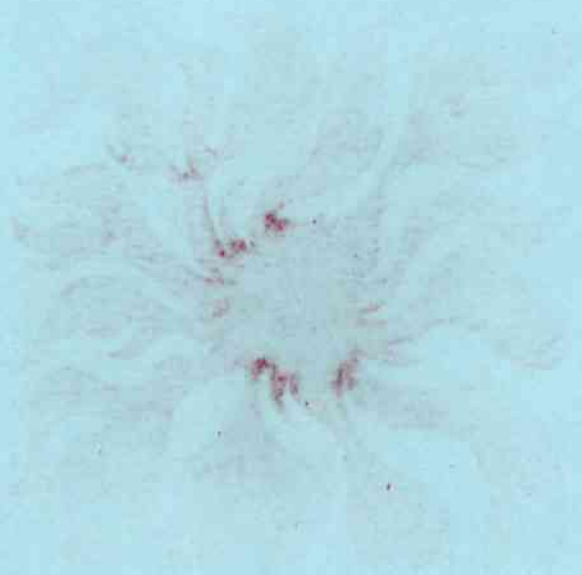
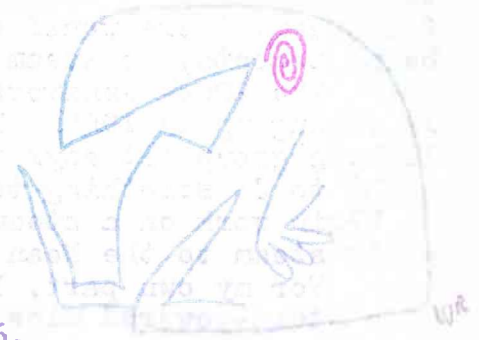




Watling Street



watling number 12 street



WATLING STREET #12 is the SAPSazine of Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California, and it is intended for initial circulation in the 59th mailing, April 1962. The cover of this issue was kindly provided by Richard Bergeron, for which unlimited thanks, and the interior art credits will be found elsewhere in this issue. This is the forty-seventh Silverdrum Publication. That's too many...

EDITORIAL

This is another of a series of truncated April issues of my SAPSazine. As I explained four mailings ago, it is always next to impossible for me to work up the time and necessary enthusiasm to do a normal-type issue of Watling Street during the first quarter of the year. Last year this enormous lack of enthusiasm and time resulted in a 12-page issue. I have even less enthusiasm and a very minute amount of time this year, and this issue runs 18 pages. That's not much progress.

Of course, there are no mailing comments in this issue. I doubt I would have had much to say anyway, since there were a surprising paucity of good magazines in the January mailing. Warhoon was outstanding, of course, but after that things fell off sharply. Even Walter Breen's contribution was subpar, strangely enough. I guess this is all evidence of something or other. SAPS is evidently going through a period of doldrums, when as always there's only one or two really good magazines to hold things together.

Where will it all end? That's the question that immediately comes to mind. Well, there are a lot of talented people just getting in, or situated on the waitlist. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon has a magazine in this mailing. I am told that Gary Deindorfer will have a contribution, too. And there are other people on the waitlist who possess considerable talent. Fred Patten is currently amongst the five most worthwhile members of N'APA. Don Anderson is another of those five. Dian Girard has considerable talent, too, particularly in the artistic field. Some of you might, um, contact (hi, Dian!) her for some of her delicate, lovely ditto artwork. Sooner or later all these people ought to be active SAPS members. SAPS may be in for another Golden Age.

You'll be able to tell when it arrives, this Golden Age, when Ted White stops writing mailing comments.

In these latter days of automation, jet-propelled couches, and oral contraceptives, there is precious little attention paid anymore to that phenomenal discovery which touched off the Great Industrial Revolution, as it is laughingly called, some two hundred-odd years ago. What I mean to say is that no one ever pays attention to steam, anymore. I think that's a dirty shame.

Steam has played a vital role in our nation's expansion and growth. Were it not for steam, there would have been no riverboats.

Were it not for steam, there would be no turkish baths. Were it not for steam, there would be no railroads as we know them. There would be no teapots, no steam irons, no Bulmer Aqueous Vapour.

The 200th Anniversary of the discovery of steam by James Watt is coming up in 1969. I think that fandom, as a progressive, forward-looking group (it says in the chamber of commerce ads I've seen), ought to do something to commemorate this event. I do not propose that we begin work on a steam-powered flying saucer, or even attempt to apply steam to the Dean Drive, but something ought to be done.

For my own part, I am beginning research on the possibility of a steam-powered mimeograph...

It certainly is a wonderful thing, Terry, that your digression in Hobgoblin is more interesting and commentable than your article. I want to say a few words about reading. I read, you know.

Nineteen years ago, if you had told me that one day I would be reading the poetry of A.E. Houseman, I wouldn't have hit you on the head. I would probably have thrown a rattle at you. I don't remember exactly how, but I learned to read when I was around four or five years old. My parents say that they used to let me go through the newspaper with them and I could identify words and all that. When I finally did get to school, it was merely a matter of gaining polish and speed, which I did rapidly, with no pun intended, and I was always at the top of my class insofar as reading level went. Similarly, as I think I've said once or twice in this fanzine already, in the past, I've never had much trouble with spelling, either, and hardly ever found a challenge in the California state spelling textbooks. Terry, you probably remember these things --- the ones with trial tests and final tests. I hardly ever took one of the final tests, since most all my teachers let you off the hook if you got 100% on your trial test.

(After all these years, though, I still can't type at all. I hope you will pardon all these goddamned typographical errors.)

