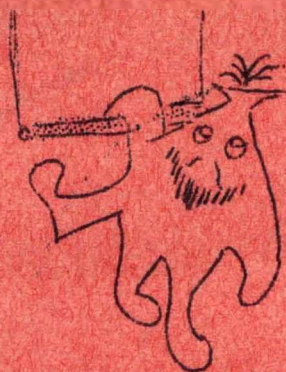


catch + trap



"I like catching, but they keep hitting me with elbows and knees and all that."

THIS IS: CATCH TRAP 90, published for the May, 1960, mailing of the F A P A by

Marion Zimmer Bradley
Box 158
Rochester, Texas.

Cover by Kerry; interior pix by Maggie Curtis. Stencils by Speed-o-Print; typewriter type by Underwood 17 and a wide-carriage Royal of uncertain vintage; paper, Topsham sulphur Yellow and Styletone Orange.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR

It has frequently occurred to me to wonder precisely what influence governs the listing of publications in the OO. For years, HORIZONS proudly topped the list. I had always assumed that the regularity of this publication, perhaps, was the traditional reason for having it invariably listed at the top, and on top of the bundle. When HORIZONS dropped off the top of the roster, I revised my opinion and wondered if, perhaps, the order in which the various FAPazines were received there determined their place in the mailing. But no -- Catch Trap and Day*Star, mailed the same day, were separated by half the mailing. There seems to be no determinable order....could the officials elucidate?

The egoboo poll results coggle me. I note I am mentioned in every category except artist. (Nope - my mistake; I am not mentioned for best layout and makeup, either. That's good -- my layout and makeup are at best nonexistent and I would hate to be convinced of what, now, I only suspect; that FAPA members read the mailings with their eyes shut. For instance I turn up about halfway down the list on "Article Writer" -- and I can't recall writing any articles of any sort, except for the brief "Marion-talk" in Ugly Bird, during all of 1959. I am also mentioned in the list of mailing comments -- and my first attempt at mailing comments appeared in the last mailing of that sterling year. I will pass over the two votes in the "Humorist" category on the grounds that many people, myself included, think that the best humor is no humor at all. Some diehard must have traded heavily on his memories of 1954 and 1955 for the "Fiction Writer" votes, since to the best of my knowledge I've had no fiction in the mailings in ages. ++ Like I say; you people must be reading the mailings with your eyes shut.

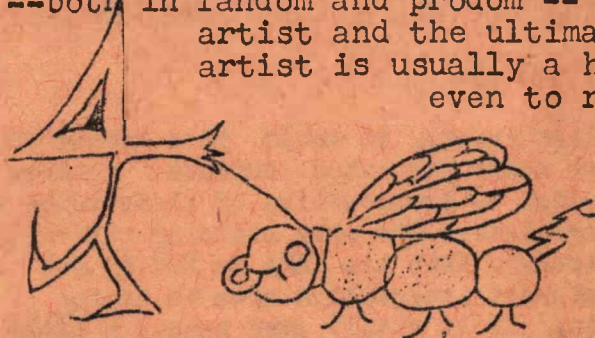
GASP - Ger Steward

Homosexual cats are not at all rare. In my teens we had two females who displayed pronounced lesbian tendencies. Cows in herd also display these tendencies, and I've read that elephants also do. However, about the queerest of all queer animals I ever observed were a male dog and a female kitten. It is not unusual at all for a cat and dog to be affectionate, despite proverbs, but the behavior of these two was unprintable in a family fanzine. We finally got rid of the kitten, who seemed to be the aggressor (odd as that sounds).

This is the second page of Catch Trap 90, published for FAPA

PHANTASY PRESS

I believe, Dan, that the reason why art is little held in esteem --both in fandom and prodom -- is the great distance between the artist and the ultimate reader. In a prozine, the artist is usually a hack who is given little opportunity even to read the work he is supposed to be



illustrating. A case in point is my own "Seven from the Stars." In the days when I used to read the novels in STARTLING STORIES, I much admired the work of Virgil Finlay, and I still do; and little did I think that one day I would see a Finlay illustration of my own work.

When I opened the issue of AMAZING STORIES containing Seven From the Stars, I nearly flipped. Finlay. Illustrating one of my own brainstorms; actually illustrating a sentence from the story; in the scene where Landon and the Vialmir make contact through the augmentator screen, I referred to the sudden irruption of Mathis into the rapport as "...a curious image persisted in Landon's mind -- a fish sticking its head out of water to scream at the fisherman, then quickly disappearing beneath the ripples again." ++ And then, when I glanced through the story, I saw that the editor had used her blue pencil on the sentence -- so that the beautiful and evocative Finlay drawing now illustrated nothing at all. ++ In the case of fan art, except for those few who can master the relatively difficult technique of putting their original drawings, freehand on the stencil, or the well-to-do fan artists who can afford lithograph, the artist must rely on an editor who is more, or less, capable of tracing his work, with or without suitable equipment or skill. Simple line drawings can sometimes be transferred by the process; but it is rare indeed for artwork conceived in the medium of pencil shadings, ink lines or any other process to transfer satisfactorily to the transfer process of fiber-cellulose-inklines, or even the stipple effects possible with shading plates. So that what the reader sees is seldom, even remotely, what the artist drew. Bjo, Juanita and one or two others conceive their drawings in terms of stencil, and these are about the most satisfactory strictly-fan artists around. For more complex artwork, the controversial Prosser does very well on stencil. (And considering that Kerry never saw a stencil until last winter, I think she has mastered the medium with rare success). But transferring pencil or ink art to a stencil is rarely satisfactory. ++ Apropos of nothing at all, I should say that for some odd reason Jean Young's art always looks to me like a charcoal sketch, and how she gets the effect with a mimeo stencil I've no idea. ++ I was flabbergasted to note how much my activity jumped during 1959. My ambition for this year is to hit a hundred pages....but I don't know if I'll make it. Between you, me and whoever troubles to read these mailing comments all the way through, I have had a tenacious notion for the past five years that position in the Egoboo polls is determined largely by quantity.... and I am going to try testing this

Third page of Catch Trap, Dan McPhail's triple somersault crossing

theory by saturating the mailings with Bradley publications in large quantities. ++ I hereby challenge you; I'll bet you the biggest soda at any Sodacon that I can out-produce you for 1960. (But how do we credit my con report in Phantasy Press?) ++ I enjoyed Daniline's cartoon, but I grieve to confess that at first I thought the saucer was a lake and the BeM a Loch Ness Monster.

