole."

ORSTRYLIA

in

1983!

Please, don't mention a book that I'd be very interested in obtaining & then provide no more data whatsoever—not even the author! Grr! One custard pie in the face coming up next Westercon, unless u give me complete info on **HANDBOOK FOR SPACE PIONEERS** between then & now. At the very least, you could have told us what the reviewer thought of it.

*Phantasy Press*  
Dan McPhail

Well, deja mah vu, Hoppy! Not only is the name out of the dim and misty past, even before my time, but the whole style has "Thirties" all over it. Clever. The uneven inking of the old S&R mimeo, the beat-up LCSmith typefaces that won't quite cut thru the stencil in places, the typos just left sitting there, as if corflu hadn't been invented yet—it's all there, like it just popped out of a time machine. Wonderful.

"Jack won't have near as much fun correcting my speaking as in the past." Fear not, Danny Boy, just keep speaking like that, and Speer will be in Paradise.

"Vandals from Pluto", which was dripped from the previous issue..." Probably too gory, & that was a good way to get rid of it.



Clay Ferguson, Jr. Is another name that I haven't seen for years. Does anybody know what happened to him? I corresponded with him for a bit, and that he was the best artist around, including the pros, with the possible exceptions of Schneeman and Rogers (Hubert), but I think they came along a bit later.

"When you consider the erratic course of these massive twisters, you really feel thankful that you live in a different part of town, believe me!"

I must commend your capacity for gratitude, for it far exceeds mine in this case. You can believe me that I wouldn't begin to feel thankful until I was not only in a different part of town, but far OUT of that town & well into an entirely different state. California, for example. I can cope much better with an earthquake any day.

In fact, I just did, I was giving a final essay exam when the latest 5.7 hit. Two young ladies of the Peppermint Patty type ("I just hate it when you have to know what you're writing about!") were the only ones left, struggling to finish their essays & get out of there. I was busy reading and grading a previous set of Blue Books.

At first, I doggedly kept working, thinking the table or chair had developed a loose leg. Gradually it dawned on me that tables and chairs don't develop bad legs right when you can catch them at it, but sometime in the middle of the night, when Other Things Are Going Bump Etc. I looked up to find the young ladies staring at me in barely controlled panic. One of them said, in a very tiny voice: "if it doesn't stop soon, I think I am going to cry."

I said in my most boring everyday-lecture-voice: "If you're worried, you may go stand in the doorway; that's the safest place," & returned to my work.

That seemed to calm them, and they did the same. The fact that the building had stopped shimmying like my sister Kate also helped.

Then it started again. I looked up at the fluorescent tubes that were suspended in a hollow square around the room. By only two suspenders. I thought for a moment that there was beryllium in those things, and that a cut on my bald pate could become poisoned. I announced calmly, "I think I'll just stand in this nearest corner until that chan-

deiler stops making like "The Pit & the Pendulum."

"Squawk!"

The two young ladies were in my arms & snuggling into the corner as far as they could get.

After a while the shaking stopped. After another while I said, "I guess we can let go of each other now."

The One Who Had Been the Scaredest smirked, "Aha—you Dirty Old Man, you know what this means, don't you? You have to give both of us A's, now."

"Oh, sure," I said, & they went back to their seats.

MORAL: Earthquakes can be fun.

PS: I regret to say that neither of the young ladies managed to earn an A. I even took into consideration that it's difficult to write coherently when you're all shook up.

## HOW ABOUT A SCARLET

A?



## Alpha Centura Communicator

Owen Laurion

Naturally, I like the format. I've been thinking of having YHOS printed, but the prices I have been quoted so far are a bit steep. Mind telling me how much V4N7 cost you?

As for the content, I'm afraid I must go along with Taral, but don't let my lack of interest discourage you. I can see a definite place for a "transition zine" to help trekkies and their ilk graduate into Real Fandom. Something like a prep school. I wish you the best of luck, but wonder how long you'll be able to stand it.

However, I can't move on without a groch at the aggressive ignorance of Paul Moore in his review of ALIEN. Here I was just cheering Jeff Rovin's column in the March OMNI, wherein he castigates the Hollywood mentality and its special effects worship at the expense of story quality, & then this backstabbing clown has to come out in a fanzine, mind you! & say "there are not enough special effects to really qualify this as a good SF movie." Shee—IT! One mindless remark like this will probably undo ten efforts from the rest of us\* trying to break thru the Hollywood stereotype of "Sci-Fi." Gah! And the worst of it

\* next page



is that Moore couldn't be content with making the least important part of a SF film paramount—he had to go & compound the felony by saying "not enough", as if the quality of special effects was of less concern than the amount. Yikes! When the fast buck boys take even a little chance, and move even a little bit away from the endless parade of Creature Features & transmogrified Westerns—we should say Yay! and encourage them to take another step, just like encouraging a baby to walk.

