

WALTER
BREENS

ALLERLEI 14 ^c/_w

MARION Z.B.
BREEN'S

DAY*STAR 25

MY ANALYST KEEPS TELLING ME TO GO OUT WITH GIRLS...THEN HE WANTS ME TO TELL HIM ALL ABOUT IT. I THINK HE'S A VOYEUR :: I THOUGHT MR. D'S TAFF CAMPAIGN PLATFORM WAS THE LIVES AND TIMES OF A SCHMUGIAN GUK? :: TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, N. MEX., MAY BE A LOUSY PLACE TO LIVE IN, BUT THE WORLD'D BE LESS INTERESTING WITHOUT THAT NAME ON A MAP SOMEWHERE :: AS OF THE LAST TIME I LOOKED, I HADN'T BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING :: SOPHOCLES'S TRAGEDY OEDIPUS REX...IS USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMMANDMENT HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER :: THERE SEEMS TO BE TOO MUCH ALAS IN MY WONDERLAND :: OBSTETRICAL MOTTO: USE ZIPCODES FOR FASTER DELIVERY! :: I NEVER KNOW WHEN THE MAD ACE BANDAGE WILL STRIKE AGAIN :: I GUESS THE RING IN HIS NOSE IS TURNING GREEN :: THEY WERE THE JONESES--I DIDN'T TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THEM BECAUSE THEY HAD FOUR CHILDREN UNDER THE AGE OF 6 YEARS :: CULTISTS ARE ALL RIGHT SO LONG AS THEY STAY IN THEIR PLACE :: LET ME SAY THIS ABOUT OUR NUCLEAR DETERGENT : WE MUST DASH AWAY THE RED TIDE BY A SALVO! IVORY STRONGLY URGE A DREFT THAT WILL BREEZE LIKE WHITE MAGIC THROUGH FOREIGN SOIL! :: LBJ TO JENKINS--"DAMMIT, YOU BLEW THE WHOLE ELECTION!" :: THE REASON WHY THERE ARE SO FEW SADISTS IN FANDOM IS THAT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH MASOCHISTS :: O.K., GANG, LET'S TAKE SIDES--EXPERTS AT 50 PACES :: SUNDAY MORNING IT RAINED CATS, DOGS AND ELEPHANT JOKES :: I AM AFRAID THAT WRHN IS DOOMED TO A LIFE OF BACHELORHOOD :: TIME TO GO CLEAN MY GLASSES FOR MY DAILY PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE :: ...THE BOY SCOUT OATH OF THE CBW :: AND SADISTA'S HUSBAND? WHY, THE COUNT OF M'ARSEKIETO, OF COURSE :: NO, IT'S INTERCOURSE THAT'S THE DIRTY WORD FOR SCREWING :: DID YOU EVER HAVE A SHADOW FAPA ON YOUR BACK? :: OVER 60 TONS OF PRIME NAKED FEMALE FLESH :: NOW I GO TO CHURCH BECAUSE IT KEEPS ME IRRELIGIOUS :: I SUPPOSE THE ELECTRIC CARILLON BETWEEN YOU AND THE FUBSY WENCH IN THE CARTOON STRIP IS WHAT YOU CALL MAKING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER :: THE CASUAL PASSERBY MIGHT THINK WE WERE ALL ELINOR BUSBY :: DRINK LORD CALVERT--AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US! :: IF PETE GRAHAM DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MIMEO INK AND HORSE MANURE, I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO RUN OFF MY FANZINE :: AN ACT OF GOD INTERVENED, IN THE FORM OF A PREGNANCY :: I DREAMED I WENT TO MT. ATHOS IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA :: A ROMANTIC ALWAYS LONGS FOR THE NEXT KISS: A SENTIMENTALIST ALWAYS REMEMBERS THE FIRST :: FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES--TROJANS! :: SELDOM INDEED HAS A BEM BEEN TOLD / WHERE TO GET OFF, OR BEEN GIVEN THE BIRD :: ALL FROM THE 109th FAPA MAILING :: CREDITS--BOGGS, DAVID BRADLEY 2, MZBB 3, WB 3, BUCKLIN, CARR 2, J. CAUGHRAN, N. CLARKE, JWCULSON, DECKINGER, GCFITZGERAED 2, J.HARNES, LEMAN, LOCKE, MAIN, METZGER, ROTSLER 3, STILES 4, C.THORNE, WARNER 2. NATE BUCKLIN WANTED US TO CALL THIS OUR "ALLSTAR" ISSUE, BUT INSTEAD--

SILVER JUBILEE ISSUE: FAPA MLG110: FEB 1965

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FANTASY AMATEUR : Officialdom : : Somebody goofed. Marion and I are both at Box 1032 and have been since this largesize box became available. : : Also, WARHOON had 20 pages in my copy at least, even though you credited it with only 18. : : I will be surprised if someone doesn't get tough about D-----'s credentials. He needed 8pp and had only 5; the remainder was stuff written, stenciled and very likely run off by one G. Eklund. Apropos of whom, let me quote from Don Fitch's Cultzine, FR 155. In a letter from D----- occurs the following passage: "EKLUND: Gordon, ol' buddy I hated to do it, but I finally decided I had to. I blackballed you on the Egoboo Poll. FAPA is just not prepared for you. Of course you can still appear in my FAPAZine any time." If this is humor, it escapes me.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 17bis c/w FAPA OUTLET : : Brown & Stiles : : Po^s sib

some fans are able but just plain unwilling to suspend their disbelief in I*n Fl*m*ng. See the Baxter dissection of the JB novels in Wrhn 19. : : The Nelson Pledge is a bilateral thing, and right there is where the value-for-value-exchanged aspect comes in. But believe Rand and you all too easily reach the position that prostitution is per se desirable. For if sex is a commodity, it really matters little from whom you buy it, and you judge your partner-for-the-moment on mere externals of performance, not on her attitudes towards you; no question of life-sharing. Miss Rand tries to handle that situation by (1) making the sex scenes in her books virtual rapes--a woman is a fortress to be taken by storm--and (2) making love something to be earned, which is outdoing the Margaret Mead concept of conditional love by several orders of magnitude. But what can one do to "earn" that which is freely given to its chosen object, perhaps involuntarily or at least spontaneously given? And who is to set a particular material value on it, to say whether love has yet been earned? The difficulties in that view, already insuperable, go from impossible to preposterous as one develops the implicit consequences. Still worse is Rand's view that for anyman there is only one Ideal Woman, and if he cannot have her he must remain permanently celibate; Nest-type sharing is alien to her way of thought. I don't know if she believes the converse, but it would be pretty much in character.

ALLERLEI 12 : me : : I hope readers of this thing realized that it was intended for the Aug 64 mailing, and mailed off in what TW and I believed was ample time for it to reach the OE. Owell...

HELEN'S FANTASIA 15 : Wesson : : Will anyone set the Burton Crane "Salome" to music? : : Saying that "no paper on [Elizabethan] boy actors in female clothes can be complete without an understanding of the onna-gata of Japan" is tantamount to saying that "no paper on Shakespearean theatrical conventions can be complete without an understanding of Japanese Noh drama from Seami on." The parallel is exact, the relevance of the Japanese instances equally lacking. : : And then you say "A true woman [whatever that may mean to you] is basically inimical to any deviation from the sexual normal, briefly, the third sex." Marion, on reading that comment, remarked that there were several of the limp-wristed set in Rochester, Texas, who were the delight and despair of the local women, some having been pursued by those women because they had never made passes at

feeling of time-binding and high aesthetic quality, without frills or pretentiousness. He had few oldstyle faces in anything larger than 14pt; when I asked for Centaur he claimed to have it, but despite 5 weeks' waiting I have not seen his promised proofs. I'll go elsewhere and he may stay with his salesman wanting business cards in Park Avenue, Hobo or Cooper Black. As my letterheads are to be used for authentication certificates--which cost the customer from \$5 to \$500 depending on the value of the coin (my fee is 5%), they should go with the coin whenever it changes hands, and must last decades. Which demands, if possible, highest quality rag paper, and I hope I can get it. :: Eric Gill's Perpetua can be attractive enough in proper contexts, though I do not like most of the contexts in which I see it; it is eccentric in much the manner of Rudolf Ruzicka's Fairfield and [I forget whose] Corvinus. Gill should have stuck to his nudes... Goudy--a very talented man, indeed. I suppose he named his Kennerley face after the publisher Mitchell Kennerley? Yet he too had his occasional quirks; consider the capital S in Kennerley, with its lower serif pointing up into the body of the letter. The late Bill Dwiggins told me that Goudy was his idol and his biggest single influence, and I believe him. :: If Gress really believed that the contrast in Bodoni is moderate, he must have been referring to a seldom-used bookface version; the commonly seen Bodoni display faces are as extreme as printed Hebrew, and in fact I have seen a text of the Passover Four Questions & Answers, lavishly illustrated, with the Hebrew on verso and English on recto, in a display Bodoni face, making a beautifully unified effect. :: On that alleged bribery, my only regret now is that the true story might not be quite as widely circulated as was Norm's version--any of his three, that is.

HORIZONS 100 : Warner :: I'm not wearing either legirons or handcuffs (despite all the D----- crowd could do to get me into the things), but I do have some intentions of entering Baltimore--not to see the city, god knows, but to see some of its inhabitants, whom I knew 12-13 years ago when I went to Johns Hopkins [which come to think of it is a passable reason for going to Baltimore, at that], and some others whom I got to know more recently, in &out of fandom. :: Spencer ought to be in touch with Blish and Lowndes, if he is so much a Richard Strauss addict. Speaking of R. Strauss, what do you make of his Metamorphosen? Does one really have to have a score to make out more than general outlines of this enigmatic and frequently dull piece? :: Newspaper lines "partly empty on the right side" may also have been set by some nonjustifying process. I have seen this fairly often of late in ECoast smallcity papers. :: Great music may suffer little, as you say, from inadequate performances in unauthentic arrangements, etc., but it can gain a great deal from better performances in authentic playing conventions of the period on the proper instruments. LvB's D-major sonata, op.10 #3, has some full left hand chords in the slow movement, in a very low register, which sound merely muddy when performed on a modern piano at the dynamics indicated. Played on a Viennese fortepiano of the period, or on something like the Siena keyboard, the chords come out clear and clean; and examples could be multiplied. :: Experts at 50 paces again? Curt Sachs, in The Rise of Music in the Ancient World, agrees with you on Greek music. An even better argument that the Greeks had some kind of harmony is found in the double-piped flutes depicted so often on Attic vases of 6th to 4th centuries BC. At worst a drone-bass was used (and come to think of it, the bagpipe was also known in antiquity!); quite possibly, heterophony had been developed into 2-part harmony at least as competent as that found in

them. So much for "normal female instincts." You may be closer to the truth on at least some fashion designers being womanhating swishes, as I had earlier suggested in Wrhn. Danny Kaye's song of ca. 1944, "Anatole of Paris", satirized the genre, having his Anatole admit to making women's hats so grotesque precisely because he hated women. And it is notorious that some female fashions of not too long ago (not to mention the 1920's) de-emphasized female contours to a most epicene degree. :: But I find it surprising that you would use such a term as "the third sex" in any context, or that anyone as well-traveled as you claim to be could misidentify homosexuals and transvestites; many of either class do not belong to the other, according to the most scholarly researches on the subject, for this and many other cultures. It is true that some XIX Century types tried to popularize the term "the 3rd sex"--it even found its way into Havelock Ellis's writings--but no scholar in sexology today believes in the implications of the term.

I find most displeasing your wasting time attacking my wife in the same publication in which you say "Most of us don't bother, when it's just for FAPA, even to be literate." Would you mind naming names? In the last few mailings, I can recall offhand at least 37 members of FAPA who have produced reasonably literate set pieces in various genres, and I know that at least a dozen members can be reasonably called literate in even their mailing comments. And then you boast of your children being "two printers and a publisher" in mundane away. Judging by the contents of all too many mundane apa mailings, is this intended as a brag?

