

R.N.S.

G.W. Carr., Oct. 12th/59. I know I have never met Seth - as he says, we have only exchanged letters once re the Robert affair - and I cannot quite recall whether I met Ed Ludwig at Chicago in '52 or not. The name is familiar (I seem to get a vague recall of a stocky, dark-haired male who may have been Ed Wood, instead), but I know doggone well I've met both Ann Chamberlain and Esther Richardson.

In fact, Esther Richardson lives only a few blocks away from me here in Ballard, and it is a shame to me that I haven't seen more of her... but the truth is, we have our own little circles of activity and although they are geographically close to each other, they might as well be miles apart. For all the world-side reading I do via paper, physically I stick close to my desk in the office and my easy-chair when I get home. Church, an occasional Bingo game at the club on a Friday night, a visit with my grandchildren once in a while, and now and then a trip out of town surprise most of my social life.

In the office here, I do like and... write letters, type stenilla, mimeograph and assemble my fanzine, paper and various fortunes of other fans, and even do a bit of reading. Also, I have other hobbies I can indulge in here - at my desk; I make rosaries, and chaplets; dress dolls; occasionally do bits of fancywork such as embroidery, crocheting, knitting, tatting or shoe-lace-work. But mostly I sew that kind of handiwork for hours. There I can sit and watch TV or listen to the radio and eat or knit or what-ever for hours... for a while I sewed quilts like crazy. But then I pulled a bodice on one set of quilt pieces -- sewed buttons all around the edges instead of only half-way around -- and I can't bring myself to unravel all that handiwork.... one of these days I'll get tough with myself and cut the excess patches off again, and get on with the job. But there's no hurry... it'll take months of work anyway, so a few more won't matter.

I suspect somebody has been pulling a variation on this well-known "My wife does not understand me" line. Women like their little joke, too, Seth, and although I may be squealing on my own, I sure wish that women have been known to "load me up" just for the kicks of it... probably the most allowing trait of all is this regretful hint that maybe life has cheated them of "recreation". Women every where they breathe it to, all fired up and eager to supply the deficiency!

Nov. 2nd/59..

I saw the Campbell editorial in question and agreed heartily with it. But then, I invariably find myself in agreement with Campbell. It seems he writes along the same lines I do (or vice versa) which probably explains why he is so universally honored in Fandom in spite of his achievements. I suspect that he (as I) belongs to the unfortunate minority of individuals who think intuitively rather than according to the "Normal" pattern of "logic" and consequently his ideas -- although intrinsically correct and valid -- cannot receive the acceptance they deserve because the majority of readers cannot follow the reasoning.

Nov. 25th/59..

We are animals, and, like animals we are, we react according to our kind. The way I interpret the Christian story of man's creation, is that man had the created faculties same material as the rest of the animals, but then God "breathed into his nostrils, the breath of life and he became a living soul"... In other words, there was something added to the animal which would enable him to transcend his animal nature, rather than having that animalism removed altogether. Furthermore, this added something required voluntary effort. We are still animals and unless we make an effort or respond to the breath of God within us and behave accordingly, we will revert in our behavior to the level of our physical status.

But, as I said, this requires an effort -- a deliberate exercise of the will. Human beings left to themselves with no teaching or training; no education as to their own potentialities in this regard; tend to remain mere animals.

They fight and copulate and devise a sort of 'gang-like' government about on a level with a wolf-pack with one important difference: the activities of the wolves -- being dictated by nature via 'instincts' --- has a sort of clean ruthlessness about it. But the wolf-like actions of humanity 'in the raw' are tainted by the greater bestialities his greater imagination and ingenuity allows him.

The role of religion - any religion, as I see it -- is to teach mankind to rise above his basic animal condition and achieve the dignity of his spiritual potential. Sometimes it attempts to do this by forces, i.e. by a sort of compulsory police action as embodied in the "Thou Shalt Not's", and sometimes by a gentle persuasion as mentioned by the Zen Buddhist (Buddhists). Of course, this latter works only when there has been some strong early conditioning -- something which will stop the animal from its physical prowlings long enough to listen.

THE HOUSE OF THE SECOND SIGHT

Robert Jennings.

There were two of them in the town, Howard and Gary. Their names weren't important; in a friendship as close as theirs, there wasn't any need for long or formal names. They called each other by the same names they gave everybody, simply Howard and Gary. They were in the town because of their unique hobby. The town itself was something of a phenomena. For ten years it was able to boast of a stable population, five thousand people. In ten years the population had never been above fifty-five, and never below forty-eight hundred.

In a town such as this one, small, close-knit, friendly, except to "outsiders", one would hardly expect to find any interesting or widespread notoriety. But this town boasted of one. This town was famous the world over.

Scholars of the weird and unholy often referred to this town, because it was in this town that the HOUSE OF THE SECOND SIGHT was found. The town had no unique history; the house did. It had been built in the late 1800's, a perfect home for a perfect New England family. But as soon as the first family had taken up residence there, they had disappeared. Investigation found all members of the unfortunate group in one room, a queer luxuriously styled room, which had been built to serve as a trophy den. That they were all found in this little used section of the house when they met a tragic end was strange, but not as strange as the look of supreme horror on each person's face. And not as strange as the floor of that room, where four trails of blood, one for each person, had spelled out four identical words. The second, third, fourth and fifth families were all found the same way, in the same room, with the same word written in blood, CHLIRIC. And like the first family, there was no sign of physical injury on the bodies.

The sixth person to occupy the house was more fortunate, depending on what you call fortunate. He was in the house solely to disprove the vast circulation of rumors about it. But, as it was later learned, he wasn't a stable person, and that may have been what saved him. He was found in the same room, with no writing, and alive, just barely. But he was mad as the traditional latter, babbling occasionally understandable words, which gave the house its first and final name. The only words spoken before his ghastly death always dwelt on horror, light, bright, and something terrible and cursed. The people in the town were all God-fearing people in the old vein. They believed he had seen something he shouldn't have seen, and with outside help they came to regard it as a second vision of life and reality, and this second sight was of such magnitude, so stunning, that it attacked the shining castle of his human mind and brought it down in rubble. So the name was born, The House Of The Second Sight. There many more visits to the deadly house. Most of them ended in tragedy and death, some in madness, and a very few in safety. But the house and the horrid legends of its unholy fame remained

thick in most parts, yet leaving whole sections bare and raw, like unhealed wounds.

The vines had cut a path of destruction in their unstoppable march. With the help of time and weather, they had chipped, cracked, and mutilated the face of the stone. Where the creepers parted, giving one a look beneath the evil looking wall of movement, there were long scars, remnants of time's horrid work. Like some fiends out of fiction, the creeping monstrosities hadn't been satisfied with mere defacing and wrecking. They drove their fatal knives into the heart of the stone, digging into and opening it. They had cracked open the blocks, widened the joints, disregarding weight and mortar, and pouring through the remains of windows, like an unholy flood of sweeping death.

They reminded Gary of gruesomely distorted fingers, moving, eating, ruining, destroying with a relentless march the movement that man had raised in his futile attempt to master his environment. With these vines, nature, cruel and unceasing, disregarded man and reduced him and his proud workings, built with such toil, to crumbling rubble. He shivered as he looked at the House. Then, looking up into the bloody sunset, he saw a huge stone block that had been ripped and lifted completely free of the surrounding building, held tightly, defiantly, in the mindless tenacle grasp of the vines. Spoils of conquest, he thought humorlessly, as he saw the scene outlined against the scarlet sky and the setting sun.

The right side of the House was in a little better condition. The cursed room was on that side, which was completely dominated by a high, castle like tower. The tower had, through the years, collected many lightning strokes, and the stones of the tower were shattered and broken. Down the wall hung the blackened remains of the ghostly creepers, symbolic of its fleeting life; trying to hold to the last reality besides itself before it fell to the mouth of oblivion.

The House was unnatural and weird. Its architecture, the creepers, the weather ruined tower, the wrecked, beaten look of the place made it a horror to see, a frightening reality in a world not used to unpleasantness.

