

# ALLERLEI

fif\*teen

(COMBINED WITH DAY\*STAR TWENTY\*SIX)

I

The author writes what he wants,  
The poet writes what he feels:  
Which are you?

II

Nothing is feared more  
than the unknown: the one  
main unknown thing is fear.

III

Asking God for help  
is only shunning  
your own responsibility.

IV

When a speaker visits  
listen as well as clap  
in the right places.

V

The sword slashes and cuts:  
The pen draws and writes:  
either can be deadly.

VI

One scoffs at the weak student  
and fears the strong:  
What of the in-between?

VII

When buying clothing  
be sure that not only size  
but mood also fit.

VIII

Take not all that you can get  
but what the needy  
can easily spare.

Haikus by David Stephen Bradley

# DAY STAR

twenty\*six

(COMBINED WITH ALLERLEI FIF\*TEEN)

Marion and Walter Breen :: Box 1032 :: Berkeley, Calif. 94701

# STENCIL GAZING

A COLOPHON OR SOMETHING: This is, or should be, the 26<sup>th</sup> issue of DAY\*STAR, published for the MAY 1965 issue of our combozine for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association when I really should be working... but restenciled late, late, late. Such are the perils of being a pregnant pro. The perpetrator hereof is Marion Zimmer Bradley, aka Marion Breen, Box 1032, Berkeley, California 94701.

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Never explain and never apologize.

Your friends don't need it, and your enemies won't believe it.  
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KENNST DU DAS NEVER-NEVER LAND?

"A soft mist blows the cloud away; there comes  
A breath from that dark world where I was born...."

I have all my life been prey to nostalgia. I put down deep roots, but like some cats, my roots are often to places rather than to people. (I put down deep roots with people, too; but that's another story....) My childhood was not a particularly happy one, and I was glad to leave childhood status behind me. Yet to this day the thought of the deep woods near my home, where once my father showed me trailing arbutus, and the hemlock trees shed thumbnail-size cones to be strung on the Christmas tree, and the wintergreen pokes up sharp-bitter leaves and icy berries through spring snow, can make my eyes fill with tears. And I loathe and hate the beaver dam which has covered the blackberry-strewn pasture of my little-girlhood when, a thin-legged child covered with bramble scratches, I used to go out in the early dew to pick a dish of wild berries for my breakfast. There are other pastures and other berries on my farm, and my niece Cynthia now does the same thing before her summer breakfasts, but that pasture lies at the muddy bottom of the beaver lake, never to return, and I could weep for it and for the willows that lined its shores near the "crick" where my brother and I used to gather mussels and catch tadpoles and minnows.

And in spite of the misery of my years in Texas, and that I never really knew what happiness was until I came here--content I sometimes knew, but never happiness--I find myself sometimes even now choking with nostalgia for the bottomless blue of the Texas skies, the burning blaze of the sun that turned the roads to blazing white at noonday; for the soft and drawled pronunciation of the Texas tongue, the sweet-pungent smoke of the cotton gins in the autumn, even the swirling maddened dust-storms that turned the familiar scenery around me to a Martian landscape, invisible except for foggy ribbons of blowing sand and the sun dulled to a bloody dull disk in the sky.

And this nostalgia--strange though it may seem--is not even confined to real things, or to genuine memories. Some songs, quite apart from their musical context, are laden for me with that same deep and nostalgic melancholy. Early in my childhood I learned Mignon's song--the setting by Ambroise Thomas from the opera, that is, the one generally known as "Connais-tu le pays?"; learned it to egregiously absurd English words which have nevertheless taken such



deep roots in their association with the song that I have never been able to retain either the French or the German ones in memory. I have been told that the melody is trite. Yet to this day--the morning of the very day on which I cut this stencil--I cannot sing this song without my eyes blurring with real, not imagined, tears, and my voice breaking. I have long been hardened by real, nor imaginary, troubles, and Mignon's plight in the opera moves me not an eyelash's flicker; it is only the song. I cannot put my small Patrick to sleep with that lovely melody of

"...the land

Where the lemon-trees bloom  
And the gold orange glows  
In the deep thicket's gloom."

My voice breaks and I begin to sob halfway through the song. Absurd? Of course it's absurd. I tell myself periodically that I ought to have outgrown it. I haven't yet--and I will by the time this mailing reaches the members have lived a full half of my allotted threescore years and ten.

Two other songs affect me the same way. One is a setting (composer unknown) which we used to sing in school, of John Masefield's poem

"My land was the west land, my home was on the hill..." and the other is a song I heard for the first time a couple of years ago, words probably written by some anonymous collector of Hebridean folk tunes, to a melody known to me only as "The Coolin of Rum" and whose words run in part

"In all of my dreaming, I'm hearing clear water  
That runs in the land of the Isle of our Youth..."  
I can, when I must, hear these songs without breaking up, but I cannot sing them. I've tried. And tried. Alone or with an audience makes no difference.

Yet sadder music leaves me tearless. In Chambers's The Mask occurs a moment when the hero awakens "hearing the saddest music in the world" and I have never doubted what that music would have been, had I been the imaginary narrator: Grieg's The Last Spring. Yet I hear it without crying; though in childhood I would literally howl with despair and grief if the Negro spiritual "Sometimes I feel lak'a motherless child" was played or sung in my hearing; I would go out of the house to avoid hearing it...yet I was far from motherless, and had a good relationship with my actual mother. Nor do the traditional "laments" move me; The Flowers of the Forest, supposed to be so sad, has no sorrow for me. And such sad music as the Winterreise of Schubert or the Kindertotenlieder of Mahler leave me unmoved. (And lest you think I am moved only by the corny I should add that I do not cry at weddings or when I hear "God Bless America"!)

No. It seems only to be those particular songs of exile, or homesick nostalgia. In what life, I wonder, was I in exile, or stolen in childhood?

The theme of all the Darkover novels seems also, somehow, to be that of the man who belongs to two worlds and can claim neither...feels really at home in neither. Only since coming to Berkeley have I really internalized this conflict, realizing that is why tears came to my eyes when I read Wollheim's perceptive blurb on my book The Bloody Sun: "Two worlds claimed him...neither one wanted him." I think perhaps it is the curious fact that when I am in the "square" conformist world of my own childhood or of the years in Texas, I feel like a

radical--yet judged by the far-out standards of Berkeley, I am square and bourgeois. This is not a unique conflict. The writer Colette suffered it all her life, so that I am in the most excellent company, yet the conflict remains. In every one of the Darkover novels the conflict is resolved differently. In Sword of Aldones, Lew Alton leaves both worlds to find himself a new one. In Door Through Space, Race Cargill abandons the quest for adventure, deciding that "My solid and very ordinary desk was going to look damned good to me in the morning." In The Bloody Sun, Kerwin abandons his Terran heritage to discover he is all Darkovan. In Planet Savers, which, written third, is chronologically the last of the series, an attempt is made to seek a genuine harmony by resolving the torn man's own schizoid self into a unified person and his two worlds into one. Yet the conflict rages.

Nostalgia, then for a never-never land where I would never have to choose between conflicting worlds? There is to me some significance that my 10-year logjam in composing music was broken by reading, and suddenly finding myself making melody, to the Tolkien verses describing the elvish longing for the Sea...which he had never as yet seen, but which, once awakened, would never die within his blood. And there is one of my own settings of the Tolkien songs which I cannot sing. I made at least 8 tries before putting it acceptably on tape for a friend. Only once in my life have I attempted to sing it before witnesses: in Chuck Hansen's room at Chicago. I can no longer sing it; I am blinded by tears, and so bs choke me: and for this reason and this reason alone I urged Juanita Coulson to learn it (though it was written more for her lovely contralto than for my light soprano anyhow):

...But if of ships I now could sing, what ship would come  
to me?

What ship could bear me ever back, across so wide a sea?  
Have I crossed a sea so wide as all that?