My reading speed varies, depending on my interest in or concentration on the material I'm reading. It will take me a helluva lot longer to read a 20-page Platonic dialogue than it will for me to read a 20-page Silverberg yarn. My retention depends not so much on how fast I read, but on how interested I am in the material. Accordingly, I found out last year that I could remember things like that Platonic dialogue above, and Mill's "On Liberty" better than a whole bunch of important trivia connected with calculus or with aspects of biology. My interest in the former items was greater, therefore my retention was greatly increased. I can still come up with fairly decent explanations of what Mill was trying to set forth, but I couldn't explain the DNA-RNA processes, or whatever they are, to you on a bet. I remember what DNA and RNA stand for, but that's about it.

I'm not quite sure how fast I read, but by way of illustration it took me around five or six minutes to read your article on which I'm commenting. I guess that's fast, but if it took me five minutes, it probably



took Donaho around three. That's too goddamned fast. By way of illustration of that, one evening I went over to Bill's to do some stencilling for an OMPazine, and since he had asked me to, I took along the then newly-cut October SAPS mailing for him to read. About two or so hours later, when I was through, he handed back the mailing to me. "Good grief, have you read all that already?" I asked.

"No, just the stuff that interests me," he said, and rattled off a medium-long list of SAPS members' names. I did a bit of mental multiplication and figured that even so, he'd read over 200 pages of SAPSzine, and probably fairly closely, in those two hours. I don't think I could do that, even if I didn't read a lot of stuff. A person who reads every word of every zine, I'm not.

But back to the point of this thing. Next question? How did I learn to read? Rephrase that to, How was I taught to read in school? I seem to have been one of the last people in my agegroup to have been blessed with a teacher who taught by the phonics method. It was straight phonics, with much emphasis on sounds and all, and the teacher was forever tossing off little cards with "difficult" words on them -- words unfamiliar to us -- and seldom did she have to correct our pronunciation. The texts I and my fellow students used may have been simple Dick & Jane stuff, but at least it was all words, except for the spot illos.

When my brother started to learn reading several years later, I took a look at his textbooks and was properly appalled. He learned strictly by word-recognition, and those textbooks had little type-cut illustrations right in the text, sort of like a rebus. If you didn't recognize the word, you could guess at it from the picture in the text. There were little typecut dogs and trains and bicycles and all. As I said, I was appalled. At the tender age of eight I was damning progressive education; I really was.

As a result, my brother cannot read as well as I can, reads very slowly, and has always had considerable trouble keeping up with his reading. He can't spell very well, either. I think it's a shame. But there's nothing that can be done about it, really. Oh, there are speed-reading courses, and like that, but my brother probably wouldn't be interested in them, anyway.

One last thing before I turn this off. I subvocalize, sometimes. When I am reading certain works, especially Salinger, and also a lot of fan writers (especially Burbee, Busby, and Ellington), I tend to subvocalize so that the overall effect is that of listening to the person deliver a long monologue. It doesn't slow me down appreciably most of the time, but sometimes I get carried away with the style and may spend a good time dawdling back and forth over a particular sentence, or passage.

I guess this has been a mailing comment, despite what I said on the first page. I apologize for my inconsistency.

Since I haven't visited any castles recently, I don't seem to have too much more to write about this time, in the editorial. Also, there's not enough room to launch into any major discussion of a New Subject. Before I forget, though, a personal note. Bruce, when you get finished with Spy Witch, will you loan it to me for a while? The quotes you're printing from it in SAPS have me faunching to borrow the book and read it in one sitting.

According to my calculations, or lack of foresight as they say on the Continent, next issue should be the Third Annish. Last year I made all sorts of noise about a 50-pager. This year I'm not going to say a goddamned thing. See for yourself.

---Bob Lichtman

the children's hour

"Hi, kids," yelled the small, thin boy with short-cropped hair. He had just come out of his house and was still a considerable distance away from the small group of children towards whom he was heading with reasonable speed. "What'll we do today?" he said as he drew closer. The others stopped long enough from their chattering back and forth to stare expectantly at the late arriver.

"Hi, Paul," one of them, a somewhat tubby blonde-haired boy named Lee, greeted the newcomer. "How come it took you so long to get out today?"

"Awww," Paul stammered. "My mom kept me in because I was playing the television too loud. She said it bothered the baby, and she made me clean up my room for punishment. That sure took a long time, picking up all my comic books and records."

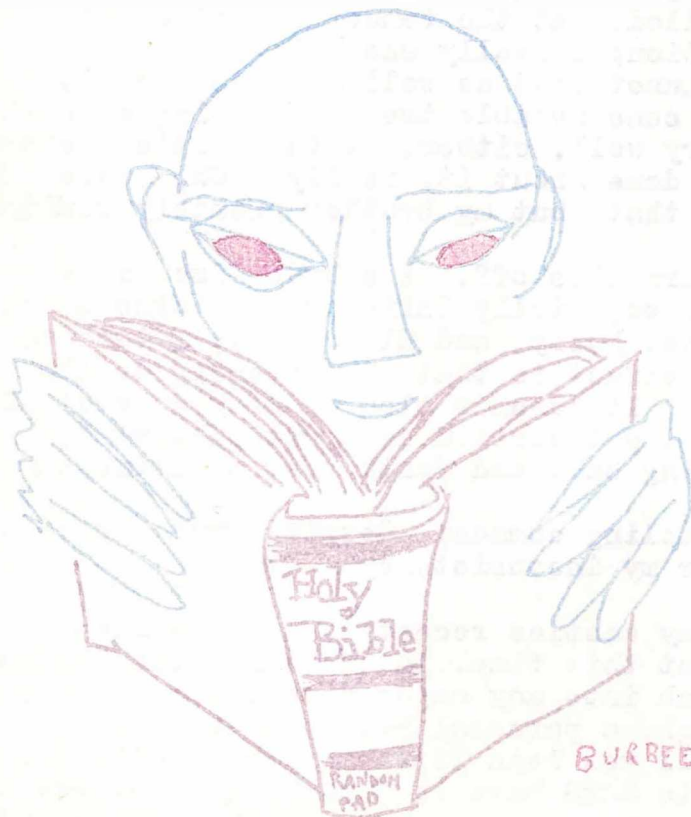
One of the other children in the group, a redhead named Gayle, was telling the others about a movie she'd seen the night before at the local theatre. Paul listened for a while and then broke in. "Yeah, I saw that one at the same place last week. It sure was neat. All that fighting, all the little kingdoms sending men to fight the other kingdoms, all the--- Hey, I know what we can do today for fun!"

