

NATIONAL PROCRASTINATION WEEK MIGHT BE AN IDEAL FANNISH HOLIDAY
:: THE 4:30 MIND IS NOT TOO LOGICAL :: I DO NOT PLAN TO USE
NUMBERED SQUARES ON MY POSTAGE ;; THIS HAS THE FEEL OF A REVOL-
TING DEVELOPMENT :: BOMBS DON'T PUNCTUATE PROPERLY :: WHAT IS
THE LATIN FORM OF BURBEE? :: DOGS WOULD PROBABLY LIKE GARDEN
GROVE--WE'VE COMPUTERIZED OUR TREES :: THEY THREATEN TO COWHIDE
ME, BUT I WILL NOT BE SUEDE :: FAPA IS JUST A GODDAM HABIT ::
WAVES OF APATHY SCIENTISTS FIND
SWEEP THROUGH THAT ROYAL JELLY
THE CROWD :: IS IS RESPONSIBLE
THIS A REISSUE, OR DID MY TIME FOR THE EXTRAOR-
MACHINE HICCUP? DINARY VIRILITY
:: THE SPIRIT IS IN THE QUEEN BEE
FANNISH BUT THE AND OTHER ANI-
FLESH IS FAKE :: MALS :: ANYTHING
WE MUST TRY AND CAN BE DECLARED
SAVE THE SHIP-- OBSCENE ON THE
HELP ME GET IT NEW BASIS FROM
INTO THE LIFE- BIBLE TO BUGS
BOAT :: THE MERE BUNNY :: HOW IN-
FILLING-UP OF A TERESTING IT
STENCIL IS NO WOULD BE TO KNOW
TASK FOR MY SPI- IF OUR WORLD
RITED WIT & MER- WILL HAVE EXPLO-
CURIAL CHARM :: DED BY THE TIME
OF COURSE, EVEN THE FAPA MAILING
YOUR BEST FRIEND LOOKS FREAKY WHEN HE'S NEWBY INDUCTED :: THERE COMES OUT !! ::
ARE NO LITERARY STANDARDS IN SHANGRI-LA :: TRULY ENGLISH IS AN
INCOMPREHENSIBLE LANGUAGE--EVEN THE NATIVES CAN'T SPEAK IT ::
A GENERATION WHICH GREW UP WITHOUT GOONS IS NOW EXPOSED AND A
NATION SHUDDERS :: EVERY DAY I OPEN THE NEWSPAPER TO SEE WHAT
OUTRAGEOUS THING NIXON DID YESTERDAY :: INDUSTRIAL BOULEVARD IS
EMPTY BECAUSE IT IS A ROAD TO NOWHERE. WORK IS UNDERWAY TO EX-
TEND IT :: SEE HOW MY FANZINE ARTICLES TIE TOGETHER INTO ONE
NEAT, HOMOGENEOUS, COHESIVE MASS? NOT UNLIKE A WAD OF BUBBLE
GUM :: THE STANDARDS OF THIS MAG ARE NOT GOING TO BE RAISED
WHILE I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE MATTER :: ONE MAY BE
DAMNED NOW TO ETERNAL NEGLECT OR EVEN CASTIGATION IN THE PAGES
OF BETE NOIRE FOR THE MOST INNOCENT OF 1961 REMARKS :: I VISIT-
ED THE DEN OF THE SECRET MASTERS OF FANDOM AND LIVED :: THIS
HAS BEEN ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BREEN QUOTECOVERS. BEWARE, OR
YOUR MOST INNOCENT FANNISH EPISGRAM MAY BE IMMORALIZED HERE! ::

ALLERLEI c/w as
always DAY*STAR
for FAPA Feb 74
from the Walter
Breen and Mari-
on Z. Bradley
partnership on
its 10th annish

edco may doodle here

F O O T N O T E T O H E R S T O R Y

As a card-carrying student of linguistics I am sick and tired to death of being subjected to a series of constructions like that in the title, having no imaginable justification in etymology. For the same of you few who didn't already know it, history does NOT come from "his story" for all the recent claims to the contrary, but from Greek historein 'to examine in detail, to study' via Latin historia 'description, retelling, verbal account, etc.' In neither of these is there any implication of gender, though the Latin word historia is feminine. (But then, so is the Latin word penis, meaning either a tail or you-know-what. Which goes to prove something about Latin grammar...)

The following bit from the Berkeley CO-OP NEWS, Dec. 31, 1973, will show what I mean about this "herstory" nonsense far better than I could have said it.

EDITOR: Random notes inspired by a certain article in the CO-OP NEWS of December 10:

Person! Oh, Personischewitz! What a wine!

The person in the moon was so beautiful when we visited Farmer Jones to see how utterly huperson his straw-person appeared to be. While there, we watched a grasshopper use its persondibles.

The recent persondate by the Energy Commission is really severe, making driving no faster than 55 mph personatory; makes people feel personhandled.

Then of course there's the plural, as in: I deplore its personaciousness; I refer to that family in Person-lo Park.

I'm trying hard to be personally about this, but it's hard.

Morris Lipperson, Palo Alto

The only time I ever saw the word "herstory" appropriately used was on the cover of a book by Baba Ram Dass, where he was punning, and made it clear by equating history = herstory = yourstory = mystory. (Mystery?). And anyone who could take an off-the-cuff pun and from it build a 'liberated' grammatical rule (can there be a liberated rule?) must be not only ignorant --for all the intellectual pretensions of some in the movement-- but dreadfully insecure.

Exactly what is to be gained by twisting language so that an inoffensive word like 'manufacture' (which is not related to 'man') must be deformed into 'personufacture'? 'Chairperson' is bad enough, but we have actually seen constructions like the above, including notoriously 'personatory' and 'personu-script'. Gibberish, nothing but gibberish.

Will the Bible be rewritten, not only to use female pronouns for God, but even to rename the Israelites' desert food personna?

Will there arise a political pressure group with the purpose of renaming a certain auto racecourse Le Womans?

Or, as MZB put it, are we being womanipulated into an endless series of solecisms?

