

LE MOINDRE

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I haven't the inclination to do a search to find out what number this issue of Le Moindre is, so perhaps the above information will keep list makers happy.

JACK SPEER: I am quite ~~sure~~ sure that these stencils I am cutting with be full of typos. I make more typos than ever now that I have a nice labor saving electric typewriter, so, any time you come across what looks like an error in spelling, consider it a typing error, and refrain from bothering to point it out to me. Which reminds me, in an old Queebshot I had a sentence which ran roughly, "Norm and I split." You enquired whether this meant that we separated and went our separate ways. "To split" is a slang term meaning just that. However, it has another slang meaning, to wit, to depart. This was the sense in which I intended it. I am so familiar with the use of the term in the latter sense, which is its main meaning these days, that I quite overlooked that from the context there was no indication that the other sense may not be intended. And I'd better request also that you don't jump on me for poor sentence structure either. I'm not feeling at my most coherent at the moment. I'm just not in a stencil cutting mood. The muse is not in my fingertips, or whatever, but I've got to start cutting stencils or I'm going to miss the deadline, which will probably require first class postage...that is, I'll probably have to send thjs material to the OE by first class mail....

And seeing I've started this issue of Le Moindre by talking to Jack Speer, I may as well talk to some of you others about material you had in the last mailing, before I go on to other stuff, if any.

SAM MOSKOWITZ: "...we can't have blood in a food magazine." is a very funny quote. Seriously, though, Sam, why not? Don't packagers of meat have to deal with blood? Is the thought of blood repugnant to U.S. eaters? I can't see how, when so many Americans drool over rare steaks oozing blood and "juices" and...ooog, I think I'm going to be sick. # I'm now waiting for somebody like Bob Leman to rewrite Death of a Dinosaur in J.G. Ballard style.

HARRY WARNER: You claim that it is o.k. for the U.S. baseball championship to be called The World Series because teams from other countries would not be able to beat the top U.S. teams. That is beside the point. The fact is, teams from other countries are not permitted to compete. You can't restrict a particular sports contest to one country and then call it a World Championship by saying that teams from other countries couldn't win it anyway. It is just as idiotic to proclaim the winner of the Super Bowl the "World's Champion." But I guess I'm trying to buck the U.S. Mast r Race theory here. I note that the winners of the Stanley Cup are not proclaimed "World's Champions" but then, Montreal has the bad taste to win the Stanley Cup pretty often, and, in addition, 99% of the players even on U.S. NHL teams are "aliens", to use the ingratiating U.S. terminology. # "...might be able to claim the planet for the entire earth." Yeah. Sure. Uh-huh. # O.K. enough of kicking at you Harry. On to something else. Regarding your musings on page 2360 about funds available to you at retirement, if you pursue this course or that course, you are overlooking what inflation could do to your resources. Surely you have read all sorts of stuff about people who have retired with what was at the time an adequate income, and are now being horribly squeezed. Don't think that inflation is going to stop. It won't. Inflation has been with us for years. The recent hoocha on the subject is just because it has been breaking into a trot. The U.S. Govt. may be able to

cut back the rate of it to an "acceptable" 2% or #5 per annum, but compounded over a few years, even that adds up to quite a bit into a fixed income. # To the wall with that building inspector. I had cable TV connected, but I hung onto the antenna. Cable goes blooey occasionally, and it's nice to be able at such times to take the cable clip off the set, and attach the antenna clip.

TERRY CARR: The Decline And Fall Of Love was interesting reading. It would have been nice, though, seeing that this piece is now dated, if you had been able to publish with it a follow up by Collins.

And Hi There, ROSEMARY HICKEY: From the very little I know of it, merely from impressions, I don't think I would particularly faunch to live in Texas. But then, I'd much less rather live in Chicago. Chicago has always ranked high on my list of Cities I Don't Think I'd Like To Live In. Anyway, it is interesting to read your accounts of Texas As You Find It. Are your children acquiring Texas accents, and saying "Howdy Ma'am." and things like that? "The good ear would account for his mastering Texan so well." That I think is more difficult than Spanish or Italian, as the verbs seem to be entirely irregular in fact, the whole language seems to be so." Is Joe Buck now the ideal of every Red-Blooded Texas boy?

