

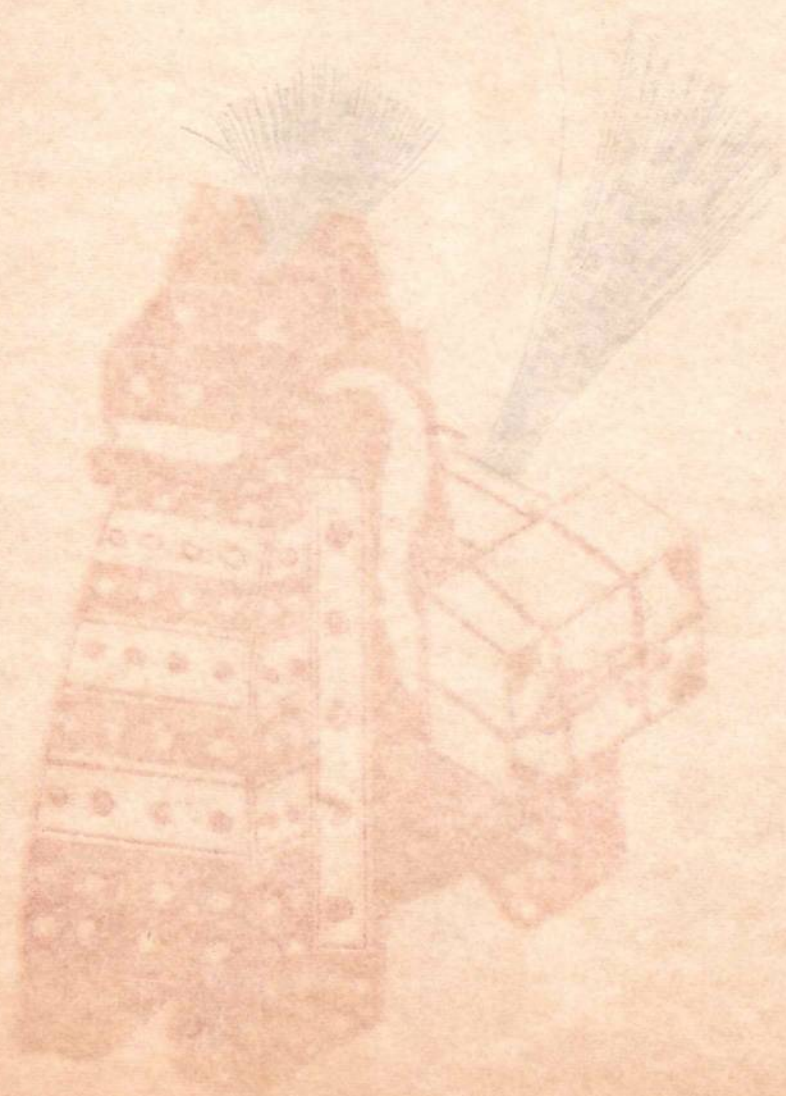
helen's
fantasia

Number 17 - May 1966 - Helen Wesson - 340 Washington Street, Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028



Line cuts
from ink drawing
by Helen

W. H. H. H.



THE *Fiery* HORSE

THE CHINESE lunar year 4664 is not only the Year of the Horse in the Oriental calendar cycle, it is the Year of the Fiery Horse. Once every 60 years—as in 1966—the Year of the Horse falls under the influence of the element Fire.

The horse is esteemed as representing power, perseverance and readiness to do battle. These are fine attributes in a male; but in Japan, a girl born in the year of the Fiery Horse, especially, is doomed to spinsterhood with a finality even more rigid than those born under the sign of the Horse. Not even the Tiger is willing to face the rearing hoofs, the uncontrollable nature, of the Fiery Horse.

Already, Japanese marriages made in 1965 were planned early, that the child could be born the same year. Marriages planned for 1966 are set late, if at all, so the birth will take place in 1967. The (legal) abortion rate is expected to soar. Japanese parents are not willing to take that dread 50-50 chance.

Here at Matsumon, the flower arrangement in the entry hall for the New Year included a red-painted wooden horse, carrying a pair of golden chests, on a *tatami* dais with a ceramic *sake* bottle filled with silvery-white Honeſty. (The Honeſty—a plant new to the family—was bought at a church fair because Helen considers its purity and beauty well-named.)

Then, from Vietnam, where our boys are fighting, came a dispatch to the *New York Times* which cast a pall on her enthusiasm. Surprisingly—to people who consider this a new war—the Vietnamese have been fighting for more than 20 centuries, mostly against Chinese imperialism. They consider the Horse symbolic of courage, for the horse carries generals into battle. Even the most Westernized Vietnamese believe the military associations of the horse signify “a lot of fighting and killing.”

One evening Helen was browsing through a Christmas present, “A Witch’s Guide to Gardening” by Dorothy Jacob, when she read this:

“Honeſty (*lunaria*), also called moonwort as its silver-disks resemble the moon, was a handy thing for a witch to have in her garden because it could pull the shoes off horses, which was the sort of trick witches

liked to play on an unpopular neighbor. This earned it the additional name of Unshoe-the-horse.”

Well!

