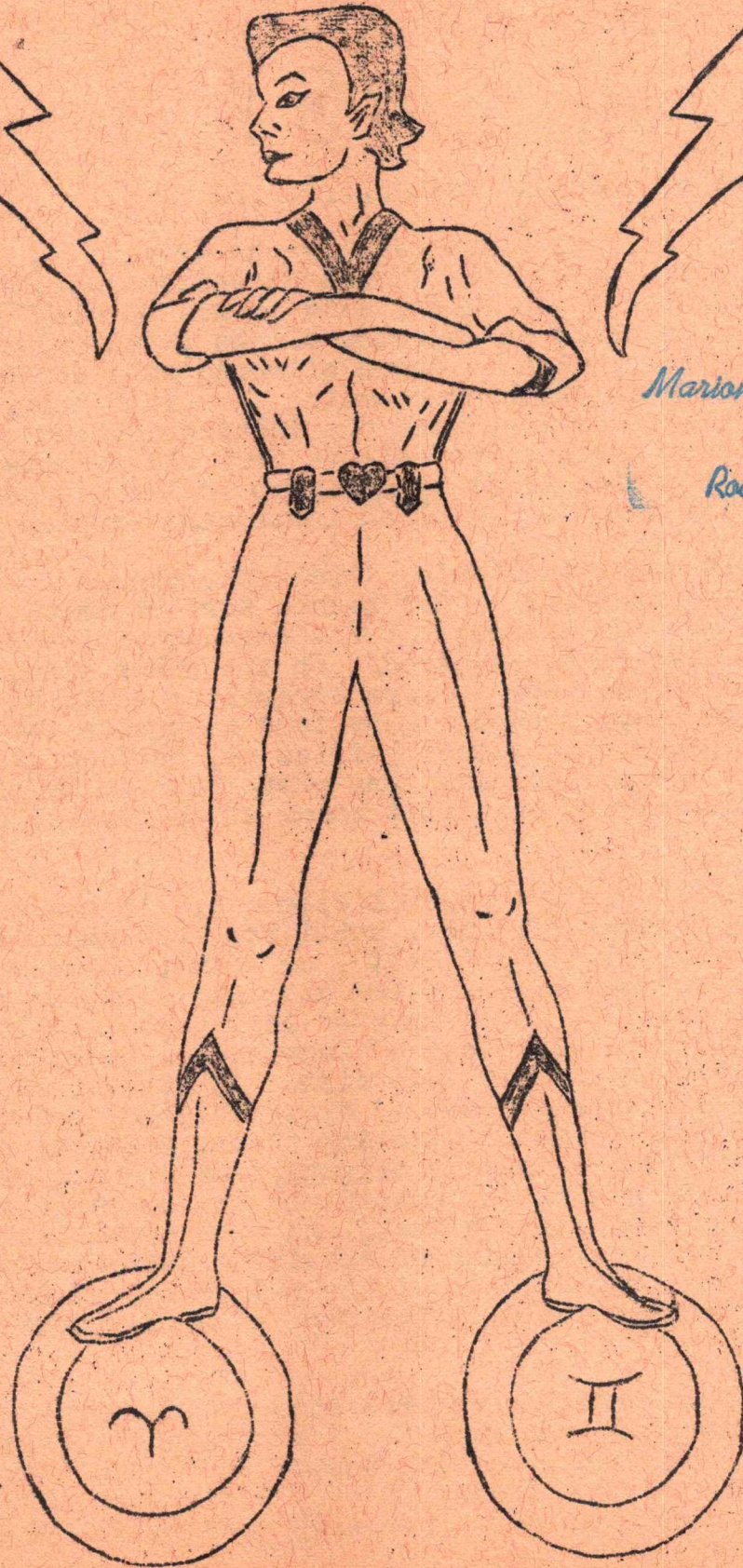


PICTURE TRICK 3



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KERRY

RESEARCH ~ SHE SAYS!



A sort of stencil gazing.....

Gaston Rebuffat, a mountaineer who wrote a book about climbing and the famous ascensions which he called STARLIGHT AND STORM, said in his opening chapter that as children everyone climbs instinctively; but that, at eighteen, when he began climbing as a serious avocation, he had to learn to climb over again. And it's true. Children do climb, use their muscles, with the instinctiveness of monkeys, so that I'm almost inclined to believe that old-wives-tale about the Polynesians throwing their babies into the warm ocean, and the newborn babies swimming by blind instinct. Puppies do.