WB: HIS PAGES CONTINUE, viz:

MC BARRELS MAKE THE MOST NOISE

I: On the August 1973 mailing

From July through part of December--until a few days before Christmas, in fact--I've been making like the Traveling Giant of old, spending more time in LA and New York and the outlying reaches of those megalopolites than I have at home. As a result I didn't even see the August mailing until long after that for November had arrived. If Fred Patten or any other coin fan in the orbit sees these pages, he can easily find out just what I've been doing by going to Superior Stamp & Coin Co., 517 W. 7 in downtown LA, and asking for copies of the (Oct. 1973) Gilhausen catalogue and the (Feb. 1974) Ruby catalogue. I wrote everything between those covers, being loaned to the Superior Goldbergs by my regular employers (First Coinvestors Inc. of NY) for the purpose. The description I made of one coin, a 1794 silver dollar in perfect mint state which could be traced back through its various owners continuously to the day of mintage, Oct. 15, 1794, was publicized on TV, and the piece sold for \$110,000, while the TV cameras whirred and the klieg lights made everything all but intolerable in the auction room. Ironically, the Superior Goldbergs wanted to hire me fulltime during late fall 1972, but were balking at paying me a wage comparable to what a rookie garbage-man takes home. Negotiations were interrupted by a message from my present employer, who offered me a far better deal. The same Superior Goldbergs, to their chagrin, were reduced to paying my boss three times the wage they'd refused to give me, for the temporary use of my ~~fair~~ ~~whiz~~ skills. The said Superior Goldbergs' memory is cherished in coin fandom by a photo of the give of them (which also received nationwide circulation), which photo is captioned "Superior Firm Takes Care of Ruby Collection," and shows the five trampling around in a bank vault whose floor is littered with holders, boxes and bags of coins. One of them, Ira, is shown kicking a bag of silver dollars. When you remember that the value of a coin--like the value of a copy of WEIRD TALES--depends largely on the condition, you may get a good idea of how much these Superior Goldbergs really cared for their \$1,000,000 acquisition. Or for anyone's consignments to their auction. They are now being sued in federal court for recovery of damages in that two rare gold coins they auctioned in February 1973 were stolen merchandise, the chain of ownership before and after the robbery being completely known, the coins photographically identified beyond any reasonable doubt. Fortunately I am not likely to be asked to testify in that case; I did not see the coins until the sale.

Somehow it begins to look as though their days are numbered even without benefit of any more earthquakes.

But a consequence of their no longer being able to hire me away from Berkeley, day after week after month, will be more time to read FAPA mailings, and maybe even comment on them.

GRUE 37 : DAG ; Right indeed about the psychic wrench involved in giving up a mailing address, even one not especially cherished. It was a wrench for me to give up Box 1024, Grand Central Station, in NYC in 1964 after holding it for 12 years--its last four while I was living in Berkeley. (PO Boxes simultaneous-

ly at both ends of the country: one possible definition of a Traveling Giant.) But possibly the real wrench had to do not with the physical or numerical properties of the mailing address so much as with the hassle of having mail reforwarded-- and the much worse hassle of physically moving one's chattels. "Three moves = one fire," and we've moved, since early 1964, some seven times, not counting what the Social Registrites call "Dilatory Domiciles" during the summers. And the end is not in sight, as our present quarters are too small. :: Your grotches about Doc Savage covers seem to reflect the occupational disease of too many coverillo hacks: they can't bear to read the stories all the way through. In the case of Edgar Rice Boreus and congeners, that is understandable, but MZB has more than once complained bitterly about the same thing (perhaps the worst being on The Colors of Space) and she is not alone. :: If Doc Savage's HQ was on the 86th floor of a mid-Manhattan skyscraper in the 1930's, it could only have been the Empire State Building (for some forgotten reason long known as "Al Smith's last erection") and every native who had ever been to the place must have snickered for the 86th floor of that building is devoted entirely to observation deck, associated souvenir stands, etc. No room at all for Doc S's fabulab. And a pneumatic tube from there to any warehouse on the Hudson River would have had to compete for space not only with the Empire State Building's own elevators but with four subway lines plus the Hudson Tubes. Even Doc Savage's money would hardly have enabled anything so vast--not to mention having much of W. 34th St. tied up for years while the excavations for his pneumatic tube were going on. Wow. :: Then there's that warehouse on the North River (nobody in NY calls it the Hudson). It would presumably be built on one of the piers, which would mean displacing one of the major shipping companies, to become about as conspicuous as the Bat-symbol flashed by laser beam onto the Moon. In short, the perpetrator of the Doc Savage epepee didn't do his homework. :: At least Nero Wolfe's brownstone on W. 35th St. west of 9th Ave. is, or at least was, a conceivable locale for one, though in a dreadfully grungy part of town. The assumption is that Nero Wolfe preferred the Chinese method: having his luxuries within, concealed behind drawn blinds, unnoticeable from outside, in a building that no thief would ever imagine to contain such. :: Chainmail underwear is a real laugh. Experiments with chainmail in the SCA have proved conclusively that (1) to be usable at all, chainmail has to be leather-lined and the leather in turn lined with padding. (Like living in a steambath.); (2) With those precautions, it will preserve life, but will not prevent severe fractures. :: The "mercy bullets" sound like an early version of the tranquilizer projectiles used in modern zoos and wildlife preserves against rampaging animals or those which must be quickly captured for medical treatment or the like. In short, Doc S. is 1930's SF resurrected for a brief fad, sharing with its other stfnal brethren the same proto-Mission Impossible adulteration of futuristic technology as the Good Guys' answer to crime or other social problems, and the same Vernian attempt to predict details of said futuristic t. :: Supersnipe? But that was before Our Own Ted White...

SLOW DJINN 2 : Locke : The simple and obvious motive for vandalism is revenge, displaced or more often direct.