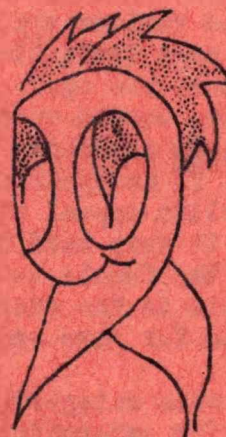
VANDY - Coulsons

If I ever should feel impelled to blacklist anyone, it would be a member who sneaked into the FAPA via any arrangement which permitted ~~current~~ members to advance their friends on the waiting-list -- irrespective of their value -- ahead of perhaps less spectacular waiting-listers who were standing patiently in line. As it happens, I feel very strongly that the FAPA is NOT by any means a "private club", but a mutual-interest association open to anyone who can meet and sustain the requirements. If it should ever become a snob-appeal "sorority", with members admitted on the choice of those who are already Among the Elect, I shall be an ex-member as of that day. You see, as a perennial "outsider", I would never have been able to join if membership had depended on popularity. I should have been too shy even to apply. Yet, I don't believe the FAPA has lost much by my eleven years on the membership roster. ** This business of public vs private transportation. The automobile situation has reached a saturation point, and in Centaurus Changeling, I tried to sneak in a stray plug for the abolition of private transportation inside city limits. Among other things, this prestige race for more and more and more automobiles per family and per district has meant that bus service and train service goes downhill -- "Nobody rides the train except people who can't afford their own car" -- so the service is deliberately keyed to disgust anyone who is even in the lower-middle-class bracket. (See my comments on the service aboard the Grand Canyon Passenger Train in my con report). All bus service to Rochester has now been discontinued. Partly this is because everyone has his own car and few people ride the bus....but why must everyone have his own car in Rochester? Because the bus and train service are so dreadful. ** The theory that "nobody decent rides the subway" has resulted in all this ghastly congestion. And it's, as I say, a vicious circle. I bought me a car because I couldn't get anywhere by bus because so many people had cars so they quit running the busses...and now I like having my own car and even if they put the busses back it would take a long while and a lot of facts and figures to make me go back to busses. Loudly sing Goddam. ** Of course, I get around more since learning to drive. When I was a kiddy we saw my grandparents (20 miles away) once a month; my other grandmother, sixty miles away, we saw every five or six years. Now I drive 20 miles to Haskell three or four times a week, and visit Abilene (75 miles away) at least once a month, sometimes oftener. **Juanita, them is Fighting Words when you call babies repulsive. The newly born of virtually every mammalian species are delightful to me, including the human. Only when they achieve two or three years and turn into whining, demanding and wearying kids to I begin to look with a jaundiced eye on maternity; I can think of nothing more delightful than having "a lap baby, a po'ch baby, a ya'd baby and a shirt-tail baby" all the time. Alas, the women who want six wind up with one --and the women for whom one is a great sufficiency usually have four or five. Dammit.



CELEPHAIS

I think one of the Official Editor's duties should be to list the number of pages in every item; then if a blank page turns up, one will know whether it was purposeful or accidental. ** I also feel (and if I ran for O-Ed, would make this my main plank) that the editor should acknowledge receipt of FAPA packages. How much time and postage would this consume, over and above all furnish correspondence? ** I like your recipes, with the exception of the chili powder, which is (heresy for Texas) something of a Pet Hate of mine. ** Your list of "Casta Diva" recordings might be termed one-upsmanship with a vengeance....my rough count shows you have about 31 versions. I have two Ponselle recordings, as it happens; one is the ~~two-disk~~ two-disk RCA Victor album --Camden, really -- entitled "The Best of Ponselle"; the other a Scala reissue of some sort. The "Casta Diva" on this one is not only abridged --I'm used to that -- but contains some really shockingly unmusical interpolations. I have come to the reluctant conclusion that Ponselle, despite her exquisite voice, dramatic sensitivity and what must, I imagine, have been a fine flamboyant personality, was no musician....or was persuaded against better judgment to use unmusical practices. I'm not speaking especially of that ever-lovin' high B which she insists into putting into the recitative ("Il sacro vischio io mieto") in Norma, though this always grates on me like chalk on the blackboard; my score gives this note as D natural, one beat, without even an optional high note....I've never seen the Ricordi score, so can't say whether it's marked in optionally there -- but both Ponselle and Callas hit that high B and hang on to it long enough to make me scream. **



At the time when I went through my record collection for the last Anything Box, I didn't own the Pinza-Ponselle "Vergine degli Angeli" because I had played it for a local girl and she sat so enraptured and starry-eyed, and begged me to play it again on every visit to my house, that when she moved to Fort Worth I gave it to her as a parting gift... since I had the Milanov version. However, it also is included in the two-disk Camden album. ** Is there any delight greater than making a convert to opera from some little rock'n'roll fan?

The Ponselle-Telva "Mira, Norma" is, beyond a doubt, the epitome of vocal duet music, but I could wish they had recorded, as well, the first of the Norma-Adalgisa duets. There is a faint flavor of banality to the Mira, Norma music which always tinges my admiration of the singing, just a little. This can't be said of "Io fui così rapita..." which is just about everything a duet should be and contains just as many opportunities for vocal display, including that long cadenza in thirds. In respect to that long cadenza I am reminded of a story.... no, it is a little too unedifying to be included here. ** I have never been able to find out whether anyone ever did record the first of the Norma duets; maybe you can tell me?

Perhaps my enjoyment of Die Fledermaus is inhibited somewhat by my thorough distaste for the Metropolitan Opera version in English and the highly mediocre recording I have of this. About the only music from this I can whole-heartedly enjoy is Adele's a udition a ria (CURSE THIS TYPEWRITER!) audition aria, --deep breath while I try to spell it in German - "Spiel ich der Unschuld vom Lande." I simply love this even though I can't understand more than half of the words, and even before

I acquired my small German vocabulary, I could understand that this song parodied various types of coloratura arias in vogue. Wonderful ** Something of the same limitation has kept me from full appreciation of Rosenkavalier. I've heard the opera many times, and I love the music; but I don't understand the German words, and the style of Strauss has always impressed me, like Wagner, as something which could not conveniently be cut up for excerpting into arias. (I am speaking here of Richard, not Johann, of course.) Nor does the Marschallin appeal at all to me. Despite the feminine emphasis in this opera, I find it very hard to believe in; and perhaps I am a little repelled by the use of the female voice in a seriously amorous male role, while as a page or soubrette in the cherubino tradition I find it quite palatable. ** I find ARABELLA far more enjoyable, as a general thing.

BORIS GUDENOV is in something of the same category; an opera I enjoy hearing in performance, but would never cut up for excerpting or casual listening as vocal display. These are operas which depend heavily on the drama, rather than the music, and the music --for me at least -- does not hold up apart from the drama. ** I have meant to say, and can't seem to find a suitable leading-spot so I'll just say it apropos of nothing at all -- that anyone who doubts that Wagner knew his Mozart ought to listen, first, to the quintet at the end of The Magic Flute, (quartet; excuse me) where Tamino, Pamina, and the two Men in Armor sing, just before the trials of Fire and Water, and then listen to the Meistersinger quintet "Selig wie der Sonne". The voices rise in very similar cadence, and the emotional, as well as the musical content is not dissimilar.