As the sun sank lower in the sky, Gary knew by that unsee, undefined bond joining close friends, that Howard was through looking at the House. Bluntly, for there is no discretion or false fronts in their type of understanding, he suggested they enter. The inside of the House was in miserable condition. The yellowed flower print wall-paper hung loosely in wet clumps, and tattered shreds. The floors were warped and uneven, and were gifted with an annoying tendency to creak and groan bitterly at each step. The furniture, there still was furniture, was delapidated and broken. Pictures, many pictures, littered the floor. Some still hung to their broken frames, others were alone and helpless, showing what must have at one time been beautiful paintings, but were now ugly and defaced; cheated by time and disuse. Tables and chairs had collapsed where they stood, or had been roughly swept into piles, which were spread at random throughout the House. Over the whole inside lay a thick coating of dust. Not lying naturally, in even correct layers, but piled with the furniture, or coating only parts of the place. The doors were too small, the walls were damp and let in the cold. The roof was stooped and falling, and the House radiated a scene of horror and decay, which never boosts the self-confidence of any ghost chasers, Howard and Gary being no exceptions.

The room they were to spend the night in, the place where the others had died, was bare, except for one trophy case and a broken chair, which must have rested many an elegant gentleman or gracious lady in its days of antious shop travelling. Their equipment was already set up, they were prepared to strike light at any given moment, though they preferred to last the night in darkness.

The sun finally set, and the room seemed to jump from light to darkness. It wasn't the dim grayish dark of the night and open skys, but darkness caused by the absence of any light. This part of the House had been built well, almost too well. There were no windows and only one small door leading in or out. They sat by their equipment, leaning against the damp wall, and scuffed their feet on the rough, uneven floor. Time passed slowly. The hours slipped by quietly. Then the House began a haunting melody, a song of the elements, a death cry. The wind began a slow moan by the roof, the boards began to

creak, and the House groaned and moaned in the night.

In the dead blackness, sight ceased to exist, and their physical feelings fell away. Only their hearing was left, listening to the strange music of the House. The rest of their bodies didn't exist, they floated free of themselves, listening and waiting as the House sang its ballad of the times and people it had seen. But, if either of them understood the refrain and the verses played and pitched into their waiting ears, he never mentioned it. They each noticed the absence of mice and rats; none of the scurrying and shuffling caused by their presence. They noticed the absence of ghostly lights, the absence of long piercing wails. They noticed many unghost-like things about the House. But they also remembered the tales they had heard, and both rested with an army automatic held in their hands.

Howard broke the silence with a shuffle of his feet. He peered into the darkness. Was he mistaken or was the door getting smaller? No, how could he see in this pitch blackness? Yet he seemed to be able to feel what the House felt. Somehow he seemed able to identify himself with it and live it as if he and the House were one. He seemed to feel part of its age, its long periods of waiting, how the weather and the winds of time had taunted and humiliated it, and finally brought it to this painful condition. He felt the presence of the wind outside, and the oldness and the dust inside, and if he felt these things, he felt that door getting smaller! The House had a strange ability to heighten emotional feeling. He would note that tomorrow for inclusion in their forthcoming book. Here was something new, a house that made one feel akin to it, a house that strengthened the ties of friendship, a house with feeling. His mind drifted, listening to the sounds of the House, feeling it and Gary's presence near him. Time stood still in the serenity of a feeling that bordered on every motion; that reached for everything, yet grasped nothing.

Howard and Gary both looked toward the door at the same time. The House was no longer a place of peace and tranquility. Now it seemed like someone on edge, waiting for something to happen, something of cosmic importance. The House waited, ready, for what?

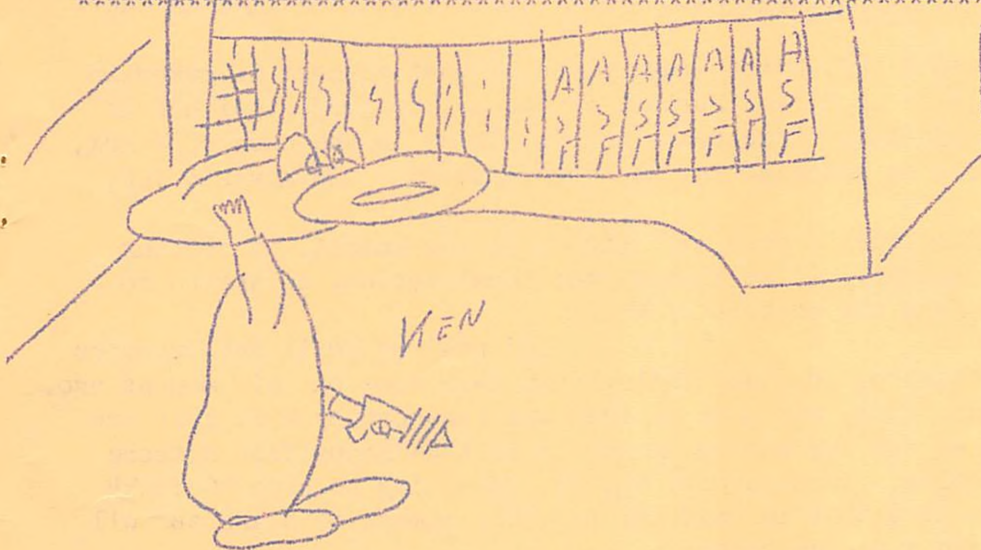
The bubble of time broke, and their minds were filled with a searing blast of emotion. It was as if the House was alive, pulsing, breathing. Gary stiffened. God, the House WAS alive! The quivering emotional waves slashed across his brain in a primitive blood lust. It crashed into their memories with no warning, a filthy, unclean thing. It rived into their memories, pulling forth feelings and sensations locked deep within them, like some monstrous leech, devouring them and their minds in its greed and unholy hunger. The sensations they experienced were like falling dropped suddenly into a bed of worms. The alien filthiness of it; its unshielded greed, the raw primitive feelings planted on their brains as its fury tentacles swept through their consciousness.

Gary tried to stand, but his feet slipped on the dirty floor. He tried desperately to fight it, but its attack was too much, it had a foothold, a firm grasp with which it was destroying their minds. He tried to scream, to make a sound that would express the coldest, most deadly fear he had ever felt, but all he managed was a hoarse creak. He tried again, a scream, a cry of hopelessness, as he felt his sanity slipping away. He was joined by Howard's agonizing sighs, and muttered curses. The Thing of the House that was the House and everything that made it, moved in for the kill, onward toward them...

.....and Gary was free. Below him lay two limp things, bodies of their former selves. He felt a momentary satisfaction that he had at last escaped the mind feeder of the House. Beside him, he felt Howard's presence. Howard motioned to the bodies below them. Gary acknowledged briefly.

....Then they began to feel the Thing again. It was with them, stronger now, and part of its new strength was from them. Their minds fought individually and together against it, harder than before, but the Thing was stronger and had more experience with the alien mind. They fought a losing battle; there was pain, acute pain, as the Thing began ripping and tearing at their life forces. They felt the last bits of strength melt away against the primitive greed of the Thing. They were swept into a whirlpool of torment into the beast.....

They touched and merged, the Thing absorbed them, their collective bodies into it, and they both saw the first light of Hell that wasn't Hell, and below them were two blood trails, and two strange words, made with letters that spelled CHIRIC.



"Damn Ray Backfired."



"Do YOU want to be a star?"??????

U3 Og

Any editorializing I intend to do, will be taken care of during this review of the mailing just received. On with the Fourth NAPA mailing. I don't follow the order listed in the CO, but arrange the packaged zines, in a alphabetical order. Those zines received separately from the Official Package, in other words, anything that seems like a post-mailing, I enter into its alphabetical niche, and then proceed to YAP.

AND TO APD...Thanks for the card, Al. AVE ET VALE # 1... I'm using a Richardson illo too, in this ish of GUANO.

