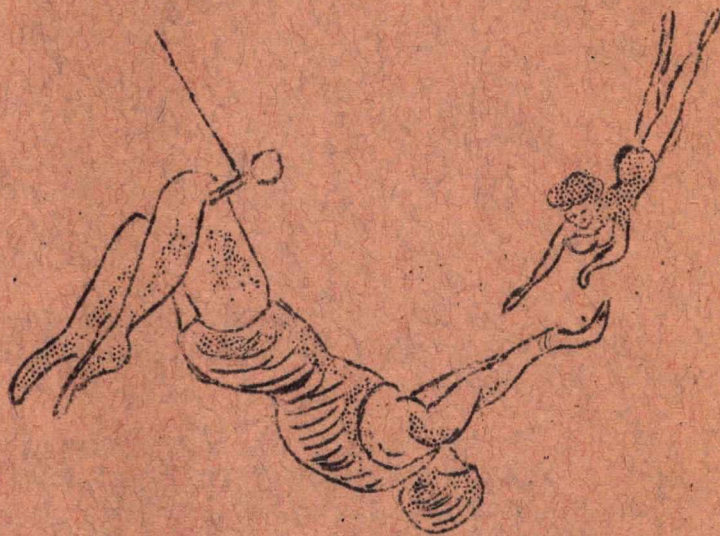


CATCH TRAP ~ 89



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For the 90th mailing of the F.A.P.A.

February, 1960



To the right; a slightly inaccurate portrayal of a flying pass.

This is a fanzine for mailing comments, meant to appear exclusively in FAPA, and to succeed BUNDLE STIFF.

If all my research on the circus, and the flying trapeze, has no other effect, it has supplied me with a title for a mailing comment FAPazine.

I have been a circus enthusiast all my life; but until recently I have concealed this enthusiasm as being rather childish and unsophisticated, unworthy of a grown-up young person with some pretensions to intellect. Now, with my thirtieth birthday breathing down my neck, I've decided that my enthusiasms are my enthusiasms and you can take 'em or leave 'em alone. I am especially fond of acrobats of all kinds, and in particular the ones who "fly through the air with the greatest of ease."

A catch trap, for non-fans, is the catcher's trapeze--the receiving trapeze where the "catcher", in a flying act, swings upside down to grip the wrists (not hands) of the "flyers" and fling them back through the air to their starting point. And, somewhere or other I remember coming across a wry comment by some catcher or other, quasi-quoted because I cannot remember it precisely;

"Working the catch trap is just fine, if you don't mind being hit in the face by a lot of knees and elbows and things."

The analogy with writing mailing comments for FAPA strikes me as being perfectly obvious.

The little "flying" scenes in this issue were drawn by Ruth Wieland. And I have just noticed that they perpetrate a mistaken impression, which I didn't feel enough of an artist to correct or re-draw. Contrary to a common misconception, the "catcher" in a flying act does NOT hang by his knees. He may swing back and forth with his knees over the bar while he is waiting for the flyers to get ready; but (watch the catcher next time you go to the circus) when he actually gets ready to receive the flyers, he supports his weight, and the flyer's, by twining his calves and ankles around the ropes or cables of his trapeze. Not even a heavyweight catcher could take the weight of even a light flyer on the muscles at the backs of his knees....if you doubt this

then I invite you to make the following experiment; hang by your knees over an ordinary, stationery trapeze, the kind you can find on the local playground. Then get somebody to give you just one good jerk by the wrists. (Not too hard....unless you are enough of an amateur acrobat to roll over and land on your back instead of your head.)

