VIPER #1

December 1960

"First time I ever saw a squirrel with a monkey on his back!"

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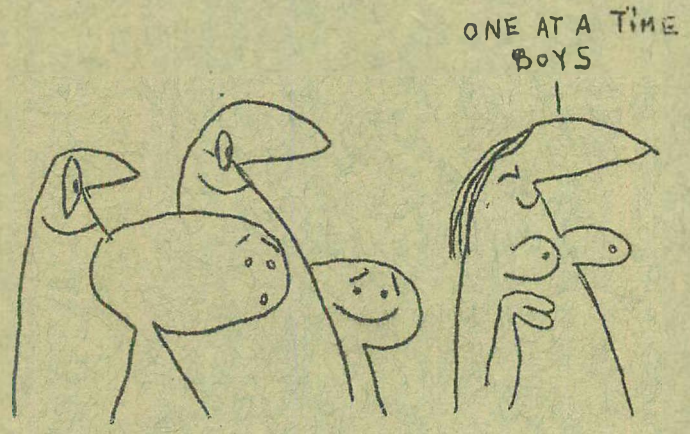

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ILLOS

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DREAD SEX ADDICTION

Increasing divorce and desertion and the growth of prenuptial and extramartial sex relations are signs of sex addiction somewhat similar to drug addiction.

Through the use of drugs an addict strives to relieve his painful tensions and to experience the intensest forms of sensual pleasure. The more one indulges in the use of drugs, the deeper he is caught by their tentacles. The more he uses them, the more substantially they change the total personality of the drug addict.

Sex addiction does not represent an exception to these rules. Dedication of an individual to the pursuit of sex pleasures means a growth of the sex drive at the expense of the power of the other factors determining the total activity, and radically changes the whole system of forces governing human behavior. It is similar to a change of the engine and the total motor mechanism of a car. Externally the car may look the same, but its inner system and driving performance become quite different from what they were before.

Likewise, a tangible modification of the system of forces conditioning human behavior transforms the total personality of the individual, his body and mind, his values and actions. The deeper this change, the greater the transformation of the person involved...

--Pitrim Sorokin in The American Sex Revolution.

- -

Vipers of the World, Unite! You have nothing to lose but your frustrations.

- -

The right to buy women is the right to be free.

--William Rotsler.

- -

Sex is the most intimate thing that two people can do together.

--Elinor Busby.

AMONG US VIPS...

Well, here I am in OMPA. You can't say you weren't warned. I think I'm going to enjoy OMPA very much and I hope you'll like having me around. Or at least not mind too much.

As a sort of postcript to the assorted biographical material I've handed out I thought I would print the following description from an unfinished article by Miriam Carr. She started to write about the Berkeley invasion of Seattle last February and just never finished it.

"Bill Donaho is really quite a guy. His physical appearance is probably better known than that of most fans; he is 6'4" and weighs over 300#. He has reddish-blond hair, wears glasses all of the time, and is nicely characterized by an almost constant beaming expression. The next most prominant thing about Bill to me is that he thinks almost everything I say is excruatingly funny. (I don't see it myself.) He has a well-developed (if sometimes perverse) sense of humor, a very genial and kindly manner, is quite opinionated on certain subjects, and has a prediliction for gossip. He has a passion for food and drink of the highly calorific variety and is generally one of the most gregarious people I know."

Aside from the fact that I like the people of OMPA, I find the British flavor quite attractive, the British attitude towards things quite interesting. Even when I don't like some of these differences, just the fact that they are there makes me more aware of the patterns I live with. Some things are so taken for granted that they are never thought about until a different way of looking at them will cause them to be examined.

Even when the differences are in areas that I have thought about, different ways of looking at things are always interesting and sometimes helpful. Since Britain and the U. S. are similar in so many ways, however, perhaps greater differences than we have would be more useful. But on the other hand as the differences become greater, people have less and less in common and it is more difficult to establish contact or close relations. Our cultures are close enough so that it is possible for us to be friends, but different enough so that we have things to talk about.

My current period of joblessness is over. I am now Assistant Accountant in the West Coast Regional Office of the Raymond Concrete Pile Division of Raymond International which is the second largest construction company in the world. Raymond does some heavy construction in the U. S. but its principal business here is putting down the concrete piles for bridges, buildings, etc. and in this it dominates the field. Abroad Raymond does all sorts of heavy construction projects in the undeveloped areas. (Our Havana office was just closed in a hell of a hurry.)

This is by far the best job I have ever held, both from the standpoint of salary now and the opportunities for advancement. Up until now Raymond has had centralized accounting in New York, but this has become top-heavy and they are splitting it up into regional offices. I am helping to set up the system here and as I am in on the ground floor in a fairly high position (that sounds like a good trick) I can hardly help but rise as the system and structure expands in the inevitable manner of bureaucracy. You might say that I am quietly pleased.

Before I got this job I spent a brief period as an insurance salesman. Not that I ever sold anything or for that matter tried to sell anything. I was in "training". Now I know that I am a lousy salesman, definitely not the sales type. The only reason I took the damn job was because I was desperate for work and it paid a salary as well as commission. However the salary didn't start until the training period was completed and as I got this other job before I finished the training period, I never did get any money out of them. However, I do know quite a bit about insurance now.

Due to one thing and another like not having enough money to buy proteins and thus having to buy carbohydrates (plus of course lack of will power and all that), my high-protein diet is not coming along too well. Pay day looms ever nearer though so I hope that soon I will be back in the groove. I should be, for although I don't have much will power when it comes to saying "no" to food, this diet doesn't really require much of that. Fortunate.

Jack Speer's article is reprinted from his FAPAzine and was written for FAPA, but I think it applies equally well to any apa. Terry and Miriam have also talked about reprinting it in SAPS. Jack was one of the founders of FAPA lo these 25 years ago and is the only FAPAn with a continuous membership. He is also the inventor of mailing comments, being the first person to use them--in the third or fourth mailing I believe.

Ray Nelson's "Bjo-type squirrel" was drawn from an idea of Terry's, but Terry got his idea from a remark of Sid Roger's. Several of us went into a liquor store and came out carrying assorted bottles of gin, bourbon, scotch--the usual--and Ronel came out carrying 12 quarts of root beer. Sid took one horrified look at him and said, "Ron, when are you going to get that monkey off your back?"

The Miller cartoons were sent to me by John Quagliano. Thanks, John.

SURE, I USED TO LIKE SCIENCE-FICTION, BUT NOW I GOT SOMETHING BETTER!

If the artwork doesn't seem up to standard this issue, don't blame the artists, blame me. I stenciled it. Yes, the staff stylus-wielder, Terry Carr, is far to busy with his own fanac to spend all his time stenciling artwork for hook and crook publications. Sigh. My apologies to the artists. I think I am improving though. Terry did stencil the cover illo (don't blame him for the lettering though) and the lettering for this editorial. I am guilty of all the rest of it.

I don't know if I will be able to make every mailing, but I sure as hell am going to try. Of course this initial enthuasism may wear off. I hope not.

That about winds things up for this issue.

Ron Ellik for TAFF.

THE BEATFEN

By Len Moffatt

Cramdiddle Jones fingered his bare, sore chin, and stared gloomily at his girlfriend, Prudence Smith. They were standing on the porch of an ancient house, waiting for an answer to their first, tentative knock. "I don"t know," he said, for the tenth time that evening. "I feel just a little square. You know, naked and unprotected."

"Well, you didn't have to shave off your beard!" she snapped. "I understand that a number of fans--uh--fen wear beards."

"This beanie bit, though," he grotched, moving his hand upward to adjust the triple-prop job perched on his handsome head. "I still don't quite dig it. It seems rather childish."

"It is obviously a form of protest against wearing mundane hats," replied Prudence. "A symbol of fannish revolution. And as fen are pun-minded the face that the props revolve leads one to the conclusion that those with broad mental horizons (not to be confused with Warner's fapazine) will in time teach the macrocosmos that freedom of individuality is the only true way of life for fen and mundane types alike, and that one need not wear a hat or whatever just because narrow-minded others feel strongly (and sincerely, of course, so we must express some tolerance and pity for them--the square-orientated hat wearers) that it is the thing (proper and acceptable) to do. As for beards...."

Cramdiddle had been knocking desperately on the door. It opened before Prudence could continue her discourse. A tall bearded gentleman greeted them, introducing himself as Zeke, the host. They gave their names and Cramdiddle, hoping that his pronunciation was correct, asked: "Is this the LAWSFAWS?"

"Yep, come on in," said Zeke. "Don't think I've seen you here before, but I reckon from those thingmabobs you're wearing you must be fans."