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Is there anyone else in FAPA who digs Fiona MacLeod??  
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LA VIE INTIME D'UN GENIE: They say that no man is a hero to his valet, and no man is a genius to his wife. Register me as an exception. Of course, Walter may not be a genius. I'm not sure what that rather loosely used word really means. I know he claims, or claimed, some fantastically high IQ. My reservations about the value of the IQ are many and varied, so I can't put that forth either. But...Well, among other things, Walter put himself through Johns Hopkins University--one of the toughest in the country--in one year, not the regulation four--and made Phi Beta Kappa. (And was meanwhile supporting himself by doing technical writing on the outside.) He is doing a thesis which has his committee at US so goshwow that it looks now as though he'll soon be as much a celebrity in the worlds of music and sociology as he already is in coindom. Oh, in case you didn't know, Walter is unanimously considered, even by those few in coindom who hate his guts, to be the foremost living authority on American coins. If I've heard it once since I married the guy, I've heard it fifty times: "If Breen says it's genuine, OK: if Breen says no, then nix."

I hadn't the faintest idea, even when I married Walter, exactly how much of a celebrity he was, and is, in the coin world. I knew that he did some columns for something called COIN WORLD, which I in my



naivete regarded as a sort of fanzine, rather than the 175,000 (that's right, one hundred and seventy-five thousand) paid subscription newspaper which it is. I knew he supported himself by doing articles and books about rare coins while finishing his thesis, much as I put myself through Hardin-Simmons University by writing, under a variety of pen names, sexy novels which a H-S student would probably have been expelled for reading. Not till I had been married to him for months and attended the American Numismatic Association convention with him, in Cleveland, did it really dawn on me that I was married to a man known internationally in an enormous branch of Big Business--though when, in Las Vegas, the mere sight of his well-known bearded face had convinced a strange coin dealer to cash a largish cheque, I should have guessed. Being with Walter Breen at a coin convention is a little like--if anything I am understating the case--being with Robert Heinelein at a SF con. Typical instance: hardened-looking businessman comes up to me, glances at my nametag, murmurs reverently "Oh, you're Mrs Breen? Er...uh...is Walter around anywhere? Do you suppose you know where I could get a few minutes to talk with him?" Or; Walter and I start out to dinner. He, of course, has been on the convention floor (which is all business, incidentally, and no parties--at a coin con, there are no all-night beer or poker parties or gabfests) constantly. Before we get 20 steps toward the door, someone pokes a coin in Walter's face. "Just take a look at it, will you?" Walter shrugs, takes out his magnifier, glances through it, says absentmindedly "Restrike, 1863 over 62, probably out of the Soandso collection which was broken up in 1962..." We finally escape; but by this time there are three others waiting to consult with him, and we are lucky if we get out for dinner less than an hour later. On one occasion I literally had to plead my belly, yelling "Listen, I'm your wife and I'm seven months pregnant and you are darned well going to tell all these fellows to go elsewhere and do otherwise with their coins until you buy your starving wife and your unborn son some dinner!" We got the dinner. In-

identally, we also got some absolutely fabulous meals when rich coin men and/or their families took us out. I used to be disturbed at all this free-meal bit which seemed so much like mooching, since we could never return such lavish hospitality. Then I began to realize that if anyone was being exploited, it was Walter. These people were practically fighting to be Seen In the Company of a Big Name. Or, for the cost of a dinner, they were hoping to get free advice which would have otherwise cost them his standard consultation fee (which is not small). Or they wanted to pick his brains. So much for Walter the celebrity. Now for Walter the man known to fandom. Before I ever met Walter Breen, having heard many anecdotes about him, I confessed in a letter to Rick Sneary that I was a little doubtful about how well I would like him in person: I gathered from these anecdotes that he was uncouth, untidy, irascible, unmannerly, &c., &c., &c. Generally I like men to be well-trimmed and very couth. Doubts about my feelings for Walter were resolved almost instantly on meeting him, and I discovered a man who, if lacking in a few ordinary social amenities, was that rarest of creatures: a gentleman. What else I discovered about Walter Breen led me to conclude, after making three transcontinental trips by car in his company--a severe test even of a friendship, as anyone who has done it can testify--showed me that I was willing to risk the rest of my life on him. I knew I was going to be criticized by fandom



("For God's sake, why Walter, of all people?" seemed to be the typical reaction) and fandom meant a lot to me. (I did not know I was going to be attacked and reviled and my motives slandered, but even knowing I must live this past year over again, I'd still risk my life on and with him...but that's neither here nor there.)

So much for Walter the celebrity and Walter the man. Now for Walter the Slob--a myth that dies hard.

When I moved into 2402 Grove, I moved into a pigpen. I was appalled. Briefly, I was even daunted. Lame as I was then (at that time I could barely hobble up and down stairs...now I only wear a kneebrace part of the time) within two weeks I had the place scrubbed from floor to ceiling; but it took months and months of effort to make some order out of the disorder and junk which had been accumulating, most of which Noah threw out when he packed up the Ark for its famous voyage. But by that time I had discovered why the myth of Walter the

Slob.

Item one; this man drives himself around the clock. At the time we moved into 2402, he was working on thesis, coin books, columns and authentication correspondence at such a rate that I have seen him--literally--hunched over his old typer table for fourteen hours at a stretch. He barely stopped to eat, let alone clear away the dishes and clean up the kitchen table after a proper meal. The kitchen table was piled under with styli, cut stencils, shading plates, lettering guides and lightbox, and anyhow he usually carried his plate in and ate at the typer. When, after working up to 19 hours in a day, he stretched out to sleep, he was far less likely to hang up his clothes neatly than to toss them aside--provided he had been working in anything at all except his skin. As for sending out the laundry or making up the bed...well, I presume that every six months or so when he found himself without a clean sheet or a clean shirt, and the impendingness of a girlfriend visitor or a coincon necessitated either, the huge pile somehow got washed.

So that Item One of Walter the Slob vanished overnight once he had someone to cook his meals, make him stop and eat at reasonable intervals, clean up the kitchen for him afterwards and wash the dishes; and someone to take his shirts, sheets and socks to the laundry so that he need not spend that time away from work.

Item Two; Walter is an epileptic. Now; there are still a few people in the world for whom an epileptic is somebody who now and then rolls up his eyes, froths at the mouth and falls into a fit, whereafter he gets up and goes about his business. There are a few epileptics of that sort, poor creatures. Walter's, however (as I made it my business to find out before I ever considered having his child) is post-traumatic psychomotor epilepsy, which means it is the result of the same head injury which caused him to lose his memory for so many years. In short, it cannot be transmitted to any of our offspring, any more than a puppy's cut-off ears will shorten the ears of subsequent generations of spaniels.

However; it means that he suffers from excruciating migraine headaches during which he can only lie for hours in a darkened room with two or three pillows over his head to shut out the least gleam of light. It also means that he has seizures which vary in intensity from a 15-minute period of ataxia, or unsteadiness on his feet, to hours of unconsciousness during which no amount of skipping or name-calling will rouse him. Most typically, perhaps, he will begin to display minor irritability or irascibility; a few minutes later his speech will begin to be slowed and slurred and he will find himself unsteady on his feet...which is why on one of our transcontinental trips together it



was necessary for my son, or for me once he discovered I had some practical-nurse experience and was not morbidly modest, to help him back and forth even to the bathroom. Typically, if it develops into a full-scale seizure, he will then see flashes of light, or experience a sense of vertigo and of spinning round, and lose consciousness for from a few seconds to a half hour. After such a seizure he may be ataxic for from 20 minutes to several hours. Loss of sleep is perhaps the greatest factor in seizures; regular sleep and regular mealtimes have cut their frequency way, way down, thank God, to one every few weeks instead of once every day or so. But when for hours or days on end a man of Walter's calibre cannot work, he will drive himself relentlessly to work, going without food or sleep, in the working time he does have...thus perpetuating the cycle and making it worse. Genius, yes,... and one of God's Simple People, created for the unworldly. At our very first meeting, when the Boondoggle was not even a cloud on the horizon, he himself told me with amused glee of the Popsie Ellington incident, his attitude then being "Isn't that a lovely way to raise a child--all free of inhibitions and everything?" My attitude was so dampening that we almost quarrelled; I said "Then I hope to God her parents have taught her to be damned careful who she does it in front of...or some day she'll do it in front of some gospel shouter, and some innocent bystander will be Had Up for Child Molesting because he sat and grimed instead of rising up and shrieking in outrage 'Madam, your child is disrobing!'" Many a true word turns out, spoken in jest, to be bitter irony many years later. (And incidentally, my one and final comment on age-of-consent laws and the irony of our "national taboo on sex with children" is to point to half a dozen states where the legal marriage age is 12; but that also is neither here nor there.) Anyhow; I have seen Walter emerge as someone who needed only someone to care for him and save him from mundane details in which he became entangled. I have heard the story that Einstein had to be reminded daily by his secretary to carry change for the subway. I believe it. Anyhow, I have seen Walter the celebrity, in a world which make fandom look like the smallest and silliest bunch of kiddish rubes. I have seen Walter the genius, working to revolutionize musicology and sociology in a way that his own thesis committee of UC professors admit they are hardly competent to criticize. And I have seen Walter the man. And I consider myself privileged to live with him, to have his children--since, unless we are to be swamped with Wornbluth's Marching Morons, every man of Walter's intelligence MUST leave his genes to the race--and, simply, to take care of him.

