

Yezidee 19

Yezidee is a SAPSzine, and is intended for the 112th mailing, Nov. 1975. Perpetrated by Dian Crayne, 734 S. Ardmore Ave. L.A. Ca. 90005 (213) 383-9528. Hope you have a happy Thanksgiving!

We went up to "Yesterday's Books" a while back, to get some material for rebinding. Not that we don't have a sufficiency of old books, but most of ours are cheap machine bindings. When you get into things like split-board bindings and zigzag endpapers, you want to start off with something that has a bit better quality to begin with. Anyway, this bookstore has been there on Western Ave. (Blvd?, St.?) for as long as I can recall, and the proprietor sells his books for a flat \$1.00 each. If you are buying several he often gives you a rebate. We wound up with 12 volumes - all but one dating from before 1890. The exception was a souvenir program from the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, and I fell in love with all the gold ink. The other item that particularly caught my notice was a little memorial volume dated 1886. Lovingly made up, with limp leather covers, a half-tone at the frontispiece, and excellent slick stock, it is a biography of some woman who died in Iowa in that year, and contains about ten pages of condolence letters from relatives, and a reprint of the newspaper obituary. Sort of morbid, but meant as a loving gesture to the surviving husband. I bought it because it seems sort of awful that there probably isn't anyone left alive who cares. I don't know what I'll bind it in, something suitably delicate and mournful I guess.

I have to admit that what I really want to learn to do is bind books in leather with metal clasps and corners. I was watching the movie "The Dunwich Horror" the other night and admiring the prop for the *Necronomicon*. They've made up a book about 12"x 15" with lots of metal bosses and a big imposing clasp. To me it looks just like the 16th century latin translation ought to look. Unfortunately they've shown it as printed in arabic, but you can't have everything. I was looking through the paperback Lovecraft tales that came out a couple of years ago, and the foreword says that the *Necronomicon* was supposed to have been written before 1000 AD. I haven't done any research on the appearance of books from that era yet, but I think that the heavy board, metal clasp sort of volume dates from at least three hundred years later. Besides, the arabic version is supposed to have been lost and there are only spanish, german, and latin versions left. Anyway, someday I want to bind a volume like that.

Speaking of the Lovecraft mythos, I finally got around to reading *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*. Lovecraft is supposed to have taken a good deal of his inspiration from Poe - but then I guess practically every writer of horror fiction has. I don't recall if I had ever read it before or not - probably not as I haven't been "into" Poe since I was a teenager and it is sort of tedious. I recall having read and re-read all of his short stories and poems, but not this. I am afraid that it is more of historical interest at this point than anything else, although some of the descriptions of the suffering that the men endured while adrift still have a good deal of impact.