The only mountainclimbing I've done, though I use the term -- with some facetiousness -- has been a sort of amateurish scrambling up rocky ledges and slopes; but the technique even of these simple climbs does have to be acquired. On the other hand, Steve, whom we first took climbing -- or perhaps scrambling would be a better word -- as the merest baby, showed a marvelous adeptness for getting up ledges and slopes that almost baffled me, scaling dizzy heights on handholds where I gasped. One photograph in my scrapbook shows him poised dizzily on an almost sheer slope, casual and quite unconcerned.

As all children are natural climbers, I'm convinced all children are natural acrobats, until too much motherly caution such as "Now, be careful, you'll fall", or "Mimi, shame on you, put your legs down, your bloomers are showing" inhibits the natural use of their muscles, and a more or less normal adult sophistication (the terrible blase adulthood of fourteen, I mean) overcomes this healthy delight in physical exercise. At twelve, as I have indicated elsewhere, I was unafraid by dizzy heights, and absolutely secure about such feats as climbing trees, swinging about on ropes, somersaulting from ridiculous heights. At the age of fifteen I yawned loudly in gym class, considered it "impossible" to climb a rope to a height of fifteen feet, and with sophisticated maturity declaimed on the foolishness of requiring calisthenics for grown girls. Brain at the expense of the physique, of course. (I still am heartily disinterested in the sort of team sports which schools like*.)

All this is somewhat off the subject, as usual. As I type this stencil I have just come back for a protracted session of research for the work I'm doing, writing about the flying trapeze. I don't mean a session at the library, though I've spent enough of them in the last few weeks; I mean a research session at the local playground.

RESEARCH, SHE SAYS.....

I write these words to the accompaniment of blisters on my palms, several inches of missing skin on my upper arms, and a variety of aches and bruises. Like Mr. Rebuffat says, skills natural in childhood have to be painfully reacquired as an adult. I have just spent an hour working on a trick which is, once acquired, simplicity itself; the trick of balancing on a swing (a moving swing, in long steady arcs) without holding on with my hands. Doing this, seated, is a trick demanding only a few hours of practice; the elementary knack of balancing without hands can be acquired in about twenty minutes; getting the swing moving, and driving it high, is a trick demanding some practice, and hard on the thigh muscles which must take over the work of the arms. The usual way to control a swing, of course, demands deliberate pulling and overbalancing at the end of each swoop (as I learned as an adult; as a kid I simply "pumped up" without thinking about it). The trick of doing it without hands, without falling into the steel chains and skinning one's shoulders thoroughly) takes time and patience. And once learned, I had to start all over again for the next trick I had resolved to learn; swinging high, standing up -- and balancing without hands. In short, a balance trick. So I go to the school playground, on Sunday afternoons and late on weekday evenings when there's nobody about, and practice.

In my first CATCH TRAP I remarked on the odd fact that the men catchers in flying acts support their weight by twisting their legs around the uprights, while women use a parallel foot-brace. This, too, I resolved to test personally....from sheer curiosity. Time after time, trying to support my weight by twisting my calves around the uprights, while I let go and swing-head-down, I found myself slipping off on my head. While, tucking my feet under the horizontal right-angle portion of the climbing bars, I could let go and swing by my knees almost indefinitely, with no results worse than more or less permanent bruises under my knees. So, for the purposes of checking my research, I hunted up a few of Steve's more acrobatically inclined playmates. The girls, and the less athletic boys, found my method (the feet tucked under the braces) the only possible method. On the other hand, one small boy, a hefty, firm-muscled, short child (ten inches shorter than my own long, lanky, ectomorphic son) who could flip and twist over the bars like a professional, when I first asked him to try, automatically supported himself by twisting his calves and ankles around the uprights. I watched, studied the muscles, and nodded in satisfaction.

This is research? Yes. Or maybe I'm kidding myself. Maybe, rather than finding out again the half-forgotten feel of doing something dangerous, rediscovering blisters, callouses and finding out how it feels to swing upside-down fifteen feet up, I am simply re-discovering childhood; the slow, almost sensuous feel of a swing, the way the sun sets, tired behind a line of trees and the feel of bare feet, tired legs and the sleepy walk home in the dusk. But isn't that, after all, what research and writing are both concerned with -- the re-discovery of something we once all knew, and a way to say it, in a way to bring it back to those who have all forgotten?