JIM CAUGHRAN: "...rules are made with the intention of making things easier for the staff rater than improving the service." Very well put. You could also add another one which seems to apply in so many instances. "Rules are made for the sake of making rules."

ROY TACKETT: "The only thing that shakes the people is the hippies around the University." Why does it, or do they, shake them? What do you think? I can postulate a few reasons: with some people it is the Work Ethic. "They don't work, but I have to." I don't quite see this; if a person chooses to do as little work as is necessary for his survival, that's his choice, and he should be free to make it - but I don't buy the attitude of "I don't choose to work so you who do should support me." which is an attitude found amongst some people, not necessarily hippies. Then there is the resentment at the "new morality." "They're getting plenty but when I was their age I didn't." And some "hippies" do tend to look grotesque to many people, and I can easily understand straights being upset by the sight of a nest of "weirdos." However, in a country where people are constantly stressing at full lung-power what a Free People they are, and that the country stands for Freedom of the Individual, unlike the rest of the world which apparently is unspeakably totalitarian, apparently, surely nobody objects to an individual deciding to be a little nonconformist in his dress and hair style. "Hair." Now there's a subject. WHY do people get so upset over a little hair? And not e en long long hair. Only moderately ling ahir. Even hair touching the collar, or where a collar would be. Even CLEAN hair. What think you Roy? In fact, I'd like to hear from some other FAPA members on this. I'm syre that, in the widecrosssection of opinion in FAPA, there are some members who get very upset by an inch or so of hair. Would any of you like to tell me why? # If sf and fan material were to be donated to a University, why would it not be available to fannish historians? Surely universities do not lock such material away from the public...or do they? "Would/could fandom support ISL?" No way, no way whatever.

RICH BROWN: "Heroine" is the feminine of "hero." "Heroine" is what the villain tied to the railway tracks or the buzz saw. Penelope Pitstop is a "Heroine." A few years ago there were many newspaper articles here on the English System for drug addicts, and the writers were saying How Sensible it all was, compared with the Canadian system for treating addicts, which is pretty much to jail them, and leave it at that. Then as time went by it turned out that in England the number of hard

drug addicts was increasing considerably, and it wasn't just due to addicts from other countries going to England to get cheap fixes. In recent years I have heard no more about it. All the hoocha over soft drugs has pushed such stuff out of the news. Do you have any recent info on the English System? A while ago I saw a (Canadian) TV program where Hard Hitting Interviewer was talking to a psychiatrist, a pharmacologist, wheel from Canadian Addictio n Research Foundation etc. on the subject of marijuana. It was funny in a way. "Is grass addictive?" "No." "Does a user have to keep using more and more of it?" "No." Does it lead to the use of hard drugs?" "Good heavens, No!" and on and on like that. Oh yes, it is quite well established that when, sometime in the thirties, the appropriation for the Bureau of Narcotics was going to be cut heavily, Harry Anslinger dreamed up the Marijuana Menace. It is funny that the myths about grass still promulgated by the Bureau are being contradicted by U.S. Govt. Health peo ple. There has been much official pro-grass sentiment been epxressed in C anada recently, and just the other day the Federal Health Minister said on a TV program that it should be legalized. He is waiting for the report coming out soon of a big Drug Enquiry which has been going on. The first step will probably be lightening the penalties for holding, and eventual legalization. Bet the govt. will control the sale, though. I can't imagine the Canadian governmental bodies passing up such a potential tax field. But can you imagine the reaction of the U.S. if grass is made legal first in Canada? I can just see Big Brother leaning hard on us. But what a consite bidding angle for Montreal.

Gad, what is the world coming to, will wonder some members, when the world of finance is penetrated by "drug-crazed longhaired hippie weirdos." Of course, they on the other hand may wonder how authoritative is a column on Municipal Displacements when it is written by a DCLHHW. (I don't know whether you have long hair, Rich, but many will assume that anybody who says anything pro pot must be a DCLHHW.)

