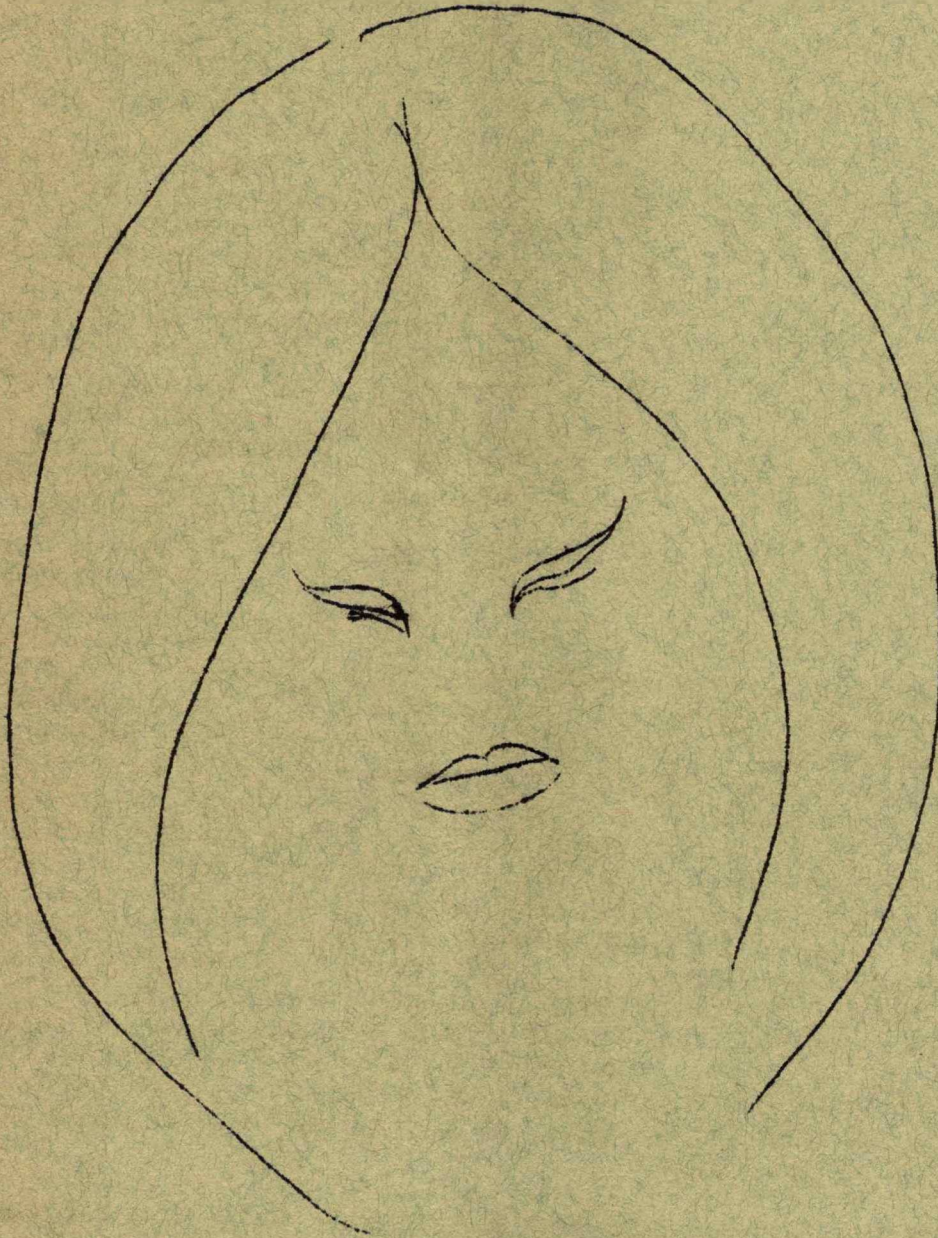
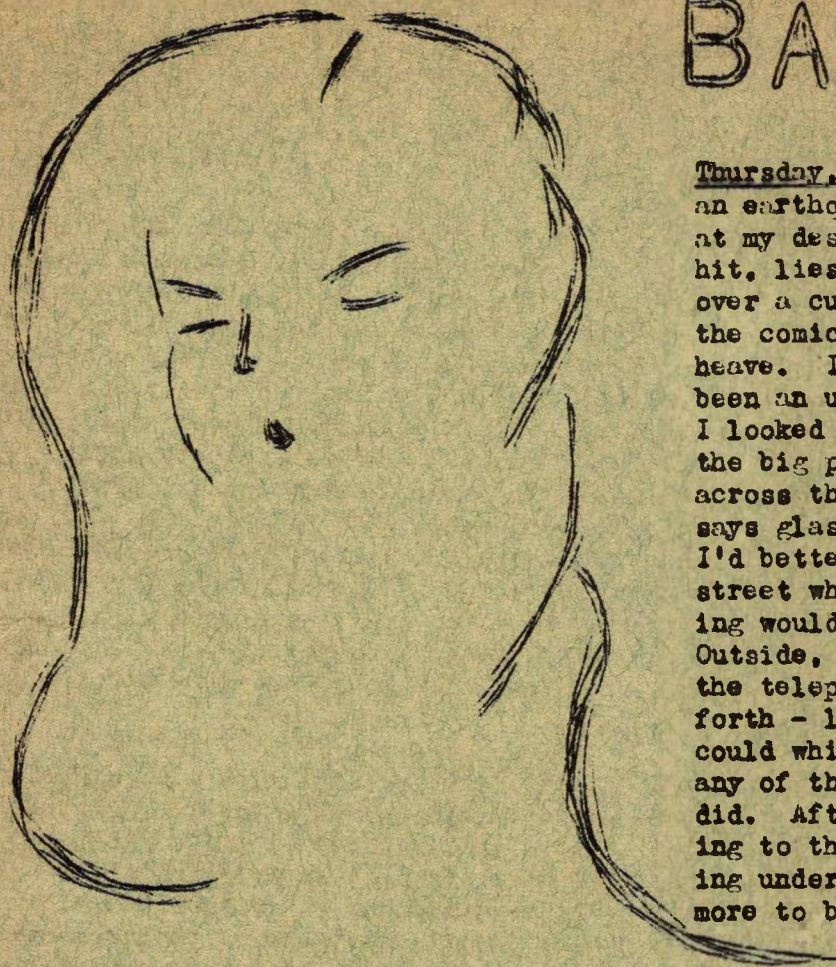