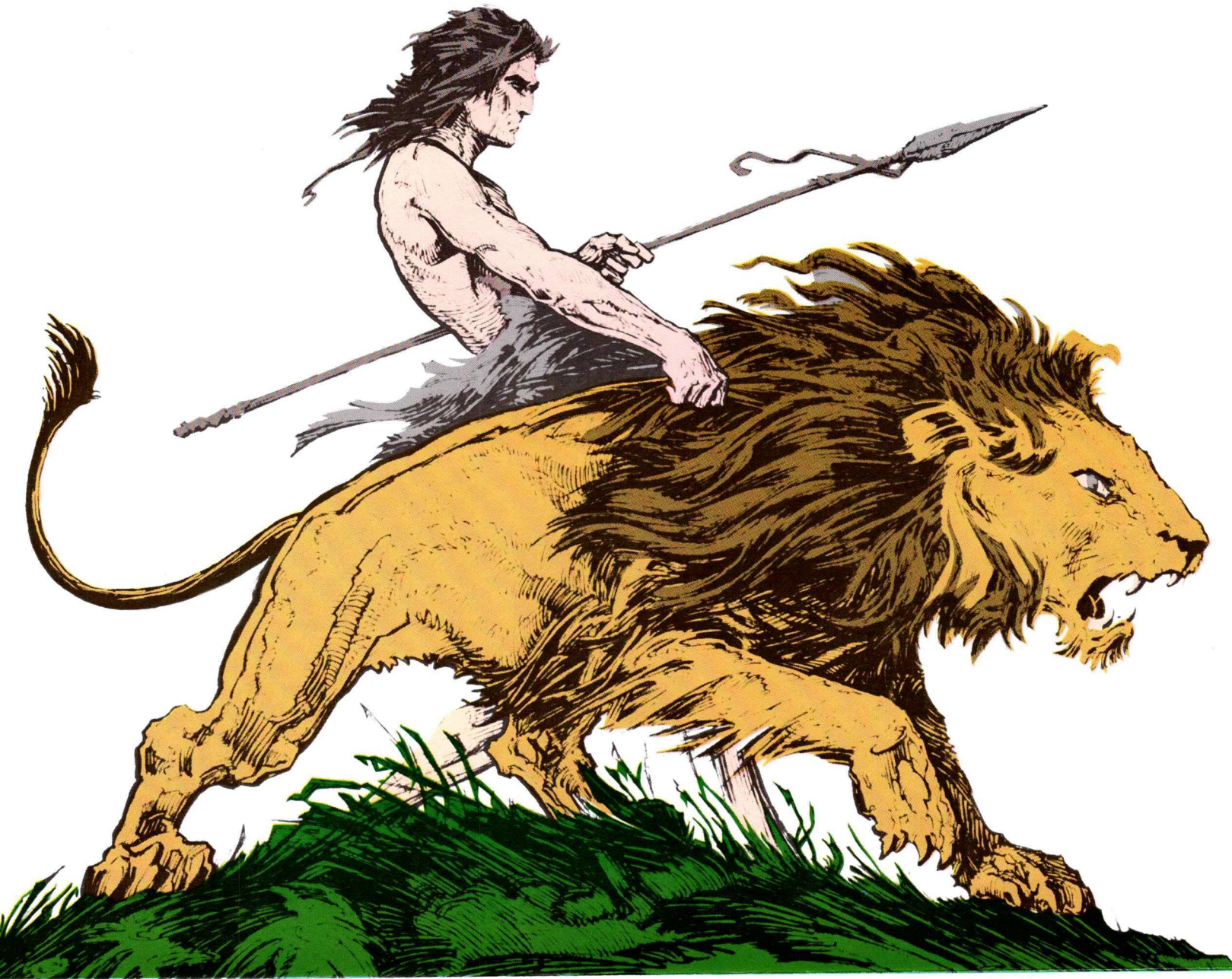
I think I am going to have to learn to marble paper. Ornamental papers are used in bookbinding for both covers and endpapers and go for about \$4.00 per 16"x 30" sheet. If you use much of it at all, it begins to run into money. The process is basically quite simple - you float thinned-down oil paints on a water solution and draw them into swirls with feathers, combs, etc. Then you lay a piece of paper on top, lift it off, and set it aside to dry. The "gotcha" is in learning to do all of those fancy patterns. Still, at the price they go for, I think I wouldn't mind taking some time to experiment. I was going to do just that a few weeks ago and hurried home after work to drag out my paints. Then and only then did I recall that I had switched over to all acrylics a couple of years ago. Not much chance floating those on water.

Sometime in the middle of July Chuck and I bound our 50th book. We have a lot of magazines and books going at any one time. You really have to keep a lot in the works because you have to set them aside to dry from time to time. Some of the volumes one or the other of us will have taken all the way from start to finish, others one of us starts and the other completes. Chuck has more of the commercial spirit than I do and is more inclined to work on three or four all at once - carrying them through from stage to stage. I usually have five or six books lying around in different stages of completeness. My father's birthday is this month and I am planning on giving him a set of Andre Norton books. He's a great Norton fan, and particularly likes a number of those old stories that appeared in the Ace double novels. So, I have bisected some of those that we have, and combined the Norton novels from two doubles into one volume. They make attractive little books. By the time you bind a paperback book, you add about 1/2 inch in width and height to it. My paperback copy of *Macroscopic* came out to a respectable 7 1/4 x 4 1/2 inches. I was particularly proud of that volume because I rescued some gold and blue endpapers from a decrepit old volume to half bind the covers. The rest of the binding is in blue imitation leather. Maybe I should see if there is a market for binding paperbacks that never came out in hardcover.

Virtually everyone that starts to learn bookbinding evidently wants to learn restoration. At least that seems to be true of the students I have met, and I certainly would like to get into it myself. I read a fascinating book by Bernard Middleton on the restoration of old leather bindings some time ago. It is part of a series designed for use by high class libraries. \$10 in paperback. Naturally, I'm rebinding it.