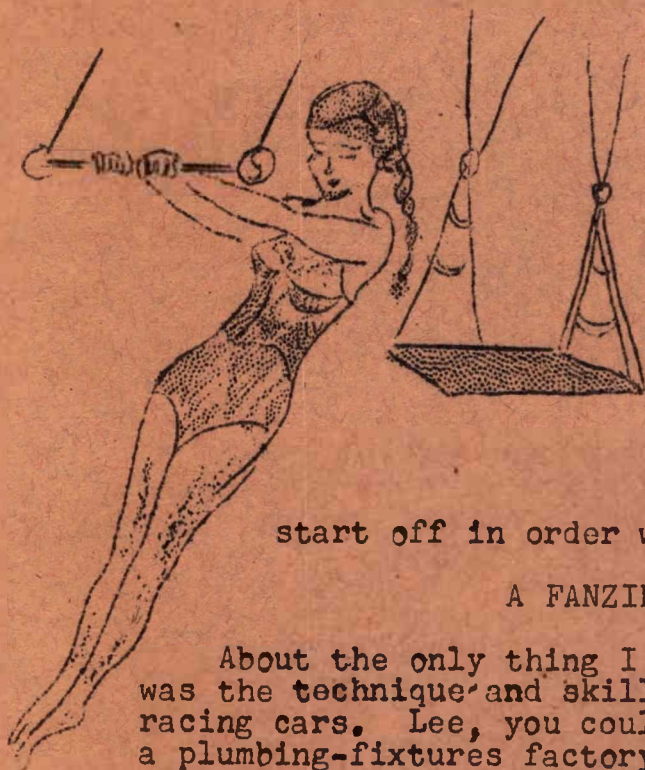
They talk about the equality of the sexes, but for some reason or other; women catchers do not twist their legs around the cable. Instead, they use a special safety device (I've seen two separate models) -- a sort of foot-brace through which they tuck their ankles and feet. Why this is, I can't imagine. I can think of three different reasons; perhaps it is considered ungraceful for a woman to twist her legs around a rope; or possibly women do not have strong enough leg muscles, or...oh, well. (Is anyone still reading this? I'll get to the egoboo in a paragraph or two, just be patient, will you?)

While researching for another book some time ago, I looked up some rather stunning statistics about the differences between male and female endurance. Most of the sources I consulted were in agreement that women had better resistance to pain, more ability to endure monotony, discipline and restraint, were less subject to heart attacks, giddy spells and fainting fits (so much for female vapors) and, in general, were generally, physically, harder than males. However, on one point the males were left in undisputed possession of the palms; the female center of gravity is too low to make women very good as athletes or acrobats, and most female athletes are, to say the least, boyish in build.

But this business of endurance. My statistics are reeling from the impact of a random little paragraph I found in an old POPULAR SCIENCE magazine, buried in an article about those who fly without wings. Anybody who knows anything at all about the flying trapeze knows that Antoinette Concello is the only woman ever to perform the triple mid-air somersault...or, in the confusing language of aerialists, to "catch the triple" (It is not the catcher who catches; he received or throws, while to "catch" a trick is to accomplish or successfully perform it.) Said this article; "...she generally confines her somersaults to two and a half. If she does three of them, she says, there is a split second of unconsciousness during the last half turn, before her hands meet those of the catcher."

Now; both Ernie Clarke and Alfredo Codona (two men who also caught the triple) refer to an old myth that an acrobat can no longer control his muscles after two revolutions. They both confuted and exploded it....but neither of them ever mentioned blacking out during the third. So I am curious to know; does this indicate less endurance on the part of the woman? Or is it simply that neither of the men cares to admit to a faint in such a conspicuous spot as way up in the middle of the air?

I'm through. On the next page we'll review some fanzines, so stick around, huh?



On the third page of Catch Trap,
(and high time too) we are
swinging off with.....

THE
89th MAILING

Trying to put these fanzines in the
order in which I found them in the
mailing could be a pretty heart-
breaking job, and I am not guaran-
teeing to do it. Also, it exasper-
ates me not to find HORIZONS on top
of the bundle as usual!!

But I'll

start off in order with;

A FANZINE FOR GER STEWARD

About the only thing I found especially interesting in this was the technique and skill in those airy little sketches of racing cars. Lee, you could write interestingly of a visit to a plumbing-fixtures factory, but my enjoyment of auto races is always spoilt by the terror of unexpectedly seeing a bad crash. I watched a newsreel the other day in which they re-ran film clips from all the big European races, and by the time it was over I was practically a wreck myself. ++ Aren't people crazy? Watching ski-jumpers, high divers and other dangerous sports gives me pleasure, and this whole fanzine is devoted to the most dangerous sport in the world, flying; but whereas I get only pleasure from watching aerialists soar from bar to bar seventy feet above the ground, I am petrified with terror when I watch adequately crash-helmeted men in beautifully tooled machinery tear around the track. That may be because I've never seen an aerialist fall, and I've seen too many car crashes, and come close to one myself. ++ Sports-car enthusiasts HATE me because I invariably refer to their little cars as "cute" -- but they ARE cute, dammit! ++ If comments on this seem to ramble slightly, it's because I just spilled a bottle of corflu, ABDick variety, on my desk. My old bottle was the unspillable variety...I've upset it a hundred times and like a nail-polish bottle, the lip was fixed so that it would neither spill nor pour, but could only be dipped out on the brush. So I was careless with this bottle, and when it upset, about half an ounce of blue goo rolled out on the desk. I mopped frantically with kleenex, but the smell made me groggy...with all the ether in that stuff, I should be feeling no pain! True; I do feel a little drunk. (I confess the smell of ether is usually rather pleasant to me; but not in this quantity!)