GEMZINE 4/44

Gertrude M. Carr
5319 Ballard Ave NW
Seattle, Wn. 98107
For N'APA Mlg. 25



BAIT BOX



Thursday, April 29, 1965: A half hour ago an earthquake hit Seattle. I was sitting at my desk here in the shop when the quake hit, leisurely reading the morning paper over a cup of coffee. I'd gotten as far as the comics when the building started to heave. I thought at first it must have been an unusually heavy truck going by, so I looked up out into the street... I saw the big plate glass windows in the garage across the way, buckling and weaving (who says glass isn't flexible?), and decided I'd better get out in the middle of the street where it was less likely the building would fall on me if it started to give. Outside, of course, it wasn't much safer; the telephone poles were swaying back and forth - loaded with electrical wires that could whip around every which way in case any of them snapped. Luckily, none of them did. After a short time (4 seconds, according to the radio) the street stopped shaking underfoot. I stood there a few seconds more to be sure it was all over. It was a very brief episode, but in that short time I watched bricks fall off the round tower atop the old Ballard Police Station (now used for

occasional offices, music lessons, and the Public Health Nurses). It looked like a scene from the movies -- bricks and mortar showering down like a waterfall. Downstreet the other way, men were milling out of the taverns and union hall like ants swarming. In the same block with me, a neatly-dressed woman shopper wandered aimlessly into the middle of the street and smiled embarrassedly at me, and a couple of mechanics from the garage stood there -- like me, silently looking up and down the street. A young man dashed out of the Ballard Lunch, jumped into his car which was parked in the one open spot opposite the parking lot, and like a flash gunned it out into the middle of the avenue and stopped. There was nowhere he could go, and the street was heaving underfoot threatening to open any moment. His futile gesture of attempted flight was a note of grim humor. When the shaking stopped and everything was still, except for the bricks still cascading from the Old Police Station, I went back into the shop to see what I'd find. Everything appeared to be all right, except for a box of obsolete file cards which was shaken off a shelf and scattered all over the floor. All the file cabinet doors were jostled open, and some of the water splashed out of my little goldfish bowl in the window.

Frank was out on a job on a boat when it happened. Being down below in the engine room, he merely thought the motion was due to waves from a passing boat. (So did the skipper, for that matter, who went up to the deck to see who the Hell that clod was who went by so fast he'd raise a wake like that!) When they discovered it was an earthquake, Frank hurried back to the shop as soon as he could.

We haven't had a chance to go home and see what damage -- if any -- has occurred to our house and garden, though the radio says that the street at Golden Gardens has dropped 3 inches but is "still passable", whatever that means. After last year's "Good Friday" earthquake in Alaska we lost all the water in our fishpool and all the fish. Now that we've become accustomed to the replacements, I hope we don't lose them, too.

The radio, of course, is buzzing with excitement. Most exciting news we've had since President Kennedy was assassinated. A woman started to have a baby down town but they got her to a hospital in time. A tank of beer ruptured down at the brewery and spilled 15,000 gallons of beer; the sprinkler systems at Boeings were set off and started sprinkling water all over the plant; traffic lights reported out and undependable -- showing green on both sides, etc; some of the bridges buckled and traffic has to be re-routed; some schools are closed until the buildings can be checked for possible damage; Civil Defense asked home owners to turn off their thermostats until chimneys can be checked for possible damage -- bricks fallen inside; boat owners are warned to get their boats out into deeper water and people asked to stay away from the beaches -- danger of a possible tidal surge. There are contradictory reports of possible gas main breaks, promptly denied by the Gas Company. However, in this regard I noticed a strong smell of tide flats immediately after the quake, and inasmuch as the reported gas leaks seem to be coming from tidewater areas, I suspect it may be Ozone that people are smelling rather than broken gas mains. The smell was very strong but it definitely was not the smell of gas...

May 10, 1965: Alas, my little monster sickened and died! Guess I must have killed it with kindness.. I'm speaking of my little monster goldfish (the same one mentioned above whose bowl in the window had some of the water splashed out by the earthquake). Since last year's fiasco with repainting the pond after it cracked from the Alaska quake, and losing the entire pond population to paint poisoning, I've been haunting the various goldfish dealers looking for especially pretty specimens as replacements for the pond at home. I've been taking only fantails but I happened across one of the weirdest little fish I've ever seen. Evidently it is a cross between a Black Moor (those ebony black fish with the big, gogly eyes) and a Shubunkin (the straight-tailed kind with striped or speckled markings of yellow, black and white also called "calicos") It has the typical slender single-tail body and variegated orange, black and white of the Shubunkin, but the huge, protruding, gogly eyes of the Moor. I was so fascinated with this little monster I went back several times to look at it and finally I bought it -- intending to give it to an acquaintance who has an indoor aquarium. But on the way back from the store I stopped in at a rummage sale and saw one of those old-time square glass refrigerator dishes such as they used years ago before plastics took over. I now have it in the window here at the shop where I can keep my own eye on this peculiar little weirdo -- or could. I bought him another weirdo, evidently from the same batch, to keep him company. This second crossbreed could pass for a Black Moor if you didn't look closely, but instead of being black it is a dull taupe color and the tail is not completely fantail. The top half of the fin is single and only the bottom half has a suggestion of double.