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: THE MAN WHO CREATED TARZAN



New from
Brigham Young
University Press

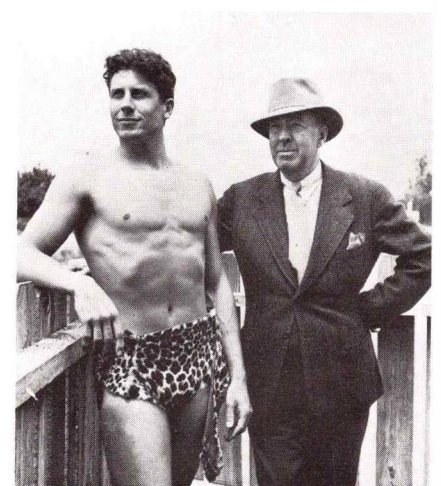
Brigham Young University Press is pleased to announce the publication of *Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan* by Irwin Porges. This book is the first truly complete and definitive look at Edgar Rice Burroughs — one of the world's most fascinating and remarkably successful authors.

Painstakingly researched, this book is the product of an exhaustive four-year study by biographer Porges and his wife, Cele, who received the permission of Hulbert and Jack Burroughs, sons of

Edgar Rice Burroughs, to glean information from what is perhaps the greatest collection of books, papers, and records left by any American author.

Porges writes: "My first view of the warehouse [the storage area at Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., in Tarzana, California] piled to the ceiling with cases of documents and records came as a shock. Before me was a biographer's dream — or nightmare. In the warehouse were 78 large storage file boxes, each the size of a legal file drawer, containing papers that dated to 1911 . . . Inside some of the sliding file boxes were rows of folders filled with letters, lists, and mimeographed material; many of these had not

been opened since Burroughs' death in 1950. Valuable original documents had been saved, including correspondence covering Burroughs' first stories — the exchange of letters with Munsey editor Thomas Metcalf concerning "Under the Moons of Mars," *The Outlaw of Torn*, and *Tarzan of the Apes* . . . The amount of general correspondence, letters, and replies by Burroughs was appalling. It had been noted that ERB, up to the last years of his life, and except for periods of illness, answered almost everybody who wrote to him . . . A survey not only of the warehouse but of other storage rooms and cabinets leads to the indisputable conclusion that Edgar Rice Burroughs was the king of savers."



A few of the 270 photos and illustrations published in this new book—many for the first time. (Left) Burroughs as a young cowboy in Idaho, 1891. (Center) ERB, with the help of an early dictating machine, answering one of the hundreds of letters he received weekly, 1935. (Right) ERB with Glenn Morris, Olympic decathlon champion and star of *Tarzan's Revenge*, 1938.

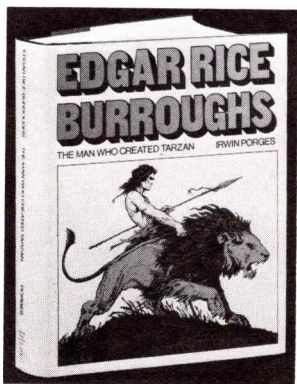
Out of the mountain of material left by ERB, Porges has fashioned an 820-page account of Burroughs' life in all of its variety and detail. Porges tells of Burroughs' early struggles; his first attempts at writing; his life as a cowboy, a soldier, and a businessman; his phenomenal success, at age 35, with *Tarzan of the Apes*; his battles with publishers and motion picture producers; his adventures as a war correspondent; his strong and sometimes frustrating love for his family; his visionary economic schemes; and his "invention" of radio long before the perfection of that sophisticated medium.

Accompanying Porges' colorful narrative is an exuberant introduction by Ray Bradbury, famed science fiction writer, who acknowledges ERB's impact upon a whole generation of readers. Bradbury has claimed emphatically that "Burroughs was and is the most influential writer, bar none, of our century."

Hulbert Burroughs, ERB's son, served as pictorial editor for the work and wrote the foreword. From the thousands of photographs and drawings left by ERB, Hulbert has chosen 270 to illustrate his father's life. These photos, many of them published for the first time, comprise ERB's sketches and

caricatures, the art from some of his books, and the friends, actors, and personalities that surrounded his life. For the Tarzan or movie buff, the photos alone are worth their weight in gold. In addition, at the back of the book is a complete index, bibliography, and chronology of all the works of ERB, including his plays, poems, stories, books, and films.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was a marvelously prolific and successful writer. This book, in all of its fascinating detail, brings the reader face to face with one of the great, creative literary geniuses of our age.