"Fen," smiled Prudence, giving her props a dainty twirl. "We represent the New Fen, or New Beats, as you wish, or the Beatfen, as was coined recently. We were converted last week when some of your group visited our pad..."

They followed him into the room, and found seats on one of the couches. Zeke excused himself to attend to his chores in the kitchen. "Just introduce yourselves to the characters here," he told them. "They won't bit, leastwise they haven't yet."

There were only half a dozen others in the room, early arrivals for the Thursday night meeting. Two of them, a young boy and girl, ignored everybody and talked quietly to each other. The other four sat on a couch across the room, and grinned and nodded at the newcomers. These four wore beanies. Pru gave Cram a sharp nudge in the ribs. He leaned forward and smiled at the four beanie brigaders. "I'm Cramdiddle Jones, and this is Prudence Smith. I suppose you all are beatfen too?"

Instantly the foursome sprang into action, and words. "Like crazy, man," said the youngest of the group. "You know, like we dig the beat scene as united in

common-law matrimony with the fan scene, like beatfandom, man, and as soon as the Word is passed, Real Soon Now, we will rise in the spirit of true indignation and lead the right thinkers against squareful mundania. Dig?"

"Dig," said Pru, promptly. But Cram frowned and leaned back. "You don't mean a real war--a revolution?" he asked.

"Dig this cat!" chortled the young fan. "His beanie is hip, but he talks kooksville. Like, man, is he a spy for the squares? Next he'll be, like, you know, making with the commie-colored paint brush, labelling us as subversive. Like Wetzelville, man!"

"I was just asking," said Cram softly. When he spoke softly it meant one of two things; either he was angry, or tumenescent. In this instance he was obviously angry.

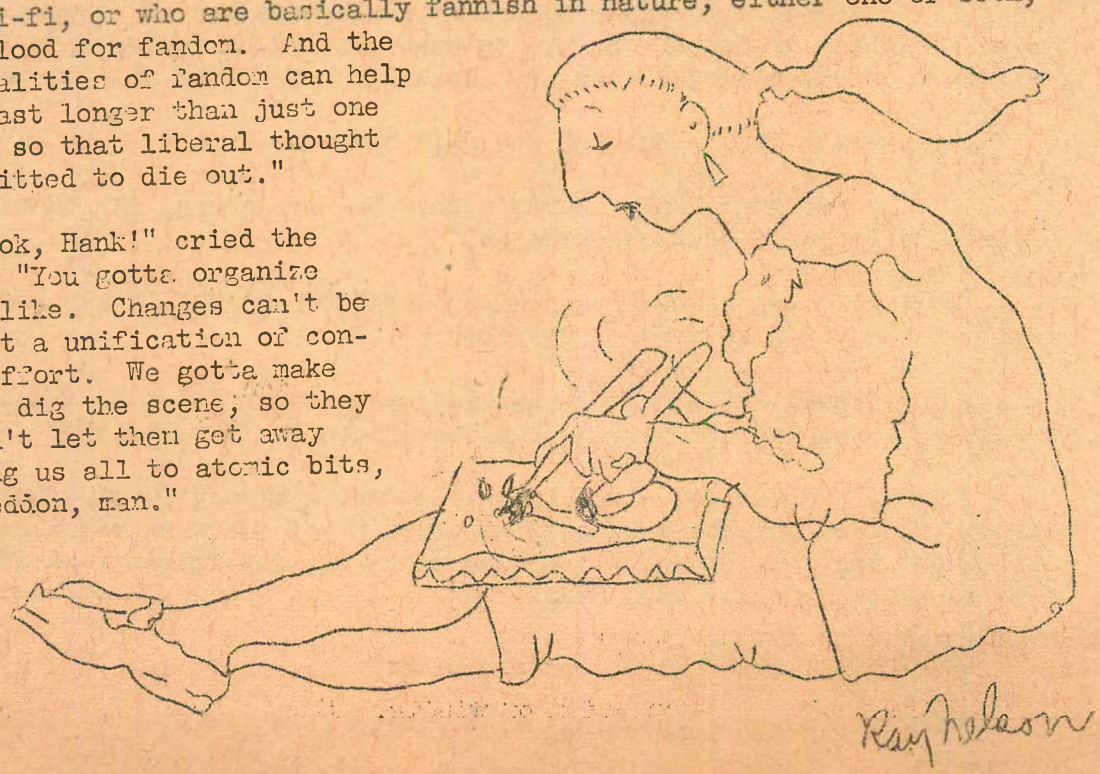
"He didn't mean you were commies, like," Pru laughed. "We're new to the scene, that is--since the official unofficial welding of trubeat and trufen..."

"You mean," growled Cram. "When the fans insinuated themselves into the beat world, and then took over. When our old leaders departed for greener (as in bread) pastures, the fans appointed themselves leaders...."

"The beats needed leading, organizing!" interrupted the young fan. "Like aimless, you know. We trufen discovered the Underlying Oneness of fandom and beatsville. We fen have had years of experience at organizing, like clubs, conventions, and like that. We can aid each other in the cause of peace and tolerance..."

"Aw, you're talking pure square," objected one of his companions. "I don't think organizing is important. It's more of an exchange of New Blood. Some fen think that getting New Blood means getting more neos into fandom, and that's all right, but it can also mean getting new fans, period, regardless of age. The beats who read sci-fi, or who are basically fannish in nature, either one or both, are ideal New Blood for fandom. And the enduring qualities of fandom can help the beats last longer than just one generation, so that liberal thought is not permitted to die out."

"But look, Hank!" cried the young fan. "You gotta organize something, like. Changes can't be made without a unification of concentrated effort. We gotta make the squares dig the scene, so they know we won't let them get away with blowing us all to atomic bits, like Armageddon, man."



"If I may go back to my original question," said Cram. "How do you propose to stop the squares?"

"Dig him! Man, you don't even talk beat. You wear the beanie, and the tight denims, but you just don't talk pure beat, like."

"Neither do you," snapped Cram. "You're like Pru here, working at trying to sound like you think a beat is supposed to sound."

"Like, you're implying I'm a fake beat?" sneered the young fan.

"Oh, I have no doubt that your intentions are well-meant. We probably agree on what's wrong with the world, for instance, but you defeat all of this by trying to sound beat and fannish and nonconformist all at the same time. Why not just speak naturally?"

"But man, like, it's natural for me to talk this jive. Like, it flows, from the head and the heart, like. Like, you don't dig..."

"I dig all right," smiled Cramdiddle. "It's a habit with you now. You've picked up a few words and got into the habit of using 'like', for instance, as a form of punctuation. Tell me something. When you write to your congressman to protest or praise the way he voted, do you write the way you talk?"

"So, who writes congressmen? Man, crifanacville is a very busy scene. Like, we write, we pub, we illo, we make the scene all over, like, you know, cons, so who has time to write squares?"

"I see. I notice that none of you have beards, but all have beanies. In this New Beatfen bit is the beanie supposed to replace the beard?"

"Oh, beards are unimportant," said the older fan who did not believe in organizing. "I suspect my young friend here would have one if he were old enough. However the matter of beards was pretty much settled by Agberg when he announced that wearing them was optional with him, depending on how he felt at the time."

"Yes," said Pru. "Buz too has said as much."

"Oh, do you know Buz? I didn't know he--or Agberg, for that matter, had officially joined the Beatfen movement."

"Well, like, just what've read in HABAKKUK and CRY, like, you know. We haven't really met any fen outside of California..."

"Your friend still hasn't answered my question," put in Cram. "I assume that when the Underlying Oneness is complete--Comes the Revolution?"

"Maybe," smiled the older fan. "But not a bloody revolution, not a war. After all we hate war and the causes of war, don't we? We want peace on earth and good will among men. We are simply making peaceful, intelligent, adult protests against what is wrong. It may take years..."

"Do you expect to win?"

"Win? It's not a question of winning. It's a matter of standing up for what is right..."

"Like, man, we'll die for our cause," interrupted the younger fan. "You know, like if they hose us, or use guns, we'll show them we have guts, like, the courage of our convictions, and then they will have to dig us, like, and..."

"Really?" Cramdiddle smiled. "But as your friend says, all of this may take years. You may not live to see the world become your utopia, young as you are. Are you willing to do all this for the sake of future generations?"

"Like, wow, man! You just don't dig at all, and neither does old Hank here. Like, we are the New Blood, and it could happen overnight. We will lead you to ultimate victory, and there will be peace and prosperity for all. We gotta organize, like. A party--yes, a party. We'll get called a commie-front and Ghu knows what else, but, like, we'll make it clear we aren't affiliated with commies or any other party, like. This will be our own beatfen party, and when our people are elected..."