2001

FLYCASTING 00

Mailing comments on NAPA Mlg. 4

Not until I had that heading stencilled did it occur to me that to most people, flycasting was something done mostly by fishermen. That's the trouble with one-sided enthusiasms. You tend to forget that other people don't share them.

For instance, since I've been on this flying-trapeze kick, I've gotten so over-conscious of circus terms that now, when I see the word "flying" in a magazine or newspaper I actually have to stop and think that to most people flying is something one does in an airplane....and that a catcher, to the average person, is the man who stands behind the batter in a baseball game!

Well, for the benefit of non-circus fans, flycasting is mixed terminology for a type of flying act which is not the regular flying act....but which is not the old-fashioned casting act either. In a casting act, the catcher hangs from a stationery rigging while other acrobats leap from a trampoline or springboard to his hands. In a flying act, of course, both flyer and catcher swing from free-swinging trapezes. Flycasting is a curious combination of the two where the catcher hangs by his legs from a fixed point, (a quadrilateral rigging called a cradle) to catch, and throw back, leapers who take off in his direction from swing trapezes.

My FAPazine ~~www~~ for mailing comments is called CATCH TRAP.... my long experience in FAPA, I think, qualifies me to get swinging, and to throw back various leaping discussions, keeping them aloft. As a relative newcomer in the NFFF and in N'apa, I'm sticking to a fairly fixed point... and the relatively unskilled flycasting position!

++

WYOMA - Eva Firestone; Eva, you should have put that landscape scene on the front, rather than the back cover. It is beautifully drawn. ++ The excerpts from your diary struck a pleasantly familiar note. With all the emphasis on articulate self-expression in fandom, it always strikes me as odd that more fans don't go in for diary-keeping. ++At last, thank heaven, someone who shares my loathing for Arthur C Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END. His prelude to Space may be my favorite science-fiction novel, but CHILDHOOD'S END is my absolute pet hate, except for 1984. It isn't even a good novel --there isn't a single memorable character in it. Theodore Sturgeon took the same basic materials in MORE THAN HUMAN, and created a minor masterpiece. ++ I finally did get to read 1984, as it happens. I still remember a letter you wrote me some eight years ago, when you were indignant about 1984 and I asked to borrow it, saying that you wouldn't lend it to a "nice young girl" like me, and anyway you had "done tore it up and stuffed it in the coal heater". Natch, that stirred my curiosity,

A second page of Flycasting, in Picture Trick for the N'Apa.
leaper Firestone....

but the copy I bought met a fate almost identical with yours.
++ I think the main reason photos of fandom were not included
in FU is that there would be too much discussion of which fans
were important. General fandom would squawk if too many
collector or NFFF types were shown; and vice versa, of course.
Now I, for instance, had never HEARD of Don Ford until he won
TAFF --but he must be both well known and popular. At least,
if a person writes or edits for professional science fiction
magazines, his inclusion can be easily explained --and no hurt
feelings. I say this disinterestedly, for I was not included
either as pro or fan in any Con photograph in pro OR fan magazine.
++ So you too are a frustrated aerialist? Let's get together x
sometime and do cartwheels! When I was nine or ten or so, one
of my favorite occupations was "tightrope walking" --actually
walking a two-inch beam in the hayloft, with twenty feet of hay
on one side (the "net") and a sheer forty-foot drop to a hard
barn floor on the other. I also used to swing around on ropes
and tree branches, and somersault, etc, from the high beam into
the hay in imitation of my beloved flyers doing cutaways into
the net....really it's a miracle I lived to grow up. Oddly
enough, at the age of seventeen or so I developed acrophobia (an
attack of severe arthritis lost my balance and I had some mean
falls, so I grew afraid of stepladders etc) which, when I got
back on this trapeze kick, vanished overnight. Just the other
day I climbed fifty feet and sat on a tree branch, undaunted.
(Can one still be a tomboy at thirty?)

THE SEDENTARY POOCH - Bruce Henstell. Not much in this to
comment on, Bruce, except that I remember meeting you
in Detroit...weren't you the chap with the mortician's wax? For
your information, Clown White greasepaint is made this way; you
heat, slowly, lard or some other fat such as crisco; then mix
in zinc oxide...as much as it will take up. When cool enough
to handle, work with fingers.... on second thoughts, it may
have been Erik Gunther who was running around with the clown
white? This stuff cannot be washed off with soap and water...it
must be removed with cold cream.