Price \$14.95
820 pages, 270 b&w illustrations
Index, bibliography, chronology
First edition, first printing
limited to 5,000

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan* at \$14.95 each. I have enclosed a check or money order for \$_____. (California residents add 6% use tax; Utah residents add 4½% sales tax.) ISBN 0-8425-0079-0

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Brigham Young University Press
Marketing 205 UPB, Provo, Utah 84602

Well, I have a feeling that sticking to this Press Roman 11 point Medium is probably the best course if I decide to go on using ditto. I REALLY like best to just type and then run off the pages on the office copier - that way I can do fine line artwork. The basic problem there is that the machines don't really like to do two sided copying. Maybe one of these days our management will spring for one of those new copiers that do both sides of a sheet at once. Certainly we could justify the cost in our department. Currently we are having a girl come in at night and do all of the specs - single sided - on the copier instead of printing them. This means that the average 500 page spec suddenly takes up two reams of paper and won't fit in our three-ring binders. They think they're saving money. In any case, if I ran off an entire 'zine on single sides our nasty vicious OE would yell at me, and upset my nerves. There is sort of the same problem with the spirit duplicator I have. It never has worked right. I am not sure if it really has some mechanical difficulty, or if it is a case of cockpit trouble. In any case, if you aren't very very lucky, any two sided material comes out a limp sheet of solid mauve. (No I am NOT running the carbon sheets!) I imagine what I ought to do is take it in to a repair shop and have it adjusted or something. What I REALLY ought to do is break down and try to bring some stencils to work. But golly, I *have* all these masters . . . After having used the IBM composer for over three years I have an awfully hard time using either of the Executives we have at home. Chuck's machine is okay, but I forget where the keys are (the Composer keyboard is slightly different), and the old machine that I used to type manuscript on has two loose keys, one stuck key, and I can never remember how to disengage or reengage the ribbon. Hateful creature, actually.

We had a burgler the other day. We came home from the hardware store one Sunday afternoon to discover the screen pried off of the service porch window and The Family Silver, all four place settings of it, lying on the grassy sward. My Gerber carving set, too. We had gotten into the sloppy habit of leaving the door into the house unlocked, relying on the fact that the door to the outside world was locked. That'll learn us. It must have been a sad shock to the intruder to discover that none of the doors can be opened from the inside without a key. He evidently decided to call it quits with the silver, but then when we disturbed him by coming in the driveway he dropped everything and legged it over the back fence. (I hope the SOB tore his pants.) We actually caught a glimpse of him, but not enough for any identification. He had pulled open all of the drawers in the kitchen, dining room, and bedroom, but we don't seem to be missing anything. He bypassed a good set of turquoise jewelry and a couple of pairs of gold earrings, plus my purse with wallet and credit cards. Nor did he try to take any of the camera or attachment stuff we have alying around. As Chuck commented, the stuff we tend to put out money for isn't the sort of stuff a thief could readily pawn. Chuck has a mini-computer, but the average burgler would have a hell of a hard time fencing it. If he tried to walk off with our gold-stamping machine, he'd get a double hernia. The television set is built into the wall, as is the stereo, and I don't have any really good jewelry in my jewel box. We think he was probably sort of disgusted with the waste of effort. He had set out a sandwich glass platter, a Japanese scroll, and a monkeypod salad bowl to take, and had put a sarape down, carefully folded on the floor, evidently with the intention of wrapping up the loot. THEN he discovered he was going to have to go back out the window. Hah!

We reported it, of course. He's likely to try to rip off someone else in the neighborhood and the police like to know that someone is "working the area." The policeman who showed up to take the report was very nice - chatted with Chuck about the grandfather clock case which Chuck is building, and then sat down and played the electronic organ for ten minutes or so. It was almost time for him to go to lunch, you see . . .