MOONSHINE 44 : South Gate-Downey-Garden Grove Axis : But it's Stan Woolston I'm answering right now. National Procrastination Week lasts all year long. In the Society for Creative Anachronism, to say that some event "is run on Society time" means no more nor less than that it will begin late. In FAPA, the result is the Brilliant Deadwood tradition, to which too many of us including yhos have begun to belong. In my case, it isn't laziness but rather too much time pressure from professional assignments, which keep me out of town more than half the time. (I'll have to leave again for NY next week, which is why this can't be run off locally...) :: What kind of novels are you referring to in your remark that "Fantasy mostly looks backward, at least the traditional occult school does"? :: That March 1933 Long Beach earthquake actually did occur on March 10 (not "a few days earlier" as you surmised). It has the further distinction of having been predicted in print over seven months earlier by an astrologer, George J. McCormack, using methods developed in the 1880's by A.J. Pearce, methods which reliably work but which require a computer for efficient use. McCormack predicted the quake for a few minutes before 6 PM local time; the actual shocks began at 5:54. Pearce had used these methods in 1885 to predict the Naples quake of Aug. 30, 1886, and the Charleston quake of Aug. 31, 1886, the latter being second only to the 1906 San Francisco disaster in intensity and net destructiveness. The methods had and have nothing to do with alleged properties of the signs, but instead depend on a knowledge of how planets line up, with latitude nearly zero, simultaneously exerting gravitational stress on horizon and meridian of some one locality, in T-formation, generally the shocks beginning when the Moon conjoins one of the arms of the T-formation. I think that the Fordham Seismology Department is missing a bet in not looking into the Pearce methods.

BETE NOIRE 25 : Boggs :: If even a large number of fans come on in print like so many MCPs, this is surely the legacy of the LA Insurgents of the 1940's, which still weighs heavily on would-be Fabulous Faanish types. After having watched many at cons, I am not so sure: the breed of cat has changed since the 1960's, and in some ways for the better. :: Any woman who says, to you or anyone else, "all men in the whole world are sexists," is guilty of the same kind of stereotype thinking as the old fashioned White Southron type who begins sentences with "All niggers are..." or "All Jews are..." or "All goddam fairies are..." What racism, sexism, etc., have in common is stereotype thinking, and it is pernicious in the mouth of an Eldridge Cleaver or a Valerie Solanas just as much as in the mouth of George Lincoln Rockwell. Where are the ideals for which Martin Luther King died? Anyone who believes this kind of stereotypy is, it seems to me, betraying just a smidgin of paranoia--in the strict clinical sense of the word. The only alternative: some of the misandrist faction in Women's Lib (the Valerie Solanas persuasion) promulgate this FCP sexist nonsense not because they believed it but merely for the sake of expediency. But this is to adopt the Enemy's methods--specifically the Big Lie, and to "justify" it on the grounds that the end justifies the means. Redd, I had thought better of you: I hoped you would not take this misandrist nonsense seriously enough even

to quote it. :: You are likely to be taken too seriously as complacently contemplating--or even welcoming--a day when pre-Womens Lib (and therefore de facto sexist? really?) world literature will be as obsolete as Insurgent flak, and one with Nineveh, Ralph I24C41+, Atlantis, and the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. :: After reading you on James Beard, we'd welcome a companion piece on the oeuvre of M.F.K.Fischer, who to these eyes (and MZB's) is one of the most entertaining writers on food ever to reach print, bless her. :: But when do you go to the Coop? I've been there hundreds of times, and there is far less antifood on display than at the Safeway and its congeners. Our own tastes run to MZB's home-made whole wheat bread (ask Jock Root or Ted White), brown rice (especially in pilao), duck, fish, and a variety of Chinese, Japanese and Indian specialties; we all dote on MZB's spiced lentil stew, and our major (rare) concession to mass taste for main dishes is, or at least was until recently, Col. Sanders's chicken--minus its instant mashed or salad or dessert companions.

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National Procrasti nation Week includes 52 Sundays.
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A PROPOS DE RIEN 144 : Jim Caughran : Use of UT (Universal Greenwich Time) is normal in some scientific contexts, but would require too much confusing extra legislation when applied to school districts and many jobs, which are legally keyed to local time. Not to mention airlines schedules. Not to mention, at the very least, the requirement of throwing away all our clocks and replacing them with special Fancy Expensive 24-hour clocks (like those used by ham radio people and astronomers) set to UT. Local time zones are a concession to human circadian rhythms, anyway. :: Sounds as though you'd better read up on cyclone and anticyclone wind patterns.

SKIFFLE 3 : Steve Stiles : Being "cursed with strange names" (come to think of it, most non-strange names used for cursing these days have a certain repetitious four-letterishness about them)--or, as MZB is fond of putting it, "afflicted with acute nomenclature"--certainly does contribute to neurosis. A child weighed down with a name like Taurus Mobius Norville or Taran Minus-One Hagstrom (to cite two actual examples) is going to be in trouble in grade school. We've found that how a name is going to be abbreviated, colloquialized, or mispronounced by the unwary, has to be a decisive factor in choosing it for a baby. Our little girl (named Moira Evelyn Dorothy Breen just to give her more choice just in case) at age 7 began complaining that even teachers could not pronounce Moira properly, and decided that from now on she is to be called Dorothy. The apogee of acute nomenclature--and the example which induced Gen. J.F.C. Fuller to create the term--was Aleister Crowley's antichristening his hapless daughter 'Noot Mah Athathoor Jezebel Lilith Sappho Crowley.' The poor little tyke died of typhoid fever at age two, but Gen. Fuller said that more likely she died of acute nomenclature. Not that AC learned from the experience, though; his next daughter whose name is recorded (he had many whose names aren't) was burdened with 'Lola Zaza.'

ESDACYOS 22 : Edco : No, even the Romans had no word for Burbee, though the Latins did--macho.