"Did I hear someone say Party?" asked the young girl. She and her boyfriend were standing now, and had been talking to others who had wandered into the room during the beatfen discussion.

"Yeah, like, you know..." began the young fan.

"Good!" she cried. "Where is it to be? Or do we have to vote on it at the meeting tonight?"

"Huh? I don't dig you, kid?"

"The party, kook! It is time for the club to have another party. Hallowe'en is months away. I'll second the motion if you bring it up during new busniness..."

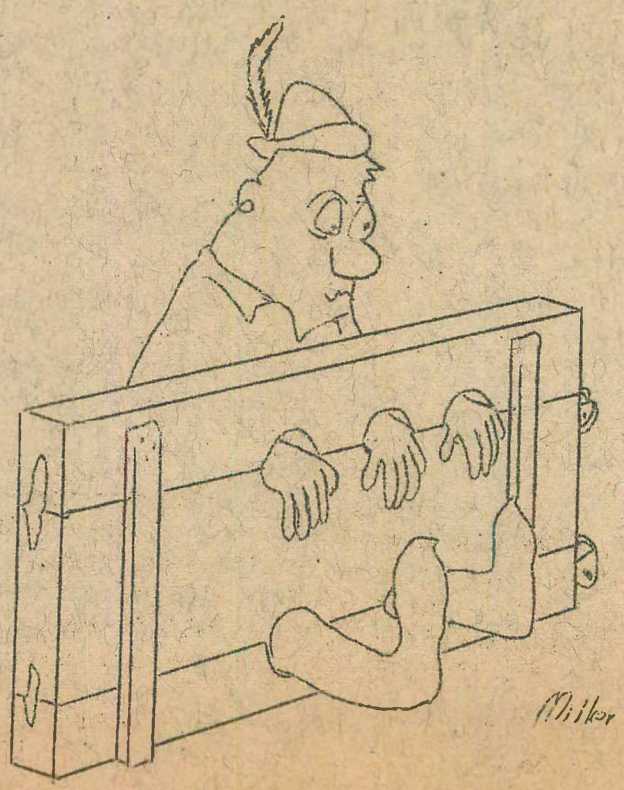
"Like, sister, I didn't mean that kind of a party!"

"Oh? Something private? Well pardon me for butting in!" Tossing her curls, she whirled away.

"Geez, the creeps this club gets," muttered the young fan.

"I think she is a rather nice young lady," objected Cram, speaking softly. Pru knew that this time he was both angry and [illegible]. She decided that it was time for her to speak again.

"Fellow beatfen," she said, clearing her throat. "In the interest of harmony (not to be confused with the old PEON col by Jim of similar name) I believe that I can sum up, like, you know, pull together the fragments of our thoughts and discussion in a cohesive whole to permit us to dig ever so deeply the way we all feel, like, you know, react, and show that in various ways, but with common purpose (and belief) we all make the scene with



Underlying Oneness..." She paused to take a deep breath, her tight sweater causing a momentary distraction. "To continue and conclude in simplicity and yet with sufficient detail (not to be puned upon because of my sexiness which I admit as both a fault and a virtue, the paradox of all well-developed human--and of course, humane--females) we can all dig that unityville is the needed thing, the bit, like that..."

A pounding gavel interrupted her. "...meeting of LASFS will come to order," the club's director was saying. "Quiet, please. First we have the introduction of guests, and I see we have some tonight. Would you stand and introduce yourselves, please?" ******

After the meeting, Prudence, clutching a book she had won in Ackerman's Raffle, tried to lead Cram over to where a group of beanie-topped members were arguing. But the room was so crowded now that they found themselves pushed back into the kitchen, where they drank punch and munched cookies. The club director found them there, and asked if they were interested in joining. "I forgot to mention it during the meeting," he said. "But you can attend two more meetings free, as guests, before you decide whether or not you wish to join."

"We'll do that," said Cram quickly. "I've been reading science fiction for years, and I really enjoyed the book and film reviews tonight. Is it like this every week?"

"No," said the director honestly. "Some nights it's all fan talk, and some nights all business. Then we have slides, movies, and a guest speaker occasionally."

"But there was nothing about the beat scene, hardly at all," complained Pru. "Like, I don't dig the club. I thought that fen and beats were united."

"Oh, that's not part of official club business," explained the director. "We had a vote on it some time ago, and the club officially supports the movement, but we don't make it a part of the club business except for an occasional discussion, and like that. We don't require each and every member to be a beatfan. Like, you know, when we supported the Watt's Towers when the city was going to pull them down."

"Let's flee this scene," said Pru to Cram. "Looks like our beatfen friends already have. Where would they go?"

"Kal's, probably," said the director. "It's a coffee shop over on..."

"Coffee shop? You mean coffee house, don't you?"

"No, shop. An all night restaurant. Since the advent of the beatfen, coffee houses are squaresville, man. See I dig the beatfenspeak too."

Pru frowned, and Cram shrugged and sighed. "Somehow," he said. "I don't feel like sitting up half the night yakking with those crifanacats. Let's go home, baby." She answered, "I'm with you, Cram. Next week we can dig this scene some more, and the week after. Then when we join we can get the movement really started, like in the club itself, like, all is not lost. Other beatfanac too, but contact is necessary, like, to dig and be dug, one must..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," said Cram quickly, putting an arm around her and drawing her close. "But the BAPA waiting list is so damned long..."

VILLAGE INTERLUDE

By Ted White

It was the first day of summer--in the middle of April--and that evening the temperature was still comfortably in the seventies, so we went out walking through the Village. I've written up a few of our other experiences on nights like this, but this night had a fresh feeling to it; people were out in their shirtsleeves for the first night of the year, and since it was a Friday night, the Village teemed with uptown tourists and "beatniks" fresh off the IND and IRT trains. There was a festive air to the night.

Only a week earlier we'd escourted Boyd Raeburn briefly around, starting with a visit to the Paperback Gallery for Hey, B. C.! and ending up in the coffeehouse area, peering into the Caricature and sighting three fans, and then returning to our apartment for pizza. But the air had had an evening chill, and though there were throngs of people, they seemed less leisurely; they were local people out for a walk ("It is just too nice a night to stay in."), but they were fewer than the usual assortment of uptown types "doing" the Village.

But this night, after the first day of almost-80° temperatures, we were out for a leisurely walk, showing no one nothing, drifting along by common assent. First we headed up to Eighth St., and I broused the record stores and bought a new Schwann catalogue. Monday I would have to submit a list of records I wanted for review, and since I was reviewing several records by one artist in each column, this seemed the best way to make my lists. "Graft," I remarked to Sylvia. "It's all graft. I cast a mere 35¢ upon the oceans, and washed back to shore will be $35.00-worth of record albums...."

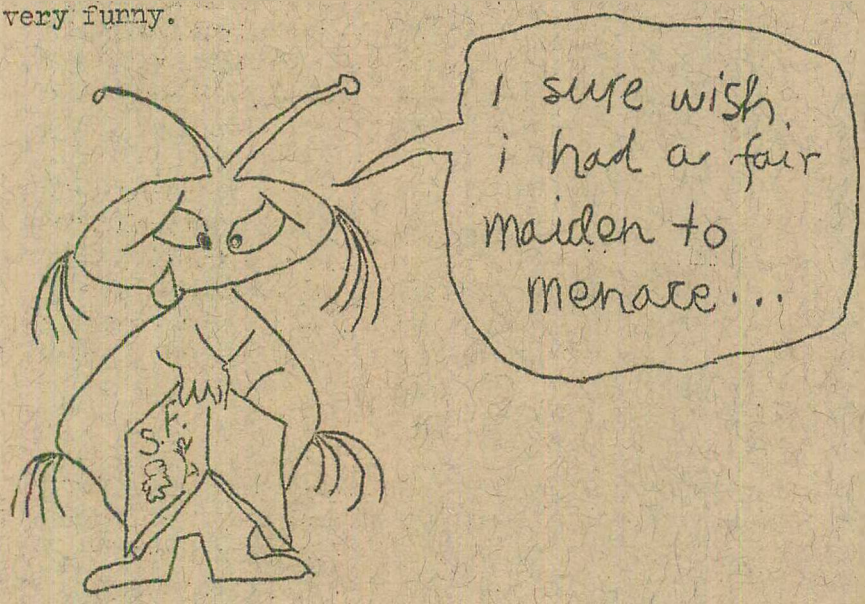
At Fifth Avenue we turned south, and soon entered Washington Square Park, where the buses stank up the immediate surroundings. We munched Good Humors and rested on a bench. Nothing seemed to be happening though, so we started to walk away. Then I noticed a cluster of people in the direction we were heading. My motto is always to head for groups--you can never tell what the attraction might be. The attraction this time was a Honey Bear.