SAND IN THE BEER

Eney, this time it's only partly your fault ++ We should vote you a round of cheers for bringing these to FAPA, and Rapp a round of whistles for saving all his best for SAPA. ++ The rubber-stamp title on "Respectability" makes me nostalgic; Art used to do his headings in SPACEWARP that way.

This is page four of CATCH TRAP, with more mailing comments MZB.

CELEPHAIS

Bill Evans. ++ I check with you 102% ...musical ability, rather than authenticity, determines my pleasure in a singer; and that seems to be true of most people with a trained ear. It has always seemed to me that the rock'n'roll fad was dependent on the fact that the kids who listened to it knew nothing at all about music; their "enjoyment" of it was based on the same thing that makes a baby react to a beating drum, the instinctive reaction to rhythm. ++ I've always felt that classical music, blues, jazz and even rock'n'roll could be judged by one very clear single set of standards which would apply equally to the Philharmonic or to the local amateur night. This set of "critical" standards would go something like this; First, the ability to produce a sound which pleases the ear. Obviously this will vary; the same sound which is pleasing in Stravinsky would hardly suit "Onward Christian Soldiers", but it must be a genuinely pleasing sound. Second, an absolutely accurate pitch and intonation. I am dogmatic about this. I don't care how wonderful a voice may be; if it cracks or goes flat, I have no use for it. To me, Lily Pons is worse than most high-school amateurs, because she aims at high notes and misses them, which sets my teeth on edge; and however lovely her sound may be, I feel that singing off pitch completely destroys the effect of the music. I also utterly refuse to listen to a blues-singer whose voice is strident, cracked or scraping. This is also my main objection to such singers as Fabian. Elvis Presley may be a tasteless performer, and I do not care for the music he chooses, but at least I have never heard him singing off pitch. I have never heard Fabian or Paul Anka singing on pitch. Third, I would say that the style of the singer should suit the music he chooses. Nothing could be worse than Grand opera sung blues style --and I have heard Peggy Lee do just that -- except, maybe, an attempt to sing "Stardust" like an operatic aria, a bit of tastelessness preserved (as a Horrible Example, I trust) on an old 78 record made by Eleanor Steber. ++ Frankly, I've always been grateful for the Gideon Bible in hotel rooms. Many's the time I've waked up at 2 am in a strange hotel, unable to sleep, without reading matter, and Leviticus or Deuteronomy has an almost infallible soporific effect.

A PROPOS DU BAREAN

Caughran-Ellik. ++ Shouldn't it be "A propos de"? ++ Those very-heavy paper-stock covers make it almost impossible to lay this magazine on the desk, open, without an unholy amount of creasing. Stay open, darn you....crr...unch! (That'll fix it!) ++ When I was studying philology in college, I did a term paper on fanspeak. (Got an A plus on it, too, and part of it was read in class...the professor, avid in studying ingroup "languages" had never heard of this one. I think; though, that he suspected me of making it all up.) ++ Ron Ellik, I've known that "He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not.." thing since I was such a kiddie I don't even remember where I heard it; I always thought it was Chinese wisdom. ++ Incidentally, I thought you were older than twenty-one; seems you've been in fandom nearly forever. You

this is page five of CATCH TRAP, and I'm just throwing Ellik....

must have been about --holy Moses -- thirteen or fourteen when you published that reprint fanzine, no? ++ There is a Lesson in this somewhere. The fan you castigate (as I castigated you for your mimeo work) may not be an idiot after all; he may grow up to be completely human! ++ I thought I had another check-mark in this somewhere, but I can't find it.

