

CHRISTINE WAS
HERE--BUT NOT LATELY ::
HOW WOULD YOU IT'S NOT
LIKE TO BE THAT I'M
MINISTER FOR SELFISH--
PUBLIC CB- IT'S JUST
SCENITY??? :: THAT I'VE
HE WOULD HAVE BEEN READING
BEEN A BIG AYN RAND :: I
SUCCESS IF HE SEEM TO HAVE
HAD HAD ONLY DROPPED MY TOOTH
TWO LEFT PASTE, SAID TOM
FEET :: AT CRESTFALLENLY ::::
THE TIME, SABS WAS KNOWN AS A FRIENDLY
GROUP--WE USED TO DO OUR *:: MOST FANS
OWN BUTCHERING :: * SEEM TO WRITE
EZ-269 * WELL WHEN THEY
 GET ROBBED ::
 THE GOLDEN AGE
 OF ROCK & ROLL
 SEEMS TO BE
 BETWEEN 8 AND
WALTER BREEN'S 14 :: I MAY
SAPTERRANEAN NINE: BE THE ONLY
ALL ARE FROM THE PERSON IN
64TH SABS MIG THE WORLD WHO
JULY 1963 :: HASN'T TAKEN A DRINK SINCE
 HE BECAME AN ALCOHOLIC

RECEIVED OCT 25 1963

WILD COLONIAL BOY 3 alias THE MERVYN BARRETT APPRECIATION ISSUE : Foyster - Tell you

what, John, sometime maybe you might run for SAPS OE and try to legalize postmailings. The big problem then will be to keep them legal during and after the next OE's term. :: Somehow I suspect that that Very Bab Ballad by A.B(ab) Chandler was expurgated; here & there it has a vaguely Randy flavor (Garrett-spawned or otherwise). ::

..and if there's anything I can't stand--

At some nudist camps some members carry little shoulder-strap bags much like those purveyed at airlines terminals. I wasn't wearing one, though, during my solitary visit to a nudist camp. That experience was hardly typical (I hope); though it didn't turn me off nudist camps in general --for after all, I am not only a member of SAGWAL, I am a card-carrying member of SMOF and of the Antique and Internat'l Order of Fully Certified Sex Fiends--nevertheless it did make me want nothing further/do with the group that ran this particular camp: the American Gymnosophic Society, which is a rightwing fringe of the American Sunbathing Association, nudism's N3F.
--it's vagueness.

As I haven't told the true story in SAPS before (though some members have heard it elsewhere), I imagine it might be appropriate for this occasion. Anyway, one fine summer day in 1959 I got an invitation from a member of this particular nudist camp to come up the next Saturday morning, bringing with me any guest I might have a mind to take along, regardless of age or gender. I accepted; and on that Saturday morning I showed up at 168th & Broadway in NYC, with Don Kook, a friend temporarily staying with me; I couldn't get my then fiancee Anya to come along, partly because of the early rising hour required, partly--I think--because she had some kind of work to do on that day. All told seven showed up, and two cars brought us through the N. Jersey hills to a place about 15 miles out of Hackensack, marked only by a tiny sign "Paradise Hills Camp--Members Only" visible if you knew where to look for it. The road leading from the sign to the camp was deliberately made as rough as possible to discourage casual drivers. Once on the grounds, on instructions of the members in our party, we disrobed except for shoes and sunglasses, locking clothes and cameras in the cars, and proceeded to the main building. There we were met by a sour-faced old beldame, clothed (in blue gingham yet!), who recognized the members and asked us guests where were our girlfriends or wives. I replied "Mine is asleep right now, but if I find I like this place enough to want to come back, I am sure I can persuade her to join too." Satisfied, she told us that lunch would be served at 1 PM. We proceeded to wander over the hundred or so acres, digging the scenery, which was magnificent--it even included a waterfall, which must have been about 80 feet high. Unfortunately, cameras were forbidden. As it was still a little on the cool side, nobody else was up and undressed; no *girls* at all were visible, and very few people of either gender or any age--and they were all clothed. We found out that they would probably undress when it got warmer, and that many of them had co-operatively built their own cottages on the grounds; a nudist camp is, it seems, often a work camp. Nobody we saw was worth a second look. The only reasonably/young person we saw was a boy of about 11, clothed. Around noon or 12:30 someone from the main building met our party and told us we'd have to leave--it seems that some of the all-important older members, the ones whose financial support made continuance of the camp possible, had objected to seven unchaperoned males, on grounds that they feared we'd be making passes at their wives. We didn't see said wives until almost off the grounds--and they turned out to be dilapidated old bags in their 50's and 60's!! I let slip a remark that I'd be sure to tell/Rev. Hsley Boone, Al Heinecke (and several other ASA big names) about this extreme discourtesy--which remark produced some red faces. Consensus was that we would try again elsewhere, at a camp not run by Gymnosophists. In retrospect, it seemed odd that we'd been invited at all, as nudist camps are usually very insistent that no single people of either gender be admitted as members or guests--only married couples with or without kids (though nobody looks at marriage certificates).