Good grief, did I give you the impression that I dislike Zigeunerbaron? No indeed...it is one of my favorite operas (though again I could well do without the Metropolitan's English version.) I especially love Saffi's aria (can't think of the name offhand) where she sings of the "Children of the night" (das kindern der Nacht) ...and later in the concerted scene in that same act she has a phrase, "Ein arm Zigeunerkind" whose notation and intonation are identical in phrasing and melodic line with Elsa's "Er soll mein Streiter sein" at the end of her "Dreap" aria. (Just call me the Tunde Detective).

There is no reason why a trained musician can't sing folk-songs with all the simplicity and beauty of the untrained one; the trouble is, so few of them will bother, so that, by and large, the folk-song field is left to amateurs and people without much voice. ** Before we leave the field for a moment, I would like to ask if you, an opera lover, have ever figured out who might possibly have been the model for Helma Seymour in Pitts Sanborn's PRIMA DONNA? I am absolutely convinced that Olive Fremstad was the living model for Lena Geyer (she even had a faithful satellite in the Elsie de Haven model, whose memoir, published a few years ago, --THE RAINBOW BRIDGE, by Mary Watkins Cushing -- made Mme. Fremstad sound almost too Lena Geyer-ish to be true) but the original of Helma Seymour escapes me. ** Anyone who has ever been visited by postal inspectors --and I have -- is going to have a healthy respect for a little judicious self-censoring to avoid postal censure-ing. As I said in another context, I don't think much more of the blue laws than I do of the speed laws -- but I have this narrow bourgeois prejudice against going to jail to defend somebody else's right to use nasty words.

CATCH TRAP (me)

Yes, the catcher on this cover also swings by his knees. I can't draw well enough to draw my own and would feel much obliged if somebody would draw me a catcher who is catching.... the flying page is inaccurate because it

Page Six of Catch Trap and I am taking a breather by talking about lastish

looks as if the girl gripping the catcher's hands were leaping over the man who is somersaulting back to the bar from the catcher. Can't be done. In a flying pass, the first flyer goes over to the catcher; then as the second flyer swings to the highest point possible, the first flyer leaves the catcher's hands while the second flyer somersaults OVER the first to the catcher. There are variations but in general it goes like that.....

SHIPSIDE (Trimble)

I like the green ink, John; where did you get it? Don't answer that; I might start faunching to buy one, and I have enough trouble with this mimeo without trying to use colored ink on it.... maybe I am a nasty old-fashioned Philistine, but when eating out I generally prefer sanitary-looking food; could be because for a while, in what I now refer to laughingly as my Bohemian period (in the true sense of being broke and going from job to job aimlessly) I worked as a waitress-bar girl in a couple of restaurants which were anything BUT. Anyone brought up on a farm is not apt to have morbid notions on the subject of cleanliness -- cows are not cleanly animals, and anyone with a phobia of dirt would easily have a nervous breakdown while transplanting tomato plants, which involves mixing well-rotted cow manure with the soil -- but to this day certain kinds of restaurant food stick in my throat.

DAY STAR

For the benefit of people who are not bored out of their wits with this flying-trapeze kick I'm on, the triples in the movie TRAPEZE were done by Faye Alexander -- who is mentioned in the exerpts I quoted from CENTER RING. ** Can someone tell me whether it is "excerpts" or "exerpts" ??

LIGHT (Croutch)

Seems a long time since you've been with us, Les, and reading this, I note some odd change in myself. Back when I joined FAPA, this was more or less a typical FAPazine; now it seems like a relic from another, less informal, less relaxed time. ** I don't know whether I'd care to return to that day, or not. I'm lazy. I used to plan out my FAPazines very carefully as magazines. One mailing (Royal Drummond, with whom I was co-publishing, was delayed, and my membership hinged on my ability to get five pages out almost literally overnight) I had to work informally on stencil, and the results were so favorable --the few FAPAns who noticed the change were in favor of it --that since that day I have decided that careful planning on a FAPazine is wasted effort. ** What we did when we were kids? Strange as it seems, we played baseball, and we also played cops and robbers and cowboys and Indians. Like Miriam Carr, I played doctor --but UNlike Miriam Carr, my activities were unimaginatively limited to taking the pulse and temperature of my patients and looking down their throats and handing out pills. Possibly because I had never been undressed by a doctor...or possibly because my parents walloped me into pure-mindedness before I was old enough to remember it -- or possibly because, with a brother almost my own age, I had very little curiosity, and even less interest, in how one gender differed from the other. I remember rolling tires as a prime-favorite game; hoops were boring, but tires were a different matter. Another favorite game was to walk out on a narrow beam in the barn, over the hayloft (unaware of the sheer drop to a hard barn floor on the other side) and either swing out on a rope, in flying-trapeze fashion, or somersault down into the hay. Climbing trees was another favorite pastime,



Page Seven of Catch Trap, talking childhood with Les -

or simply walking around in the woods. Also, I lived on my bicycle. Kids today are ready to start driving the car, and wouldn't be caught DEAD on a bicycle, at the age when I was riding all over the countryside. For fishing I never cared much, but we could and did catch small fish --suckers, bullheads and an occasional pickerel -- in our creek. I could put the worm on the hook, and land them unassisted --I never had any female squeamishness and will handle rats and snakes without a qualm --but sitting still was a hardship while fishing. ** I seem to have missed a lot of fun.

HORIZONS (Warner)