This coincidence pits Western witchcraft against Oriental orthodoxy. May the witches win. —HVW

The Hundred Horses

DURING THE Enryaku era (782) the renowned general Sakanoue-no-Tamuramaro prayed at the Kiyomizu-dera in Kyoto for victory. Entin, founder of this temple, was busy carving Buddhist images. As a parting gift, he carved for the general a hundred horses from left-over wood, which the general put into his armor-case.

In a major battle, enemy forces were overwhelming and defeat seemed inevitable. At that point a hundred saddle-horses leaped from the armor-case and attacked. With their help, Tamuramaro won a decisive victory.

The hundred horses then disappeared—except for one wounded horse. A villager carved ninety-nine more to commemorate the “hundred horses.” The magic horse disappeared; but the ninety-nine were handed down in the carver’s family. His descendants made copies as gifts for the children of the village.

This is the legend of the Miharu horse of the Tohoku. My black horse is painted with white daisies and a seascape, and the dots shown on the red horse.—HVW



Winter In Japan

(Haiku)

*Through the snow I see
a camelia blooming,
hot pink in the cold air . . .*

—HVW, 1954

shows our horse, which was the son of such a sire as
is worth to have in her stable because it could beat the
silver-hoofs resemble the moon was a haughty thing for
Although (we may), also called upon on its

Dorothea Jacob, when she read this:
was present, "A Woman's Guide to Government", in
One evening Helen was present through a Chris-
tian and calling."

subject associations of the horse signifi- "a lot of light
the then the most *Wissenschaftliche* (scientific) before the
people of Europe for the horse creates Germany's first
Chinese imperialism. They covered the Horse and
equating for more than 50 countries' words' which
convinced this a new war — the American war was
held on her equipment, although — to be like who
came a dispatch to the New York Times which said a
"then from America" when our horse was signifi-"

Helen compares to Joan and Joan well-armed)

new to the world — was brilliant a church in the
own *Wissenschaftliche* (scientific) — a book
spoke on a woman's war with a certain eye for the
red-haired woman's hand, which a bit of Korean
engagement in the end, but in the Navy's end, which
Here it was, and the horse was

was then found 26 2 1/2 inches.

soon Japanese had been for writing to
The (legat) sported here a *Wissenschaftliche* (scientific)
all so it would with eye for the horse.
which planned for the horse that it is
could be found in the same way
in 1865 and had been called that the

which Japanese was a horse

nature of the first horse.
which in fact the world's horse, the first horse, was
under the sign of the horse. Not even the horse is
horse and which was more than 50 years old.
of the first horse, which is known to be
signature in the eyes, but in fact a horse in the
signature in the eyes, but in fact a horse in the
signature in the eyes, but in fact a horse in the

The book is concerned in representing how a
of the horse, the
last — the Year of the Horse (the first horse)
first of the Year of the Horse. Once again, the horse — as in
of the horse to the Oriental calendar cycle, it is the
The Chinese horse year (1901) is not only the Year

Reprinted from "The Horse" by the author

— 1901, 1904

was born in the year of ...
a certain horse

Although the year 1901

(1901)

Volume of the

a new book on the horse on the red horse — was
born in the year of the horse with the horse and
This is the legend of the horse in the
which is true for the legend of the horse

born in the year of the horse. His horse was made
born in the year of the horse. The horse
to be a horse, the horse was made
one wounded horse. A horse was made

The wounded horse that is the horse — a horse for
with the horse. The horse was made
and the horse was made. The horse was made
in a horse, the horse was made

A horse which the horse, but into his horse case.
born in the year of the horse. The horse was made
born in the year of the horse. The horse was made
born in the year of the horse. The horse was made