We finally got the pegboard up in the bindery, so our tools aren't thrown higgledy-piggledy into a tool box anymore. What that actually means is that we have to grab a bunch of stuff and toss it back into the tool box again if we go out for lessons. At the moment we are staying home because our class got tossed out of the library where we were meeting (the trade-off agreement had been terminated) and Bill is still looking for a place to set up shop again. We even have a couple of paying customers now. I have been doing some repair work for some people at work, and Chuck has bound some fanzines for local fans. Binding fanzines is less work, but repairing old books is more fun - at least I think so. Now that we are getting into what handbinders call "extra binding" we're going to have to look for a special clientele. Too much work goes into that sort of binding to be worth either the money or the interest to any one who doesn't care a great deal about the book he/she is having bound. It has to be of fair intrinsic value, or be, as Bill says, "of great sentimental value." The trouble with the sentiment is that the books are usually crumbling and rotten and have to be taken all apart, de-acidified, and re-sized. Then they have to be all re-sewn. Time-wise, it is awfully expensive. But fun.

We went to our first Lazarium show at the planetarium the end of July. PAN-TASTIC! If you haven't been to see one and have the opportunity to go, by all means do. The illusion of solidity is almost incredible.

VON TURK'S RECLUSIAN RONTON ZINE - Now, THAT'S what I call purple prose! Since you obviously didn't get a font of punctuation with your type, where did you find the period for the end? Pretty paper, and I really like the front illo. Ah, Chuck has just pointed out to me that you DO have other punctuation - you're just miserly about it.

SUNSET - Howdy! Mensa is one of the things we keep telling ourselves we really must get back into. Real soon now. Chuck keeps up our dues, but we haven't been to a party or meeting in I can't think when. The groups around here are just sort of like super sercon fans. Complete with feuds.

I OWE SIX PAGES AND HERE THEY ARE - Material on clubs is interesting. I had to face up to the fact a while back that I really don't like club fandom. I think it is basically because I am too much of an introvert (like most fans) to take much of fannish gregariousness. It feels ever so much more comfortable to be back in apafandom. The "Extra Special Guest Column" heartily enjoyed. Please see that it's continued.

THE FUNKY FROG'S FRIENDLY FANZINE - Gee, I never thought Kilcore Trout was particularly funny looking. Obviously he's had some hard times, turned his hair snow white . . . Could it have been from meeting you? You have an absolutely great surname. How is it pronounced?

UNLUCKY INVIDIOUS - A pox on you for not putting your name out where I can find it and tell whom I am talking to. Gee, thank's for the compliment. I got a big kick out of doing the covers for SFPA, but when the number of copies was raised I just had to quit. It was too darned much work to hand cut all of that stuff. What is SFPA up to these days? Still going strong?

THE MOTHER HEN - Yes, as a matter of fact, I AM glad I asked. I have never cared much for chickens as pts myself, but I feel much the same friendship for geese. I like the way they talk to people and to each other. Chickens always seemed sort of stupid to me. Not that geese are mental giants. Where do you get the mixed collections of eggs? Or do you buy chicks? I recall that there was an article in the LA Times a year or so ago about the growing interest in the long-tailed oriental chickens. Some of them grow tail fethers 10 and 12 feet long. I don't know what you have to do to keep them from messing up the plumes. Do you know anything about those fowls? Your flock sounds fascinating. I have never heard of the salmon faverolle or the buttercup.

PRATTLE - How about: "Sghmidlap, what's this?" "Nothing really, sir. It's just a few publications . . ." "Magazines, you mean? Got any pictures in 'em?" "Well, just a few drawings, Sir, mostly it's just a lot of . . ." "Humph. Tell me, you actually READ all this?" // Thanks for the book. Naturally, I will rebind it. //I saw Karen Anderson the other day, and was trying to convince her that she ought to get back into SAPS. She looked over the waitlist and commented that if she got on it, she'd better be serious about wanting to join. //I meant animal bone as opposed to human bone. One never knows, after all.

I threw away the wrapping. How much postage do I owe you for the book?

BLACK BIKE - Well, if people type too close to the edges you can't read the edge comments if they're hard bound either. Like you say, they deserve that sort of fate anyway.