:: TA or Ta means "thanks awfully", I suppose, but what does that other criticism "Tower" mean when used in similar context? :: When is Pancake Tuesday--and why/what? :: My "Masks" was satire, friend, not philosophy, and I don't give a mad damn whether you cared for it or not; the only people whose opinions of my poetry mean anything to me are close friends and professional poets. Allen Ginsberg, who is both, guffawed over "Masks" three years ago. It isn't what I'd write now, but that's another story; and from a reasonably perceptive person such as you, such an opinion only confirms my old idea that poetry (as distinct from light verse) is unsuitable for fanzines, with very rare exceptions. :: Does your Ubu book contain all three plays? I know the other two only from a translation called "King Turd" dating quite a few years back. Jarry was about Tom Armistead's age when he did the things.

:: Thanks for the Graves reference. No local bookstore seems to have a copy of "The Common Asphodel" in stock, let alone "Food for Centaurs" or "Oxford Addresses on Poetry", two other recent Graves items--dammit.

YEZIDEE 4 : Girard - Thanks for reprinting the "Don't Say You Like Tchaikovsky" bit. :: But, my dear woman, all those outsiders HAVE gotten together and formed their own apa: they call it the Cult. :: "Metal Monster" turned me off Merritt, back in Jan.1967.

THE GOLDEN HARP : Girard - You might do well to look up Robert Graves's "Adam's Rib"--it's his reconstruction of the original Creation story (far older than either in Genesis), from the ancient icons which--read the wrong way by Hebrew captors of a heathen shrine--made up one of the two accounts in Genesis. There are certain minor parallels and resemblances to your own Creation myth.

DIE WIS 9 : Schultz - Thank Bjo on my behalf; come to think of it, maybe I should send her a copy of this. I have learned more about Japanese food from her lucid explanation in your zine than I ever did from a dozen or twenty visits to Japanese restaurants, even though at one of them Karen Anderson was general guide; and I fully expect to apply this knowledge next time I'm in LA, for a coin con. Tokiwa, ho! :: I nevertheless can't help thinking that Bjo's ideas on Chinese food derive too much from the usual westernized Cantonese slop restaurants. Chop suey, chow mein, and egg foo yung are strictly for tourists. In the last few years I have come to learn quite a bit about authentic Chinese food, from the best possible source--an articulate Chinese psychiatrist, who was a classmate of mine at Johns Hopkins, and who has taken me to little-known but good places, teaching me more than I ever thought I'd want to know about the food of his homeland (the Shanghai district). As a result I've come to dig Shanghai, Mandarin, and North Chinese cuisine ^{more than} the Cantonese. :: In Shanghai cuisine the same sort of noodles as Bjo describes for sukiyaki come in many dishes; they are sometimes called "shining noodles", sometimes "glass noodles", because of the transparency. :: Even in a Shanghai-style restaurant (or any Chinese restaurant), the only way to get really good food is to order 2 or 3 days in advance, knowing what you're ordering, and indicating how many are in the party--without being afraid to spend \$3 to \$4 per person. An excellent dinner for four, this way, would be shark fin soup, Peking duck Shanghai style, sauteed Three Tastes, and for dessert Eight Precious Rice--but bring big appetites. :: I haven't tasted sea urchin either, but (pace Willy Weber) sea slug is quite a delicacy, though I can't describe how it tastes; Marion, Steve, & Grania all agree with me that it's unlike anything else in the world, save for being vaguely seafoodish. :: The big black mushrooms Bjo mentions are also much prized in N.Chinese and Shanghai dishes; they are apparently the kind sometimes called "tree ears". They are extremely tasty, making the usual American Agaricus campestris or button mushroom seem insipid by comparison, even when both kinds are found in the same dish, as in Ten Ingredients Soup, Shanghai style. :: I love tempura, but the last time I had it--in 1959--I paid for it with many hours on the throne the next day, so I've avoided it since then, dammit.