BOB PAVLAT: You remarked to me at the Clevecon that I don't comment on your FAPA material. Somehow you don't vive me any comment hooks. All sorts of interesting stuff in Bobolings this issue, but "uh-huh" isn't much of a commnet. (I mean "comment.") Did your Mercedes have rust when you got it, or did it acquire rust afterwards?

GORDON EKLUND: Rubber Frog seems to have disappeared from my mailing. Doubtless I handed it to somebody saying, "Here, read this marvellous funny stuff by Gordon Eklund whom I thought had disappeared from mortal ken." and never got it back. I certainly didn't use it to line a bird cage, for I don't have a bird cage. Maybe it will turn up again some time, and I will read it all over again, for it is mighty hard to find Gordon Eklund material in the amateur press, it is a year or more. Maybe I had Rubber Frog speckled with checkmar s, like unto a bad case of chicken pox, but probably not. But if I did, you aren't going to get any.

BOB LEMAN: "...a halting, stammering fashion of speaking...." etc. etc. Yes, I agree in what you say here, as a generalization. But on the next page you mention WJAS telephone programs, which you find "exceptionally interesting." This puzzles me, for every phone-in program I have ever heard, has almost exclusively phoning in people who are pretty inarticulate too. But your point still stands. Graduate students and undergraduates should be able to express themselves at least adequately. # There is no contradiction between Warner's statements in Horizons Page 2336 (refusing to take a firm stand on issues of the day as he can't know enough about them to take an intelligent stand), and page 2337 ("approaching a far right sweep to power...") Think about it a bit.

Yes, the term "underground" as applied to publications is a bit dumb. "I bought an underground paper from this guy who was selling them on the street." "Amateur" is not correct, for a number of "underground papers are pretty professional. Maybe "non-Establishment" would be a better term. But what does Establishment mean? Dick Ellington came up with the best definition I have heard. Rather quasi, it is "The Establishment is Them." But then, it happens that an "underground" paper, when it starts to become successful, comes to be looked on as Establishment itself, so often then some Young Turks break away from the paper, and start their own Underground Paper. (The Establishment absorbs.) "Underground radio." Now this is really a dumb term. Here is a radio station, all set with FCC licence, calling itself or being referred to as "Underground." An "underground radio station" is one which plays non-top-forty style rock, ~~xxx~~ often along with what Harry calls Serious Music, and ~~xxx~~ tends to casualness in its announcing and general style, rather than Frightfully Formal or Frenetic.

BILL EVANS: When I was very young, I doubt that one could buy commercial peanut butter where I lived. Maybe it did exist, but if it had we wouldn't have dreamed of buying it. To buy commercially made jam we thought pretty weird. (And to put pectin in home made jam to make it set was downright shameful.) We made peanut butter by buying raw, shelled, peanuts, roasting them in the oven, and putting them through the meat grinder. It made very good peanut butter (in spite of what Rosemary Hickey says) but now that you mention it, I do remember that you had to keep stirring the oil back in it. I still prefer "chunky" peanut butter to the "creamy whipped" stuff. Hey, Rosemary, you have to take the skins off the peanuts first. Did you do that? Also, notice I mentioned using a meat grinder. Using a blender may produce a different taste. #I am pretty sure that the phenomenon of the U.S. style Marching Band is unknown in Denmark, or the rest of Europe. Lucky them.