ANYTHING BOX, BUNDLE STIFF

Henceforth I'll probably stick to the title Day*Star for ordinary FAPA stuff, Catch Trap for mailing comments. Bundle Stiff was a last-minute uninspiration. ++ The difference between Day*Star and Anything Box is that the latter may contain material by non-fans and is distributed outside of FAPA. Supposedly, Day*Star goes only to members of FAPA, though naturally I distribute copies to close personal friends. ++ This is as good a place as any to state my theories about Mailing Comments. Ideally, they should be readable to everybody, whether or not the reader has read the mailing in question, but that's probably too much to hope for. However, since mailing-comment I must, I hereby swear to abjure forever the type of so-called "mailing comment" which reads only "Yes, but you forget the left fences", or "pretty esoteric, huh?". Someone commented on one of my fanzines awhile ago with the words, "Yes, aren't they?" It took me three days to figure out that she had probably been referring to "Two Christmas Cards out of Season". And if it puzzled me, what on earth did it do to others? ++ In any case, FAPA is hardly the spot for me to "review" the mailing. The whole point of FAPA seems to be that we have all read the same zines, and I've never been able to read mailing comments of the kind which faithfully say "12 pages...nice cover". This may be of use to future bibliographers, but is hardly interesting reading. ++ Now that I've said what I am NOT going to do with mailing comments, here, I hope, is what I am going to do.... chatter to the various editors on the related subjects which reading their FAPA-zine aroused in my mind. So that actually Catch Trap will resemble one of those old-time round-robin letters, and I'm hoping to perfect the technique, eventually, so that this will resemble a good, personalized chatterzine, but with the form of the mailing to impose some continuity on what would otherwise be random chatter. ++ Which of course is why I like the analogy of the "catcher" in a flying act --the one who grabs the others in midair and tosses them neatly back, instead of letting them fall down in midair. I've had the experience of launching a FAPAZine into the air and having it fall to earth with a dull thud in somebody's "Noted".

A FANZINE FOR ALMOST EVERYBODY

Lee Hoffman++ Yes, I read all those names on the cover, but I'm not going to recopy them here. ++ This reminds me of my own horseback days. As a kid I lived on a farm, and we usually had horses, though few of them were what's usually called saddle horses. My main difficulty as an equestrienne was the fact that

Page six of Catch Trap, with Hoffman on the board, swinging....

the horse was smarter than I, and usually knew it. I remember one in particular, a supposedly gentle and amenable animal named Pat. I never fell off; but whenever I climbed into the saddle, he promptly headed for the woodshed, regardless of my yells, tugs and kicks, and scraped me off on the low door. After several such experiences I decided I preferred a bicycle; it wasn't so much fun to ride, but at least it didn't have a mind of its own. ++ Nancy Share drew the "Three Faces of Women"; I stencilled them. But it couldn't have been entirely my fault they came out badly...the Kerry drawing on the Dale Hart story in ANYTHING BOX was also stencilled by me. The difference, I think, was that Nan's drawings were made originally in rather smudgy pencil, while Kerry's were in black India ink. ++ YES; the secret of legible mimeo work is legible stencils. My old Remington did poor work even when the stencils were run off on Redd's Gestetner. Since acquiring this unobjectionable Underwood, my legibility has improved 90%. But enough ink, a smooth feed mechanism, and paper without too much show-through are also essential, no? ++ The so-called "static eliminator" -- the piece of tinsel -- can give you a worse shock than the machine itself! In dry-as-dust Texas, static is such a major problem that I often have to hand-feed my automatic machine to get away from it. ++ Girl, you have come to the right spot for information about Druids, and if you are serious about wanting to know, I can tell you more than you care to know; I've been doing research off and on for ten years, getting ready, some day, to write a historical novel about Roman Britain; the major scenes of which are laid among the Druids. Basically, they were a priesthood of wise men. Theories vary; some say they were on a witch-doctor level, others state that they were noble and that their religion was exalted Pythagorean wisdom, and anthropologists can be very bitter on the subject. The word "Druid" means "Oak-man". Their rites and ceremonies were performed in the open, since it was considered sacrilege to worship in any building formed by human hands; it was also considered unlawful to commit their wisdom to writing, and by all accounts, their Bards and Priests were required to commit prodigious feats of memory. Contrary to popular opinion, they did not build Stonehenge, though they may have used it, and other stone circles, for their ceremonies. And, Julius Caesar to the contrary, they probably did not perform human sacrifices; not at Stonehenge, despite all the horror-stories of sacrifices being burned to death there...no traces of fire or quantities of ashes have been found at any of those supposed "Druid Temples". There were also Druidesses, though they probably did not resemble the characters in the opera NORMA. Much primitive medicinal lore seems to have been developed in their keeping...for further information, I refer you to Robert Graves' splendid work, The White Goddess. ++ My first publishing venture was at the age of eleven; I organized a weekly homeroom Newspaper. I was supremely fortunate in high school, though I didn't know it at the time, in getting teachers who let me have enough rope to do "extra" work. When I discover some of the clods that are actually teaching now, I'm horrified. With one or two exceptions,

page seven of Catch Trap, Lee Hoffman still around - stall act.