PURPLE FROM ORANGE : Hulan : At last something I can agree with.
FANTASIA was the second film our kids ever saw (the first? YELLOW SUBMARINE, and we all wish it would come back), and it is still an alltime favorite even after 8 or 9 viewings. I don't think it would be so good in 16mm, though, as screen scale has much to do with its impact. (Can you imagine the Rite of Spring sequence, or the Night on Bald Mountain, on a TV set?) Unfortunately, today it doesn't measure up in faded 35mm monophonic prints compared to the original in full brilliance with 6-channel stereo soundtrack, a lias "Thrilling Fantasound." Wonder why the Disneyland Records people didn't record the soundtrack xx straight off one of the original prints in the Disney archives? At the very least it would make a passable stereo record set, even a quadraphonic set. :: After my little Dorothy had gone through almost a year of ballet training, she came back to the Fantasia "Dance of the Hours" sequence with a new appreciation of the parody element; the more one knows of ballet technicalities, the funnier this thing becomes. :: Maybe Berkeley kids who watch FANTASIA, even as a Saturday kid matinee, are a different breed of kitten from the usual denizens of the bangbangshootemup matinees. When we took ours to FANTASIA on the one occasion when it did show locally as a kiddie matinee, there was very little shouting, though plenty of gasps when Tyrannosaurus finally killed his opponent and plenty of giggling during "Dance of the Hours"--much of it in the right places. And loud applause when the Sorcerer gave Mickey Mouse the boot. Despite Mickey Mouse, it would seem that FANTASIA primarily attracts a special kind of kids, and mostly a little older than the usual 6-10 age group, at least in Berkeley. But to generalize from Berkeley to anywhere else in the world (dxcept maybe San Francisco) would be like generalizing from fandom to the rest of the world.

HORIZONS v34n4 : Harry Warner Jr: No, it wasn't bad luck for Les Gerber when Seraphim so closely timed the reissue of the old Walter/Kullman/Thorborg Das Lied v.d. Erde; it was deliberate policy. Many of the big record companies are desperately afraid of gypsy outfits like Parnassus Records, which have large sales in college towns; the competition is hitting them hard. (Les's earlier productions have had to be reprinted several times; he deserves still wider distribution.) Of course records like Les's reprints are not illegal, otherwise R&A and Angel/Seraphim etc. would already have cracked down. Les's real disappointing blow was when someone leaked the news that he was planning to reissue Gustav Holst's only personal recording (The Planets, done in 1934), and one of the big record companies has promptly begun cooling up to do the same, getting there first. And after I'd already prepared the 24-page brochure... Somehow, the big record companies' fear of outfits like Parnassus is in a class with the elephant's alleged fear of mice. :: By your argument, NASFiCs would simply become glorified regional cons. So what's wrong with those? :: The weird displacements of words from logical positions in Latin were quirks of poetic technique, rarely (except in Horace) serving any purpose other than meter at a time when poems were sung, not read. Colloquial Latin was much simpler than Ciceronian/Augustan, just as koiné Greek was simpler than literary Attic, or colloquial Italian simpler than the kind in operatic libretti.

DESCANT 22 : Clarkes : Love to comment at proper length but my typer can't spell my guffaws properly; laughed myself cauc-eyed over this one. :: Would you say that a cowboy was dispersed? Or that a trance medium was dispirited? Or that Mr Nixons various Watergate plumbers were debugged? Or that your local grass dealer was disjointed?

II: AND NOW TO THE NOVEMBER 1975 MAILING

FANTASY AMATEUR : Oofficialdom : Our address is BOX 352, Berkeley, Ca., 94701. No other need apply.

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 25 : Bangsund : Mazel tov. :: Thank you for sharing the LeGuin speech, for enabling it to be preserved in FAPA ; a copy of it should go side by side with "From Elfland to Poughkeepsie." Of course, she might just as easily have replied to Q3 ("Why do you write SF?") with "Because it's there to be written." Or "Because in this genre ideas are paramount, and I want to communicate ideas." For SF without ideas of a kind absent from mundane fiction is only dressed-up mundane, I dealt with this at some length in THE GEMINI PROBLEM. (I have no more copies. Ted Pauls bought up the remainder for distribution by T-K Graphics, and if orders continue to come in, it will have to be reprinted.) :: I am not sure that it is worth while to fail to distinguish fantasy from SF, for in the former either physical laws of the universe are suspended (by the neck until dead?), or unknown laws are substituted for some of the known ones, whereas in SF (time travel and FTL drives aside) this is not in general the case. Ted Sturgeon distinguished three classes of SF: "what if?", "if only" and "if this goes on." In fantasy, the last of the three could not apply; "what if?" can produce either bright or dark fantasy (to use Fritz Leiber's valuable distinction), and "if only ..." produced bright. (Tolkien is bright fantasy; HPL's oeuvre is dark.) :: Now comes Kurt Vonnegut Jr. A very interesting analysis, but dreadfully incomplete. He has left out altogether the "How Are the Mighty Fallen" type of story, for which the graph is the reverse of the "Man in a Hole" --beginning high and dropping abruptly at the end. Its range extends from Greek tragedy all the way to gleeful TV stories (Avergers, Mission Impossible, etc.) of how this or that gangster gets what is coming to him. It is experienced as tragedy only if one identifies with the protagonist. :: All in all, splendid stuff.

BALLAST 2 : Thompsons : Fabulous cover: I am sorely tempted to detach it (though I hate to mutilate a FAPA zine) and hang it up on my wall next to some incredible clippings (RECYCLED MANURE NEXT ON THE MENU? etc.) which have already found their way there. :: Indispensable reference works: ours include the GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH, the Merck INDEX, the Merck MANUAL, the WORLD ALMANAC, and of all things the GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS (our kids are very much into questions of superlatives). :: At the Mythcon last summer, we heard a slightly updated account from other friends of Tolkien. It seems that not one but seven completed versions of the Silmarillion exist, one of which had been sent back by Tolkien's publisher for rewriting ("Too much like the Bible!"); Christopher T will be collating/editing them into one. We heard nothing of the Akallabeth. -8-

RAMBLING FAP 64 : Calkins : Figure one calorie per proof per oz for any kind of booze; higher for liqueurs, fortified wines, etc., the minimum being for vodka. : Maybe Mrs. Calkins is taking antihypertensive medicine precisely because her blood pressure is higher than yours. : As for that herniated disc, a really good chiropractor can do more for it than any MD, and there are MD's who off-the-record recommend patients with back troubles to chiropractors--never in writing lest the AMA get onto their backs. I had a classic herniated disc in 1959, spent nine days in traction in a hospital and six weeks in a body cast--and still was having trouble with it intermittently for 13 years. But after my chiropractor (Dr. William Boyd, 59W10, NYC--an unsolicited testimonial for this Good Man), on first examination, spotted exactly where it had been, and adjusted it, I have had no trouble with it.