Everyone perked up to listen to his suggestion. "What do you think we ought to do, Paul," they asked. "What's your idea, huh, huh?"

"Let's invent our own countries," Paul said, waving his hands around in the air as he spoke, "sort of like in the movie, and each of us can be a king, or a queen, or something, and..." His voice trailed off into a faintly discernable whisper and then disappeared altogether as he started thinking intently about the idea he had just suggested.

"Gee, that sounds neat," chorussed the assemblage of moppets. "Let's do it."

"Let's see," said Paul, after a moment of silence during which he considered things more carefully. "What



"BEHIND EVERY MAN'S ACTIONS LIES EITHER THE SEX DRIVE OR A NEED TO BE WANTED..." SIGMUND FREUD OR SOMEBODY

we ought to do is lay out streets around here in town and call a few blocks of territory a kingdom, or a duchy, or whatever. We need a map for that."

"There's a gas station down the street," Lee suggested. "Why don't we go down there and see if we can get a map out of them?"

"Good idea," Paul agreed, and they all headed as one down the block to Orange Grove where they found the gas station and got the map. They spread it out on a lawn and settled down around it. A couple of the more enthusiastic children, anxious to pick out their own territories, started tracing imaginary lines on the map. Before long, there rose a cry of indignation. "Hey, that's part of my territory you just took. I didn't say you could have it, and I was there first."

Before a fight could break out, though, Paul stepped in and said, "I guess I'd better break it down into areas first, and you can all just pick one, okay? That'll make it easier for us to have all the countries next to each other, so there won't be any open territory between them." No one dissented, so Paul got out a piece of dull lead pencil from his back pocket and began drawing off sections of territory on the map. In about ten minutes, about half of the town had been partitioned into areas of not more than three or four square blocks each. The prominent landmarks, like the schools, were all marked off separate as individual buildings and places, and Paul had crossed out the names and written in some other names, like Brandy Hall for a nearby elementary school.

"Now you can pick a territory," he said, triumphantly, "and I'll write your name in the square it covers." He looked around at all the expectant faces. "I think Jane ought to be first," he said.

"Well," began Jane, raising herself up to her full four and a half feet with great dignity, "I am essentially a barbarian, born out of my time and having a hard time adjusting to living in such a highly mechanized age. I'm not the least bit scared of trying to survive off the land as it were." Jane talked kind of funny, all the kids admitted, but they didn't bother her or make fun of her because of her curious ideas. "I want this section here, including the Devils Gate Reservoir, because it's got lots of wooded sections," Jane concluded.

A little dark-haired, rather plump boy giggled and said, "I live over there, too, Jane. Can I be your Master of Guards?" Jane put on an air of sophistication and replied, "Yes, you may, Billy, if you will promise to whip my guards into lovely shape, and build up the army and defences in masterly fashion." Billy giggled.

Eventually everyone had chosen his area and decided what he would call himself, and it was getting very late. "I hear my mom calling me," Paul said, "so I'd better go home." He got up and started to walk away.

"Hey, Paul," one of the children called after him, "we ought to have a name for the entire area, sort of like a little world."

"Well," said Paul, with some thought, "let's call it Coventry..."

The Critter

— Adrienne Martine

Some Notes by Bob...

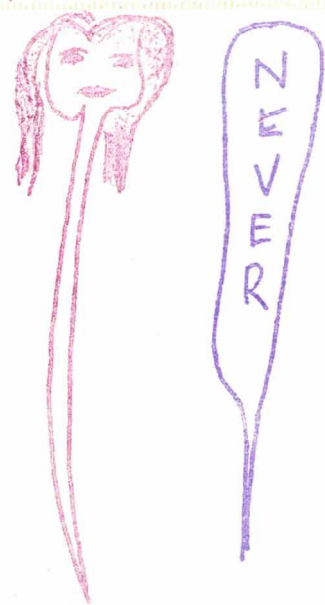
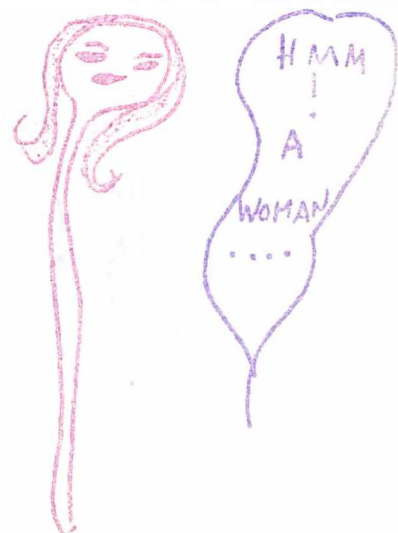
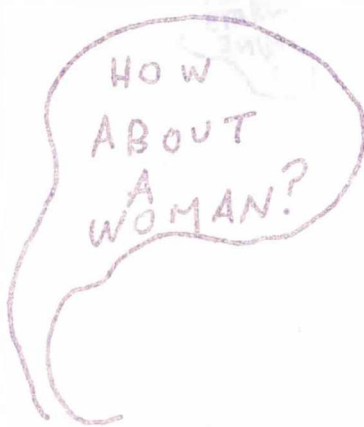
I've known "Critter"-type people almost all my life. So have we all. But I met my first on-paper "Critter" not long ago while sitting in a geography lecture. Adrienne was doodling with great deliberation between taking notes, and when she finished I asked, "May I see it?" She passed the cartoon to me.