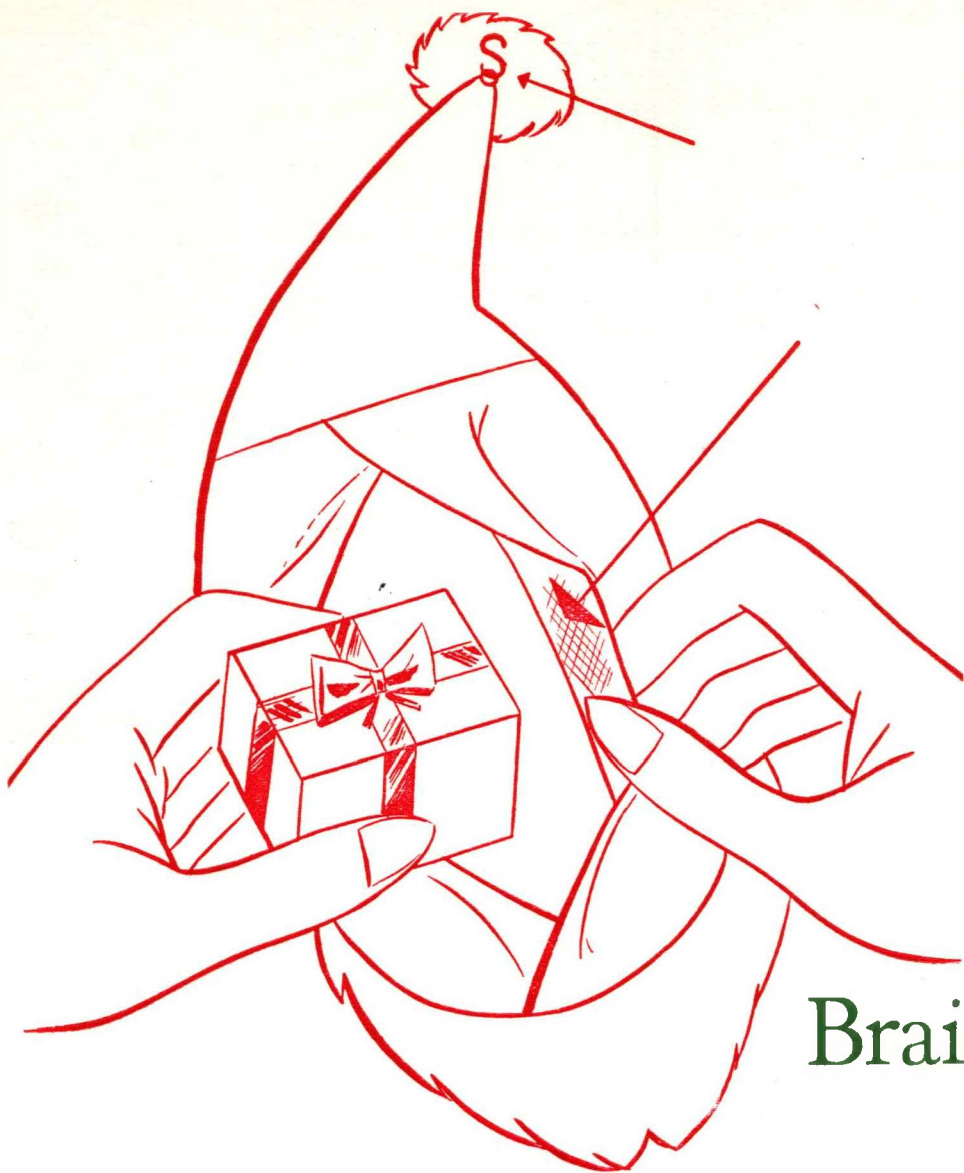
The horse was made

Oriental orthodoxy. With the horse was made
This is the legend of the horse. The horse was made
With

is the additional name of the horse, the horse,
born in the year of the horse. The horse was made

THE YEAR HORSE

1901



Fapa's Bundle of Fabulous Brain-children

...and a Merry Christmas to you, too, though I write this at the buffet table in our screened back porch, serene now with the rest of the family off to college, work and school. Beyond, the garden is beginning to look somewhat scrubby with the first of the few fallen leaves and the last of the flowers, and a screen over the carp pool. My efforts with the garden since we returned to America produced more disappointments than joys, though left to itself, the overgrown shrubs have kept my flower-arrangement paraphernalia well-used. I am the sort of housewife who likes an arrangement centerpiece on the dining room table, and an arrangement--if only a Tropicana rose bud in a brown-glazed "doughnut" sake bottle--in the living room, though the house be cluttered with books and the avalanche of papers which inundates us each day. In fact, I have somewhat resigned myself to the fact that clutter and I are inseparable, and at the hospital I knew I'd won my battle with staph when a new little student nurse chided, "Now, Mrs. Wesson, let's clear up this clutter of books and papers..."

Gee, I wonder if I could get a contract writing homey philosophies for a supermarket magazine.

To those who don't know, typography is our family hobby, and I collect old cuts, an inexpensive way of pampering my acquisitive nature. We came across the above-printed in an old batch, and wouldn't you like to meet the proud papa who had this idea for the birth announcement of a Christmas baby? (At least, I guess that's what it is!)

MORE

THE JOHN DICKSON CARR BIBLIOPHILE, No. 1: by Rick Sneary.

This is a most worthwhile endeavor, and one I particularly appreciate. Carr is the best, for my money, and at the rate the British editions are soaring to \$1 and above, it is money, indeed, for mere paperbacks. What I find most useful, therefore, is the list of alternate titles, to avoid duplications. Some day, when I am caught up with the laundry-sorting, linen-ironing, attic-cleaning and sewing projects -- or perhaps when I revolt and cast them all aside for a few hours -- I intend to lay out my Carrs and check them off on your list. You well deserve the ego-boo you received by crashing Boucher's column in the Sunday Times Book Review. (Were you flooded with orders? Maybe we can form a Carr Pool.) Next time, I'd like to see John Creasey (Marric) of Gideon and West (also The Toff, which I don't care for). He, and not Boucher's choices of Agatha Christie and Ellery Queen, most deserves the honor. (I can see why Boucher gives EQ a compliment--his employer--but Christie can be nauseating. Not that I have anything against my favorite magazine; EQMM; just that as a novelist or short-story writer, EQ is/are too contrived and gimmicky, and the character of Ellery Queen rubs me the wrong way -- as does too much of any detective-character like Hercule Poirot or Miss Silver. That's why Creasey has my accolade. Commander Gideon is a good man to live with, story after story.

ALIQUT: Rusty Hevelin.