We all have the right to criticize, to suggest methods wherein our constitution should be changed. That is good and should continue, but such criticism is or should be, meant to be constructive. Whenever one starts drocking at the mouth with idiotic mutterings, with hysterical outbursts, then that person goes beyond the ethics of decency. One suggestion that was comical when viewed in the light of subsequent happenings, was the suggestion that postmailings be outlawed, and Ave Et Vale was a postmailing.

The historical comparisons between SAPS and FAPA/OLPA do not take into consideration the fact that some of that 704 page-mailing of SAPS, followed by a similarly sized mailing was just a printing of words, without meaning. One can pad, and pad, and get to the 100-page contribution range, but it does not improve the quality of the work. Just because SAPS invited this little faned to its main table, does not mean that SAPS is now to be OUR GHOD. Others were invited and refused to attend the clique table.

I also find it funny for Al to decide to take the NBF Directorate apart. You see, he is a member of the NBF Directorate, and instead of trying to take it apart, now that he is part of it, he should be in there trying to do some of the work of the Directorate. Instead, we get promises of zines that never materialize, for which he has on hand more than reasonable sums of money from the NBF treasury; but which he uses as an excuse for not participating in the normal doings

of the N3F Directorate. I sent around 18 pages of typed material we are trying to decide upon. All I got from Al, were two 3x 5 file cards, scribbled on with pencil. I'll quote those cards later to show what little interest he really has.

At the moment, until another person is chosen as the N3F Directorate representative in N'APA, I'm it. During my tenure of this office, I don't think I have interfered with N'APA. Another will be elected shortly to take my place.

As N3F created N'APA, N'APA, regardless of what changes it makes in its constitution, remains subordinate to N3F. A bureau, committee, or project of N3F is always a part of N3F and so is subject to Directorate orders. This, in the case of N'APA, we hope, will not mean that we will be stepping in at every moment. We haven't yet, and I hope we don't have to.

The Directorate does not intend, at the moment, of setting N'APA dues. Sure, it could, but remember, if we follow your constitution, we are to do these things, only on a petition from the members of N'APA.

And now, we again get promises of action, of another issue of Postwarp, an issue that should have come out six months ago. I rave and rant in my publications, sure, but none of them are financed by N3F. They are paid for out of my own pocket. I am not low enough in morals to take money from someone in order to finance my attacks against that person. So, we are going to have POSTWARP made into a personal-hate zine, a zine that is paid for by every member of N'APA as well as every member of N3F. How low can a person become.

So, the election of E.E. Smith as a LIFE MEMBER is such a low, despicable trick, one that was 'manipulated'. How many of you like Doc Smith? How many of you think that Doc Smith gains by joining N3F? How many of you realize that Doc Smith has been a member for more years than he wasn't? Since it is obvious that Doc does not gain a single thing from being a Herfer, who gains? We do. To show how seriously he took his membership in N3F, before he became a LIFE MEMBER, he took time out to answer every Welcommittee letter sent his way, answered them personally.

And to show the distorted Lewis mind, he now claims that we are or did consider making Sokol an honorary member of N'APA. This has not been discussed in the last eight months, if it was before, I don't know a thing about it. But, it was discussed in N'APA. If N'APA wants Sokol as an honorary member, then let N'APA do it, if not, don't. The N3F Directorate does not intend putting any honorary members into N'APA against N'APA wishes. I agree that since Sokol did not actually get N'APA under way, he resigned before he did. Any participation in N'APA now, by Sokol, should be under the conditions by Al. It is obvious, however, that few of you took Al's mutterings seriously, since Holston, Holland nor I received any voluminous correspondence from you trying to stop us doing what we had no intentions of doing in the first place.

I do not want the N'APA membership reduced, I am not in favour of an unlimited membership. I am the N3F Directorate chairman, but here, I am speaking only as a member of N'APA, that an no more. Just as we can't allow SAPS to be our GHOP, we can't allow the insignificant isoteric CULT to be our guiding star.

I agree that the 50¢ penalty is foolishness, encouraging deadwood.

I've reconsidered my original disagreement with the five page ORIGINAL material, original in that it has to be the work of the N'APA member. The mailing comments should take care of that easily. Then, a member can go ahead and use all the material he wants to use, once he has his minimum page count. I've used a Jennings Story in this issue. I've used some RR excerpts, taken because I consider they give an insight into this feildish character of Pandor, G.M. Carr. Since the RR withdrawals were sent to me by GMC, I consider it ethical for me to use whatever portion I feel advisable. I could have used more, but these, to me (right or wrong) seemed to be most likely of being of interest to the readers. As long as I get my minimum five pages,

anything else I include is not subject to the a-jay ruling as it stands. What I include outside of my own work, is subject only to the rule that I should try to make my contribution interesting. If these are not, then I'll try something else, but having fulfilled the minimum with my own material, I am not contravening the rules and I'm giving a chance to budding authors by printing their material.

The N3F treasurer, Janie Lamb, is not in the least bit interested in holding N'APA funds. I'm sure, however, that if some member sends in the N'APA dues to 'Janie, with N3F dues, she'll be happy to forward to whoever the N'APA decides is to handle N'APA funds.

And, on the one hand, Al seems to consider SAPS the GHOF of Fandom, and yet, decides to jump the OE unmercifully. Just try to do that with Teskey and see where you'd get. If our OE wants 15 days to collate the mailings, then he is the one to decide. If the next OE wants only five days, then he gets five days. As long as he is not unreasonable, we should let him decide. I do not consider 15 days unreasonable. Maybe, if an OE wanted much more, then I'd object, but I'd be objecting in a way that is trying to be constructive, not destructive. If our OE says to send 40 copies, even if we don't have that many members, then 40 copies it is, unless the members of N'APA want to put in a limiting section to our constitution. I am not in favour of putting too many restrictions on our OEs.

Some a-jay groups, instead of making voting compulsory, have a regulation (decided by the OE) that if a member does not vote, then he is FOR. I don't like this method, but any method to force a full official vote is justified.

The procedure given by Al, for constitutional amendments is good, wish his entire article had been meant to be as constructive as this. Yes, five signers for an amendment is a good idea.

As to the idea of a publisher and an editor (when the two are different) both getting the page credits, I am again willing to let the OE do the deciding. I don't think it would be fair for both to get the page credits. A ten page zine should result in only 10 pages of credits, and if the Editor and Publisher want to share it, that would be fair, but not each get 10 out of a possible ten.

Mailing comments section. Postwarp has been so long appearing that anyone who used to read it, has now forgotten anything of the style it once had.

When it comes to a-jay zine commentaries, my biggest beef is the time it takes, but, as I gained more experience, they have been getting easier, though not much less time-consuming. But, since the rules say that I must have so many pages of my own work, doing mailing commentaries is the only way left to me. I no longer can write fiction or articles, though, in my teens, in school, I used to excell at this stuff. A fiction piece of less than 20 pages was hardly worth considering, and could be knocked off in a short afternoon. That isn't the way now. And as for art, I never was any good at that. So, you see, I gripe about mailing commentaries, but, as long as five pages is compulsory, then I'll have to use the mailing commentaries to make my minimum page count.

The article on Hectos was actually a reprint of the instructions found on a hecto I have, plus some information gathered from a book I have here. I had intended running an article on how to make a home-made mimeo, one that would be guaranteed to make a mess of anything. I'll leave that for a later issue, if I can find the original instruction for the construction of a flat-bed mimeo.

You misunderstood what I said about the use of light waves, or just light, in communication in space. I shall quote what I said, "I'm afraid that when you get out of range of radio reception, you are out of range for all types of communication. Radar IS radio, just a specialized application of it. Using light as a source or carrier for sending information would require either too strong a light source to be generated, or too strong a telescope to see it." So, you see, I was against it too. But, the Rover is dead. As is the QUAF group, as far as I can see. Part of the trouble, as you intimate, was that it was too unofficial and as Lambeck said, No body knew who anyone else in it was.