For these two rare and unusual specimens, I decorated the tank-type bowl with a little china "castle" and brought waving branches of pond weed from home which I anchored to the bottom with brightly colored beads. Marbles and bright chips of plastic are scattered on the bottom. It's very pretty, and every day I change the water and scatter fresh fishfood to keep it clean and attractive. But evidently it was these "decorations" which did the damage.. A Fisheries major from the U of W heard my lamentations over my loss and diagnosed the trouble as the action of the copper wires I used to anchor the pondweed & the chlorinated water which I used just as it came. It seems the water we drink is so heavily chlorinated that it is deadly to goldfish unless it stands long enough (usually overnight) to dissipate the chemicals. But the copper wires -- minute as they were -- made a deadly combination. Can't say, at this point, whether the poor little mulatto Moor is going to survive or not, but at least he (or she, as the case may be) is still alive and breathing, tho in a hiccuppy sort of way.

I feel very badly at losing this unique little fish -- but that's how it happens all too often in life. When we run across something rare and wonderful, and then are lucky enough to make it our own, so often through our own stupidity and ignorance we destroy it. In the realm of possessions this carelessness is bad enough -- but in the realm of human relations, what a tragedy!

and speaking of rare and wonderful things in life, I wonder how many of you have seen the newspaper reports about the new miraculous visions being reported from Spain? The SEATTLE POST INTELLIGENCER for May 7, 1965 carried a story entitled "LADY OF CARMEL: WILL SHE APPEAR IN GARABANDAL?" which is too long to copy but relates that 4 girls in a small Spanish village have been visited by a series of Apparitions for the past four years; which Apparitions were to culminate on June 10 in a miracle "greater than Fatima". By the time this is published, June 10 will have come and gone -- and if the miracle did occur on schedule, should be still enough in the news to be checked or verified. I am enclosing a pamphlet describing the miracle of Fatima to which they refer -- a phenomenon which was witnessed by a crowd estimated at from 70000 to 100000 spectators, and which was widely reported in the newspapers at the time. As a result of that occurrence, Portugal - which had been taken over by the Communists - ejected their atheistic government.

Whatever you may think about the religious and political aspects of these oft-reported "Apparitions", the fact of their existence is the major point. What are they? This is a mystery which all Charles Fort devotees, and students of Extra-Sensory-Perception, and just plain Fantasy Fans, might do a little delving into... Now that Moon-shots are merely a matter of money and time; and Space-travel is no longer an unknown dream but rather a matter of developing the necessary mechanisms to greater degree, the frontier of psychic phenomena is the only area we have left for "Sense of Wonder" speculations. Who IS the "lady"? IS she Mary, who once lived quietly in an unimportant little town and gave birth to a Son who stepped out of a tomb and into the pages of History with an impact such as no other ever made? If not -- then who? What is it these children saw and heard? What caused the accompanying phenomena? It's worth looking into if you have any intellectual curiosity -- I mean, gumption enough to dig down behind the barrier of "religion" which surrounds the phenomena and look at the events that actually did occur.... Just because it is "Catholic" is no reason not to.

May 16, 1965: Well, my little Mulatto Moor didn't make it. Tho I cleaned out the mess of wires from the bowl, and took care to use room-temperature water that had been standing exposed to the atmosphere overnight to allow the chlorine to dissipate, and though I coddled that poor li'l fellow in every way I could, he just couldn't live... I found a third little crossbreed at the same place and probably from the same litter (batch? Brood? Clutch? What does one call sibling goldfish?) which seems healthy enough in the same environment, but inasmuch as its only evidence of crossbreeding is rogely-eyes in an otherwise standard calico fantail, I'm taking it home to the pond with the others. To heck with it... (Incidentally, in case anyone wondered, there was practically no earthquake damage at home, either. Two plaster figurines fell off a plate rail and landed face down on a fat, puffy pillow... A Bergeron original fell off the wall and onto the bed. Pictures on the wall were jiggled askew, mugs and figurines danced to a 3/4 turn but remained in position. Houses around us lost bricks from their chimneys, but we didn't. As Frank put it, "...we didn't hardly even lose our self composure..")

May 17, 1965: One of the hack plots of stf back in the '30s was the idea of a device implanted in the brain to bring humans under "radio-control" and reduce them to robots. Well, like television, visiphones, space travel and other such far-out notions of that by-gone era, this one, too, has caught up with us. The NEW YORK TIMES (via the Seattle PI) reported that Dr. Jose M.R. Delgado of Yale University has succeeded in implanting "fine wire electrodes" in the brain of a bull, which, when turned loose in a bullring obeyed the signals from a small radio transmitter and instead of charging the red cape, amiably turned and trotted away... As the man says, "It's later than you think!"

HEKTOR



transformed. He was cut off from social, intellectual and political intercourse with those who owned, managed, designed and controlled the capitalist system. The image of class was central in daily existence and thus vital in the religious response of the imagination that produced this manifesto. Class is an indispensable image to Marx. The violent changes marking the succession of stages leading to the ultimate state of perfect communism are dependent on the congealing of the economic divisions of the social order into firmly defined classes that see each other only as antagonists.

Historically the Manifesto is akin to the Hebrew in its view of man and his relation to his environment. The Book of Job presents man as subject wholly to the absolute will of God. Man cannot by conscious effort assure his state or condition of existence in this world. Regardless of man's behavior, be it conscientious, intellectual and ethical what happens is up to God, and

"God" by the very impossibility of his definition to the mind of man, cannot be second-guessed.