And then to blitch about the sets, which were the best part of the film, is just too much. And this isn't just my unvarnished opinion; Bill Rotiser and others who are well qualified in the art field think likewise.

The acting might not have put Olivier out of business, but it seemed to me a cut above the average monster much, and a parsec or two ahead of the performances of William Android Shatner.

\* I refer particularly to the excellent Westerncon 32 speech of Dick Lupoff, printed in ALGOL (beg pardon, Andy) STARSHIP 38.



THE SPECIAL EFFECTS  
MOON IS A SPECIAL  
EFFECTS MISTRESS TO  
A SPECIAL EFFECTS  
STRANGER IN A  
SPECIAL EFFECTS LAND

R - GREAT  
MOVIE!

## Science Fiction News

G B Stone

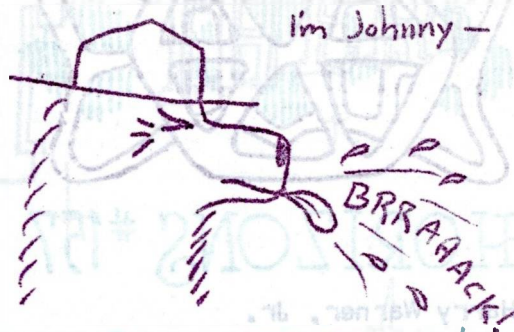
Apologies for ignoring this so long. I hadn't realized that it was a FAPA postmailing—#166.

Interesting that the next thing I should turn to after berating the unfortunate Mr. Moore is your quote of Ed Wood and the account of the Dr. Who Twits. I will bet that Sydney U. was even more embarrassed than the rest of us. They must've been freshmen; only freshmen could've been so sophomoric.

My reaction to the Palmer AMAZING and Weisinger TWS conversions was a little different from yours and Warner's; I detested both of them. W's patronizing was perhaps even worse than RAP's hostility. I don't miss either one of them—nor a few others over whom a lot of crocodile tears have been shed.



Thanks for the deCamp review. I was a big fan of the Johnny Black series, and would like to see more, even at this late date. For a long time I've cherished the secret ambition of getting a bear suit somewhere & entering a Western-con or Worldcon Masquerade Contest as the beloved Johnny, but like a lot of other fantasies that run thru my head from time to time, it will probably remain one.....unless.....I just remembered that Marjli Eilers half-promised to do me a bear "some time"..... But that's just one of those things that one says at a con when the beer is flowing & the fine fan fellowship is glowing.... Anyway, my stick would go something like this: in a raspy "Popoye" voice: "Good evening, radies & gentermen; my name is Johnny Brack. I am a very interrigent bear from ze stories of Er Sprague de Camp. Since my creation 40 years ago, I have been studying & trying to improve my Engrish. I am preased to report tonight, zat I have finarry mastered a sound zat has given me difficurty arr zat time. Zat is ze voiceress rabloringuer rurr." At that point, of course, I would give vent to the loudest juiciest razzberry I could summon up.



## THE FINAL AFFAIR advt.

Who's responsible for this commercial intrusion? I couldn't find either McDaniel or Claypool on the membership list or the waitlist.

## The Devils Work

Norm Metcalf

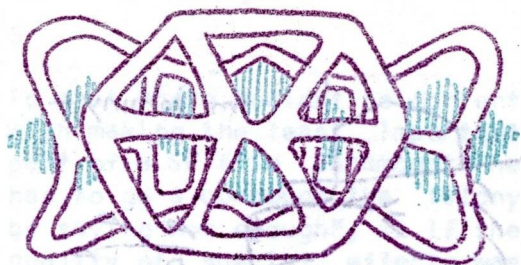
Read it, but sorry, no comment this time.

DONKEYS, AND TIGERS, AND FROGS—  
OH MY! ho hum....zzzzz

## THE TIGER IS LOOSE

Lester Boufillier

Glad to see you're involved in politix. I wish more fen were. As Heinlein said, "it's barely less important than your next breath," have a feeling that if I had read mailing #165, so that I would know what you're replying to, I'd have a lot more comments.