((NOTHING)) - No, bookbinding assumes that you are going to DO something about the scrungy old paper. Paper turns mushy and then brittle because of the acid content. You have to disassemble the book, run the pages through a neutralizing bath, and then, after it dries, dip the pages in a sizing solution. It works, but it is very time consuming. You can get a thing called an "archivist's pen" that shows the acidity of paper by chemical means. If the paper is low acid, or acid free it will be around for the next century without much change. On the other hand, if you buy a new book and it has highly acid paper, in a few years it will turn yellow and start to crumble. Then, if you want to save it, there isn't much to be done but giving it a bath. That's the trouble with old science fiction pro and fan mags. Most of it was published on very bad paper. You can give it all the care in the world, but it will eventually go to pieces. // What I am doing for Xerox Computer Services isn't very artsy. I do get the chance to do some cartooning and some fine art for the marketing department, but most of what I do is forms design. I lay out instruction and education forms that go to the customers.

SMILES AND GRINS - The only Wodehouse I have ever read is "Leave it to Psmith" which is one of my all time favorite stories. I have just never gotten around to reading any of his other stuff. I'll have to try Jeeves. Thorne Smith is great if you don't mind it being "dated." My favorite is "The Night Life of the Gods" followed by "Rain in the Doorway."

ETHEREAL VIBRATIONS - If the only problem with your book is that the spine is coming loose, you can just repair it instead of taking it all apart. What you want to do is cut the loose spine gently free, cut another piece of fabric large enough to cover the spine and extend about an inch on each side, and insert the new fabric under the cloth on the sides. Glue it down carefully and then glue the old spine over the top of the new fabric.

LIBEL FOR SAPS - Nice collection of mental abberations. Now I know where to look when I want such a list. OOOPS. Sorry, I slewed over one. I am looking at ROGER'S REVENGE. Humph.

IN MEMORY OF GREGOR SAMSA - What typer I have depends on where I am. This set of mailing comments is being done on an old IBM Exec. One thing you have got to say about them, they cut a mean stencil.

THE TEDDYBEAR STRIKES BACK. - Sorry I missed you at the party for the Aussie con Group Flight members at the Marriott Hotel. We were expecting a much bigger plane, since it was supposed to double our membership. All 1100 of us were waiting with bated breath. Seriously, I am sorry not to have seen you. // That was a strange coincidence. Just two days before the mailing came I drew up a round tuit for one of the guys at the office.

((WHY?)) - You're right, certainly. I could have learned an awful lot of the basic repair work at a library volunteer session. As a matter of fact, that's one of the things our instructor does. He teaches library volunteers how to rescue books, thus cutting costs for the libraries, who don't have to send as much stuff out. He says the hardest thing he has ever had to do was teaching the library people how to do GOOD repairs with the materials they were used to working with. He's a stickler for making repairs in the old ways. He charges \$10 per lesson - about 4 hours, depending on how diligent you are about getting to class on time. We've also taken some private lessons from him for slightly more. He starts out by teaching basic case binding, as I've published, and then goes on to show you more esoteric methods, including binding in full leather, etc.// Hey, it's NICE to be back in SAPS. Sort of like a family reunion. // My favorite tv commercial is the one for some sort of toothpaste that shows the girl with the braces and tight-lipped smiles. I had to wear braces too, and I get a big kick out of it. Aha, you watch "Underdog", do you also get "George of the Jungle"?

STUMPING - LOVELY cover! Thanks for sticking with it long enough to let us all see it.//We really haven't got as much room as we'd like. Mostly because we keep the downstairs looking sort of mundane. We have a large rectangular living room, dining room, parlor, breakfast room, kitchen and back or service porch downstairs. The living room and dining room are used for their intended purposes, and the parlor has a large round table in it that I stock with punch, liquor, etc. for parties. It also has two medium sized built-in bookcases. Unfortunately it doesn't have any wall space to speak of (in which to put more bookcases) because there are three LARGE sliding doors into the room. The breakfast has a small china cabinet that has some board games in it, and the few supplies I need for the tropical fish tank that sits on top of it. That room is ear-marked for a bar, if we ever get around to it. Upstairs we have two large room at the front of the house that we use for a bed-sitting room and office, respectively, two bathrooms, and two other rooms we use for a library and a bookbindery. There are also two sun-porches. Chuck uses one for his electronic equipment, and we use the other for storage of my art supplies and our binding cloths. The main problem is with the office and the library. We have a gestetner, a spirit duplicator, a paper folder, two typewriters, a steel filing cabinet, and Chuck's large executive desk in that room. In the library we have ... books. We also have a good sized attic, and are thinking of putting shelves up there to take care of the overflow. At the moment it looks as though we may be moving. Chuck is up for a promotion and his boss is talking about Raleigh, N.C., or Palo Alto, California. I am of two minds about it. On the one hand, I am really sick of Los Angeles, getting very bored with my job, and would like to be somewhere else for a change. On the other, I love this old house and would like to take a few more years fixing it up the way we'd like it to be. Is a puzzlement. Then there is the thought of physically moving. Erg. Of course, if Chuck gets promoted out of the area, IBM would take care of the move, but even so it would be no picnic. We need a matter transmitter so we can take the house with us.