The dialectical process of materialism is the utterly overwhelming force that governs the outcome of human history, and thus for the Marxist, man is without definition except as an unaffactive agent by which that process moves.

For both, man is helpless to affect his destiny.

The Orestia of Aeschylus culminates in the establishment of the just city. It is a city of Man, and symbolically this represents the image of man as master of his environment. St. Augustine divides the world into the City of God, those who seek knowledge of and harmony with the will of God; and the Worldly City, those who would carve their own destiny. To both the Orestia and St. Augustine the image of the city is central to the larger image of man's relationship to his environment.

For Marx the centrality of the image of the city is replaced by another image of man's communal relationships, that of class. The center of man's existence and his role in the dialectical materialist process is through his class. Unlike the Orestia or St. Augustine, Marx denies free will in man. Rather than seeing the city as the breeding ground of ideas and the basis of progress, Marx sees classes of men in the city overwhelming the individual and conditioning every response. Their (men's) involvement in the city destroys any possibility of their being free agents.



you indicating that the world on account of its innumerable crimes, will soon be punished by war, famine, and persecutions against the Church and the Holy Father.... In order to stop it, I shall ask for the consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart, as well as Communion of reparation on the first Saturdays of the month. If my requests are granted, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. Otherwise an impious propaganda will spread its errors through the world raising up wars and persecutions against the Church. Many will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer; several nations will be wiped out... My Immaculate Heart will finally triumph... When you recite the Rosary, say at the end of each decade, 'O Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fire of Hell, lead all souls to Heaven, especially those who have most need of your mercy.'

Prevented from being present at the pasture on August 13th, they were favored with a visit on the 19th at which time the Blessed Mother said: "Pray, pray very much, make sacrifices for sinners. Remember that many souls are lost because there is no one to pray and make sacrifices for them."

On the occasion of the vision of September 13th, Lucia asked the Blessed Mother to cure several sick persons. She replied: "I shall heal some of them, but not the others because Our Lord does not trust them."

On October 13th the beautiful lady replied to Lucia when she asked her who she was: "I am Our Lady of the Rosary." And it was after this vision that the great solar prodigy took place, the miracle of Fatima. It was at this time that Lucia saw the Blessed Mother as Our Lady of Sorrows, and also dressed in a brown religious habit holding in her hand the scapular of Mount Carmel.

In 1943 Our Lord told Sister Mary Lucy in explanation of the penance and sacrifice that He sought from people: "The sacrifice required of every person is the fulfillment of his duties in life and the observance of My Law. This is the penance I now seek and require."

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THE BLUE ARMY

The Blue Army is a crusade of millions of men, women, and children all over the world who are doing what the Blessed Mother asked at Fatima: offering prayer and sacrifice daily. They offer these prayers and sacrifices because Our Lady promised: "If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace."

OUR LADY'S REQUESTS

1. Do you wear the Brown Scapular? (Always)?

Partial Indulgence of 100 days for every good act performed while wearing it, and 500 days indulgence every time it is kissed.

2. Do you say the MORNING OFFERING every day? (This takes care of Our Lady's request of good works offered for the conversion of sinners.)

1)Plenary indulgence, under the usual conditions, to be gained by the faithful who in the morning offer to God their labor of the whole day, whether manual or intellectual, using any formula of prayer.

2)Partial indulgence of 500 days, to be gained by faithful with at least a contrite heart as often as they devoutly offer the work at hand, using any formula of prayer.

Throughout the day, whenever work or suffering is offered to God, a perfect formula given to us by Our Lady of Fatima is: "O my Jesus, it is for love of You, in reparation for the outrages committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and for the conversion of poor sinners."

3. Do you say FIVE DECADES of the Rosary every day? (Fervently, and with thought on the Mysteries.)?

Plenary indulgence once a day, under usual conditions, if said in presence of Blessed Sacrament, plus many other indulgences.

4. Have you made an effort to make the FIVE FIRST SATURDAYS? (Our Lady requested that we receive Holy Communion on five consecutive First Saturdays, say five decades of the rosary, and make 15 minutes meditation on the Mysteries of the Rosary. Intention—Reparation.

LET YOUR SCAPULAR... sign of your "contract" with the Immaculate Heart of Mary... REMIND YOU TO EXTEND YOUR MORNING OFFERING THROUGH THE ENTIRE DAY.

This leaflet may be ordered singly, or with other Blue Army leaflets: 2¢ each; \$1.00 a hundred.

\$8.00 for 1,000; \$35.00 for 5,000.

Imprimatur: Most Rev. Geo. W. Ahr.
S.T.D. Bishop of Trenton

Blue Army,

Blue Army Center
1636 116th Ave., N.E.,
Bellevue, Washington

The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima



THE STORY OF FATIMA

In the Spring of 1916 an angel appeared to three children tending sheep in a pasture in Fatima, Portugal. The older girl, Lucia, was nine, and her two cousins, Francisco and Jacinta were eight and six. He taught them special prayers and told them at first that he was the Angel of Peace, later that he was the Guardian Angel of Portugal. The next year on May 13, 1917, a beautiful lady appeared and

then came trouble for the children. They had been keeping the visits of the angel secret and had intended to do the same about the beautiful lady, but Jacinta was too excited about it and her mother learned about the vision. At first no one believed the children and as a result they found themselves in all kinds of difficulties not only with their parents and families but with the local magistrates as well. On her first visit the beautiful lady told them to come to the sheep pasture the 13th of each month until October. On the 13th of June and July the children went to the pasture followed by many people and the beautiful lady appeared to the three children, but not to the rest. Because it was now known throughout the nations about the visions, the anti-religious government of Portugal in the person of the Mayor of Ourem decided to stop the affair as it was giving too much prominence to religion. Thus he kidnapped the children so that they could not go to the pasture on August 13. Although the children were not there, over 15,000 people were on hand and said the Rosary. At noon there was a flash of light and a clap of thunder, then a glowing cloud settled over the little tree where the beautiful lady usually appeared. When the three children were brought back home again on August 18th it was too late to go to the pasture. While with their sheep on the 19th the beautiful lady appeared to them and said she was very displeased at what the Mayor had done and as a result the miracle that she had promised for October 13th would be on a smaller scale. On September 13th more than 30,000 people were present at the pasture to say the Rosary with the three children. On that day the beautiful lady told the children to keep on saying the Rosary every day, that she would cure some sick people they asked about and told them to be present on October 13th when she would appear with St. Joseph and the Child Jesus, and would work the miracle that would convince everyone she was real.