Somehow I doubt if too many people outside the USA "have heard of the child labor laws" either; or if the Politicians' Ideal, the Noble American Farmer, has heard of them at all or chooses to acknowledge the fact. Those same child labor laws, by the bye, have had a quite unintended effect: they have contributed materially to the alienation between adolescents and the adult world of which supposedly they are going to become a part, because they have made it difficult for the said adolescent to find meaningful work--or, often, any work at all. (Working papers can often be prohibitively difficult to get: parents or school people can refuse to sign them for any reason or no reason at all.) Edgar Z. Friedberg had some bitter words to say about this identical situation in the May 1963 Commentary--to the effect that for most kids, high school has only the functions of keeping them off the streets, out from underfoot, and--most importantly--off the labor market for a few years. (I make no attempt to generalize this to fans, because EZF was talking about teen-agers who grow up to be, hopefully, Common Man, and fans are obvious deviants from this very large majority; besides, in fandom there is common ground between adolescent and adult, and achievement is respected regardless of age.)

Maybe "there is no way from here to there" anent sex reform, but I tend to think that your suggestion of groups going into hiding to start their sane sex program is at least moderately workable, most likely in experimental communities complete with their own private school systems. This at least was Art Castillo's solution, and had he survived another couple of years we'd have such a community now.

SPY RAY/OPCRIF CCXXIX : Eney - Well, one need not assume that facial expressions, chronically held and therefore eventually a permanent part of individual countenances, are inherited; yet in the hands of adepts, they can give valuable clues to the underlying motivations. :: Col. Sebastian Moran sounds very much as though drawn from Aleister Crowley, to judge both by the description in "Adventure of the Empty House" and extant portraits and photos of Crowley. :: I trust that this essay will find its way into one or another of the various BSI-oriented publications, preferably in somewhat augmented form. Well done.

POT POURRI 30 : Berry - Glad to see that GDA is not dead, as was rumoured. This is the Berry of the old days, and welcome back. A definite YEA for the sequel. :: Dohnanyi's taking off on Brahms's 2nd Piano Concerto in the "Nursery Tune Variations"? Dohnanyi's indebtedness to Brahms is notorious, but this is one I hadn't noticed; thanks for bringing it to my attention. After reading the bit in PP, I got out my old record of the Dohnanyi piece, chuckled at the wild opening (which, were it not so ludicrously exaggerated, would sound like the opening of the last act of some peculiarly horrendous tragedy), then started listening for Brahms parodies. The one you obviously meant is the 3rd variation, and it's taking off on the 2nd theme of the finale of the Brahms 2nd Concerto--right? But I also see other parodies of composers' styles & mannerisms in this work. Dohnanyi's idol Brahms gets it again in the 10th variation (Passacaglia), the finale of the 4th symphony being referred to; Offenbach gets it in the rump in the waltz variation; Saint-Saëns gets it here and there in the piano figurations; the Rossini crescendos likewise in some of the orchestral writing; and so forth.

NIFLHEIM 4 : Hulan - Ask Ted White for advice on stencils. :: 1% of the US population is still a hell of a lot of people who dig that crazy Mike Hammer stuff; moreover, you seem to be assuming that each copy reaches only one reader, which is probably understating the case quite a bit. :: Unofficial censorship of the kind you describe isn't limited to AMZ, either; I know one other prozine incident (details are DNQ) in which the name of a villain had to be changed to avoid a Jewish connotation. :: My own ideas of the N3F have likewise been shaken up of late, and for the same reason--the attrition of the 103.5% Neffer Old Guard and replacement by Good People. In FANAC 93 Harry Warner complained about the tape bureau; as a result, ^{its new director} Dave Ettlín looked me up at the Discon. I questioned him at length and was pleasantly surprised--he sounded entirely sane, sensible and mature about it, without a hint of Daughertyism anywhere.

Good, say I...maybe I'll even renew my dues. ::

Your slap at me anent 1 Corinthians is hardly justified. For fundamentalists and many other bible-oriented people there are no out-of-context quotes, as the whole bible is conceived by them to be a unity, the Word of God. Therefore they use individual verses as they see fit. Thereofre do I turn their own weapon against them and against others who think in similar categories. As for the rest of 1 Cor. 13, everything depends on the real meaning of the term translated as "charity"; but whatever it may be, one could wish Saul of Tarsus had himself manifested more of it. Contrast 1 Cor. 13 with 1 Cor. 5 & 6 and most especially 7 (the infamous "better to marry than to burn" bit), Eph. 5:22-24 and 1 Tim. 2:8-15. One could also wish that whatever James is responsible for the most immoral passage in all Scripture--James 2:10--had also been more "charitable" and less fuggheaded.