"I talk too much"--Helen Wesson.

DESCANT 12 : Clarks: Norm--Marion seems to be one of the enthusiasts for FANTASIA (Disney's, not Helen's). I used to be, but now regard it as chiefly notable for the first ever use of stereo soundtracks, and for some unusually original but not altogether successful attempts to fit existing music to storyline/filmic spectacle. What Leo Stokes alias Leopold Stokowski did with Stravinsky's Sacre du Printemps was shameful; badly mangled music with unconvincing paleontology. But most of the other attempts were fun, I have to admit. :: "Who'd want to go to Helen Bedd?" is largely a reference to the supposed sexual capacities of some bumps&grinds people, as I thought you out of all FAPAns would have spotted. :: Oh, you too were once an altar boy? "Introibo ad altare dei" and all that. I served my last mass in 1947. :: Norm, or Gina, or both--whoever was/were responsible for that Merdinian/Darkovan parody of Tolkien--this thing was nearly as giggeworthy as the Dogdiddle, and I thought you missed only one bit: the (Morian) drums might have been beating DOMM da DOMM DOMM. I hear tell that the brethren finally did reach Yelekreb, one of them entering 73 Alamo while I was suffering from acute sinusitis; but of their further peregrinations nought is recorded in the Red Book of Anticom. : Enjoyed.

BULL MOOSE : Morse :: "It would be so pleasant to have everyone playing the same game--either football or baseball." Just so it isn't blackball.... :: No, the Times Roman with special long ascenders & descenders is unfamiliar to me; it sounds like a decided improvement over the stodgy, cramped and overly dark face usually going under that name. :: Your mention of Centaur (familiar to some FAPA people from Fitch's use of it on some FA letterheads) reminds me of the difficulties I had in getting a good letterhead for the Institute of Numismatic Authenticators, which I run. I approached my nearest local printer, looked through his 300-odd stock samples, disliked most of them, told him what I wanted--something giving the

13th century conductus. Multi-stringed instruments don't necessarily imply harmony unless the things are fretted or in some other way adopted for chordal strumming or bowing. Possibly broken chords suggested harmonies, as in much of Bach. We just don't have enough evidence as yet on manner of performance on Greek instruments. I wish Dolmetsch Ltd or some similar group would try to reconstruct an aulos or a lyre from the drawings and vase paintings and descriptions, and see what kind of results could be obtained, using any of the known tunings. :: Your remark about modal influences being a critics' cliché "dusted off whenever a composer has flattened a leading tone [I suppose you're thinking of the end of the Grieg Piano Concerto?] or raised a 4th tone in an otherwise major scale in a melody" is, I fear, less a product of thought than of disgust. I've already cited numerous examples of actual use of modes.

A possible exception to your generalization about auto crashes is the kind of pileup all too common on the NJ Turnpike, in which owing to generalized slowdowns cars are less than 3-4 carlengths apart, and a sudden stop up ahead forces still more abrupt stops behind with maybe disastrous results to 8 or 10 cars behind. I know that occasionally an exceptionally skilful driver has managed to evade one of these by a sudden & violent swing onto the shoulder--risking injury to passengers--but in many cases not even this maneuver is possible.

On my speculation anent Shakespeare's Mr W.H.--I note that G. Legman, in The Horn Book, University Bks, 1964, suggests that publication of the Sonnets in 1699 was intended to discredit Shakespeare; in which case it would have been still more important for young (H)osler to drop his initial H. But I am not nearly so sure as is Legman about the motive for that publication; more likely Thorpe wanted to make some money out of a Big Name whose plays were becoming very popular indeed. :: Your Barbara was around well before Shirley Camper nosed her way into the fannish scene. :: If Steve Badrich ever contacts Karen Anderson or me, not to mention any number of other BArea fans or pros, he can learn that we've actually met Jack Vance, a living and breathing man with a wife, a baby, and a traditional jazz cornet avocation. :: The bit on commercializing weddings rings a loud bell. I hope BT or someone with comparable talent for deadpan humorous retelling of the incredible-but-true will give FAPA a run-down on those Open-24-Hours ^{wedding} chapels with Minister! Organist! Photographs! Flowers! Recordings of the Ceremony! all available for a Small and M dest Fee. They're all over Vegas; Reno has a few, too. :: One of the timeless zines, as always. Much enjoyed.

Advice for Amachoor Tenors: Cave Canio

CADENZA 10 : Wells :: Wha' happened? You titled your editorial FUGA-TO in table of contents, INTROIT on p.2. :: By the last sentence of section 3.1 of the constitution, your Concept of Justice need not be denied FAPA credit, should you need it. :: Since "between us two", "between us" and "entre nous" all mean the same as "between you and me" and are shorter, would you call the latter phrase less desirable? "Between us" is unambiguous, as it means speaker and one addressee; with more than one, "among us" would be used. So much forpicking of grammatical nits. :: I wonder if the unlamented Mr Eisenhower had as clear a meaning for "finalize" as you (and some Britons) attribute to the word. He seems on occasion to have used it to mean, variously, "carry out", "put into effect", "bring to a conclusion", etc. I do believe that without its unfortunate association with our former president's ^{virtua} illiteracy, the word would have escaped much of its present ill repute. :: Nitpicking aside, I suppose you could maintain that grammar is partly (changeable) fashion, partly an attempt (less changeable than selfcorrecting) to prune linguistic

usage of its more misleading types of ambiguity or unclarity.

Here are some number-theoretic results for you. (1) The n^{th} difference of the sequence of n^{th} powers is $n!$. This is apparently a consequence of some properties of Bernoulli numbers, and it appears in somewhat different form in texts on calculus of finite differences, but it is basically a displaced number-theoretic result. (2) $1/(10^n - a) = \sum_{i=0}^{\infty} a^i / 10^{n(1+i)}$. This result, I believe, is new though truly elementary. It was a generalization of the curious result that $1/98 = .0102040816\cdots$. I worked out the reciprocal as a periodic decimal and compared it with the series of powers of 2 so expressed and there was no mistake. I then tried it with $1/97$ with similar results. That such a power series should yield a periodic decimal is surprising. I'm thinking of sending it in to one of the mathematical journals; I've been deterred from doing so only by the possibility that it might be a well-known result available in more general form.

Tell Phil Harrell that his effort is much appreciated but basically too late. It might have been more appropriate had the efforts of the D----- crowd been confined to fannish fighting methods. Once they descended to mundane attacks on me and my wife and stepson, the damage was done and the wounds seem indisposed to heal. I fear we will have Eney and White drinking water from the same cup before they do heal, at that. "Idiotic"? You might ask Bjo how she felt when similar tactics were used on her a few years back.

Your article on justice and equality amounts to admitting that "All men are created equal" is a shibboleth rather than a description of fact. I was vidently attacked in print for saying the same thing some years back. Part of what seems to be missing from your discussion is a valuable concept introduced [first?] by Johan Huizinga in Homo Ludens. A courtroom scene is not a scientific laboratory using truth-finding procedures, but essentially a game with extremely high stakes, the victories frequently being awarded on grounds altogether irrelevant. Legal relevance is simply another game element, as is the amount of the penalties. Give any formal definition of "game" you will, the courtroom scene fits. "Political equality" in the sense of "one bloody man, one bloody vote" is almost as much a shibboleth as the one originally cited, so long as the voters are deliberately kept in ignorance of the issues via careful party manipulation of slogans and careful generalities in speeches, and so long as votes can be bought by this or that kind of promises, and so long as voters have no control over who gets nominated at party caucuses. Which is by way of saying that the terms have even less meaning than you thought; but this is no long-run comfort to the likes of Heinlein, JWCjr or Ayn Rand. :: Thanks for the ref to Mary Barnard (the translator of Sappho?) on the origins of the dragon myth. Of course, one may also ask why this kind of conga-line dance--was it a dance done primarily by people of a snake-totem group? :: On Terry Carr's "clumsy but sickeningly sweet", the English language needs something like Russian coordinating conjunctions, one of which is a straight "and", the other has a force intermediate between "and" and "but". :: Lovely typo, "declame": Decla-me, decla-me mucho. Mucho enjoyed herein.

"From is a way of life," said Alfred Bester.. David B.

SELF-PRESERVATION 6 : LeeH :: On what biblical grounds does your uncle oppose integration? It seems to me that 1 Cor. 12:13-27, Gal. 3:26-29, and Col. 3:9-11 pretty much cut the ground out from under any argument he might make. :: There is a con-

nexion between the Isle of Avalon and appletrees, just as you wished. The old Celtic name for one kind of appletree is Aball or Aboll; old Welsh aballen = apple tree, and Avalon is from Welsh Afallen, both probably sounded pretty much alike, the b as a v. Its consonants, curiously, are the first three in the old Beth-Luis-Nion tree alphabet, which suggests that the isle might have been a sacred place, perhaps an oracular shrine with a sacred grove of sorb-apples. Graves even spells it out (I just checked) that "Avalon" means Isle of Appletress, and--like you--cites the monks' discovery of what they believed to be King Arthur's coffin some 16 ft. underground on the very site where legendry would have placed it. Though they faked a Gothic inscription identifying the corpse as that of Arthur, apparently it was the actual corpse of some ancient (LaTene culture?) Sun-hero about whom at least some of the legendry might have grown up.

DEADWOOD : Locke :: Welcome. :: Did the term "finalised" exist in Britain before the Eisenhower epoch? :: Leiber and Philip K. Dick have taken the AEV multiviewpoint technique and brought it to a fine state of polish. (It's also found in mundane, and in Heinlein, but no matter.) Leiber's Wanderer is very good, though I question if it has a shouting chance of a Hugo. MZB's The Bloody Sun should also be nominated, and I say this not because I'm prejudiced in her favor (as who wouldn't be?) but because I think it is damn good stf. Phyllis Gotlieb's Sunburst also should be thought about by the Hugo nominating committee. JDMacDonald's Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything got rave notices from Tony Boucher and others, but I haven't seen it yet. :: TERRY OR JOCK ROOT FOR TAFF.

Analog: a proctological column.

INCLUDED IN 1 : Lyons :: Apropos of Sunburst, the book version--I didn't see the AMZ version--is excellent despite a few holes; I may have something on the subject elsewhere in this mailing. :: The true story on Legman cannot be printed without danger of libel suits. Ask Sandy Cutrell for details sometime; and there are some NY fans who might be able to tell you more in person. I doubt that any of the beats would acknowledge Legman as one of them --let alone "boss man". Where did you get that idea? More likely the kingpin of at least some beat groups would be William Burroughs. As for Legman, he is also a scholarly student of anticlerical and anti-semitic literature. He hates fandom like poison, despite having a number of friends in it. I can imagine myself doing likewise, somehow...though not right now. :: The Happy Executioner's Song should be done in the manner of a G&S patter-song, of course, perhaps with a reference or two thrown in to the Mikado. If I seriously thought that this thing would replace certain Cultish items in various West Coast repertories I might take up your challenge and set it to music. Fast 6/8 or 12/8 time, of course; it isn't that hard.

But why would anyone WANT control of Apa_X?

MINIMAC 3 : LeeJ :: At 2000 hours PDST (=2300 hours EDT) on 13 Aug 64 I was doubtless in bed with my wife. We were staying chez Ted White during the last month of that summer. :: Then, too, "pretty smug" would have been equally good grammar to, and even better semantics than, "prettily smug". :: Thanks for your card. Glad I could turn you on to Swingle & co.

We NEVER use a big, big D-----.

SPIANE 1 : Moffatt :: Glad to see you again at our New Years Eve-cum-housewarming-cum-Patrick's (2nd monthly) birthday party. :: SPIANE is also, be it said without disclaimers, an anagram for A PENIS and for SIN APE. (Gawd, doesn't that last sound like a title for a sex novel?) Not to mention A SNIPE and PAINE'S.