Anyhow, this is the man that half a dozen little men with little minds wanted to ban from a convention he wouldn't have attended anyway --because he would have been, SHOULD have been, in Palo Alto that very weekend at a coin convention, making money. Instead, he had to stay home with me. So all the Boondogglers accomplished in the end was to keep MZB away from the convention crying. And crying. And learning, maybe, what science fiction fandom is REALLY worth.

Merde.

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TO M.F. AND CERTAIN OTHERS

When you say that I prostitute writing,  
When you say that my last novel stank,  
Your view of my writing upsets me so much  
That I cry all the way to the bank.

MZBB

IT'S GETTING DARK ON DARKOVER, or, THE BLOODY SON-OF-A-GUN: Bob Leman didn't exactly touch me on a tender spot when he referred to my VENTURE novelette Bird of Prey as "about the crudest", but he did remind me, rather amusingly, of many of the vicissitudes which that story went through to get into print. I originally wrote it up as a fanzine-type short story which appeared somewhere under the title DILEMMA ON CHARIN, and had a lady-or-the-Tiger type ending because the hero of the story was left WITHOUT a solution....both birds being set to kill HIM. When I submitted this fragment to Ackerman, who was my agent in those high and far-off times I was told to make it into a story, so I resolved the ending and Forry sent it out to market. Venture nibbled; or rather, they said they'd buy the story if I'd expand it from a long short story into a short novel, which I thereupon proceeded to do. Bob Mills bought the story---and then proceeded, having made me expand it, to cut it down again to about the original length at which I had submitted it. Being rather bugged at this procedure, I proceeded to write it up novel length, just to see what would happen. I sent it off to Forry and forgot it, and about five years later I got a German hardcover, in what I think is a rather good translation (it had better be!) of a book called Raubvogel der Sterne....still my only hardcover novel. I quietly abandoned all hope of ever seeing it in print---and then, mirabile dictu, Wollheim showed signs of interest in the thing, I forget how. I had meanwhile LOST my carbon of the long novel version; so that, for the Ace version of DOOR THROUGH SPACE, I had to re-retranslate from the German edition of RAUBVOGEL DER STERNE back to as near as I could remember of my original! FALCONS

OF NARABEDIA has almost as complex a printing history. Harlan Ellison got the story to publish as a serial, after everyone else had turned it down, and I forgot it had existed after DIMENSIONS folded; then one day, out of thin air, proper as you please, I see on the newsstands a copy of Ray Palmer's OTHER WORLDS containing a copy of FALCONS OF NARABEDIA. (I have never been paid a penny by Palmer.) Palmer also had SWORD OF ALDONES: when Don Wollheim asked me for an original novel, I had to write Ray by registered mail and serve him with notice that, statutes of limitations on contracts having long lapsed, I held myself free to dispose of the manuscript otherwise unless he either (1) printed it, (2) paid me for it or (3) returned it to me by five o'clock that afternoon. I got a return receipt on the letter and no answer, so I rewrote the novel from my carbon (changing it tremendously in the process) and sent it to Wollheim.

Here is as good a place as any to add a pleasant scrap of egoboo for Redd Boggs, without whom THE BLOODY SUN would never have been written and without whom it would never have sold, and to whom it should really have been dedicated. Redd and I often toyed with the notion of collaborating on a novel, as we did actually collaborate on a novelette which has never yet sold (I still have hopes) and some small part of Chapter Two (I think) was actually written by Redd; the conversation with Auster in the bar, and a part of the first meeting between Kerwin and the three strange redheads who later turn out to be the Comyn. I couldn't possibly figure out what I owe him at Ace word-rates and after all those rewritings, Redd, but if you'll let me know what your favorite whisky is, I'll buy you a bottle. Fair enough?



A LETTER FROM FRITZ LEIBER, JR. :: ...It'll be mostly about your (MZB's) piece on dark and bright fantasy--which hit me very much because I've been so concerned with the same problem; some of my ideas should be out fairly soon in F&SF in a guest review of four anthologies I did for Judy Merril a month or so ago.

The basic distinction, I think at the moment, is the one you make between dark, pessimistic, frightened, "we're doomed," essentially "Let's run away" fantasy and bright, optimistic, brave, "Let's solve the problem" fantasy. (Meaning by fsy all Speculative and Imaginative Fiction, including SF as well as S&S and supernatural horror or terror.)

Naturally this definition rather overloads the scales for bright fsy (Poe and Lovecraft were exploring as they ran away, or rather as they faced the inexorableness of death and the infinite mystery of the cosmos and the fact (?) of powers almost infinitely greater than man's.) Yet it makes the basic point.

Of course SF is largely bright fantasy despite its occasional atomic-doom and wrong-turn-in-time stories and novels.

Tolkien seems to be the decisive writer to you--sort of the touchstone, I mean. Here there is fear, but the brave overcome it; there a strong sense of humanity and of good beings banded together...and bravery and death, but with the latter bringing chiefly a sense of sadness--something akin to the tragic sense of life, perhaps. For me, the dark forces in Tolkien--the forces of Mordor, &c.--are rather inadequately handled; I'd like to get closer to them, understand them better. But it seems to me Tolkien takes the attitude that you don't traffic with evil at all, only fight it. Also, I recall that the books were written during WW2...and I catch in them a sense of England embattled against the Nazis and the rest of Europe. And then too he seems to be making the point that evil is largely and perhaps entirely negative; it thwarts the good but has no policy or inner life of its own except to go on destroying and thwarting to the ends of the universe and of time.

It would have been very difficult to make your point about dark and bright fsy to someone like Lovecraft, I'd guess--because of a difference in frames of reference easy to miss. Mention "bright fsy" and he'd have started to think of the later Algernon Blackwood, May Sinclair, and other believers (?) in spiritualism, perhaps theosophy, &c., who wrote largely saccharine (here I'm inclined to agree with HPL) tales of the beautiful other world, bright spirits all around us, &c. In other words he would have tended to see only one trashy but then prominent sector of the realms of bright fsy. And his revulsion wouldn't have been purely aesthetic but also realistic--since such bright fantasies were part of the Victorian rationalization that we're really living in a lovely world, that upperclass Englishmen and Americans have only good in them, none of that nasty Darwinian-Freudian stuff, etc. Christian Science with flashy angels!

HPL's thinking was starkly materialist-mechanist--the universe a random swirl of electrons, nothing more--pre-Rhine, pre-Zen, pre-Jung, pre-all the other sophistications that many modern thinkers have either accepted, or half-accepted, or at least recognized as something more than the sugary wish-dreams of silly old ladies.