of which I may speak later, I loved and venerated all my teachers, and still consider them, looking back, with affection and warmth. In this day and age, that attitude is regarded as "square" or "unhealthy" or something, but it is nonetheless true. ~~On~~ The school librarian, who was also the music teacher of the girl's glee club, I remember with real love. Her name was, and still is, Susan Smith; a small, chipper, lovely woman with prematurely grey hair and a brisk friendly manner. I knew her first when I was in the fifth grade and she visited the school twice a week, always bringing me "grown-up" books from the high school library, since I had exhausted the library of the two-room school. She read my first fumbling attempts at writing; idiotic sentimental novels, laid in ancient Rome or ancient Greece, plays based more on Maeterlinck than anyone else. She never treated me with the slightest favoritism; nor, curiously enough (for I was a girl much inclined to crushes) did I ever develop a crush on her. But she probably did more to steer me toward a writing career than anyone else. Moreover, she loaned me an evening gown when I was fifteen and had to sing at a concert; she coached me for an audition; she gave me the first self-confidence as an adult that I had ever known by offhandedly asking me to call her Susan, when I left high school and entered her college. She visited me in hospital when my son was born. And she represents a whole string of school-teachers for whom I have nothing but respect and affection. Even the dull one, chubby Miss Stapleton, who irritated me by mispronouncing words, I realized later had taught me much; by being a dull demon on drill and exercises, she made it almost impossible for me to misuse language or mis-spell a word. Years of scribbling at top speed have dulled, a little, the respect for perfect grammar which "Fat Bessie" Stapleton pounded into our rebellious heads; but to this day, if I stop and THINK, I can diagram even the most complex sentence, and I use punctuation as naturally as I breathe. (She boasted that no one --NO ONE -- got out of the eighth grade, who could not spell; write and read his own language fluently. She herself was a dull, unintellectual, uninteresting woman, from any outsider's point of view. She gushed. She cooed. She was kittenish, and a kittenish woman who weighs three hundred pounds and stands four feet tall is unbearable. But her plump dignity tolerated no noise and confusion in her classes. Even the most resolute dolt, the most boy-crazy and be-lipsticked flirts, the most sullen of oafs with big feet and small brains, were stunned into compliance. If they could not read, they learned to read. If they could not write legibly, they wrote and wrote until she could read it. And if they did not learn, they sat there until they learned. Period. No one ever entered a higher grade from Miss Stapleton's English class who was not suitably proficient in reading, writing and the rudiments of grammar. ++ And then there was Ruth Bennett, a crisp sarcastic girl who managed to get me, who could not add two and two, fascinated by the logic of geometry, and enthusiastically working out a method for trisecting angles. ++ And "Doc" Corr, who ruled the science labs with an iron hand, no tolerance of giggling or snickering while he bluntly explained the facts of biological reproduction, scant politeness for girls who "simply couldn't touch" an earth-worm preserved in formaldehyde, and a real passion for his work. ++ Yes; my high school teachers were a wonderful crew. I was lucky.

page eight of CATCH TRAP, and if you wonder why these running heads it's so I can sort out the stencils more easily while I mimeo 'em.

TO WM DANNER ESQ

Bill Morse ++ Shucks, Bill; we weren't all jumping on you about your poor repro because we hate you; just because we hate not being able to read your very fine stuff.

OO LONG and PAVLAT'S FANZINE INDEX

Pavlat, who else? ++ I think WAPA should think seriously about requiring everything circulated in the mailing to have the publisher's name and address on it somewhere. It's heartbreaking to have to stop and look in the Fantasy Amateur to see who put CRUDSHEET into the mailing. ++ The Fanzine Index doesn't hit me, not being a collector type (I throw away my fanzines after acknowledging them) but I was startled to note my one and only Sapzine listed. I don't even own a copy of it and have completely forgotten what was in it. It was, I think, the last thing published by hectograph for me.

WILD PUMBLES

Andy Young, etc ++ It's a temptation to say "Yes, aren't they" to this one. ++ So that's why.