I'm not dead certain what a honey bear is supposed to be, but I can describe what he was. He was small, slightly smaller than a cat although full grown, with a long thick tail, and a longish, thin head. He was light brown colored, with a lighter underside. He was on a leash, and was thoroughly enjoying playing with the people around him. His owner looked on philosophically, a short, balding, past-middle-aged man who was obviously a villager. Several girls were mock-wrestling with the little animal, and he played with them rather like a cat. Cute.

We headed back west again on Fourth, passing the Showplace, where Charlie Mingus is in residence, and on across Sixth Avenue. There were some portrait artists on the sidewalk, with crowds clustered, but we couldn't make that scene.

Fourth St. runs into Seventh Avenue at Sheridan Square, along with Grove St., Christopher St., and a couple of others. It is a very complicated intersection. There is a small park which is actually the Sheridan Square, with a hedged-in and paved part with benches all around the sides, and a fenced-off area with grass and bushes separate. We saw a crowd gathered in the paved portion and, following our policy of investigating crowds, wandered over.

There were three girls standing, if not on soap boxes, at least on crates of some sort, and addressing the crowd. Their hair was strangely braided and pigtailed with blue crepe-paper, and with the right makeup and decent clothes, they would have been pretty. They were a self-possessed group, banging on pots ever so often for quiet, and haranguing the crowd on the values of some -theism. Whenever they rattled off a line which by rights should have ended, "...it's in the book!" they substituted "bottle" for "book". The crowd heckled good naturedly, with various people asking what religion they were pushing, and they shouted right back. It was all very funny.



"It's a sorority initiation, I bet," said Sylvia, right as usual. An older girl stood in the crowd, watching to make sure the girls made good.

At one point a colored cat began asking them if they knew who God was. "I am God," he said. "Why not?" They weren't prepared for this, so they ignored him. Not about to be ignored, the young man addressed the crowd directly, and asked if they'd like to listen to him. He walked over to one of the benches and climbed upon it. A portion of the crowd followed. Sylvia and I decided to see what he was offering and claimed front-row positions.

The guy's ideas were pretty direct and simple: Most people depend upon their religion as a crutch, and are superstitious. Most Americans are conditioned by their society. They aren't thinking progressively. The Russians, in overthrowing the dictates of tradition, superstition and all crutches--supposedly--had become progressive thinkers and are outstripping us. This was the message, and as such it wasn't bad. But the fellow was not articulate enough, not well-enough prepared to handle the hecklers, and not able to follow one train of logical thinking. He kept saying, "Now, dig: now listen to me, huh? Now here's what I want to say, see; will you please listen to this?" And the crowd kept answering, "So get to the point!" "Say something!" And side issues came up.

One fellow, a prosperous middle-aged man with an accent, asked, "Just how old are you, young man?"

"What difference does it make?"

"I'm just asking: how old are you? I'm curious."

"Well, what country are you from?"

"Why should I tell you that?"

"Why should I tell you how old I am? Okay, so I'm twenty-one. Okay?"

"That's okay. And I'm from Italy."

At another point the cat asked if anyone could speak Russian. One Person did, and they held a rapid exchange in Russian. It also turned out that the speaker's name was Jack and that he had been in Zurich, and in Germany, where his job had been to help jam Russian broadcasts...

At about this point a younger man in the crowd began heckling him about God, and how he was blaspheming. This fellow (his name was John) was pushed forward and found himself standing next to Jack on the bench. John said he believed in God because he Knew, and he knew the Holy Scriptures were The Word of God, and etcetera. He turned out to be parroting orthodox Christian superstition word for word, without any original thoughts at all. I suppose he was frightened into it by someone. He said Original Sin was obvious because no one needs to teach children to be bad, only to be good. I and others objected loudly at this point. We also heckled some of his other harangues. He was the sort of fugghead that I'm sure Danner would pick as the reason why he's an atheist...

I was also reminded of Danner by something the next speaker said. He was a small runt of a man, middle-aged, obviously a bum, right out of Subways Are for Sleeping. He was also quite articulate and intelligent. I think he had been sleeping on the bench when the rest of us came over. I know he had made some of the most intelligent comments of any in the crowd, although only those of us who'd stood near him could hear him. He took his place by the other two on the bench and began to speak, to the accompaniment of shouted "Let the little man talk!" "Give him his chance!"

His was a plea for the reasoned approach to God, but he said, better a man be honest with himself and an atheist than dishonest and a "believer". He mentioned William Jennings Bryan, who, he said, had written Bob Ingersoll (that's what reminded me of Bill Danner again) asking why he held his beliefs. Ingersoll had said something typically atheistic, and Bryan, who still had his doubts himself, said that rather than take such a stand, he would be a devout believer. Chapter Two of this religious saga took us to the Scopes Trial, where Darrow made a fool of Bryan, and Bryan died soon after of apoplexy. Moral: Darrow and Ingersoll, agnostic and atheist, were intellectually honest with themselves; Bryan hadn't been and thus let himself down in the end.

However, said the little man, this was no reason not to believe in God. To believe in God, one had to be honest with himself, and arrive at his decision from inner conviction, and not from outer conditioning. Man strives towards truth, he said, and this is true of all men. Must there not be a truth then, and order to the chaos, to be found? If not, what a sham life must be.

This was hardly a new doctrine, but it remains a reasonably sensible one, and the man's quiet determination, and his common sense, projected this well. Personally, I went along with him fairly well. He wasn't a fanatic about the subject.

Then another Negro came forward and took a similar stand, using the old argument that man's own achievements argue in support of a greater being: God. He too was not too fanatic, but had the air of one who had found his own God and was satisfied ("No, I'm not a Christian, but that isn't necessary"), but was hard put to explain

why to a bunch of strangers. He might have succeeded, but then a cop came along and broke things up.

"What about the Right of Free Assembly?" someone asked the air around him.

"New York State repealed it seventy-five years ago," I answered in jest.

"You got to have a permit," the cop said.

We left and headed down Christopher Street for home. "You know," I said, "I wish I'd had a chance."

"What would you have said?" asked Sylvia.

"I'd have gotten up there and told them they were all fools. They were trying to argue in objective terms about a subjective thing like religion. Except for pointing out errors of fact, like that Christian made, there is no logical argument for or against God." We walked along a bit. "But that first cat had some good bones to pick with Organized Religion..."

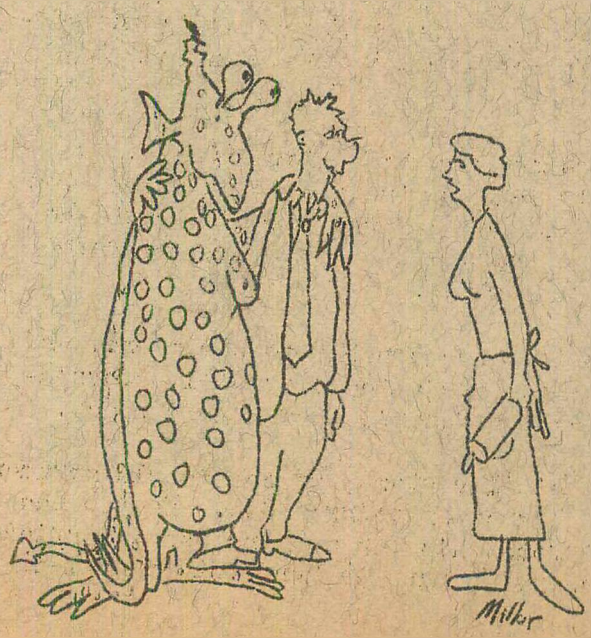
"It was a lot of fun," Sylvia said. And I agreed.

- -

From Eddington's The Nature of the Physical Universe:

- -

What we are dragging to light as the basis of all phenomena is a scheme of symbols connected by mathematical equations ... The skeleton is the contribution of physics to the solution of the Problem of Experience; from the clothing of the skeleton it stands aloof ... As for external objects, remorselessly dissected by science, they are studied and measured, but they are never known ... Our pursuit of them has led from solid matter to molecules, from molecules to sparsely scattered electric charges, from electric charges to waves of probability. Whither next?



"Are you DRUNK again?"

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The supreme paradox of all thought is the effort to discover something thought cannot think. --Kierkegaard.