And actually Lovecraft was very slowly coming to the point of facing his fears in fiction--like a moment in At the Mountains of Madness when the narrator realizes that the monstrous radiata they have unearthed near the South Pole are truly "Men!"--meaning thinking

feeling beings - striving with courage against all obstacles and horrors. But quite a bit of this will be coming out later this year in the Arkham book The Dark Brotherhood in two pieces of mine: "Through Hyperspace With Brown Jenkin: The SF Elements in Lovecraft's Writing" (much expanded from an earlier SHAGGY version) and "To Arkham and the Stars," a night spent in the Miskatonic University of today. Anyhow, thanks again for your stimulating article full of insights!

all best Dritz

[Comment by WB: The distinction between dark and bright fsy is of course much older than even the 19th or 18th century. Lucian's True History is mostly bright but contains a few dark elements. Norse sagas likewise, and other examples could be given. Tolkien's belief that one does not touch tar without becoming besmeared ("you can't do business with Hitler"--remember?) is of course thoroughly Christian, but then he is known to be an Anglican, like his longtime friend C.S. Lewis, requiescat in pace. Tolkien worked from medieval and from ancient Celtic/Norse sources, and part of the medieval flavor is in fact preserved by the obscure references to the blacker sort of witchcraft, with which one cannot traffic without being oneself contaminated. Thus Frodo, wearing the Ring on Mt. Doom, felt his own will fail and the Ring take over; thus even Gandalf and Galadriel had to resist the temptation to put on the same Ring...In short, the assumption of power not of one's own earning/achievement automatically corrupts. Also, for Tolkien, evil seems to be identified pretty thoroughly with power-over-others-for-its-own-sake and with sadism. That is a pretty fair statement of the case in actuality even outside the Tolkien world, I believe; it makes sense on both mundane and occult levels. But there was also bright witchcraft/magic, i.e. that of the elvish kind, in Tolkien's frame of reference, and it corresponds naturally to the Right Hand Path workings of occultism, or to the angelic powers developed by advanced mystics in various cultures. Power of this kind, usable in healing, repairing and restoring, in seeing, hearing and understanding, across time and space, is naturally of a different order, as it does not involve the subjugation of any other individual. This ethical distinction is clear enough to me in Tolkien. Having knowledge of sadism and power-for-power in this world, it needs little imagination to fill in the gaps left by Tolkien in his own description of Mordor et Cie. Then, too, Tolkien worked with archetypes, and these are at once too familiar and too elusive to need the detailed description given to purely human things.

Possibly, had HPL lived long enough to read Tolkien, he might have gone further than he did in the example you cite; possibly far enough to recognize that not all the unknown need be black, not all the elder gods (read: archetypes) thought-forms of evildoers bent on sadism, &c. I sense an odd parallel between him and Iuccini. Neither lived long enough for a redemptive fulfilment. Puccini could not finish the last act of Turandot; HPL could not live long enough to write anything embodying his final recognition that nonhumans can be at once sapient and capable of good, i.e. of struggling against darkness and chaos, creating order out of disorder. I hope Marion will have more to say on all this, here or later.]



MAILING COMMENTS : EARLIEF SET : WALTER BREEN

DAMBALLA 6 : Hansen :: A person can be truthful about things that do not jeopardize his self-image, such as details about when stories appeared in ASF, but when he is under fire from various sources and tries to propitiate them all, perhaps a few inconsistencies, contradictions, etc., are to be expected.

PANTOPON nd : Ruth Berman :: I might have known you'd take up the limerick challenge. Well done, too, though perhaps the two short lines might scan a bit better. Like, say, "If your baby's En Route" etc. (Thank you, we have one enroute; due date supposedly January 7 but likely to be earlier the way things now look.) :: The parallels you point out between L. Frank Baum and Dean Swift are rather disturbing. I wish I'd recalled anything of the kind when I was in OMPA and there was all that wretched foofaraw about Baum and his use of symbolic violence. :: The film THE RAVEN seems to fit your hypothetical category of farcical horror stories. COMEDY OF TERRORS might be another one.

BULL MOOSE : Morse :: And apparently someone DID do just as you suspected. The Big Big D admitted to witnesses that it was a Personal Vendetta. And like vendette alla Siciliana, it seems to have spread to the family... :: A copy of Mattachine Review seen somewhere on a newsstand (Market Street, SF, I think) showed on its cover someone reading another copy of M.R. and drinking from a carton labeled HOMO MILK. Somehow, that figures. :: One of the presents given our little Patrick by sundry coin dealers was a bronze medal suitably enameled, showing the new Canadian flag in color. A pretty medal, not yet generally available in the USA, and the flag itself is not too bad aesthetically as flags . . . flap; too many are simply grotesque. :: As a Savoyard j.g. I must agree that a well-played Katisha can and will Steal the Show at any Mikado performance, despite the executioner's little list and "The Suicide's Grave" and so forth. The Harding Theatre L\*A\*M\*P\*L\*I\*G\*H\*T\*E\*R\*S (the Barea's only repertory G&S company, longtime troupers almost all) have a stunning, not to say overpowering, Katisha in 270-lb June Wilkins. As the Executioner was sung by a skinny little runt hardly able to lift his axe (though he did lift his voice beautifully), this made the scene between him and Katisha all the more guffawsome... Wilkins's voice is perhaps a trifle on the frayed side, but she is an extremely convincing actress. She naturally also played the Duchess in Gondoliers, but even she couldn't quite save that show from dragging during much of Act I. I wish someone would give the company a copy of the Martyn Green Treasury of G&S (thanks, Bjo, for letting me see it) as it includes a lot of stage-business improving on some lines that have lost their topicality in the last 75-odd years. Thus, in Mikado, when the Emperor asks for Nanki-Poo's address, the traditional reply is "Knightsbridge!"--after the sometime locale of a Japanese exhibition in London, but who knows that today and who would laugh at the bit now? Green quotes WSGilbert himself as having ordered that future performances (after the Knightsbridge show had packed up its pagodas and toriis &c.) substitute some other suitable laughword. And so the D'Oyly Carte people should have, through Sept 1965 anyway, had the reply "NY Worlds Fair!", while the Lamplighters next time should say "The Harding Theatre!"

QUATTWUNKERY v2n3 :: Wells :: European capitals on islands? Which two of these were you thinking of: Belfast, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, or Reykjavik? :: There are metrical reasons for believing that in at least some dialects, and in the speech of actors, as late as the 17<sup>th</sup> century, some final e's were still pronounced though often slurred even as often in French today. Conversational French rarely sounds 'em, actors' and operatic French usually requires 'em. I have heard the theory from more than one philologist specializing in the period. Evidence from Dowland songs and others is inconclusive but not inconsistent with it. :: The Society of Er-i-u-dite Bastards isn't mine at all, though I've more or less been identified as a member; it was around FAPA years ago, and SAPS when that was still a going concern. Karen Anderson, Redd B.(D.Stf.), Ruth Berman, Richard E--- and several others are so called.

HORIZONS 101 : Warner :: What is this thing you have against Baltimore? Even spending several days there in a con hotel and not stepping outside seems to be, for you, tantamount to visiting Auschwitz. Sheesh. :: If a slushpile ms. turned out to be publishable, it would probably not be too closely plagiarized if at all. Remember the terms of any publishing contract: the author guarantees the publisher that the material is not libelous, obscene, or plagiarized, and should it prove so the said author can be taken into court for it. For nonslushpile stuff the issue presumably does not exist, so you'd have little to worry about. I hope Marion will comment on this from her own experience in reading Don Wollheim's and F&SF's slushpiles. :: I hope you live in good health long enough to write that book on Meyerbeer; conceivably it could spark the revival you want the way Barzun's 2-vol. study of Berlioz seems to have done for that much overrated composer. Berlioz, by the way, seems to fall into the same category as Meyerbeer (although an incomparably better orchestrator, with a most uncannily accurate ear for effects, imagining exactly what he was trying to produce). Of Meyerbeer all I will say here is that from what I have heard by him, the banal passages outweigh in length and frequency the few fine arias, and I am hardly willing to listen to an uncut Prophete or Huguenots for possibly a half dozen single numbers. (L'Africaine, in French or Italian version, might be another story, but I have not heard enough of it to tell.) :: Migraine equivalents do exist, and a migraine prodromal "aura" can consist in a lot of obscure symptoms--incoordination, pain in some other part of the body, sudden emotional changes, etc., in addition to or instead of the more familiar visual and gastric phenomena. :: How neatly and all but imperceptibly you went from deadpan history into outright faanfiction in your All Our Yesterdays bit. I wonder why you would have deleted Wetzel's name from the earlier part, while using the names as they actually appeared on the Dodd article (which appeared in both BANE and BHIS), considering the time in the 1970's or 1980's when this was supposed to have been written.... ::Enjoyed.

SILVER SPRING RHOOT BHEER &C. JOURNAL : Chauvenet & Ellick :: Atari.  
We have so far seen enough JFK halves in circulation that the only ones we bother to squirrel away (disclaimer) are perfect coins without nicks or scratches--viz. 1 or 2 from each mint. These are uncommon, even scarce in comparison with the usual banged up ones. :: Yes, but Thespis was a supreme flop, while Trial By Jury is still sometimes given.