"I like this," I said with subdued laughter (remember, a lecture was going on). "Do you have more?" I inquired.

#1:



AH



"Sure," she said, and proceeded to note down the text in the balloons for three more -- the three that are presented in this issue of Watling Street. "I don't have time to draw them right now," Adrienne explained.

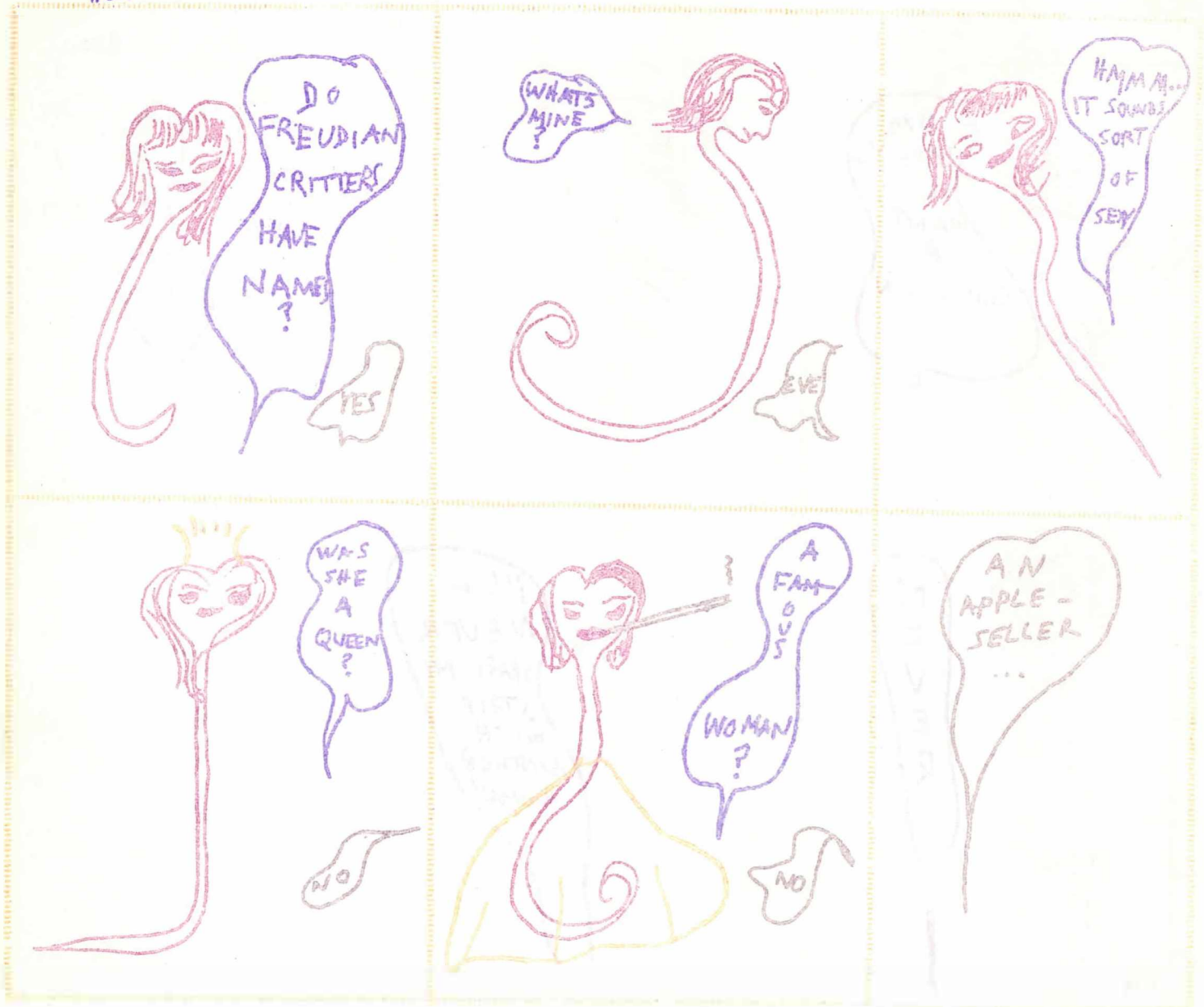
I read these with similar reactions, and then settled back to listen to the tame professor lecturing about physical geography (my favourite kind). When the lecture was over and normal speech was again allowed, I wondered aloud if I could have publication rights on "The Critter!"

I don't think Adrienne believed me, at first. "You're kidding," was about the way she put it.

"No, I'm not," I said, "I like them. I think they're good." So she did up these for me, and for you.

What do you think of "The Critter"? ...

#3:



---Adrienne Martine

 well, i may have lost the pillar poll, but at least i won the vp race

artwork credits:

As noted earlier, the cover this time is one of those superb air-brush goojies by Rich Bergeron. This issue's back cover was conceived and executed, not to mention put to master, by Bjo Trimble. Interior illustrations and cartoons mastered by Lichtman are from the pens of Johnny Burbee (4), Gary Deindorfer (2), Dave English (15), Bob Kellogg (12) (has anyone his address?), and William Rotsler (1, 11, 13). The bulging artfiles of Silverdrum Publications contain a preponderance of full-page artwork these days. Would some of you Cut There please consider submitting some good fillers? Rotsler? I really would appreciate it.

 mono is the friendliest disease two people can contract

I am sick sick sick.....