No quarrel there: the function of a part of speech is more important than the name, but that wasn't my argument anyway. Rather, I was assuming that ignorance of such fine distinctions of function was regrettably common, leading to ambiguities unintended by the writer. The hc version of Robert Graves & Alan Hodge, "Reader Over Your Shoulder", pillories many egregious examples of similar misuse of language--in parliamentary speeches, in well-known books--and then re-writes ~~te~~ disputed passages in a completely transparent English. Without grammatical pedantry it makes much the same point as I was trying to. :: That I refuse to bother any further with your defense of the current administration's nuclear policy testifies not to lack of contrary arguments but to the fact that I have neither time nor inclination to marshal the arguments at the 30-40pp length they would require. H-bombs exploded at 100 miles up may not destroy lives directly, but they produce enough fallout to ruin crops over the years; and note that even Dr. Van Allen himself now admits that the Christmas Island experiment was a disastrous blunder. :: I was born in (echhl) Texas and raised over various parts of the Southwest and Midwest, culminating in 4.5 years in a W. Va. orphanage, and in 1946 I relearned to speak in Lackland AFB, Texas. Yet I rather doubt that my pronunciation retains any traces of the accents of those regions, if it ever had them. Now that you're in Santa Monica, maybe we'll meet at LASFS sometime.

OUTSIDERS 52 : Ballard - If the Seacon's symbol was the pool, and the Chicon's was those elevators, perhaps the Discon's should be those crowds of young frat rats ("Sigma Fraps") that infested the hotel at all hours, making life miserable for some attendees at our con, and doubtless being mistaken for our group at times by the house fuzz, who were unusually nassssty. :: "K.L." sounds like Nan Gerding riding a pseudonym; but whoever it is, it sure isn't hal shapiro, k.l.

RETRO 29 : Buz - Speaking of teasers, as you were, you should have been at the Discon. Those who were there will know exactly what & whom I mean; those who weren't won't see it in my conrep (if any) because I don't know how to tell the story without becoming liable to prosecution for this or that, or at least suit for criminal libel. Or you might ask Dorf for his side of why he left the con two days early in deeepression...I can not only understand the teaser-killer you mention; I can even, to a certain extent, sympathize with him. Some of the most scurrilous libels and blasts in ancient Greek poetry dealt with exactly this sort of thing. ::

I rather doubt that hIQ develops even often, let alone consistently, associated with early stress. In some kids it can be recognized in the first few months*even in absence of notable stress; in too many others the stress is there, but the kid hasn't & doesn't develop the brains necessary to cope with it. Stress, then, is neither necessary nor sufficient to account for hIQ in kids. But if it were, how could you show if the stress is the cause or the effect of the hIQ? :: Since I got my childhood memories back, I have been able to figure out that I was functioning on a fabulous level up to about age 6, when the stepmother (a) returned to catholicism & pulled me along, and (b) sent me to the orphan asylum; from then on I was functioning about 0.1% or less well/until now. Stress in the intervening years had no discernible good effect on me and plenty of bad. But of this more elsewhere -- in private correspondence, preferably. (*e.g. Chris Waters, Ethan M.A. Davidson, others.)

Of the SAPS roster, I've now met all but 5 members (LAnderson, Armistead, Berry, Foyster, Hulan) and all but 5 w-l'ers (Galvin, Avery, Gegna, Gerding, Katz--assumign that Gegna is not a hoax). 31/36 or 86.1%, and 9/14 or 64.3%, or in all 40/50 or 80%. :: Aggie Harook from der woodvork oudt has resumed attending Midwestcons; I met her at this year's.

PLEASURE UNITS 5 : Eklund - I chortled at your "welcome to SAPS" thing, and wonder if I could imagine a more appropriate recipient than rich brown. :: The Atlantic Monthly is probably doing OK if it has anywhere near 200,000 circulation, as advertising rates are always pegged to circulation. An example closer to home: COIN WORLD, 100+-page weekly trade paper of coindom, circulation c. 120,000, takes in some \$600,000/year in subs, but its advertising revenue is reliably estimated at \$700,000 to \$800,000 p.a. Mags with bigger circulation than that eventually get into anomalous situations: they practically give away subs (e.g. LIFE has been available for less than 9¢/copy) simply so that the managers can tell advertisers that they have huge circulations and so that in turn the advertisers will gladly pay exorbitant per-page rates. The 9¢/copy figure named would hardly pay distributors; but LIFE's rates are now among the highest extant to advertisers. :: The Spanish terms for SF are "cientificción" and, in Argentina at least, "ficción científica".