## HORIZONS #157

Harry Warner, Jr.

I suppose you've been asked this question a thousand times, but why do you keep the "Jr." at this late date? I couldn't wait to get rid of mine.

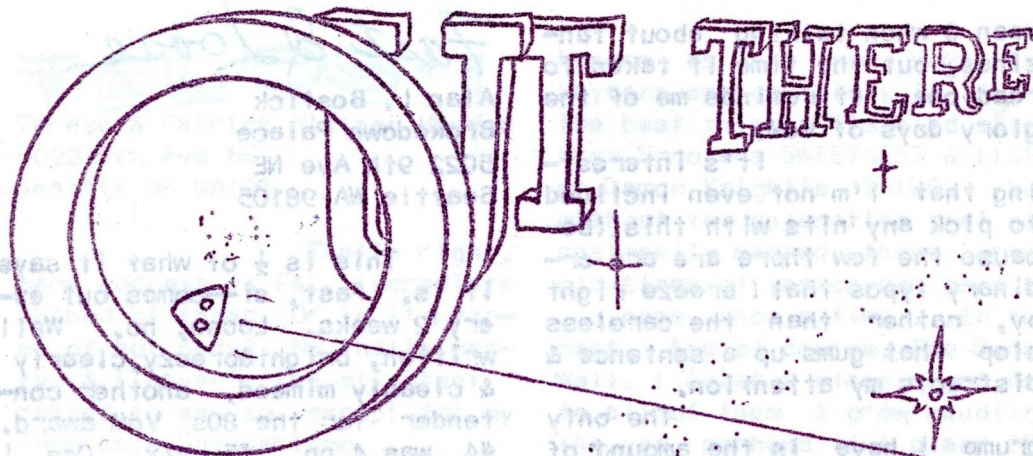
Sometimes your reasoning processes baffle me. The more so because you appear to be one of the more reasonable beings I know. Why does a 24 p. HORIZONS "keep life simple"? Why not 18 or 12? And leaving one side of a page blank is a danger? Sounds like my compulsion to get even right hand edges. But then I've given up trying to keep life simple. I just let it be complicated, & the hell with it.

Surprised to hear you made it as a pro. I don't question your ability, but that you chose to. Was it just to prove to yourself that you could? Otherwise, why'd you quit? It wd seem to be a source of extra income at least.

Another baffler: if writing on music really interests you, why confine yrself to once a year? Isn't that what we're all doing here—writing about what we like to write about? Or perhaps yr complaining in a roundabout way that too few people in FAPA are as interested in musical (kaff!!)notes as you are. Too bad! Don't worry about boring people—it's mostly the boree's fault anyway.

Was the Tana theme the one that had "My Own True Love" lyrics put to it? If so, it was the background to the most blissful dream I ever had. I took a siesta one hot August afternoon upstairs in the "old" Essex Court house with the radio on one of those innocuous stations sometimes described as "Easy Listenin'" or Muzak. I must have been in a sort of trance-like state, rather than asleep, since I remember the music. I dreamed that I was with a pride of lions up in a huge tree in the middle of Africa. It seemed to go on for hours & hours, as I sweated like a bull pup, but I was incredibly happy—euphoric is the word. Why this should be, I have yet to figure out. I had taken no alcohol or any other drugs. OK, you Freudians—have fun. No sonny, it wasn't a court house—just a plain old suburban house on Essex Court, Concord, CA 94521.





## A REVIEW OF NON-FAPA FANZINES

OUT THERE won't be really "out there," in the sense of the rest of the universe. If FAPA can be compared to the planet Earth, the rest of the sf world could be represented by the solar system. The "mundane" universe will seldom be visited in this column, except as something may relate to our little system. For instance: in MOTHER JONES, Frontlines Dept, "Revolt of the Star Folks" reports a Rand Corp study on the possibility of unions striking on the construction of solar power stations & eventually space colonists politically agitating for "Independence from Earth. We ought to be seeing some stories on this pretty soon. Or have there been some already that I'm not aware of?

*The Wretch takes to Writing*  
Cheryl Cline  
1621 Detroit Ave  
Concord CA 94520

I'll resist the temptation to spoonerize the title because I really like the zine and like the editor even more. She made my life complete. Not only do I have a Roisler con badge, but I am also the proud possessor of a warm fuzzy YHOS badge made by Cheryl.