KIM CHI 4 : Ellingtons :: The story about Crowley and the wild haggis hunt is found in a couple of supposedly well researched biographical studies of the man, and is certainly not only in character but for other reasons more likely to be authentic than much of the claptrap told about him (some of it emanating from A.C. himself, to be sure). :: The Adler 21 so far has turned out several hundred thousand words, about half of them for sooner or later publication (which is why I have so little time for fanstuff anymore), and has developed one slight bug which will have to be corrected for the 2nd time: the carriage sometimes tends to move too far over at the left margin and stick there; pressing the tab key removes the trouble for that time.

NULL-F 38 : White :: Doesn't your generalization about internal communities set up around a predetermined idea (viz. that they inevitably founder from internal conflicts) have an exception in the Oneida Community? This was, I hear, going strong for years until pressure from outside killed it off owing to alleged immoralities among the members. Had it been started in recent decades, it might still be around; its leaders seemed more sensible than those of Kerista. :: I can hardly agree in toto with your "Society is just us" answer. Sometime, for evidence on the point, go live awhile in the bible belt. Not Falls Church, but someplace like Spartanburg, S.C., or almost any Texas town of under 100,000 population. Then ask yourself if the general way of life therein is or is not actively bent on destroying anything not fitting within its rather narrow limits. And are you and I bent on destroying them? :: At least some intentional community people believe that something analogous to Heinlein's Crazy Tears (occultists would say: the passing of the Piscean Age) is coming, and they seek to build something like Noah's Ark to ride out the storms. Granting that assumption, the way of life sought is at least a logical consequence. :: The need for privacy is possibly neurotically exaggerated in some people, but it is a cultural universal for at least some activities; and the growing attempt to abolish privacy in the USA (see the recent pbo The Privacy Invaders, and recent ads for a \$3.98 spy gadget which will fit into any keyhole, etc.) will likely create neurotics, consistent with the Maslow theory of deficiency-needs. Not necessarily that any given individual has something to hide in the sense that a fugitive from the law has, but simply rather that some processes and activities are facilitated by the absence of critical Others, particularly at certain stages. I doubt that you would do particularly well in first-drafting a story with someone looking over your shoulder and making notes for criticism every minute of the time! :: I strongly suspect Eric Blake of being a hoax.

SAFARI : Kemp :: What a treble damned shame that you have decided to resign, while so many misguided people are content to stay around almost solely to feud, fight, and fuss. :: I met Hannes Bok only once, but spent an entire long evening with him (thanks to Marty Jukovsky), and experienced what would have to be called instant affinity with him; when I heard of his death, I was almost in tears. He did not attempt to tell my future--conscientious astrologers don't do that!--but he did, as I live and breathe, tell me <sup>to</sup> things he could not have known by any normal method, simply by constructing and interpreting a chart for me. (I have seen it done again and again since; possibly astrology can be a vehicle for psychism, possibly it is an effective application of Jung's principle of synchronicity.)

A PROPOS DE RIEN 14 : Caughran :: The rush on silver dollars was partly from coin dealers, hoarders and speculators, partly from collectors, but in far larger measure than anyone suspected, from people who anticipated Treasury demonetization of silver and wanted a hedge against Hungarian-style inflation.

WHY NOT 7 : Albert Lewis :: ATom seems to have confused a swordfish and a sawfish. Are sawfish even edible?  
:: Thanx for the mention of Marineland. There are enough coin cons in the LArea so that someday we'll make sure to visit Marineland while at one of 'em. :: Has anyone bothered to inquire if the porpoises with heart trouble are only the captive variety who developed it in tanks, or were the beasts brought in already with the disease? Also, "porpoises and mammals" would be about like saying "monkeys and mammals"--like, porpoises ARE mammals.

LIGHTHOUSE 12 : Carr et al :: Gina missed a few points, but basically her funny dissection of TLOTR shows how determinedly a dirty mind and ex-PAPA member can find something relevant in ANYTHING, a la the bawdy parodies on Mary Had a Little Lamb. But she is not the first to spot the subtle homosexual material in the Tolkien saga; it is mentioned in various other critical articles, and was hinted at in MZB's Men, Halflings & Hero-Worship. :: Do you still need the FANHISTORY set? I have one, or did lastime I checked.  
:: The brutality in the FSM thing seems not to have come from the educated Berkeley police but rather from their more numerous and less educated Oakland counterparts and the sheriff's goon squads, according to a KPFA reporter eyewitness who told me much more than hit the papers. (UC campus police, by the bye, are part of the Oakland force rather than that of Berkeley, for unknown reasons.) Worse, the billyclub-wielding element carefully removed their badges first so that they could not be identified by number, after expelling all recognizable newspaper reporters, cameramen, etc., and pasting butcher paper over all reachable Sproul Hall windows. The FSM, once in a good moral position, was afterwards ruined by the underground element (nonstudents) who identified it with an opportunity to extend it from its original political-freedom aim to a campaign to legalize four-letter words--and so now it has lost many of its original adherents, who see no point in wasting time on a less important battle. :: What I meant by my "Metzger is the West's answer to G.Scithers" was obvious enough to me. GM, like GS, writes enormously long and colorful letters from Foreign Parts courtesy of Uncle Sam; but (save for digging certain types of visual art) he is in all other respects as near an exact antithesis to GS as I could imagine. :: LJGrant: "Instant religion" is when someone joins a crackpot California cult in order to claim conscientious objection for his draft board, or founds one to achieve tax-exempt status. :: "Turko-Altaiic"? Finno-Ugric maybe? :: Terry, one could also make out an equally good case for the Babel story being an after-the-fact attempt to explain the "babel" of tongues at the international crossroads of Byblos, where at some immemorial time was a ziggurat temple or maybe even a king-size mastaba tomb or the like. The Tarot card of the Ruined Tower may be relevant to the story in its traditional form.



ALLERLEI 14 c/w DAY\*STAR 25 : Us :: Bill Morse--I finally reached a printer who could give me something close to what I wanted in authentication certificate letterheads. 24- and 14-point Goudy's Hadriano for the "Institute of Numismatic Authenticators" title and address. This particular design happens to be the precise one used by Univ of Calif on diplomas. Coupon bond paper, not my first choice but the most durable 100% rag content paper available, was finally decided on; the idea was that certificated would have to last about as long as the coins themselves, despite hundreds of unfoldings and refoldings by successive owners of the coins, as they read the certificates. Hadriano is on the stern and dark side, but at least it is of high aesthetic quality and does give an impression of time-binding. Also, it is distinctive enough so that forged authentication certificates are not likely to turn up for awhile. I have already heard dealers claim that "Walter Breen said this coin was OK" when it was not a coin I had ever seen before, or when the coin had been switched by someone in the meantime. Certificates describe the coins in such detail that they cannot be mistaken for any others; eventually I expect to have access to quick photography services so that even this safeguard will be unnecessary. :: Juanita--our Little Pet Pat has also been heard to say other words, too, mostly in imitation of us. :: No further developments in the Dydeedoggle; the noisome nappies never were recovered, unless perhaps by some garbage disposal unit. Let me take this opportunity to correct a lie that has been making the rounds. Some of our opponents have claimed that we denounced Philip K. Dick as the culprit. This is absolutely false. Careful reading of the true story as we gave it in our zine will show that Ray & Walter T. Nelson and we all expressed surprise on hearing the description of the thief given by our neighbor Mrs Hamilton. The police officer asked if we knew anyone answering the description. We had to agree that PK Dick answered it but we did NOT file a complaint nor specifically <sup>accuse</sup> him; and he had a perfect alibi for that time. He was not molested by police for it, nor did he hold against anyone the incident. Phil was friendly enough with us on the phone after that, but he has been out of touch with everyone of late. So have we, but that is mostly the result of sickness, not of deliberate rejection or isolation.