There's a time for anything, even being non-committal, and the importance of the question doesn't always have any bearing on whether one should or shouldn't commit oneself. I am committed on many questions, am not on others.

Sorry, my views on divorce haven't changed, nothing has been advanced to show me wrong as far as the statement that one of our basic troubles is that divorce ~~is~~ too easy to get.

Crystals of pure metal have greater strength than the normal metal? This, I can't explain. I just passed along the information given me by Fisher Scientific Co. But, it has been known for some time that elements in real pure form, do not exhibit the same characteristics as the normal commercial grade. Extreme purity in metals is difficult to achieve.

I think you'll find, now, that Gerber is not a member of NSF, so your complaint is now lost.

Just got the mail to-day, and I've a real example of a HOT letter. It so happens that it is one of my own that has come back. It is so singed that the person who received it, just returned it. But, by HOT, I don't mean an insulting letter, it was literally burned, in a railway mail car, in a fire at Cadiz, Cal. The addressee didn't even try to read, but sent it back, presumably expecting a re-write. Will do. But,

back to Al again. When I received Ave et Vale, as a postmailing, I was quite peeved by much of its editorizing. I wrote a pretty strong letter, not in an official capacity, but expressing my own personal opinions. The result was a short note from Al, which I shall quote:-

"No Directorate letter is forthcoming at the moment, I'm afraid. I first have to do POSTWARP, a CULLLETTER and Ave et Vale before I'll have time. Incidentally, by being a director, I thought I was to work for the GOOD of the NSF and N'APA, NOT the "good" of the Directorate, i.e. getting more power. I am NOT POWERMAD as you see to be. I honestly feel the Directorate should leave N'APA alone. Since I feel this way, and I am a director, I feel obligated to try to have my views adopted - no matter WHAT some other "powermad" director may think."

So, we have an accusation that the NSF Directorate is interfering in the affairs of N'APA. Mind you, it has the right, but... can Al give any instance where the Directorate HAS interfered in the administration of N'APA. He seems to consider that it is for the "Good" of NSF and N'APA, that the Directorate fights in public. What an odd view. The NSF Directorate is not trying to get more power, it has all the power it needs. So, rather than participate in the administration of NSF as a director, 'he hasn't the time', he prefers not only to fight out in public via Ave Et Vale, but threatens to use NSF Treasury financed zine, POSTWAR P to air his own opinions. And as for POSTWARP, since the 1st of last September, he has received money on three occasions. When was the last POSTWARP published? I can't see how he can claim that POSTWARP is keeping him so all-fired busy, when he's not even putting it out, merely threatening to do so. The Cullletter, a publication of the group known as CULLT, is a small circulation affair, less than half of either SAPP or N'APA. This leaves AVE et Vale, and it certainly is not so much work as all that, since it too is a small circulation zine, and not immense in size anyhow. If he was putting out 100-page a day zine, then... maybe... but... he volunteered for directorship, and should be willing to undertake the work that involves. He has the right to do what he can to change the N'APA constitution, I'm certainly not trying to cut him off on that, I suggested several changes myself in the last ish of GUANO, but I certainly did not attack indiscriminately. Guy has done a good job as N'APA CE, and I'm sorry that he will not, has not, considered a second term. However, I am looking forward to cooperating with the new CE however it may be. There is no use using any other term than "IT" since, in a day groups, it is well known that the CE is not human.

So, having ranted at length on Ave Et Vale and Al Lewis I might as well now go on to the next zine, a COSMOLINE, # 170, BUCK ROGERS FAN. This, of course, will be on the next page, since this page is finished, or at least close enough to being finished that I can be justified in turning over the page and going on from there.

Buck Rogers Fan... Coswal... Yes, bundles do get lost. N'APA mailing #3 reached me with only three zines left in it. However, Guy has sent me another mailing, I sent him the purchase price of another mailing, and so I'm able to start in on doing my mailing comments.

Each OE that is elected will have to fix the deadlines and period he needs to make up bundles according to the circumstances surrounding the individual OE.

Inclusion of extra material... I was thinking of sending along 40 copies of the Canadian Income tax form so that the U.S. members could compare their own with ours. I don't know if I will or not since I don't have enough copies yet, only around 15 on hand.

As I mentioned earlier, ROVER is dead. He was too much of a ROVER, and met with the accident of being placed on the side-line. The Rover might be revived at a later date, for some other purpose, we shall see when we come to that bridge.

At the present time, the majority of the Directors are N'APA members, so it certainly has representation.

I don't know any of the science of the Solar Wind Ship, but I gathered that it acted more as the result of the Photon pressure from the Sun.

My mail is a little over the 120 mark, haven't counted lately, but it certainly seems that way, specially when I find myself behind by around 90 and I then know that there many who are not listed.

I think I'm getting the picture of CROWN ZERO now. Part of it is common to other APAs, GENzine, etc, but the various APAs have their own individual sections, containing the mailing comments for that ajay group.

Am glad to hear of the general rule in AAPAs concerning contributors. Guess I haven't as many page credits as I thought, though this one, this mailing, will adhere to that rule and so place me back in good graces with somebody or other.

I remember Raybin, at the DETENTION, bragging about the title ANIMUS CURIAE, as intended to be a paraphrase on the "MUTEMO ON A COURT" idea, in this case, "ENEMY OF THE COURT".

CONFURE -2, Mike Deckinger... Now, this zine, I find that I have TWO copies, one that came with the injured mailing, then the other coming in with the complete mailing.

Could be that reprinting RR excerpts is old hat, yet, at times, such reprints do create some discussions. Will continue for a while, though the RRs coming in now are few and far between.

Brother Frank Jares is a stranger to me, hoax-like.

Yes, Flying Saucers from other worlds is still being published. At times, I get two copies of an issue. I am stuck with one of those long-term subs. I agree that it is difficult to see WHY it is still pubbed.

When discussing abstracts like G & S, how else can you discuss but by opinions. No 'FACTS' available, just opinions.

POSTWARP 'was' good, but any zine that is supposed to come out regularly loses all value when it comes out with the lack of regularity of POSTWARP.

Let Alma Hill know of your willingness to help, within a reasonable limit, with the N3F room at the Pittcon. If everyone waits until the last minute to let her know, she'll not have any idea of how many helpers she can depend on.

Half-life, normally denotes the life of radio-active material. It could designate some alien type of life which seemed exhibit some signs of life, and also exhibit some of the characteristics of dead matter like rock. Real fantastic. So, I would say that the title HALF-LIFE is definitely appropriate to an S.F. zine, fanzine.

I was in Toronto, recently, and

checked in the Office of Addressograph-Multigraph to look over their multiliths. What I could do with some of those machines, but they didn't take long in discouraging me. I might be able to get a factory-reconditioned second-hand machine, for \$900. A new, small machine of the same type would cost \$1300. A little better machine, \$2,000, while the cream of the crop they had on hand was marked at \$3,000. No multiliths for me, obviously, unless I can win the Sweepstakes.

The Manuscript Bureau was beginning to get material, and all it required was to ask for it. But, it takes time and effort to get it going and I saw that I could not devote enough time to it, with my other fanatic, so when the pro, Ed Ludwig, asked to get the management of the Bureau, I was pleased to request Ralph Holland to make the transfer official. The Manuscript Bureau, as it is planned now, will have TWO pros, Ed Ludwig in charge, with Marian Bradley assisting. They will try to help the more promising Neffer author to become better. They will see to it that it gets publicity in various professional author zines, and literary societies. Art Rapp will be helping with the fanzine advising end of it. The Manuscript Bureau should be a big thing in the near future. Publicity helps, sure, but a successful Bureau makes its own publicity and even in the short time I handled it, I could see it building up almost daily, with requests starting to come in, material starting to come. Sure, I had to ask for some of it, but it seemed to be approaching the road where the various mentions of it in the fanzines as having been able to supply some of the material of that zine, was beginning to count. This type of publicity is the best type. One thing, however, that I found out that is needed in the Kiss B, is that the contributors mention if the material was printed before, and if so, where and when. Some fans do not want reprint material, some are willing to accept it, provided the original printing was a fair length of time in the past.