Rich Coad & Mike Glicksohn say she's a pretty neat broad & I agree with them, except that I would use "pretty" as an adjective rather than an intensifier.

The big feature of WRETCH is the Lettercol. Just the dialog on feminism between Mike Glicksohn & Cheryl is worth the price of admission. I don't

mean \$ when talking about fanzines, but the time it takes to read one. It reminds me of the glory days of VoM.

It's interesting that I'm not even inclined to pick any nits with this, because the few there are are ordinary typos that I breeze right by, rather than the careless slop that gums up a sentence & distracts my attention.

The only grump I have is the amount of space devoted by an otherwise intelligent person to the subject of punkdom.

I know a lot of you under 30 are going to say "Huh. Hopeless Old Mossback. He just doesn't understand." Well, I'm not one to condemn something without at least an attempt to understand it, & really have tried to find something that can be said for it, & I can't. Or say much against it, either. There just isn't much there to understand, beyond a juvenile enthusiasm to have "something of our own," & reject establishment values. Ghu knows there's enuf wrong with them, but nihilistic narcissism doesn't show me much either.

## Fast & Loose

Alan L. Bostick  
Brokedown Palace  
5022 9th Ave NE  
Seattle WA 98105

This is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of what it says it is. Fast, si--comes out every 2 weeks. Loose, no. Well written, bright & breezy, clearly & cleanly mimeod, another contender for the 80s VoM award. #4 was 4 pp., #5, six. Oog, I hope that isn't an ill omen. The kid will burn himself out quickly at that rate. I'd like to see it go 4-6pp. monthly for years & years.

Letters from Cline, MacGregor, Hoffman, & Tucker, & to show you some real class, he had letters from Bergeron, Burbee & Warner, among others, which HE DIDN'T PRINT! I sit in awe. (Been standing all day.)

In #5-- letters from Labonte, Cline, Couch, Glicksohn, Hollyn, Parker & Ted White. Also roomie Pat Hayden, & witty stuff from the ed. No quotes around "witty," either. Column by Bergeron. Burbee, Fitch, Taral & Vardeman didn't make it -- again! Heehee I love it.



# TELDS+1

Teresa & Patrick Nielsen Hayden  
5022 9th Ave NE  
Seattle WA 98105

That's right, same address as F&L. Incredible hotbed of fanac. Or is it a fanac of hot beds? No, that's nasty, & I haven't the slightest reason to say so except for my Incurable Spoonerism.

They are a very charming couple, & meeting & talking with them at the Norwescon was one of its highlights for me. (I know, Juffus, \*sigh\* I shd either go for "hilltes" or stick to traditional orthography, but you forget my right margin fetish. Incidentally, that also accounts for the apparently indiscriminate use of and and ampersand).

As I was saying, not only charming but literary in the best sense of that much abused term. Teresa, for example, can throw away allusions to TS, Elliot, & not bother to make sure that everybody notices how frightfully erudite she is. That's class. Woody Allen, I just remembered, did the same in LOVE & DEATH, and that's The Right Stuff. Light & deft. I love it.

If Cline and Bestick are in competition for

honors as the new Vols, the Haydens are certainly in it for the best thing of its kind since Fred Shroyers SWEETNESS & LIGHT or Damon Knight's SNIDE, but without the splenetics that occasionally marred those great old zines of yesteryear gone by ....once upon a time....in the past. And of course, The Burb. Well, I hoist a glass right now to all of them & grow maudlin. (Ah yes, perhaps if I plant the gen-you-wine Triffid seeds that Hevelin laid on me at this same Norwescon, I could grow even more maudlin along with said Trifs.)

Anyway, you can guess that I was tremendously impressed with NW fandom, & will be back next year even if I have to forego a Westercon.

Teresa's column, THE FIJAGOH ORBIT, was tops in an excellent ish, espesh her essay on junkmail & ripoff eds of "the classics." I too, love junkmail, eentho it's nearly as great a timewaster as TV.

Mayhap she & spouse know that not only "you could publish those damned things blank" but that they actually did in the 20s: "Dr. Elliot's 5' Shelf" & all.

This pub's now closing. See that the cat is put out. She always is. When put out, that is.