SPELEOBEM - Have you been down to Paul's Bridge club lately? I drive by there frequently, and have noticed that the sign now says "Paul's Indoor Plants and Bridge Club". Times must be getting rough.

REVIEWS AND ETCETERAS

FOR WEEKS I HAD BEEN WHINING about wanting to see "Young Frankenstein" but Chuck was noble about keeping our noses to the grindstone and working on NASTiC. Finally, this past Friday night, Sept. 5th, I bullied him into taking me. I really did get a kick out of it. "Young Frankenstein" won the Hugo for Best Dramatic presentation, by the way, so if you haven't seen it and are looking for an excuse, that's a good one. It is a very, very funny show. Mel Brooks had the verve to film it in black and white, and used the same laboratory equipment that was used in the original film. Gene Wilder makes a great mad scientist, and about the funniest thing in the show is Marty Feldman's presentation of Igor. It's not really raunchy. Most of the sex it has would go over the heads of pre-teens, and the teenagers these days know what it's all about anyway. Great entertainment, I liked it even better than "Blazing Saddles", and that's saying something.

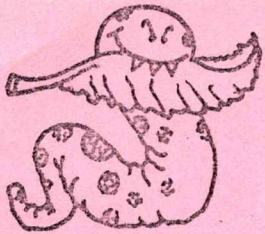
The other half of the double bill that night was "Cabaret", which we had also not seen. (As you may have guessed, we don't go to the show much.) About a third of the way into it I realized that it must be based on "Voice of the Turtle." I knew it was taken from a play by John VanDruten, but the nickle didn't drop until then. I'm sorry we didn't go out and see it sooner. It's a beautifully put together film. Contrasting the staged numbers in the cabaret with the lives of the two central characters, and showing the gradual growth in strength of the Nazi party and it's anti-semitic attitudes is no small task. I particularly liked the sequence in which our protagonists stop at a roadside inn and a beautiful blond young man stands up to sing "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." The others at the inn, with few exceptions, stand up to join in singing with him, and as the camera pans away from him we see that he is wearing the uniform and armband of the Hitler Youth Group. The musical numbers, confined to the cabaret, are comedies, and all have the underlying current of viciousness I have come to expect from German sex and German comedy sequences. There is something about the Teutonic outlook that does not impress me favorably. Joel Grey as the master of ceremonies is superbe.

Since the convention I have also had a chance to do a little more reading. I read "The Man In the Brown Suit" and "Elephants Can Remember", both by Agatha Christie; and "Elizabeth & Catherine" by Robert Coughlan. The mysteries were so-so. I do not like Christie's horrid little Belgian detective, who stars in "Elephants", and the other one, originally printed in 1924, is more of a comedy love-story than a mystery. It's kind of fun, but no great shakes. The historical is interesting, but tells me less than I would like to know if it were really a historical treatise, and more than I care about in a popularization. It's neither fish nor fowl, if you know what I mean.

Another book I picked up recently was "50 Classic Motion Pictures". I don't buy things like this unless they're remaindered, and this one is about par for the course. It has a few pages about the movie, and then a couple of pages of nice stills. It's main attraction in my eyes is that it has stills from the 1935 version of "She", starring Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott. Other pictures appearing in the book are from "The Maltese Falcon", "Beau Geste", "The Good Earth", "The Grapes of Wrath", "Citizen Kane", etc. etc.