I'd say that the trouble with Flying Saucers is that too many have made it a Fantasy of them. No one minds Fantasy, when it is presented as Fantasy, but when, even in a tongue in cheek manner, it is presented as Factual, then it loses all appeal, specially to fans. As for the other 2%, the non-explainable sightings, they could be easily explained, if they had been observed with as great accuracy as the other 98%.

You forget that Bjo was in Seattle area. We don't know the full story of that, not really.

Your explanation that NBF is a neo-type club doesn't seem to explain the fact that more and more SHF-type fans are joining.

Unions:- Most of the public seem to think that labour unions are designed to get more wages, more holidays, more fringe benefits like pensions, sick-leave, etc. Few seem to realize that the major purpose of Unions, now that fair wages are in effect, and the holidays, etc. are statutory, is as important now as it ever was. If your boss decides he doesn't like you, he can try to make it pretty miserable for you. The Union is there to help you. You can be fired quite easily, but the Union can protect you from unfair firing. It can help you in your workmen's compensation, Unemployment Insurance (you call it social security), etc. where the authorities in charge of these services, actually give YOU more rights, if you are represented by a Union. The Union, when it is strong, can assure you the right to at least try a job that involves greater responsibility, greater pay, where your seniority is high. These things, now-a-days, are more important than the actual wages. I know one guy here (I don't know him personally) who has been fired twice, and through the Union, has had to be rehired, the first time with around \$1400. back-pay, this last time, only a few days ago, with \$3,000. back-pay. When your boss decides to make it hard for you, if you are alone, you don't have a chance, but through the grievance procedure that is binding as a law, from the Union contracts, these things can be rectified and the boss FORCED to conform to fair practices. At the moment, I am in a supervisory capacity, with the right to fire. I cannot belong to the union that the men belong to, since we are considered part of management, but I am not against Unions, as you can see. I have been a president of a Union local before, and one of the things I took up was grievance handling. It is not easy, specially when, in most instances, the men themselves are not always fair in their requests. Another thing about any personal group, is that they are so easily led, leading to excesses on the part of the authorities.

DREAM STUFF... GMC... Unfortunately, the Xmas-card article, came too late for distribution to fans in time for Christmas.

As for Art Rapp's letter, I have to make a few statements there. POSTWARP is supposed to be published, regularly, paid for by N3F treasury, on alternate months with TNFF. Unfortunately, like Hamlin's Terran Daily Gazette, it has had only promises of coming out, for a long time. In 1958, POSTWARP was also irregular, so, when 1959 came along, we had the situation wherein the present editor wanted to publish at a rate, with issues of a size, that would have bankrupted the treasury. We would have had, if a stop had not been installed, over twelve issues in 1959, so a slow-down was asked. So, the result was that the editor decided to resort to promises and not according to the two-month schedule, six a year. Postwarp, at the moment, promises to be turned out, at N3F expense, as a personal vendetta-zine.

On the other hand, MEMORITOR is NOT an official N3F zine. N3F has not contributed a single cent to its publication. N3F was NOT asked either. MEMORITOR has been MY PERSONAL ZINE TO THE MEMBERSHIP, wherein I published my own opinions, often wrong, but never subsidized by N3F. Naturally, putting out MEMORITOR on a monthly Schedule as I would like, would be too costly, and this has resulted in a rather uncertain schedule. MEMORITOR started as a zine, a letter, to the Welcommittee, when the Bull-zine started to be distributed to the entire membership, when the CE of TNFF was unable to publish TNFF. At my own expense, I decided to try, in an unofficial capacity, to keep the members up to date. MEMORITOR may become a genuine. The cost of sending out 200 or more copies (extra copies to the FCH and to Janie Lamb for new member's packets) is becoming a little too much. So, you see Art, MEMORITOR is NOT intended as a replacement for TNFF, it's purpose is to allow me to talk to the general membership, and express my own, unofficial opinions. I do not think it would be fair to have N3F pay me to express my own personal opinions.

No, Art, I'm not interested in being part of a reform movement. When I was in my teens, like Al, I might have been interested, but now that I'm nearer to 40 in age than 30, (I am 37, January 4th, 1923 being the birthdate), I am not willing to be a "leader" nor a "power-mad" dictator. I am not sure how old you thought me, when you referred to me as "youngster", but I will not have anything to do with a reform program for N3F. I will continue, this year anyhow, to do what I can. I suspect that I will probably cut down on my official activity in N3F, in the year 1961. I do not believe I will run for Directorate for 1961, and specially NOT for prexy. The reasons for this are logical. I cannot be sure of a job after the end of 1961, since the Uranium field has a very restricted future for some years. I have worked, in the milling end of mining, for over 15 years, but, my eyesight is not as good as it might be, and this restricts the places where I can get future employment. Here at the Bicroft, I am one of few, who are working here, who has never taken a medical examination. Had I had to go through one, I probably would not have been hired. It was just one of those freakish things. I should have had a medico exam, but didn't. My health, otherwise, is good, but with a future that is not secure financially, I certainly will have to cut down on fanac. I certainly hope that it will not be necessary to cut out altogether however. So, if I do not run for Directorate this coming fall, that will be the reason.

HANK SNOW:- Whispering, in this case, has been all that has been possible. The first mention of it came in POSTWARP, when the Welcommittee was accused of having written these racially insulting letters. Since I was then (still am) the Welcommitte Chairman, I had to take a strong stand in denouncing the alleged claims. Actually, Al did NOT say that the Welcommittee had written those letters, but since Hank Snow was a new member, it did stand to reason that the insulting letters were most likely the product of the WC, as Al logically pointed out. I also expressed my indignation in TNFF and elsewhere too on this. Well, this started the tempest in N3F. Investigation was initiated in dozens of areas. At the height of the trouble, the news came that Hank Snow had died. A check with the newspaper files in New Mexico (Roswell) did not result in finding any mention of the death of any such person. Rumours were circulated by jebblers, that Hank was a Jew, etc. I was in contact with Hank Snow, via the Round Robins that Seth had started before Hank had joined.

N3 F. I do not believe it is a good idea to round robin anyone before they join the club. These RRs were private RRs of Seth's, however, and not N3F rrs, as Seth labelled them, even though the majority were Neffers. When I am in an RR, and I find that one member of the circle has dropped out of the club, I refuse to acknowledge anything in that RR that is contributed by that delinquent member, but in this case, Hank had not joined yet. Hank had claimed ESP powers, and, in connection with a Marvin Rivers had formed a blood brotherhood. The letters on ESP were excellently written, though the English was too faultless, too bookish, too perfect, if such is imagineable. In the RRs, racial discussions took place, and it now seems that this is where the alledged insults came from.

The N3F Directorate tried in every way possible, to get at least copies of those letters, but the person who took over from Hank Snow, Tommy Snow, would not part with them and insinuations were made that the group responsible for the insults were from a club-group outside of N3F who were deliberately trying to hinder Neffer development. No mention of what this group was, but they claimed to have taken legal action that could prevent this group from continuing. Since we could not get any real information, the N3F was unable to act.

The next development came when Tommy Snow joined the club. Not long afterward, John Tucker took over and sent Tommy out to some other place, in Arizona, to meditate and be away from troubles. I kept pressing John Tucker for information, but outside of some comparisons to radio formulae, wherein he used them to show that the same thing can be expressed in different ways, we were not getting anywhere. He did finally come out that not all letters written under the name of Hank Snow and Tommy Snow were from them, but that he and another had composed them. The idea being that with the tempest then brewing about changing the name of N3F and the Rehorst deal, he felt that something must be done to draw away attention from those things which he felt could destroy the club.

John Tucker finally admitted that Hank Snow had not died, but that he was a living person who was angry at N3F and would not have anything to do with N3F. Since we did not really know that Hank Snow had ever really existed, that Tommy Snow was real nor not, when John Tucker joined the club, the names of Hank and Tommy were removed. John claims that both Hank and Tommy are real, but has not objected to having their names removed.