- -

From something or other by Raymond Chandler:

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I looked at the ornaments on the desk. Everything standard and all copper. A copper lamp, pen and pencil tray, a glass and copper ashtray with a copper elephant on the rim, a copper letter opener, a copper thermos bottle on a copper tray, copper corners on the blotter holder. There was a spray of almost copper-colored sweet peas in a copper vase.

It seemed like a lot of copper.

advice fo' chillun

By Jack Speer

Buck Coulson suggested I do a sheet on what new FAPAns should know. It deedn't was too bad an idea. Here is a rough draft of some of the things it should contain:

You have probably not reached FAPAhood without knowing pretty well what the organization is. But occasionally people bring in one or another misconception.

Some think the Fantasy APA is just another ajay organization. They observe no preponderance of material pertaining to fantasy, and they conclude that we're mundane. We're not. Nearly all FAPAns served at least an apprenticeship in science-fiction fandom. This both became a part of us, and selected us out of the general literate population, for whatever qualities they are that orient a person toward s-f and incline him to the discussion of it.

On the other hand, some innocents think that FAPAzines should be science-fiction fan magazines. Maybe they "should" be, but they aren't. Our organization can be what we wish it to be, and we wish it to be a medium in which we consider a great range of subjects, in many of which scientifantasy is not even a flavoring.

You can, of course, do as you like in writing or publishing for FAPA. As long as you keep up your activity requirements and don't publish stuff that runs afoul of the law, you can write and publish what you wish. But, proud and lonely thing that you may be, you will yet, in all probability, seek the approbation, or at least the interest, of your associates in FAPA. Consciously or unconsciously, you will note the feedback from your FAPA readers, and shape your future style and substance to please them.

Probably you will want to get in the feedback act also; you will want to react outwardly as well as inwardly to what you read, when something in a FAPAzine strikes a responsive chord, stimulates disagreement, or leads you to want to add something. So you will start publishing comments upon comments just as so many other members do.

At one thime there was considerable debate on the worthwhileness of comments upon comments etc., particularly in comparison to formal articles that can stand alone. However, the present settled conclusion of FAPA members is that they like c.o.c.o.c. So let's consider how to go about them.

Some people put a stencil in the typer and as they read the mailing, cut comments for publication. This is not a good method. What you would want to say at one point may be modified or canceled by something you read later in the same FAPAzine, or further down in the bundle. You look both silly and tedious trying to make this correction by additional remarks. The silliness is not too important, but the tediousness is; the size of FAPA mailings is such that no one wants to wast time reading a man who doesn't know what impression he wants to leave with you.

The better method is to make checkmarks or scribble notes in the margins of the FAPAzines as you go through reading; then afterwards, when you come to cut your stencil, look at these annotations and see if you want to say something about them, and if so, what. If you want to keep your copies pristine, make the notes on separate slips of paper, very brief--you do your actual composing on stencil.

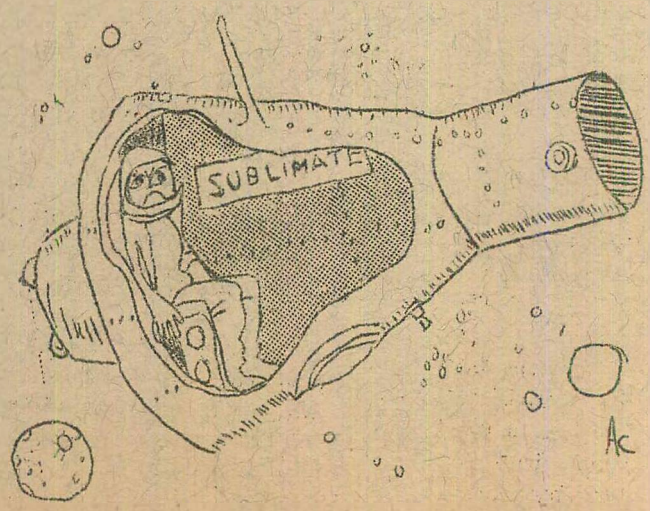
In writing your comments, include enough information about what you're commenting on, so that your comments will be intelligible. Don't expect your readers to go back and refer to the previous mailing to understand you. Sometimes, of course, no reference to what you're commenting on is necessary. The obvious, sensible test is intelligibility to the other members. You are writing to them, you know. If you were just expressing yourself to yourself, you could file the FAPAzines full of annotations, and never bother with cutting stencils and running them off and assembling the pages and all that gruesome business.

The usual, though not neccesarily the best, way to arrange your comments is to start with the name of the FAPAzine you're commenting on, in caps or underlined so its eager editor can turn to it quickly when he picks up yours. When you've made your first comment, you indicate the break in some way--by paragraphing, if you feel generous--and go on to the next.

If you find you have no comments to make on a particular FAPAzine, don't bother saying so. Silence is no ruder than a mere "Noted." While all publishers would like to have you say something about each of their publications, there's no pleasure in an obviously strained remark. You must consider, too, that 64 other people are reading you also, and it is annoying to them to read, time after time in one FAPAzine and another, "I enjoyed FEEDBACK, Bill, but there was nothing in it that particularly inspired disagreement or comment."

You may be bothered by the fact that usually when you have something to say, it is to disagree. Probably it is a good policy to remember that people are thinner-skinned to criticism than to commendation, and you should therefore weight your policy toward a friendly word when possible. But again, remember that there are 64 other guys reading you, and a remarkd such as "I certainly agree with your comments at the top of page 4" is just a semantic blab to them.

You might not realize it, but there is no law in FAPA against writing a letter direct to the publisher of a FAPAzine. Often this may be the best thing to do, if you just want to express commendation or agreement, or discuss some matter which interests you and him in great detail. Sometimes it may seem easier to make such comments in your FAPAzine, but unless they're very short, it really isn't; you have to run 68 copies of each page, and afterward assemble them; and if something you have to say is unlikely to be worth the time of 63 people to read, it is certainly not worth your time to publish. But in a letter to the one person for whom it has value, it may be the beginning of a valuable friendship.



There is much else that we might say about fanning in FAPA, but most of it will come only by absorption. The thing to watch out for is spending too much time

on matters that interest you as the publisher but not anyone else. For example, what kind of stencils and machines you use (unless they're unusual), when you got the mailing and when you read it and when you cut the stencils, what you propose to publish next issue or this issue, etc.

On the other hand, we're interested in knowing about you when you're new to FAPA. Tell us at the outset how old you are, how many wives and children you have, what you do for a living, your background in s-f and fandom, etc. Maybe you already know these things, but a surprising number of us don't. And we'd like to.

Summing up, we urge that you give a little thought to what you readers would like to read. We're all introverts here, but what we like about introverts is their depth, not their habit of talking to themselves. You have become 1/65 of FAPA, and your example can have great influence on what it will become or continue to be. As ye would that fen should publish unto you, publish ye even so unto them.

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"Those that refuse to comment on comments can never take part in <u>any</u> conversation."
--Jack Speer.

- -

From <u>Drugs and the Mind</u> by Robert S. DeRopp:

- -

Within that "great ravelled knot", with its marvelously complex network of branching fibers, those processes take place which lead to the ultimate choice between good and evil. It is a realm the exploration of which is worthy of the utmost efforts of the serious scientist, a realm in which science, art, religion, and philosophy find their natural meeting place. Here we can go beyond our present rather childish preoccupation with rockets, space ships, and the like and face the supreme task which confronts our age: how to reach spiritual maturity before we destroy ourselves. It is not an exaggeration to say that the future progress, perhaps even the future survival, of man depends on his rate of progress in this field of endeavor.

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From <u>The White Negro</u> by Norman Nailer:

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No matter what its horrors the 20th century is a vastly exciting century for its tendency is to reduce all of life to its ultimate alternatives. One can well wonder if the last war of them all will be tetween the blacks and the whites, or between the women and the men, or between the beautiful and the ugly, the pillagers and managers, or the rebels and the regulators....the crises of capitalism in the 20th century would yet be understood as the unconscious adaptations of a society to solve its economic imbalance at the expense of a new mass psychological imbalance.

VITUPERATIONS

A L'ABANDON #8 - Caughran. Most women seem to have an outraged horror at anything mathematical. I went to school with some quite brilliant girls who could never learn to understand math; they couldn't catch on to the way of thinking. The only way they could get through math courses was by memorizing slabs of material.

For me each new kind of math I took always required an initial period of confusion before I caught onto what was going on. Once I did however the rest of the course was a snap. This understanding also seems to be something--unlike the ability to speak or read a language--which is easily lost. I had two years of high school algebra and learned it so thoroughly that I got an A in my College Algebra course without ever cracking a book. A couple of years ago I became reinterested in math and got out my college algebra text. The Introductory Review chapter was so much Greek; I've forgotten how to think in algebra.

