



"BLESSED
EVENT"

HARNESS

Spacemary 108

Lunatic Fringe

14

The Stefanatic vln3
November 1948

"Yep," said Morgan Botts, "one encounters all sorts of screwballs in fandom."

"Now look here--" I began indignantly, but the Stefan-inventor silenced me with an imperious wave of his beer stein.

"Present company excepted," he added placatingly. "You have your little eccentricities, Bud, but you can't hope to match some of the Stefan I've met in my years of following the hobby."

"Like who, for instance?" I demanded, swigging thirstily at a fresh beer.

"Well, you get the lunatic fringe," Botts said. "I recall, during the years I edited that great prozine of yesteryear, Brillig Science Tales, hardly a week would go by without some lean, lanky youth badly in need of a haircut bursting into my office, screaming that he'd just discovered the horrible secret of the Universe, and offering to let me print all 500,000 words of it at 3¢ a word."

"Heh, tetched in the haid, huh?"

"Who knows?" mused Botts. He tilted his stein to allow the last precious drops of beer to glide into his throat. "Perhaps I unwittingly did great disservice to the world when I had such characters booted from the premises. After all, one never knows..."

His voice trailed off, as it gradually penetrated his consciousness that there was no more beer waiting on the marble-topped tavern table. He indicated this fact with a gesture, peering wistfully at the glass I was rapidly emptying.

"Ahem!" said Morgan Botts significantly.

"Sorry, Botts," I told him. "Night before payday, you know. I've barely enough for carfare to work tomorrow. Care for a glass of water?"

"Urk!" said Botts in genuine disgust. "This is a horrible situation. It reminds me of the agony which must assail members of the Foreign Legion when they are lost in the Sahara without an oasis."

"They don't have beer in the Sahara, I think," I replied. "The Arabs drink tea -- or is it Tibet I'm thinking of?"

A gleam flashed in Botts' bleary eyes. "Tibet!" he shouted. "That reminds me of an incident of the type we were discussing. My editorial office was once invaded by a genuine Lama."

"One that escaped from the zoo?"

"Idiot!" snapped Botts. "You're thinking of a llama. A Lama is a Tibetan priest."

"Oh."

"Anyway," said Botts, emphasizing his words with gestures of his empty beer glass, "this Lama offered to teach me the mysteries of the Universe, too."

"Did you have him buzzed?"

"Nope," said Botts. "For two reasons; first, he wasn't in need of a haircut, which made a favorable impression on me. Second, I didn't think it would be dignified to give the bum's rush to a priest, even a Tibetan one."

"So, what happened?"

"Well, he spouted broken English at me for six straight hours. I gathered that he was imparting the secrets of the sacred cult of Yoga, whatever that may be; and he told me in conclusion that if I remembered his words, the power of the Universe was mine to command."

"Heh!"

"Yeah, corny, ain't it?" duckled Botts. "I've forgotten almost everything he told me, except one item that stuck in my mind."

"What's that?"

"He said he'd looked into my future, and found that I would need a secret Yoga incantation at a great crisis in my life."

"How did this incantation go?"

Botts furrowed his brow in thought, then hesitantly began repeating some outlandish gibberish. I sat there grinning at him. Amusing, these primitive superstitions.

"Lot of good that would do you in a crisis," I commented as the Stefan-inventor ended his chant.

"Silly, isn't it?" agreed Botts, setting his glass down on the table. We both sat there staring at it.

The stein was full of beer.

-END-

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Probability .28

The Mutant
September 1948

"A guy was in here looking for you a few minutes ago," I told Morgan Botts as he seated himself at my table in the tiny neighborhood tavern.

Botts did not reply for a moment, being fully occupied in draining one of my steins of beer. When the last trickle of luscious lager had gone down his parched throat he put down the empty glass and bent an inquiring and somewhat bleary gaze on me.

"Said his name was Phelps," I continued. "Disreputable looking character, ragged coat, big red nose..." I paused rather abruptly, suddenly realizing that description could very well apply to Botts himself. Morgan Botts had once been famous in the sf field, both as a fan and on the promag editorial staffs, but in this spring of 1980 he was a broken-down has-been, subsisting almost entirely on the beers which he mooched from me. "This Phelps guy didn't seem to like you," I added "In fact, I told him you usually hung out in a bar over on the other side of town, just to get rid of him before you showed up."