SUN SPOTS - Bjo. No, I hadn't heard that Tammy was killed.
I'm dreadfully sorry. We have had such awful luck
with Dogs, in Rochester, through careless motorists and poison,
that we have resolved not to keep a dog for a while. ++ By
the way, it occurred to me, on re-reading Picture Trick, that
you might have thought I was "needling" you about that time;
on the contrary, the idea of presenting you with a "bill" for
"2½ minutes of time" simply struck me as so irresistibly comic
that I've spread it around as the best joke of my whole Con
trip.... there is something so darned hilarious about dividing
an hour by 27 anyhow! ++ BOOM! BANG! The house just shook on its
foundations and for a moment I thought it was an earthquake.

Flycasting, featuring Bjo in mid-air, for Picture Trick

Nope. Rushing outside, I see four jets streaking away, trailing white flame....Angeltracks. ++ Bjo, your remarks on Janet Freeman and Rock'n'Roll were very complete and well-thought, and I doubt if I could have been so reasonable. Here is something else which you may have overlooked...or were too kind to include; most of the fans of R&R are those who know very little about music...their reaction to R&R is merely the response to a strong elemental ~~rhythm~~ rhythm, on the same level as a baby's response to a beating drum. The popularity of Rock'n'Roll was due to the fact that the teenagers had a chance to become familiar with it.... because the music companies were paying for plugs.... and no chance to know "good" music: A musical ignoramus (and in most Midwestern states at least, where school music is limited to the football marching band, most kids are musical ignoranti unless they have parents who are both cultured and conscientious) tends to "like" only the music he hears again and again. If someone would put as much payola into popularizing classical music and GOOD jazz as they put into the inanities of Presley and Fabian, we might have a cultural Renaissance...but when that is proposed, people scream about having culture "rammed down their throats". I am old-fashioned enough to feel it might be better to ram culture down the throats of the kids than to ram rubbish down their helpless ears, depending on who can pay the most for air time. ++Your girl on the cover looks like the Princess in the cartoon 1001 Arabian Nights....a silly movie but some beautiful animation effects.... spirals and light-bursts accompanying the "floating" scenes. ++I think fanzine titles fall vacant if they are abandoned. Certainly Gerry de la Ree, or whoever published the genzine by that name back in Eofandom is not going to protest someone else using the perfectly good title now. In general, I'd say it was better to keep a good fanzine title in circulation, with a new publisher, than let it lie fallow forever just because someone had once published something by that name..... Er..you DO have Sunspots, don't you? Do they affect your weather?

CORKSCREW CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION - Coswal. Hi there. How many APAs do you belong to? (Yes, yes, I know --to how many APAs do you belong?) ++I thought the idea in The Fly was that the molecules, numerically, of the human head were arranged in the matrix, or pattern, of a fly's head; and the fly's headsize arranged in human pattern. A hydrocarbon or protoplasm molecule is just the same whether it's fly or human protoplasm, my friend, although the cellular structures do vary. ++ Nope, I'm not precisely ashamed of my former fannish cognomen "Astra"; I had simply forgotten it, as entirely as if it had never existed. You see, no one ever called me by that name, and very few ever even wrote letters to me under that name; I never signed any letters "Astra" after I was eighteen or so. In listing my various nicknames, I was simply thinking of all the things I'd been called...well; all the printable ones, that is. If you want to call me Astra, go right ahead; I'm tickled that someone remembers.

A fourth page of Flycasting, mailing comments for N'apa.