So long for now,

Dian



CUTWORM gazette

Official Organ of the Science Fiction, Trashy Novel and Gardening Society

VOL. 1

Num. 1

Black thumb horror stories welcome. Write Dian Crayne, 734 So. Ardmore Ave. 90005

Shortly before NASFiC your intrepid editor took the plunge and called in the gardening crew to do its worst. It's pretty bad, all right. There is little remaining in the yard besides two jade plants, and 3 trees. (One persimmon, one fig, and one lemon - all prolific, all deciduous.) The next step, obviously, was to re-establish some sort of lawn. Please bear in mind that a) Chuck Crayne hates to mow the lawn, and b) Dian Crayne simply cannot start the power lawnmower - it being possessed of one of those outboard motor cords that require the muscle and dedication of a Tugboat Annie. The answer was obvious. Dichondra! Despite claims that this sounds like a fatal disease to the ears of the uninitiated, there are many who swear by the stuff. A quick consultation with a "family expert" - who can grow phelenopsis on a flagstone - reveals that all dichondra really wants out of life is a chance - and lots of water. We have in hand two cans of dichondra seed, a bag of something called Weedolizer, and two large sacks of Nitrohumus. The approved method is to cover the ground with the Weedolizer (which is supposed to contain vitamins for the good guys and fatal poison for the upstarts) strew the seeds over the Weedolizer, cover the entire mess with Nitrohumus ~~with 1/2 cup~~ ~~for 20 minutes at 1/50~~ sprinkle well and keep damp for two weeks. At the end of that time one is supposed to have a lovely emerald green lawn. Stay tuned to this column for future developments.

THERE'S HUMOR IN THAT THAR TRASH . . .

The View section of the Tuesday Los Angeles Times had a delightful article on the paperback books available on newstands in the LA area. After laying low the genres of shark attack stories, mysteries of ancient spacemen and pie-wedge geographic sites, and pixilated prostitutes, the author turns his attention to Gothic novels. He remarks on the obviously similar cover designs, but inexplicably ignores the one lighted window in the castle turret. Obviously not as observant as he would like us to believe. If for nothing else, do try to read his article for the sample gothic plot.

DID SOMEONE MENTION SCIENCE FICTION?

A conversation over breakfast at NASFiC led me to pick up "The Stars My Destination" again, after some ten years. I found it even more fascinating than I had remembered. Although a great deal of science fiction is dated - such as Wells, Verne, Orwell, etc - the great majority of it holds up remarkably well. When authors attempt to predict a closer future and their technology

is rapidly overtaken by real advances in science I find the stories hard to concentrate on. Using the concept of mental powers, as Bester did, will save him from being outmoded for a long time.

BURROUGHS

Anyone out there who is interested in an exhaustive commentary on ERB should take a look at the new book on Tarzan's spiritual father. Exhaustive to the point of imbecility it trudges along for 820 pages and contains what purports to be a complete list of all the books, movies, short stories, etc. associated with, or taken from ERB works. At \$14.95 it has got to be a bargain (doesn't it?) and you might consider buying it on spec for future resale. It has a foreword by Ray Bradbury and is available in a limited edition of autographed copies (by the author, Irwin Porges, not Bradbury, sorry). It is copiously illustrated with family photos, copies of working notes, maps, cover illustrations, etc. All in B&W, but nice even so. It's being put out by the Brigham Young University Press.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER . . .

Jim Rumph, whom you may have heard of as the creator of some truly unusual mugs, has a new series of coffee cups. Rumph has a clay studio called "Mind Circus" (or Slime Factory) in Santa Monica and was in the midst of a firing on the second day of the convention at the Marriott. His latest collection includes a small demon, a full-fed iguana, a pegasus, and a woman in medieval headdress. He is also working on a series of large decorator objects consisting of a moon sphere about 12" in diameter surmounted by apes in various stages of progressive evolution. His first one shows the ape eating a banana and I understand that the final one will show the ape as astronaut. Rumph also has a fine collection of large hanging planters out of clay.

THE CRUELEST CUT OF ALL . . .

My fuschia cuttings have turned black and died - again. The last time I took cuttings I just put them in a glass of water and put it on the window sill. They turned black and died. This time I dipped the ends in growth hormone and put them in wet potting mix. They turned black and died. My family expert tells me she just puts hers in a glass of water and sticks it in the window. There must be something I don't understand about the system.



This has been Volume I, Number I of the Cutworm Gazette; published in Sept, 1975 for friends, acquaintances and SAPS members. Responsibility devolves upon Dian Crayne. Comments, criticism (don't you dare!) and bad luck stories welcome. The SFINGS will hold its first meeting in February, in conjunction with the FAPA mailing - whether or not we're putting in out.