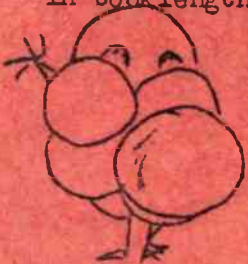
For heaven's sake, Harry., let's HAVE that compendium of the musical settings of "Orrore", complete with the translation used in the various libretti, in every Italian opera from Montiverdi to Menotti! Haven't you learned yet that we need a few Devil's Advocates in FAPA? However, it might very well backfire. I thought perhaps that jabbering to extinction about opera and the flying trapeze might, in a gentle way, hint to some members that they tended to overdo the chatter about guns and sports cars. Instead the person who Learned the Lesson was me..... ** Man walks a tightrope from birth to death. Sometimes he falls off. This was the theme of an Alfred Better novel, and also of the Rotsler article about which you were commenting; and these sudden life-and-death brushes, or even the moments when life in the ordinary sense seems to crumble around you, leaving you standing on a crumbling cliff, have a way of coming out of nowhere. I must be short on adrenalin, for on these occasions I usually find myself simply standing there shaking. I am reminded of a day when, on one of my hill-climbing, rock-climbing excursions, I suddenly stepped into an open space and found myself within breathing distance of a huge rattlesnake. I shrieked a warning to Steve and have not the slightest memory of anything more until I found myself standing on the path at the bottom of the hill, weak and shaking. Not till then did I realize, in total incredulity, that I had been within an eyelash-blink of abrupt and painful death, since I don't carry snakebite equipment and we were 60 miles from the nearest small town and hospital. I do remember my emotions on that long-ago day when I was hit by a car. I looked up to see the wheels coming straight at me, and my major emotion was disbelie...disbelief and a curious split-second sense of resignation and acceptance, and then it hit and I was flying through the air. Twenty seconds later I realized with astonishment that I was still alive. But my major emotion when anything like that happens is always a last-instant of the same emotion; disbelief and resignation. A most unsettling feeling.** "Castrato tenor" of course referred back to a prior reference to a "tenor who sounded like a castrato." ** Oh, I never drive 60 mph except on these long, perfectly straight, fabulously wide Texas highways, where one can, literally, see anything coming three miles away --and the highways are usually deserted. When there are other cars within sight I drive at a nice steady cruising speed of 55 --anything slower than that tends to block traffic. I was brought up in New York, where roads are hilly and curvy and a speed of 40 mph is deathly dangerous; but you should see these Texas highways! Sometimes you can see ten miles at a time. ** The only reason to do anything suddenly would be a jackrabbit darting across the road, and even that could be seen in plenty of time to slow or stop. ** Heck, ~~I~~ I am raising my kid without a TV set, and he isn't acting underprivileged. Furthermore, his report card has risen to straight A. TV-phlooy.

Chapter, I mean page Eight of Catch Trap, Horizons in the spotlight;

What you say about retouched photographs and rehearsed newsreels reminds me of the "spontaneous and unrehearsed" program which FJA, Dale Hart and I appeared in over Dallas TV, two summers ago. Some of the younger fans said that we looked like jackasses and criticized us widely for it. However, there was nothing spontaneous or unrehearsed about it. They had us do the whole thing over and over again. The "Fanspeak" we did was supposed to be only a warmup session. Later they decided the Fanspeak was too baffling, and so they had us try something else, a fairly sober discussion of the relationship between science fiction and science (I remember saying that the reading of s-f helped accustom youngsters to using their imagination, which was valuable in a world with fewer and fewer fairy tales.) However, midway in this sober discussion, Dale suddenly began pounding the arm of his chair and yelling "And man shall reach the stars!" -- so they used the "Fanspeak" one instead. ** I felt like a fool, but when somebody sticks a microphone in my face I talk, and if someone asks me a question in front of a TV camera I try to answer as quickly and coherently as possible; I would prefer to look silly than to stand there dumbly. ** I wish kids here in school played baseball rather than football. Football is a sport for grown men --college men at least. For high school kids it is dangerous, and for grade school youngsters it is downright idiotic. Not to mention that the grade school games attract fewer crowds and less notice than the high school games -- so when do the grade school children have their games? Sensibly on Saturday afternoon? Good lord NO! That might lure them away from town. Nope; the grade school football games are played on Tuesday night --and sometimes the schools they play are 75 miles away. Football as a game tends, too, to emphasize rough-and-tumble toughness and intricate "ream plays" --whereas baseball --though it demands quick thinking and a degree of team play -- leaves some scope for individual choices. I'm all in favor of baseball, rather than football, as a school sport. Outside of schools, spectator sports tend as a whole to annoy me... I keep wondering why anyone sits in the grandstand, or on his fanny before a TV set, when he could be out in a sandlot whacking a ball himself.

PLEIADES PIMPLES *Tucker

I don't know about you, Bob, but I write novels because I can't help it. But the worst thing about the modern "novel" is its length. Anyone who calls sixty thousand words a novel evidently reads faster than I do. I always feel cheated by what magazines today call a "booklength novel" and some paperbacks don't run over 50,000. To me, the right length for a novel is about the length of THE CAINE MUTINY: most "novels" seem little more than novelettes. ** This has a Bad Effect on me. My original drafts wind up somewhere between 600 and 400 pages. If I get it much shorter than that, I usually say "The heck with it" and write a short story instead. About the only way I can write what s-f magazines call a "novel" is to start with a short story plot and pad it up to 200 pages. ** It's good to know how much time professionals spend on a book. The novel length version of BIRD OF PREY (coming out in Germany, twice as long as the Venture version) took me two weeks to rewrite in booklength; the novelette had taken three weeks. However, I spent two years on WINDOW ON THE NIGHT, still unpublished; SEVEN from the stars cost me a solid eight months of writing at 400page length, another two months to cut it down to half size for AMAZING. THE PLANET SAVERS took about six weeks. THE WIND PEOPLE, in IF --which I called a short story and they called a novelette -- was written over a weekend. The trapeze novel I'm working on now was



Ninth Page of Catch Trap, Bob Tucker on the board.....

completed, in rough-draft form (624 pages) in about six weeks; but I anticipate a solid year of research and revision. My schedule calls for ten pages a day of new material without fail; or twenty typewritten pages of copying and revision; but then I rewrite everything ten or twenty times. And when I am "hot" I write thirty, forty, fifty pages a day -- then collapse and do nothing for days.. Of course I am fortunate in not being tied to an office schedule....

** The maddest I ever got on a title change was when Cele Goldsmith re-christened PROJECT; JASON as "The Planet Savers". Shades of Ed Hamilton!