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A P R O V E R B F O R T H E D A Y  
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- Karen Anderson : Prov. 31:22
- Wrai Ballard : Prov. 25:26 RSV only
- Redd Boggs : Psalms 1:1
- Richard Bergeron--ditto
- FMB : Prov. 26:28; Eccl. 10:1
- MZBB : Prov. 31:10-31; Eccl. 4:9-11
- WB Prov. 15:1
- Big Big D : Prov. 16:25-30
- DAG : Prov. 20:7
- Miri Knight : Prov. 31:26
- NorM : Prov. 19:5
- Dan McPhail : Prov. 25:27 RSV only
- Andy Main : Eccl. 4:13
- Elephant: Prov. 21:9 and 19
- Sam : Prov. 22:24-5
- Juffus : Prov. 18:1-2 RSV; 16:25-30
- BT: Prov. 29:7

AFTERWORDS : I had intended to do full mailing comments on the August FAPA mailing, but they will have to be put off until some later time or skipped altogether. I have now too many book contracts to handle conveniently while allowing myself time for fanning of any sort. Coin collecting is enough of a branch of Big Business that new publishers are coming into the game every year and most of them want something from me; and I cannot afford to pass up most such invitations, whether for magazine articles, serials, or full-length books, in collaboration or by myself. I do read other things outside coindom when I have the time--which is not often enough these days.

Which makes it all the more regrettable that some of the stuff dumped into my mailbox is now increasingly not worth reading. For instance, I did happen to glance through the Jack Speer postmailing. My first reaction was "Oh, for crissakes, 37 pages?"; my second was that in three random openings of pages I found three demonstrable lies, straight out of wholecloth, which pretty well kills the alleged reliability of whatever may have been in the remainder of this libelous piece of spite. The three lies, in no particular order: (1) He claims Jessie Clinton was on the Prosecute Breen side. In fact, she unasked for came along with us, as a character witness on my side, when we first contacted our attorneys. (2) He claims that I was arrested for loitering near a school. This is untrue; I have never been even so much as stopped for loitering, as I have not loitered--here or elsewhere. (3) He claims that the faculty committee has kept bouncing back my MA thesis which is why I have not yet gotten my M.A. The truth is, indeed, about as far from that nonsense as one could imagine. The thesis grew to over 400 pages, and my three committee members (two from the Soc. Dept., one from Music Dept.) have instructed me to excerpt about 90pp of it as a standard-length Master's Essay; they believe that the quality of it is good enough to make acceptance a foregone conclusion. Accordingly, I will get the MA degree in Jan. barring further illness. I have been advised by the committee chair<sup>4</sup> man to resubmit the original version as a doctoral dissertation, with Prof. Leo Lowenthal to chair the committee as it is more in his line, and with two of the present committee to remain on the doctoral dissertation committee--they are interested enough. Reactions quoted to me by various secretaries and faculty people and grad. students, to whom have been passed around one of the several copies of the thesis, have been all on the goshwow side. So much for Mr Speer. Another "Investigation In Newcastle" it isn't, Juffus.

To more pleasant topics: Whitman Publishing Co. has accepted a hardcover book from me, my first and--hi, BT--on exceptionally good terms. My working title for it was FUNNY MONEY: OR, 'THE MINT MAKES NO MISTAKES'--A STUDY IN INFALLIBILITY. When I told that title to Ken Bressett and R.S.Yeoman (respectively Managing Editor and VP) they got the Galloping Giggles. Ken told me that it would probably have to be retitled, though, to avoid the Philadelphia Mint officials' assuming it to be a libel on their work. (It's about mint errors, or what used to be called freak coins, of course...) Terms: Hard covers, first printing announced as 15,000 copies, \$2000 initial advance on royalties, additional printings probable, on terms to be discussed then. Whitman has the ms., I have the cheque, and we have celebrated. I doubt I will run the thing through FAPA, though that would be a fine ploy on the Bind Your Mailings types. Expected pubdate sometime this winter. --WB



# CATCH TRAP

It's been so long since I cut any mailing comments that new members of FAPA may not remember the reason for the title of this department --namely, that writing mailing comments for an organization like FAPA is analogous to working the catcher's position in a flying-trapeze act; you have to grab what they throw you and keep it swinging, or else it drops with a dull thud, some times dead. These stencils are being cut on a borrowed Royal portable which cuts worse stencils than any machine since the old Remington I had in 1952-54. The only difference is that at that time I said I preferred marginal legibility -- thus assuring that only those who were interested in what I had to say would bother reading it. How one's ancient fuggheadries do haunt one, to be sure.....

FANTASY AMATEUR -Officialdom. I never thought I would be in favor of anything proposed or seconded by Bill Donaho, but I find myself feeling that if we MUST have a blackball, then it needs some such safeguard as the proposed amendment to 9:2 (that "blackballed" members be voted on by the entire membership). At least this assures that a very small minority cannot stampede a rejection of any potentially valuable and non-dangerous member. I am seriously considering running for O-E again. I enjoyed my previous tenure of office, and now that I have the time to handle the work of the business, I'd like to have another shot at it. I also feel that --without any reference whatever to my support or otherwise of Bruce Pelz --no one man should hold the same office too long in any group. I was a staunch Roosevelt man (in secret --my parents were Republicans) but even so, I opposed the fourth term. My address is, and has been for some time, Box 1032, Berkeley. I want to make it clear that I did not and do not endorse this insanity of blackballing the whole waiting list --though my reason, quite apart from objecting in principle to the blackball, is different from that of some others. Has anyone stopped to think that if this nonsense should be upheld, then there would be no waiting list, and ex-waiting-listers near the bottom could leap up to the top just by re-applying sooner than old members, thus discouraging unfairly people who have been climbing the list slowly for years? At last I am approaching the status of truefan in the sense of FAPA being there old fans go to die. I note that at least half the waiting list are people I never even heard of. My fan contacts outside FAPA have sunk to virtually nil, and the funny thing is...where fandom used to be the major force of my existence, I don't miss it at all. It used to be that if I didn't get any fanish letters, fanzines or such, my whole day was spoilt. Now, if I do get such communications, unless they come from long term friends (who are often fans only by courtesy anyhow) I sigh with mingled exasperation and resignation and usually toss them aside to be read or looked at "some day."

THE JDM BIBL OPHILE- Hoffatt. For once, I bibliography that I really enjoyed and appreciated. I have been a McDonald fan for lo, these many years, and consider him about the finest of writers in the mystery field today. (I wish this beblasted typewriter would stop skipping spaces!) My own favorite is THE END OF THE NIGHT, which I consider at least on a par with COMPULSION and ANATOMY OF A MURDER as a serious "problem" novel.

second page of mailing comments.

MOONSHINE -Sneary/Moffatt. I object to having been listed as a Cult member, "Honorary" (an honor they call it?) or otherwise. I was a Cult member for about two mailings and decided there was nothing in it to interest me, years ago. No Cult zine I have seen since --and I have seen plenty --has changed my mind. # # # This may be a good place to say that while I don't think the present system of giving out Hugos is the best possible, I think the suggested system of having "experts" and "professionals" decide for fandom what is Good and Worthy, is even worse. Professional editors, by and large, are only people who happen to make a living in the field; the same for critics, with the exception that a person can get to be a "highly respected critic" without any greater qualifications than that he has made his opinion available, often for free, loud and long. When it comes to accepting the opinion of a group of random readers over the opinion of a group of "experts", give me the readers every time. I think the Hugos should continue to reflect what readers actually like....not what some group of status-conscious, prestige-conscious "experts", with one eye on the mainstream, think they ought to have liked. I happen to think Burroughs is a worse writer than --oh hell, than the author of the Bobbsey twins. Yet if fandom collectively felt that Burroughs had contributed more to their reading enjoyment than, say, Harlan Ellison, then the publishers of Burroughs were doing more for the readership than those of Ellison's books --NO MATTER WHAT THE HIGHBROWS AND EXPERTS SAY. Of course, since the phrase "Hugo winner" has come to be worth money in dollars and cents when splashed across the front of a book, those who long for status and prestige will try to get "experts" (usually with axes to grind) to nominate "good" books rather than those the readers themselves select. # # # Damn it, science fiction is ENTERTAINMENT writing. Can't we get our eyes off the mainstream and stop apologizing and screeching "But-it's-Literature-and-you-highbrows-have-gotta-take-us-SERIOUSLY" ?????

QUEEBCON - Raeburn, Clark et al ... But, but, but, the NATIONAL INQUIRER and the TORONTO JUSTICE WEEKLY are just a low-brow's version of THE REALIST!