HOG ON ICE 4 : Creath Thorne : Possibly you are right about today's fanzines being a less distinguished batch overall than those of ca.1960. Having looked over an enormous collection of fnz dating back to the late 1930's, I got the same impression as you but with the additional impression that fanzine quality reaches some kind of peak every ten years or so, just like SF itself: the very early 1940's, 50's, 60's and 70's. But there can be a few great productions even outside a peak period, in SF or fanzines even as in mainstream literature, art or music, whereas in one of the peak periods there will be a great many and some of the best will not stand out so sharply from the crowd. Of course cycles of lengths approximately 10 years from one peak to the next are numerous in sociology, economics, and biology: it is probably premature to ask why, but they do exist, and why should fanzine publishing be exempt? : As to what happened to the fanzine publishing marvels of the early 60's, some of them left fandom when it split so painfully into left and right factions in 1964-5, many of each side drifting into politics, many more on the left "going to San Francisco with a flower in their hair" or trying to create their own little San Franciscos in Texas or Illinois. (A piece of survey research I did in 1970 showed that the single commonest feature in the life histories of 80 acidheads was an interest in science-fiction and/or fantasy worlds--whether or not they had heard of fandom (many had not): 77 out of 80 spontaneously mentioned SF as a major interest, which easily transcends Earl Kemp's finding that fans tend to be only children or without older siblings.) Into the mid-60's vacuum rushed an entirely new breed of fans, and many contributed to the 1969-72? peak. Others have left to make way for still others.

3-5-0-0 16 : Jerry Lapidus : Someday, Stanley Kubrick or someone will have to film the Wagner Ring but in Dynamation rather than 100% animation. Humans must be distinguished from gods, Niblungs, Rhinemaidens, and other nonhumans. It will take someone of the calibre of Ray Harryhausen to make a convincing Fafnir. Now that the Solti Ring is on records, the soundtrack is taken care of; MZB & I have been working on a modification of the singable Margaret Armour translation for necessary English subtitles --but the visuals are still a problem. Casting: imagine the best girl swimmers in Norway or Sweden, filmed underwater. For Loge use a montage of flames and a redheaded Steve Reeves type. (He doesn't really have to act.) For Mime & Alberich, use an achondroplastic

dwarf, turn him over to a makeup man who really understands the Lon Chaney techniques. Use split-screen filming to make the gods look 3 or 4 feet taller than humans (Wotan confronting Siegmund/Hunding), the giants taller still. Shrink Bruhnhilde down to human size after Wotan kisses away her godhood, so that afterwards he puts her down ontp that mountaintop the way you would put a kitten onto a floor--onehanded. Cut out most of Wotan's monologues, filming the necessary ones in flashback; Erda's prophecies and Sieglinde's ravings can use flashforwards. And so on, far into the night; if Kubrick can't be bothered, someone will have to. Forget "opera on film"--the Ring was meant for wide-screen technicolor film with Dynamation, but the technology for it did not exist in Wagner's day. :: As for underground comics, there have been a very few glorious exceptions--try Baby Jerry's YOYO. I've seen only one issue, but that was superb; he is a real pro and will become as famous as R.Cobb.

DYNATRON 55 : Roytac : But it's Sandra Miesel's loc which induces this comment. CRASH GO THE CHARIOTS is a piece of tendentious rubbish, so help me Cthulhu propagandizing the literal fundamentalist Old Testament as the one alternative to v. Däniken's conjectures. Not worth the pb cost. Some of this material was better presented in LE MONDE INSOLTE ("Strange, Strange World") exhibit building at Montreal Expo/Man & His World, by my old friend the biologist/Forteana collector Ivan Sanderson. His view is (1) an advanced ancient technology (Atlantis?) and (2) at least some contacts with ETs. A reasonably sensible approach: his INVISIBLE RESIDENTS and someone else's pb 100000 YEARS OF MAN'S UNKNOWN HISTORY. :: The problem Velikovsky poses for orthodox science is that his theories enabled accurate predictions about planetary natures twenty years before Mariner probes. I personally doubt that Venus entered the solar system so recently: some of the oldest Egyptian horoscopes, datable (by computer) by planetary positions to July 1, BC 2767, show Venus as the brightest/biggest of all, in the very spot which this planet would have occupied had it been around all along in the same orbit it now follow.

HORIZONS 136 : HWjr : Garage sales are smallscale versions of flea markets/church rummage sales. Your Hagerstown statistics give a pieture aliento that in Berkeley (or vice versa): a Berkeley garage sale is more likely to be held by several students preparing to leave when one graduates. :: Kids on bikes are a hazard, but not in a class with incompetent, drunk, or reckless drivers. We've taught our kids never to ride bikes in streets unless they know said streets are empty of traffic; major traffic arteries like Ashby or Shattuck or Telegraph aves. are a no-no and will remain so for a few more years.