Suddenly Botts' face lost its look of puzzlement. "Of course!" he exclaimed. "It must have been Roger Phelps, the old-time stfwriter!"

"Not the Roger Phelps -- the one who wrote The Infinite Infinite and Deadly Determinant? Aw, gosh, if I'd known that, I'd have had him autograph his stories in my stf collection!"

"That's who it was, all right," Botts assented from behind another beer. "Strange how he, once the toast of fandom, dropped so swiftly into obscurity."

"Was it?" I murmured, at the same time gesturing for the bartender to supply us with more beer. I knew Botts was about to reveal another of his inside stories of the old stf days.

"Roger Phelps was not the usual stf-hack," Botts began. "On the contrary he was gifted with an imagination that has seldom been equalled, even in science-fiction. Almost all his stf classics were based on commonplace scientific facts, about which he wove a mystic web of speculation and super-science."

"Yeah," I assented. "A thousand writers before him passed over determinants as mere troublesome bits of algebra -- but Phelps used them as the basis for a tale that has topped every 'best-of-stf' list fen have compiled since its publication."

"Sure," Botts resumed after a swig of suds. "And he did the same with infinite series, with the binomial theorem, and dozens of other mathematical concepts which other writers never thought of using. He got more fan-mail than any other writer -- I know that, having been an assistant editor on Cosmic Classics, the promag which first printed all the great Phelps epics."

"Phelps must have been a great mathematician," I commented.

"On the contrary!" exclaimed Botts. "Except for a little algebra he had only a layman's knowledge of mathematical theory. Perhaps that is why he saw the fictional possibilities of elementary math when other authors overlooked it."

"But what caused him to drop out of the stf-writing game so suddenly?" I asked.

"It was my fault, really," Botts admitted. "You see, like all authors, Roger Phelps got into occasional slumps during which inspiration entirely deserted him. During one of those periods I attempted to inspire him, get him to produce more of the fiction for which our readers of Cosmic Classics were screaming."

"Inspire him? How?"

"Well, I thought he might get more marvelous plot ideas if he studied some new aspect of mathematics. So one morning I went over to Phelps's workshop and had a long discussion with him. Gradually I led the talk around to the mathematics of chance, and when I left I gave him an elementary textbook on the theory of probability."

"Did your plan work?"

"Uh...not exactly," Botts admitted, sipping thoughtfully at a fresh schooner of malt. "It failed to inspire Phelps to plot any more stf. In fact, we heard nothing from him for days, so finally the editor sent me around to see what was the matter."

"What did you find?" I asked breathlessly.

"Phelps was not at home. The math book which I had given him lay on his desk, open, and well marked-up with pencil on the margins of the first four or five pages. The rest of the leaves, however, were still uncut.

"According to Phelps' wife, he'd left the city, refusing to say where he was headed, and taking with him their entire life savings. When she mentioned this last, a glimmering of the truth dawned upon me. I dashed back to the Cosmic Classics office, told the editor what I suspected, and got his permission to trace Phelps.

"To make a long story short, I finally located him, three weeks later, in Los Vegas, Nevada, huddled in silent concentration beside a roulette wheel."

"He hadn't lost all his money yet, then?" I remarked as Botts paused for breath and beer.

"Lost?" Botts gave a short, bitter laugh. "Phelps had all his pockets stuffed with greenbacks, and hundreds of blue chips were stacked on the green baize cloth before him. He was near the point of exhaustion from nights and days of continuous play; but his profits at the moment were somewhere in the neighborhood of \$428,000."

I gave a long, low whistle. "No wonder he gave up stf-writing," I commented.

"Don't jump to conclusions!" Botts snapped. "Although, of course, when I saw what he was doing, I, too, concluded that he had chanced upon some strange aspect of probability which everyone else had overlooked. I questioned him about his phenomenal luck.

"Yes," he told me, "I worked out an infailable method from that book you lent me. It is mathematically impossible for me to lose; but I can't understand why no one has ever thought of it before!"

"What was this method?" I asked breathlessly, as Botts paused for a few refreshing gulps of beer.

"Well, Phelps kept track of the numbers coming up. (There are 36 numbers on the roulette wheel, you know). When 35 different ones had shown, he began betting on the one which had not appeared. As he said, there is only one chance in 36 that any given number will turn up on any one spin, but when the other 35 have already appeared, the next whirl of the wheel is mathematically certain to produce the thirty-sixth number."