Censorship prior to the 19th century was mostly on political or religious grounds. Outright pornography such as "The Fifteen Plagues of a Maidenhead" circulated in numerous editions, unprosecuted. So far as I know, Rex v. Curll (19th cent.--haven't the exact date handy to check) was the first prosecution for porno. As late as the 1830's Holywell St. in London was almost entirely inhabited by editors and publishers of porno--much of it dull flagellant stuff (flagellation bring THE kick in those days, one of the whipping brothels being so famous that King George IV visited it), others as good as anything being produced today. There is a pb history called "The Erotic in Literature"--I can't find my copy at the moment--which is fairly accurate as history of this sort of thing, even though the last chapter gets moralistic all of a sudden, probably from publisher's cold feet. The first porno I ever saw was a bunch of cruddy 8-pagers in a place you surely know about--Lackland AFBBase, Jan. 1947. For the uninitiate: these are tiny things in comicstrip format, one frame per page, wretchedly written, drawn & printed, mostly by "Hotballs Publishing Co., Havana" (reputedly actually in Brooklyn). I don't recall the titles of the ones I saw, but as I was then a devout R.C., scared shitless that even an erection would result in my going to hell, I found no excitement in the stuff--rather, it ranged from amusing to boring. Heroes included Popeye and Wimpy with a few other comicstrip characters (no superheroes and especially no Batman with or without Robin) along with just plain taxidrivars. Range of techniques and practices was quite limited--regular missionary-position intercourse with emphasis on size of organs, occasional fellation, no foreplay. But how women actually like it in bed I didn't learn from these things, only by experience--and the latter was my graduation present, June 10, 1952, a few hours after I got my diploma from Johns Hopkins. :: Would you "hardly care less" if I were the sociologist doing research for a thesis on fandom? :: PRIVATE EYE looks to these eyes (and Nirenberg's) like a British formula imitation of PANIC BUTTON. :: Enjoyed.

TOROIDAL TEST : Foyster - But then, wasn't Lord Peter Wimsey without any h at all? To add to the confusion, I'm co-author of a book called, so help me Roscoe, PENNY WHIMSY. :: Some of your comments to me were wellnigh unintelligible. What are pushes? Who is ROZ?

~~PROOFREAD~~ MEANINGLESS PILLAR POLL RESULTS : Metcalf - Just for the record, thanks.

MEANINGLESS SAPS POLL RESULTS : Metcalf - Well titled. ::

FLABBERGASTING 27 : Toskey - I only hope that when you read this I won't be going through all of LAnderson's experience; my neurologist wants to give me most of those tests to rule out a possible brain tumor & to establish that my trouble is nothing more than

consequences of an itty bitty piece of scar tissue in my r. temporal lobe, from something that happened to me on Dec. 3 or 4, 1946. Object, ultimately, is to work up a case against the VA so that I'll get the 16 years of back disability pensions due me. For all this I'm supposed to check in at the local VA hospital sometime this fall, after I've finished my thesis. I think I'll draw the line at having holes drilled in my skull, though. :: You sound as though you got off relatively cheaply with this Karen person. I trust you've warned your colleagues against her.

ENZYME 4 : Castora - I take it that "Pheighqueughann" is mispronounced "Fakefan", the u after e being unaccountably silent. Yes? :: My reply to "F*** you!" is sometimes a disarming smile and "Promises, always promises!" or "Go ahead and try." or "Sorry--you're not my type: I go for real girls."

The Cultish Thing to Do with postmailings was actually done by Scotty Tapscott's cat on a big pile of Cultzines. I have not heard that the cat got honorary membership, though; and one of the fannish ghods brought retribution to the cat a few months later via a passing automobile.

Continuing the Good People Met At Cons routine: Midwestcon 1963--Ted Cogswell, Bob Leman, BT (actually not first meeting with him, but first prolonged conversation). Discon--Harry Warner, Judith Ann Lawrence, cartoonist Bill Gibson, Chalker, Ettlin, Dave Hartwell (Paul Williams's mentor) and his girlfriend who bought the Sylvia Dees painting for \$62, and the two *girls* Chris and Bonnie Sue--but that's again something I daren't put into any conreport. At least Paul Smith never showed up, or if he did he kept very quiet. :: Since you ask, sir, I am a devoted Krazy Kat fan, but my alphabet does sometimes have to include a C for Clarity's sake. The golden brick of Iguatz to you. :: I merely quoted Sorokin's definition of freedom; I didn't attempt to defend it against all objections. Sorokin, most of the time, is an arrant fugghead, but his definition does have some heuristic value in attempting to give meaning to the question "is X unfree?"