F.M. BUSBY: "Can't agree that a 2-3 year old car is new; some nitwit has had 2 or 3 years to put troubles into it for the next buyer." One neighbor is a Old Man, who, until his licence was taken away from him (too old and feeble) used to trade in his car after a year or so. So, somebody thought that such a car would be a Good Buy, until he found out that the Old Man had absolutely N*O maintenance done on his cars. He didn't even change the oil. Ever. Just topped it up when it got low. Norm Browne's name popped up in the press a couple of times after that bit, appearing as a minor functionary of a newly formed group calling themselves The Just Society. This was a group of Welfare recipients who had Grievances. Maybe they did. Maybe they were Deserving People. But I like not at all Browne's attitude of "I choose to be poor, because it is More Fun.Hey, I am Poor, therefore The Government should give me some money. Boo hoo hoo. "

BOB LEMAN: (again.) Aha! A blinding flash of insight on the "underground" term. It is the "them" and "Us" thing. You see, most press and radio is run by and for the Square populace, That's them. So as a sort of Resistance Movement "underground" press, and then radio starts up for "us." So now you know. ABHKE.

DICK LUPOFF: Don't read beyond this point. You have been warned. If you do, don't bitch at me about it. No, I mean page 6. Page order has changed.

(continued from page 5) another thing. I went over a pound of small seedless grapes, removing any with blemishes, and put the perfect fruit straight into the pot, without any peeling or pricking. The grapes are delightful. The plums, nectarines, and peaches tend to taste the same. I cut the fruit into pieces before putting in the pot. It would be interesting to try gooseberries. They should work well. Next time I will use a bigger pot, and lots and lots of grapes. The pot was christened by using some of the fruit in a trifle? You don't know what a trifle is? It is one of the noblest of desserts, and easy to make. Next time I'll tell you how. Warning. Do not make a rum pot if you don't like a strong rum taste.

THE RUM POT

In another group, I mentioned The Rum Pot, and several people expressed interest. I think that one thought it to be a drink, and others might have thought that it referred to rum-flavored herbs, but there was enough interest that I thought that I may as well run this thing through FAPA, seeing that I've tried it and it turned out fairly well. First I'll give the Instructions as laid down, and then my own experience.

In June swirl boiling water in a rum pot or glazed stoneware or glass crock. Let it dry completely and set it in a cool dry place. (It will remain here until the contents are ready to be eaten, in December.) Arrange a layer of 1 pound hulled strawberries in the pot. They must be ripe but not overripe; they must be clean and perfectly dry. Sun drying is recommended. All bruised and blemished fruit must be discarded as it will ferment and spoil the rum pot. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar over the strawberries and pour 1 quart rum slowly down the inside wall of the pot, being careful not to disturb the berries. The level of the rum must always be maintained at least $\frac{3}{4}$ inches above the fruit. As the lighter berries are likely to rise to the surface until they have absorbed enough rum to sink of their own ~~own~~ weight, it may be necessary to place a light plate over the berries. Cover the rum pot with plastic wrap to completely seal it, and adjust the cover. After three or four days remove the plate and shake the rum pot gently to dissolve any ~~rum~~ remaining sugar. Add rum, if necessary, to maintain the proper level. If, at any period, there is no ripe fruit available within two weeks of the last addition, shake the pot gently, add rum if necessary, and seal tightly.

As soon as cherries are in season, add 1 pound perfectly clean stemmed ripe cherries and sprinkle them with $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar. Add rum, if necessary. A 6 quart rum pot should be filled with 1 pound ~~in~~ layers of fruit and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar per pound of fruit. The sugar ~~can~~ be increased to $\frac{1}{4}$ cups for sour currants or gooseberries and decreased to one cup for very sweet fruit.

To prepare peaches and apricots for the rum pot, scald them and draw off the skins. Halve the fruits, remove the stones, and add the fruit to the rum pot. Plums and greengages, which cannot be peeled, should be split and stoned. Blueberries, blackberries, and raspberries must be carefully picked over and currants and gooseberries have to be stemmed and individually pricked with a pin. Apples are unsuitable for the rum pot, and oranges stand divided over bananas and grapes. If grapes are added, they must be halved and seeded. Very large grapes must be peeled. Pineapple has to be peeled, sliced, all blemishes removed, and the fruit cut into wedges. Add the last fruit in October. Then seal the rum pot with plastic wrap and let it stand undisturbed for one month. Open it and add another 2 cups rum, or enough to bring the level up to 2 inches above the fruit. Seal the pot again and wait for the Christmas holidays. Set the rum pot on the table, provide each guest with a pointed stick or skewer, and let each help himself. Or serve the rum fruit in bowls with whipped cream.