"Just a minute!" I interjected. "That's fallacious reasoning! -- There is still only one chance in 36 that the remaining number will turn up! The first 35 spins can't influence the thirty-sixth!"

"True, true," Botts replied. "That's one of the basic axioms of the probability theorem; and Phelps would have found it if he had read only one page further in his textbook. Nevertheless, the fact remains that his system had never once failed him!"

"It's impossible!" I said.

"Sure it is," Botts answered. "And I explained as much to Phelps. He readily admitted that he was wrong when I showed him the equations

in the math book. Unfortunately, however, irreparable damage had already been done -- Phelps had, in those few short weeks, become a confirmed gambler -- and as I watched helplessly, he began to lose bet after bet, until all his winnings were gone and he was far into debt."

"Then he 's mad at you because you destroyed his faith in his system?"

"Correct -- and, you know -- I've often wondered in the years since then, what would have happened if I hadn't pointed out the error.....?" Botts lapsed into thoughtful silence.

"Bartender!" I called. "Another round of beers!"

-END-

Mastermind

#16
Timewarp
Spring, 1949

"Telepathy," I said. "Fascinating phenomenon."

"Ghu drench telepathy!" retorted Morgan Botts bitterly, sloshing a pint or so of suds into his mouth. "I'd be a millionaire if it wasn't for telepathy."

"Don't talk with a mouthfull of beer," I advised him. "It sounded like you said you'd be a millionaire if it wasn't for telepathy."

Botts gulped.

"I did say it!" he roared, pounding the marble-topped tavern table with his stein at each word. "Want me to repeat it? I'd be a mil--"

"Oo, oo," I soothed him. "But that's a strong statement. Give with the explanation."

"You don't believe me," Botts muttered reproachfully, raising a fresh beer somewhat unsteadily toward his bushy white mustache. "Always I've told you the Ghu-bitten truth, and still you don't believe me! Skeptic! Whippersnapper!"

"Don't get your jets in a chain-reaction," I told the Stefan-inventor. "I never said I didn't believe you. But I gotta have supporting evidence for a generalization like that, don't I? Scientific method and all that sort of thing, you know."

With infinite care Botts eased his half-empty glass to the table and saw that it was sitting firmly. This momentous matter disposed of, he clamped his gnarled hands on the table edge, rested his chin on the marble between them, and raised his eyes to peer intently into my face.

"Wash a great prosheen, uh, prozine editor onesh," he hiccupped. "Great prosheen. Great." He thought this over for a while, then added, "Extragalactic Epics."

"Never heard of it." I took a cool swig of beer myself.

"Yer a liar," snarled Botts. "I just said it, so you must have heard of it. Whatsa matter, ya deaf?"

"What were we talking ab ut, anyhow?" I asked, confused.

"Telepathy--uh--thilepitty--uh--thought transference."

"Ch. What's that?"

"I'll show you," said Botts. "Look, I'll concentrate on something. You make your mind blank, and see if you can read my thought."

"OQ."

"Ready?"

"Go ahead."

There was a long silence, broken only by an occasional hiccup from Botts. I began getting bored. I wasn't receiving any telepathic message from him; I got no impressions at all, though I tried to keep my mind blank.

I looked at Botts. His bleary eyes were closed; his unshaven chin still rested on the tabletop. I wasn't sure, but he seemed to be snoring.

"T'hell with it," I thought, reaching for the one remaining beer, which stood in the center of the table.

Quick as a striking snake, Botts' hand flashed out and seized the stein. He sat up straight again. "See?" he said.

"Huh?" I asked over my shoulder, twisted around to signal the bartender for more beers.

"You got my message," crowed Botts triumphantly. "I concentrated on beer, and you thought of the same thing."

"You're nuts--" I started but the Stefan-inventor broke in before I could continue.

"I know what you're about to say," he told me. "I'm not such a bad telepath after all. You don't have to tell me that, Bud, I knew it all the time."

"Where the hell does the millionaire business come in?" I asked to change the subject.

"It's quite a story," said Botts, sipping complacently. "It all began when one of the assistant editors of Extragalactic Epics turned in an article about a jerk named Mepesto the Magnificent, who was supposed to be a mind-reader."

"Fake," I said. "They have stooges in the audience, and a set of code signals."

"That's what I told my assistant," Botts nodded. "I pointed out that we were publishing a science-fiction mag, not an astrology journal. However, he insisted that Mepesto the Magnificent had read minds under conditions where there was no possibility of trickery. Eventually I agreed to meet this alleged mind-reader and see for myself."