OR FAN, HEAL THYSELF

The fully certified Bob Lichtman method of tending to one's ills is perhaps not unique, but it's kooky enough to merit mention. One day at work, up in Berkeley, I suddenly began feeling progressively more ill. Most of the trouble was in my stomach, which felt as though it were about to give up the ghost and give out with my breakfast. Towards early afternoon, after forcing down perhaps half of the lunch I had brought, I just didn't feel like standing in one spot any longer, wrapping books for good ol' U.C. Press. However, since operations were out in Richmond instead of in Berkeley as they were when I hired on, I had to wait until the afternoon run into Berkeley to the main Press building before I could leave. I told Joe Gibson, who had been picking me up each morning and taking me home in the afternoon, not to come by the next day.

Once I got back to my capacious suite, I turned on the heater full blast and then immediately took off again. Hopping aboard my bicycle, I railroaded my way down to Bill Donaho's to pick up the day's mail and on the way back I stopped off at the Co-op to get a few needed items of groceries. It was a rather windy day, but my heavy jacket in addition to my khaki work clothes protected me from the cold breezes blowing in from across the Bay.

Upon my second return, I put up some soup on the stove and got my bed ready for occupancy. It was around three in the afternoon. When the soup was ready, I poured it into a large cup and started sipping it slowly while reading my mail. After that I took a couple Corocidin tablets. Corocidin is sort of a non-prescription wonder drug, so far as I'm concerned. I don't know quite how it does it, but it always helps kill the cold I'm inflicted with. (You can probably find it at your local drugstore, if you're interested, and I heartily recommend it.) In addition I downed a couple-three Vitamin C pills, and hopped into bed, leaving the heater on high, with all the windows closed and everything locked tight.

It was around eleven at night when I woke up. I was very warm and sweaty, and I felt like cooling off. So I went out to Sid's market, a few blocks away over on University, and picked up a quart of milk and the next morning's Chronicle, and came home again. On the way back I found I was very hungry, so I put a frozen meat pie in the oven and fixed a couple peanut butter sandwiches. (Eating peanut butter sandwiches is a habit I regained while staying with the Nelsons -- as you may know, Ray loves peanuts and peanut butter.) While the pie was cooking, I sat up in bed eating peanut butter sandwiches and reading the Chronicle.

By somewhat after midnight, I was through with my paper and my pie, so I closed things up, turned off the lights, and went back to bed. I slept until around nine or ten that morning, I guess, and when I got up I felt much, much better. I still had a somewhat uneasy feeling in my stomach, but all the other symptoms I'd felt at

one time and another -- including a sort of mild nausea, dizziness, a runny nose, and like that -- were gone. I was also hungry as a herd of Los Angeles fans.

The heat was still going full force, so I turned it down a bit. After a couple of eggs for breakfast, plus a large glass of chocolate milk (another staple while I was in Berkeley -- I used to make it up out of non-fat milk and one of those powdered chocolate milk mixes), I puttered around the apartment for a while, reading from this and that magazine or old newspaper. After a while I got rather sick and tired of that scene and decided to go out into the crisp air of early afternoon. Aside from the queasy stomach, which persisted to lessening degree for the next few days, I felt completely recovered and in fact I was.

-oOo-

On the basis of the above occurrence, which was one of the few times during my stay in Berkeley that I was sick to the point of being ill (thank you, Abney Rotsler, for that lovely line), I would like to spend the rest of this page singing praises for Vitamin C. By the end of the page, I hope to make this a Sing Along With Bob article.

I will try anything, nearly, at least once, and possibly more than once if I feel it hasn't been given a fair trial. So when I found out about Vitamin C from Miriam, who used to read me the Gospel According To Adele Davis some of the times I went to see her during my first few weeks in the Bay area, I went and got some. Since then I've realised that though I had been getting Vitamin C all my life, in the form of orange juice every morning, usually, I apparently wasn't getting enough, for I was frightfully prone to colds which, while not severe most of the time, were inconvenient and uncomfortable. Since turning on to Ascorbic Acid, which is another name for Vitamin C, I've had almost no trouble of this kind, and I assure you that I have not gone out of my way to prevent getting chilled and like that, events that caused me to get colds before.

Vitamin C tablets are incredibly easy to find, since practically every supermarket under the sun carries them, even if they don't handle an otherwise-complete line of vitamins. The dosage I would recommend is two or three a day or the 250 mg. tablets. You can buy 100 mg. tablets if you wish, but you'll have to take more of them to get the desired effect. A bottle of 100 250 mg. tablets of Vitamin C will set you back perhaps a dollar, though this depends largely on what brand you happen to get. Since Vitamin C is Vitamin C, I recommend you search out the cheapest source, since if you're anything like me, paying excessively for name brands and fancy containers rubs one the wrong way.

I'm serious about this. Try it out yourself and let me know the results you've achieved in perhaps two quarters from now. It may be that this reaction, strongly positive, to Vitamin C is a personal one, but I tend to doubt it, since all the sources I've seen bear me out in this.

Changing the subject just slightly, and wrapping up this article, the Bowdy Brigade might be interested to know that there's a vitamin that makes one sexier. I kid you not...



It's been the longest time since there's been a letter column in these pages, but that's mainly because I managed to misplace what few letters I did receive. However, several highly interesting ones came in, so here they are...

gary deindorfer

I note you bring up dreams in Watling Street #9.