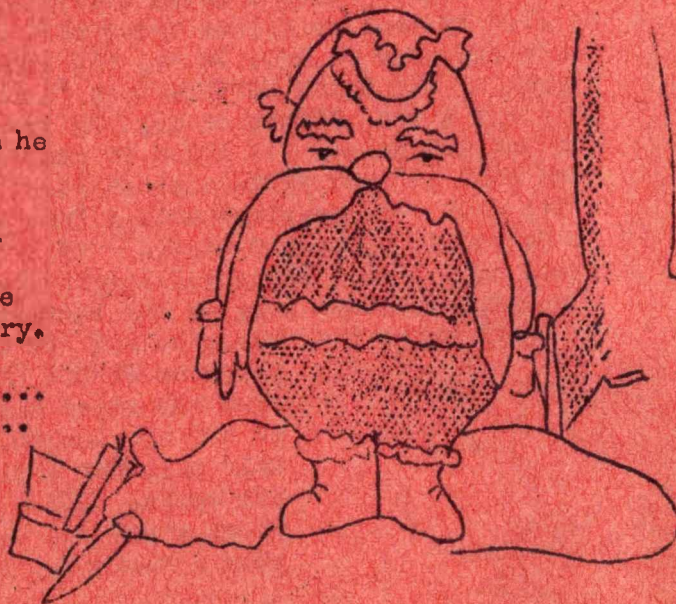
** All this wordage, Bob, and chattering about myself, I haven't said that this is doubtless the best, most worth-while thing, from my point of view, to appear in FAPA this year. I shall save this for permanent reference, since quite frankly, my agent never bothers to inform me of the relevant steps. I send him manuscripts; he sends me checks, when there are any, rejection slips when they hint that a rewrite might be helpful, and during long dry spells he props up my morale by sending me paperback novels I can't buy locally; but to this day the contracts he signs are a mystery to me. It's a good thing I trust him, isn't it? ** But all this is very helpful. Now, at least, I know what might be lurking over the next hill if I am lucky and hardworking. Bloch seems to have hit the jackpot in PSYCHO, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. ** Did I ever mention anywhere that I read some of your early mysteries and liked them? Hate me if you wish; I enjoyed them, and THE LONG, LOUD SILENCE simply made me uncomfortable. However, make of this what you will; in the course of discarding literally dozens of science fiction hardcover novels, time after time I pick up LONG LOUD SILENCE and debate with myself. I say "Oh shucks, I'll never want to read this again," and then some tenacious impression from my reading of the book comes back and, thoughtfully, I put it back on the shelf. Someday I'll read it again.

WRAITH (Ballard)

Well, I'm now a Bi-apan and pretty soon I will probably lose track of which fanzine is which, and start circulating DAY*STAR and CATCH TRAP through N'apa, and PICTURE TRICK and FLYCASTING in FAPA. My main reason for putting a zine through both Apas is that it seems rather a waste not to send everything I publish to my whole mailing list. If I publish something good in FAPA, I don't want to reserve my "second best" for N'apa; on the other hand, if I publish something good for N'apa, it seems rather a shame not to share it with my old friends in FAPA.

EGOBOO POLL RESULTS 1949-58

Looking at all these echoes of the past makes me nostalgic for the days of Joe Kennedy. I remember when he quit fandom he referred to his 2 1/2 years of fandom as "a sizable slice of life". It occurs to me that I have been in active fandom now for almost half my lifetime..... the only category in which I seem to have consistently held my own is that of poetry. I guess I had better do something about that, next mailing.....Gregg, this poll ... not just because of the egoboo involved... is a remarkably fine compilation. Those public service publications amaze me. I feel stunned, humble and inferior...so much work for so little member-gratitude.

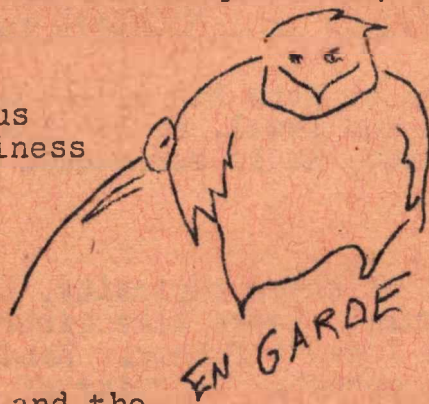


TENTH PAGE OF CATCH TRAP, and Gertrude Carr on the pedestal;

GEMZINE

Gem, I can hardly believe you are serious when you say that it is none of our business ...and even hint that, through survival of the fittest, it may be a good thing... for women in India to have ten children, nine of whom die in infancy, rather than one who survives to maturity.

++ Gem, I want to clue you in on something; starvation picks off the fit and the unfit alike. ++ How can you possibly envision -- either in Christian charity or common humanity -- that is it even remotely desirable for a woman who may never have had enough to eat in her entire life to struggle through her childbearing years perpetually feeding a fetus for which she has no conscious wish ...ill, on the verge of starvation, stoically resigned because she has never had the hint of any better life? And all this because superstitions and obsolete fertility-religions out of darkest antiquity enjoin that the mere state of fertility, irrespective of human values, is sacred? ++ How can this woman, starved, seeing her children leech away her very sustenance and physical substance --and DIE ANYWAY -- how can she be anything but calloused to the sacredness and dignity of human life? ++ If life is of God -- and I do most sincerely believe it is so -- then its preservation is of some value. When anyone can callously stand back and say that it is right, or human, or decent for ten starving children to be born and die so that one may live, I find myself literally shuddering with horror. How --how, in God's name --are we to have a world of peace and humanity and the love which is the aim of all worthwhile religions, when such a weight of human misery does not cry out to God for its cessation? ++ If we free people of the burden of bearing undesired children to die, this has nothing to do with the spoilt selfishness which makes a well-to-do society woman wish to pamper her figure by limiting her family to a single overfed youngster. Birth control in this country is foolish and futile, since it is applied mostly at the top and mostly for what we could call cosmetic reasons, and it is not in use where it is most desperately needed --among the poor, the neurotic, or the unmarried teen-agers. But the major thing is that in this country even the poorest sharecropper is fantastically rich compared to the terrible misery of Asia. And not until some order out of chaos frees them of the horrors of hunger can we ever have true democracy and anything like peace. ++ None of our business? Merde. It is the business of every human...and more particularly of every woman -- to try to do away with this misery. ++ The thing which gets me in newspaper crime stories is that the sex maniac, the murderer, is always "a good boy" -- "the leader of a Sunday school class" --etc. Maybe the so-called Good Life creates the frustrations which lead to rape and murder, while those who can sin with gusto and discretion never need to harm others with their suddenly-released inhibitions! ++ Of the two, I would prefer my kid to read a nice dirty book than to find out about a whorehouse by visiting one. I don't know what his life will be like, but I hope the girls he has to do with are nice decent ones and



11.6

ELEVENTH PAGE OF CATCH TRAP, and I am running short on space

that he gets his experience naturally, with girls of his own age and level, rather than having to seek it out furtively because he is surrounded by "good" people.

ALIF (Kanderson)

Out of sheer curiosity, Karen, how did you stencil that spiral nebula? Looks like airbrush, and how you got that effect on stencil I can't fathom. Hand-stippling? Shading plates are hardly big enough. ++ "City of the Ivory Gate" made me think I was reading an old issue of Astra's Tower -- while we are on the subject, it just occurred to me to wonder whether you are older or younger than I. I'm no good at guessing ages. I'm thirty -- and general concensus of opinion is that I look older and act younger. (Living in Rochester is apt to make one rather like a naive outworlder on the rare occasions when one gets out of it.) I know the ages of ~~the~~ most of the girlfan types in FAPA, but can't even hazard a guess about yours.