XENIUM 2.1 : Glicksohn : Reading this makes me sorrier than ever that I never saw even one copy of ENERGUMEN. :: That blue paper is achingly reminiscent of the kind the lamented Richard Bergeron used to favor for WARHOON, which at one time went through SAPS. :: The idea of recovering sounds inadvertently 'recorded' long ago on objects, whether or not it is Arthur C. Clarke's or Richard Woodbridge's invention, is utterly fascinating. Psychics have long insisted that they could pick up impressions as to the history and/or previous owners/makers of objects, by handling them, a

technique known as psychometry. (I have seen it in action and can verify that it is accurate.) Are psychics, then, as hypersensitive as Woodbridge's stylus, able to pick up the subtlest physical impressions? Of course, Clarke will never admit it (being a professional hardnose science type), but he has been on the fringes of the occult/psychic field for years anyway. In many of this master's stories (especially CHILDHOOD'S END and 2001) ACC explores the old Theosophical Society theme of man's evolving to a state of mind in which physical bodies are unnecessary. As the occult groups put it, we are not merely our bodies, consciousness is not limited to the input from the five senses (nor are these our sole sources of input) or to the integration of these inputs. Dimensions of reality exist beyond the limitations imposed by matter and gravity. (Presumably in these regions, geometry would be Euclidean, simultaneity meaningful regardless of distances, and with all masses effectively zero, the Lorentz equations would be no barrier to travel with infinite velocity.) :: Sorry indeed not to have gotten to know you at the St. Francis con (hmm, let's let that typo stand!) . The other 1563 people were at other parties, of c.; unfortunately, having two small children who wake up before the crack of dawn--and a short-cycle earlybird Marion--cramps partying for us. :: The verb to tourist fills a definite lacuna in English: "to gawk" and "to rubberneck" have not the right connotation. But apropos of such linguistic gaps, consider how the history of the women's lib movement would have differed had English earlier adopted a common gender pronoun, even the fanzine 'heesh, hiser, himer' forms--saving us many worse barbarisms (see my article on p. 2). :: "Where did booze fandom go?" "Down in the bar." But if one has to get sloshed in order to disinhibit enough to socialize, one must be pretty uptight to start. I've seen too many GGFS parties with local representatives of booze fandom, where once the serious drinking (they really call it that!) gets underway, nobody has anything interesting to say, nobody can do much of interesting, and the whole event collapses into a soggy mess about as interesting as a pile of wet diapers. Worse, who will drive the pack of sots home--or must they sleep on your floor? And worst of all, what happens when the serious drinkers begin to insist that they drive better when they've had a few drinks plus one for the road!? :: Susan, I haven't heard a tribute like that to the Sense of Wonder since MZB's ages-ago speech, and thank you for printing it. I'll reread it when I too am again feeling Old & Tired, and want to know again how it feels to be ~~again~~ more like a neo. "Bheer or ~~WAZA~~ nuts! wine labels won't get you into trouble unless you are doing lastminute minac, like me. Hoping you are not the same,

Walter Breen

THE PROBLEMS OF LIVING BACKWARD: Not very long ago, I read an excellent book called BODY TIME, which went fairly exhaustively into the problems of what are called circadian rhythms...the word circadian meaning "about a day" and having to do, among other things, with the general problems of people who are either "morning types" or "night people." I've known all my life that I was a morning person, that I do my best work in the morning, in general prefer an eight-o'clock class to an eleven-o'clock one, and so forth. However, this book made me aware of the subtler reasons for this. In general there are two kinds of people, as shown by research into "daily rhythms" of people kept in caves, underground apartments and the like, without clocks or lights to remind them of when they should, or thought they should eat, work, sleep etc. They discovered that a majority of people were actually on a schedule of about 24 hours a day, but usually not quite. By far the majority were on a long cycle of more than 24 hours, meaning that without fixed schedules they would get up a little later and later every day, go to sleep a little later every night, and gradually drift around the clock. Others lived on a short cycle of less than 24 hours, which meant that every day they woke up a little earlier, went to bed a little earlier, etc, and they, too, tended to drift all around the clock in another direction.

The author of the book added "For some reason, people on short cycles are often disturbed and maladjusted."

Well, I could tell him a thing or two about just why they are maladjusted. It happen to be a short-cycle person myself.

And I have known all my life that while society pays lip service to the fact that "Early to bed and early to rise/ Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," just the same, "night people" assume from the beginning an attitude of being somehow superior people. Morning types are, early in school, regarded as being just smug goody-goody types who pretend to like early rising and early bedtime, when (so the Night People blandly assume) everybody really finds great pleasure in sleeping late, and staying up late is supposed to be the ultimate grown-up pleasure of all humanity. Entertainments are always late in the evening. Parties start at eight. Dinner in high society is usually at eight or nine, while a five-o'clock meal is reserved for nursery meals, farmers who have to get up with the chickens, and lower status people in general. And our whole society is keyed to the fact that most people want to sleep later and later every morning, and that if people go to bed in time to get up for work, it's "too early to sleep"--hence the sleeping-pill addictions.

Well, let me tell you how rough it can be to be a "morning person"--i.e. a short-cycle type.

I began to suspect that I was "different" as a kid, when my father, mother and brother were usually grouching about having to get up early, whereas their problem with me was to keep me in bed until what they considered a reasonable hour. I wish I had a dollar

for every morning I restlessly fidgeted away, hour after hour, waiting for it to be six o'clock so the alarm clock would go off and I could get up. Summer camp was torture because the "rising bell" went off at seven, and in camp, without electric light, I couldn't even turn on the light and read. At seven the cabin was filled with the moans and groans of my cabin-mates who wanted another hour of sleep, while I simply felt miserable at missing the beautiful sunrise on the lake. It had another disadvantage. All during my childhood whenever I was taken to a movie, I fell asleep during it, and had to be carried out, dead to the world, in my father's arms, to the car. Only during the rare Saturday matinee did I ever get to see a movie all through, which was sheer hell.

When I was living alone before marriage I found out that the only jobs I really felt comfortable at, were the ones where I could work an early shift--~~go~~ to work at seven, or even six, and be through for the day at about two or three. Then I had the whole afternoon to enjoy myself and could be in bed and asleep by eight or nine. When circumstances forced me to hold down a ten-to-six job I nearly went mad. The morning before ten, nothing could be done. Stores were not open, so I couldn't shop. If I tried to write or do my laundry, I got to work tired. And by six in the evening I was beginning to collapse with exhaustion. Once, for a scant month, I worked in a restaurant which opened at five, and I was on duty till midnight. I have never been able to sleep during the day, no matter how late I get to bed. I never remember, even once in my life, sleeping past nine-thirty, and that was after a gruelling all-night train trip which got me in at four in the morning. So after a month of fitful catnaps, I gave up the job with its excellent salary and got myself a job in a laundry where I could go to work at five.