I used a small earthenware crock, with curved sides, and a narrow opening. Thus I couldn't carefully pour the rum down the inside wall. Use a medium dark rum. I started off with cherries, then in order, small seedless grapes, raspberries, plums, nectarines, peaches, and pineapple. You will note the emphasis on topping up the rum. I didn't find that that necessary. ALL the fruit floated. I couldn't get a plate in the pot, so used a plug of heavy aluminum foil to hold the fruit down. So misled was I by floating fruit that to add more fruit I had to draw off some liquid. The first draw found the rum heavily diluted with raspberry juice. It made a delightful drink. The raspberries as rummed fruit were completely bleached out. I would suggest leaving raspberries out of the pot, and making a separate little pot with raspberries to make a rum-raspberry liqueur. The cherries were a flop. They seem a bit dried up, and I think would be better to eat as fresh cherries. But the grapes are

(continued on page 4)

quarters of an hour away. But already there was a lot of people in the seats, with an M.C. chatting with them. He was talking to a woman from Idaho, who raise potatoes. She was going on and on about how Idaho Russet Reds (or something) were the best potatoes in the world blah blah blah without stop, but boy, why didn't the prices go up and help the poor farmer? She and her husband had been in Honolulu four months this trip, and it would cost them X bags of potatoes to stay another month. From the data she gave of yield per acre, number of acres, and price per bag, I quickly figured that the yield from their potato crop was at least \$250,000 at current prices. My heart bled for this particular poor farmer. I'd completely had it with the whole Waikiki ambience. Have you ever seen a Don Ho show on TV? If so, remember the scene in the Don Ho club. Yes, that is the Waikiki bit. Pshaw. I went back to the hotel and went to bed.

Next morning I woke late. The sun was shining, the palm trees were rustling softly, I had breakfast beside the pool, and my testy mood of the afternoon before, which was no doubt partly induced by travel fatigue, had disappeared. I am quite sure that one could have a very fine holiday in Hawaii, once one got away from the mob scene of geriatric set. But it was time to get in a plane again, to go to Tahiti.

En route, the plane stopped at Pago Pago, (pronounced Pango Pango) the capital of American Colony Samoa, (not to be confused with Western Samoa which is independent.) The plane was to stay there about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, so all the passengers got off and wandered around the terminal building. A bunch of young Samoans were providing "entertainment." Two boys with 1950's pompadours, guitars, and an amplifier on a wheeled stand, and three or four girls with the typical young Samoan Girl flat faces. The boys played, and the girls sang dull, cruddy "Samoa" songs and did dull little dances. Jaded me yawned. Much "polynesian" music is adaptation of hymn tunes, and the poorer sort of old pop songs, and generally is pretty bad. The best "polynesian" music I have heard was from a bunch of Tangans. This had interesting melody lines, and was rich with harmony, even unto much Beach Boys style falsetto.

Back into the plane, and sometime after Midnight we landed at Tahiti. Somebody hung a lei of heavily perfumed fresh flowers round my neck, (in Honolulu the flowers would most likely have been plastic) and off to the Fancy Expensive hotel. In Tahiti all hotels are Fancy and Expensive, or maybe some are just Expensive. This was a nice enough hotel. Fairly extensive grounds, with lots of palm trees and lush foliage and swimming pool, but no beach. Tahiti is very poor in beaches. Tahiti is written up in the travel press as though it is a Paradise, but it impressed me not at all. Certainly it has Lush Tropical Foliage, but so do some of the Caribbean islands. I much prefer Guadeloupe, which is much closer than Tahiti and much more interesting. Papeete, the capital of Tahiti is one of the cruddiest, ugliest little towns I have ever seen. After a day in Tahiti I went to Moorea.