PINK PLATYPUS &c 4 : Armistead - Maybe what that cover needed was another hand drawing the bem which was drawing the line--and another hand drawing that hand, and so on ad infinitum. :: I know what you mean about disliking to reread any of your own old writings; I found, quite early in my coin writing career, that I'd have to do something about that problem. "Doing something" has consisted of first-drafting in my head, 2nd- & 3rd-drafting on paper. I'm not really ashamed of anything I've written since then (1951), and I can go back to it for finding necessary factual material, without great pain anyway. As for fanstuff, admittedly some of my locs have been pretty routine (esp. in Cult and KIPPLE), and some of my early fmz reviews weren't anything to write home about (so I didn't write home...), but I'm still shameless about my articles and reviews. I think this means maturation of writing technique, not stagnation; disgust at one's earlier writings presumably connotes dissatisfaction with technique and/or ideas, and may not occur after either technique or ideas rise above a certain threshold. Andno, I don't think you're stagnating. Don't let anyone else tell you that you are--believing it would be the easiest way to make it come true.

I'd probably have listed different works to interest a jazz-oriented person in the classics, but you definitely have the right idea. Some others I'd recommend to Eklund: Milhaud--Suite Provençale & Saudades do Brasil. (The latter a refreshing change from bossa nova.) Hindemith --Quartet #3; Kleine Kammermusik #2, for wind quintet. Bartok--Concerto for Orch.; 'Contrasts' for violin, clarinet & piano; and, in excelsis, Sonata for 2 Pianos & Percussion! Where Gordy is stationed now, though, I doubt he'll be hearing much good jazz or classics.

Wonder how many SAPS types will recognize "The Bats Were Very Small"; your parody of that wretched Patten tripreport, as a parody rather than simply chop you for writing something dull? :: Soprano recorder is cheapest, tenor most costly, alto in between & most pleasant to play. The baritone & bass recorders are found only in consorts of ancient instruments. :: Considering the Santa Barbarian origin of the John Birch Soc. foofaraw, maybe that rhyme should read "Red is dead, blue is through, white is right by test in the West." But do the JBS'ers know what a white flag means? :: I here&now testify that I had neither knowledge nor expectation that you'd be sandbagging one of my severer critics. Sheesh! Thanks.

WHERE THE GODS WOULD SHOP 7 : ECAI Lewis - Sirrah! The First Wrd on Page 28 to you!
~~Plankers~~ Plankers at 30 paces at dawn! I hereby testify, on my oath as a member of SAGVAL, that I am not now, never have been and never (especially never) will be connected with Metropolitan Coin Co. The last-named organization--now reputedly defunct, and may it never rise again--was the, um, brainchild of one Paul Weinstein, of whom I can say absolutely nothing without risking (as in the famous Deindorfer cartoon) suit for criminal libel. (Your cue, TW..)

COLLECTOR SUBSTITUTE : DeVore - Hope you got back the money taken from you in that hold-up. I meant to ask you about that at the con, but it slipped my mind. :: Yes, I noticed Prophet's new Dodge, but only because it contained Nchifen; I don't read car ads or autozines, so I'd never heard of the 160mph claims. At least one may congratulate Fred on not being busted for averaging 80mph back home.

COSONINO 3 : Hannifen - Judging from the ^{shape of the} on your cover, was its stenciller or designer trying to make it into a 5 (pron. fah) in the approved Cultish manner?
Mensans sit around and IQ at each other; Cultists sit around and 30 at each other.

SLUG 5 : Wber = Loverly. Chortle chortle! The cartoon about Forry deserves wider circulation; if I decide to print a Discon report, may I reprint this cartoon? It is quite apropos of certain things that happened at the con...

MISTILY MEANDERING 5 : Patten - Apparently everyone judges cons' success by different criteria: number of room parties attended (especially pro parties); amount of liquor consumed (especially free); number of people met; number of new friends made (disclaimer), or sometimes number or quality of new *girls* grokked. My own criterion, I guess, is the fourth of those listed, especially if they include people I've long wanted to meet; I don't have to go to a con to find the opposite sex. (And, of course, con committees have entirely different criteria of success, but I'll let Buz tell about that on his own.) The only things I wanted at the Discon art show were marked Not For Sale, other than Sylv's "Witch Boy" painting and \$62 was more than I'd have been willing to pay for it. (Damn you, Don Simpson, for NFS'ing "Mananaan's Castle"!!) The only things I wanted at the auction (other than maybe the Hannes Bok illo, which I didn't get to see) were the autographed Tolkien books and the Gestetner. I didn't want to bid up young Gibson on the Hobbit since he had his heart so set on it; the Trilogy went higher than I was willing to go; and the Gestetner--ah, there was the rub. I would have gone well over Bruce's \$101 bid except that crating and shipping the thing from D.C. to Berkeley would have nearly doubled my cost. I'll somehow have to get a Gestetner from one of the army surplus auctions. :: I wish to Ghod that Vestercons could come earlier than Midwestcons, so that I could attend both from now on; you made this particular Vestercon sound like something wonderful, much better than the Discon--not that this last would have been too great a feat, at that. :: So la Esperantisto Ejobo alias Egoboob thought Norm Metcalf was yhos shaved? I wonder how many Discon neos took bearded Ed Wod for me. (At least nobody asked me if I was Ed Wod, which is something.) Tell Ed that I have never been in N'APA, please? :: And is rich brown really 6 ft. tall & built like a godzilla?