Fascinating things, dreams. Also frightening, wonderful, beautiful, rich, Salvador Daliish & Max Ernstish thing, are dreams. I could literally write volumes on the dreams I have had over the years--their content, nature, possible meaning, effect on my waking hours, contribution to my conscious thought and to work I have written and drawn. Indeed, in a future letter I'll go into the whole thing; I'd better not just now,

though, because once I begin on dreams I'll be forced to continue for a good six pages. (¶So why don't you put it on ditto masters for me and we'll call it an Article?¶) I'll just say that my dreams are rarely as similar to waking events as some of yours apparently are as evidence by your reportage of that fannish dream you had. They are much closer to the surrealist and vague in the sense that things are ill-defined; in addition, there is always the feeling while I dream that I know I am dreaming, and yet there is an inadequate description of fact; it's something far more subtle than that---but as I said, more on dreams later. (¶If I could write on them coherently, I'd write about some of the more offbeat dreams I've had. The reason I write on those I do is that I can describe them fairly easily.¶)

Damn it, dreams are such compelling things to write and talk about that even though I just got finished telling you I would drop the subject now for fear of becoming more involved than I have time to become in this letter, I must say that I also frequently acquire all sorts of coveted possessions in my dreams, only to wake up upon beginning to derive enjoyment from them. For example, I had a dream a long time ago where I had just acquired a complete file of ASF; there they were spread out in all their beauty before me (this was, incidentally, one of my most objective and realistic dreams; as I said, such things are rare for me). I had just grabbed a handful out of the pile to read when--pop--I woke up. Upon waking up I remember looking over at my stf collection in a wild hope that somehow the ASFs I had gotten in my dream were there. You can imagine my disappointment when I realized that they weren't. This same fleeting hope followed by inevitable but just as fleeting disappointment occurs for me for all of these possession dreams. (¶I don't know about you, but I'd rather wake up before reading old ASFs than I would after starting to make out with the girl in that dream about the National APA. But maybe it's all a matter of presentation...¶) ## As for flying dreams, I have them frequently; they are ecstatic, generally I feel like a soaring being of god-like properties ("a soaring being of god-like properties"--sounds as if it could be made into a good ersatz-Burbee quote for the Ashley mythos). ## By the way, all of my dreams are in color, so far as I know. Do you have color dreams? If you do, what percentage of them are such? All, many, some or few? (¶I never kept track, but I do have more color dreams than any other kind. Sometimes, very rarely, I dream with coloration of the main objects of the dream, and black and white for the background, etc.¶)

Your mailing comments are very good, particularly the ones in #9.

Even though I don't have the mailings being commented upon in them I followed the meaning of everything because it wasn't parochial (or worse, superficial) like almost all of the SAPS mlg comments I've seen. ## I'm not a member of SAPS yet, so your question on Watling Street #9, page 14, isn't really directed at me, but I'll answer it anyway. You ask, "How much do you conform to society? How much do you non-conform? Preceding from those two questions, what sort of personal conformity do you establish for yourself?" I am pleased by the thoughtful way you ask those questions, instead of going along and disregarding personal differences of attitude towards conformity/nonconformity as most questioners do. Personally, I don't think of myself as either conforming or non-conforming; I think of myself as a Universe unto myself; and, thus, I do what I consider best for myself. Sometimes this involves conforming to what is generally considered a standard of some kind and degree, sometimes it does not. More, conformity or nonconformity on my part to any one thing or concept etcetera has degrees of intensity and degrees of kind and, furthermore, can and has changed under circumstances to a great or small degree towards that thing. I tend to regard the terms of conformity and nonconformity in this sense as being too vague and fuzzy to be able to use with any real semantic validity, actually, and as a result I regard with bemused detachment most talk on the issue, because it usually assumes the form of two-valued argument, which is even more of a mistake to rely upon in this area than it is in most.

To sum up: to other people I conform or nonconform in varying degrees according to the relationship between me and the person happening to judge me (either consciously or unconsciously judging me, generically or individually); to myself, however, I merely AM, which is enough, and only speak of conformity/nonconformity to clarify my stand on the issues to someone else, as to you, personally regarding the terms too vaguely individually connotatively determined to be semantically valid. (I would like, for instance, to see someone translate the terms "conformity" or "nonconformity" into units of symbolic logic--hah!) Thus, furious and fussing arguments pro or con on such objectively nondetermined (as yet, and I doubt they will be) concepts strike me as fruitless, funny, and all too reflective of the obvious tacit wish among men that they have fun deceiving themselves.

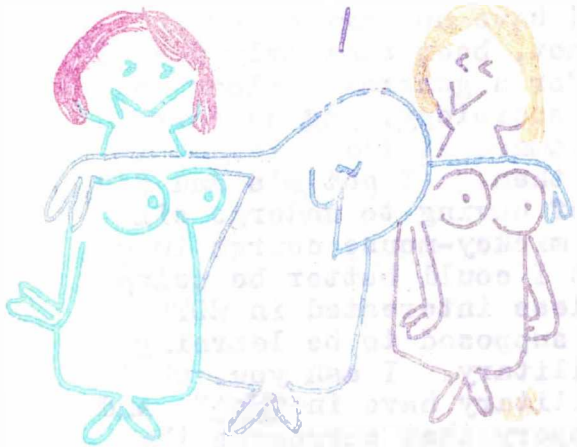
Hell, Bob, I wouldn't call the fact that Recreation Commissioner Johnnie Nagy refuses to hire +140 iq types to work in his goddamn playground anti-intellectualism. I can see his point, in a way, and, anyway, I know that I would be turned down for his crummy job if I applied because of my iq. It makes me feel sort of quietly proud that I would, actually, and, anyway, who wants a lousy twenty dollar a week job greasing sliding boards and leading simpering little girls around the rose bushes singing, "Oh merrily, merrily, merrily come the lea"? Up the intellectual elite, sez I! Up and onward (to Chicago and the junior high school iq test at the Chicon).