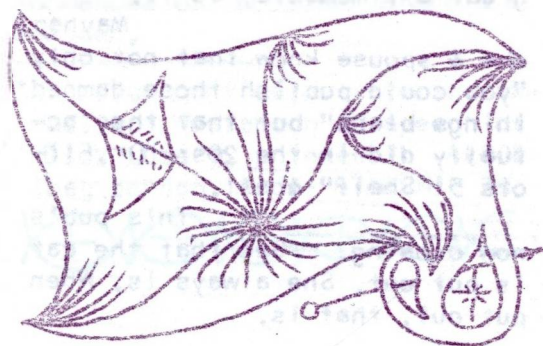
FAPA 167 MC cont.

## 20th Century Unlimited

Andy Porter

Would the Nebula Banquet ticket have been honored, or was it just a facsimile? I had half a notion to try it, but had no clue as to what city it was in.

Add me to the slaving hordes who are unutterably pissed at your changing ALGOL to STARSHIP. As I was just saying to Mr. Laurion & Mr. Stone, there's enuf of that crap around elsewhere without the distressing spectacle of it coming from within the ranks. But there's nothing I can do about it I suppose, except to cancel my subscription, & I wouldn't want to do that, because, like Mr. Chauvenet's, my life style has changed. Not that I read much of it, but it adds a bit of class to my coffee table, & having a copy kicking around my office at school impresses students, & even gets a few to sign up for my course.



## APA-VCR

Meade Frierson III

Tempting, & I've been tempted to get a VCR, so I won't have to stay up to catch SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE, for example, but I waste too much time on the tube, as it is.

Another ad from a non-member. What's going on? Is some kind of precedent being set here? Seems unconstitutional to me.

## THE HOG ON ICE

Creath Thorne

I can empathize 100% with your frustration in teaching frosh comp, since I've been doing it for about 25 years now, & the situation seems no better than when I started. Nor do I know of anyone who is experiencing any great success at it. A few may think they are, because their students appear happy, or because they score a bit higher on a precooked test of supposedly "objective criteria," but I have no doubts.

I've more to say on this, but I'm going to put it off, since I have three more mailings to catch up with & I suspect there will be quite a bit said on this by both Old & New "Brain Trusts," & I plan to unload my 2¢ worth all at once, rather than repeating myself nineteen times as I get to each zine.



Ordinarily I would object to comments for another apa, where I don't know the people being addressed or what they said in the first place, but in this case there was enuf of general & time-less interest that I didn't mind. I'm no gourmet, but the subject of food always causes me to perk up & pay attention when nothing else will. Once upon a time, I worked like a horse, so I ate like a horse. Then I stopped working like a horse, but I continued to eat like one; consequently I now weigh like a horse. I hope your recipe for Spanikopita (spinach pie) comes up soon. I practically lived on the stuff at Big Mac. There was a little Greek greasy spoon about two blocks from the hotel, and while it wasn't the greatest I ever ate, it was good enuf that I did not get tired of it til the end of the con. In between I'd have some moussaka or dolmades.

This is probably as good a place as any to lay my chili recipe on a palpitating fapa. Many long years ago I went to visit Doc Lowndes in NY. After gabbling for hours, I guess he decided there was no way he was going to get rid of me, so he might as well invite me to dinner or he wouldn't get any himself. After some serious fiscal analysis, we decided that we couldn't pay for one restaur-

ant meal between us, so it was cooking time. I can't remember now whether I chipped in or not, or offered and was refused, but anyway, Doc went out and came back with two armloads of stuff. So here is the basic recipe of what he did with it. I may have changed it a bit down thru the years to suit my own taste, but I still call it

### NEW YORK STYLE CHILI

Brown up to a pound of lean hamburger or stew meat in a large skillet, iron preferred. A lot of hamburger these days is full of water and fat, so a large skillet is needed to get rid of this fairly quickly, otherwise you will tend to boil the meat, which toughens it & spoils the flavor. In fact, you should just about stir-fry it as you would in a wok.