Pamela gets no help on her effusions. Although her teacher corrected what few errors she made, all copy for Peko's Pages is chosen from A's and A-'s, but this should not be surprising, as far as punctuation goes. In our family, our printshop rules are taken for granted. For instance, all punctuation goes within the quotes. Recently, one of the kids put an exclamation point outside the quote (maybe Shel in a letter before his visit) and it was table conversation when I pointed it out in shocked dismay, and received the reply that yes, it was wrong, but it was a typo due to the typewriter carriage jamming at the end of the line. In such an atmosphere, what can you expect of even a child. I cull from PP only those stories which touch on FAPA interests (lost civilizations, etc).

ABOUT REPRINTS IN hFantasia: Before I go any further, I want to make clear that reprints from Siamese Standpipe, Peko's Pages, etc. are a matter of which-comes-first- the-chicken-or-the-egg, in case someone questions their validity for publishing activity. The material may actually be written with hF in mind (as the article on my study just before the fire) but since my husband is the printer who sets it up in type and runs it off, and since he is co-publisher of SS, he naturally wants SS to be the imchiban journal. If there is a rule that I can't get credit for such work, then I'll simply have him run off hF first, then reassemble the body type into 4 1/2 x 6 format for SS, instead of what is usually the reverse. Free printing is one of my luxuries.

Which reminds me of a true story: Ralph Bunche was mowing his lawn when a car pulled up and the driver called out: "Hey, boy, how much do you charge to mow a lawn this size?" To which Bunche calmly replied: "The lady of the house lets me sleep with her." (Or maybe it was Thur. Arnold.)

LUNDY'S LANE: Bob Lichtman.

Where's the title from? Some day I wish each FAPA publisher would explain his/her title. My prosaic title actually derived from the brand-name of a nationally-advertised bra, ("The

Uplifting Fanzine") because I liked--and lifted--the hand-drawn lettering of "fantasia" in the ads. (See cover) So now we know about LL & hF.

Was it you who sent me a letter (I'm sure unanswered because I can't find it) with a letterhead having skeletons working in a printshop? If it was -- and I don't deserve the favor I am about to ask for -- would you please proof them up in black on white, so I can have cuts made? Your letter was on a rich cream paper which, however, doesn't make cuts well. I'd like to put these cuts into my men's stockings at Christmas--any Christmas will do. (Actually, I like them for myself, so in this way I make everyone happy!)

Are you an American history buff? American Heritage, for you. # Any stories about the San Francisco riots? # I happen to be more interested in most in houses, perhaps because my Dad was an architect, but also from living in a land where it is useful to know all the details about the few Western-style houses available. # Anyone whose name is Mr. Portofino should be stuck with, by all means. # Give us more on San Francisco, one of my favorite cities.

VANDY: Coulsons,

No, to be semantic, Laney was not "a smug little bastard with his denunciations..." There was nothing little about Laney's denunciations, no more than his laugh. Not only do I resent the giant that Laney's Denunciations was, being stung by a mosquito (the bravado of you, knowing he can't sting back!) but I don't think he was a bastard at all. If he had been, I'm sure he would have built it up into as fine a tale as the breakup of his first marriage. No, we shall not see his kind again in FAPA...nor his Denunciations, either, worse luck. # Recently the kids opened a carton from storage and found some Blondie comics from the early 1940's. They are much more pertinent --even to contemporary living--than the present vintage.

HORIZONS: Warner.

I'd make this criticism to no-one else but you: About the Tricon - WHERE? WHEN? even What? though I know it's some sort of fan-convention. Everyone talks about it, assuming everyone else knows. Well, it could have been held right in Glen Ridge here and I'd have missed it because I seem to be a small minority of One Who Doesn't Know. (One of the first things Burton Crane taught my husband in amateur publishing is that allusions should contain basic facts, presupposing readers who don't know or can't or won't dig back. Many FAPAns do this in reviews, but it would be better if when one comments on a comment, one quotes the basic comment.) Tricon? Discon? These are more far-fetched than Phillycon, which explains itself. # Hagerstown emerges from this issue with a better face than usual, probably due to the sentence: "Fortunately, these things are not done too formally in Hagerstown..." showing a sympathetic side. # Probably you realize that's a classic: "Why, Ike, what in the world are you doing in that coffin?" # You are one of the few who can get away with a stripped fanzine. As for me, I derive my pleasure not from non-stop publishing (obviously!) but from artistic and typographic layout as well as literary content. In fact, I am several Standpipes ahead on art ideas, lacking copy to go inside the covers and around the fancy heads. hF is less formal but for me it is less of a "required activity chore" when it has art work and color. And I never bother to read an illegible fanzine.

BETE NOIRE: Boggs.

Didn't you know. Elvis Presley has been stuffed for



several years now. There's an agitator inside, patented, I believe, by Waring Blender, that works pretty much like the rotating mechanism in the dolls in Pepsi-Disney's "Small World" at the NYWFair.

AYORAMA: Morse (just Bill in the colophon).

How about a Bibliophile on Dorothy Sayers' mysteries, in the manner of Rick Sneary?

BOBLINGS: Pavlat.

Gandalf the Grey goes to Pam. Besides McGillicuddy, (who is more than enough) our fauna this summer included a spotted thrush who died of a watermelon binge, a female blue jay whose leg was torn most off from a disaster in the nest which her brother survived unharmed (she mercifully died soonnd), Murgatroyd the Turtle who died of neglect when Shel joined the family in Maryland for the NAPA Convention. This sounds like a Necrology Report. Cover appreciated by Peko also.