Tchaikovsky was absolutely elated about his 6th symphony (not that I blame him); it got across exactly what he was trying to say musically, and it is beautifully and appropriately orchestrated. He also, it seems, liked his 2nd & 4th symphonies, 3rd orchestral suite, and some of his songs--but apparently not much else that he wrote. One suspects that his critical judgment may not have been too far off at that...As for the Nutcracker Suite, it does not contain the best music from the ballet, but only the few items that might have been able to stand isolated (overture and dances from the Act II divertissement). And the ballet itself isn't much without the visual pageantry. Too bad GAUL folded, as my article intended for that zine would have clarified this a lot.

Yes, "Frisco is a Dirty Word" all right, but so what? The con will be held in Oakland. :: Those jazz records probably belonged to Danny Curran, Terry Burns or Chuck Freudenthal, though Bill Donaho does dig gutsy ethnic blues despite his strictures against jazz in HAB. :: Another who dug "Passport to Pimlico" I thought I was probably one of the very few fans who'd ever heard of that film. I saw it years & years ago, courtesy the VA, not recently courtesy TV, though.

SPELEOBEM 20 : Pelz - The personality test results on me follow, though they don't really spell out our similarities or differences.

ACHIEVEMENT	Raw Score	26	i.e. 75th percentile
DEFERENCE		7	38th
ORDER		8	45th
EXHIBITION		14	48th
AUTONOMY		21	65th
AFFILIATION		18	57th
INTRACREPT ION		17	52nd
SUCCESS		7	42nd
DOMINANCE		13	41st
ABASEMENT		0	25th (!)
NURTURANCE		17	56th
CHANGE		15	48th
ENDURANCE		16	56th
HETEROSEXUALITY		13	42nd
AGGRESSION		13	50th

Consistency--13 matches among the 15 items repeated (variously worded).

Let me refer readers to pp.16-17 for a rundown on that personality test (VARHOON 17, of course). :: The only copies of ICHOR I ever saw are in Alva Rogers's coll'n, and he isn't selling. :: If Earl Kemp wants to pub Discon proceedings, I'll sub; but he sure as hell wasn't pushing subs at the con, so he may not sell as many as he did of the Chicon proceedings. Speaking of the latter, LIFE finally came through with a bunch of costume ball photos I'd requested; visiting fans may see them--they can't be published. Only a couple are identical with those Kemp obtained. :: Conclave syndrome? Bruce, that's the first I ever heard of it. I'd like to hear other SAPS comments on their own congoing experience, but for my own, I can say that it isn't true. Seacon & Chicon--you read my reports. Disclave '60--I talked mostly with localites, not NY people. Lunacons--a variety. Midwestcon '63--I spent more time with MZB, BT, Leman & Cogswell than with anyone else. Discon--well, besides Chris & Bonnie Sue, Harry Warner, Leman, Blish, Cutrell, FANASS & SMOF groups, Baltimore club, and a few others, not many; but there were few localites of NY or Berkeley among those. ::

Bravissimo for the middle of p.7. I have never seen you write anything with this degree of honesty or depth until now, and I wish I'd had time to discuss the matter with you at the con. You sound as though you'd been discussing it with MZB...I wish I had a solution to the problem; I wish I dared be more frank in print. But of John Addington Symonds's triad (explaining why he dare not express his love), "sloth, and fear of men, and shame", the second is for me strongest. What/whom do I love? Other than Marion and certain artworks (principally musical ones), I dare not say here; and I admit that fear is the reason. But I think a lot more of you now because of the page 7 bit than I ever did before. :: Where in LA can one get 500 8.5 x 11/ ^{or 9 x 12} manila envelopes for \$8.32? Let me know, or better yet, pick up 500 and I'll reimburse you.

Madeleine: Is Walt going to submit a book to Regency after all?