Moorea is an island a couple of hours roughly by boat from Papeete. This boat was one of the fastest on the route. We set out across the lagoon, and then started to go over the bar. I have been on some rough boat trips, but this was a dandy. The boat pitched and tossed and wallowed and crashed, and even a couple of the crew members were being ill. I enjoyed it. The boat's first stop at Moorea was the Bali Hai Hotel, where I was to stay. A collection of cottages amongst the palm trees, the cottages built in Thatched Hut style. It looked terribly Polynesian and glamorous. "Gad, I'm going to be stuck here for two days." I found myself thinking. "What a dumb thing to think." I then reflected. Most people would be thrilled at the prospect of spending two days on beautiful Moorea, which is

supposed to be the Most Beautiful Island In The World. One of the passengers on the boat had looked familiar. He turned out to be Sel Silverstein, the Playboy cartoonist. Sel didn't eat any lunch. Day trips are run from Papeete to the Bali Hai. People come across on the boat, are fed lunch, then do whatever one does in this Tropical Paradise, and take the boat back in the evening. As more often than not happens with many of them, they arrive all green and gasping from the exhilarating boat trip, lie around groaning all afternoon, lunchless, facing the prospect of another exciting boat trip back to Papeete.

My initial premonition about the Bali Hai had been correct. There wasn't much to do. I like to swim, and the Bali Hai had a small beach. However, the sea bottom was rocky, and one of the boats dropped some oil, so that the water surface had a thin film of oil over it. Water Pollution in Paradise. Fortunately, the hotel had a bunch of bicycles for the guests' use, so I had a healthful time riding hither and yon. Most Beautiful Island? Well, Moorea is extremely mountainous, with interestingly shaped peaks, and if one could get around up into the mountains, there would doubtless be interesting vistas and lush foliage. But I had no means of getting around, other than the bicycle. So all I could do was ride along the shore road, through the rather pretty village at the base of Cook's Inlet, and look at the soaring peaks.

I found that one could fly back to Papeete, and although I had no fear of the return boat trip, timing was such that I decided to take the plane, which cost only a few dollars more. Into a jeep and over a rutted road through the coconut plantations to a cleared grass strip. I and other potential passengers waited for a few minutes, and there landed a little single engine plane. Not enough room for everybody with their bags. "I'll be back for you in a few minutes." the pilot told one bunch. So up and over the ocean in the little single engine plane.

It was the Rainy Season in this part of the Pacific. So far I'd been lucky, and there had been only occasional showers during the day, but now the rain set in with a vengeance. "Take a car ride round the island. It's raining on the other side too, but it's different rain." said the sign on the travel agency desk in the lobby. That was a good idea. I had nothing better to do.

The car, a VW bus, had three rows of seats. The passengers were me and about five Oldies, all in early eighties except for one youngster who was in late seventies. One sat beside the driver, one beside me in the next row, and the rest in the back seat. The driver would tell stuff to the Oldie beside him, who would relay it to the one next to me, who would relay it to the back seat, which would get it wrong and toss it back to the one next to me, who would relay it to the front..... "The lighthouse is run by a kerosene lamp." "The lighthouse is run by a kerosene lamp." "The lighthouse is run by an acetylene lamp." "Acetylene? Why, that's that stuff..." "Acetylene? No, kerosene." "HE SAYS KEROSENE NOT ACETYLENE." They were actually very nice people, and pleasant company. They showed me their itinerary, which made me blench. They were on a trip of about 40 days, covering a multitude of countries, including Thailand, Cambodia, and Taiwan. Everything, including every sight seeing trip, was planned out for them, so that they didn't have to worry about any arrangements, en route, but I wouldn't like to cram in all that travelling and sightseeing in one shot.

The next morning off to the airport for a 5 am plane departure for New Zealand. On the plane as we approached New Zealand we were handed landing papers to fill out, and Customs stuff. All sorts of details about what one could and could not bring in. Only one camera, only so many rolls of film etc. Nobody had told me that there was a limit on film, and I had a few rolls over the limit. This, and other stuff put a huge chip on my shoulder, and I approached our ~~landing~~ landing in a peeved frame of mind. (to be continued)