AMBLE #3 - Mercer. Are you sure you are not judging Cole Porter by the hit-parade arrangements of his work? Cole Porter music, like all Broadway show tunes, is one thing in its original form and quite another when either Tin Pan Alley or Hollywood gets a hold of it. Try the original cast recording of "Kiss Me Kate"; I think that that and many of his other shows are very fine. For individual songs trying listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing some of them.

I too found the G & S parody delightful and the modern jazz one also left me as cold as most of modern jazz does.

And my proposition is that whether or not Moondog the man is pretentious or not, Moondog tunes and arrangements are pretentious crud. Of course, I've only listened to three or four--that was quite enough--and as I said before, many friends whose taste in other areas I respect dig him.

You bring up a point that a good many people don't seem to understand: that mailing comments are something above and beyond comments on the mailings. Ideally they are free-wheeling discussions. So many people seem to think that when they are commenting on a zine they are addressing the person who put out the zine and not the rest of the mailing. Of course many times there will be comments of this type, but even when directed to a particular person, your comments should always be written with everybody else in mind.

Those who refuse to comment on comments are W*R*O*N*G. Many very interesting discussions can grow and develop into all sorts of by-paths that have nothing to do with the original point. Refusing to comment on comments nips these in the bud and severely limits communication within an apa.

Also, as you say, many mailing comments have articles concealed within them and many more are editorials and chatter directed sort of at points in other zines, but which are to all intents and purposes original material. If it weren't for mailing comments I don't think I would belong to an apa at all. That's where the spirit of closeness and contact, the atmosphere of a club, etc. originate. Hell, if you're interested in an apazine from a genzine standpoint it is always possible to subscribe to it and get the articles or what-have-you that way.

A related problem is that of continuity. To keep the discussions lively and interesting, the club spirit working, to keep from commenting in a vacuum there has to

be several people discussing things each mailing and a hard core of four or five discussing things every mailing. If four or five do it every mailing and eight or ten every other mailing or so, the other members can join in whenever the spirit moves them and contribute to a going concern. If this minimum isn't met, things never seem to get off the ground.

A lot of people seem to make two basic mistakes: (1) They try to comment on every zine. If you can only have a couple of pages of comments it's better to comment on only three or four zines than to give a couple of lines to each one. If you don't have anything to say it's usually pitifully apparent in your comments and certainly people aren't so sensitive that they think they are being ignored if you don't have comments for them every mailing. Some people seem to operate on the principle that mailing comments are the place where you say a few kind words to everybody in turn. "To please everybody is to please nobody." (2) Many people who can't make every mailing--and a lot of people can't!--seem to always be a mailing or two behind in their comments. There's no law that says you have to comment on each and every mailing. If there is something you really want to say, O.K., but unless you really want to, I think it is better to skip a mailing or two and comment on the current one. Comments on earlier ones don't add very much to current discussions and oft times even the people your remarks are addressed to aren't quite sure what you are talking about.

Balance, schmalance. It's whether the material is interesting or not; forty pages on one subject or forty pages on forty different subjects makes no difference.

ATOZ - Thomson. Your bacover illo about those damn insects scared the bejesus out of me. NO, NO, NO! I've had enough of the little beasties to last me the rest of my life. *** Heather's costume sounds very interesting, but your "wait till next year" idea even more so. Now if you can only overcome Olive's opposition....

BURGESS'S LIGHTS #1 - Burgess. Both Sam and Don seemed to have the same idea, that Britishers should take as much interest in American fanzines as Americans do in British ones, even though they differ about whether or not 1939 British fandom did or not. A very debatable point. Why in hell should they?

In 1960 the situation seems much the same. One could with equal facility make a case for either side of the argument: British fans do get American fanzines or British fans don't. I think they do, but not to the extent that American fans get British ones. Almost all active American fanzine fans are known in Britain. There are many British fans that aren't known over here. Another example of this is the large American contingent in OMPA and the very small number of British fans in the American apas.

I've often wondered about this. I understand that one British explanation is that the average British fan does not have as much money as the average American one and cannot subscribe to as many zines (but letters of comment or trades or something will still get most zines free) and the higher dues of the American apas and the larger number of copies required in FAPA makes a difference. This may account for some of it, but even those fans who do have more money seem to follow the same path.

I have a tentative theory that since England is much smaller than the U. S. nearly all British fans know each other through personal contact as well as through letters and fanzines. Letters and fanzines are thought of more as a supplement to personal contact than as a substitute for them as is so often the case over here. Fans are scattered over thousands of miles; many do not get to conventions; it is a rare fanzine editors who has met more than 1/2 of his mailing list. So, while certainly

Americans have just as much tendancy to be in-groupish as the British, American fans are usually in-groupish about things IN fanzines and British ones are often in-groupish about things that happen outside of them and to be more at home with each other than with American fans whom they haven't met. Comments, anyone?

In this light Archie's comment last mailing that it would be easier to drop trans-Atlantic fanzines than the local ones makes more sense to me. For me there would be no particular difference; they all come in the mail; I get them all by sending my fanzine or l.o.c. through the mail. No difference, really.

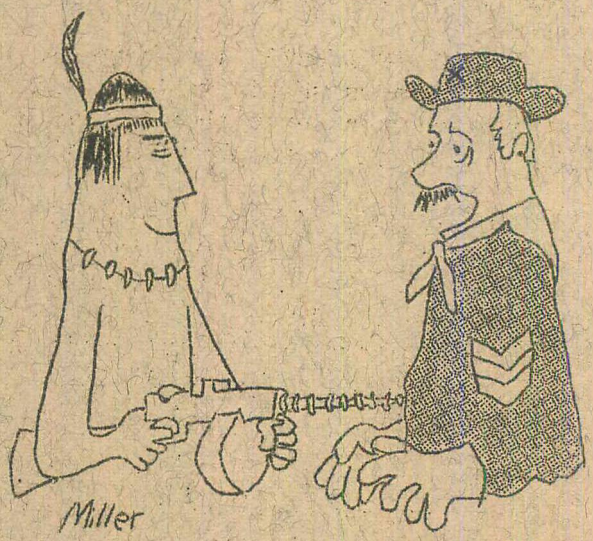
CYRILLE #3 - Evans. I agree with you about Thorne Smith. I remember the scenes you describe very vividly, particularly the one in The Stray Lamb where "Lamb as a mangy dog visits the house where the wife of an old man is throwing a drunken brawl while he is in the bedroom quietly drying." But he is never described as old, just as sick! Do you remember the extremely effective use--have the dying man repeat it several times--that Smith makes of this verse:

"'To bed. To bed,' said Sleepy Head.
'Let's tarry a while,' said Slow."?

Ghad! Most effective scene in Thorne Smith as far as I'm concerned.

I still think Topper is his best book though. I believe it was his first one and it doesn't have nearly as much of the slapstick as the later ones. But probably I am prejudiced because Topper was the first Thorne Smith I came across; I'd never even heard of him before reading it, and it made a terrific impression. It was in 1939 and Pocket Books had just come out. I bought six assorted ones and stayed home "sick" from school (the 7th Grade). I started Topper about the third or fourth book, read the first chapter, didn't like it, and put it down. When I finished the rest of the books I picked up Topper again. Wow! Ghad, but I was bowled over. The first chapter was just slow getting under way, but I had no complaints about the rest of the book.

In a good many schools things have deterioated to the point that a "good student" doesn't have to be able to read, all he has to do is listen half the time. I think that any student who attends an average American high school and has to study at all hard is not very intelligent. Unless of course he misses a great deal of school or has special psychological problems. Anyone will have to memorize things in courses that require it, but they are all to few. They are even watering-down language courses so it is possible to pick up the vocabulary in class. Of course a brilliant kid may be so bored by the whole process that he doesn't pay attention at all or even glance at the textbook....



"Where the HELL did you get THAT?"

Besides the better education of English fans I think that they are a little older before they start publishing due to the money question mentioned above. You are right about the special British way of looking at things, the special British flavor. In this connection--since a great many OMPAns won't see it--I am going to quote Marion Zimmer Bradley's review of TRIODE #17-18 from Ted Paul's KIPPLE: "I once made the statement that English fanzines, when good, make the American variety appear to be the work of subhuman adolescents; adult without stuffiness, funny without malice, and clever without being labored. Or is it necessary to say that these

fanzines, alone, would be sufficient reason to understand why Bentcliffe won Taff.... The series of private jokes about London fans is a little exasperating to an outsider, but then, I suppose American in-group fanzines bother the Anglofen too."