DREAM STUFF - Gem Carr. Gem, I think I know what you mean --or rather what Burnett Toskey meant -- by saying that I reminded him of you. It's true; I am a snappy-quick person in speech, pront to speak twice and think once or not at all; and edgy and touchy into the bargain, which, from all accounts, you are not. ++ The main difference between us has been clear to me for a long time --ever since Greg Benford told me, in Dallas, how much the very fans with whom you had feuded, in print, had liked you in person. If I have feuded with a fan, in print, I cannot meet him on easy, friendly terms until we have cleared the air. I could not, as you do, sit down and pleasantly chat with a person who had lambasted me (or vice versa) in print. If I were introduced to Charles Burbee, for instance, I am afraid I would stiffen up, freeze and walk out of the room, rather than trying to be polite or cordial. Elinor Busby has told how you and she get along very well in person --even after you wrote that Westercon report which was extremely condemnatory of them. After I had written in such terms of any person, I would not be capable of staying in the same room with them. ++ As you know from my Detention report, Boyd Raeburn and I exploded at one another -- right out in the open. I cannot write one thing and say another. Boyd and I quarrelled, then cleared the air and agreed to disagree. On the other hand, all the firespitting which Harlan Ellison and I did at one another turned out to be inconsequential, because I never lost sight of the fact that Harlan and I were old friends, and that he had once come as vigorously to my defense as he now came to my attack. I suppose Harlan and I get on well under the yelling, because we are both uninhibited people who speak our minds and then go on from there. ++ In general I would rather call a person a jackass to his face (as I did with Harlan) than write it down, or say it behind his back. Hard words leave no bruises. But once I put something in print about a person it is there for all time. (By the way, and for the benefit of all, I do NOT consider Harlan a jackass; I yelled that, and other things, at him; but what I speak in the heat of anger I may later disclaim. My considered opinion, in print, is that Harlan is fandom's wild man, the bad boy of the pros, an immensely gifted guy; who rubs me the wrong way, and damn it, I like him!) ++ Now, as you know, I disagree with you on almost everything. In spite of this, as you know, we have always remained friends. But if we met in person, I might spit fire in your direction as I would never do in print. You see, if I do it in person, you can call me a rude brat, or slap my face if you wish; if I put it in print it becomes a matter for all fandom, rather than just the two of us. ++I'm speaking in general terms; I have no wish to call you names or spit fire at you. ++ Actually, we may look something alike; you look very much, indeed, like a favorite aunt of mine. ++ Hmph...if people expect me to be "comfortable, friendly..." they're in for a shock. I'm friendly enough, when I feel at ease, but usually I'm nervous as a witch and always afraid people won't like me!

A fifth page of Flycasting, for Picture Trick

ZZZ...Alma Hill. An interval of something like two months has elapsed since I cut these first stencils, and I seem to have lost the thread of my mailing comments, so if these from here on out sound a bit perfunctory, please bear with me; I am just as interested in these zines following as I was in the first few, but time is running out, stencils are giving out, and I am suffering from heat and spring fever; it's May, and the thermometer hit 108° here a few days ago and hasn't gone down since. ++ Alma, I like the beautifully active cover; looks like Dan Adkins, but the initials D.B.B. don't sound like his. O, I do like your spontaneous and offhand format. ++ You make a good point comparing Heinlein and Silverberg. Many good writers go off on semi-propaganda tangents, though, and the danger is that some readers will mistake admiration of Heinlein's persuasive writing-style for agreement with his thesis. ++And I wouldn't say that Silverberg has "nothing to say"...he simply hasn't hit his stride yet. At the moment he is still mastering technique and I have all kinds of admiration for the facility that allows him to concoct an enjoyable (and salable) story out of secondhand plotstuff. I have a lot to say...but editors seem to agree that I write too much, too ramblingly, and tend to overdo my personal reactions. Some people seem to think I write better than Silverberg...but if I'm so smart why ain't I rich? ++ The flying novel is a case in point...it wound up 600 pages long, which is longer than THE CAINE MUTINY. No publisher is going to accept that length from a newcomer with only pulp credits!

SKIMMER'S GUIDE - Belle Deitz. No, keed...I didn't do PUSH-UPS when eight months pregnant! Sit-ups and back somersaults, yes; but pushups, no. (The very picture is hilarious!) My newest "athletic feat" is balancing, standing up, on a swing, no hands. ++ All those blank spaces for check marks make ~~me~~ me drag my feet in reverse. ++ I hope we do have some sort of compulsory voting provision; in the FAPA, about half the members vote if we're lucky. It drives me wild. There are some people, who shall be nameless, who won't send in ballots because they want to keep their mailings in "mint condition". Phew.

A GROUP OF MISSED TRICKS: The Brooklyn Biapan, (single sheet), One Meat Ball, Iota, TAFF ballot sheet, La Bas.

QUOTH THE WALRUS. (Ralph Holland). Your comments on various radioactive materials reminds me of a plan I once heard to get rid of radioactive waste products by shooting them out into space. This sounds like a logical notion unless visitors from outer space should some day approach the earth; how would they react to having to run the gauntlet of a belt of satellites of radioactive waste matter, like the rings of Saturn, surrounding us? And how would we, when we start running space ships to Mars, get through our own self-imposed radiation barrier?