The bartender arrived with fresh malt. We drank a while in silence. Then Botts resumed:

"Mepesto the Magnificent came to my office. He was a towering, hawk-faced, mysterious-looking character, and his demonstration amazed me. He had me write numbers on a slip of paper, then held it against his forehead and told me what I had written. He had me concentrate on some acquaintance, and told me who I was thinking of. He named the color of my favorite necktie after I mentally visualized it. And dozens of other demonstrations."

"Nuts," I said. "You were neatly tricked. These mind-readers and their clever systems have been exposed time and again. For example, as he held those slips of paper to his forehead, Mepesto the Magnificent passed them in front of a light, or a window, so that he could read what was on them. He'd investigated your habits and preferences so he could deduce what you would pick to concentrate on after he suggested a general classification."

"At any rate," said Botts after a sip of beer, "It was an impressive performance. I knew that here lay the key to a fortune. Extragalactic Epics was on the verge of bankruptcy anyhow, because of rising prices and paper shortages and such, so I felt no compunctions in abandoning my editorial job to become Mepesto's manager."

"Sounds like a good deal, at that," I mused.

"Precisely," said Botts, brushing a wisp of foam from his moustache. "I'd sized this Mepesto the Magnificent up as a guy with great acting ability, but pretty much of a dope otherwise. I knew once I got him signed to an ironclad contract, I'd be set for life. I could hardly keep from laughing aloud as he picked up his fountain pen to sign the contract -- and then my dreams came crumbling to ruin."

"What do you mean?" I asked. Botts fortified himself with a vast swig of beer before replying.

"I'd overlooked one small detail," he admitted ruefully. "Mepesto hesitated, looked at me, looked back at the papers, then picked up the pitcher of ice-cold beer on my desk, poured it over my head, and stalked out of the office muttering to himself in Arabic."

"Great jumping Ghu -- why?"

"You see," Botts said softly, "Mepesto the Magnificent really could read minds!"

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AFTERWORD ON THE BOTTSTORIES

Lunatic Fringe: The Stefanatic was published by Hugh McInnis, of Warren, Arkansas. I am indebted to Redd Boggs for unearthing a copy and typing out the story in order to complete my files, some 15 or 20 years ago when we were contemplating a Botts anthology.

Probability .028: I hate to admit a scientific goof, but the title is supposed to represent the probability that a selected number of the 36 on the roulette wheel will turn up. (Actually, I believe there are more than 36 numbers on a roulette wheel, but that's not the main booboo). 1 in 36 is probability .028! I misplaced a decimal point, alas. # In case you missed it, "Roger Phelps" was a dig at Rog Phillips, who was one of SPACEWARP's contributors at the time.

Mastermind: If I recall aright, this story won second prize in a contest for the best fan writing of 1949, conducted by Amazing Stories. (1st Prize went to a story by Marion Zimmer Bradley, which appeared in SPACEWARP. In fact, SPACEWARP material pretty well swept the field, mostly because fandom was feuding with Palmer at the time and so hardly anyone else entered the contest.)

the gripes of rapp

Thru Darkest Mailing One-Oh-Eight With Clutching Hands And Charge-A-Plate

(Pause to consult Fancyclopedia II; I thought Eney had mentioned in its article on Interlineations that the one unforgiveable sin connected with them was to overrun the line. But he didn't. I must have read it in some other authoritative fannish tome.) (So I don't have to mea culpa for the above, after all).

Spectator 108 Are you sure you shouldn't change the official SAPS bird from Red Breasted SAPSucker to the (obviously very influential with the OE's) phoenix? Long in the past, there was a suggestion made by someone (perhaps Wrai, who liked to live dangerously in them days) that the OE be known as a PULLET (for Pulchritudinous Upper-Limbed Lovely Engaging Teaser). I'll leave you youngSAPS to conjecture who the OE was at the time.