++



TARGET; FAPA (Eney)

Well, you didn't comment on MY zine!
++ where do you get those post-cards?
++ We have mice in all the hie around here. ++ I get the most tremendous

kick out of British novels supposedly laid in America, and almost as much out of the "American accent" of British singers of a type of bastard hillbilly called "skiffle". But then, doubtless they would be convulsed if I attempted to speak or write cockney dialect. ++While I'm on the subject of our British friends, will some helpful UK Fapan tell me what in hades "Fish and chips" may be? That is --I know what fish is, natch; and I assume "Fish-and-chips" is the English quick lunch, comparable to our hamburger with french fries --but what is, or are, chips? Potato chips? But our potato chips are what I think you call "crisps".

A GROUP OF MISSED TRICKS:

About the following I can think of nothing in particular to say; REVOLTIN'S DEVELOPMENT, Japanese Genesis, TO VISIT THE QUEEN, Three Chambered Heart, A Propos du Nothing, ROBIN HOOD,

LARK (Danner)

The woman who dresses to suit herself may be comfortable, but she often makes her husband unhappy. I feel uncomfortable when dressed up (I'll have more to say about this to Phyl Economou, do see PHDOTSAM) but on the other hand, even in Rochester I can't wear tights-and-Bermuda-shorts, or blue jeans, continually. ++ I for one don't mind paying 35¢ for a bottle of ammonia-soap-and-detergent with a spray attachment. It eliminates that messy

TWELFTH PAGE OF CATCH TRAP, Bill Danner attempting to cross;

business of mixing up uncertain proportions of soap, hard caleche-laden water and ammonia, dunking a rag (which soon gets filthy) into the bucket, smearing it on the window and rubbing. At least the spray eliminates the messier steps. In general, the time I save is worth 35¢ to me. ++ "Common sense and self-respect will keep most people from acts that religionists consider sins..." that may be true of some things. But I'm thinking of obsolete personal-conduct laws. I can, for instance, see no good reason why any two mature adults of any sexes should not combine their paychecks, record collections and cooking abilities, divide up the lawnmowing and dishwashing to suit themselves, own property in common and buy real estate, without troubling the civil or religious authorities therewith, unless it is their desire to breed or adopt offspring. Whether they occupy one bedroom or two, and what they do in those respective locations, should not be the province of any legal or religious authority to determine, and yet an unholy (and I use the word advisedly) amount of Authority is wasted on precisely that province. To me, it seems that "common sense and self-respect" would keep two people who wished to make such an agreement from dolling themselves up in white satin and black serge and proclaiming the fact with a festival, too, but they do it. ++ Mimeo ink is thicker than water, and it DOES get into the veins. ++ We Nominate for Oblivion; people who send tapes to people without tape recorders. The most frustrating thing that ever happened to me (well, the most frustrating I can write about in a family fanzine) was when Earl Kemp recently sent me a tapeful of something-or-other. I finally went and asked the only local citizens (barring a couple of preachers) with tape recorder, two nice elderly ladies, if I might play the tape; then died a thousand deaths remembering the photo in the last Safari of all the fans up thataway gathered in fannish converse and wondering what would come out of the taper. Fortunately it was merely some very fine selections of jazz, with comment by Earl to introduce me to the "sound of jazz", and we all enjoyed it unbelievably. But I nearly had a heart attack while waiting.... My husband is District Chairman for the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and suggested the following for anti-union comments;

"Open shop? Sur, 'tis where they kape the doors open to accommodate th' constant stream av men comin' in t'take jobs cheaper than th' man what has jobs," Dooley says. ... "An who gets the benefit? True, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more f'r money than he does f'r his right eye. It's all principle with him. He hates to see min robbed av their independence...."

Funnily enough, I like Kool-aid. I also like Jello, and many adults consider it tasteless or worse...I think children have more sensitive taste buds than most adults; and that those who smoke and drink blunt their taste for mild flavors. I dislike most highly spiced food....and in Texas nearly go mad because of the habit pf putting mustard on hamburgers. I say "No mustard" and they say "Do you want mayonnaise?" The other day; angry, I said "No --and I don't want any chocolate syrup on it, either." She failed to get the point.

Thirteenth Page of Catch Trap, confetti act coming up;

outfinity heck OUTFINITY

Silverberg - Thank heaven, someone has noticed that all is not beer and skittles in Europe, etc. I get so sick sick SICK of people talking about the taboos on the writer in America and how only the French allow true freedom of expression a la Henry Miller and all that hogwash.... my CENTAURUS CHANGELING was published in England, in France and in Italy and in each case some drastic censorship was done. England expunged the sexual content almost entirely --I guess the kiddies read stf over there. France left the sex where it was and carefully obliterated a couple of political notions. Catholic-centred Italy sliced out a couple of references to birth-control laws and abortion to save life (the story dealt with a girl on a planet where pregnancy meant death to Terran women.) When it comes to censorship, I'll take the good old USA. I think we have a freer press here than anywhere --and not being an Anglo-Saxon anyway I don't feel gravely deprived by being unable to speak it. ++ The local con where I thought I'd met you was the one where I know I met Lloyd Alpaugh, Joe Kennedy and a few other charter members of SAPS. If you say you weren't there, I must reluctantly accept your word for it. But then why did you look so darned familiar? *+ Well, heck, I'd prefer to buy only complete operas too, friend. But we can't ALL be filthy rich. ++Yup --I wrote the AIDA verse. This was my first excursion into comic doggerel since I used to letterhack for Sarge Saturn.++ I faunch for a Simca rather than a Peugeot because the Simca is sponsored by Chrysler and getting repairs and parts wouldn't be too difficult. The Peugeot being a foreign foreign car would mean the nearest agency and authorized mechanics would be in Dallas -- 250 miles away and too damn far to go. ++I can't answer for all the teenagers in Heinlein novels, but in TIME FOR THE STARS, Tom refers to a trip to the men's room by saying "Even prisoners are entitled to regular policing", and also mentions kissing various young girls and the chaperonage which kept them from much more than that. ++Re postcards. Henceforth I will never sign any cards-from-conventions-to-absent-fans unless I know what's going to be written on the other side of them. All during the Detention people were coming up to me and saying "Here, we're sending a card to good-old-joe, want to sign it?" And sometimes I did. Now I'm scared. God knows what I may have signed unwitting! --heck, this comment is nearly as long as your FAPazine. Come again, Bob.

QUOTEBOOK

Since my mail may be scrutinized by Postal authorities, I sincerely hope they didn't grab this one. Also I felt it better to remove it from Steve's hot little fingers after he asked me one or two questions which I was unable to answer intelligently. However, since I don't think all entertainment must necessarily be suitable for the kiddies, I got a big charge out of much of it...sat on the couch giggling all evening and reading the more printable snatches aloud. Oddly enough, my favorite excerpt is highly printable; "Work is the only thing you can do for years without getting the habit." ++The Gospel according to Little Willie.....