Rick: I wonder why you didn't show us the Amendment when you visited us at 73 Alamo last September? See elsewhere this for my own reaction to the thing. I laughed briefly, and then I got the chills lest some Disgruntled Types, Soreheads and Chronic Malcontents actually decided to cause this mass exodus from FAPA by voting the thing in. :: Between your image and Harry Warner's of the Cult (not to mention Marion's!), I can pretty well see why some would vote for it in protest. The Cult formerly had some use in fandom, though it has long outlived its usefulness. I will have something more to say on that subject in the November mailing, should I still be alive and a FAPA member at that time.

VANDY 23 : Coulsons :: Patrick says "Hewwo", though I won't take my oath that it means anything in particular to him. But I suspect he will say it--and other things--to you when we meet again next summer, Juanita. He is still fretty and fussful when he has tummy bubbles, which is much too often, poor tyke. :: Would "lagniappe" sound more Spanish to you if it were spelled, as originally, "la napa"?

BT: After attacking the Treasury proposal to mint 45,000,000 silver dollars principally for use in Vegas gambling hells, these attacks coming in my column in Coin World, I had a wee bit of trepidation lest some of the Vegas gangsters might be laying for me; I have been, to my knowledge, the bitterest published opponent of that most fuggheaded proposal. Now I hear in CW (Jan. 5, 1965 page one headline story) that the Treasury has 'reconsidered' and that the silver dollars will not be minted until after the present emergency--which probably means that they will start being minted at about the same day on which Eney and White are drinking water from the same cup, ad calendas Graecas and all that. As Treasury officials from the Mint Director on down or up know me and read my column weekly (I have gotten comments from some of them on it, directly and indirectly), I have no doubt that my reasoned opposition had something to do with the change of heart in Washington, no matter how little. (For after all, Coin World isn't the NYTimes or Wall St. Journal; its circulation is only about 175,000 now.) The ironical part of it is that a book by me, a history of the silver dollar to be called OUR MONETARY UNIT: THE SILVER DOLLAR, will be distributed on Vegas newsstands later this year. And my opposition to the 1964-65 silver dollar proposal will be in it, too. Am I sticking my head into the noose after all? :: About cops being loath to believe that statutes have been changed, it isn't limited to Illinois. Despite Supreme Court decisions that certain magazines, from ESQUIRE and PLAYBOY on down, were Not Obscene and therefore legal to be sold through newsstands, police in various NJ cities--Trenton, Lakewood, Jersey City, etc.--have been harassing newsvendors, saying "We don't give a damn what you say the Supreme Court has decided, we're enforcing the law as we know it". And although their cases will be dismissed on appeal, in the meantime the vendors have been deprived of their property and jailed. And apparently not a thing can be done about it.

"Sinner," said the Censor

DAMBALLA 6 : Hansen :: The list of charges against Akhenaton could be stretched still further. He repudiated Queen Nefertiti in favor of his son-in-law and favorite, Smenkhkare'. He insisted that the traditional artworks with which the people--nobles and commoners--had become familiar, religious and secular, should all be torn down or mutilated, and that an entirely different style AND NO OTHER should be used from them on. He tried to bribe some of the old priesthood to go along with his changes, but this tactic worked only with the more venal sort; ditto the army officers. And so on... :: Of course, you have to distinguish between the principles taught by Jesus and those taught by "St. Paul" (or whoever were the various authors of the epistles attributed to him), an entirely different set. You might be interested in the Gospel of Thomas, transl. from Coptic by Guillaumont and others, and published by Harper in 1959. It is traced to early Xian Gnostics in Upper Egypt, ca. 140 AD and possibly earlier, therefore being not very distant in time from the canonical gospels--certainly contemporaneous with some texts of the latter. It throws an entirely unexpected light on many of the sayings ascribed to Jesus in the accepted gospels.

WARHOON 21 : Bergeron :: "SENZA!", said the Censor A much apocoptated issue of this muchloved zine, but I suppose you had to make a deadline --much as have I. :: It is too much to hope that Lowndes's wise words will be the last we hear on That Subject, but at least they are among the more sensible things I have seen from either side, let alone from presumably neutral bystanders. I wonder if Lowndes knew of the sheer malignity in some nonprinted Exclusionist remarks? or in a certain letter now in our attorney's hands? or if he had heard of the telephoned threats of deportation and the like against the foreignborn wife of one of my supporters? or of the extraordinary proselytizing efforts of the Exclusionists--some anyway--to make even unimportant neutrals into converts??? :: Baxter's suggestions curiously parallel some extrapolations Marion & I did last spring. We may have seen the last of the really great worldcons in SF fandom, even as in coin fandom; regional cons will become more frequent and much more important by comparison. (In coin fandom, the annual worldcon MAY have an attendance of 10,000 if in a well-located and easily accessible big city like Cleveland, or less than half that if in some place like Hartford or Portland, Oregon. But regional cons in LA and NY often have attendances in excess of 9000.) Apas and other small groups will multiply; fandomwide communication will diminish along with number and quality of fandomwide genzines; the unit--as Baxter said--will be the local fan group, perhaps too small to be a club. :: For once I find myself agreeing with GMCarr. There are three or four recurrent personalities running "like a faint thread tying all [expulsion attempts] together". I will, however, leave for someone else the distasteful task of reading over the polemics old and new and identifying--not to say pillorying--these selfappointed moralists.

I wonder if Tom Perry still thinks Glory Road is the worst Heinlein thing in recent years, after he has slogged through Podkayne and Farnham's Freehold? I must deny, however, immediately and categorically, his conclusion as to the Heinlein DNQs and their source. The DNQs are not nearly so relevant as Tom might think; and the points I made in the column in Glory Road are obvious enough. Nor did I intend anyone to deduce that ingroup jokes for the S&S crowd are a substitute for a story. As a beginning, I suggest that wouldbe analysts of RAH start by rereading his stories and dividing them into Message Stories and nonmessage ones; then, in the former class, join together the

utopian stories into one subgroup, and therest into another. In the utopian novels and stories, look for common elements, on the one hand those having to do with the RAH counterpart of philosopher-kings, i.e. the defenders or guardians or franchised class or weaponbearers or homo novus, those of whom much more is demanded in training and subsequent responsibilities because their inherent abilities are greater. In the other stories--SIASL is a good example--look for the various positions which Heinlein has been pushing to seemingly absurd extremes, partly to see what happens, partly to see how far a good idea can be pushed (and defended) before reaching absurdity, partly for other reasons which may differ with the different stories. There may be more than one such position or idea or let's suppose angle in a single story. Heinlein's worldview is more consistent than most people think, though I am not sure it is quite as consistent as his most wishful admirers would like to think. But it is definitely deducible by the above procedure. I have not time to go into this, either here or in Wrhn; the result might well be as long as my Chicon report. :: Of course I did not actually contend that Glory Road was solely, or even nearly solely, devoted to disproving that "And they lived happily ever after" is a legitimate end to a story. That would have been tantamount to claiming that SIASL was solely, or primarily, devoted to the virtues of polygamy. But I did find it a convenient theme to begin the discussion, even as doubtless RAH found it a sitting duck when he began plotting his book, a kind of "What if...?" which fired his imagination.

Tom Purdom has fingered a rather important point. The mere statement of an important insight (e.g. "The purpose of power is power", is not in itself emotionally compelling to the average reader--or even most unaverage ones. Only the implications of it become so. That is partly why many of the great religious maxims, baldly stated, seem either platitudinous or vague or both. If a maxim's meaning is the experience of such implications, this is only a way of demonstrating that (and in what way) a maxim is the telegraphic summary of a great many similar experiences, just as is a myth. Jung and his followers have made much the same point in commenting on how mythical and archetypal themes are embodied in common (albeit perhaps larger-than-life) experiences; but that point in turn needs much more commentary than I can give it here.

On the difference between highgrade fan and pro approaches, I can testify from my own experience in coin fandom. I have been in the somewhat anomalous position of being able to sell just about anything I write on coins, the audience ranging from some 40,000 to 175,000+. There is much more audience response to my writings, both in person, in lettercols, and in personal letters, than I would get anywhere else in mundane. I have learned that my more scholarly articles take about three years or so to be understood, after which time some of the discoveries and the key concepts pass into the common language of numismatics. Queries and minor disagreements anent my research methods come quickly when they come at all.

Thank you for disposing of the alleged secret-ballot idea about the blackball by doing some simple arithmetic. I should add that our list of names differed only very slightly from yours, based on learning (in writing) of certain members who neither blackballed nor would sign the Boggs petition. Thank you also for puncturing some other recent fuggheadbies, but I doubt they will cease to be circulated for all your rebuttals. Are we tilting at windmills or flinging darts at windbags? Or both?

"Contention, apprehension & detention must begin!"

NULL-F 37 : TW :: Your formerly esteemed opponent seems to be interested more in scoring up points in a game than in ascertaining where truth may be found. I have found it not a game I wish to play with him.

ALLERLEI 14 c/w DAY*STAR 24 : Us :: I wonder if the day will come when a FAPA mailing yields so many good quotes that I can't fit even the best ones onto a quover? This one almost did. :: Marion will probably give other details in her zine, but for now I can at least footnote this one. The magnificent old house we leased (and wouldn't mind buying, were it for sale) now looks more resplendent than ever, as those who got to our New Years Eve party can testify. Moving in required some 20 carloads + two or three fullsize truckloads, the latter moved by a firm of haulers we'd dealt with before; damage this time was minimal, for once putting the lie to the "Three moves = one fire" rule. And oddly enough there isn't a bit too much room even now! :: While I stenciled ALL #13, the baby had not yet come. Most of you have since gotten the little mimeo'd birth announcements (thanks, Bjo, for creating them) of the arrival of Patrick Russell Breen late Halloween afternoon, after 6+ weeks of labor pains, 42 hours in the labor room, 1 1/2 hours in the delivery room. Some few of you have even seen the little strawberry-blond blue-eyed crittur. Right now he craves solid foods, and does things so prodigious that I dare not mention them in FAPA until we have enough eyewitnesses to prove that we aren't just coming on like doting parents. We do have eyewitnesses at least to these: In the delivery room he tried to pull the clamp off his umbilical cord stump, a piece of possibly fatal mischief promptly forestalled by the shocked nurse. For a couple of weeks now (as I write, he is 2 1/2 months old) his favorite exercise is sitting bolt upright, leaning back and then pulling himself upright again. He also is fond of pulling himself to a STANDING position, using Marion's or my outstretched hand as support much as he will later use his crib railing. He stays there, a little wobbly, for a few seconds, then comes down, and the process repeats itself until our arms get tired... Placed prone, he crawls, and has been doing so for quite a while. He is a most sweet-tempered, lovable little tyke. Despite the horrendous strain he put on Marion in arrival (someday I may tell that story, too, and in some ways it's more stressful even than Avram's bit in CRV), --despite the weeks of sleepless nights from colic, he is all we could have wished for in a baby and we think him worth all he cost.

Lastish I mentioned Coin World's expurgation of my columns. Elsewhere thish I quote an especially choice example, an exchange (about the birth of little Patrick) between St. Louis socialite attorney and shoestore corporation V(I)P Eric P. Newman and myself; my reply was given as coming from the baby ("translated from the Patrician dialect of the Baby-lonian"). The CW version expurgated all references to the baby's navel, circumcision ("circumferential trimming") or uterine origin ("mint-sealed sack"); in short, all marked lines. I commented later, in deepest disgust, that anyone sophisticated enough to get those references would surely not be offended by them, and anyone else would simply not understand them at all; but the editor--a woman with 4 kids of her own, f'gawdsakes!--has made no comment. Kay Tarrant, move over!....