Por Que? 63 I haven't been doing much painting lately; seems there are just too many other things competing for my time. Come to think of it, neither has Nancy. But even for people with absolutely no artistic talent (like me), it's worth the time spent trying to get on paper or canvas what you see or imagine, because even after you realize the mechanical difficulties, you still LOOK at things with a more perceptive eye. Personally, out of the several hundred pictures I attempted to paint, there are still four or five which I look at with a faint sense of wonder: "Did I do that all by myself?" (even though I realize they aren't of professional quality. They're light-years beyond what I could have done before I started studying and practicing). Does anyone else in SAS attempt to paint in watercolor? # Nancy is not a two-finger typist, but she only uses 2 or 3 on each hand, a touch system all her own. She seems to do about 50 WPM or so that way; not deducting for typos, of course. What ever happened to that redesign of the typer-key arrangement that was in the news about 10 years ago, which was supposed to increase typing speed by distributing the work more evenly between the two hands? # Tell you what: sometime in the next year or so I'll see how many of the OO's are in my files, and if you can round up Xerox copies of the missing ones, I'll prepare an index to them for you (and future OE's). # Just found a recipe for Greek bread, which sounds real interesting, since it has to rise three times instead of the usual two. Which seems to make an all-day job of preparing it, of course. As soon as my current batch is polished off, I'm going to try it. Never know what goodies you'll turn up by trying out new recipes. (We found one called "Eggplant Kentucky Style" this summer which is so good that we were grateful that the garden turned out several dozen big eggplants, instead of wondering what in the world to do with them.) # The original SPECTATOR, as any English Lit major will tell you, was a periodical published in London around the beginning of the 17th Century by Addison and Steele. The reason I happen to have this fresh in mind is that I was recently reading Jonathan Swift's A Tale of a Tub and it was mentioned frequently in the footnotes. I was reading A Tale of a Tub because it was frequently mentioned in Life Against Death (and I can't recall the author's name, tho I should, I should, since it is a book well worth reading and rereading). I had the impression that I learned of Life Against Death by a mention in George P Elliott's Conversions: Literature and the Modernist Deviation

(another book worth reading) but apparently not, since a speed-reading of it fails to disclose the reference. Unfortunately, being a collection of essays, Conversions is not provided with an index.) All of this is an example of how my reading ramifies beyond comprehension, let alone ability to follow up on all the suggested avenues of investigation. (I just picked up an unexpected treasure at Goodwill: The Divided Self by R.D. Laing, which explains schizophrenia from the viewpoint of existentialism, the first comprehensible account of schizophrenia which I've encountered.) # Dreams: I can seldom remember any of my dreams in detail, but awhile back one impressed me enough so that I wrote it down soon after I awakened. Most of it is irrelevant to the present purpose, but here is a quote of my notes: "6 a.m., 6 Sep 74... Suddenly I am watching an auction of surplus Army real estate in Italy. I am amazed at the low prices for which the land is selling, and feel there is something crooked about the transaction. A piece of farmland 7 x 4 miles sells for 1,000 Lire which I translate to myself as \$1.00 /The true rate of exchange, at least during thaatime I was in that country, was 600 Lire to the dollar/. The next parcel goes for \$4.00 American, and the buyer pays for it by placing on the table a plastic coin-holder containing \$4.00 in American pennies." And here is the payoff, as I recorded it on 15 September: "On Thursday, 12 Sep, Nancy turned over to me \$3.71 in pennies in a plastic 3x5 card file box. She got them because on the evening of 6 September /My dream was at 6 a.m./ Steven did some chores for a neighbor who paid him off in pennies (not her usual practice). Steve later exchanged the pennies for larger-denomination money with Nancy, and Nancy, knowing I collect "wheaties" (old-style Lincoln pennies) eventually gave them to me. I had been collecting pennies, but until this time only a few at a time. Since I had a few more pennies on hand I rolled them in rolls of 50. I had 8 rolls and a few pennies left over." Incidentally, this is the first time in several years that I ever recorded a dream; I wrote this one down because of the strong impression that it was precognitive. # Garden journals: We planted tomatoes all over everywhere this spring, and to see if having to thread my way through tangles of tomato vine to find anything else in the garden was worthwhiæ, I began noting on the calendar how many lbs of tomatoes I brought in each day when they started producing in mid-July. As of now (end of September) the daily entries total up almost exactly to 100 lbs. That's \$35 worth at the supermarket. (We probably won't be able to grow as many next year. This spring I built a strawberry pyramid and ordered strawberry plants from Henry Fields, which they never sent. So rather than see the pyramid go to waste I planted eggplant and tomatoes in the richly-prepared soil. The tomato plants grew 6' high, and the eggplants were the size of watermelons. (Also I rescued, in the course of subsequent spacing operations, 4 or 5 strawberry plants from our former bed, which had been dug under last fall. I set these among the tomato plants and they promptly started putting out runners so that by next spring even if we can not get any new plants we might have strawberries after all.) We also harvested from the garden (or soon will, in the case of some fall items) beans, chard, collards, onions (half a bushel, in addition to several months of all the scallions we could eat), radishes, peppers, kohlrabi, lettuce, horseradish, chicory greens, horseradish, carrots, parsley, thyme, marjoram, anise seed, basil, dill, cucumbers; and from the rest of the ground, outside the garden proper: pears, apples (3 bushels), hazelnuts, chestnuts, grapes (aside from the jars of jelly, I've got 5 gallon jugs of wine fermenting); figs (at least a half-bushel) huckleberries, elderberries, plums, cherries (just a few; we had to cut down the big tree, and the young ones aren't big enough to yield much yet); peaches, dandelion greens, horehound, peppermint, lemon balm, and no