FACADE. Larry Anderson. Larry, I had a lot to say about this, mostly, I think, about the contrasts between wild west Texas and wild West Montana, but I've mislaid my notes. Next time?

A Sixth Page of Flycasting for N'apa and PICTURE TRICK.

VAUX HALL FANATIC -Seth Johnson. My friend, membership in an APA has to be limited somehow, or it will soon reach the low-quality, low-interest level of the mundane apas. All one has to do to belong to these apas is to pay dues. The result is that the printers have to make up four or five hundred copies of their zines, and an 8½x11 page zine is almost unknown. Of course, the mundane apas are interested mainly in printing. The fannish apa societies concentrate on content; they are writers, rather than publishers. Since the N'apa, as you ably point out, represents the NFFF as a gateway to fandom, and is attractive to neofans, membership should be limited to a number small enough so that the new member, the new fan, the new publisher, can participate with a hectograph, mimeograph or other low-quantity equipment. With the present 45-copy limit, I can publish a 10-page picture Trick for under \$5...and \$5 is a lot of money for a neofan, teen-age hobbyish. In the FAPA, the \$5 limit would limit me to a 5-page zine, or 6-page. Most neofans do not have more than \$20 a year to spend on amateur publishing; if I had to make a hundred copies, I would not be able to publish more than a couple of pages per mailing --and since this would severely limit my interest (which is mainly in writing), I'd probably drop out very quickly, as I did from the mundane apas. ++ You want to see me demonstrate trapeze tricks? I'd love to --but I'd have to lose about twenty pounds before I'd care to try it. I have big bones and heavy muscles -- real acrobats are required to be small and lithe, and girls especially must have boyish figures; it's nice if they are rounded enough to look good in their skimpy costumes, but the traditional female figure, bosomy and hippy, does not permit grace in acrobatics. So my acrobatic maneuvers are strictly for my own amusement. ** I'm amazed to discover that I was the only femme fan who accepted your invitation to examine your letter files. Couldn't they see how harmless you are? ++ Copies of the Apocrypha are available in quality paperbacks for about \$1.50. ++I know I owe you a letter. I've been too busy to write anyone lately.

BROOKLYN BIAPAN + Les Gerber? -- My main grotch against comic books is that they make kids too lazy to read anything which doesn't have oodles of pictures. ++TRISTAN AND ISOLDE is a hard opera for a non-addict to take. For some reason, because it's a famous opera, a lot of people go and see it and jump to the conclusion that all opera is like that. On the contrary, it's very non-typical. Most operas are as musical, as enjoyable and as filled with incident and delight as the average Broadway musical --or more so. ++I love Wagner --but when I want to propagandize opera to non-operalovers, I recommend Puccini, Mozart, Rossini and Verdi.

ZENTH -Mike Deckinger. The Steve Benedict story was excellent,

A seventh page of PICTURE TRICK, with Mike Deckinger falling.
and I do like the blue paper.

THE SAVOYARD - Bruce Pelz. Red ink on grey paper seems to attract all new publishers; I think my first FAPazine was in those colors. ++ About Rock&Roll, I still remember something Sigmund Spaeth, the music popularizer, said years ago. He said it was a demonstrated fact that if you took eight bars --I think it was eight bars -- of rhythmic drumbeats, as for marching, then gradually mixed in a melody, you could put absolutely anything in the way of a tune and words above it; it would be a hit, simply because the repeated rhythm had an almost magnetic effect on the human ear and muscles. I think some clever musician read that, and built up the Rock & Roll craze out of it.

PHANTOM - Wally Weber. I, too, tend to behave like an addict when I get into a big stationery store. This spring I bought myself six lettering guides, assorted shading plates, a border-master, and the like; I only wish I had enough stencils to demonstrate them all to my fellow Napa'ns. Unfortunately, I started this Picture Trick before I bought them, and it would look foolish for the first four pages to be ~~www~~ straight typing, and the last four to be beautifully decorated with fancy lettering, borders, and patterns. Next time, PicTriK will be dressed up to the queen's taste...I hope!

KTP - How well I remember the early SAPS mailings. I was about seventeen; then, and a wet-eared neo fan with a hectograph. Incidentally, if you have ~~www~~ files of the SAPS mailings, I wish you'd make me an offer for a copy of my SAP-orific. (I want to buy it from you, not to sell it to you.) I don't have a copy and have forgotten what was in it.