By now all Portugal was stirred up about the promised miracle on October 13th. The larger papers sent their representatives to report it. Over 70,000 people crowded into and around the pasture. Finally the beautiful lady appeared. Only the children saw her and heard her. She said, "*I am the Lady of the Rosary. I have come to warn the faithful to change their lives and to ask pardon for their sins. They must not continue to offend Our Lord, already so deeply offended. And they must say the Rosary.*"

Then followed the great solar prodigy witnessed by the people, the miracle that she had promised. The children saw the Child Jesus and St. Joseph

with the Blessed Mother as she had promised. Thus ended the visions. On April 4, 1919, Francisco died of influenza, making his First Communion on his deathbed. He had been faithful to the wishes of the Blessed Mother and had said many Rosaries each day and made many acts of self-denial in reparation for sins ever since the first vision. Jacinta also became ill, and the Blessed Mother appeared to her a number of times. She, too, was faithful to the requests of the Blessed Mother and died a very holy death on July 20, 1920. Although buried in quicklime, when her body was exhumed on September 13, 1935, it was found to be incorrupt and her cause for canonization has been begun. Lucia, whom the Blessed Mother made her herald and on whom she placed the burden of making known her wishes, left Fatima in 1921 and entered an orphanage. In 1925 she entered the Convent of the Sisters of St. Dorothy and was professed in 1928 as Sister Mary Lucy of Sorrows. In 1948 she became a Carmelite nun.

She was asked by her spiritual director to put into writing certain graces that she had received. On December 17, 1927, she asked Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament how she could do it since among these special graces were the secrets that the Blessed Mother had confided to her at Fatima and which had never been revealed as yet. Our Lord made known to her by an interior voice that she should now reveal what the Blessed Mother had told her about devotion to her Immaculate Heart and to keep the rest secret. Later at the request of the Bishop of Leira she wrote her memoirs of Francisco and Jacinta. Then in 1941 when preparing for the Silver Jubilee of the Apparitions of the Blessed Mother at Fatima which was to be a national event, the Bishop asked her to write an exact account of all that she could without omitting anything that could now be revealed. Thus it was that in 1942 that many things connected with the visions were revealed for the first time, such as the visions of the Guardian Angel of Portugal and the Blessed Mother's request for the consecration and world-wide devotion to her Immaculate Heart.

Sister Mary Lucy still has visions. The promise given for the first time about the First Saturdays on June 13, 1917, was repeated in a vision on December 10, 1925. But of these later visions, much is still a carefully guarded secret.

In 1945, Pope Pius XII appointed August 22nd as the newly appointed Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

THE POPE AND FATIMA

On October 31, 1942, when Pope Pius XII consecrated the world, and Russia in particular, to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, he proclaimed to the world that the Blessed Mother did appear at Fatima in Portugal, and that he was fulfilling her express message that the Pope consecrate the world to her Immaculate Heart. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1942, Pope Pius XII surrounded by forty Cardinals, numerous Bishops, and all the parish priests of Rome, in the Basilica of St. Peter, in the name of the Church and of the whole human race, made a solemn Act of expiation and consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. On July 7, 1952, he consecrated all the peoples of Russia to Mary's Immaculate Heart.

SUMMARY OF THE VISIONS

On May 13, 1917, at the first vision of the Blessed Mother she asked the children: "Would you like to offer yourselves to God to make sacrifices, and to accept willingly all the sufferings it may please Him to send you, in order to make reparation for so many sins which offend the Divine Majesty, to obtain the conversion of sinners, and to make amends for all the blasphemies and offenses committed against the Immaculate Heart? ... You will soon have to suffer much, but the grace of God will help you and give you the strength you need."

On June 13, 1917, Lucia asked the Blessed Mother to take them to Heaven with her. She replied. "I shall come soon to take Jacinta and Francisco. But you must remain longer on earth. Jesus wishes to use you in making me known and loved. He wishes to spread in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart... I shall never abandon you." It was also on this visit that the Blessed Mother made the promise of the Five First Saturdays.

On July 13, 1917, the Blessed Mother said to the children: "You must recite the Rosary every day in honor of the Blessed Virgin to obtain the end of the war through her intercession, for only she can help you... Continue to come here on the thirteenth of each month and on October 13th I shall say who I am and what I want, and I shall work a great miracle in order that all may believe." At this visit the Blessed Mother foretold World War II: "When you see the night illuminated by an unknown light, know that it is the great sign which God is giving

EPISTLES AND EGOBOO

10 April, 1965
5571 Belgrave Ave.,
Garden Grove, Calif, 92641

Dear Gen;

Your Gensine 4/43 moves me to comment somewhatly. This may or may not, however, be worth printing; it just seemed worth passing the story on to you for a laugh.

Pete Singleton's comments anent lack of genitals on figures made me think of the time Ron Ellick and I went to visit the famous rose garden in Exposition Park. Along with huge beds of beautiful roses, there are small shady areas with benches and statues, and two small pavillion sort of things each of which contained a statue. So we wandered over to see what they were.