DAMBALLA: Hansen.

What is the Oriental on your cover looking at? I can't figure it out. # Agree that we should not scrap the poll for just this reason: "It is a FAPAish tradition going back almost 20 years..." Besides, if we keep dropping activities and not adding any, there won't be much left. # "The sumie painting was reproduced by means of an electronic stencil of course. Nothing complicated, all very simple." Just HOW SIMPLE?? When Pam gets around to using her sumie set, could I reproduce it for Peko's Pages? HOW? Or were you being sarcastic. # I am looking forward nostalgically to more of your Oriental art work.

MELANGE: Trimbles.

Love all bjo's art work..always do. Your 1870 dictionary reminds me of an encyclopedia of the vulgar tongue I've been meaning to review for FAPA, maybe next issue. So the Greeks bleached their hair, too! Men, women or Grecians?

ATOMIC GALAXY: David Tucker.

I note you are No. 55 on the Waiting List, David. Daresay you'll still be the youngest FAPA publisher even after the years it takes to get to the top of the List. How about a few facts about yourself? Let's get acquainted.

HABAKKUK: Donaho. (Art Editor: Rogers.)

This is a fanzine in the tradition of too long ago. The colorful illustrations are worth all the extra work, but even nicer, what surrounds them is quite readable, not always true of a thick zine. Terry (music) and Darroll Pardoe (art) are so right. "The appreciation of art is a very individual thing, and a very subjective thing." # Happy to see you back in activity, Alva. You wrote recently about the nostalgic past. I still have the original of The Outsider you drew for ACOLYTE, now thoroughly charred around the edges from our fire in '52 or '53. Last year Shel phoned me from college: "Mommy, you have a demoniac mind," those were his very words, "I want you to design for our pledge shirts a horrible monster thing." Who, me? He insisted, and I sent 3 or 4 drawings up. One was based on the face of the Outsider, and I intended to send you a sweatshirt if it was chosen. The winner, however, was an all-brain face with stunted arms and legs, based on a Japanese obake (and used once in The Unspeakable Thing) which somehow well-represented RPI men and his fraternity, the No. 1 scholastically.

MORE

What really licked The Outsider in the close vote, however, (14-16) was the hand. After finishing the face, I found myself stymied about drawing the hands (I'm no creative artist) so I handed it over to 11-year old Pam to finish, and mailed them off in a hurry. Later I overheard Shel tell David that it was an obscene gesture the frat boys saw in the hand (drawn quite innocently by the child, I assure you) that has since made that design famous in the dorms. Oh well.

PROJECT REPORT No. 1: Hoffman.

This isn't dated but it is a few years old. Your work on Gilgamesh was a scholarly piece well-done. Would it be possible for you to do such a project on Lilith?

SNICKERSNEE: Silverberg.

I, too, think coolly of the current war, but.. "Furthermore, the war has the useful feature of...disposing of a great many members of our own armed forces who, if they were still in this country...beneficial development....I'm beyond draft age and unlikely to get shot at over there, I have an additional reason for seeing no objection to the military festivities..." Well, I have two sons. One already in ROTC. The other only 16 and too young to be killed in two more years, so that the stock you own in munitions can soar higher. Sometimes FAPAns are just too, too flippant. # I do realize what you are trying to say: that it isn't your war to fight but you're still against it. It is quite a dilemma and I'm sure we in FAPA cannot solve the problem. However, we must consider that if we pull out, we lose all of Asia and will fight the next battle on the American mainland. Our stand in Vietnam has gained us Indonesia, when that country was pretty well written off the book. Thailand is looking to us, and all free Asia. I don't see why they can't fight their own battles, because as you say, we do as much harm as good. I consider the Vietnamese mess a mere holding action to forestall World War III with China, though in turn, every day's respite is to China's advantage. I just hope we can keep respiting for another few generations and it'll play itself out, as you say. That's ostrich in the sand for you. #Do you write your archeological stuff under a pen-name? The high school ones?

VUKAT: Patten.

Welcome. It is nice to meet a literate and legible newcomer.

SAMBO: Martinez.

Another David, and very talented, too. I have long ago noticed that every David I know is well-liked. David means Beloved, you know. When my David was very small, he drew his name like this but now disdains to use it as a press mark.



PHANTASY PRESS: McPhail.

That was a beautiful tribute, Dan.

QURP!: Bennett.

Your remarks in No. 5 about the class you teach made absorbing reading for me. We are engaged in trying to push through a new high school, to avoid double sessions for Pamela. There are almost twice as many pupils as the school was physically built for. Classes are up to 34, not 46. #Give us more anecdotes about your school life.

SPINNAKER REACH: Chauvenet.



Boating in Autumn

By Lu Yu (A.D. 1125-1210)

Away and away I sail in my light boat;
My heart leaps with a great gust of joy.



... ..
Back in my home I drink a cup of wine
And need not fear the greed of the evening wind.