HORIZONS -Harry Warner. Thanks, Harry, for putting my attitude to car repairs better than I could. Since I can repair an ailing sewing machine, make the most complicated patterns in crochet, or in dressmaking, concoct (and even invent) extremely complex recipes, do a bang-up job of constructing stage sets and Christmas decorations, and don't mind at all getting my hands dirty (I grew up on a farm and can milk cows, drive a hay rake, and even shovel manure) it isn't an ineptitude at ~~most~~ mechanical tasks. I have no doubt what ever that, given even a brief course in the fundamentals, I could learn to do any task in auto repair which is consonant with my (considerable) physical strength. I can, and do, handle many "unfeminine" jobs. I just don't find it that important, and if I had time to take a course in car repairing, I'd renew my AAA Emergency Road Service membership and spend the time on a course in harmony, sketching, or even Japanese cooking.



A third page of mailing commentd, HORIZONS still under comment.

# # # How do I feel about growing old? Having reached the halfway mark of the allotted threescore and ten, it's a fair question, since strictly peaking and literally, I am "middle aged." I don't feel middle aged --perhaps having a new baby has something to do with that; marrying a man thirty years my senior meant that during my twenties I did feel middle aged, and now feel (and, according to my family and closest friends) look at least ten years younger. But there are reminders of mortality. I have never recovered mortality in my dislocated knee and still limp badly in bad weather. (freudo; read "I have never recovered mobility in my dislocated knee.") I have had a couple of reminders that my heart, damaged by rheumatic fever in adolescence, is probably going to give out before the rest of my otherwise very sturdy frame. And I can't work fourteen hours a day any more without repercussions both physical and emotional. Fifteen years later than most women, I have on grown the tendency to cry. (I used to cry when I was angry, unhappy, frustrated, frightened; or what have you. It was very embarrassing and childish. Now I just get cold and shaky inside.) # # # As for death; I honestly don't give a damn what they do to my body after I'm out of it; I don't believe in the literal resurrection of the body, and I'm sure not going to stick around in it any longer than I have to. I would prefer NOT to be stuck in a carefully waterproofed, time -capsule coffin, though. My attitude is that dust should return to dust as quickly as possible. Nor do I want irreplaceable metals buried with me, or to be buried all dressed up. Custom probably will demand the minimum of a pine box and a shroud or sheet. But for all I care, sanitary laws permitting, they can throw me in the city dump. If the soul survives after death, the fate of my body is approximately unimportant; and if it doesn't, it's even LESS important. Just so they make sure I'm dead before they heap on the dirt. ~~###~~ If I felt ambitious, I would write a piece on the Conan Doyle imitations of Sir Walter Scott -- THE WHITE COMPANY, etc.

SHEILA THARI - Ency. WHY can't you get a cheap banquet? Most Chinese restaurants will provide a feast for about \$3 per person, and at the Dallas Southwestern, there was a nifty fried chicken dinner (with own choice of white or dark meat) for \$2.50 each. If the hotel won't co-operate, look for a local restaurant that will. At the Midwescon in 1963, a local Smorgasbord place provided a fantastically fine meal for about \$2.75. And Walter comments that the Disclave had a local Italian restaurant do the same thing. If a regional con can do it, so can a worldcon!

QURP - Ron Bennett. One of our family games is spotting letters and initials in the 3-letter combos of California license plates. We have seen BEM, MAD, BAH and BAA, JFK and LBJ, OOH, but so far no GHU or even MZB. We also like to make up imaginary organizations for the initials; BSU -Baptist Student Union, MWU, Morons of the World Unite, etc. ~~###~~ I, too, am an avid Raymond Chandler fan, having read all of his works. I can name another; pro writer Leigh Brackett, who confesses that her early works were all "flagrant emulation of Chandler." (Has anyone ELSE read Leigh's hardcover mysteries?)

A fourth page of mailing comments .

GADENZA: Charles Wells. Mostly in answer to Larry McCombs letter.

I am (curiously enough, considering that I married the most unconventional of men) a somewhat conventional person in dress and manners. When attending college in a Bible Belt town, my protective coloration was so good that I was considered only a little odd --mostly because I didn't tease my hair into the bouffant coiffures which were fashionable just then. I can appear like Mrs. Average Suburban Housewife when it is to my advantage to do so, and once I was snubbed by a Berkeley beatnik-type friend to whom I spoke when I happened to be wearing nylons, heels and an upsweep hairdo --he didn't recognize me! I seem to be the only adult in Berkeley who has never smoked marijuana. Which means that I seem like a radical in conservative circles and like a square in far out circles. And yet. And yet. I see no incongruity in this, feeling no compulsion to conform to Berkeley standards any more than the standards of Rochester, Texas. I suppose I would echo the sentiments of Philip in Maughan's OF HUMAN BONDAGE: "Follow your own inclinations, with due regard for the policeman around the corner", or perhaps "Drop a curtsy to Mrs. Grundy if she happens to be looking in your direction."

My to this means that I have no principles, or maybe it means that I have my own, and they do not necessarily fall into line with those of any group, being strictly no-type and eclectic. ~~###~~ However, I had a very severe test of them this winter, when my son David --my quiet, intellectual son -- suddenly developed a liking for rock'n'roll music (which I considered almost as shocking as if he had been converted to the Jehovah's Witnesses) and furthermore, let his hair grow in one of those God-awful long Beatle haircuts. This WAS a severe test of my belief in freedom for kids within safe limits. I could easily have said to myself that his choice of these fads --permanent or temporary -- proved that he had no discrimination and was therefore not fit to exercise free choice. (How many dedicated atheists would allow their kid to make a retreat at the local Catholic church?) I could have said he had been brainwashed by the pervasive, and sinister, commercialized teenage culture of our time. ~~###~~ But David is almost fifteen. For better or worse, his tastes are formed. He buys his own clothes, with the only restrictions being financial --what we can afford; he gets a fair share of clothes money, and has to supply his wardrobe out of it. He gets an allowance, and whether he buys comic books or saves up for a subscription to PLAYBOY is his own affair. So the only restriction on rock'n'roll music is that his stepfather and I must not be forced to listen to it; his room, by sheer luck, is virtually soundproof and on weekend nights he stays up till 3 am some times listening to local disk jockeys. My feelings about the haircut were even more mixed. I associate those damned flop-cared haircuts with English teddyboys and with Christopher Robin. My first impulse was to order him to get it cut post haste. In the end, however, I only stipulated that --in the interests of safety and good eyesight --the bangs must not hang down below the top rims of his glasses. Apart from that, he could have his skull, or braid it and stick feathers in it Sitting Bull fashion. But it wasn't easy. You always find that convictions are fine but with your kids it's different...and apropos of that, this



A fifth page of mailing comments, CADENZA on the tapis

is why I have the reverse of admiration for Madalyn Murray. She has a right to be an atheist and to get herself beaten up for her convictions...but I do NOT approve of the fact that her private convictions got her two sons beaten by their schoolfellows for being atheists. Neither, at the time when she began this fight, was old enough to decide that he wished to be a martyr. This simply shores up my conviction that a good mother, wirt over her private convictions, should not impose them on her kids. Naturally the kid will absorb them. The child of an atheist rarely grows up a devout Fundamentalist, or the child of a practising nudist a Puritan, unless there is a very bad parent-child relationship. But Madalyn Murray qualifies, in my mind, with those who would deliberately paint a monkey green and let it loose to be torn to pieces by its fellows.

VANDY - Coulsons. Akhnaton means Joy of Aton, but I don't know for certain what Tut-ankh-amen means, except that it means, in part, Life of Amon. I'll try to find out. # # # I think the steroid hormones have already changed feminine psychology substantially. In some cases this is Good (i.e. the overworked mother of six who doesn't have to look forward to abstinence or endless fertility) and in some cases Bad, as in giving full rein to selfishness in a woman who, faced with biological realities, might grow up a little and can now go on denying her responsibilities forever; also, in the case of a woman with a husband who wants to Achieve Success before having kids -- (or tells himself that this is his reason, to cover up some psychoneurotic reason, or immaturity); with standard contraceptives the woman could always hope for a legitimate failure to force him to face his real attitudes; now her only recourse is divorce. # # # Apropos of which I once said that I approved of 98% reliable contraceptives, but not of 100% reliable ones. Why? Because I am not altogether a materialist; and to say "I absolutely refuse to take the ages-old feminine risk of pregnancy" is playing God. I am willing to demonstrate to the Powers that Be by my very real Unwillingness to have a child; but I refuse to say "No" to those powers. I'll say "Please, I'd rather not," but I won't say an absolute NO. There would be, for me personally, only three reasons for the 100% contraceptive approach; if I had a disease proven to be hereditary, or my husband/lover did; if I simply could not resist the physical appeal of a man whose children I would not make myself accept; or if I knew that another pregnancy would leave my present children motherless. Inconsistent probably, but then I do not put these forth as desirable ethics for other women, this is just where I draw my own lines. # # # I will not be polite in public to a fan I dislike in print. Everyone in Berkeley knows that I refuse invitations to parties where I am likely to meet fans who have shandered me or mine, and we never give "Open House" parties; like your picnics, our parties are invitation-only affairs; we allow house guests etc to bring in neutral uninvited fans without comment, but there is a persona non grata list and anyone showing up with one of these people in tow (hoping to smooth things over?) would be politely refused admittance. And fans showing up uninvited invariably find that we are too busy, that week, for talk.