My only quibble about the typical British fanzine, and that a minor one, would be that I find a certain blandness due to suppression of controversary. It is possible to have controversery without degenerating into personalities and if certain of my correspondents are to be relied upon (and I know damn well they are) there is considerable more controversery in British fan circles than ever appears in print. Over here the tendancy seems to be the opposite; controversery will erupt in fanzine pages in a flash, but face to face nie times out of ten everything is smooth and agreeable.

I have one disagreement with you in your history of the development of supermarkets. Prepackaging of meats is a development of the fifties and supermarkets were well established even prior to World War II. Still, however, they are not as big a thing in the East as they are in the West. In New York they have stores that call themselves Super Markets and which have self-service, but by Western standards they are just large neighborhood stores. New York doesn't have even one proper supermarket. This is probably because so few people in New York own cars and a really large store needs trade from a very wide area to support it.

It is quite amusing to notice the new development of the status supermarket--although in terms of size this new type is not really a supermarket either. Self-Service of luxury goods! Ah well...

ERG - Jeeves. What the heck is "the fannish track"?

GLOOM - Deckinger. Not that I'm objecting--I think there are many valid reasons for not going to college--but why aren't you? And persifilage aside, how do you expect to be earning your living ten years from now? Still clerking in a grocery store? Seems a waste with the intelligence you have displayed on occasion; not to mention the low earning power and monotenous work.

$2.00 a ream for your paper? You can do better than that. Various New Yorkers have gotten similar stuff for 85¢ a ream and even out here where prices are higher for mimeo paper I've gotten it for around $1.30.

While of course a regular pusher will handle marijuana and use the methods of inducement which you describe, the federal agents eventually crack down on so many pushers and the penalities now are so severe that there has grown up a system of peddling mairjuana by people who handle no other drug. Even though the same laws apply to them no one is really concerned to any great degree with the marijuana traffic and even though there are periodic crack-downs most handlers of marijuana can expect to get away with it if they stick to that alone. It is so safe and so easy that many amateurs handle it.

I have talked to lawyers who said that since it is clearly established that marijuana is safe and non-habit forming, if anyone had the interest and money to fight some test cases through the courts the laws against marijuna could be declared unconstitutional just as the laws against peyote are being. There seems to be little point to it though as, in spite of its illegality marijuana is readily obtainable in any city in the U. S. and it is considerably cheaper to get high on it than it is on alcohol.

GRIFFIN - Spencer. The trouble with your roulette system is that eventually you will have a string of loses that will wipe you out. I once saw the statistics

on this (unfortunately I don't remember the exact figures), but anyhow to be safe your capital would have to be so many more times than your basic bet that the amount of money of the basic bet would lose its significance. Of course very few people have that much money to began with.

MARSOLO - Hayes. Yes, somebody had quoted John Trimble inaccurately to me about his refusing to join the NFFF. He himself pointed out to me that he was a member.

Be sure to keep us posted on all the latest developments and official rules for Saturnalia.

MOEBIUS STRIP - Buckmaster. It must have been fun to do; it was fun to read.

PARAFANALIA #6 - Burn. I am afraid you are back in the days of John Clellon Holmes, not to mention Jack Kerouac. Being a Beat/Beatnik?/Nonconformist is unfortunately not so simple either in usage of the terms nor in theory. And even those people who say that they are "non-involved" only mean non-involved with the square world. They try to be frenetically involved with the essentials or what they consider the essentials.

Sorry I didn't send you the follOw-up issue of HABAKKUK. You might have found the discussion interesting. See if you can borrow it from someone. I'll send you the next one. Only, damn it, it's HABAKKUK, not HABBAKUK!

Cav Nichol and his "Pre-historic S/F" were very interesting.

PHENOTYPE - Eney. I did have an alarm clock, Dick. I just didn't think that the alarm would be loud enough to wake up the multitudes after the celeberations of the evening before. On the High-Fi I could turn the volume up high enough so that nobody could sleep through it. It was quite shattering, wasn't it? A very fine travelcon report.

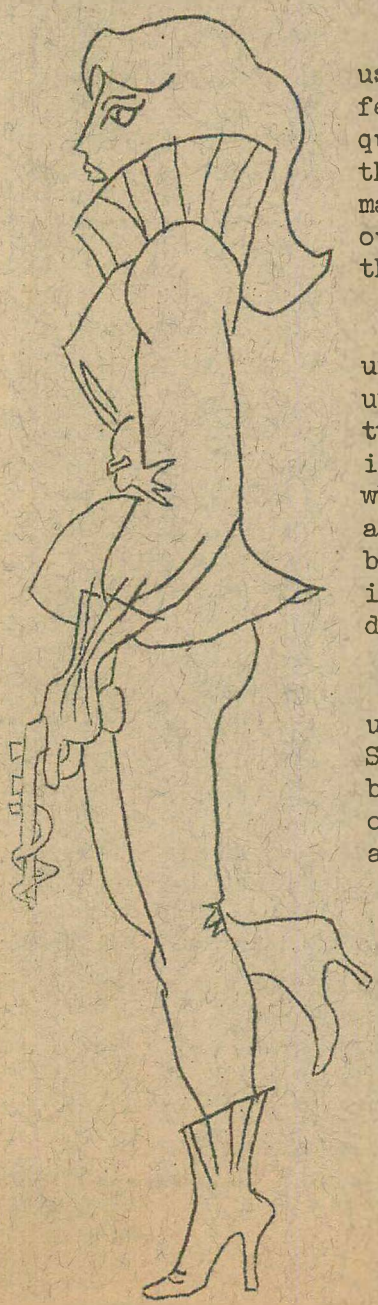
Laney's "Syllabus for a Fanzine" certainly deserved reprint. All fanzine editors should read it and take it to heart. The only point I find to disagree with him about is the use of different-colored inks. Recent use of same in SHAGGY has been quite awe-inspiring.

RANDOM #1 - Buckmaster. I find your reaction to Lehrer's latest record somewhat surprising. Perhaps both versions aren't available in Britain, but here we have our choice of the version recorded with the audience or the same songs recorded in the studio without the audience and the between-songs patter for $1.00 less. Everyone I know who has heard both likes the audience-version better. I heard it first and the first comparison I made between his first record and this one was that he seemed much warmer, to be in rapport with his listeners. The studio-recorded version which I have now (I wish it were practical for us to trade!) has the same songs, same bits of business and even same timing, but his voice sounds much as it did on his first record. Apart from the warmth I miss the patter as in, "He practiced animal husbandry until they caught him at it" and all that.

No, the average college audience wouldn't even think of Mozart as a genius, but rather as a boring old classic. It is impossible to overestimate the Phillistinism of the average American college student. When people who have brains and ability are clods they are much bigger clods--and usually aggressively so--than stupid people could ever hope to be.

Well, here if a swimming place is not in a large open spot like the ocean or a lake or a river, but rather in an enclosed pool, (1) The water is changed quite regularly and contains enormous quantities of disinfectant, usually chlorine. (2) There are showers in the changing places and it is required that everyone take a shower before going into the pool (It is automatically assumed that everyone will take a shower upon leaving it. (3) In case of wide-spred epidemic all pools are closed.

I was semi-quoting the news story when I said that the American Diplomat "naturally" could not find a house with central heating. Perhaps he could not fine one of a suitable size and with suitable accomodations that also had c. h. To really count as central heating one heat source has to cover the entire house by means of piping or what-have-you. For that matter the warm areas of the U. S. do not have it--the South and the West Coast. Here in Berkeley where the temperature drops below freezing once or twice a year it would be ridiculous.



I don't think your definition of good taste is a very useful one. Practically anything can hurt some people's feelings. Even quite nice and intelligent people have odd quirks and blind spots. About all one can do is to avoid the major sensitive areas of our culture, but then these may vary in detail from place to place as I have just found out! Also, some of these major sensitive areas I damn well think shouldn't be avoided, but ventilated thoroughly.

SCOTTISHE - Lindsay. Although I am familiar with both urban and rural slulms I have never seen a louse although I understand they were not too rare even as recently as the twenties. *** Possibly all the people there who are imitating the Beatniks' fashion for being dirty have not seen what the beatniks' actually mean by "dirty", so when they are dirty they are being dirty by their own standards, not by the standards of those who set the fashion. If their ideas of cleanliness are lower, when they decide to be dirty, naturally they are going to be dirtier.

To quote (semi-quote as I am not going to paw through unrunoff stencils) from a letter in HABAKKUK #5: "My Spanish teacher told me that Anglo-Saxons are not virile because they take too many baths! They wash essential oils off the skin and take away vigor. Moral: Don't take baths and you'll be sexy."