I found that whilst searching for the origin of the Chinese poem you quoted. SR is one of my favorites, since it encompasses many subjects of diverse nature and not just mailing comments. Perhaps if we didn't like sailing, I might not feel such an affinity. Shel sails now in the RPI regattas, and wears the insignia of the Utica Club. I wish very strongly we were located where the family could sail at least now and then; we all miss the Yokohama Yacht Club--I for the easy sociability. When I tired of the lonely life I could always accompany the family to the Club, and of course, we lived there all summer, virtually, sailing and swimming.# I doubt I'll ever campaign "to emulate the Japanese custom of no sex discrimination in public washrooms" after my experience of being "locked in" in the inner room of a large Japanese-style hotel, caught there when a convention ended and there was a flood of males using the urinals in the outer room. I probably shall let memories of the Orient dribble into hf from time to time, especially if I follow Warner's method of writing, ie, keeping a stencil handy to type off a thought before it leaves, forever lost.

DAMBALLA: Hansen. (Again)

I share with you your interest in things Tibetan. There was a magnificent bronze plaque, about 18-20", obviously a temple piece, in an antique shop up the street. The woman didn't know what it was, didn't appreciate it; in fact, she thought it was solid bronze because it was so heavy. (Actually, it was sheet, weighted by the concrete they put inside with prayer papers. Even so, she wanted \$75 for it. How I hated to see that absent from her window after due course! I do have some treasured iconography (reported on in a previous hf) and I recommend to you, for fuller understanding and also an enjoyment of the illustrations, "The Iconography of Tibetan Lamaism" by Antoinette A. Gordon, revised edition, Tuttle, available in Orientalia if you want a copy. If you come east, Yale has 105 Tibetan books, "collected works" of four Dalai Lamas and five Panchen Lamas, covering 500 years. The Newark Museum has a superb display and even more in storage which you can, as a connoisseur, ask to be shown.# Once again, I ask how you reproduced your sumie cover, "simple."

SERCON'S BA NE: FMBusby.

Small wonder when I picked up the Fan-Dango, I wondered how it had gotten into this pile. Who kept the stencils all these years and how come?

SYNAPSE: Speer.

Thank you for the compliment on my truthful reporting, and to justify it I shall try to write on subjects more suitable for a male audience. (I had to get the other copy into the record, my home record, that is.) I am perfectly willing to write, even research, any subject FAPAns may be interested in, but an omnibus question like, "How did you like Japan?" is impossible to answer in one gulp. In fact, I can only now answer, "How do you like being back in USA?" NOT MUCH!

Four Short Stories

By PAMELA YNIR WESSON, 11

Reprinted from *Peko's Pages*, June 1966

The Fig of Life

(A FABLE)



LI TUNG lived in a bamboo hut, alone, on the edge of the forest. This hut was rented on the land of the lord of this region. The rent was at the high price of the equivalent of \$100 a month.

"Oh, where will I get the money to pay the honorable master? The porcelain teapot is empty!" she mourned daily. For in a fortnight was the rent due.

All of a sudden a knock at the door shook the weak house. "Come in," she cried, shuffling toward the door. She was startled by the lord's voice.

"Li Tung, I have a job for you. Fetch me a fig from the Tree of Life. If you succeed, no more rent shall be due to the end of your days. The Tree is guarded by a man of the faith of Buddhism, one Moslem and a

Hindu. You are to invade the garden, overpower the men, and take a fig."

"But how can I overpower them?" asked poor Li Tung, trembling.

"Wear this sacred ring of my ancestor, Tse Fong. It is a stone of jade set in a lacquer ring."

So Li Tung set out on her search.

Seven years later—in the Year of the Tiger, the Month of the Tiger, Day of the Tiger, Hour of the Tiger—she returned to the lord.

"Oh, Honorable Wise One, I have found the Fig of Life. On the roadside I nearly starved. A discarded fig saved my life. Once I was caught in a trap, and fig juice helped heal my wound. Once a hare was chased by a dog. I threw the fig and it landed on the dog. He ran away and the fig saved the life of a hare.

"Oh lord, any fig is the fig from the Tree of Life."

The lord laughed and rewarded the faithful woman.

(MORAL: Anything, in time of need, is a blessing.)

The Sun God's Justice

IT WAS a beautiful dawn. But it wasn't beautiful to Hana, the dog. For it was June 24. Everybody, including pets and beasts of burden, sensed what it meant. It was Sacrifice Day. Hana's master was to be killed instead of a sheep or goat. So what, if he had murdered for his bread! Animals must kill for food.

This scene was at Stonebenge. The rising Sun God cast a shadow in the middle of the altar. Ah, the god will be pleased with this offering, thought the dignified priest. He was the equivalent of a deacon in a church.

Innumerable people thronged around and on top of the stones. The prisoner was on exposition to the people. The priest gestured. The tension mounted as the prisoner was brought forth. For a moment his silhouette was imprinted on the sacrificial stone.

His temper smoldered calmly. He had a right to be angry. He didn't kill the man. Akol did. Only he knew. Who would believe him?

He was tied to the stone. The priest drew forth the knife. Quickly Abon, Hana's master, said a small prayer to himself. Convulsively, the priest plunged the knife. Nothing happened! "Why isn't he dead?"

he thought wonderingly. He struck again. What's this? The dagger wasn't even bloody!

Nobody looked at each other. That was good. Nobody saw Akol collapse, his blood pouring from two wounds. They were not self-inflicted.