Statistics for Mr. McPhail: 35pp through Nov mlg + "Silhouette of Mr W.H." in HORIZONS 100, 2 1/2pp = 37 1/2pp, plus my 17 1/2pp share herein, subtotal 55 pp., plus my contribution in Wrhn if it appears this time.

Apropos of nothing much, I notice that someone in this of DIFFERENT alluded to "curiosa" in SF. Since "curiosa" is a booktrade euphemism for erotica and related items, one wonders why the word was used anent anything stfnaï, unless indeed as a bow to Avram's bit in the Chicon panel!

SPINNAKER REACH 4 : Chauvenet :: The only trouble with that Confucian maxim is that it is a piece of wishful thinking based on the theory that society is merely the sum of its parts. Harmony in individual souls might contribute to harmony in a family; but two families might be internally completely harmonious and still the bitterest rivals or enemies on religious or political grounds.

I will add a few not necessarily favorite Memorable Moments from my own sf reading (you've mentioned many of my own favorites already): the ecstatic religious festival in Venus Plus X; the moment of 'Gilbert' realizing what has actually been going on in Adam & Eve & Pinch Me; the incredible ritual death of the king in Watch the North Wind Rise; the trial scene in Little Fuzzy; the nightmarish traversal of the lunar installation in Rogue Moon--like a drug vision rather than anything really justifying all those deaths; young Douglas's ritual of putting the town to sleep at the end of Dandelion Wine, completing the parallelisms making the whole book; etc., etc....

Whose epitaph were you paraphrasing in "I blackballed none, for none was worth my spite"? The thing has haunted me. :: Thank you for sharing the Paul Anderson poem. I noted a couple of other things about it: the image of sun as lion is astrologically ancient, though seldom pulled off so convincingly; the use of faroff placenames recalls W.J. Turner's similar use of "Chimborazo, Cotopaxi"; "And they grew grown" verbal music suggests "thoughts against thoughts in groans grind" in Gerard Manley Hopkins's "Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves"; and the final stanza faintly recalls Hopkins's "There lies the dearest freshness deep down things." I do believe that this kind of introduction to how to dig a poem is worthwhile both for renewing old hands; poetic vision and helping those less familiar with this peculiar mode of thought. :: Lionel Johnson? I wasn't aware that any other FAPA member had ever even heard of him. Britisher, friend of John Addington Symonds and pretty fin-de-siècle. We find his similar theme of idealizing the dark ages, albeit in much more satirical vein, of course, in E.A. Robinson's "Miniver Cheevy". :: The transcontinental trips are yearly things. For financial reasons I must spend summers in the NY area, living for months afterwards on my seasonal earnings. Also, Marion & David wanted to spend time with their (now our, and I'm glad) family; and Marion had to renew some pro contacts. We'll be doing it again this June, too. :: Didn't you read the appendices to Tolkien? That is where TAJ got his material on Westron runes and the Quenya language.

WHERE I STOOD : Oldwater via JH :: Is that signature intended to show up as inside a Bomb or inside an Egyptian hieroglyphic cartouche, like Pharaohs' names?

LIGHTHOUSE 11 : TCarr :: The Phil Dick article raises serious enough questions that I can comment only by a lengthy article of my own--I trust you have it safely in hand. :: Was Bob Stewart responsible for that incredible TVGuide listing for LEGACY OF LIGHT? :: "What more pessimistic ref to sex' is contained in the word 'limberlost'?" Oh, dear... :: There is a lavishly illustrated book devoted entirely to the SF earthquake and fire, pubbed a few years back; I forget the compiler's name, probably local. :: LeeH's Li'l Peepul cartoon atop the Tailgate Ramble section brought me up short: one time I

looked at it sidewise and for a split second thought the L.P. was playing on a paperclip. Somehow that brought the whole thing into some kind of proper scale... :: The Seidman curse was originally run through the Cult several cycles ago (was it FR 90?), providing much delectation.

Its "Armacost" references have to do with a former address of Seidman.

Baxter: To use a Ted White term (is it OK to agree with Ted White?) --the Swingle stuff is not jazz, but it is "of jazz"; there are no solos improvised over changes, riffs or melodic lines, but the rhythms are obviously related to jazz and they do manage to swing. I have never heard anything by Hodier which swung, though possibly the unheard film score you mention might be an exception. Hodier's writings about music are not what one could call accurate or often even defensible.

Lewis Grant might be interested in hearing that the so-called psychozoic evolution is an idea shared by many occultists and a few somewhat farout types in anthropology and fuzzily related fields. Gerald Heard, Ashley Montagu, and Wm. C. Boyd have all come out with much the same idea; I don't pretend to know if Father Teilhard du Chardin got it from them or if the idea was "in the air". Marx obviously believed in a primitive version of the theory; the progression from asiatic through feudal...capitalistic...dictatorship of the proletariat...classless society is clearly a kind of "evolution" as the term was understood by 19th century theorists, more or less parallel to the then-common theories (ex Turgot, Comte, et al.) of how mankind had evolved from Hobbesian anarchy and chaos or war of all against all, waaay up to the Prussian state or democracy or whatever system one was then plumping for. In short, any system by which humans lived was supposed to have gone through stages each more complex than its predecessor and each a more successful solution to enduring human problems (though theorists did have a hard time explaining away the Dark Ages, at that!) Such theories on the economic level were mostly crumpled into so much wastepaper by the 1929 depression and the advent of Hitler. Occultists think that the evolution does go on despite such local setbacks, though the new insights and techniques discovered may have to be carried as part of a secret tradition much as Xianity was for a long time, much as mystery religions were before then, etc. I have an open and skeptical mind about such theorizing.

The Nelson cartoon was superb. "White Negroism" with a vengeance. I wonder if PK Dick has thought of doing an alternate-universe story in which white men, for survival, must don dark greasepaint and join the Muslim church? I somewhere recall something vaguely of the kind, called "Caukie", but source and author have long since slipped from memory; nor did the author really know much of negro culture. :: Thanx for including the old reprints.

JESUS BUG 12.5 : Andyhem :: Apropos of Facit typers, I've recently found one thing which almost makes me regret my investment in this Adler. When the Adler was out for repairs, (free, th.G. as Avram would say) the loaner I got was a Facit office electric. I found I could go almost 50% faster on the thing than on any other typer I've ever worked on. It had what the typer repairman called a "soft keyboard"; supposedly most Facits have. My Adler's keyboard, said he, is one of the harder ones, but will soften up in a few months or years. *Sigh*

MASQUE 15 : WR :: At least I doubt you'll ever lose your "poop, wit and everything." Glad to have the GCF stuff. :: My own comeback to "Don't do that, I'm in heat!" would have been "Meowwrr." Complete with appropriate gestures. But come to think of it, that is

probably about what you would have replied to GCF's query for an appropriate comeback. :: If all the girls in SF were laid end to end...that would have to be the weekend when I'd be at a coin con in LA. [Thanx, Marion] :: "Some Basic Instruction in the Cunnilingual Arts" sounds like a chapter from Orogenitalism, by Roger-Maxe de la Glanège (i.e. G.Legman). Copies are in the NYAcademy of Medicine library and the Sex Research Institute in Bloomington, Indiana, I hear. :: There have been many proposals to make Miss Bates's "America the Beautiful" into our nat'l anthem, but I suspect that they won't go through; DAR's and other traditionalists will still plump for that absurd British drinking song to which Mr Key put those doubting words ("Oh say, does that Star Spangled Banner still wave / O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"). One might as well try "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree" or any of the other sets of words to Mrs Howe's equally absurd but infinitely more singable marching song. :: Seeing ghosts? Well, I have not been quite so favored, if that is the word, but we have had some mild poltergeist phenomena at our present home; mostly things falling down from secure places, pitchers overturned in situ, firmly closed doors opening with loud cracking noises, ghostly babynoisies in rooms not occupied by little Patrick, VERY loud noises--generally knocks--on doors and walls, heard by witnesses but never explainable by anyone's having made them or even been in that part of the house, male voices in rooms we knew to be unoccupied (and verified then and there to be still so...), etc. These have taken place in front of witnesses such as Ray Nelson and Grania Davidson, under circumstances excluding any possibility of their originating with local cats or children. But a haunted house is more a drag than a romantic Sense of Wonder excitant, I find. The "I've been here before" or "déjà vu" feeling can always be tested by "OK, then what happened next, or what was to happen next?" If I can answer that question, and it DOES happen that way, I say "So I had a precognitive dream or something."

VINEGAR WORM v2n7 : Leman :: But then, MZBB's Bird of Prey had the guts (not to mention the lungs and heart) cut out of it by an editor; you may have seen the slightly less cut and much smoother pb version as Door Through Space. :: Ah, yes. Poulitce Danby has combined not only SF and Sword&Sorcery in a jingle, but has thoughtfully added a dash of Feghoot. Now all we need is for one of the LA vocalizers to Set It To Music and sing it at the next Westercon. :: The list of Bantan books rang a bell. This is the very same imitation T*rz*n series for which one Dave Prosser, familiar to you from the Discon Art Show, contributed coverillos. I don't know for certain that Forum Publishing Co. is a vanity press, but it certainly sounds like it. :: Boardman writes me that he has seen a photo of the --fan(?) fasquera--ding as ycu, in the Discon annual, and he wanted me to spot the joker's real identity from the photo. As I haven't yet received my copy, I have not yet been able to help him, but I hope someone can. Compared to this so-called practical joke, death hoaxes are in the best of taste, and the joker's identity should be spread all over fandom.

* * * * *

Presenting Zabaglioni's New Opera LA FESTA DI FINOCCHI
Starring the Internationally Known Artists
EZIO PIZZA * LUISA TETRAZZINI
EBE SPUMONI * CESARE SPAGHETTI
and
SALVATORE MACARONI

ABOUT THIS SNEARY AMENDMENT

What began as a more or less facetious protest move against the inclusion of sundry Cult crud in FAPA mailings could result in the loss to FAPA of over one third its present membership, not to mention some of its more hopefully expected waiting-listers. By Section 8 of the FAPA constitution, as few as 17 "yes" votes (i.e. one more than 1/4 the total membership and a bare majority of 33 voters in this upcoming election)--no matter how facetiously they might have been intended, or how specifically labeled "Protest Against Cult Crud" or the like, could accomplish this result. Note that the 17 yeses could dispose of far more than that number of members.

Evans's question in the FA, about whether this Sneary Amendment is to be retroactive if adopted, answers itself from the amendment's very wording: "Any person who is, or has been, a member in the...Cult shall be excluded from membership." For the sake of the argument let us limit the results only to those people who have been listed as full members of the Cult at one time or another, no matter how briefly.

The following FAPA members would be expelled:

KAREN ANDERSON

RON BENNETT

MZBB

"CARL BRANDON" (Carr, etc.)

WBREEN

RICH BROWN

TERRY CARR

JIM CAUGHRAN

SYLVIA DEES

BILL DONAHO

RON ELLIK*

DICK ENEY

PETE GRAHAM

JACK HARNESS

TED JOHNSTONE

ALAN J LEWIS (now out anyway?)

BOB LICHTMAN

P. HOWARD LYONS

ANDY MAIN

NORM METCALF

BRUCE PELZ

BOYD RAEBURN

CHARLES WELLS

TED WHITE

*Ellik was listed as "Roving Correspondent" or "Parasite" from Cycle III on through Cycle VII, and as "member #14" in Geis's FR72.

In addition, the amendment would prevent the following waiting listers from entering FAPA when they came to the top of the WL: Owen Hannifen, B.L.Tapscott, Don Fitch, G. Eklund, Dian Girard-Pelz, etc.

If one considers active waiting-listers of the Cult to have been "Cult members" for purposes of the Sneary Amendment (because of their Cult correspondence requirements), then this would also exclude from FAPA the following: Greg Benford, Ruth Berman, and waitlisters D&P Lupoff, Fred Patten, among others.