Funny, you are speaking of college marks. I feel marking to be a farce, as does Walter Breen. I graduated from high school with a 90 or so average, which I suppose I was fortunate to have gotten because I did virtually no work in high school. Then I went to Temple, not caring for marks, but hoping for a lot more intellectual stimulation than I had ever gotten at h.s. What did I get? Courses on a level with the "advanced" courses I had taken at high

"Why Didn't SOMEONE
TELL ME THAT
I WAS BIDDING
FOR A PICTURE OF
G. M. CARRY?"



HOME



school. I had already studied far ahead independently of that which I was required to take at Temple. The nice people agreed to let me skip freshman English on the basis of my testing scores, and were planning to give me second year German because I had already learned the equivalent of first year on my own, but even then the aggregate of my courses was like unto a setup designed for the college clod who drudged ploddingly but passably through high school, whose only concern was in marks and scraping by with a degree. This sort of lowest common denominator teaching ranked me more than I could stand, so I quit recently. I would probably have gotten good first semester grades if I had stuck with college, but what would have been the use? I would have been graded on the basis of a few cardboard and non-intercorrelative subjects, rather than on the basis of my accretion and concrete use of new knowledge.

I doubt that I want to try college for a long time to come; I don't really care about a degree, not if I merely have to learn four years of shallow "courses" to achieve it. The only institutions of (as they say, and the term is ludicrous) High^{er} Learning that suggest a challenge to me seem to be Harvard and Amherst, and possibly Princeton, but I haven't the money now for any of them, and Harvard and Amherst did not offer me a scholarship when I applied to them. (Like, even they are hung up on this "you gotta have extracurricular activities" bit, on the assumption that a person who has lots extracurricular activities but still a high average must be more intelligent than a person with the same average but no extracurricular activities, and they are right, except that in my case they never realised that while I had none of the standard extracurricular activities (save track and a brief and wild stint in the school "band") I had all sorts of hobbies and projects, such as my music, my writing, my independent scientific projects, my continuing self-educational projects (teaching myself advanced calculus, symbolic logic, reading extensively and with definite purpose in comparative psychology [notably Gestalt theory], philosophy, and all sorts of other fields of human endeavour, going so far as testing my knowledge and, most importantly, and what there was not an intimation of at Temple, setting up correlation of knowledge charts and writing some ten pages per day of correlative thought (something I still do, though since I've returned to fandom the page count has slackened off a bit)). In short, they made the assumption of, "Well, he tests high and his marks are good, but he must be just another of the sort of person who does well in an average college but would not be intelligent enough to rate our giving him a scholarship." So I was accepted at Harvard and Amherst, but though I had extensive interviews with the proper powers at both schools, I received no scholarship to either. Both schools still look promising compared with most, however.) I note a sourish sort of grapes vein running through this paragraph--unfortunate that it is there...oh well.

(I don't particularly like the idea of college marks, either, but like...what you gon' do? Like you, my work in college doesn't really reflect the store of knowledge I have crammed back there in my mind, somewhere, somewhere. In the first place, in the University of California system, one must first satisfy certain general requirements before one can progress to serious work on one's major. It is necessary

to take courses, therefore, in fields where I have no particular interests, and in which I have, more likely than not, been similarly forced to take in high school. Chalk up six units for a general biology course, three units for political science, three for sociology, and so forth. They're all easy enough courses, but I have damned little interest in them, so I didn't really do all that well on them. (I got B's and C's, like.) Additionally, there is the nonsense of having to undergo six units of military science. This is the most mickey-mouse course imaginable, but it takes up time, and units, that I could better be using for something else. Of all my courses, I'm less interested in ROTC than anything else. Like, this semester I'm supposed to be learning map-reading and tactics, as applied to the military. I ask you, what possible interest could someone who's anti-military have in that? And I won't even mention the foolishness and frippery that surrounds the subject of weekly drill. Fegh!

(My major field is English, and my major interest in the field is writing; but there are damned few courses on writing offered throughout the curriculum and I find myself saddled with courses on interpretation of literature. Well, okay, this I can put up with, but where did the people who set up the English department get the notion that a major in English implied a long study of literature rather than a process of learning how to write, and how to teach grammar, etc.? I have been told that I should take a journalism major, that I would get all the writing I wanted, there, but I have taken some journalism and it's not my cup of tea, at all, at all. Journalism gives you all sorts of opportunity to write, true, but it tries to cram a journalistic style, a draggy uninspired monotone, down your typing fingers so you spew forth endless colorless articles that no one would want to read. I suppose in theory the study of literature will give me insight on how to write well (and salably) myself; but it seems rather a long foute to travel. I enjoy most of my lit courses, but I wish there were courses in composition to go with it. Oh, there are, but there aren't enough of them.)

(I didn't purposely go through most of high school without getting into any of the extra-curricular activities; it's just that none of them really interested me. Remember, I am basically an introvert, as are most fantypes. However, in my last year I got involved with groups of people (not clubs, but people who happened to be in clubs) and as a result I was during my last year, during one period or another, both secretary of the Math Club (where I wrote Weber-like minutes) and President of the French Club. I never went to the dances and other socials, though, and only went to a grand total of two football games during my entire four years in high school. (We had a four-year high school.) I don't feel too badly about it, though; I'm just maladjusted in a different fashion than most people. I do think, though, as you do, that this emphasis on extra-curricular activities is rather ridiculous. As someone at CalTech put it when I visited there a couple of years ago when still in high school: "You used to be able to get into this school simply by being a genius. But now they want you to be a well-rounded genius.")

jinx m:combs

Ray Nelson's character is good on the cover there, but I liked him better as Santa. This completely cracked up our physics class when I was reading it in there Friday. The guy across the table from me saw it, and he showed it to another guy, and eventually everybody saw it. But I made the mistake of showing the thing to my somewhat staid math teacher (different from the

physics teacher) and he happened to be in an unusually staid mood and... well... Fortunately, most of my teachers have somewhat forgotten that I'm a student and can therefore be stomped on when/if I do something they don't like--so he tried to be polite about it and even managed a somewhat sickly chuckle.