One hundred years later, the centennial of this strange event was celebrated. What glory and splendor!

But no one was happier than Hana at that moment when her master returned home—alive, through the judicial reign and good favor of the Sun God.

SCIENCE ON THE MARCH

In a Classroom of the Future

AND NOW a word from our sponsor—
"Cancer-Cancel—proven 50 per cent more effective than any leading cure for cancer now on the market. Just take with one glass of sulphazide . . .

"And now, back to our old movie, *Science on the March*. As you all know, viewers, this film is 100 years old. 1965—imagine that! Your grandfather and grandma were your age then. So here's the rest."

A good-looking man appeared on the screen.

"After our experiment, kiddies, do you see the result? The atmosphere is constantly moving. Convection currents help, as specifically shown in this experi-

* Part of our Sixth Grade spelling/vocabulary lesson is to write (extemporaneously) in sentences certain assigned words, noted in *Peko's Pages* by asterisks.

ment. And now we shall learn about solar* radiation. The Sun . . .”

Mrs. 01981414 (translated into Mrs. Simmons—try it!) clicked off the television and said: “That is how they used to teach in the old days. Questions? What is it, Bos 139267?”

“Please turn it on again, Mrs. 01981414. I like to hear how they taught my grandparents.”

Mrs. 01981414 switched it back on.

“Evaporation,* condensation and precipitation* affect our weather, too. They are caus . . .” Click, went the set.

“Good Mtclvxes,” she said, “and good gosh, even.”

On went the set.

“ . . . and that’s how that works. Some phases of weather are destructive. The tornado,* typhoon,* cyclone* and hurricane* are very damaging sometimes. There is a . . .”

Off went the set again.

“Come, children, time for civics. Get out your textbooks, please.”

“Mrs. 01981414, my grandmother remarked that her teacher was like that, too. I think that her name was something like—Mrs. Hawark or Howard—or something like that. Her class was impossible!” said G125190



“Who is your grandmother, G125190?”

“I don’t know, but her first name is Pamela, or something. It’s hard to say names without numerals, isn’t it? Those poor souls,” she mused thoughtfully.

“Class, all of a sudden you are like Mrs. Howar’s—er, Howad’s—uh, Howard’s . . . that’s right!—but you’re not! Get out those civics books immediately!”

There was a bustling of books, then silence. Mental telepathy reigned.

“What a crazy world that must have been—100 years ago,” received Mrs. 01981414. And she agreed.

A Thief Collared

IT ALL happened in an instant. Little Karubi was gaily romping at the feet of Habbam, his master, on the dry dusty road. Suddenly, a chariot* careened around, horses in perfect rein, and purposely struck down Karubi in mid-air. The dog’s legs crumpled beneath him, and there he lay, bleeding and crying, but alive. Habbam gave a short cry and gathered his dog in his arms, blood and all, and ran home.

Bursting in on the quiet life of the Babylonian like this was unusual. Hammi, his mother, took one look at the situation, and ran to get clean wet rags. After the dog was bedded down, Habbam sat behind the house to think. Why was he struck purposely? Of what value is a half-dead dog to a chariot driver? Off he went to see his friend the scribe.*

As he strolled up to Akalm, the scribe, he was hailed by another to fetch a reed from the river-bank, for his stylus* was split. He glanced at the tablet* as he went by. As he could read a little cuneiform,* he was astonished to see news of a robbery and, most of all, a series of dog murders! All other news didn’t appeal to him, but this . . . ! This tablet was like a daily newspaper, and was called “Hammurabi’s Empire.”*

All of a sudden, a torch flared in his head, symbolizing an idea (they didn’t have a light bulb yet). He rushed home without even fetching a reed.

Again bursting into the kitchen, he yelled, “Send for the priest!* Hurry! And a king’s officer! I have it!”

Hammi, puzzled, did as he said. What had gotten into her son?

As soon as these important men arrived, Habbam motioned them to where Karubi was resting. Pulling off the metal collar, he handed it to the officer. They gasped in astonishment. Out fell two precious gems, one shaped in a crescent* and one linked to it in the manner of a caravan!*

“But these are the missing gems!” cried the priest.

Then all was confusion. What with the court and Hammurabi (honorable king sublime), Habbam never had a moment to himself. There was a reward for quick thinking—a 50-acre section of fertile farmland by the palace!

Finally the culprit of the case was found. He confessed that he hid the gems in a dog’s collar, but forgot which. So he went around slaughtering dogs to steal their collars.

One of my pleasures in FAPA is reading about the places and the ways in which people live, whether it is a few paragraphs or Warner on Hagerstown. After 10 years in Japan, during which time I gradually lost contact with much of the American way of life, we moved to...

...GLEN RIDGE, Essex County, New Jersey...

...home of the double-headed zebra (a head at both ends), symbol of the GRHSchool and especially its State Championship football team. Not that GRHS emphasizes athletic over scholastics. (Shel's friend Jeff, Co-Captain, turned down Annapolis to attend Dartmouth without playing football.) The Journalist, school paper, wins first prize in the annual competitions. And the band is outstanding at the local Music Festival, the only band which plays from memory without music (notes). In other words, the kids here in town are clean-cut and wholesome, with sometimes more sense than their parents. (This town voted for Goldwater (by a small percentage) with a pool of the young uns decidedly against; in fact, they ran a Scranton campaign.)