You just can't go away and leave it, but if you're careful, you might be able to get a large onion and a cupful of celery chopped up before the meat is done. If the meat does not have too much water in it, and/or you can get rid of it quickly, throw the onions and celery in and keep stir-frying. If you're really efficient, you can get the following done at the same time: in a large saucepan or pot (4-6 qts.) dump a lg. (28 oz.) can of tomatoes--NOT

tomato sauce or paste, but real tomatoes--fresh ones are better if you can afford it, but after all, chili is a poor person's dish. Don't turn the heat above medium low. My electric range has 5 settings: Simmer, Low, Medium Low, Medium Hi, & Hi, with 4 gradations between each. What the equivalent would be with gas I can't tell you, not having used it for a long time, altho I've chilled on a Coleman with no trouble. The condition of the food itself communicates mystically to me what the right temperature is at any given moment. Chop up a small bell pepper, and add to the tomatoes. About this time the meat, celery and onions should be ready. Scrape the whole works into the pot with the tomatoes, grease, juices & all. If you bought cheap hamburger, turkey, you might want to pour off some of the grease. If you aren't really efficient, you may have had to take the skillet off the heat while you did the other stuff, which is where an iron job pays off; it keeps things hot without overcooking them while you're messing around with other things.

When the mixture just barely starts to bubble, turn it down to "simmer." The whole secret of this thing is not to cook the bejesus out of it.

Next, slice up a lot of nice fresh mushrooms. You can tell if they're fresh by inspecting the underside of the commercial variety. If the cap hasn't pulled away from the stem to any appreciable degree, that's good. If there's a sizable gap & they have grown discolored or spongy--forget it and go for the canned ones. I'm a mushroom freak, so I go for a couple of cups. One might be enuf for you. If canned, one or two 4 oz. cans should suffice.

First, however, the seasoning. Two teaspoons of Lawry's garlic salt suits me--one for the meat, and one for the pot. I'm so used to it, that I seldom measure, going by shaker & taste.

Geez, I almost forgot the most important thing--the beans! These go in with the tomatoes; one or two tall cans of DARK red kidney beans. Now I know this will be heresy to chili lovers all over the west, but I honestly don't think that pinto, or so-called chili beans are as good, especially if you buy a good brand of the DARK red. The plain red are no better than pintos. Nor do I think anything is gained by getting dry beans in a sack, soaking them overnight & going thru all that scratch jazz. Let's hear it for modern technology!



OK, kiddies, things are getting down to the gritty-gritty here. Now put in a small (4 oz.) can of Ortega's diced green chiles. Stir those little rascals in thoroughly. You wouldn't want to get an overpopulated spoonful of them later on and burn a hole right thru the middle of your ever-lovin' tongue. You'd do better to watch an eclipse of your olde sunne directly thru binoculars.

Now the crucial bit. The chili powder can make it or break it, so get the best. Lopez—right? Wrong. Would you believe Hernandez or some such? If you would—forget it. The best chili powder bears the unlikely name of GRANDMA'S. Wife #2 turned me onto it, & she was the best cook in the bunch. It's made by a little(?) outfit in Sacramento. Let it simmer about 30 m, while preparing the rice, noodles, or whatever you want to go with it. A can of corn is nice, if you're out of other starches. Just dump it in & stir it around any time. Whoa!—not cream style, idiot—there's too much sugar and other junk in it. You'll ruin the whole thing. Ripe olives are a good variant (pitted, of course), but not really necessary.

It's even better the second day, but don't overheat it—let it warm up gradually. Like Huck Finn says, "...things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better."

AYEWONDER

Leigh Strother-Vien

Pity she dropped, because ayewondered how to pronounce her name—the part after the hyphen, that is. Is it vee-EN, Veen or Vine? Oh well, perhaps she'll be at the next Westercon, and it will turn out to be something unlikely, like von or van.

Physicist jokes are a variant on the older Tapdancer or Mazola jokes, and don't seem as funny, to me. "Physicist" just isn't a funny, or incongruous word which seems to be the basis of this kind of humor: as "Tapdancer in a Strange Land, or "I Have no Mazola & I Must Scream." I nominate "Peanut Butter" or "Lasagna," or maybe "Security Officer." "The Left Hand of Lasagna?" "The Sky was Full of Peanut Butter?" "I Will Fear no Security Officer?" Hiho.

# The Society of Editors' Newsletter

John Bangsund

This seems to be some kind of put-on, but knowing little of Australia or the personalities involved, most of the dead-pan humor went right by me. Sorry.

## Past Present & Future

Graham Stone

A most auspicious beginning. I hope to see many more issues of this. Why is it (speaking of "Why's") that a much higher proportion of Aussie fanzines are newer and more literate than US fanzines? Other factors, such as the age or background of the editor don't seem to account for the difference. I suspect that European fnz might be similar to the Aussie productions, but have not seen enough of the former to make a comparison. I also suspect that the teaching of English might have something to do with it, and that in turn might have something to do with the lack of respect for mental discipline in the American culture. There. That should stir up a hornet's nest—and perhaps a WASP or two, too.