If one considers inactive waiting listers of the Cult who have had material published in Cultzines to be "members" for the purposes of the Sneary Amendment, then it would exclude from FAPA the following in addition: Dick Schultz, Wrai Ballard, the Busbybodies, Bob Pavlat, plus the following witlisters: Tom Perry, Ed Meskys, Gary Deindorfer, Bill Blackbeard, D.Hulan, A.Rogers, J.Chalker and others.

Under the circumstances, I believe that passage--even accidental, through jocosse protest votes--of this amendment would ruin FAPA. I am sure that this was not its intention; but the consequences are severe enough so that we must not take the chance. If you REALLY want to dump over 1/3 of FAPA's membership at one stroke, go ahead and vote yes --but not if you merely want to protest inclusion of Cult crud. I vote NO, though I deplore such inclusion; and for consistency, I point out that I have never reprinted any Cult stuff in FAPA in any of the 14 or so mailings in which I have had contributions.

The Cult has a no-prior-distribution rule like SAPS. Were FAPA to have such a rule, RIGIDLY ENFORCED (unlike Sec. 3.1 last sentence), this would minimize Cult reprints & overruns. I would vote for such a proposal. How about you?

You started all this, Norm. Are you proud of yourself??

" B L O C K T H A T T I T L E ! "

One of the games Marion and I have used from time to time to while away occasional idle moments has been to think up the most ridiculous titles imaginable for novels, particularly for the kind of trashy sex novels found on racks in liquor stores, the cheaper drugstores in some cities, magazine shops and bookshops specializing in under-the-counter merchandise, etc. Novels, in short, commonly regarded as the literary ghetto; novels labeled by Marion as "SCV" = Short Course in Voyeurism. What has been our surprise, then, to find that some of these same ridiculous titles we thought we had made up were actual titles of paperback novels not earlier seen by either of us. (Marion tells me that SIN APE is one of these--I mentioned this one in mailing comments as an anagram for SPIANE.)

And so here is a game for any interested FAPA people to try for themselves; either making up such titles on their own, the crazier the better, or attempting to pick from the following list which titles we made up for the game and which ones are honesttgod paperbacks actually seen.

BY LOVE DEPRAVED	LESBO NYMPHO
MY WILD NIGHT WITH NINE NUDISTS	OVERSEXED
THE WICKED AND THE WARPED	SHAME SLAVE
SONG OF THE WHIP	BIG STUD
SEX PSYCHO	HOT FLESH
PASSION FRUIT	ENDLESS ORGY
LASH OF LUST	ONE HELL OF A DAME
HOT PANTS HOMO	MALE NYMPHO
NAKED LESBO	TWISTED LUST
CARNAL ORGY	FRENZY OF DESIRE
DEMANDS OF THE FLESH	PERVERSE TRIANGLE
IMPRISONED PASSIONS	SEX FIEND
SEX KEY CLUB	PECULIARLY PASSIONATE PAIR
ROOM AND BROAD	KISS LIKE A NYMPH
SIN INN	LEWD WOMAN
THE THIRD LUST	SIN SICK
HARLEM HARLOT	PASSION MERCHANT
VEGAS VICE QUEEN	MADE IN HELL
SEX BEFORE SIX	USE MY BODY
LESBIAN SIN SONG	LIBIDO BEACH
DYKE FARM	SIN CRAZED
NYMPH WARD	THE LADY WAS A MAN
VOLUPTUOUS VOYAGE	BED BAIT
SEX PEEPERS	PASSION PROWL

(MZB&WB)

A CAROL FOR PARRICK

On the last day of Samhain
my true love gave to me:

12 dozen diapers,	6 woolly blankets,
11 little sleepers,	5 teething rings:
10 Dr. Spock books,	4 puddle pads,
9 rubber nipples,	3 small shirts,
8 plastic bottles,	2 safety pins,
7 small kimonos,	and a baby in a dy-dee...

(MZB)

THE PROOF OF THE PATRICK...

The following is reprinted from COIN WORLD, December 23, 1964, p.58. The version in CW was expurgated in a fashion worthy of Kay Tarrant--as I mentioned on page 11 of the present zine. Expurgated lines are marked with * at left. A brief glossary of the coin terms follows the reprint for the benefit of FAPA people unfamiliar with numismatics.

BRISTLES AND BARBS

by Walter Breen

Time was when numismatics had its light and chucklesome side. The serious pages of scholarly coin journals like American Journal of Numismatics, Numisma, and Coin Collectors Journal were studded with witty repartee--some of it between mint officials and the coin dealers attacking them, much of the rest among rival dealers; with amusing reports of coin conventions, club meetings, or auctions; with fiction, much of it qualifying today as science-fiction or fantasy; with verse of a higher quality than most of its modern counterpart. I had thought this era long gone, and the breed of people calling themselves collectors (let alone "numismatists") for the most part a pretty mundane lot of Get-Rich-Quick types.

What a pleasant surprise, then, to receive the following letter to my infant son, in response to one of the little birth announcements I sent out [yes, Bjo, these were yours]:

"Dear Patrick,

* Welcome into the world from your 'Sealed Sack'.
* You are now in "uncirculated condition". The 'mold'
* from which you came is a perfect 'pattern'. If you
* are ever 'struck', particularly on the 'reverse',
* it might cause a 'crack' in your 'planchet'. If
* you have been 'altered' by a circumferential trimming,
* it is much better than going through life with a
* 'high wire rim'.

Do not let anybody 'collar' you but stay free to
* expand. When you grow up and have a 'date' with a
* girl, be careful not to get any 'bag marks'. Your
* 'center punch' mark, which is now rather prominent,
* will gradually wear away so as to be scarcely notice-
* able. I hope your 'vignette' is appealing so that you
* you do not have to cover it with a hairy corrosion.

I have known your father as a bachelor for a long
time and did not know that you would result from his
'Marion'.

* Since you are a Halloween arrival, I will make my
* own determination as to whether you were a trick or a
* treat.

I saw you at the Cleveland Numismatic Convention,
[August 1964] but then you were only the shape of
things to come.

If you know what's 'good' for you, avoid numismatics.

Your future friend,
Eric P. Newman.

Such a letter really deserves a reply, and I listened carefully to that which was dictated to me. In the most nearly accurate translation I can give from the Patrician dialect of the Baby-lozian, it follows:

"Dear Mr. Newman:

Thank you for your welcome. Some dealers would still call me a gem uncirculated specimen, but my daddy is bringing me up to be honest so I can only claim to be extremely fine, lightly rubbed. I have a light pink tone, with lustrous highlights. I am cleaned every day but it does not hurt my surfaces.

My sound is as clear as a double eagle, but my mommy does not have to tap me on the edge to hear it. She decided that she didn't have to make any test marks on me, either; she thinks I am genuine enough for her, since my daddy writes authentication certificates.

Patrick Russell Breen

I should add that this specimen is not for trade or sale at any price. It is likely to be exhibited at the Houston convention [next August] as a previously unknown specimen from the Breen collection.

It is a series not likely to lose popularity, nor to be seized by Treasury agents, even though 18 or 20 years hence it may be temporarily called in by another branch of government.

Patrick is at present unique, though in a couple of years I fully expect to discover a duplicate, or at any rate a similar specimen, in the same place from which this one came.

* * * * *

As I said, Kay Tarrant, move over...A glossary of the coin terms follows, in the order in which they were used.

sealed sack: original sack of coins unopened since manufacture
uncirculated condition: free of any trace of wear or rubbing;

the finest possible preservation

mold : that from which something is cast

pattern : a design not commonly accepted for circulation, but found in very few collections

struck: stamped (i.e. to impart a design)

reverse: tails side

planchet: blank disc from which a coin is made by having a design stamped into it

altered: changed in some detail of design or numerals or letters
high wire rim: sharp extra rim occasionally found on specially struck coins.

collar: device to impart equality to coin diameters at striking

date: i.e. year

bag marks: nicks, scratches and other injuries incurred by being in a bag (and I don't think Eric intended any disclaimer!)

center punch mark: older coins showed a minute dot at exact center --raised, because in the die from which they were stamped, the mark was sunken below the surface--originally used to aid the engraver in laying out peripheral details, such as lettering, in a circle.

vignette: portrait found on paper money

good: well worn but with all major outlines still visible

extremely fine: very nearly uncirculated condition

tone: extremely thin stable oxide coating, generally imparting light color to a coin

double eagle: \$20 gold piece. Its sound is very prolonged

test marks: scrapes on edge to check for quality of metal

proof: special mintage, nowadays with shiny surfaces and sharp detail

...mar a curious tale in the telling...

As usual, this is DAY*STAR, issue number 25, February 1965, issued (Gesundheit!) for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by one Marion Breen, Box 1032, Berkeley, California, U.S.A., North America, Earth, Solar System, The Universe. I suspect that these stencillae will be run off by Juanita Coulson, unless I gather up the energy to climb to the attic and mimeograph them, which I doubt. How many mothers of nursing babies have ever published more than minac?

* * * * *

THE GREAT BREEN DY-DEEDOGGLE, OR ALL BERKELEY IS PLUNGED INTO A CAT OF NOISOME NAPPIES:

I suppose you could say it started when Miri Knight gave me a baby shower, about five weeks before Patrick was born. Since it was so near to the time, and since I already had all the essentials of layettage, I was more than delighted to discover that the major gift at the shower (Hoo boy! Somebody gave me a baby shower!) was seven weeks of diaper service from the ABC Diaper Service in El Cerrito...from almost all the Berkeley fans. Since a gift of time is always the most welcome to any woman, I was delighted; both with the thought AND the gift, and for seven weeks all went well.

Around the time that little Patrick finally appeared on the scene, however, an old friend of Walter's in Massachusetts presented us with nine weeks of diaper service from an outfit known as DY-DEE WASH in San Francisco. When the ABC gift ran out, although we had no complaints from ABC, we switched to Dy-dee Wash.

I ought to say here that this was my first experience with diaper service. When my older son was a tyke, I washed out his diapers by hand (no washer, thank you) and hung the things out to fly in the Texas breezes. Texas being warm and dry, and I having nothing else to do with my time in our then two-room house, I didn't mind at all. But the climate of Berkeley is cold and foggy; and I had two book contracts hanging fire. So I had decided to experiment with that novel luxury, diaper service. I thought they were all like the ABC. Ha. And again ha.

We had several small complaints about the Dy-dee Wash company. The diapers were old and sometimes frayed. They did not provide a can for the dirty diapers, giving as their flimsy excuse that "it is impossible properly to sterilize a plastic pail between clients" (untrue, as we have since found out, and in any case, a diaper pail becomes nonsterile the moment it is touched, let alone a dirty diaper put into it) --and, of course, they SOLD such pails, at an exorbitant price. Diapers were delivered not twice, as with ABC, but once a week--allowing them to get very smelly in their pail. And so forth and so on. However, one does not look gift horses in the dentures, so we shrugged and said you can't have everything.

GREAT BREEN DIAPERDOGGIE, SECOND EXCITING PAGE

Two weeks went by. Last Friday, as usual, I put the diapers on the porch for the diaper service man, let in the babysitter who looks after Patrick three hours every weekday so that I can write, and went upstairs to wrestle with the book which is already overdue at Ace Books. While wrestling away, I heard a thumping sound on the porch and went downstairs to take in the clean diapers. No clean diapers. Our dirty diapers were gone, but no clean diapers. After inventing a couple of new cusswords, I went up and got on the telephone with Dy-dee Wash, asking them where in tunket were my baby's clean diapers. They checked the records and said "Well, he had a package for you this morning," and suggested that I look around on the lawn, at the other doors, and check with a neighbor to see if someone else had taken in the diapers. When I explained how impractical this would be, they suggested the diapers might have been stolen, and I squawked "Who on earth would steal five dozen dirty diapers?"