VANDY

Coulsons ++ As a matter of fact, Xmas is not unreligious at all. Many Catholics in religious writings (St. Augustine among them, I believe, though I can't quote chapter and verse offhand) used X for "Christ" in their writings; the Greek letter which looks like X, I think --will some Greek-speaking fan check me if I'm wrong? -- is the initial letter of Christos, and letters from professed religious frequently end "Yours in Xto" for yours in Christo. So it isn't blasphemous, whatever else it may be, to say Xmas for Christ's Mass. ++ On second thoughts, this may have been brought up in YANDRO rather than VANDY! ++ The major difference, of course, between the excerpt you quoted and the one I quoted is the psychological impact of culture. Mario, of course, is truly representative of a culture in decadence, while Jzadaer is a true barbarian, in the best sense of the word, implying a driving cultural impact. As cultures grow decadent neurosis flourishes...which is why I am mildly skeptical of any true analogy between the mores of the Seveners and those of the army of ancient Ryerdon. The decadence of a culture has several beneficial side-effects; an increased attention to art, and an improved cross-cultural tolerance; but a hard fact of civilixation is that the truly strong culture is all too often the bigoted, intolerant and single-pointed one. It's one more sad truth, to add to other sad reluctantly-faced truths such as "Nice Guys Finish Last".

ANDY YOUNG SOMEWHERE:

Nope; the table of comments on UGLY BIRD was perfectly correct. I wrote the first half of LEGION OF THE DEAD on stencil; Redd finished it.

Page nine, Catch Trap, and these reviews are running overtime!

IBIDEM

PhLyons ++ Cards can, I think, be gimmicked to stick to things, but managing it to stick one to the ceiling would be far beyond the powers of the average prestidigitator. I've gimmicked cigarettes to hang on the edge of the pack, giving people a jolt when I offer them a smoke and they discover that my brand defies gravity. (It's amazing how the enthusiasm for a smoke diminishes, too, when you hold out a pack of cigarettes and a cigarette slowly rises toward your gaping victim. That trick is in Howard Thurston's book and is simplicity itself, so that I am always amazed at the reaction it gets.) ++ My kid and I are both enthusiastic students of magic, of the simple and obvious kind. ++ I loved the old pulp-magazine magician-detectives. Remember the Dream Detective? The new tradition reappears in a very fine story by Paul Gallico, TOO MANY GHOSTS. ++ All this is humble preamble (pumble?) to asking a favor; could we have a copy of your magic magazine, please? And could you recommend a good book, CURRENTLY IN PRINT, on magic? The ones we get from the library can't be purchased because they are O.P.

HORIZONS

Warner ++ The blank page in Day*Star was because I discovered that paper was too thin to print on the back ++ I worked as a waitress all during my years in college, and ran across some very peculiar specimens. One of the things I had to contend with was a deep-rooted belief on the part of many out-eating males that "waitress" was a polite synonym for lady of the evening. Of course, I can see another reason for this. Waitresses are so wretchedly underpaid, in most places, that it's a reasonable notion to feel that they must have some other means of support. One of the things I would like to see is the total abolition of tipping. Restaurant owners use the prevalence of "tipping" as an excuse to pay waitresses considerably less than standard wages. ++ Among other things, waitress work is supposed to be socially degrading and not "respectable". (To which I reply whole-heartedly that on the contrary, only aggressively respectable women can endure it; there must be easier ways to make a living, and I'm firmly convinced that if one isn't respectable, she can make a lot more money with a lot less effort than the average factory girl or waitress expends!) ++ The problem of the Pursuing Male is understandable -- men who eat their meals out are usually bachelors without a settled home, and thus their social contacts with women must of necessity be casual; but oh, the stories I could tell about what waitresses must put up with. ++ Worse than the men, however, are the women! The hungry male can be conciliated by feeding him quietly and promptly; the lonely male can be soothed by a bright good-morning and by remembering his name; the wolfish male can be cooled off with a frigid stare and the persistent male by calling the manager; but the woman who eats lunch in restaurants almost invariably belongs to the genus harpy, crow or bitch, and the waitress is really on the spot. ++ I enjoyed your review of Rheingold; please do this again.



(Flying pictures in this issue by Ruth Wieland, stencilled by me, and I will never again try to stencil anything on Heyer Royal Blue stencils. The stencil seems to make all the difference. Speed-O-Print Sovereign do beautifully; these things tear if you look at them, but blast it, I can't just throw them out!

This is page ten of CATCH TRAP, mailing-comments MezBian style.