One argument, which I have used myself in defending US education, can be countered in advance. That is the excuse that we are a frontier society & are still in the process of smoothing off the rough edges, but so is Australia, & we've had about 200 years head start on them at that.

Topic #1: "fillyloo" would have been most apt for a title.

"The resurgence of this phenomenon (the paradox of a future-oriented movement becoming strongly interested in the past) is due ... to other factors..." I wish you had elaborated, because this has concerned, or rather, dismayed me since I first retouched the fringes of fandom.

#2: "No one could improve on The Reader and Collector as a title...." Perhaps not, but you overlooked one that was at least equal—Claire P. Beck's SF Critic, a definite landmark until Blish & VAPA got into the act.

#3: I'd like to know if a vague memory of a Schachner "Thought-Variant" is accurate or not. I think he wrote one of the first anti-racist stories, where the protagonist visits a planet or time where an extraordinary variety of "freaks" are living in peace & harmony, & can't understand why Earthmen make such a fuss over small differences in skin color, type of noses, etc.



#4: Hear, hear, & 2nd the motion. I don't know about the "missing" library book, (altho I think hypnotism would shed some light on it—a la witnesses to crimes, accidents etc.) but the Gallun-Zagat substitution sure had something to do with the Z. "Cultivated" seems to be just a plain old Freudian slit—er, I mean slip. But when Freud and dear old Spofessor Pruner get together, some really filly lusus can occur.

Years ago I had a class studying Huckleberry Finn, and in the class was an earnest young fellow just discovering that there were more things in literature than the "story." He was also discovering the charms of a certain comely lass in the class, and spent as much time mooning in her direction as he did on what the (harrumpf) teacher was saying, & I can't say as I blame him. She really was stacked. Well, you guessed it. One day I was feeling a bit out of sorts, and called on him to explain some difficult point, expecting him to be off in a reverie about the young lady. He was. He came to with a start, & employed Plan B, which is, when you are unexpectedly called upon, to reply with another question, giving you time to get your scattered wits together.

Putting on his Serious Student mask, he said, "Sir, are you referring to Fuckleberry—" (These days there would be some giggling & snickering and that would be that, but Then, the boys were smirking into their texts, the girls were studying the floor or the ceiling, blushing furiously, I had become absorbed in the view outside the window, —where not a damned thing was happening—& the hapless wight in question was as wight as Antartica.) After several moments of deathly silence, seeing that he had not been struck by lightning, he took heart & began again.

"What I meant to say was that when Jim & Fuck Hinn were—" His eyes bulged & he began to sweat. I had taken pity on him by this time, & was trying to come to his rescue, but he was in total shock and plowed ahead desperately.

ETYMOLOGY IS A MANY THUNDERED  
SPRING. I went to the dictionary to see what the wight was about. If it would give some clue to why they are loved by a "hannanna less." "Wight" is a "one-eyed" or "one-thingy," & "to happen" is the same root as "happily" & "happen" is "by good fortune" or "chance."

"I mean Hinn Fuck was—oh, forget it." He gently lowered his throbbing head to the table and left it there for the rest of the period.

It would make a better story if I had also got my tang all tangled up in the same fashion, but I wisely decided to take up instead the characterization of the Diddo Wuglas & Son Tawyer.

There have been times, however, when my inclination to deliberately Spoonerize betrayed me. In a unit on linguistics, I was about to take up the phenomena of stress, pitch and juncture. Why they have to come in that disastrous order, I don't know, but that's the way all the textbooks have it.

I had car trouble that day, & arrived a bit late & rattled. Hurriedly arranging my notes, I plunged right in. "Today, we are going to look at the way language conveys meaning by stretch, p—" but I caught myself in time.

One time I didn't was pure Freudian. We were required at that time to announce all the special events for the week to our first class. It was an 8 am session (which I have since successfully avoided) on a Blue Monday, & the "events" weren't very special at all—a meeting of the committee on littering, etc., etc. I droned thru

a few of these & became aware of nodding heads & drooping eyelids. Something had to be done. I stopped for several seconds. Eyelids & heads came up, wondering if I were looking at them. "And now," I said, putting on my best hearty radio commercial voice, "I'll just recrap the rest of these activities."

The rest of the class went very well, since I had much better attention than usual.

The rest of the issue was equally interesting, but I've no more to add.