"Oh," said the manager, "it happens all the time." However, he finally agreed to check with the route man when he came in that evening, and I tried to get back to the book.

About an hour later, the doorbell rang, and there was the Dy-dee wash routeman, clean diapers in hand, asking where the dirty diapers were.

Well, he got on the phone and reported the loss to his home office, after which we talked to the manager of Dy-dee Wash. He was extremely rude and discourteous and among other things, told us that it would cost "about \$28" to replace the lost diapers. We thought, oh well, he has us confused with someone who gets twelve or fourteen dozen diapers a week, and let it go.

Then, considering that \$28 was a considerable sum, we called the police. As usual in such cases, I talked to a desk sergeant, and, after identifying myself and giving my address, said that I wanted to report a theft. He asked what had been stolen, and when I told him "Five dozen dirty diapers", his screech of "WHA*A-AAT?" could be heard halfway to San Leandro. He damn near hung up on me before I could convince him that this was not a joke, that it was not funny, and that it could represent a sizable loss to us! So they sent a patrol car around, and a young policeman solemnly wrote down all the details and questioned one of our neighbors. We didn't expect much, but to our amazement, the lady across the street told us that she had actually seen the diapers removed from the porch, though she thought it was the regular diaper service man. Pressed for a description, to our shock, she described someone who sounded just like a localite (not a fan) who had recently been playing some rather nasty practical jokes on Grania Davidson, the girl who lives in the downstairs part of this enormous house. Some of these practical jokes had been so blatant that we had begun to doubt his sanity --i.e. calling up Grania at 6a.m. to toot a horn through the telephone into her ear. So we thought that just possibly he might have been passing by, thought these were Grania's diapers, and heisted them for a joke.

Aside from a practical joke of this sort, it's completely unthinkable to us that

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DISAPPEARING DIAPERS, THIRD THRILLING PAGE

ANYONE WOULD steal five dozen dirty diapers. I mean, any way you look at it, that's an awful lot of wet, dirty, pungently fragrant nappies! Local children? It happened at 2:30; when most of the local kids are in school; those who aren't, are too small to lug off a sackful of such weight. (wet diapers weigh more than dry ones!)

One is forced to postulate one of those whom social workers like to call the "depressed classes", chatting with his bulging wife. In the course of the conversation, maybe, she says to him:

"John, dear, it's getting awfully near time for our little bundle from heaven. Hadn't you better provide me with some diapers?"

"Aw, heck, Marcia, they've got all them store detectives now. It's getting so bad, what with mirrors in all the stores, and plainclothes fuzz all over the place, a fellow can't make a living."

"Bawww...hooo...boohoo....I'm going home to mother...what kind of a man are you when you can't even get your own baby some diapers...I always knew I should of married that second-story-man Mama wanted me to marry, she told me you were nothing but a smalltime pickpocket...."

"Now, Marcia, baby...."

"Your own son, and you can't even get me some diapers to cover his little bottom! What are you going to do when he needs shoes and clothes and a tricycle? I'd of done better to stay at Polly Adler's!"

"Aww...honey..." (repeat at lib for several minutes)

"John, if you really loved me you'd at least make an effort. Why, all you have to do is drive around and look for the diaper service routes. They leave the clean diapers on the porch, and all you have to do....."

Exit, presumably, John. And can't you imagine the scene when he comes back with a sackful? Marcia, with cries of joy, falls upon her husband's neck and then dives into the sack, recoiling at once with shrieks and curses....

"Yaketa, yaketa, yaketa...couldn't you get some clean ones?"

"Shaddup or I'll clout ya in the face. They're diapers, ain't they?" (struck by a sudden inspiration,) "Hey --ya know Freddy? He just heisted a warehouse. I'll drop by and pick up an automatic washer. Like he owes me a favor."

(Exit John, hastily, while Marcia calls after him;)

"Pick up an electric dryer while you're at it?"

Kidding aside, however, the police inquiries came to nothing. On the next Friday, the routenan arrived to pick up dirty diapers, and brought us no clean ones. We asked why, and since he had no answer, got again on the telephone with the manager of Dy-doe Wash. We still had six weeks credit coming...and during the intervening week, we had been checking with other diaper services. The going rate for used diapers was \$1.50 a dozen. Their charge for lost or stolen diapers was \$3.60 a dozen. The best diapers,

THE CASE OF THE BABY'S BREECHCLOTHS, SHATTERING CONCLUSION.

retail, cost about \$3.50. But the manager of this infamous outfit informed us that the charge for replacing the five dozen stolen diapers would be \$35.75.

We screamed: "Do you mean to tell us that you charge seven dollars a dozen for stolen diapers?"

"That's our replacement charge."

"We can buy the best diapers made for half of that" we told him, and after a great deal of yak, he tells us that "our cost is \$5.95 a dozen."*

We neglected to point out that in this case the replacement cost would be \$29.75 and that his arithmetic was off about five dollars --unless this was the replacement cost for the plastic sack? We simply refused to believe that diaper service diapers, especially theirs, cost twice the price of the best diapers. (Are hotel towels superior to the best one can buy at retail?)

However, he insisted, rudely, "I don't care what others charge. This is our standard replacement charge. We're not in the business of selling diapers, and we try to get away from selling them."

"Then it's a punitive charge? You charge this fantastic rate to frighten people out of losing diapers?"

"That is our standard replacement charge."

At which I got angry, told him he could damn well sue us for it, and hung up. They still have six weeks credit (and deposit, I imagine) for us. I doubt if the giver of the gift will ever see it back.

We wrote to the Better Business Bureau about it; meanwhile we discovered that ABC, our original diaper service, is the only Bay Area service still in good standing with the BBB. They have accumulated thousands of complaints about this one, Dy-dee Wash.

We also discovered that ABC, in company with many other diaper services, bears the cost themselves (they are insured) of loss or theft for which the subscriber is not to blame. Where culpable negligence is involved, they charge \$3.60 a dozen or 30¢ a diaper.... and that's all.

Meanwhile, we have re-subscribed to ABC Diaper Service; while somewhere in Berkoloy, I suppose, the diapers which once adorned young Patrick Breen are illogally adorning the small rump of some baby who ~~does~~ probably not know that his daddy is a thief.....or else they are nouldering away in some alley, discarded by a hooligan or practical joker. Or maybe they "somehow" got back to Dy-dee Wash. Judging by their so-called "replacement cost", they could make a profitable business out of --shall we say --re-appropriating their own diapers and staging a "theft" scene. (But that's libellous, I suppose.)

Anyhow, we no longer leave our diapers out on the porch!

*Footnote: Dy-Dee Wash's bill arrived. \$30.50 = \$6 per dozen.

Gregg, Helen--don't you think we can do arithmetic?--M.

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD ANTICLIMAX:

Most of FAPA's members have already received birth announcements about our little Patrick, who was born at 4:56 on Hallowe'en. Perhaps I ought to add that the false labor, about which I wrote in the November Day*Star, continued till the very day of Pat's birth. I entered Herrick Hospital at 11:00 p.m. on Thursday, the 29th; Patrick was born Saturday night, after 42 hours of labor. During that time, though not in a great deal of pain or discomfort, I got much too tired of waiting; and the nurses in the maternity pavilion, all three shifts of them, were heartily sick --I should think --of the sight of me. Patrick was finally urged into the world by two separate courses of pitocin --a hormone intended to bring on stronger and sharper contractions. The two hours before Patrick's actual birth were the only ones during which I had any serious discomfort; I had asked at last for something to take the edge off the pain, but it happened to be a chemical relative of Demerol, to which I am allergic; and like demerol, it made me apprehensive and edgy without even touching the pain. I had hoped to go through it all without anesthesia, but considering my exhausted state, they decided to give me gas, so that I have only the most hazy memory of the last 45 minutes before Pat was born. Nitrous oxide gas is wonderful. You're completely conscious most of the time; just during the actual bearing-down you get a whiff of it and the world float away on a greyish haze...through which nothing penetrates except the need to push.

Herrick hospital is one of those hospitals where fathers are allowed to stay with their wives all through the labor and be present, sterile-gowned, at the delivery. Walter was allowed to sit beside me and hold my arm, and one of the clearest memories is seeing how odd he looked with the white mask over his beard. I remember mostly being desperately tired --I had had no sleep to mention for the last three days --- and my doctor looking down at me disappointedly between pains. "If you can't help us more than this, we'll have to put you to sleep and take the baby with instruments," he said, "You don't want to go to sleep, do you?" And I was so foggy that I answered "Yes, I want to go to sleep --I'm so tired!" But I didn't mean that I wanted to be put to sleep; I meant that I wanted it to be over so that I could go to sleep. However, it wasn't necessary. I had the delightful experience of actually seeing Patrick born, and hearing Walter's delighted shout of "It's a boy, by God!" And I babbled, happily, "I told you it would be a boy, see, didn't I tell you?"

Two hours after Pat was born, I sat up and ate supper; six hours afterward I was out of bed; 36 hours after, I was at home; and four days after that, I drove down town for the groceries.

What can I say about Patrick that won't sound like new-mother burblings? He is ten weeks old. He has an enormous appetite. He was completely breast-fed until five weeks; now he gets a relief bottle now and then. He has big blue eyes, copper-colored feathery hair, a sweet dribbly smile, and is so precocious that it SCARES me. We try to tell people, sometimes, all the things that he does. They smile wisely as if we were just bragging parents. So I shrug and wait for them to see for themselves, and realize how lucky I am.....

WHO KILLED FANNISH PAUL BRUCE?
David Bradley

THE CHARACTERS*: Dr. Paul Bruce, usually a dead body.
B.W. Elter: owner of Phan House
Blog bottle - a blog bottle.
Harvey Oswald Donasatan - The most incredibly
Reverent Ecclesiarch of the Church of Hellish
Ways. An incredible priest with a more incred-
ible name.
Eney; The Butler.
B. John Wells.- A fannish if irreverent plain-
clothesman.
Celia -The Maid.
*All characters, except the blog bottle, are fictitious

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: A darkened living room in Phan House.
Dr. Paul Bruce lies dead as a doornail on couch.
Enter Elter.

ELTER: Dr. Bruce? Are you --ah, there you are. Why are you in here?

(No answer, naturally.)

By Ghu, you can be impolite to me, but by Foo-foo's holy name, you can't ignore me!

(Still no answer, of course.)

I say --maybe he's hurt, or not okay! I know that he had severe collapses of fuggheadedness, but --Eney?

(enter Eney)

ENEY: Sit?

ELTER: Check the Blog Cellar, and see about Dr. Bruce.

ENEY: Which first, sir?

ELTER: The blog, of course. You know that's most important.

ENEY: Yes, sir.

(Exaunt Eney, not that he ever was an aunt or an uncl.)

(Elter suddenly sees Blog Bottle fall out of Bruce's hand. Picks it up.)

BLOG BOTTLE: Have a drink on me, pal.

ELTER: Er --thanks.

(Starts to drink, when ...)

(Enter Eney)

ENEY: One bottle missing, sir.

ELTER: Uh - yes, I found it. See about Dr. Bruce now.

(Eney starts to bond over Bruce. Suddenly..)

BRUCE: It's -----it's ----it's ----aaahhhhgggg!;

First Curtain.

SCENE TWO: Same as in Scene One, but body is now covered, and room is quiet. Not so audience, at least those that are still awake. Oh yes, the room is empty.

Enter the Most Incredibly Reverend Ecclesiarch and Patriarch of the Church of Hellish Ways,

bearing the unlikely name of Harvey Oswald Donatan, D.D., written on a card he is carrying. We shall call him HOD for short. Rhyming with God.

HOD: Ha, hum, well.

(He rubs chin and immediately grows a beard.)

Oh, phoo-phoo!

(He leaves stage, carrying razor and card. Sounds of razor are heard. He re-emerges, minus beard, card and razor.)

A body? Maybe I'd better bless myself quick!