Glen Ridge is a small finger--7 blocks wide at its widest--between Montclair and Bloomfield, and keeps pretty much to itself despite its tininess. (2,000 or 2,500 homes, over 90% owner-occupied, many palatial; 8,000 residents.) It is primarily a commuters' town, with no industry allowed, a fact which is now becoming troublesome because, while the residents desire a snooty atmosphere, they are not willing to support GR schools, of which they are proud with a pride that is dwelling in the past.

Since we returned to the States because our teenagers needed the proper education for American colleges, we find ourselves -- still "moving in" after four years here -- discussing the possibility of a move elsewhere so that Pam will not have to attend double sessions at the high school with resultant poor teaching staff and pared-down curriculum. This is most discouraging, when you consider we interior-decorated ourselves the entire house, moved in 60 tons (yes, 60!) of household goods from Japan, a library and furniture from storage, and THREE complete printshops! In the furor raised by The Glen Ridge Paper against the proposed new high school, one resident complained about the "rootlessness" of the newcomers, and I think that will stick me like a burr forever during my stay in Glen Ridge, though it be the rest of my life. Many families have lived here for 2 or 3 generations, rather unusual in an area predominantly Mobile Society. (I tend to consider this "stick-in-the-mud" but I haven't settled down yet. Indeed, a Japanese friend has moved to Iran and in researching her life there while she was making up her mind (her husband is an American engineer executive), I found myself ready to leave at an hour's notice!)

The people in town are interesting, but busy. Mario Pai lives here, the expert who knows more languages than any other man (except possibly one at the UN); his second book (that I know of) has just been published and if it is as absorbing as The Story of Languages, both are highly recommendable. We can draw on highly-paid executives (for instance, the owner of Grand Union chain) for the non-political positions of Mayor and Civic Conference (unpaid and no graft), and Board of Education, all unappreciated when a school budget comes up, someone is inconvenienced by a necessary road repair, or the water runs rusty. There is a local Democratic Party (1 man and 2 lackeys) willing to ruin the school system if it will pull down the Civic Conference with it.

Unfortunately

my own immediate neighborhood is not as friendly as the brochure on Glen Ridge A Unique Community (edited by SCWesson) would have you believe. To me, the houses immediately ^{in view} seem to be waiting for Death behind closed windows. (46% of the families have children out of the school system, private schools some, but many graduated; a very high count of elderly people.) I guess anyone passing our house would think the same of us, too, for the great pines and shrubs seal off the house and provide Japanese-style privacy.

Socially, the happiest period here for me was the year in which I belonged (for the first time in my life) to a bridge circle..of former Japan-hands which didn't help orient me to my immediate neighbors but did help me orient in general to life in America. One woman was 9 years out of America (Wales, Ireland, Porto Rico and Japan with Esso) and was as bewildered by the vast array in supermarkets as I was! We are, however, fortunate in that the backbone of our social interests has never changed, here or abroad: our friends in Amateur Journalism. My social life here was not helped by my operations and subsequent slow convalescence, since I was physically unable to pile more work on what most women would have more sense to attempt in the first place.

Nor am I happy with the medical picture in America. Granted, I could not have had the most renowned back surgeon in the East for my operation at one of America's finest hospitals, were I in Japan, but for run-of-the-mill troubles, Bluff Hospital was always there, always available, a home away from home during some bad years. Glen Ridge is noted as a doctors' and brokers' town, but we have THREE family doctors, a ridiculous situation when you think that Pam, for instance, went from her doctor to the Radiological Clinic's doctor to a third "finger" doctor, just to have a steel splint put on her finger with tape, a 2-minute operation I redo every time she gets it wet. But I am lucky, Pam and I have a woman doctor who is conscientious and did come when we thought I had a cerebral hemorrhage (misdiagnosed as migraine and four months later cured as sinus infection). When that picture "Never on Sunday" was advertised, I thought it was about doctors!

And in Japan there are so many germs to worry about, staphylococcus doesn't have a chance! At least, you can bet that the women in the Yokohama foreign community would have known if there'd been one case. That had me so far gone that Pam's God-father (my cousin and closest relative) snapped down to the hospital, visitors or no visitors, because I had instructions about Pam I wanted him to back my husband up on, just in case. (Of course, I'd have hated to go to an average Japanese hospital someplace in the sticks, or traveling thru Asia (except Hong Kong where I know a Scottish doctor from Tokyo and trust his advice on hospitals).

All America is having school trouble. A friend of ours who did thoughtful and thorough research on schools before he chose his new community, moved into a higher-priced Levittown because Levitt built one school, and gave the township sufficient money to build another for that particular community, and the town fathers spent it on a ROAD in another part of town! Our friend's smart daughter is handicapped by double sessions right now. So many of today's children are so much smarter than we used to be--or they have to be these days--that adults don't comprehend the needs and methods and facilities of today's Education.

Although we are only a half-hour from NYC, with one son already in college (tuition at RPI went up another \$150 this term) and another entering, NYC's shows are appreciated treats. "Man of La Mancha" is a theatrical experience; also "Royal Hunt of the Sun"