The first statue was a reasonably nice girl in bronze; just standing there. Nothing I'd rave about as an artist, and nothing for Ron to get excited about as a male. So we walked to the other side of the garden to see the occupant of the other pavillion.

This was a male figure, again just standing in a relaxed stance, with an apple in one hand. The male seemed to be rather on the stocky side, completely nude, not particularly interesting, and had extremely small genitals. In fact, he was out-fitted more like a small boy, looking quite underdeveloped. The title of this statue was "POISE". Ron studied it for a second and burst out, "Well, built like that, he'd have to have poise!" I cracked up, and had the gardeners thinking we were both mts.

Now all I ever have to say to Ron to break his pose of sophistication is "Poise!"

However, I must agree with Pete. Do you realize that there is a whole nation of people (US) who think that Michaelangelo actually carved all his beautiful statues with fig leaves on them? I was amazed to find that one woman whose intelligence I'd respected until then really thought that someone was trying to "be dirty" and "pervert" a great piece of art by "tampering" with a plaster copy of DAVID, and removing the fig leaf! Seems a local "art shop" which sells garden statues offers customers his choice of "modest" or original art; everything they copy, they can (and do) add a fig leaf or something in the right spot or spots, depending. Yecchhh!

The girl across the street is studying nursing. Her textbook has a really marvelous bit of work in it; plastic sheets on which the nerves, muscles, etc are all in color on their individual pages, all of which fit over the figure and skeleton below it.



Except for one thing...there is a cute ill area where all the nerves and muscles just sort of stop and leave a small unmapped area of anatomy. "We call him Mr. Capon" says Patty. But...these girls are supposed to know that everyone comes outfitted with genitals! Howcum the coyness in the books? "Oh," says Patty, "you don't even discuss Those Parts unless you are going to be an OR (operating room) nurse or a specialist...we're not supposed to know they're there, I guess!" But you give them bedpans, wash very ill people all over, clean them up if they make a mess? I ask. "Sure, but we're not to show any interest or we'll get hell if someone is watching!"

So much for modesty. It has cost one patient in the rest home where Patty works much misery, for he developed some terrible sores in several embarrassing spots, which were not noticed for some time (he was too ill to tell them) because of this. He had been washed, but not dried adequately, for one reason.

I'm far from the Free Thinker and Beatnik type that most people think of when they hear the word "artist", but I'm known for my Dirty Books, which Al Lewis gave me. They are very complete and quite beautiful books from Belgium on anatomy. They were done by an artist in the Da Vinci style of art; as scientific as they are artistic. But a neighbor opened it one day and....pow!

Nowadays I've also learned to be very careful in giving art criticisms in letters. I had one young man send some illos and ask me what was wrong. I put tracing paper over the figures, sketched in corrections (but didn't bother with the costumes. I didn't draw in genitals; just a blank figure) and sent them back. Long silence. I was busy and didn't have time to follow thru on this. Finally heard thru the grapevine what had happened; kid's mom had thrown a hissy because I'd sent Dirty Pitchurs to her baby! She forbid him to write again. I'll bet he's in for a shock when he gets married!

For even less, I've had trouble. I told one kid to brush up on his anatomy; his hands (drawn) and arms were terrible, and he didn't have the facial features in the right places. S'help me, I didn't even mention "body" or anything! So I go chewed out personally by momma-dear, who didn't at all appreciate an artist (and we all know what kind of sexual lives they lead, don't we?) suggesting things to her boy! By suggesting things, I suppose she meant that study of one part of anatomy (hands and arms) might just naturally lead into the rest of the (shush! "body"). And so it might. I certainly hope so!

Well, I'm not really advocating genitals in a fanzine, really. Just that Pete has a point; it is pretty silly and just as obscene to leave them out if it is terribly obvious that something should be there!

(GMC: AH, BUT THAT WAS THE WHOLE POINT THAT MADE PETE'S COMMENT SO AMUSING.. THE ILLO IN QUESTION WAS NEITHER NUDE NOR NECESSARILY MALE... AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD ANGELS OR DEMONS OR ANY OTHER ETs HAVE HUMAN-TYPE SEX ORGANS? THAT PETE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED TO FIND MALE GENITALS ATTACHED TO THE OUTSIDE OF A SMALL IMP'S LONGJOHNS IS WEIRD ENOUGH, BUT THAT HIS PASSING COMMENT SHOULD SPARK A DRILLIANT LOC IN REPLY IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKES FANDOM THE AMPUDERS PARADISE THAT IT IS!)

I prefer to place my figures so that the obvious can be avoided or covered in some way, even if it means resorting to some rather coy methods. Male genitals aren't particularly impressive or generally interesting (disregarding the obvious special cases or the natural times when they would be interesting to at least one particular person, of course), and they certainly offer little, aesthetically, for artists.

Females are another story, but again we've gotten ourselves into a peculiar little bit of perversion (that's what it is) about pubic hair; it is perfectly OK to show a nude without any body hair, but try making the figure natural and you've got the law and public opinion against you!

Well, that's just Bjo's ideas on the subject. I enjoy drawing human (and ET) figures, nude or not (no, no; the figures nude, not me!). I deplore the lack of taste shown in many cases of nude art, but I don't consider myself a prude. I was a sun-bather for awhile, until I proved that I'm actually in danger from the sun (my skin burns in less time than it takes for normal skin to pinken, and I can get a bad burn on an overcast day; I've had 3rd degree treatment for sunburn after only a few hours out).

But I wonder sometimes about the future of a society where a young girl cries out in shock at unclad store mannikins (happened the other day) or where people will let a person die before undressing him to let him breathe!