MEST 14 : TAJ - A snakehipped 40-25-26 on p.1, then 40-25-36 on p.21?"... 'll be some changes"

HIEROGLYPHIC 3 : Kaye = OK, maybe summer camp can help repair damage done by home & school, but I wish you'd gone into more detail about just how this happens. :: Glad to have these TW reviews, but they deserve wider-than-SAPS circulation. I was warned away from the Brunn ODJB book awhile back by a West coast jazzman for the same reasons.

MIDWESTCON IMPRESSIONS * 28-30 JUNE 1963

Friday night

BOB TUCKER remorselessly punning and wisecracking by the side of the North Plaza pool as the rain began to fall...BT solemnly handing me a present which turned out to be a piece of plastic fabric fallen from the Tucker-sanctified chair...MZB, STEVE BRADLEY & I gorging ourselves on an eat-all-you-can seafood dinner at the local Howard Johnson's, and snickering at the memory of Don Ford who'd warned us against the place...Reva "Bat" Smiley's solemn insistence, at the Chicago suite party, that cryptography enthusiasts constitute an Other Fandom...BCB IEMAN and his Electric Deadpanhumor...ED HAMILTON & LEIGH BRACKETT being goshwowed over by MZB, Steve & others...IEMAN deadpanly insisting: Dorcas Bagby was real and recently dead at the lunatic asylum...The kindness of IEE ANN TREMPER and husband JIM IAVELL who (with two other club fans) helped me back to my motel room, when I was too ataxic to walk unaided...

Saturday

DON FORD's enthusiastic camerawork around poolside...LEMAN...TED COGSWELL, in brief swim suit and dark glasses, looking like a Hollywood star incognito...LARRY McCOMBS, scarcely recognizable so deeply tanned, at poolside...MALLARDI & BOWERS, distributing DOUBLE BILL...COULSONS arriving to goshwows, in as happy a mood as I've ever seen them, and passing out YANDRO...EARL KEMP, practically radiant, with an armful of CHICON PROCEEDINGS, autographing my copy "with much thanks"...and being trailed by G.W.PRICE and his checklist of fans entitled to pick up their copies there...BILL CONNER from der voodvork out, withal the only bad blotch on the con memory, but looking less like a racist than like an unsuccessful shoe-store clerk trying to live it up at a resort town...MZB in a black formfitting swimsuit, with MZB FOR TAFF on a paper pinned to it, and getting photo'd...Plans to have MZB FOR TAFF matchbooks distributed at the Dis con...BT confiding in me about various similarities in our backgrounds, and giving me practical downtoearth suggestions about plotting...DON FORD's older son, a flashy & graceful swimmer, and a coin fan...WEST COAST "TYR ANNICAL" AL LEWIS, in character...BHH giving out W.WEBFOOT WEBER FOR TAFF match books...Some local clubfanne, who KNEW she had a sexy pair of legs...Joint signing of a lce to DOUBLE BILL by the "Society for the Prevention of Dissemination of Bullshit", and characterizing as b.s. a D@ve Locke remark that "most men prefer to marry a virgin or at least a woman who has not had sexual intercourse with anyone else"--signers included BT, IEMAN, MZB, KEMP, yhos, McCOMBS, LEWIS, O'MEARA, LJGRANT, PAVLAT, MADLE, among others...MARK PATTERSON, 10-year-old son of DR MARY MARTIN (buyer of Hal Clement Mesklin models at Pittcon for \$101), and the new swimming stroke he'd invented...BT mc'ing the dinner meeting in the private diningroom of David's Buffet, smörgåsbord place at 10784 Reading Rd. in Evendale (a few miles north of the N.Plaza, & highly recommended)...Rival TAFF plugs by MZB & by BHH or someone for Wally...Westercon/Pacificon II party, drinks provided by Donaho & Co....Escapes from too-smoky party fregathering in a corner of the N.Plaza's cavernous basement, applauding JUANITA's folksinging & MZB's Tolkien songs...COGSWELL & IEMAN knowledgeably discussing coins with me...

Sunday

Chili lunch made & served by EARL KEMP in his room...Kids pushing BT into the pool...STEVE & MARK's games with cylindrical ice "cubes", retrieving them from the pool before melting --tossing them back & forth...Kids' frantic efforts to retrieve a half dollar from pool bottom...Long bullsession with BT, IEMAN, COGSWELL, MZB, &c...STEVE & I filling a 2½ cu ft icechest with those "cubes" from the free ice dispenser, nearly emptying the latter--and nonchalantly walking out while wondering if our arms or the icechest would give way first...BT's goodbye to MARION, "Don't you remember? It was only last week you were in the kitchen with me in Heyworth, and it'll only be another week or so till you pass thru again--never say goodbye, only say Till Next Week"...

--wb