Both of my marriages have been to Night People. Brad was forced by the exigencies of the railroad to get up at six in the morning for the fourteen years of our marriage, but on weekends, or if undisturbed, he could sleep till noon without a bit of trouble, and he rarely went to bed before eleven unless he was seriously ill. I envied him. Walter also, especially during our New York years when the need to commute to Manhattan for him, and the children's school routine for me, forced an early family rising hour, managed; but he too is a Night Person by temperament, and physiology. This means he can stay awake for late parties and all through the opera, whereas I have to fight with atrocious sleepiness, and after getting in at two-thirty after BORIS GUDENOV, find myself intractably awake at five-thirty.

The world just isn't scheduled for morning people. Stores don't open till ten; I prefer to do my shopping (and do, when I have access to a 24-hour super market) at five in the morning, while the kids are still asleep. If I lived alone, I am sure my schedule would be a freak's delight. Even now, I am prone to wake up at four, and knock off five to eight pages before it's time to wake up the kids and dress them for school. My day's work, be it writing or housework, usually has to be finished by two, since by that time I am beginning to droop and find it hard to concentrate.

This is one reason why I will do almost anything to avoid being a guest in anyone's house, unless

it's someone like Walter's Aunt Katy, who knows my oddities and doesn't mind if I make myself tea and go out for a walk at four-thirty. I have spent some of the most miserable hours of my life at s-f conventions waiting for it to be six-thirty so the coffee shop would be open and I could get a cup of tea. This is also one reason I refuse to share a room at a convention, even with my dearest friends. It puts a strain on friendship when one party turns on the light at 3:30 a.m. and, there being nothing else to do at that hour, settles down with a good book and resignation, to wait for the rest of the world to wake up.

I've tried to "adjust". I've tried staying up half the night in the hope that I'd wake up at an hour a little more in tune with the "normal". I am just groggy, wretched, and unable to concentrate. When I get my second wind and lose my sleepiness, as often happens at late parties at conventions, I simply don't sleep at all that night, for by the time the party closes at four a.m. it's time, and my internal clock inexorably insists on it, to get up again. No matter how I try to sleep, an hour or two of fitful catnapping is the best I can do.

This explains why, at a convention, I fortify myself with plenty to read, and search out a place where I can get something like crackers and cheese, apples, or a handful of dates and nuts, to fortify myself for the endless interval till breakfast.

I feel a great deal of sympathy for Howard Hughes, who is reputed to have said that he lived in Las Vegas for so many years simply because, if he woke up at 2 a.m. and wanted a sandwich, that was the one place in the country where he could be sure of getting it. I know exactly how he felt. When I was waiting out my divorce in Las Vegas, the round-the-clock nature of the town was one of the few (very few) things I liked about it. One can put up with an awful lot of ticky-tacky music, noisy slot machines, and haggard desperate women hysterically feeding them, for the benefit of being able to get bacon and eggs and orange juice at 3 a.m. or a plate of spaghetti and meatballs at 9:30 in the morning. I still remember with rage that on our last cross-country trip when Walter and I had been driving since 4 a.m. we went into a restaurant at 12,45 in the afternoon in search of substantial provender, and were offered only the typical American breakfast fare of cornflakes, eggs, toast, and bacon-ham-er-sausage. We protested that we wanted lunch, and were told blandly that since it was Sunday they served breakfast only, until one-thirty. Since I had been driving for eight hours in our cranky old Pontiac, and Walter regards any and all forms of ordinary breakfast food as garbage (at home he breakfasts on hot soup, Japanese ramen, or if he can get me to cook them, something like lamb chops) we walked out, found an open-on-Sunday grocery, and lunched off a loaf of French bread, some sliced meat for him and cheese for me, and some apples, pears and bananas. That was the only time I can think of that I actively wished I were back in Las Vegas. In the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, the person who really thinks the morning is the best part of the day, is a second-class-citizen, and the Night People make all the rules.

And the worst of it is, I get no sympathy. In the grouching sessions in office or wherever, in the chorus of groans in the eight-o'clock classes, while I am sitting there pencil poised and alert, I am regarded as some sort of disgusting freak -- "How can you be so revoltingly wide awake at this unGodly hour?" No one ever stops to think that I pay heavily for being awake when others are still drowsy; I pay by being half asleep, or at least too exhausted to cope, when everyone else is, as they put it, "just beginning to get going good." If I leave a party at eleven, I am reviled for being a spoil-sport and told the night is young. One of the reasons I decided not to follow up a lead I had for a job with a big chorus was my growing awareness that a night-oriented life, as in that restaurant where I went in at five in the afternoon and worked till midnight; would probably undermine my health very quickly. I can tolerate an occasional concert, but singing seven nights a week would have been a crime against my physiological makeup, although at that time--I was nineteen--I simply felt that I was day people and a night job wasn't for me. I thought, then, that it was probably "all in my mind," but I wasn't sure I could adjust; now that these cycles have been shown to be physiological, and as personal as a fingerprint, I know I was very wise. People still laugh at me for dozing off, like a kid, at a late concert, long movie, or at the opera. What they fail to realize is that for me to stay up, and function adequately, past ten p.m. is just as difficult, as near to a physical impossibility, as it would be for the average "Night person" to get up at 4 a.m. and hold a press conference, clothed, made up, dressed and clear-eyed; a feat I could perform without a bit of difficulty:

I know I'm in a minority. I've long since accepted it. I make endless adjustments. For instance, when Walter and I travel, since I do all the driving, and I am at my most alert in the early mornings, I try to arrange it so that the car is packed, suitcases ready, etc, the night before, and at 4 a.m. when we get ready to leave, I dress the kids, pour tea or cocoa into Walter and sleepwalk him out to the car, having learned by long experience that to expect him to pack the car or assemble anything before seven-thirty or so is simply asking for lost items, forgotten maps and medications, and general irascibility. By seven-thirty or so, by which time I have usually put a hundred miles or so behind us, he is wide enough awake to make conversation and stop for some breakfast. (Was it Ogden Nash who commented on the fact that they were two races of man, the Day People and the Night People, and that they always married each other?)