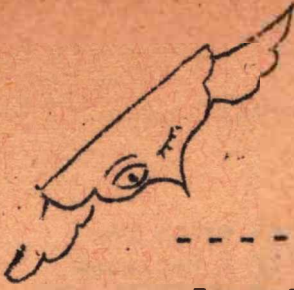
Fourteenth Page of Catch Trap, pause to put film over the stencil again;

PHLOTSAM (Economou)

I think I owe you a letter, Phyl....I too find it much harder to write two pages than six; just look at these mailing comments. Originally I budgeted seven stencils, which with the cover would just make a nice neat eight-pager. After paving several streets of the infernal regions (you KNOW what those streets are paved with) I realize that I'll be lucky if I finish on page 15. ** The best way I know to handle a stapler which jams is to take out the row of stencils and put them in the other way round. Sometimes the trim of the staples (not STENCILS, f'corn's sake!) will handle through the machine better that way. ** Speaking of relative harmful practices (i.e. sex being sin and drinking taken lightly) reminds me that the local Drys call themselves the Alcohol-Narcotics Leagues" and put display signs in the window warning the kiddies that the "Three Great dangers to youth" are cigarettes, whisky AND narcotics. Since any kid with a measure of common sense can see that tobacco has no major ill effects and alcohol, taken in moderation, very few, they naturally think they can do the same thing with morphine and heroin....which may be why Texas has one of the worst juvenile-addict rates in the country. This sort of thing backfires. ** I note you ask who "Kerry" is. Kerry is a neo-fan up New England way, who (to date) has taken little part in active fanning, but is a reader of s-f and plans to attend the Pittcon -- so be patient, you'll meet her there. She is also a stunning REDhead -- ** her real name is so alliterative that it sounds like a pen name. ** You'll be seeing more Kerry-toons, etc, in future Day*Stars. ** Phyl, my distaste for printing my own stuff in FAPA has nothing to do with writing or not writing for money, it is simply that (1) I love EDITING...and since MEZRA B folded I've had little chance to arrange a fanzine so that it comes out as more than the sum of the parts. Also, I dislike printing my own work because I cannot give it the objective and dispassionate critical look it needs before it's foisted on a captive audience. It isn't that I want someone else to "run it off for me", it is simply that someone else's acceptance of the material gives it that "seal of approval" which I feel is needed. ** I remember you saying in your letter that when you found too little of a publisher in his fanzine you always felt as if you'd been "sent out to the neighbors while the publisher went out for a walk." Well, when I find an informal fanzine I always feel as if I'd gotten all dressed up for a party and arrived to find everyone sitting around in undershirts, shoes off, drinking beer. Now beer and undershirts are an excellent thing among close friends, but until recently in FAPA I always felt as if I were surrounded, not by close friends but by hordes of faintly disapproving strangers, and it was (and is) very difficult for me to relax and write spontaneously.as I do in letters or the occasional carbon-copied Astra*isks that go to personal friends only. ** Also, when FAPAs admire the stuff I tear out at top speed, I wonder where their discrimination is. ** I am quite well aware that this is a personality flaw in me, not in them -- when people give me any sort of compliment I either suspect them of ulterior motives or wonder where their eyes are. ** Enough autoanalysis. ** Techniques for re-incarnation memories"? There are half a dozen (DAMN this typewriter and the way the soacebar jumps!) and, as I say, they all suggest autohypnosis. Space prevents me from going into them in too much detail... if enough FAPAs are interested I'll do an article, if not I'll write you a letter about it, OK?

AD INTERIM

I find I can't drive my husband's 1957 Dodge; too much "automatic" equipment. ... "Heritage Book Clubs" is about the worst racket I know. They soak you four



Fifteenth Page of Catch Trap, with Dick Ryan falling.....

and five dollars for common-domain reprints which can be purchased for a dollar or so, and "justify" this outrageous expense by fancy bindings.

Two policemen met in the slum district. "Hivins above," cried one, "Sure, an' this isn't your new beat, Pat? Why, the last I heard, ye were on yer way to make Detective!"

"Oh ay," says Pat, "but that was before I arrested Hizzoner the Judge on his way to the Masquerade Ball. Kin ye blame me? He was wearin' a convict's suit o' stripes."

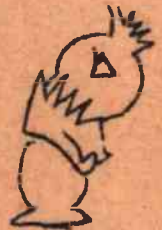
"Sure an' that'll learn ye," says his friend, "Niver book a judge by its cover."

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn)

So okay, you're not a newcomer. I am, compared to some of the people in FAPA, though. As for what FAPA really is, I still think the definition should be taken from the constitution which says it's open to anybody who can meet the requirements. So change the constitution--if you can. ** No hard feelings, I hope. At least we faced each other in public---I didn't make mean remarks about you in print and then treat you ever-so-sweetly when we met.

GEMZINE PART TWO

Brad was in service during WWI in Germany, and said that Americans were considered "bad prisoners" because they seemed to consider it their sacred obligation to violate the rules of war by that "resistance" when prisoners of war --and therefore they were treated badly. ** It's easy to tell other people to "resist" when captured --just as it was easy for the USA to beam incitements, over the Voice of America, telling the Hungarians that the whole Free World would be standing behind them if they Rose Against their Oppressors. So they rose --and got massacred. While we sat here safe and sound, not even realizing our moral responsibility for the deaths. We may have weakened the Communists by this (though I doubt it) but at what cost? ** It's very easy to say "Let's you and him fight", just as it's easy for millionaires to say that the desire for security is a poor goal, or for full-fed Americans to say that man does not live by bread alone. No one should say those things until he has tried living without it. ** Much of this was interesting and valid, but in general I found it as distasteful as any propaganda. It's easy to tell someone else to die bravely.

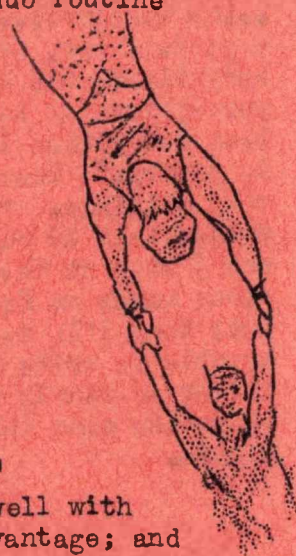


KLEIN BOTTLE

The way to grate onions is, first, to use your sharpest knife; this won't bruise so many of the onion cells and liberate the volatile oil which makes the eyes smart. When the onions are peeled take a grater in good condition, hold it over a large bowl and work quickly, holding the grater slanted AWAY from your face. Since I wear glasses, this gives some protection. Also, never wipe your eyes with your hands until you have carefully rinsed off all the onion juice. ** The business of Miri sobbing bitterly while peeling onions reminds me of a phrase from St. Ignatius (?); "Put yourself in the posture of prayer, and you will soon feel like praying. Evidently it works just as well with tears --work on your tearducts and you will soon feel like wailing? ** Some of the preservatives in bread have the tendency to make the flour absorb more water.