THE SHAW REPORT

Pavlat ++ One thing Budrys says deeply annoys me; why is it "exploiting" either field, to be simultaneously pro and fan? The pro writer doesn't get preferential treatment in fandom (quite the contrary); if I were remaining in fandom for the egoboo of being a Towering Giant Among the Would-bes, I'd long since have quit. In all the time I've been in fandom, both while I was in the struggling novice ranks and after my stories had won me some small status as a writer, more notice was taken of me as a writer outside fan ranks than I ever received in those ranks. So one could hardly say that my pro status has won me any special consideration in fandom. And the reverse is even less true; being a fan hasn't given me an edge as a pro! It's barely possible, of course, that some editor may have read one of my early manuscripts himself, instead of turning it over to an assistant, because he recognized my name from the lettercolumn; but I don't think this helped me to sell any of them. On the contrary; most of my sales have been made to editors who know almost nothing of fandom. If anything, my determination to stay in fandom, and my devotion to FAPA as a hobby, has made me less of a writer....the more fanac the less writing and obviously the less sales. If this is exploitation, I'm semantically confused....my "professional" status is of course limited by the fact that I don't have to earn my living writing. I think I could, if I had to; the percentage of what I've sold to the totality of what I've written runs very near 85%. One year I sold every word I wrote. Maybe if I had written more, I wouldn't have sold it all; but again, maybe I would. I suppose what I need is to feel a real, hard pinch forcing me to turn out a tremendous quantity of stuff of salable quality. ++ But that is too much like work; and I am not really too fond of money. What can you do with money, except live on it? The trouble is, as long as I don't need the money, I will write at my own pace and slowly...and if I do need the money, I would probably be afraid to depend on the unsureness of a writer's income and take some sort of regular job instead! Vicious circle....

This is page eleven of CATCH TRAP, and I'd better pick up my swing.

LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT

FMBusby ++ Thanks for Royal Drummond's address; I reprinted one of his articles in the ASTRA'S TOWER Special Leaflet and didn't know where to send his copy. ++ I love that green paper!

GEMZINE

GMCarr ++ How do you get those thick black lines on stencil, Gem? Kerry and I have been trying and trying to figure out a way to get solid blacks on mimeographed matter without drenching the page with inkblobs. ** I mean ++ Your article on church music was fascinating; I was brought up in a family with three church musicians; The only trouble is -- my only interest in church turned out, in the end to be in the music, especially the choir. If I can't sing in the choir, or teach choir, I quickly lose interest in the whole business and thus it seems hypocritical to go to church just to have a chance to participate in music; hence I haven't been to church in six years. ++ I personally find NFFF a lot more fun than one would expect. The recent N'APA mailing was more fun than FAPA! And I find I get more charge out of preparing PICTURE TRICK than I ever did from Day*Star. ++ There's still room in N'APA, but hurry up, slowpokes, or you'll miss all the fun. (And you must join NFFF).

HUGO GERNSBACK, FATHER OF SCIENCE FICTION

Moskowitz ++ This is doubtless the most impressive, best printed and least interesting item to appear in FAPA in the last ten years.

PHLOTSAM

Phyl Economou ++ Although this is a dry area in which beer cannot be legally sold, that hop-flavored malt syrup is sold in grocery stores in cans of all sizes, leading to a couple of amusing incidents when newcomers to the area fecklessly purchased it for pancakes. (Yes, I know those words are divided wrongly; my margin-stop had been dislodged). ++ Local lady members of the various dogooding church groups are deeply disturbed at the appearance, in a little Mexican "recreation hall" here, of an innocuous beverage known as "Near Beer". Sold in cans identical with regular beer cans, my impression of it is a sort of beer-flavored soda pop, but of course it spoils the look of our little dry town in the West. ++ Leave us get together some time and talk about our Past Incarnations? A better book than "Many Mansions" is "The Training and Work of an Initiate". ++ My most delightful stage experience was participating in a parody version of "The Pirates of Penzance", one summer. The stars were all vacationing professionals, but all the neighborhood kids and would-bes were allowed to participate and we really had a Ball. I was sixteen and the girl who played Mabel was my closest friend; I learned the part of Frederick to rehearse with her, as Frederick was a professional singer who came down only an occasional weekend. Oh, those love scenes...!

INVOLUTIA

Hanke, who has had it ++ Doubtless you want us to ask you "Why?" Instead let's just all hold our breath. ++ I love those li'l typed face-critters; I'd never have the patience! ++ Do you pronounce your name to rhyme with "Yankee?" or to rhyme with "Frank"?

This is page twelve of CATCH TRAP and I'm about to drop Janke (outside the net); ++ you have done one thing for fandom, though; you have proved that a fanzine devoted entirely to mailing comments doesn't have to be dull or incoherent. I disagree with damn near everything you've said, but I read it. And doubtless your style in INVOLUTIA has been the motivating force behind leading me to try CATCH TRAP; most mailing-comment zines before INVOLUTIA were the kind where I read only the comments on my own zine. ++ On second thought I guess I'll let you land safely after all.