It has only one benefit; I never oversleep. But I'd be happier if people would accept my evening drowsiness as my kind of oversleeping. Homo sapiens finds sleepiness at quarter of seven in the morning to be a charmingly human and perfectly permissible frailty. Why can't they accept my zonking out at eight-thirty in the evening as the same thing? Yet if I answer the telephone in a state of somnolence at quarter of ten at night, you wouldn't believe the incredulity with which the jerk at the other end of the line says "Oh, were you asleep already?" Why the hell not? If I call someone at six in the morning, I long ago realized I must apologize for waking him!

AVE ATQUE VALE, OR ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END SOMETIME

One of the things I remember most clearly, from my early days in fandom, back in the late forties, was Joe Kennedy's VAMPIRE, which was one of the two first fanzines I ever saw; the other was SPACEWARP. And, sometime in the late forties, or early fifties, I remember when Joe Kennedy, after becoming a power in fandom, suddenly quit it all at once. And one phrase from his final statement of his gafia, has stuck in my peculiar memory through all these intervening years;

"Two and a half years," he solemnly stated, "is a sizable slice of a lifetime."

I have been an active member of fandom for twenty-eight years. I joined the AAFA--American Amateur Press Association - in the fall of 1945. In August of 1946, a story I have often repeated, I purchased my first copy of STARTLING STORIES, and discovered therein the old fanzine review column by the lamented Sarge Saturn--who at that time was Sam Merwin. I date my participation in active fandom from the month after that, concurrently with my entry as a freshman into New York State College for Teachers in Albany, New York. During the next few months I met my first few fans; Thyril Ladd, Gerry Crane, Curtis Reybach, Dorothy Quinn, and a few other Albany locals who in the absence of any local fanclub used to hang out in Lockrow's Spring Street bookshop or a couple of other second-hand bookshops whose names have long vanished from my mind. Mr. Ladd has long vanished from the fandom scene and even from collecting. Gerry Crane dropped out of college to get married. Curt, I heard some years later, was killed in Korea. Dorothy Quinn, with whom I collaborated on my first novel WEB OF DARKNESS, is still, thank God, alive and well. The first out-of-town fan I met was Steve Weber, artist and collector extraordinary, whose death was my first great personal bereavement, a few years later. The first fans with whom I actively corresponded were Art Rapp, Rick Sneary, Redd Boggs and Robert Bradley; of these three, I have a vague impression that Art Rapp is alive and well somewhere in the outer orbit of fandom; Rick Sneary, though departed from FAPA, is alive and well and has learned to spell as well as a Webster's dictionary; Redd Boggs is teaching somewhere up North and is still a member of FAPA; and Robert Bradley, who became my first husband, lies buried in Rochester, Texas, under his legal name of Roy August Barsted, Jr.

From 1945 to 1974 is a matter of some twenty-nine years, and twenty-five of them, I believe, have been spent in FAPA. It seems now a very long time. Big name fans, and even a few pro writers, have grown up, who were not even born on that memorable day in August, 1946, when I plucked my first copy of STARTLING off a newsstand in Utica, New York, during a break in a long unescorted train trip, and sat enthralled all the way to Albany, buried, fascinated, enchanted, in the pages of Kuttner's DARK WORLD.

Well, this too is a twice-told tale.

It's a temptation to give a blow-by-blow account of all those yesterdays, and if FAPA were still the organization it was some years ago, when I knew personally, either live or by fanzine, more than three-quarters of the members, and over half of them were regarded as close acquaintances if not personal friends, I might even do so.

But I have changed, and FAPA has changed, and we have moved, I think, in separate directions, so that now I seem to look at FAPA across a vast and ever-expanding gulf of time and space. And so, dear friends, not-so-dear friends, acquaintances, distant people I do not know but to whom I bear good will, and almost-total strangers, the time has come at last to say goodbye.

Sentiment and nostalgia have delayed this step almost five years past the time I should have taken it. It seemed, after all, a shame to give up after more than two decades. My interest in FAPA has been dwindling year by year since its peak in 1962/63, when I enjoyed the official editorship. I may not have been the best editor FAPA ever had --I'm quite sure I wasn't-- but I probably enjoyed it more than anyone else ever did. Since then it's been downhill all the way, and when the Coulsons, and Rick Sneary, departed, I knew it was really time to go. There was a certain vanity involved. I liked being almost the oldest member --I think only Evans, Pavlat, Harry Warner and Redd are longer-term members than I. But it isn't fair to hang around any more. Some more energetic, active, interested member can probably make good use of my place. Anyway, I won't be far away. Walter is still actively interested and I can continue to participate--should I ever again have anything to say to anyone-- on his frank.

Nor will I, I suppose, ever really quit fandom. After thirty or more published novels, by far the major part of them science fiction, I still think of myself as a fan-turned-pro. I may spend my time, at conventions, mostly with fellow SFWA members (mostly for shoptalk) but my sense of goshwow is still alive. Two years ago in Los Angeles I had, after many years, the pleasure of being introduced to C.L. Moore. I began to say a few conventional words of courtesy and compliment, and then I was suddenly overwhelmed by the knowledge that because this woman and her late husband existed, the whole direction of my life had changed and taken a turn which, in my teens, I would never have believed or foreseen. I am in my forties. I am a successful professional writer. I am not, damn it, an incoherent little fan. And just the same I was so overwhelmed by emotion that I literally could not speak, and, to my immense dismay and horror, discovered I was crying. Which goes to show, I suppose, that fandom really is a way of life, and once a fan....

But I have too many other projects, nearer my heart, and demanding more time. Something's got to give; and to my small regret, FAPA is the most easily sacrificed. I hope you get someone good in my place.

FAPA has seen me grow from an irascible teenager to a middle-aged woman. I think it's time... "I've laid around/ And played around/ This ol' town too long; Summer's almost gone? And winter's comin' on.... And I feel like I gotta travel on."

Marion Bradley Green