doubt a few things I've overlooked. Incidentally, our lot is 50' x 125' with a house and garage on it, so this proves you can raise a lot of stuff in a small space. (We've got zucchini developing fruit in the middle of a flower bed, and watermelon vines twining around the bird-bath; I didn't list them in the foregoing since probably the cold weather will nip them before they are ripe. Or maybe we'll be lucky...) Oh yeah, add salsify and endive to the list above. It doesn't mean we are growing food on every square foot, either, to the scandalization of suburbia (if inflation continues, we might, come spring). We've got, in our front yard, in addition to an apple tree: forsythia, chrysanthemums, coleus, hydrangia, roses, marigolds, peonys, lilacs, geraniums, snapdragons, bells-of-Ireland, phlox, four O'clocks (the very same ones which are perhaps infesting Australia by now, if you remember back to Nancy's sending-abroad of seeds in the SAPSbundles), calladiums, petunias, plus a front porch full of potted plants whose variety defies description. And all this doesn't even mention the two side yards and the backyard, where different varieties flourish. So last week Nancy goes out and spends \$4.00 on a philodendron...

Outsiders 96 Good Roscoe, Wrai, your 100th Issue is only a year away! Get started now on your reprint pages, so you don't face an insurmountable task next fall! (Why don't YOU reprint The Tiny Acorn, which is at least if not more worthy of remembrance than the Battsstories?) # Wouldn't the best fiction on WWI flying be in G-8 and His Battle Aces? Jeez, I wonder what ever happened to all the copies of that mag I read in the 8th or 9th grade... # The way we (I, to be precise) have solved the space crisis v.s. books is to double-shelve our books. The nonfiction goes on the outside, and the fiction in the back. This is mainly because we need to find a nonfiction book many times more often than a fiction one, and also because I've got our nonfiction completely and comprehensively cataloged (Dewey decimal system), by title, author, and subject. I started with a cardfile, soon found that it was too bulky, and transferred it to looseleaf notebook pages. (All three categories are integrated in one looseleaf index). I've still got about half of the cardfile (actually, now a file on 3x5 slips of notebook paper) on hand, because I am still working on a shelf list before disposing of them. (Among other things, this will show the cover price of each book, which might be very handy in case of an insurance claim). Once I catch up with the nonfiction, I'll go ahead with indexing the fiction. Currently I manage with that by filing it, more or less, alphabetically by author, which at least limits the number of shelves where books must be lifted out to reveal the back row in order to locate a particular book of fiction. (It took me about a week of spare time to get this system launched, back when I had only 1,000 or so nonfiction books; since then it takes only an hour or so a month (in bits and pieces) to maintain the system. And it really pays off when we want some quick research on an unusual topic. A friend who is taking a college English course asked the other day for information to help understand the poetry of Robert Frost. My index turned up a long critical article on Frost by John Ciardi, published in Harpers 20 years ago and subsequently included in a pb anthology which was on our shelves. Meanwhile Nancy specified by title a book on poetic criticism she'd used in college, and between the two we gave the student enough reference material for a term paper. # The author of Life Against Death, which I forgot above, is Norman O. Brown, who also wrote Love's Body. We now have both on our shelves in pb. # In view of the fact that it is now 4 October and this completed zine has to get in tomorrow morning's mail if it has any chance to reach Phoenix before the deadline, we here abruptly terminate the mc's. Nancy has more extensive ones this time, anyhow. SPACEWARP 108, SAPS Mlg 109, by A.Rapp