For a while, it looked as though Paul Rehorst was going to enter another voadetta about this, but because of the letters that were flying thick and fast between myself and John Tucker and myself and Rehorst, we were able to convince Rehorst that the information he held was not as sure as he had thought. Tucker wrote a letter saying that N3F was not in any way to blame for the situation. That is where the situation lies now. We still do not know what the real story is, and we do not seem to be able to get any more information, so the matter is dropped as far as the N3F Directorate is concerned. The NC was not to blame, in fact, if anything, letters I did see, might be claimed to be insulting to some of our female NC members. Sex is here to stay, sure, but the discussion of sex is not yet on a par with discussing other mundane matters, and many are objecting to even the sex included in Seth Johnson's letters, Round Robins. I do not think it, the Hank Snow episode, can be termed a 'skeleton' in the Neffer closet. We are not trying to hide anything, but just do not have factual information about anything. We dropped it, not to hide it, but because we couldn't find anything that was fact about anything. I am still in contact with John Tucker, incidentally.

PEARLS BEFORE THE SWINE. It looks as though DREAM STUFF IS Initiating a lot of discussion from me in this issue of QUAKO. Now, my views on the PEARLS have been misinterpreted completely. I will try, again, to explain. (To those who doubt the value of Round Robin Exerpts ((HERE)), see how much page credits I've been able to get by this item, even if the cause is a misinterpretation. No, I would not call that Surgeon a snob because his abilities were restricted to what he can do best. I do not call the musician or artist, for wanting his work to be displayed or performed before only those who like his work. That is both the right of the artist (musician, etc.) and the right of those who prefer that type. I do NOT quarrel with that. That was NEVER the actual basis of my argument with Seth. To the group that likes that type of service or art, it is GOOD. That too is o.k. But what I am objecting is that those same groups claim that ONLY THEIR TYPE OF

ART should have the GOOD designation, and that lovers of other types, are slobs, uncultured, etc. That is largely my complaint. So what if I don't like C&S, Berlioz and certain of that type, or types. Suppose I prefer folk music. Should I look down on the heavy classical? Of course not. They, on the other hand, shouldn't look down on me for my likes.

Now, the basic trouble is that the propaganda on behalf of the 'long-hair' art, has been too successful. A large number attending concerts are not there because they 'appreciate' the art, but because it has become a matter of 'prestige' to be seen attending these affairs. They are not interested in the 'beauty' of the art, but for social reasons they attend. You are bound to find them disinterested and lacking in attention. If the art was conducted on the basis of 'liking', not 'prestige', then I'd have no objection, but when they try to have us believe that their type of art is the only one that is entitled to the title 'GOOD', then I gag.

The arts, are PEARLS, when they are presented as they are intended by the earnest devotees, but many amongst the devotees refuse to recognize any other form of art, specially if 'common', that they run down all other forms. I, who may not be interested in attending their art function, object to being termed "SWINE" just because I don't agree with them. These art types are PEARLS when presented to those who like 'em, not otherwise, and the terminology, PEARLS BEFORE THE SWINE, to me, is an objectionable term. Much of what is now called PEARLS, was, in its heyday, comparable to our rock 'n roll of to-day. I'm not saying that rock 'n roll will have a lasting effect, but some of our present day music will, and we, of to-day, are not competent to judge what will remain of it, in the future.

So, to sum up, I am not disparaging the concerts, if they are not presented on only a 'prestige' basis, but for the love of the type. As you say, Jascha Heifitz or others of the genre, would be wasting their talents in presenting their material to me, so why the propaganda to make me pretend that I like it. I'm not that weak-willed as to conform to that extent. Now, your view is fairly presented, since it does not call those who do not wish to listen to Heifitz, clods. If presentations of a type that requires specialization of knowledge is presented to those who either like it, or seem to be the type who will like it with a little more knowledge, then fine, but not otherwise. When the terminology, PEARLS BEFORE THE SWINE is used, I object, because, it is not the SWINE's fault, but the performer's and those backing him, who are making such a fuss that they prostitute the honest intention behind the performance.

The use of the Kiss B, in N3F, by non-neffers seems to have been established a long time ago. Discussions on whether this practice should be continued or not, is in progress. I am not sufficiently 'reform-minded' to push such an idea across, there are times when I will conform to custom.

As for the Special Funds, such as the Berry To Detroit, one thing I was not aware was that TAFF people were aware of its formation, and, to some extent anyhow, backed it. I was wrong when I thought that it might harm TAFF. This did not seem to happen, in fact, it seems to have helped it to the extent that the possibility of a TAFF rep to the PITCCON as well as one to England this year, is a possibility that is at the nomination stage. I do object to the fact that I have to hear second-hand, of the voting results for the TAFF program for the rep from hyar to thar. I see in Shaggy that Bjo congratulates Don Ford on winning, so presume that the vote is over with and that Bjo was one of the Losers. But, where is the OFFICIAL word? Those who donate to TAFF have a RIGHT to know OFFICIALLY, not through private fanzines, no matter how good that fanzine is. I would expect that the TAFF donators would object if the announcement came first via TNEF, and they would have reason to object, so... I object to it being announced first in ONE fanzine. TAFF can have a fly-sheet sent to each donator of say over 12. Since that procedure was not in effect, what could have been done and this would have been finer, would be to advise the top dozen or so clubs here and in Angofandem, and let them, in their DCs announce the fact. I would object to TNEF announcing it alone, but would favour having TNEF announce it IN CONJUNCTION WITH OTHERS.

Don Ford has said that if he wins, the TAFF report will be published in one piece, and sold for TAFF profit. This I like, and hope that all future TAFF winners do the same.

And, DREAM stuff now even tries to appeal to the Stomach as well as the mind, with Bubble gum being circulated with each(??) issue. Whatcha trying to do, bribe us? Of course, under the gum, you had MARS MONEY, while the gum said, JUPITER MONEY.

I don't think that merely knowing how many copies of our zines will have to be made two mailings away will be much help. After all, when I started this zine, I did not think I would go to page 16, and here I am, still without an idea of how many more pages I will still fill with my mumbblings. Some mailings hit us with a desire to gab, others don't.

FAIRMARK GREETING CARDS... Bjo & Triable... noted.

GROUND ZERO... George Raybin, via Balle/Frank Publications. Noted...

We will skip THE ROVER AND GUANO \$5. Also will skip the USSR EXHIBITION. and go on to:-

HIRONDELIX... Ron Ellik... Does not this title also mean 'Humming Bird'? We have had, in the few mailings of N'APA, a lot of talk about Constitutional reform, and I indulged in it too. Everyone seems to fear NSF Directorate intervention, yet with all the talk and fear, threats, etc. no such action has yet come out. Does this fear seem to have any grounds? The NSF Directorate has not intervened yet, and seems to be content to let N'APA do its own over-hauling. And, the N'APA constitution does need overhauling, but does it need it so badly in the sense that it needs protection from the big bad wolf, the NSF Directorate? The Administrator, NSF Directorate representative, is elected by the Directorate. At the moment, I am that person. Did I interfere? At the moment, the Directorate is voting to elect another. Would C... interfere, for example? I would have interfered only if it was obvious that N'APA was going to fail. As yet, we don't know if it will succeed, but we do not know either that it will fail. N'APA must be given its chance to succeed, and only in emergencies would the Administrator be justified in stepping in and administering the NSF Directorate wishes. I feel that these inconsistencies you mention about the N'APA constitution will be rectified, given time. And, thanks for the kudos to the Directorate, even if we are termed, 'unspeakable', and Guy, our plaything.

As for my QUARTZINE contrib, you need not continue in puzzlement. That publication has died. No formal funeral will be given, since it might be a false death, it coming back to life somewhere else at some future time. But, to explain, QUARTZINE designated the group to which it belonged, similar to our calling N'APA GUANO. STATIC, however, was not connected to my Rover, but to the Vaux Hall Fanatic, for which I can be blamed for the duplication, but the contents can be blamed on Seth Johnson.