Sixth and probably final page of mailing comments unless I can beg or borrow another typor to do them on; so if I skip anybody it is not necessarily intentional.

PROJECT REPORT # 1 -Hoffman. When I was taking a (required) course in Bible at Hardin-Simmons university, our professor actually cited the story of a flood in the Gilgamesh epic as proof of the Biblical account of Noah's flood. There's one born every minute. # # # And speaking of Gods reminds me that when speaking of pagan gods, charitable translators (i.e. less prejudiced against paganism and pro-Christian) would have translated the idea of "Gods" to mean something like Nature Forces or Saints or even Archangels. No one except the ancient Hebrews, as far as I know, ever claimed any of their gods to be the Creator of the Whole Universe. # # # But, but, but...the nuclear family, i.e. one man, one woman and the immature offspring of both, is a fairly recent development in human history, the "extended family" being much older in anthropology and making (to me at least) much better sense. # # # Lee, (I'm talking about SELF-PRESERVATION now) I can well believe that Jack Speer is quite serious when he asks from the boondocks "What is Pop art?" I didn't know myself until I moved to Berkeley; and I was going to a college with a separate Art department. Now York, Chicago, California and perhaps a few other cities keep up with culture fads and only the most inveterate readers ever find out about them in ALL THE REST OF THE COUNTRY. Everybody in Rochester, Texas, know who Van Cliburn was, because he made the headlines; but less than three of them know who Pablo Casals was. # # # One of my brothers used to be a racing driver. He never had a death wish as far as I can divine, and judging from the way he lived, he doesn't have much of a wish to Live Life to the Full either. He just liked to build cars that would go fast, and having tinkered with them to the uttermost, liked to prove he had done so, by trying it out against other cars.

THE SILVER SPRING S-F, ROOT BEER AND GO ASSOCIATION -Chauvenet et al - Some day, just for the heck of it, and to frustrate those people who bind FAPA mailings, I'm going to send 68 copies of one of my Ace novels through the mailing. It would be "Substantially the work of a member" (hoo hah and how!) it would not need special packaging, and FAPA has no rule about prior distribution, or didn't last time I looked. I might not get credit for it if it was a reprint of a magazine serial, but who needs credit? It would be FUN to have 180 pages in one mailing!

DAKIMI -Jane Ellern. From one Dion Fortune fan to another, hail! You can join the Society of the Inner Light from this country, you know. Unlike the Rosicrucians and other California crackpottery, they do NOT demand money...only minimal fees for postage (no more than a fanzine subscription). I have been deathly serious about all this for many years now, but FAPA isn't the place to discuss it. Not for me, anyhow. # # # Gretchen Cheato, who lived with us all spring, was trying to teach her two-year-old to read; she gave me Glenn Dornn's book on how to teach YOUR baby to read, and I was impressed. Impressed, but not persuaded. Oh, sure, a two-year-old CAN be taught to read. But not any of my kids, thanks. All too many of today's women, after firmly establishing their permissoness by letting the kids run



A seventh page of mailing comments because I am in the middle of commenting on DAKINI

around with their bottles and still in diapers, will proceed to pressure them ruthlessly on a verbal level, and it strikes me in general -- please understand, not knowing you I can't say anything about YOUR motives, but in some cases I HAVE known -- it strikes me as just another way of showing the old my-kid-is-faster-than-your-kid. Besides, I feel that a too-early symbolization and shift to purely verbal values is not a good thing, in a world that daily gets further and further from nature. I think a baby should first be completely integrated on a non-verbal, non-symbolic level; control his own bodily functions, become independent in dressing, learn his way around house, neighborhood, become knowledgeable about contact with animals, crossing the streets, watching grass and flowers grow -- then, and only then, could his attention shift to the symbolic representations of all these things. If Pat teaches himself to read, he can learn to read any time he wants to; but I won't even start teaching him until he has mastered all these in the tactile and sensory, non-symbolic world. # # # And what in hades is a baby of two going to be reading anyhow, that would give him more than block-playing? He hasn't the social experience to read anything else. Parents who would shriek with horror at the idea of their kid watching TV, will let him read usually-worthless kiddie books. It's different if, at four or five, he has the worldly wisdom and experience to read adult or older-child books which can give him vicarious experience. But at two he should be drawing in life with his whole body and fingers, not symbolizing it through his eyes. # # # It may be harmless. But I wouldn't dare to risk it. # # # These stencils are being cut when Pat is eight months old. Glenn Doman tells about a mother who had her kid "reading" before she could talk. Horrors! I'm proud enough that Pat can walk at this age. # # # A good zine. When you entered FAPA I was skeptical, since you had never published anything here. I was wrong, as I often am.

SYNAPSE -Speer. You keep the Os from dropping out of the stencil by getting a typewriter which doesn't have such sharp type.

PHANTASY PRESS -McPhail. Belated compliments for the way you blasted hell out of George Metzger. I too was exiled in a cultural desert, but I found some beauty there, and anyway, I learned long ago that the world (including Texas and Oklahoma and the populations thereof) were not formulated for my personal convenience. Incidentally, if anyone can show me any scenery more beautiful than that near Turner Falls, Oklahoma, I will go and see it.

BU8798D -Ed Cox. (and ESDAGOS \*) We can sympathize with your fears for Kevin; we lived through a nightmare when Patrick was six days old. He was born with a closed fontanelle, which meant we had to take X-rays to make sure the skull sutures were not also closed. That would have meant pressure on the brain, and thus immediate surgery needed to relieve it as the brain grew. For weeks, while we awaited the verdict, I died every time the phone rang and had nightmares every time I touched that little silky skull.....

H E L L   W I L L   F R E E Z E   W H E N . . .

BT publishes a 100-page LEZ for FAPA...  
Robert A. Heinlein joins the Socialist Party...  
Elliot Shorter asks him to autograph a copy of Farnam's Freehold...  
Betty Kujawa and Helen Wesson join a Nest...  
Redd Boggs publishes a genuine collection of early Lovecraftiana...  
Dave Locke and Scotty Neilsen co-edit a fanzine...  
Walt Disney films The Hobbit...  
Ted White gives up Pepsi for Lent...  
Marion and Walter Breen name their next baby William D. Breen...  
The Israeli Government erects a statue to Colonel Nasser...  
Alfred Hitchcock films The Dunwich Horror...  
Joan Baez sings Turandot at the Met...  
Buck Coulson throws a party in honor of Ray Beam...  
G.W.Price admits that there might be something after all to liberalism  
Joe Gibson publishes a real WB Appreciation Issue...

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QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ASKED

(Asked of a soaked, dripping son) Did you get wet?  
Are you back?  
Is my baby all waked up?  
Oh, did you have your hair cut?  
Was that the telephone?  
(When dinner is on the table) Is it dinnertime already?  
(At 2 a.m.) Are you still awake?  
(To a sleepy son wearing one sock and one undershirt) Aren't you dressed yet?  
Where did you get that beautiful baby?

[The answers are left as an exercise to the reader.]

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FOR DAVID, AFTER HE REMONSTRATED ABOUT MY USE OF "SNOODLETALK"

For opinions I care not a damn:  
They call me a mother; I am.  
So this beautiful boy  
Is my pride and my joy.  
If you don't like it, go to Siam.

MZB

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Electra's trouble was a case of Orested development  
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Credits, Dan and ST: WB--74/2 , MZBB--164/2: + WB mtl in Wrhn