(prays)

My father, who is at present visiting Heaven,

Hear my blessing.

Bless me in the name of the Unholy Trinity, the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

Is that okay with you, father?

Reverently, HOD

(Enter Elter)

ELTER: Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

HOD: Not again! What is it this time?

ELTER: I drank a bottle of Blog without checking to see if your church had blessed it.

HOD (bored) I suppose it was, of course?

ELTER: No, that's the trouble. It wasn't.

HOD (excited) Chow Mein Gott! Forgive him, Father, he knew not what he did. Anchin.

ELTER: Thanks. I've sent for the fan detective, B. John Wells.

He said that he'd solve the murder.

HOD: But you know he is a disbeliever?

ELTER: Yes, and he's also the only law enforcer in Fannville, Calncowyork.

HOD: You know, that's right.

(Enter Wells)

WELLS: Where's the body?

(Hod assumes mock sadness and points)

WELLS: Whassamatter, your nother never teach you not to point?

HOD: But you see --- she was a pointer, too.

(Wells inspects body, then turns to Elter)

WELLS: Why haven't you called the coroner?

ELTER: Because Dr. Bruce is the coroner.

WELLS: Oh. That's all right, then. Dr. Bruce, how did you die?

BRUCE: The....blog....

WELLS: (aside) Probably poisoned.

BRUCE: About an....hour ago....

WELLS: Thanks, you can die now.

HOD: Don't you know that only Jesus has the power to raise the dead?

WELLS: No. Sad, isn't it?

(Sounds from Bruce. Wells says irritably:)

What are you waiting for, Bruce? I told you to die, so we can hold the inquest!

BRUCE: It's....it's....it's....aaahhhggg!

Curtain. (There's more to come)

ACT TWO

SEENE ONE: Donasatan's temple. Enter HOD.

HOD: Rise to salute the Patriarch!

(All rise until HOD reaches podium)

Friends, unspeakables have occurred! (Excitedly) I'm talking about disbelief in our police corps!

(Murmurs from crowd both in play and audience)

Granted, this force is efficient, but think how much more so he --er--they would be is they were believers? And had more members? Your job is to convert him, or, then, to the true faith. So get out and start recruiting, er, converting. But first a word from our sponser, er, a prayer.

Father, bless these people
who work like slaves for church and country.

Ah, Lenin.

Go now.

Curtain.

Scene Two; Wells office

WELLS (into phone) No, I will NOT join the Church! (pause) Same to you. Will you shut up? I'll return that dubious compliment. Six tomorrow? 'Bye, then.

(enter HOD)

HOD: I see you've been talking to one of my sheep.

WELLS: (incredulous) Sheep?

HOD: You know --I am the shepherd and they are my sheep --or something like that. Well, no time for a course in ecclesiastics now. I've come to bless this building in the name of Ghu the Father, Foofoo the Son, and Roscoe the Holy Beaver.

WELLS: Thanks, but I just ate.

HOD: One is always ready for religion if he is a...

WELLS: Fakefan. You can go on now. Or just go.

HOD: Wait. What about the Bruce Case?

WELLS: Oh, I've given that up.

HOD: (pleading) But human morality will scream at you insantly!

WELLS: So?

HOD: But then the people won't vote for you for TAFF!

WELLS: Hmmm, that is a good reason to continue. You can blech, or, bless the building now. I'M not going to be here that sheep of yours was a Moving Man!

(Exit Wells)

HOD: Might as well bless it for the next tenant;

My Father, who'd better be in heaven,

Hood my prayer --or else!

Bless this building, that is, make it pure for the next tenant.

In the name of the Holy and the Unholy Trinity

Not to mention the Holey Trinity

And the Wholly Babble.

Reverently, HOD. Amen.

Curtain. If the audience tries to leave, lock the doors. There's more.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE: Kitchen in Phan House. Two bodies lie on floor. One is Bruce, who is covered with a sheet. The other is Celia, who is almost covered, but not with a sheet. This should wake up the audience! Enter HOD; his eyes pop as he sees Celia. Covering eyes, he backs out of room. Five minutes elapse.

HOD'S VOICE, offstage; But I saw her! She's almost covered, and she's dead as anything!

(Enter Hod and Wells)

WELLS: That's her?

HOD: That's her! (at same time)

(Wells goes over to body of Bruce)

WELLS: Sorry to bother you again, old boy, but how did she die?

BRUCE: Sane...as...me. The...blog...it's Eney's fault! Aaahhg!

WELLS: Thanks, that's all I wanted to know. Come on, Father.

Curtain.

SCENE TWO: Living Room as in Act I, Scene 1; Wells, Eney, HOD and Eltor are present, also bodies.

ELTER: Do we have to have these bodies in here, Mr. Wells?

WELLS: Er--no, I just thought maybe they'd stink and keep the audience awake for the climax. But let's put them back in the hall.

(Eney comes to his aid.)

WELLS: I've gathered you here because I now know who the murderer is, though I realize this is going to sound like a cliché. Or, rather, two clichés. The butler did it --or, it's Eney's fault!

(Enter Bruce and Celia, to the surprise of all except the audience, which is fast asleep)

BRUCE: You're crazy! I drank the blog and got dead drunk. HOD strengthened it to superpower to get us out of the way. We're disbelievers.

CELIA: That's right.

WELLS: But then --why did you say "It's Eney's Fault?"

BRUCE: What isn't Eney's fault?

WELLS (pointing to HOD) Arrest him!

HOD: I charge you stop in the name of Ghu! Stop!

(All stop except Wells)

WELLS: Have a pair of handcuffs, pal.

(He snaps them on the sobbing Ecclesiarch as the curtain falls --on the players --with a dull thud, awakening the audience again.)

THE END

TWO WORLDS OF FANTASY

At one time, the most popular indoor sport among fantasy-lovers was to set up some writer or other as an "imitator of Lovecraft" and toss verbal darts at the poor fellow. Most of these people, regarding "imitator" as a pejorative, have overlooked the fact that Howard Phillips Lovecraft, although a great synthesist, and a master at combining various elements, was himself a great imitator.

There are those who speak of Lovecraft's monumental "Cthulhu Mythos" as if it were a vast and original work spun from Lovecraft's own personal nightmares. There is only one thing wrong with this view of the Lovecraft mythos --namely, it simply isn't true.

The Poe influence on Lovecraft has often been cited. I think, myself, that it is overemphasized. Poe and Lovecraft both wrote in a peculiar style, a poetic style overloaded with adjectives and descriptive phrases, with long and tortuous sentences which now seem turgid. The difference is that in Poe's time, this was the style of virtually every literate man; Lovecraft, when it had long passed into desuetude, revived it because it suited his personal peculiarities....and, I think, not successfully. Poe was a genuine, if a minor, poet; Lovecraft's verse is of the variety which can be found in the smaller college literary annuals. Yet paradoxically Lovecraft is as much greater than Poe as Poe was greater than the French writers of detective stories whom he attempted to imitate.

The major similarity between Poe and Lovecraft lies in the fact that both had a sadistic turn of mind, a feeling for horrors. Both had nightmares, rather than technicolor dreams, about "the dark world overlying this"; both regarded the supernatural as a darkness, rather than a brightness.

Some have stated that Robert W. Chambers was a major influence on Lovecraft. HPL certainly admired Chambers, and in a cheap paperbacked edition of his fiction, underlined every reference to Hastur, the Lake of Hali, Carcosa, and several other names. These names reappeared in his fiction--but, personally, this has always grated on me. For Chambers is actually one of the other kind of fantasy writers, the bright-world fantasy writers. Despite the nightmarishness of the ending of Chambers' story THE YELLOW SIGN ("...that man must have been dead for months," the horror of which is replayed in Lovecraft's THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP, there is no real resemblance between the two stories. They both end with corpses in various stages of putrefaction; that is all. Anyone who is familiar with THE KING IN YELLOW, or with THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE, will realize that Chambers draws his fantasy in shimmering, rainbow tints. His heroines are frivolous, gay, feminine; his heroes are brave, if sometimes doomed. They have no resemblance whatever to the stilted, buttoned-up wanderers in Lovecraft's shuddersome and decayed villages and ancient farms.

Robert W. Chambers, who wrote his early fantasies in Paris, was profoundly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites; he sought in the legends of Brittany, Ys and Carcassonne. His other-world is a place of brightness and beauty, overlaid with a faint and haunting sadness. Not even in his grim studies of the Indian massacres, the dances of the False-faces, and the other

Troquois lore which he put into the Cardigan Novels did he ever hint at the necrophiliac darkness of Lovecraft or Poe. Above all else, his tales are tales of valor, heroism and beauty; and when death comes, it comes gently, gallantly and with sadness rather than shock.

So, if THE KING IN YELLOW stirred Lovecraft's imagination, it did so darkly, never lightening his picture of the alien world. What Lovecraft took from Chambers, he perverted to his own uses. Rather than building his castles on the shores of "Lost Carcosa", he called one of his grimmest dungeons by that name.

The major influence on Lovecraft, doubtless, was the English fantasy writer and occultist (he was a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn, which boasted such notables as the Irish poet Yeats) Arthur Machen. Machen was perhaps the foremost of those writers who see the supernatural as a place of dread and horror. His work is riddled with it....and again and again he re-plays the themes which Lovecraft later made his own. In THE GREAT GOD PAN, a mere glimpse of this other-world drives a woman mad, and her child grows into a woman whose very proximity corrupts, a sort of female Dorian Gray. In THE SHINING PYRAMID there is a faint fore-runner of Lovecraft's "shining trapezohedron", with the hint that anyone who has been touched by these powers from Outside is better off dead. In the curious novel of THE THREE IMPOSTERS, there are two episodes which are pure Lovecraft. The "Novel of the Black Seal" touches on a theme which Lovecraft used to great and powerful purpose in THE DUNWICH HORROR: the interbreeding of lower-class ignorant humans with monsters from Outside. In "The Novel of the White Powder", an overly studious young man takes an almost-accidental dose of an evil drug which turns him, first, into a Hydro-ish fiend, then into a burning, phosphorescent horror of corruption. In "The Innermost Light" Machen tells the story of a doctor who experiments on his wife, turning her into a "devil."

And in the dreamlike, stream-of-consciousness narrative of THE WHITE PEOPLE, one can see the Lovecraft mythos in embryo, as it were. It is the story of a child who from infancy is able to see into an alien world; and in the excerpts from her diary we can read echoes of that diary of Wilbur Whateley. The girl speaks of the "Aklo letters"; Whateley of the "Aklo from the Sabbat, which did not like, it being long and full of hard words." The girl's glimpse of "a voorish dome in deep Dondo" is reminiscent of "I can see it a little, when I make the voorish sign..." In both tales, the technique is similar; that of horrors recorded in matter-of-fact language by a naive young person who is too inexperienced --or too corrupt -- to do anything but take them completely for granted.

Lovecraft marks a milestone in the history of fantasy. No writer after has completely escaped his influence.* I am not now speaking of those flagrant imitators who, like C. Hall Thompson, turned out pseudo-Cthulhu with loving care after HPL's death. Like the Baker Street Irregulars, the Lovecraft audience demanded more, and these pastiches were at least written with loving care. So much for Derleth and his ilk.

I am now speaking of a subtler thing; influence.

C.L. Moore does not sound like a likely candidate for

* I've tried.

Lovecraftian influence. Yet the reader of THE BLACK GOD'S KISS, and THE BLACK GOD'S SHADOW, cannot fail to see that Jirel's quest lies in a dark dreamworld literally indistinguishable from that of Randolph Carter in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH. In NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS, Fritz Leiber also creates a Lovecraftian world; the adventures of Fafhrd and Company add only a dim swash-buckle to the dark-grey horrors. Leiber has a sense of humor, which HPL never had. Yet the descent into the chasm of Ningauble is reminiscent of Nyarlathotep; and the dark wastelands portrayed in THE BLEAK SHORE and THE HOWLING TOWER are Lovecraftian. These tales, it is true, are penetrated by Leiber humor and sense of adventure, rather than the sad resignation of Lovecraft's characters. This may be only the difference between a healthy man and an invalid recluse. Nevertheless, it is a dim gray dreamworld, painted in shadow-tones.