Sorry to get so long-winded; false and dangerous modesty is one of my pet peeves! It's one of the things I feel has held us back from so many advances (not the least of which would be more sexual freedom and understanding between married people, and therefore longer and more enjoyable marriages).

(GMC: YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT THAT FALSE MODESTY IS A DANGEROUS THING -- IN FACT, IT IS NOT 'MODESTY' AT ALL -- IT IS PRUDERY; AND PRUDERY IS AS DANGEROUS TO HUMAN MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL HEALTH AS ANY OTHER FALSEHOOD. THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "MODESTY" AND "PRUDERY" -- AND GOOD TASTE IN ART -- AS ANYWHERE ELSE -- DEPENDS TO A LARGE EXTENT ON BEING ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THAT DIFFERENCE. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IF HUMAN BEINGS WOULD RECOGNIZE SEX AND THE SEX ORGANS FOR WHAT IT/THEY IS/ARE, NAMELY THE PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL APPARATUS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE SPECIES, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO FOOL THEMSELVES THAT IT IS MAINLY A DELIGHTFUL, BUT FORBIDDEN, INDOOR SPORT; AN AMUSEMENT SOMEWHAT ON A PAR WITH RUSSIAN ROULETTE, BUT SLIGHTLY LESS LETHAL; THERE WOULDN'T BE SO MUCH AGONY, FRUSTRATION, AND MENTAL & EMOTIONAL HOGWASH CONNECTED WITH IT.)

Feh to the "painter" who was enraptured with his circles and triangles! I'm sick and tired and it gripes my liver to have people wonder at me as an artist because I'm not (a) barefooted or sandaled in uncomfortable, homemade shoes, (b) shaggy-looking and unbathed (c) spouting some cultish religion and/or off-beat philosophy (d) spewing out clots of goo on a canvas or meticulously copying soup labels onto 4' canvasses...instead I'm (a) reasonably suburban house-wife-looking (b) not only bathed but wearing make-up and cologne (c) raising roses, cats, a baby and a husband in a reasonably contented manner; which is a philosophy if not a viewpoint of a religion (d) painting and drawing things which are not "ten years of pent-up emotion" but things you can actually know and enjoy. So I'm obviously not an artist at all, but just a talented sort of housewife, you see...! Grrrr!

I'm so tired of the charlatans, the sick ones, and the snobs; the ones who "blackmail" the public into "liking" and buying "meaningful" works...the ones who say, "well, of course, any intelligent person would understand this..." and the poor layman hastens to assure the charlatan that he's intelligent by paying out his hard-earned dough for a chunk of masonite with acrylic paint on it! So when the honest artist shows up, the embittered (and broke) public says, "Get lost!"

Enough! I have PAS-tell to get out!

Best,

/s/ Bjo (Trimble)

March 30, 1965

Dear Gem,

...and now a few words on GEMZINE 4/42:

I found plenty of remarks in the LOCs to tender my perpetual debating fire, and some lines disturbed me so much that I made violent red circles around them. (Let me state here that I am a debater, not only by nature but in fact. I am Captain of the A-Varsity negative team of my school and recently participated in the 5th Annual University of Georgia High School Debating Tournament.. When I read a debate in a lettercol such as that between yourself and Phil Kohn in this, I cannot help automatically classifying arguments as "supposition" "unsupported opinionation" and so on as a matter of pure habit.)



It seems that Phil has a vast, seething maelstrom of ideas and opinions that he evidently feels he cannot suppress. As a result, his convictions reel forth in an undisciplined surge of purposeless argumentation, a flood of contentions without a goal or a conclusion to be reached, that crash upon the reader and recede swiftly, with nothing remaining but an impression of unordered opinionation. To my mind, Phil has failed in putting over his points, and has ruined the smoothness of his expression by the lack of a well-defined goal to work toward in stating each of his beliefs. He, in many instances, uses sentences that fail to support themselves with a foundation of evidence, and fall down in their striving to convince the reader because they merely shout unproven feelings, not convincing evidence to hold them up. He rushes from one subject to another, inevitably leaving dozens of paragraphs dangling helplessly.

I'll only pick on a few of his statements: In the sixth paragraph he shouts, "HOMOSEXUALITY is harmless if disgusting". The capitalization of the first word is silly, overemotional and an indication of juvenility, but that's beside the point. Phil drops the line as if it were undeniable truth. One wonders why homosexuality is "harmless" and why it's "disgusting". One suddenly comes to the realization that he probably couldn't tell you. Harmless to whom, if so? Disgusting to whom, and in what way? I'd say that homosexuality is a harmful thing to the homosexual himself, destroying his sexual values, warping his personality, endangering his relationships with normal people, and his individual values. Homosexuality, here, is not expressed singularly; as the sentence is constructed, one might assume that an entire society of homosexuals is being discussed, rather than an individual. If so, one could say homosexuality was harmful because it opposed the growth and continuence of the race. If everyone was homosexual, then man would die out in a hundred years or (more likely) less. It is disgusting to the normal person or society, it can be assumed, because it contradicts normal habits and desires, and revolts simply because it is unnatural by basic definition. But one might go on to say that it is not disgusting to another homosexual. Therefore, Phil Kohn's statement is flimsy and incomplete.

Of course, this business could go on too far. I'm not saying that every sentence has to be spelled out by another half dozen supporting statements -- I'm saying that he doesn't bother to discipline his arguments, and is too ambiguous, disconnected, and rambling. He fails to see that some of his beliefs are stated misleadingly, and might confuse the reader slightly, and so forth.

And you're just about as bad as he is, Gem.... You did say a few very intelligent things. The one I liked was, "In other words, you don't think. You merely jump to an opinion and start spouting it whether it makes sense or not." That's what I've been saying about Phil all along, but it unfortunately seems to apply to you now and then, too....