THE RAVING MAINE-IAC. Clay Hamlin. I love colored hecto, and I'd still own a hectograph, if I could keep it in hot Texas. But I'd have to keep it in the refrigerator six months in the year...and I haven't got a refrigerator big enough for that. The possibility of using hecto is one of the attractions of a small apa.

LITTLE ACORNS - Terwilleger - I'll bet you have one of those plastic rulers which have the alphabet cut through them; before I bought any other lettering guides, I had one. In fact, it was this which made me resolve that I'd like some regular guides. I located a stockpile of them at pre-war prices in a store which had discontinued mimeograph supplies, and they cost me about \$1.65 apiece. I have lower-case Tempo, 1/4 inch lower case Italics, 5/8ths inch Italic capitals, 1/4 inch Huxley Verticals, and 3/16ths Plain. In the next PicTriK, as I say, I hope to demonstrate them. I like the multicolored lettering at the head of each mailing review, and I may imitate this format in my next Flycasting. ++ I liked your grammar lesson to Mike Deckinger, and I'm reminded of

Eighth and final page of Flycasting, for Picture Trick #3.

another ambiguous sentence; "Millicent took a tramp in the woods. ++ Your comments to Eva Firestone hit a congenial note. I don't think there is "nothing sacred", but I see no harm in jokes about death --or for that matter, about anything else. If one worries about death, jokes about it act as a release from tension --according to the psychologists. The person who is troubled by jokes about marriage is seldom the happily-married, well-adjusted person. A Scot doesn't resent Scotchman jokes unless he has an inferiority complex about them; and I have known Jewish girls and boys, in the college I went to, who were the first to break into hearty laughter at the typical Jewish jokes. Needless to say, they were more likable than the touchy and resentful ones. ++ In general, anything about which a joke cannot be made and accepted is usually a hint of some psychological imbalance. Our culture is so scandalized by, and morbidly curious about, "dirty jokes" --of a sexy kind --because we live in an anti-sex culture. ++ The main reason why some travelling circus people look grubby is very simple. They are under strict water rationing --two buckets per person per day --and they must wash both themselves and their clothing in them. Circuses nowadays are under rather less spartan conditions, but they live in trailers and often have to park where there are no hookups for water and gas. A muddy, rainy or dusty day can reduce their costumes to rags, and they can never stay in one place long enough, except on weekend layovers, for laundry and cleaning services. I've known some circus people, and in general I consider it a miracle that they are able, in such a strenuous life, to keep themselves clean --let alone sanitary. ++ I sometimes wonder what will become of the generation which is being brought up to feel that, as toddlers, they are on the verge of expiring with filth if they get a smear of mud on hands or rompers. I believe in daily bathing, but when I was a girl, I was expected to wear a dress to school three days; my mother told me that she wore her dresses to school for one week. My school friends, fastidious girls, concurred that one should change underclothing at least every other day; now, however, we feel dirty unless we change at least daily, sometimes twice a day. I think, perhaps, the obsessive advertising about deodorants, B.O., etc, has made us all mildly obsessive maniacs, self-conscious about the normal smell and appearance of a healthy human; we must be sterilized laboratory animals or we feel germ-ridden. I wonder if this is healthy? How many people now can comfortably get under a car and patch a tire, or do any of the necessarily dirty jobs which are the business of living? ++I wish I could come to the Boycon. AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T SENT ME ANY COPY OF THE BEST OF FANDOM, except for the first one. What must I do to get it? I could go on, but I'm nearly out of space.

THIS hath been Picture trick #3m, published for the N'apa, June mailing, 1960, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Dover by Kerry.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was a sharp contrast to the warm, humid air of the city. It felt like I had been transported to a different world, one where the air was crisp and clean. I took a deep breath, savoring the moment. The streets were lined with trees, their leaves rustling in the breeze. I saw people walking, some in traditional attire, others in modern clothing. It was a mix of old and new, a blend of cultures and traditions. I felt a sense of wonder and excitement, knowing that I was about to embark on a journey that would change my life. The city was alive with energy, and I could feel it in the air. I took a few more steps, my heart racing with anticipation. The world was so beautiful, so full of life. I was so lucky to be here, in this moment. I felt like I had found a new home, a place where I could truly belong. The city was so beautiful, so full of life. I was so lucky to be here, in this moment. I felt like I had found a new home, a place where I could truly belong.