This, of course, places Leiber in the category of a writer of horror stories, rather than a fantasy writer. I contend that in the horror story, the otherworld is fearsome; in the fantasy, it is a place of brightness and beauty.

But even that brightest and most beautiful of otherworlds, Middle Earth, shows an awareness that Lovecraft has gone before. His elves are beautiful, even his orcs have vitality and humor; but there are shadowy horrors too. Tolkien's work is fantasy -- which states that other-worldly creatures are brighter and more beautiful than the earthly --- yet there are Barrow-wights (who can be found in the Frithjof saga) and the Nazgul, to prove that Tolkien could range into the other world of nightmares. ("Brrrr, these Nazgul give me the creeps....they freeze the flesh off you as soon as look at you, and leave you all cold in the dark on the other side")---Lovecraft might have written that.

It would almost lead one to contend that there are two supernatural realms; into which the dreams of the imaginative writer range. They bear, perhaps, the same name--which may explain why, in the Norse legendry, the elves and the elf-mounds are things of dream and fear; while in the old Gaelic, "a woman of the elf-mounds" was synonymous with the greatest beauty.

One of these realms is dim, shadowy, filled with fear, torment, and images which come back into the daylight associated with such human terrors as rats, rotting corpses, evil smells, dark skies looming with fearsome shapes. The world of Lovecraft, Poe, Leiber. There is some bravery in this world, but mostly there is terror, and a yielding to death.

And the other is a world of light and shade, of rainbows and shimmers too beautiful for the commonplace Earth; of the beauty that is pain, and the valor that ends in heartbreak; of music whose strains can never be woven in waking life, of bright stars in brighter skies; the world of the Blessed Damozel, of the Tir nan Og of the ancient Celts, filled with joy--and the sadness that lies beyond joy.

Or are these two worlds, transformed by creative and poetic license, merely glimpses into the two psychological states of the soul --of the poet's heaven and hell?

MZB

EXPERIMENT IN ECSTASY--MZB

I make no objective claims whatever for the following experiences. They are admittedly and freely subjective, and are presented as such; their only advantage is that, unlike experiences with other psychedelic substances such as LSD, marijuana, peyote or even alcohol, medics and moralists have, as yet, found no way to make them illegal.

About twelve years ago, in GEMINI--my FAPAZINE preceding DAY*STAR -- I ran a brief account of my flirtation with Yoga exercises, deep breathing, and the inter-relationship between such things and the then-current flurry of discovery over Read's NATURAL CHILDBIRTH. To the few FAPA old-timers who remember, this should document my interest in the expansion of consciousness; although I have always feared and rejected even alcohol; and if the others were legal, I suppose I would still hesitate to trust my perceptions to the chemical blurring effect.

When I first came to Berkeley, a year ago, all I knew of the group known as Subud was that it was a mystically oriented oriental society, which I lumped in my mind roughly with Zen. (I consider Zen to be arrant nonsense, but don't intend to get into any arguments with those who dig it. There are many roads and all I can say is that Zen has nothing for me....)

I knew that the members of Subud participated in a group religious exercise, called, for obscure reasons, latihan. I had heard from members that during this exercise they indulged in some charismatic experience akin to the "talking in tongues" known to Pentecostal religions. (My years in Texas have given me an opinion of Pentecostal and evangelical sects which would take the rust off grey iron!) I was also told that members "routinely" found themselves in telepathic contact with others during latihan. My reaction was "Utter rubbish; self-deception." Even though I have had demonstrated to me, time and time again, to my own satisfaction (I never try to convince anyone) that telepathy does exist.

I was also aware that Walter's 16-year amnesia had dissipated, and that he attributed the recovery of his childhood memories to the process known as "opening" in Subud. My own orientation in psychology suggested to me that, most likely, the Subud experience had served only as a trigger to release memories which were due to surface at any moment, now that he was finally able to assimilate and to face them.

Anyway, when it was suggested to me that I attend Subud, my reaction was "Thank you; no thanks." I had no objection to Walter continuing in Subud, but I didn't feel it had anything to offer me. However, when I met the Subud crowd, they seemed (with one exception) to be a fairly level-headed group, with their feet securely on the ground. Furthermore, Walter seemed to miss the contacts, though he obviously didn't want to go without me; so, when we came back in September from our trip, I agreed to go with him to Subud in San Francisco.

Women and men are separated in the latihan. There is said to be a reason for this which I have no intention of quoting here. I went as a probationer; normally three months of attending latihan as a probationer is required before the formal

opening which admits the probationer to participate in the latihan. However, wives (and husbands) of full members are assumed to have been at least partially opened by contact with the member, so the opening is merely a formality.

I wasn't ready to go that far, however, so I sat out in the probationer's room; a bare little room with a few folding chairs and a coat rack. The women who had gone into the latihan room had left their shoes here, too. I listened with an attitude of polite skepticism and polite attention, the same which I would have given to a Catholic mass or a Chinese temple service, or any other religious observance in whose significance I neither believed nor accepted, but which I did not wish to interrupt.

The main experience which I heard was singing; not the formal singing of religious services or even of folksong sessions, but a completely spontaneous song; i.e. unwritten music taken up by the voices of the women, unorchestrated, unplanned, the result of some subconscious act originating far down in the depths of the unconscious mind. Somehow it made me think of a scene in Sturgeon's VENUS PLUS X...with the voices taking it up, weaving, briefly clashing and moving apart in most curious harmony. As I listened, I found myself in the music---knowing, feeling where each note would lead, hearing the sounds an instant before they were actually sung. As the sound heightened, I heard women sobbing, and I seemed able to tell, instinctively, which were sobs of grief and which of joy or other emotion. I could also tell which of the women in the probationer's room were actually sharing in the exercise, and which ones had still my old attitude of polite attention.

I thought this had been going on for about ten minutes. I suddenly realized that it had been about forty minutes and that the latihan was over. I told Walter about my experience of sharing in the music, from within, and he seemed to think this was proof that I was at least partly opened already. So that the next week, when I went back, I indicated to the leader of the women's group that I would like to be opened. She asked me "Are you pregnant?" (I have seldom had a more flattering compliment!) "How far along?" and when I told her "eight months," she replied that it was quite impossible to open me at present. In the most matter of fact way possible, she said "If we opened you tonight, you might very well have the baby right on the floor in there."

She also suggested, very seriously, that I be very careful about even listening from outside; that I watch myself carefully and if I found myself having any physical symptoms, that I leave not only the room but the building.

I took this comment with extreme skepticism, but thought; Oh, well, that would give me a good excuse if I wanted to go out for a cup of coffee or something. The experience of last week had worn off a little, and I was doubting again, you see.

I began listening again with polite attention. To my surprise, I discovered that I could hear, not the women's latihan, but the men's --I have since verified that anything in the men's meeting room is normally inaudible from the women-probationer's room. The surges of sound seemed vaguely disturbing, and after about fifteen or twenty minutes of this -- the time-telescoping phenomenon is apparent in all such experiences -- I began feeling vague cramps, akin to the false labor I'd been

having, so I got up and went out.

The sound of the men's voices followed me --down in the elevator, which I thought strange but explainable; out into the street, which I found startling; and two blocks down the street to Foster's cafeteria, which I found incredible. I went into Foster's, and it cut off, abruptly--I supposed because there were people around. I went to the counter and got myself a cup of tea and a piece of cake.

Then it started --"it" being the experience in question, to which all this lengthy preface has been leading.

It's hard to explain, but I'll try.

Suddenly, everything --the lights up in the ceiling, their reflections in the polished tables, the squated marble floors, was almost unendurably beautiful.

I sat down and poured out my tea, from the pot into the cup, a plain white china restaurant cup, and was absolutely stunned notionless by the exquisite, reddish-topaz color of it. I couldn't stand to drink it. I just sat there admiring the play of light and color on the cup and the reddish tea and the lights. Being a hard-headed skeptic, I rubbed my eyes, told myself this was nonsense, and poured milk into my tea, then stopped again because now it had the milky shimmer of a pale opal. I must have sat there for five or six minutes, just digging the color of the tea; and the beauty of the lights reflected in the black table-top, the crystal look of the stacks of glasses, and even the metal color of the spoon. I was meanwhile puzzled by my own emotions and told myself it sounded like what I'd read of the "highs" given by various drugs --but I hadn't had even an aspirin for several days!

I finally persuaded myself to drink the tea. It tasted fragrant, perfumy, and I thought of the exotic teas you sometimes get in Chinatown restaurants, but no, according to the label, it was plain restaurant tea.(I now wonder what would have happened if I had not applied these rational testing processes to my state of mind, but simply let it ride, and enjoyed it.) The tea was incredible, fantastic, delicious, but I couldn't eat the cake, though I'd eaten that same cake only a couple of weeks ago. It kept coming to my mind "There's no love in it." I told myself this was nonsense and not to waste food, and tried to eat it, but it was chalky and awful. Yet the incredible beauty of everything else did not diminish. When I finally tore myself away to meet Walter in the building again, I was still half dazed with it.

The high lasted for some time, and had only begun to wear off when I started to drive home with Walter and Pron Choate. Later I discovered that it had left other effects behind it. Among them was an almost ecstatic awareness of Walter --both as a person and otherwise. Since I was eight months pregnant, it was not possible to test this as fully as I'd have liked to; but even the touch of his hand sent me into the high all over again, and I kept babbling "You're so beautiful, you're so beautiful," to him.

There have been a few permanent results of this experience. I can still recapture the beauty of reflected lights. (This article was written before Patrick's birth, and is being stencilled in January; this effect has worn off slightly, but the following one has not: the taste of tea --plain, everyday

tea-bag tea that I buy at the co-op and make in Walter's old blue china pot--is incredibly heightened and can even now bring back a brief ecstatic awareness. I have also had, intermittently, a persistent ecstatic awareness of Walter.

Psychic? Psychological? Psychedelic? Psychotic? Or did I really tap a different reality/consciousness?

I don't know. I can guess, but it's just that; a guess. I only know what happened. After the baby, I intend to try againand test the results more clearly.

My attitude is, quite simply, one of "Wait and see."

David's name for Patrick is "Little Parsnip.".....??

ODDMENTS AND ENDMENTS:

I ought to remark that the play in this issue was written by my son David, with NO assistance, suggestions, or even the knowledge of Walter or myself. It seems to have been written during our trip cross-country last summer; anyhow, he curled up in the back seat of the car with a pencil and notepad, and he showed it to us later on. David, watching me write this, called my attention to a point I had forgotten. "Walter gave me some assistance," he pointed out, with the literal-mindedness of thirteen, "He loaned me his pencil and told me how to spell Ecclesiarch."

A young psychoanalyst complained to an old veteran psychiatrist that he was having trouble with his patients. The old man said: "Let's assume that I'm a patient being interviewed for the first time," and lay down on the couch. The young psychiatrist began:

"What associations are conjured up in your mind when I mention something that wears a skirt and from whose lips comes pleasure?"

The veteran psychiatrist answered "A Spot blowing his bagpipe, naturally."

"Right," said the younger man. "Now: what is it that has delightful curves, and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?"

The old man answered "Roger Maris' pitching, of course."

"Right," the younger psychiatrist told him. "The final question; what do you think of when two arms are slipped around your shoulders and you achieve the dream of every American male?"

The veteran smiled rapturously and replied "Playing halfback for Notre Dame, what else?"

"Right," said the young analyst, wearily, "They're all right, but you'd be amazed at the silly answers I keep getting!"

"My word, is it as late as all that?"
asked the old man as the world ended.