Food. Well. I like Mexican food, but with lots of water--the spices taste good and all that, but my poor tongue scarcely survives... Over all favorite food is Chinese food, which I generally eat with chopsticks, just for the effect of the thing. Another favorite food is pfeffernisse as made by my grandmother. This is a German Christmas cookie with just about every spice available included--cinnamon, ginger, pepper, and on down the list. And peppermint. The cookies are about one-half inch square, and around Christmas she bakes hundreds of them. By very careful rationing, we've managed to make our share last till now (letter written 21 January) but usually they disappear by New Year's.

As for the waitress situation, I'm inclined to sympathize with the waitresses, even if they were serious. You see, it's like this. To earn the money which I gaily toss away on MIMSY, I work in the Student Snack Bar at our local school. If you have ever been caught in the midst of a collision between a mob from Tale of Two Cities, a carload of chinaware, a freight express, and a cyclone; then you may have some concept of what Life in a Student Snack Bar is like. If not, then you cannot hope to understand the situation. I can say no more. (As Ted White would put it, I grok.)

I become terribly impressed by the surpassing innocence of the local hi skool. Latest example: Our English IV teacher has a great idea that each morning before we have the flag salute someone gets up and says something patriotic (naturally, he didn't phrase it quite that way). So it generally winds up as a rotating "I am thankful for..." (I always feel tempted to make an announcement that "this is the same statement you heard yesterday, only the phrasing has been changed to protect the student.")

So the other day some guy (in desperation, no doubt--forgot it was his turn) says, "I am thankful that we have the right to read any books we choose.." So I suggested to the guy across the aisle-- who is supposed to be a Big Man who Gets Around--that he verify this by going to the school library and asking for Tropic of Cancer. And he didn't know what I was talking about; had never heard of the book. Tch tch, what is this world coming to...?



let's update a little

It's been a while since I've done an updating on my Silverdrum Publications checklist, and while it may bore you to tears, I'm going to upshoot this last page on just that. Archivists take note...

	<u>Title and Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Total</u>	<u>Apa+Circ.</u>	
1.	Psi-Phi #1	1/59	11	11		110copies
2.	Psi-Phi #2	3/59	20	31		85
3.	Psi-Phi #3	6/59	30	61		110
4.	The Bem & I #1	7/59	14	75	SAPS	55
5.	Outworlds #1	9/59	26	101		95
6.	Psi-Phi #4	9/59	36	137		135
7.	Here There Be SAPS #1	10/59	22	159	SAPS	45
8.	Here There Be SAPS #2	1/60	35	194	SAPS	60
9.	Psi-Phi #5	3/60	40	234		135
10.	Zounds! #1	3/60	10	244	OMPA	60
11.	KTP #1	3/60	6	250	N'APA	55
12.	Here There Be SAPS #3	4/60	13	263	SAPS	50
13.	Here There Be SAPS #4	4/60	18	281	SAPS	50
14.	Zounds! #2	6/60	12	293	OMPA	70
15.	KTP #2	6/60	4	297	N'APA	50
16.	Here There Be SAPS #5	7/60	42	339	SAPS	55
17.	Psi-Phi #6	8/60	36	375		135
18.	Zounds! #3	9/60	8	383	OMPA	60
19.	KTP #3	9/60	8	391	N'APA	55
20.	Quel Dommage #1/35/69	9/60	8($\frac{1}{2}$ L)	399	CRAP	25
21.	Here There Be SAPS #6	10/60	35	434	SAPS	55
22.	Spacewarp #1 reprint	10/60	8($\frac{1}{2}$ L)	442	SAPS	100
23.	Some of the Best From QUANDRY	12/60	20	462	OMPA	80
24.	Quel Dommage #2	12/60	30	492	CRAP	25
25.	Watling Street #7	1/61	28	520	SAPS	60
26.	Unused Covers #1	1/61	3	523	SAPS	55
27.	Psi-Phi #7	12/60	19	542		150
28.	KTP #4	3/61	6	548	N'APA	55
29.	IPSO Facto #1	4/61	4	552	IPSO	60
30.	Watling Street #8	4/61	12	564	SAPS	65
31.	Quel Dommage #3	4/61	20	584	CRAP	25
32.	KTP #5	6/61	6	590	N'APA	55
33.	Zounds! #4	6/61	4	594	OMPA	60
34.	Watling Street #9	7/61	25	619	SAPS	60
35.	Fustian #2	7/61	4	623	IPSO	55
36.	Amnesia #1	8/61	4	627	SHAPA	110
37.	Zounds! #5	9/61	24	651	OMPA	65
38.	Quel Dommage #4	8/61	12	663	CRAP	25
39.	Watling Street #10	10/61	7	670	SAPS	70
40.	Zounds! #6	12/61	13	683	OMPA	65
41.	Ishbah #1	12/61	2	685	N'APA	100
42.	Fustian #3	1/62	4	689	IPSO	55
43.	Watling Street #11	1/62	23	712	SAPS	65
44.	Acculturations #1	1/62	4	716	Cult	30
45.	Acculturations #2	2/62	48	764	Cult	26
46.	Zounds! #7	3/62	9	773	OMPA	65
47.	Watling Street #12	4/62	18	791	SAPS	65
48.	The Transcendental Skvee #1	3/62	2	793	NAPA	450
49.	Impromptu	3/62	6	799	N'APA	55