TRIC THE FORT T... Guy... Thanks for giving at least partial support on the PLAINS BEFORE THE SWINE DEAL. But.. I do not believe that a fair indication of the popularity of any score is given by the fact that Schools and colleges continue to do them. Only a small portion of the students are in the least interested, and I consider this continuance of those classics in the schools as an attempt by a small portion of the population at 'brainwashing' the students into liking it.

Nope, I don't ALWAYS run the title through the pic. Just lack of planning and that results. This time, however, the title is all by itself.

A labour strike DOES NOTHING directly for those on strike, that is true, but..... you only get a small proportion of the unionized population out on strike at any one time. The very working conditions, wages, fringe benefits, now enjoyed by both the unionized and the non-unionized portions of the population can be traced, almost 100%, to those very strikes you do not believe in. It is not a question of limiting the profits of the owner as it is

that the workers should get a fair remuneration for their work. A good example is in the teaching profession. While conditions may still not be the best, they wouldn't be as good as they are without that organization which puts the single person on a bargaining basis, bargaining thru strength. Without unions, conditions in all lines of work, would be akin to slavery. It's all very well to claim that the owner who had the initiative should not be penalized, but his success should not be based on slave conditions. As for the powerful union bosses, that is due to the slavish mentality of the individual. Give power to an individual, a leadership type of individual, all will fall in line, and the leader, some leaders, are bound to abuse the power. Glad to hear that in your opinion, that NAPA was not set up to be a carbon copy of FAPA, Saps, OMPA or cult, but its own version of an ajay group. I am certainly hopeful that the next OE also keeps this in mind.

KAYMAR... I knew I had seen, somewhere, a comment that my work must require a typewriter, but couldn't remember where. No, my work does not require a typewriter, nor are any available. I'm working this afternoon, Sun. Feb. 21st. When I go in, after changing the first thing I'll do is check the log book to see if new operating instructions have been issued. If there are some, I'll copy them down and when I get to that section, I'll check to see if it has been entered in the section log-book. The supervisor on day-shift and I will discuss things for a short while. I'll read his report. The labour will be asking what is on the scheme of things for the shift. I'll assign him the job of cleaning some lime dust from a section, if nothing else turns up. Then I'll go to the Ion Exchange (after checking the storage bins) and see what the situation is there. A few minutes' talk there, then on to Leaching. This is where most of the sulphuric acid is added to extract the Uranium. Next will be the Clarification section. From there I'll go outside and check the Counter Current Decantation section, 10 60' tanks used to wash the leached muck and on to the Neutralization where the acidic pulp is neutralized. Then I'll go to the grinding section and listen to the operator's complaints. From there I'll make a quick check of the Crushing section (not working to-day) and on to the compressors, back by the boiler room, and then to the mill. I'll start making some handwritten reports, and wait for trouble to develop, assign new work to the labour if he has completed his work. For instance, there will be some concentrate to be removed from the driers. I'll make two or three more such rounds, and not be busy unless trouble develops. Unless trouble develops, my job is 'lazy', just waiting, watching, advising, telling them to make certain changes in the operating conditions as conditions warrant. In other words, no typers. I do not have the full touch system, I have to look for the top row of numbers & punctuation, and the right hand keys: * 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 . / . The rest is according to a personally modified touch.

Ann Landers appears here too.

Kaymar award. Someone put my name down for this. I believe that no one in the Directorate at the time of the awarding should be considered. I have asked that if anyone has voted for me, that they change their votes.

ALPHA GOTIVA.... Noted.

PICTURE TRICK.. Marion Bradley.. While I had seen you at some conventions prior to the DETENTION, I was pleased to meet you and talk to you, at least briefly, in Detroit. If you are, shall we say, "petite". Methinks I'll be looking forward to seeing your Aerialists' book.

JOOTH THE "ALBUS".. Ralph Holland.. Your decline & Fall of the Roman Empire seems to have just preceded a printing of the Glories of Ancient Greece I'm featuring in my OMPazine. I wish, though, that the Grecian article was in as light a vein as yours. Mine came via Newell Tune. After OMPA distribution, I'll be sending a few copies out to others. THE RAVING MAIN-1-0... Hamlin.. The thinking HAS fanzine. Wonder what a HAS is?? Your address, including Terra, reminds me of how some people address things, and I usually find it objectionable, even if it doesn't concern me. I notice that it is usual when

sending letters to a country in South America, some insist on adding the "South America" destination. This, I feel, is insulting to that country. If our Post Offices don't know in what direction Uruguay is, then we should advertize their ignorance and let them muddle their way through. Argentina, S.A. Brazil, S.A. I'm against this show of ignorance. We don't say, France, Europe, do we?

As for the art in the Raving Mainiac, my only complaint is that the use of Hecto pencils make the art look like a crayon bit of coloring. Still, the duplication is at the very least, fair.

There are various ways of getting down to the 'bottom' of a record. Even without hi-fi. On most radios and record player amplifiers, there is a tone control. Turn it to 'bass' and you cut out much of the highs and get a better reproduction of the lows, where the beat is. A little more change in the circuitry will allow ONLY the beat to come out, and the playing of the record will not need to be thunderous either.

Wonder if Janet is now addicted to the

LIMBO.

THE SAVOYARD.. Bruce Pelz.. (now:- 980 Figuero Terrace, L.A. 12, Cal)

It is now fairly well authenticated that Ronel did not personally join N3F last year, however, I am somewhat confused about 1960, despite what TNFF said.

Much of what you say about the FTCH is true. It seems to be in existence in name only at the present time. It could be the things I said it was, but it isn't. It will probably have to be dropped from the Official Neffer list of services, since it isn't even in existence to use, if any wanted to use it. I do think it could provide a service.

Mass.B. has been of active use in the past, and it seems to be about to be of use again in the future. Indications pointed that way during the short time I had it. Now, Ed Ludwig has it. I am more hopeful for it than for the FTCH.

However, even without publicity, I do think that the FCH has done some good, even though it has not had many faneds contributing to it. However, another thing must be pointed out in regards to the FCH. It is NOT an Official Neffer Activity, never having been confirmed as such by the Prexy or the Directorate. You don't see it listed as such in TNFF's activity page, though occasionally, Seth has articles on it in the interior.

SKILMERS' GUIDE... Belle ... Have cut out the Rover, so only MARSOLO - MEMO'DJEE-GUANO, EXPLORER - MEMORITOR - and BULLZINE are still being printed. Had eight going for a while. At the moment, my letter back-log is around the 30 odd mark. Letter writing stops when I'm trying to pub.

I am NOT against either Anglophiles, nor against ANGLO-FANDOM. It's just that since I am not as familiar with the Anglo-fen as with N.American fandom, I find it lacking in interest, to me. I am only one of many who see GQ, so I was merely expressing my own opinion. I do not think that I am being offended.

As for a first fanzine, whether it be a neos or not, tearing everything apart, will usually, along with the others reading the tearing apart and their own additions to it, bring the offender back into line. Even if the bringing in line is done by ignoring. That way can be moderately effective too.

THE VAUX HALL FANATIC... Seth Johnson... I wish to apologize for the duplication of that issue. Somehow, I can't seem to get good duplication from Seth's typing, regardless of what masters he uses. I know that mine don't always come out either, but his seems to come out worse.

Last night, the Bicroft Recreational Association had a stag night, free for members and no admittance to non-members. It featured a stripper too, plus other acts of the magical variety. I was working 4p.m. to midnight, so did not see the show. However, on my way home from work at midnight, the guy I was with made some remarks I thought funny, though normally they wouldn't be in good taste... I am still going to print

'em.

"A woman hardly ever needs to worry about what she will have for a living. She needs not worry about money coming in. All she has to do is take off her dress and money rolls in. A man takes off his pants, and he ends up in Jail. 'Tain't fair."