Sincerely,

/s/ Rog.

Charles & Jane Wells
815 Demerius Street, Apt. M-1
Durham, North Carolina 27701
May 1, 1965

GMC:

The article on the last two pages of the latest GEMZINE contains a truly remarkable idea, the idea that some of the aspects of liberalism that have bothered you are really Christianity put radically into practice. It shows an astonishing originality on your part to have come up with it.

I must say, however, that the motivation you describe is not my motivation in being a liberal. Things are more complex than that. It does bother me that welfare programs often produce generations of "takers" who seem to be "unworthy" of the help they receive. But that situation has been an inevitable result of two factors: (1) That children should not suffer because their parents are lazy, and (2) children should not be taken from their mother. Result: the mother gets paid, lazy though she be. Perhaps the new programs in the War on Poverty will get around that: things like kindergartens to get around the fact that the parents don't encourage the children to read, etc.

On the other hand, the notion of "give, ask nothing in return" does more or less describe my attitude toward Foreign Aid, so maybe you are partially correct. And of course my motives are not necessarily anyone else's.

Oh yes -- only some liberals are in favor of "passing all children"; I am not one of them.

/s/

CHUCK

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.....
.....
41-08 Parsons Boulevard
Flushing N Y 11355
May 5 1965

Mr. G. M. Carr,
5319 Ballard Avenue
Seattle, Wash. 98107

Dear Mr. Carr:

Albert J. Lewis of Los Angeles tells me you can supply a membership roster of N'APA which appeared in the 15th mailing. I intend making a card record back to the beginning of past and present members for reference only. I am planning on an up-to-date Bibliography of Fanzines.

As a preliminary to becoming knowledgeable on the subject, I am enclosing a beginning list of ORGANIZATIONS and HOUSE NAMES and would greatly appreciate any additional data you may be able to supply. I should also like to know more about N'APA and whether you can supply a list of the distributed fanzines to date, excepting the first four which I have. I am also anxious to learn the names of owners of the larger and more important collections of fanzines with the view of obtaining access to those collections in order to verify every entry for the Bibliography.

I am not a member of the "fraternity" or a collector of these periodicals. I am a member of The Bibliographical Society of America, several printing societies, and have been a member of all the amateur journal organizations including The Fossils. May I have the pleasure of hearing from you soon?

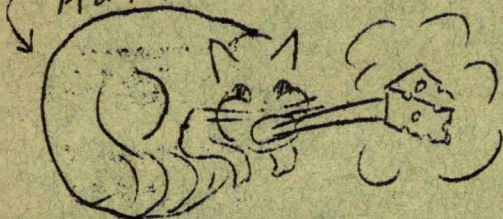
Sincerely, HAROLD P. FISER

(GMC: "...HERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD...")

AS I SEE IT

MCs on NAPA 11g. 24 - by G. M. Carr

Archie the
Katz



"I, too, await it's coming
with baited breath." MEOW 5

It seems I owe an apology to rich brown for ascribing to Mike McInerney the opus on Ayn Rand in Sam, "In Defense Of Objectivism". I do herewith apologize, rich brown. I'm sorry I slighted you. In a world in which Egoboo is as important as it is in Fandom, to deprive a person (however unwittingly) of his justly merited mention is, as Archie acutely observes in MEOW 5: ".unnoticed, that is the Most Unkindest Out of All."

Either I'm so far lost in the dim Glades of Gafia that I can't figure out what I'm reading, or else this mailing was dull, dull, dull... I read it through twice before even attempting to Comment, and even then all I can come up with is this:

PET RICH #1 - Pete Jackson. (Sounds like an ad for Pet Brand condensed milk). The Last Man - good poem. I think the last line would have sounded better "It had never lived."

INFERNAL AVENUES - John Boston. If that paleontological theory is correct, and "the primary instinct in the higher animals" IS the "property instinct", then I can stop fretting.. Socialism is doomed before it even takes over. But why limit this "instinct" to the "higher animals"? Ever see a Robin defend its favorite worm-hunting-territory; or a cat challenge a feline trespasser?

MARINATING - Roy Tackett. Interesting concept, that idea of no cash only credit cards. It's been advanced in other ways, of course, (notably the 'obs' of Erick Frank Russell) but we already have Credit Cards, and we already can go for weeks with nothing in our pockets but Credit Cards, a checkbook, and maybe a handful of assorted tokens. And with the present shortage of coins, there's more talk of using Plastic tokens for parking meters, etc. so it could be "later than we think": stf is already on us!

FORTRAN #1 - Andy Porter. I'm glad the deleted portions of Orfutt's letter were published because they were very pungent, but I can certainly see why they were edited out of TIGHTBEAM! He tosses out some interesting ideas that would be very difficult for some people to encounter -- like, say, encountering a flatiron on a sore toe! But he's a bit off on that allegation that "Christ" was a title rather than a person. After all, "der fuhrer" is just a title, too, but there's no doubt whatsoever which person was being referred to when someone speaks of "Der Fuhrer".

There was also an interesting lead for further discussion re my analogy between insulation against electricity versus insulation against the effects of uncontrolled human behavior, but I forgot to mark the margin and now can't locate it to reply. Probably useless, anyway. Strange how reluctant young people are to recognize there are laws of Cause-and-Effect in the realm of the Psyche as well as in the realm of Physics.

Incidentally, speaking of rich brown (as I was, above) does anybody know his address? GZs have been returned from two FOCAL POINT addresses, ie, 268 E. 4th, Apt. 4C, NYC, 10009 and 180 E. 88 St, NYC 10028. Evidently the Postmaster in New York City just doesn't believe there IS anybody by the name of rich brown or even Rich Brown.