TARGET: FAPA

Eney's Fault; Oh, it's you, not Andy Young, who suspected that Redd began, and I finished LEGION OD THE DEAD. Nope. ++ Style for Day*Star requires six points on the Astra-isk. ++Oh, that Gwyn Leynier! I'll fix you...I'll put you into Al-Merdin. You should be a natural for Edric Ridenow, the Red Fox. ++It's symbolic.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE

The trouble with haiku
(Like all such verse forms)
Is that they are too easily
Faked.

The painful temptation rises,
like mold marring clean bread,
to spot clean pages
with poetry.

When lines are divided
like this,
If you say it's poetry,
who dares argue?

The rest of this, I like very much.

QUE --heck! QABAL

Grennell, who else? ++ I suspect the reason coffee shops run to folk singers is that it's easier (and cheaper) to hire one man plus guitar than the kind of highly trained musicians it takes to sing madrigals and make them sound like anything except a bunch of yowling cats in agony. Come a squall from the customers, the folk-song man can always cheer up the occasional square by a fast chorus of "On Top of Old Smokey", before returning to his own kind of stuff. A madrigal group probably couldn't and certainly wouldn't. ++ I love that bright-orange cover and the group-cartoon of the LA-caravan stirs fond memories of those hilarious three days when I was a sort of honorary member of the LASFS. Fun.

WRAITH

Ballard ++ A checkmark on your comment about working cowboys...now what in the deuce was I going to say? Oh, yes; something about when I came to Texas (Texas) I was very blase, prepared to find that the Wild West was Done Gone. Fact, however; to this day you can find cowboys on horseback, and one of the major Exfitements of my life was seeing, quite unexpectedly and irrelevantly as I drove from Rule

page thirteen of CATCH TRAP, and I hope to finish on this page

to Aspermont, a lone man on horseback; riding slowly along behind a small herd of Whiteface cattle, a rope on his saddle, a gun at his hip, wearing traditional jeans, flannel shirt, denim rider jacket, saddle boots and even a kerchief around his neck against the dust. Unposed; no movie; a real live cowboy. I was sorta quietly thrilled. It made up for a lot of disillusion with life.'++ They often come to town on Saturdays in the Plains towns, and the past seems strangely alive, even when they jump out of station wagons instead of tying Old Paint at the Hitching Post.

PHANTASY PRESS

McPhail ++ Hope your personal problems will get cleared up in time to bring you back in quantity next time, Dan. ++ I think "FAPA's most blameless member" is meant to indicate that you never fight with anyone and rarely say anything controversial. ++ I liked the Dockweiler story; and despite writing oodles of them I rarely read fiction in fanzines. ++ That Plato Jones cover about the wet and dry cowboys reminds me of a question I've meant to ask; how come it never rains in the Western Movies?

KLEIN BOTTLE

Miri Carr ++ Mrs. Carr, honey, ma'am, gel, this is fast developing into the kind of thing I always wanted Day*Star to be and never could manage. ++ The Rotsler article is probably the best thing in the mailing. Someone, somehow, always tends to forget, because Bill is an artist, that he is also a writer of no mean ability. Si non e vero, e ben trovato...

The whistle has blown, my time is up, and a few fanzines remain undiscussed. I must mention the beautiful cerise cover on THETA, the fine poetry by Harness and KAnderson.++ The cute Bjo cartoons in Trimble's SHIPSIDE; the beautiful reproduction and slight content of DRIFTWOOD: ++ the enjoyable but un-commentable Rambling Faps ++ the noted, read carefully, enjoyed but nothing-to-say group which I am unwilling to dismiss with "Noted" but have neither room nor ambition to chatter about; SUMMER GALLERY, POO, AD INTERIM; ++ The beautiful green-ink FAPHELION, and the fine printing (rubber-stamp?) on the cover; and I quit using my middle name, Eleanor, because people WOULD spell it Elinor and pronounce it Elner; ++ A mild pooh-poo to the Fanmark Greeting Cards, it's not THAT bad, is it? ++LARK, which is always sheer delight; a glad welcome to Bob Madle to our ranks; a scowl at Boyd Raeburn --I don't name names, then nobody is insulted except the people who feel that the coat fits; after all, as I said to Elik, half-wit fans sometimes turn out simply to be young. ++ I have MET Robert Lee Martinez (this for you, Bob Silverberg) and can vouch for his age, his intelligence, and his actuality; I SAW HIM CUT THOSE STENCILS, so it's no hoax; he cut them in Lawton before my eyes..... and now, the bottom of the page is shooting up rapidly at me as I dive out of the Catch Trap until the next mailing. Remarkably few missed tricks around, this time.....

Mason Bradley