The shower is not a universal American habit by any means. Many of the older or poorer sections have only tubs. There also seems to be something of a sex difference in that every male who I have ever heard express a preference has prefered a shower, but I know several females who prefer a tub bath. I wonder why. I find a warm tub bath very relaxing when I am very tired and take maybe one or two a year.

UNICORN #2 - Spencer. You again! Very fine cover. "Degenerate into comment on comments on comments" indeed! Have at you, sir.

Anarchists aren't against organization at all; they are not even against government. They are against any kind of organization or government backed by the power of the State. Organization Man is Organization Man because of his attitudes towards his organization, not because he belongs to one. There are many things that just cannot be done without organization and cooperation. Most IWW members are not anarchists, but many anarchists belong to the IWW because the IWW wants the same kind of industrial organization that anarchists do: managment of industry by job-local unions where decisions are arrived at by the workers on the job, not by a managment elite, whether of bosses, labor tycoons or government bureaucrats. For the same reasons anarchists belong to and support cooperatives and other organizations of that type. The League for Mutual Aid for instance makes non-interest loans in cases of need.

You might add a third reason to your list for justification for anarchists joining organizations: C. They were formed to duplicate on a cooperative basis functions now carried out by profit capitalism and/or the state.

But readable micro-elite is a contradiction in terms! While that is an exaggeration I have yet to see any micro-elite that could be read without strain. And I have good eyesight. I think it is an imposition for anyone to ask anyone to ask anyone else to read micro-elite and personally I will not read it unless I am fairly sure in advance that the strain is worth it. Even if it is I think that the publisher is being inconsiderate.

I'm sure Ron Ellik appreciates your attitude towards squirrels.

I've often thought that courses should be offered in "How to Study" and be required for all entering college students. Since I didn't have to study in high school I was over half through with college before I learned to study efficiently.

I suppose it depends upon the college, but all the colleges I am familiar with use mostly machine-graded tests on the under-graduate level. And the trend does seem to be growing. Certainly, machine-graded tests do not test one's knowledge very thoroughly (but perhaps they do one's ability to think on one's toes) and what you say about good essay questions testing the ability to organize material is very true, but it seems that many exams test only for facts memorized and this is not too reliable a guide for the student's grasp of the subject. Also, there is a tendancy for poor schools and poor teachers to teach for the exams, to cram isolated and voluminous facts down the poor student.

"Extreme unction" is a technical term in Catholic theology, but it is also extensively used in literature in exactly the way in which Dorothy used it. Like other technical terms in theology and other fields it also has its mundane meaning which most often has only the most tenuous connection with its technical meaning.

We seem to have very similar views on Bach and High-Fi. I'll have to borrow Ul from Dick and find out about your equipment. I have a Rek-o-cut turntable, Fairchild Arm with Grado monoaural cartridge, Marantz stereo pre-amp, Marantz 40-watt amplifier, a Stentorian 12" Duplex and 15" Duplex in appropiate-sized Karlson cabinets. I am willing to defend to the death the unsurpassability of each item of this equipment and of the combination. I will make the one concession that in a small room perhaps the latest model AR's or KLH's would make a better speaker system, but beyond that line I will not retreat! Seriously I get most argument about the Karlson cabinet, particularly from electronics engineers who don't know too much about music.

ZOUNDS - Lichtman. My copy was so faint as to be almost unreadable, Bob. At least the copy I got in the OMPA bundle was. The copy you sent me and which arrived in Berkeley a week after the previous mailing did (Gorblimey and all that) was fine. I told you ditto was lousy.

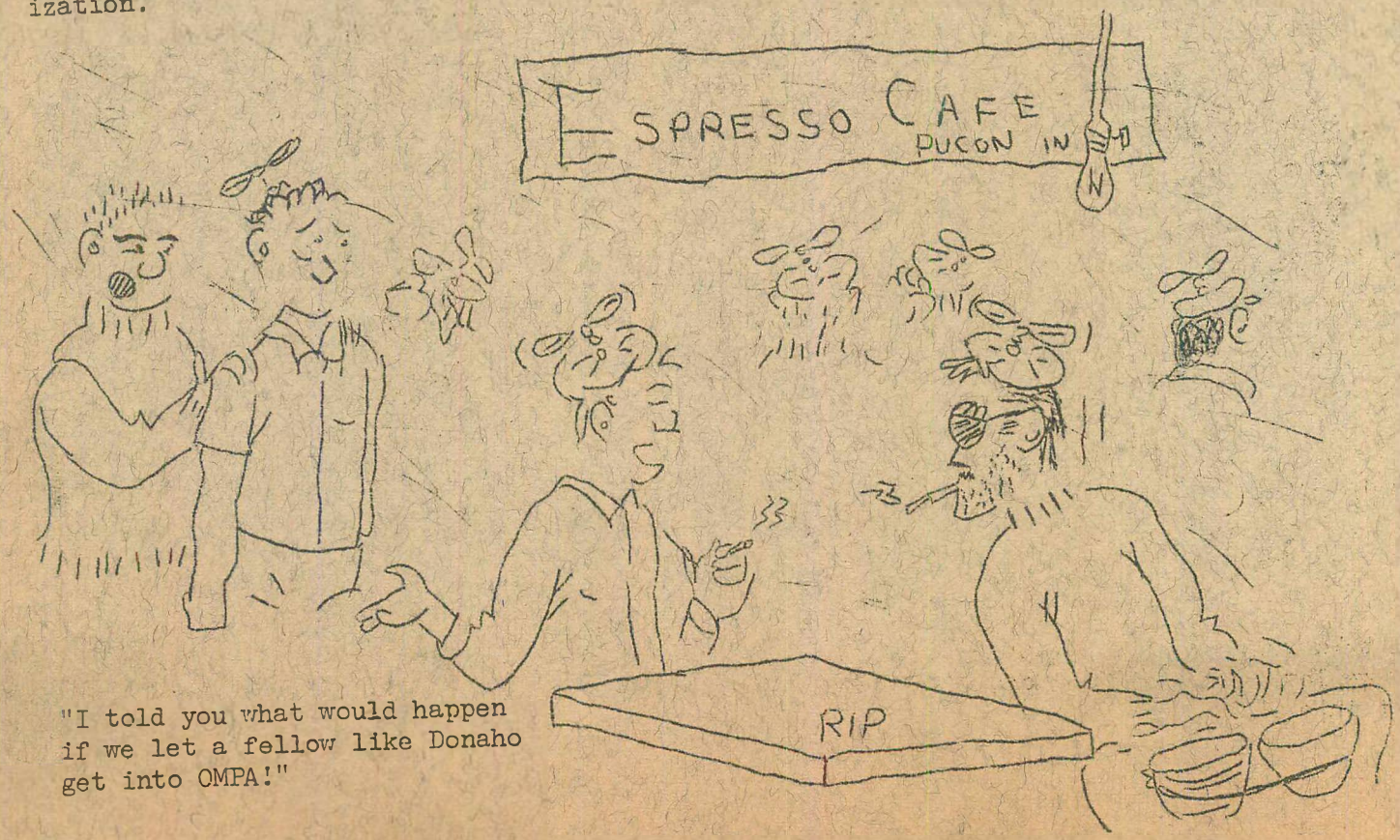
I agree with you about using linos to separate topics as well as for quips, but I think that they can serve this purpose as well at the bottom or at the top of a page (if the layout is all right) if the topic happens to end at the bottom of a page. There is just as much tendancy to think that the following page will continue the topic as there is to think that the following paragraph will.

HUNGRY #3 - Rispin. In many cases the rules by which our J.D.'s stage their rumbles is reminescent of the German dueling at their universities. A good rough, violent time is had by all; practically no one is seriously hurt; n rly all the participants have interesting scars to show how manly they are. Maybe the teds are operating on a similar basis.

It's common enough here to bathe two or three kids in the same tub--with adequate rinsing--but this is abandoned before the kids are considered old enough to express interest in each other's genitals.

MAILING COMMENTS #6 - Ellington. The Kyle's puppies are marvelous dogs. Crossing the Shetland Shepherd and the Collie seems to bring back the old intelligent working collie strain rather than the high-bred show-dog collies common now. The one I got, a male, Frodo, is a fine beast.

Speaking of beautous female legs, ankles and what-have-you, I once read somewhere that hardly any females had ankles which satisfied the current standards for ankle beauty, that the more famous pin-up artists in "Playboy" and "Esquire" always used boys as models for the ankles in their pictures. Oh hum. There goes Western Civilization.



"I told you what would happen if we let a fellow like Donaho get into OMPA!"