SIXTEENTH page of Catch Trap; Miri and Terry doing a trap duo routine

This makes the bread spongier and softer, and in spite of all that intellectuals have written about that abomination, white bread, there are a lot of people who like it that way...myself included. But I think "Calcium propionate" is what bakers call, in the trade, "California sugar". This, added to cakes and rolls, keeps them from drying out and molding so quickly, so that they can be left on grocery shelves in isolated locations long after their freshness is gone....whereas an honest un-embalmed cake would be so dry and unappetizing that no self-respecting dog would touch it. Hence I almost never buy cakes except at neighborhood type bakeries, and usually I simply make my own..... unfortunately, and stupidly, we were taught "pure Castilian" Spanish in high school and college. I can converse pretty well with South Americans, but with Mexicans I am at a terrible disadvantage; and the border dialect, largely Indian, spoken by Mexican transients here, is almost unintelligible to me. Nevertheless I am often pressed into service translating because, with difficulty, I can make myself understood.... I can't imagine why, in a state which borders Mexico, school kids are not taught Spanish as a matter of course. It seems to be a matter of snobbery... Mexicans here are often regarded in the same light as colored people in the Deepest of the Deep South, and arrogantly expected to speak English. There are youngsters attending school with Steve who cannot speak English. The plight of these Mexican children in school strikes me as pitiful. The teachers are required by law to give them classroom space, but they are forced to sit at the back and virtually ignored. Some of them, in the third and fourth grades, cannot read English. I am very much afraid that integration of the schools will result in equal deliberate anti-education, in southern states. How a woman whose profession is, supposedly, TEACHING, can be cruel and bigoted --I do not know. But they are. ** I could go on chattering at you two for quite a while, but my grief, look at the number at the top of the page!



X TRAP (Linard)

Is that you, or Dracula? ** Had I but known, etc, I might not have chosen Catch Trap. appropriate as I think the title, to debut in the same mailing as X Trap, whatever that may mean. All I can think of is X Tract --I'll take vanilla, **Strange and creepy story, but I couldn't make head or tail of it.

BLEEN (Grennell)

I can empathize with your sudden understanding of "Ciel, mio Padre!" in Italian, for almost precisely the same thing happened to me when I was listening to TRISTAN in high school; the tenor sang "Das wunder-Reich die Nacht" and I automatically heard "The wonder-world of night", and then did a huge double take... following libretti with parallel translations does that. You look at the English and hear the German (or French or Italian) and sooner or later if the translation is even remotely literal your brain starts making Connections. Once again, Dag, I could chatter on at length, but good grief, I've still got ALL the Busybodies to review!

TRA-LA (Stark-Young-etc)

Orchid ink on lilac paper?
The flowers that bloom in the mailing
astonish me.

The white cover gives no hint
Of beauties within.

SIXTEENTH, I mean SEVENTEENTH PAGE of Catch Trap - longest flying act in history.

For all my sarcastic remarks against bastard poetry, I enjoyed many of these ...as thoughts...but I still feel that a beautiful thought alone does not make a poem. Heck, everybody ~~is~~ has beautiful thoughts and occasionally apt observations; the poet is the one who can transform everyone's inarticulate perceptions of beauty into accessible form for the rest of the world. "The best definition I can give of prose is that it's what a lot of collegians think is poetry." These Haiku strike me as some of the loveliest prose I have read in many mailings. ** Don't tempt me so, or I am apt to inflict 18 pages of poetry, rather than 18 pages of mailing comments, on a helpless captive audience. **The way I stay at the top of the poetry category in FAPA unless someone else comes along makes me feel that maybe I'm not FAPA's best poet --only her most persistent; that I'll do for a best poet as long as no one else in FAPA takes the trouble to write or print it.....** JY, your theories and mine about poetry differ so widely that that it's hard to realize that we're even both talking about the same thing, but I am more glad than I can say to see you writing it a gain.

SALUD - sercon8s bane, -FAPPENDAGE

The number of husband-and-wife teams in FAPA grows ever greater. Rab hasn't done any fanzine publishing in years, but we are contemplating a Best of MEZRAB sometime this summer. ** How in the deuce did you type that front page of Sercon's Bane? ** Peyote, according to the Encyclopedia, causes nausea and hallucinations, and therefore the Department of Health can classify it as a dangerous drug, even if not an addictive narcotic. Since it has no known therapeutic uses, no physician is apt to be prescribing it, and therefore it can be legally kept off the market by the Public Health people, just like any other poisonous substance. ** Try to buy cyanide of Potassium for internal use and see how far you get! ---**I can rationalize again and again about my self-consciousness where clothes are concerned, but I can't seem to get rid of the emotional reaction of tightening up. Being brought up in the kind of clothes I wore has two reactions; either one says "Just wait till I'm old enough to choose my own!" and then becomes a really beautiful glamour girl (like Phyl Economou) or else, in self-defense, one decides that clothes are a superficial nuisance. In my case I feel foolish, dressed-up and self-conscious when I am well dressed, and though I try desperately hard to dress appropriately, my main aim is to dress in a way that will positively disappear against the scenery; if anyone notices what I am wearing, I feel miserably conspicuous. ** Since I find it hard to sort out which Busbybody did which comments, I am not addressing mine to either of you especially, but I suggest in future you identify them more clearly, unless you LIKE being fannish Siamese-twins. ** The Ladies Home Journal is going all to hell. They are going in for "Large type" --making it easier for comic-book-reading kids to read it -- cutting down on fiction and even their fine HOW AMERICA LIVES feature, once a valid social medium, is now taken up with such poop as "Mrs Bing Crosby's dream kitchen". I buy it for the occasionally very good fiction (Du Maurier, etc) but I will soon cancel, if they don't quit angling for the True Confessions -Togetherness market. "Oh, sorry, I forgot to bring my dictionary" was the bane of my childhood.

I could go on, but I flatly REFUSE to get into another page. Looking back over this long session in the catch trap (with wrists aching as if I'd really been catching, instead of typing) I say that Tucker, McPhail and Rotsler did triple somersaults; Bennett in his DIRECTORY OF 1959 fandom, which I forgot to mention because I took it out of the mailing for reference, capped this feat with the legendary triple pirouette; and that Harry Warner needs a new costume or something to dress up his fine performance. Busbies, Carrs, (all 3) did fine work...this has been CATCH TRAP 9C for FAPA by Marion Z Bradley May 69