WYOMA... Eva... Guess I'm coming slowly to the end of this mailing. I see only two more after this one. Liked Loubel's story.

I think I've given a new interpretation of my views against the PEARIS business. Will have to wait to see if it is accepted by the others.

YAP... OO... Guy... I'm all YAPPED out. I've commented on most of what is in this ish, when I came to other zines in the mailing. Thanks for sending me an extra mailing when the first one was lost. I was offered, for a while, that my comments would have to be restricted to only two zines, and that is the reason for being so late in making up this issue. I am hopeful of getting this issue run through and mailed to you in time for March 10th.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ... Alma Hill. I got lost in that M'APazine DREAM. I waited a long time to see what I looked like. Maybe I can come back with one of my own, a self-portrait. I'll see if I can do something like that for the final page of this issue.

I have three minutes left of time for commenting. In 2 1/2 minutes, I'll have to be off for work. 'tis a cloudy Sunday afternoon, with more snow in the offing.

Giving an honorary membership to Larry Sokol is up to M'APA to decide. I can't say that I'm for it, since I think that Guy Terwilliger had more to do with the actual birth of M'APA than did Larry Sokol. So, calling Guy the MCM of M'APA is actually more truthful, since he did give birth to it, and Larry only had the idea. Time out..... Feb. 22nd., 1960. No apologies were given to Marion Hallinger, for the return of the Heffer funds. As to return to persons without credentials, she did feel that certain officials were able to authorize a settlement on the basis of turning over said funds to a neutral organization for their own use. She felt that the Heffer officials she contacted were sufficiently 'official' to authorize the transfer to TAP. If she felt that the officials could have (they didn't) authorized such a transfer, they were, obviously authorized to accept the funds for NBF, where it belonged. She was asked, several times, then threatened.

Pittcon: Hi-fi might be best, but is it necessary. Century fi should be sufficient.

What do I do now. I've come to the end of the mailing - I've included extra material, and still have a page to go yet. I was thinking of doing some sketching that would illustrate "Power-mad" Art Hayes, but not been able to do a good job of sketching, that idea is out. So, it looks as though I will have to leave a blank page.

I have three zines now, all ready to run, all on masters. I have one more to do, then I'll run the works. After that, I'll have to start on EXPLORER and a little later, MEK RITCH. The next zine is THOMPSON, my SAPS zine.

G.P.C. RR # 83. You know, I guess it is all in the way one looks at it. I always thought that a person who bothers to notice an attempted 'insult' is the one who is stupid. I could never see that somebody else's rudeness was a 'loss of face' for me, any more than I could ever understand the psychology of thinking that a decent woman was 'defiled' by being exposed to the company of a so-called 'bad-woman'... In fact, I suspect that it is one reason for my inadvertant too-stepping in Fandom. I just can't seem to realize that other people can't stand to 'lose face'. Mostly because I never even think about it myself.

I think that some of our politicians' insistence that the so-called 'backward' nations shouldn't have so many babies is just about the most insolent suggestion I have ever heard. Personally, my own suggestion for cutting down the over-population would be to go on testing a few more Bombs. The resulting fall-out radioactivity would (if the anti-bomb-test propaganda is correct) cut down on the level of human fertility to the point where the existing food-supply could very easily handle the load. What's more, it would be impartial and foolproof and relieve all possible objection on moral grounds. In addition, I suspect that if babies were few and far between, they would become infinitely more precious... each one would be treated with love and tenderness, honored and respect and given every human advantage of education, environment and understanding.

(Gordon Dickson can not, it seems, boast of many stories published. I know of only two at the moment, one of them in collaboration with another. The only one listed in Day's 1926 - 1950 Index is with Poul Anderson, *TRUSSPASS*, appearing in *FS2*, spring 1950, on page 131. I recently read, in *F. & S. P.* July 1958 issue, page 5, Lead novellette, called, *BROTHER CHARLIE*. That is all I know, at the moment, of his work... Art. Hayes).

HALF-WAY ISLAND... S. Gordon (Miss). Copyright 1953. Printed by Story Book Press. 182 pages. A fantasy written on the either of a stop-over place between Heaven and earth. Whereas I figure the book is intended to be serious, I found it amusing.

"Half-way between Heaven and earth, there is an island, most appropriately called Half-way Island. There is an old established Universal law requiring that every Angel, every Messenger, and every traveller through space, must stop off on Half-way Island for safety, comfort, and rest. According to the law of that island, every traveller that stops there, must immediately report at the City Hall and register. He must give his name, address, mission, where he is going, and whom he intends to help. This information is then posted on a special bulletin board, at the City Hall and broadcast at regular intervals over the radio.

Now, let us suppose that a Messenger arrives at Half-way Island. He registers, and states that his mission is to help Mr. X. Every citizen on Half-way Island listens to news reports. One hears a familiar name and reports to the City Hall, giving information and proof. A trial is held, and a jury of ten men, decide the fate of the individual. If the Verdict is guilty, the Messenger will be refused a permit to leave."

Since a messenger cannot return to Heaven unless he completes his mission, it turns out that in this case, several messengers are marooned on Half-way island. A living mortal, can get in (dangerous, however) and return, so they get this Chicascan to be a mortal messenger. The story is around the adventures of this person.

Has anyone read of this story. I'm trying to get this author introduced around to SF Fandom, but no far, one else has heard of her. I owe her a letter, by the way and will be writing to her, asking more questions about her, when I get a little time. She is planning on a second book.

and so, with the kind help of a GMC and Robin, plus Miss Gordon, I've succeeded in at least coming close to finishing this one. Close enough anyhow.

So, until the next NAPA mailing, I shall bid you adieu, or something.

Art. Hayes.

1917

Received of the Treasurer of the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York the sum of
\$100.00 for the year 1917

This receipt is given in full
for the amount of the
check of the Treasurer of the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York for the year
1917. The amount of the
check is \$100.00. The
check is dated the 1st day
of January 1917. The
check is payable to the
order of the Treasurer of the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York.

Witness my hand and the seal of the
City of New York this 1st day of
January 1917.

Mayor of the City of New York

John P. Sweeney
Mayor of the City of New York

John P. Sweeney
Mayor of the City of New York

Received of the Treasurer of the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York the sum of
\$100.00 for the year 1917

CATASTROPHE
or something.

March 20th., 1960.

Roughly a month ago, I finished GUANO #6. I mailed it, figuring that it had enough time to get to Guy for inclusion in the mailing. So, I relaxed, then went onto tackle other matters, such as Pubbing EXPLORER - MARSOLO - Bullzins. I knew I was too late with MARSOLO for OMPA, so I post-mailed it. That is allowed in OMPA.

The day before yesterday, a guy who picked up my mail, mentioned that he had it in his room, and that there was a bunch of printed items, with no stamps, looking as if it was some of my duplicated material. I was puzzled, but not too worried, until I went to get the stuff, and found EIGHT copies of GUANO 6. The disaster became immediately apparent, the bundle had busted, and GUANO is being spread all over between here and Idaho.

I was sure I had thrown away all masters for it, but on looking, I found all but one. Another was badly mangled, so I made up those two sheets, am running off additional copies. So, Guy, what I propose to do is this. I'll send a post-mailed copy to each member that was so listed in the last YAP, #3. I'll send you the balance to make up 45 copies. When YAP #4 comes out (or whatever name it has then) I'll mail out copies to each of those who have joined since YAP 3 came out.

Since I don't actually have any pages due for credit anyhow, it doesn't really matter if any credit for these pages are given. I just want to get my views before the members. And, in closing, I would like to suggest that an asterisk or something be placed by the names of new members of N'APA.

A disgruntled member.

PRINTED MATTER. RETURN POSTAGE
GUARANTEED. MAY BE OPENED FOR
POSTAL INSPECTION, IF NECESSARY.

J. Arthur Hayes,
R. R. # 3,
Bancroft, Ontario.



TO:-

Robert Jennings,
3819 Chambers Dr.
Nashville 11, Tenn. U.S.A.

